

St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike upon the Rich and the Poor."

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LOVE'S OPPORTUNITY.

Early they came, yet they were come too late.
The tomb was empty; in the misty dawn
Angels sat watching, but the Lord was gone.
Beyond earth's clouded darkness, where
He dwelt,
Beyond the need of their sad ministry.
Regretful stood the three, with doubtful
breast;
Their gifts unheeded and in vain their quest.
The spices—were they wanted? Legend saith
That, flung abroad on April's gentle breath,
They course the earth, and evermore again
In spring's sweet odors they come back to men.
The tender thought? Be sure he held it dear.
He came to them with words of highest cheer.
And mighty joy expelled their hearts' brief fear.
Yet happier that morning, happier yet,
I count that other woman in her home,
Whose feet impatient all too soon had come;
Who ventured all contact at the feast.
Mid critics' murmurs sought that lowliest
guest.
Broke her rare vase, its fragrant wealth out-poured,
And gave her gift aforeshadowed to her Lord.
—Spoken *Wendell* H. H. in *Atlantic Monthly*.

LONDON RUBBISH.

How It Is Brought Again Into Useful Channels.

If any of our readers are in the habit of passing a contractor's or town's yard, he will, perhaps, remember perceiving, alongside the outer walls, a busy scene going on, which he can not exactly make out. A crowd of women toiling and moiling amid heaps of rubbish, two or three barges laden with vegetable refuse, he can distinguish plainly enough, but it is not until he sees a string of dustcarts slowly winding their way towards the distant wharf, that the thought flashes upon his mind that the busy human ants he has been watching are scavengers, sorting and arranging the refuse of the great towns and cities. There is nothing particularly attractive in a scavenger's yard; neither the sights nor the smells are pleasant; nevertheless, the scene that here meets the eye, repellent as it is, is one of the most orderly and than a high state of civilization. When we think of it, the dust bin in the tomb of the household; it is the grave into which all our domestic surroundings inevitably sink. Of old, in the ruder states of society, this dust and refuse found its final rest in mother earth; but with us, its removal by the scavenger is only the first stage of its elevation to a higher existence, if we may so speak. In detail, as it exists in every household, it is a nuisance to be got rid of; in the aggregate, it becomes a valuable commodity, to be re-impounded into our arts and manufactures.

As the great lumbering carts arrive in a dust-contractor's yard, their contents are emptied into isolated heaps. No sooner does this take place, than they are each in detail attacked by grimy men, who remove all the larger articles, such as vegetable matter, old coal-scuttles, old crinolines—or rather crinolines—old hats and old garments. This is a kind of rough sifting which prepares the heap for the attacks of the women, who instantly settle upon every heap like a flock of crows that may happen to spy any carrion in a field. Each woman as she settles upon the heap comes sieve in hand and spreads around her a number of baskets; the man now fills the sieve and the process of separating the dust-heap into its elements begins. The first few shakes of the sieve throw down all the fine ashes and the rest of dust. This dust becomes a very valuable commodity when collected and put to its right use. It is used by brick-makers to mix with the clay, and does its part in the ultimate baking of the brick. In the neighborhood of most of our railroads our readers may have noticed great heaps of fine black dust burning with a slow but constant fire, and emitting a thick smoke. These heaps consist of bricks which are being baked. They are placed in rows a little apart, and their interiors are filled with the fine "breeze," as the coal-ashes are termed; a light is set below, and gradually the whole mass fires to a dull red heat; the "breeze" intimately mixed with the clay helping to bake the inside of the brick in the most perfect manner without vitrifying it. The "breeze" is the most valuable portion of the dust, and it rises or falls in value according to the amount of building going on and to the rate of its production; in the summer but little, comparatively, is made. Coal-dust, it must be remembered, is entirely a distinct refuse from road-dust, which also possesses a certain value, as we shall show by-and-by. When all the finer refuse has passed through the sieve, the larger and coarser articles remain upon the top. These consist of pieces of broken glass, tin, of course, only requires to be melted to be put once more into circulation in the world. Considerable quantities of this material and the enormous quantities of it employed, it is fortunate that it is almost indestructible. When we break a window only after the arrangement of its particles. Broken into a thousand pieces, it remains as good glass as ever; time will not alter its nature. The remains of glass that are found among the Roman remains that have been lying in the ground for two thousand years are as fit for the glasspot as though it had been made yesterday; phials and old bottles are rarely ever chipped, and they are merely washed and they pass again into the drawers of the chemist or apothecary.

Bones form another constant contribution to the sieve, and a valuable item they are to the dust-contractor. There is a grand tussle going on for their possession both by the manufacturer and the agriculturist. The larger bones are first boiled, in order to extract all their fat and gelatine. The purposes of the former article is to be too numerous to be mentioned; a good deal of the finer kind goes to make pomatum and soap; the gelatine is, we doubt not, used as the basis of soups; and we know that it is employed in the manufacture of jubile lozenges. The smaller bones, which can not be used in the constructive arts, are

equally valuable in agriculture. When ground down to a fine powder and mixed with sulphuric acid they become that great fertilizer, superphosphate of lime, restoring to the soil all the productive qualities that have been taken out of it by over-cropping. Wheat-growing is very exhaustive to the soil; indeed, we could not go on growing wheat for many years without reducing it to sterility, were it not for the use of this superphosphate. Phosphorus, again, is another extractive from bones.

Old iron finds its way into a very spacious sieve. Like the glass, its substance is difficult to destroy; indeed, some old iron rendered much more valuable by being knocked about. Thus, old iron in the form of horse-shoes, and horse-shoe nails, fetches a much higher price than the original metal from which they were made; the toughness it acquires by constant blows and concussions gives it a greatly enhanced value in the market. Old tinmed articles, such as sloop-pails and saucepans, are first heated, to recover their tin and the solder with which they are made, both of which articles are more valuable than the old iron. Paper is carefully collected, and goes once again to the paper-mills. Like glass, the original fibre is very indestructible; for all we know, the note-paper on which we indite the tenderest love-letters to our beloved, was made from an old account-book of a tallow-chandler, or from the rusty records of the past centuries. In turning over the ragman's basket, that a singular history we have! The ball-dress of a lady drops into a rag-basket and reappears as a billiard-tou; disappears again to reappear once more in the drawing-room of the nursery as a workbox of paper-mache, or a doll, or even into the wheels of railway trucks, and other uses to which paper is now put.

Whilst, however, we are watching the sifting grubbing over the heaps—as we have said, like so many crows—they all rise together, as we sometimes see these birds do, without any apparent cause, and make off to the nearest public house. But there is a cause, we may have for this sudden flight. If you ask the overlooker, he speedily enlightens you: "O, they've been and found some money in the dustheap, and when they do, it is a rule among them to share it together in drink." By and by, their little jollification over, they return. If there is any thing that can be used as food in the dust, the "hill-billies" are entitled to it as a perquisite. In this manner they obtain many pieces of bread which the reader might not like to eat, but which they either do not object to, or put to other uses.

All the pieces of wood are also considered to be theirs; and when they leave work, they may be seen laden with fuel of this kind, which saves them more expensive firing. The broken china and crockery goes to the foundry, to be made into stoves and pipes; and all the "soft core"—namely, refuse vegetable matter—is returned directly to the fields in the shape of manure. Old clothes are not the least valuable items of the dust-yard. Any thing in the shape of cotton, even to the covering of the crinoline-stocks and stay-bones, is put aside for the women, who find in it the means of the shoddy-mills of Lancashire, where it is purified and ground down and remade into coarse cloth. The old woolen garments that are turned thus into shoddy are equal to a contribution of twenty-five thousand tons of wool. Yet these old clothes, not many years ago, were considered of no more value than the refuse upon which they were heaped. There, slowly, to suffer disintegration until fit to be placed upon the land. Indeed, there is a class of rags which is now taken directly to the soil. Old house and dish cloths soaked with grease and animal refuse make capital manure. In the dust-contractor's yards we may see them spread upon the ground to dry, preparatory to their being forwarded to the hop-grounds, where they are much used for the cultivation of that plant. Old boots and shoes, if not too much dilapidated, find their way to the back slums of the town, where a class of tradesmen live who patch them up, and, by the aid of heel-ball, make them once more presentable.

We had almost forgotten to say that we considered a moment of coal is rescued from the dustheap. This, of course, does not go to the brickyard; it is purchased by the poor. In well-to-do neighborhoods, and especially in the fashionable quarter of the town, the ashes are rarely sifted; hence, pieces of coal half-burnt, or small lumps, are thrown away every morning. This extravagance makes the "dust" of the better portions of the town far more valuable than that collected from the poverty-stricken districts. Indeed, the dust in the aristocratic portion of the town is richer in every valuable refuse—there are more bones, more "breeze," more refuse clothing, than ever find a chance of getting into the boxes and middens of the poor quarter.

We have said that the dust from the roads is kept distinct from the dust of the asphalt. Road-dust is always very rich in manure, which makes it valuable as a top-dressing for meadows. It is also largely used to mix with soft clay for the making of inferior bricks, and we have ascertained that it is also used for a more unsightly adulteration. The composition with which many of the cheaply run-up houses are smoothed over and made to appear ornamental, is very freely mixed with road-dust. The evil of this we specify in the green stains with which all such structures are disfigured, such green stains being nothing more than a vegetable film that occurs in all damp spots and finds its support in this surreptitious dust.

Thus the grimy scavenger and "hill-billies" perform a valuable part in the world. By their aid we return to the exhausted fields the riches the towns have drawn from them; and they arrest from speedy destruction a score of valuable products and set them once more in circulation in the busy world.

—*Chambers' Journal*.

It is a strange thing that the man who knows exactly how to run a newspaper is always engaged in some other kind of business. —*New Haven News*.

EASTER IN HISTORY.

Its Jewish Origin—Why It Has Become a Christian Observance—Some Curious Customs.

To trace the Easter festival to its origin we shall have to go back in Jewish history to that night when the chosen race, to save their little ones from the destroying angel who smote with death all of the oldest sons in the houses of the Egyptians, sprinkled the door posts of their houses with the blood of a lamb and sat down to a supper of flesh, unleavened bread and bitter herbs, preparatory to leaving the land of their bondage forever. Such was the inception of the Passover, which was always eaten on the fourteenth day of the first Jewish month—the month called Nisan, corresponding with our March and April. It was at the time of this feast that Jesus Christ, "the Lamb of God," was crucified, and hence his followers the Jewish feast was changed to a Christian festival.

For no little time there was a difficulty in the early church in regard to the day of the week and the day of the month on which Easter should be celebrated. As the Christians held that Christ, the true paschal lamb, had been slain on the very day when the Jews in celebration of their passover immolated the figurative lamb, so, both in the West and the East, those who believed the Christian passover to be a commemoration of Christ's death adhered to the custom of holding the Easter festival on the day prescribed for the Jewish pasch. The great majority of Christian churches, however, attached more importance to the day of Christ's resurrection, which was the first day of the week (hence called the Lord's Day, our Sunday) and therefore held to Easter being celebrated on that day and on the Sunday which followed the fourteenth day of the month of March, the day on which Christ suffered.

The discussion was settled by the council of Nice, in 325. It was agreed that the festival should always be kept on the Sunday after the first full moon following the twenty-first of March—the day when, as we say, "the sun crosses the line." This rule made by the Nicene council is the one which we still observe. So now you know how it is that Easter comes sometimes earlier, sometimes later in the spring. It is because it always follows the moon. It can not come earlier than March twenty-second, nor later than April twenty-fifth.

The origin of the English name Easter is traced to the old Teutonic or Saxon goddess of spring, Ostera or Eostre, whose festival occurred about the same time as our celebration of Easter. The name of the goddess among Christian nations is derived from the Hebrew Greek word which meant "the passed over." Those of you who are studying French will remember that in France it is called Paques. In Scotland they call it Pasch and in Holland Paschen. When England was first Christianized, the missionaries found the people worshipping the goddess of spring, to whom the month of April, which they called Eostre-mounth was sacred. As conversion took place the Christian festival was substituted for the heathen one, but the old national name was retained, hence our word Easter.

A good many curious customs have been observed in different parts of the world in connection with Easter. There is the one of boiling pasch eggs and coloring them with bright-hued dyes, which is still celebrated in most countries.

"At Easter let your clothes be new," is an old rhyme sung in England, referring to the superstition that one must put on something new on Easter lay or the birds will spoil your clothes.

The game of ball was a favorite Easter sport, in which municipal corporations formerly engaged with due parade and display, and at Bur St. Edmund's within a few years the game was kept up with great spirit by twelve old women. In the northern counties of England the men parade the streets on Easter Sunday, and claim the privilege of lifting every woman three times from the ground, receiving in payment a kiss or a silver six-pence. The same is done by the women to the men on the next day.

There was another custom of dividing two very large cakes among the congregation at the church on Easter. In 1645 Parliament passed a law forbidding this and providing that the money which had formerly been spent for the cakes should in the future be used to buy bread for the poor. —*Clarendon Montague, in Household*.

A MODEL INSTITUTION.

The New York Night School and the Good It Accomplishes.

Too frequently the night school is only a night session of the day school—instruction in the day-school studies rather than in branches specially adapted to the needs of those who have fairly entered into the battle of life and who have no time to give to the feeling of their way through the many departments of education. Often those who enter the night schools with enthusiasm fail to find that which is suited to the needs of their lives, and so they drop out discouraged and distrustful of educational methods generally.

In New York they have an evening high school, so-called, but which is not a high school in the usual meaning, but rather a school for practical education in special lines. It opens the first Monday in October and continues for one hundred and twenty nights. The requirements for admission are not severe. An applicant must read, write fairly well, spell decently, and understand arithmetic as far as vulgar fractions and their employment in the transactions of ordinary business. The applicant who is admitted is allowed to choose his own studies. He has his choice of Latin, grammar, political science, algebra, geometry, penmanship, bookkeeping, anatomy and physiology, German, French, Spanish, photography, composition, arithmetic, and mechanical drawing, free-hand drawing, chemistry, reading and declamation. He may take any one study, though he is expected to take two. Not more than two except in special cases. The purpose, it is seen, is to enable a person to acquire knowledge in that direction which he finds essential in his work or aims, or in which he is deficient. During the course he may attend one study for another with the consent of the principal. If he has one study and thinks he has enough of it at the end of one hour, or if his occupations give him but an hour, he may go away at the end of the hour; or he may come at the beginning of the second hour. A student may spend one hour in a low class and another in a high class. The attendance averages one thousand, the pupils ranging in age from fourteen to sixty-five years. The older ones are of two classes—those who wish to brush up in a long-neglected study with which they have been familiar in youth, and those whose business or taste makes an acquaintance with a new study desirable—generally, in such cases, a foreign language. Some who come to brush up are fathers of boys whom they desire to aid in their studies. The majority, however, are young men from fourteen to twenty years old who are engaged in some occupation during the day. An interesting account of the school may be found in the *Chicago Journal*.

"Of the 1,000 pupils, fully one-half study arithmetic and book-keeping. Not more than 40 take to Latin, 25 each to political science and the algebra and geometry course, which eventually runs into trigonometry and thence into still further. In the three nightly grammar classes the attendance is from 150 to 175, still about the same number studying penmanship. The students of anatomy and physiology are comparatively few, not averaging more than 20 in each of the two classes. German is the most popular foreign language for study, engaging the attention of 150 students nightly. Spanish comes next, with probably two-thirds as many students, but it is increasing in interest yearly as young men grow to appreciate the business probabilities of development of our commercial interests in South America and Mexico. French is not much cared for, not half so much as Spanish, taking the number of students as an indication. About 175 young men start out at the beginning of each course with bright hopes of becoming expert phonographers, but at least one-third of them are brought to grief by the hooks and circles and word signs, and abandon the study before the season ends. There are forty students in the lower and thirty in the higher classes practicing architectural and mechanical drawing. Free hand drawing engages the earnest interest of an average of 125 pupils. The drawing classes are, from some points of view, the most interesting in the school, and the results of their labors being such as can have tangible demonstration, enable the getting up of a very pleasing and highly creditable exhibition at the termination of each course. Every thing that the drawing students require in the way of tools and materials is furnished to them gratuitously by the city. The chemistry class only numbers about twenty-five students, all of whom are during the day employed in businesses wherein a knowledge of this science is desirable, and are general assistants, and twenty-five instructors to aid him.

Lectures are given to the political science classes on pertinent topics—on labor strikes and other timely matters—and the instruction in physiology is practical and experimental. —*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

FRENCH EDICTS.

An Historical Review of the Rise and Fall of the Beard in France.

Appropos of General Boulanger's ardent restoring the beard to the French army, it is curious to note that the capillary adornments of the soldier's face has been a subject of contention in France from time immemorial. King Clovis adopted the mustache, that a foreign importation. Henry I. patronized the beard and the mustache. Louis XIII. abolished both, and ordered his officers to wear only a tuft of hair on the chin, which was called *la royale*. Louis XIV. in the beginning of his reign went back to the mustache, but Mme. de Maintenon objected to it, and made a clean shave of the whole face. And some young seigneurs refused to submit to the sacrifice, and were banished from court. Under the first revolution the beard again came into fashion. Napoleon I. retained the beard, but only for the *corps d'élite* of his army. Officers who distinguished themselves on the field of battle were allowed to wear whiskers as a mark of distinction. The monarchy of July chose the mustache only, but forbade the soldiers waxing or greasing it. The second empire inaugurated *l'imperiale*, which was a copy of the *royale*, save that the soldier was permitted to gum it, and wear it with the mustache. To-day the beard is once more revived, but whiskers are prohibited as being too English. The revival, however, is not popular, there are so many officers who can't get a beard or whose beard is unpleasantly gray. —*Pall Mall Gazette*.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—President McCosh has averaged ten hours of study per day throughout his professional life.—*N. Y. Post*.

—"Rationalism" is an acquired capacity for believing all incredible things, except those which claim a divine ground of credibility.—*Chicago Living Church*.

—A missionary writes from Ceylon that while on a short pleasure tour she addressed nineteen bands of hope. They are conducted the same as in America, and are doing much toward the education of the young on the subject of temperance.

The telegraph columns tell many stories about clergymen who are a disgrace to their calling, but the sacred profession must be judged by the merit of the hundreds of thousands of its members who do their duty and whose names are never the subject of public reproach.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*.

—Notwithstanding inadequate receipts, the Baptist Missionary Union is taking prompt action for the occupation of Upper Burma. Four missionaries have been designated for the field, of whom two and perhaps three are already on the ground. This is the kind of faith that will be likely to bring abundant receipts.—*Congregationalist*.

—In order to better the condition of the village clergy the Holy Synod of Russia encourages the establishment of loan and savings banks exclusively for clergymen. An institution of the kind established in the diocese of Saratoff over ten years ago has been quite successful. The bank has now on deposit over 300,000 roubles.

—Mrs. Maggie Van Cott, the evangelist, says that during the past seven years she has delivered 1,978 sermons, conducted 5,994 meetings, spent 8,446 hours in churches, written 8,139 religious letters, brought 12,667 seekers to the altar, traveled 17,270 miles, received 4,330 converts on probation and baptized 1,086 persons. Mrs. Van Cott was born in New York City in 1830.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

—An observant spectator, who attended a very fashionable church recently, returned to his hotel. "Did you have a good sermon?" he was asked. "Good enough for anybody," he replied; "but the people didn't listen to it." "Why not?" "Well, if you ever go to a church like that, and keep your eyes open, you will discover that the men go there to look at the women, and that the women go to be looked at and to look at each other." —*The Concord (N. H.) Monitor*.

—The Concord (N. H.) *Monitor* points out that "one of the greatest of the advantages of the new school law is its flexibility. Scholars can be placed in the schools which they can best and most advantageously attend. Under the old district system, this was practically impossible. A boy might live at an equal distance from a school of ten weeks and one of twenty; but if it happened that his home was in the district in which the ten-week school was held, he was compelled to attend that school."

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Money and trouble are something alike. People will borrow rather than have them.—*Chicago Sun*.

—In every life there comes a time when hope is crushed, but the man who has a healthy liver and a shirt that doesn't pinch in the neck seldom gets discouraged.—*Chicago Leader*.

—A man in New York has seriously made a collection of bottle corks. This is a light employment, but if it happened that a collection of the contents of bottles, as so many men do.—*Exchange*.

—What are chilled plows, papa, asked the little son of an agricultural professor. "O, my son," was the wise reply, "they are plows which have stood out in the furrow all winter." —*Burlington Free Press*.

—"I can't make my wife exercise, doctor, what shall I do?" "Buy a dozen mice and let one of them loose every day in your wife's chamber when she gets up, and you'll see the liveliest gymnasium you ever saw in your life." —*Boston Budget*.

—Ethetic young lady—"Can you conceive of anything more solemnly and poetically solemn than the denouement of Romeo and Juliet? Could the poet have made their fate more 'O, yes. He might have married them." —*Washington Herald*.

—In the path of philosophy woman has seldom strolled to much distance, but when times are tight she can go to market with a dollar bill and come back with more comfort in a basket than a man could crowd into a two-horse wagon, if told to back up and help himself.—*Lige Brown, in Chicago Ledger*.

—"Women are braver than men, after all, how fearlessly they acted on board the Oregon." Husband—"The most courageous people in the world, my dear, are those who do not realize the danger they are in. I have seen you go out bareheaded on a very cold day, and cross the street in very thin slippers." —*N. Y. Mail*.

—On the Downward Path: Old Mrs. Bently—"Do you know what's becoming of young George Sampson, who used to spare it so much last summer?" Old Mrs. Browser—"I hear he went West 'an' has become a confirmed totaller." Old Mrs. Bently—"O, dear, is it possible? An' he was such a likely young man, too. It beats all what people'll do when they once get a taste for rum." —*Temperance Advocate*.

—Talk about equality of the sexes! A man was clubbed in a New York theater for keeping his hat on, and it was in evidence that he sat in the back row. It was not a very high hat, either. In court the man was fined twenty dollars and cost, in spite of his testimony that the hat was a protection from a cold draught. And yet, lovely woman can sit in the front row of the pit with her head covered by all the hair which art and nature have given her and a three-decker hat on top of it all, and enjoy absolute immunity.—*Boston Post*.

Story of a Spotted Deer.

Two young ladies were examining the animals in Central Park, New York, last Sunday.

"O, what a beautiful spotted deer!" The other woman bowed her head and wept.

"Why, what is the matter with you now?"

"You don't know how it hurts my feelings to have you talk about spotted deer. I once had a spotted deer."

"Yes; my dear was a street car conductor and we were going to get married, but the company spotted him and my dear had to resign his position, and ever since I have had to sigh whenever I hear anybody talking about spotted deer." —*N. Y. Telegram*.

—A cat at New Britain, Conn., weighs thirty-two pounds, and is believed to be the biggest tame cat in the country.

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A WISHING GIRL.

As queer a girl as ever was seen
Was little May Evelyn Caroline Green,
She sat on a bench from morning till night
For every thing in, or out of, her sight.

When it was morning she wished it was night,
Yet when it was evening nothing was right.
The same with the weather, it always was wrong,
And wishing 'twas otherwise made up her song.

Her small brother Ned, who thought Sister May
Was silly to spend her time wishing all day,
Told nurse in confidence, once after dinner,
That he was afraid she'd wish-bone in her.

—Mrs. E. C. Lindgren, in *Our Little Men and Women*.

ALBERT'S BOOK.

The Brave and Determined Manner in Which He Earned It.

It was more than seventy years ago. My young hero was only a lad of thirteen when the incident occurred of which I am going to tell you. His name was Albert, and he lived in a pleasant farming town in the State of Maine. Being a farmer's son, he had a great many chores to do in the early winter mornings, and it was a long walk, afterward, to the district school; but he loved his books dearly, and was always on hand in good season, with lessons well learned the night before.

One stormy afternoon, soon after the beginning of the winter term, he came home from school in a somewhat unattractive mood. He was a wide-awake, cheerful little body, with a very merry laugh, and his mother looked up in surprise when, instead of her son's breezy entrance, Master Albert came quietly into the great old-fashioned kitchen, so warm and so cozy, so queer and so quaint, and walked thoughtfully up to the glorious open fire that was dancing gleefully on the broad hearth, and seemed to be doing its best to leap boldly up through the wide old chimney.

"I hope nothing has gone wrong at school," thought his good mother, as she went softly to and fro through the old-time room, in preparation for the savory evening meal; and the father, who was watching his little son's face from the other side of the hearth, broke the silence at last with the words: "Well, my boy, you seem to have some weighty subject on your mind, to-night. What is it?"

The child half turned, as if he had heard a voice, but no words.

"You haven't got into any trouble at school, I trust, Albert?"

"No, indeed, sir. We've got the best teacher that ever was. But, oh, father," and now the boy's tongue went fast enough—"they've introduced a grand new geography into the school this term—a great beauty of a book, with pictures, and as interesting as it can be; and—and—I so wish I could have one, sir! You know I've been through my old one so many times, I know it all by heart. Can not I have one, father?"

"I'm afraid not, my son. It would cost more money than I could afford to spare just now. I'm sorry to deny you, but be a good boy and do your best, and next winter we'll see."

"No, Albert! It was a long time to wait, but he was well-trained and did not annoy his father with teasing. Still he could not forget that splendid new geography, any more than you could forget about Christmas or the Fourth of July. He thought about the book by day and dreamed about it at night. By and by a plan came to him, and when a little later, his father and mother went away for a short visit, he put this plan into action.

First, he went into the woods and chopped and chopped until he had enough cord wood to make a handsome load. Then he went home and got old Star and Bright and hauled the wood out to the road, load it in good shape, brought him and offered for the gentleman, put them on the top of the load, and then ran home to tell his sister what he was going to do.

"Dolly," he began, "won't you please put me up a luncheon of doughnuts and cheese?"

"A luncheon! Why, where are you going?"

"It's almost sunset."

"I'm going to Portland, Dolly."

"To Portland!" echoed Dolly, again. "That is a likely story."

"But I am, Dolly," persisted the boy, eagerly. "I'm going to Portland with a load of wood."

"Are you crazy, Albert? Why, it is twenty miles to Portland, and you know you would have to go out at night."

"I don't care for that. It isn't going to be very dark. I know the way, and I'm not a bit afraid, Dolly."

"Who put this idea into your head?"

"Nobody, I planned it all out myself."

"But it's so cold, and you are such a little fellow. Why, it is quite an undertaking for a father. What do you want to go for, any way?"

"It's the geography, Dolly. I want it, I need it, and I am determined to have it. It'll be all right about the wood, you know. Father told me last week that if I'd a mind to carry a load down to the Corner and sell it I might have all the cord I could get; but it's no use to go now, shouldn't I get my geography now any money, either most likely. I'm just going straight to Portland with my load of wood, and when I come back, mind you, I shall bring my geography. Come, Dolly, don't hinder me, that's a good girl. Put me up my luncheon, and let me get off as soon as I can."

"Well," answered Dolly, looking down anxiously on the brave little man, "it doesn't seem safe, and I am afraid father will blame me for letting you go; but, if you will, go you must. I'll help you all I can, but I shall be worried enough till you come back."

"So the kind sister wrapped the little fellow as warmly as she could, brought out his thickest mittens, tied up his ears, got him an ample lunch, and saw him set off about sunset on his long night-journey—her own heart very heavy, though his was high with hope.

What a journey that was for a little lad of thirteen! Just think of it, boys. To be out all night, and all alone, in the heart of winter, on a lonely road,

with only a few scattered houses here and there. It was bitter cold, and Albert ran to keep his feet warm; thrashed his arms to keep his hands from freezing; patted old Star and Bright, and talked to them to keep their courage up, and his own as well; went over his school lessons, naming every river and mountain and cape he could recollect; repeated every line of poetry he had ever learned, and he learned a great number; even went so far as to compose a few stanzas, which were not so very bad; stopped once on the way to feed and rest good Star and Bright and eat his own luncheon; and, finally, a little after sunrise safely reached the city of Portland. Here his load of wood was specially exchanged, at his own offer, for a copy of Morse's New Geography, a rather high price to pay, to be sure, even in those days, when wood was cheap and books cost much; but Albert cared little for this fact since the coveted geography was at last in his possession, and he felt far happier than a king, as he turned his rosy, handsome face homeward, bearing with him his precious treasure. Star and Bright fared sumptuously at his hands that night, and did not Albert enjoy his own nice supper, which Dolly had prepared and kept hot and in readiness for him? How he chattered as he ate it, in the dear old kitchen, where the fire danced, if possible, more merrily than ever, and sent its warm light over the dark red walls, the snow-white dresser, and the rows of bright pewter plates and porringers that were ranged on its shelves! The next morning—well, if he did feel a thrill of pride and satisfaction in his happy, boyish heart, as he walked up the aisle to his seat in the school-room, carrying in a little more polished book, with its crisp, fragrant leaves, and its attractive letter-press, who can blame him? Every body was talking about what he had done, and teacher and school-mates alike gave him generous praise. As to his father, the good man criticized a little the boy's transaction from a business point of view, without, however, to hear the story; but he could not help commending the energy and spirit of his little son, and he did so without stint. As to Albert, himself, he lived and prospered, growing up to be a most excellent man, a minister, and, at one time, a judge. He wrote verses some times, too, a little more polished, doubtless, than those he sent out on the stillness of the winter night so long ago, with only Star and Bright for auditors. He reached a good old age, but never I think, so long as he lived, did he fail to recall with pleasure the circumstances under which he became the "lighted" owner of a copy of Morse's New Geography. —*Alice Cady Bourne, in Congregationalist*.

A Cunning Puss.

"Purr, purr, purr!" Pussy sat on the kitchen window-sill with her eyes half-shut, and purred, and purred. She looked very sleepy indeed; but she was more sly than sleepy. She was an Angora cat, and very handsome. She had long, silky white fur, and fringed ears, and a bushy tail like a squirrel. She often curled it over her back, just as a squirrel would.

Pussy was in the kitchen a great deal, and she saw the cook make custards, and put the eggs in the cake. She wanted some. She meant to have some. She noticed that, whenever a certain bell was rung, the cook left the kitchen and stayed out for several minutes. The bell-cord was within her reach if she stood up on her hind feet. It was not where the cook would see, and she slyly pulled the cord with her fore-paws, and rang the bell. The cook went to see what was wanted; and pussy devoured a custard in great haste.

Sly Puss! When the cook back she lay in a corner, and seemed fast asleep. She played this trick over and over again. But after a while some one hid and watched her, and she was caught and said: "Pussy ring the bell.—*Our Little Ones*.

COUNTRY-LOVE.

Where Prince Bismarck Receives His Lofliest Inspiration.

Bismarck loves the country, though most of his life has been passed in cities. "What I like best," he once said, "is to be in well-wooded top-boots, far away from civilization." It is said that once, while at school in Berlin, and walking in the suburbs, he came across a plow. His homesickness, expressed itself in tears. In one of his earlier letters he wrote: "I am quite homesick for country, woods and laziness, with the indispensable addition of loving wives and trim, well-behaved children." Phrenologists say that one of the largest organs on Bismarck's massive head is that which indicates his love of children.

The German statesman is never so happy, say his friends, as when he is gazing at a beautiful landscape, or walking about in a farm.

"Believe me," his wife once said, with a natural exaggeration, "a turnip interests him more than all your politics." His friends point to Lenbach's portrait of Bismarck, which hangs in the National Gallery at Berlin, as the one in which his features assume their noblest expression. "We were engaged in conversation," said Bismarck, describing, in a low, throaty expression, caught by the artist, "and I happened to look upwards at a passing flight of birds. Suddenly Lenbach exclaimed: 'Hold hard! that will do, capitally, keep quite still, and forthwith made the sketch.'"

The Chancellor, when at Varzin, his country estate, banished the cares of state and becomes farmer and forester. In "well-wooded boots," with staff in hand, he wanders about the woods and fields, noting nature and his farmers. He takes lessons in practical political economy from his tenants, and questions his laborers. The result is that he is an evenly-balanced statesman, and talks in Parliament about farming and forestry with such good sense and knowledge as to command the respect of practical men.—*Youth's Companion*.