

St. Tammany Farmer.

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

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EVER TRUE.

Joyous at heart as a summer day
A lassie stands by the meadow way,
And looks at a face that is very dear,
And wonders in words that know nothing of fear—
"Will you be true, love? will you be true?
Will you love me as I love you?
Will you grow stronger as years roll on,
And be true when youth and beauty have gone?"
Will you be true, love? will you be true?"
Joyous at heart on their wedding-morn
Hand and wife walk home through the corn,
And each seems to hear the old time song
As hand in hand, they wander along:
"Will you be true, love? will you be true?
Will you love me as I love you?
Will you grow stronger as years roll on,
And be true when youth and beauty have gone?"
Will you be true, love? will you be true?"
Joyous at heart when their hair is gray,
Hand and wife together stray,
And hand clasps hand as they pass along,
And the heart of each is glad with song:
"You have been true, love! hearts ever true!
—George Weatherly.

POOR FATHER!

Unbounded Happiness Turned to
Deepest Sorrow.

When Lieutenant Henry Robeline learned that his ship, Francis Garnier, was to be sent to China, he thought of his wife and boy, and this thought suddenly checked his joy to be put in the way of gaining the epaulettes of Captain. Even he experienced something like remorse for having wished his ship to be one of those selected for this far-away expedition, and he asked himself, if these instantaneous disquietudes were not what people call a presentiment.

It is this, for the last month his child was unwell, and the doctor had recommended constant care and attentive treatment. Marcel was born a little delicate, sickly, one would say it seemed as if he had inherited the paludic fever, of which his father has suffered in Africa on the banks of those large and treacherous rivers, where malaria reigns supreme.

Madame Robeline expected the news; she wanted to be courageous. "When do you leave?" she asked, simply. "In a fortnight." She felt her heart ready to burst. He took her in his knees, and with his kisses he restrained her tears. "Papa," stammered the boy, "will you take me with you?"

The sailor had his home outside of Toulon, in this corner of the roadway, gracious and picturesque as a Neapolitan bay. He hoped that, in the midst of palm and orange trees, his young one would improve; but the child, after recovering a little, became weak again under the anxious eyes of his mother, those woman's eyes which refuse to notice the painful traces of sickness on the loved faces, although they see them growing deeper; equally prompt to hope or despair, and whose tenderness has tears for joy as well as for sorrow.

Three days before this Francis Garnier left her moorings to make her essays and regulate her compasses. Madame Robeline visited her husband's ship, where he was going to live, and, who knows, did, perhaps, wounded during a battle? She had some terrific visions. Ah! poor sailors' wives! She arranged her cabin, made a nest of it, filled it with green plants which would fade away once in open sea. Her picture and the child's smiled above the narrow bed in a frame made with swords and revolvers, where for the future exile they would recall the absent home to his mind. And while she placed all those things, often alone, her husband being on duty on the deck, she cried. One evening, as she had belated herself, she wrapped Marcel in a shawl, but the gamin threw down the garment again and again, clapped his hands, laughed with the sailors, happy with the breeze and swell. He caught a cold. The next day he could not rise he coughed so much.

His father and mother slept no more. The Francis Garnier's departure was fixed for the next Saturday. They counted the hours. Soon the child was at death's door. "Will you save him, doctor?" he begged they. The doctor answered "yes," but that did not satisfy them. Marcel was too feeble to resist that dreadful cough. And the parents returned to their child's bed, murmuring some tender words without hearing themselves speak. They looked at their moaning child and buried their nails in the palms of their hands. "We leave on Saturday." Bertha uttered a great cry. Saturday night ought not to come for her. Saturday!

But the angel may die that very Saturday perhaps! Her boy to die—to die!
"Do not go, Henry! For God's sake, do not go!"
He went out to solicit his transfer to another ship that remained in Toulon. On the threshold of his door he reflected; he commanded a man-of-war; he had his mission and his orders. Not to sail now was to desert. Then he re-entered his home; his boy was saying: "Papa, will you bring me plenty of Chinese toys?"
Mme. Robeline opened the window; she pointed the ship to her husband. "You must go, Henry! I am crazy. Do you know what I am saying. I—"
The Francis Garnier cast off her springs; her captain was on the deck. When crossing the entrance

of the roadstead he turned around, searching beyond the blue gulf, under the palm and orange trees, his white cottage of Tamaia, where he had left his life. On the balcony a silhouette appeared, a hand waved a handkerchief, sent a kiss, and the vision was a short one. From the interior of the room a voice had called "Mamma," and the officer did not see the apparition any more.

He went to his cabin, took a calendar covered with penciled notches at the month of July's column. Each one indicated a putting in, that is to say a telegram that he would receive from Port Said to Hong Kong. In the last line, he had said to his wife, this phrase sad and cruel: "I will be more tortured than you! No matter what may happen send me a message to each port. Use the word 'Hope' if he is better, and 'Courage' if—"
A sob had shortened what he wanted to say. "Courage!" repeated he. "Courage! What irony! Can one have courage when death takes his child!"

He rose, dismissing the terrible idea. The joyful noise of the war soon exasperated him. He ordered some maneuvers, invented for himself duties to perform, incredible fatigues to bear, to divert him from thinking. The days would not pass, and the sea would not end. At last, Port Said is reached. Hope, the red dispatch. "It is dated from the day before, and perhaps since—"

Once out of the Suez Canal, Robeline gave orders to the engineer to double the speed. At Obok he received another message, "Hope;" but at Colombo, where in his anxiety he arrived in advance, he found nothing. Notwithstanding his formal instructions he remained at the anchorage for a while. Finally he had to go. Already he had grown old; he ate and slept no more. Sometimes he locked himself up, giving the ship in charge to his first officer.

At Saigon the first sampan that came alongside his ship brought him a dispatch: "Grand Hope." He kissed the paper soiled by the Ananite's paws; but suddenly he thought that may be his wife was not telling the truth. "She wants me to arrive at Fort Cheon, my mind at rest, to prevent me from exposing myself too much. Oh! how to know!"
And one month of his salary was expended in sending long telegrams asking for details.

Hong Kong! He arrived at two a. m. The places of business, the French Consulate, in fact, every house was closed. He never thought of that; he went ashore as he could not remain on board; he promenade the deserted streets until daybreak. When the city awoke he ran to the window of the telegraph office and a message was handed to him, "Be confident; a great deal better. Marcel is saved." The Consul, to whom he paid an early visit, dressed in full uniform, supposed him to be either drunk or sun-stricken.

The immense joy of Robeline escaped the fatality of a reaction. The 22d of August he had a new fever, the fever of combat. It was at Fort Cheon, and the Francis Garnier having a small draught, Admiral Courbet employed her for all the operations impossible to larger men-of-war. Ten times Lieutenant Robeline distinguished himself. His exaltation gained every one around him; he had a double life; noisily brave, taking his revenge of the gone bad hours of his existence, with a continual need of scattering his returned youth and energy in an exuberance of happiness.

With his ship's boats only he took a Chinese sloop-of-war. His name was mentioned in the orders of the day—a distinction seldom conferred. A few hours after the squadron had departed from the Mien river Courbet called Robeline to his ship. The telegraph had just brought the answer of the Government to the demand for rewards made by the Admiral for his valiant sailors. "Robeline, a good shake hand. You are a Captain of frigate!"
And the Lieutenant, in the excess of his joy, threw his arms around the Admiral's neck. "What is the matter, Robeline? Can you not stand prosperity?"
"Ah Admiral, I beg your pardon, if you know how happy I am!"
"Well, I am glad of it. Return to your ship and inform your officers and crew of your promotion."
Robeline took leave of his kind superior, jumped in his jawl and went to the Francis Garnier.
"I will write to my wife. The Journal Official has certainly registered my advancement, but she shall be so happy to receive a few lines from me that she may believe wounded."
At the top of the ladder his officers awaited him. The news had spread. They congratulated their chief. His body servant, Noelic, a Briton, held behind his back two pairs of gallons. "A moment, Captain, I will send them on your coat No. 1."
And after the shake hands, the compliments, the double rations granted to the crew, the punishments remitted, Captain Robeline entered his cabin. During his absence his mail had arrived, the mail from France! The mail from Tamaia! The letters were scattered on his table. "All the happiness together to-day!" murmured he, full of joy, sending a kiss to the portraits of his wife and child.
He took Bertha's letter and opened it. At this moment a knock resounded on the door.

"A message, Captain!"

Distractedly he tore the envelope; doubtless some compliments from his friends of the Bespes division! Of a sudden, he straightened himself, paler than death, passed his hands on his forehead and with a loud horrified voice, he read:
"Marcel relapsed. Lost. Courage!"
"My God!"
And he fell on his bed, his arms stretched in despair.
"Now, Captain, what has happened to you?"
It was Sailor Noelic bringing back the coat No. 1, on which shone three gold and two silver gallons, the former old, the latter new.

Robeline rose; unconsciously he opened his desk, read again the message and his wife's letter. His hands shook, he could not see a line and he turned the pages feverishly. When he came to the last one, with a voice choked with sobs trying to imitate the tone of the voice of the departed child, even his lip, he read:
"My dear father, since I am well in arms has taught me how to write to enable me to write alone to you to tell you that I love you with all my heart, and that I find the time very long without you."
"Please do not forget to bring me plenty of Chinese toys."
"I kiss you thousands of times. Your good boy."
"O. Noelic, my poor Noelic!"

He leaned on the sailor's neck in his need of speaking to somebody, allowing his heart to break for a pity around him. Then, showing the portrait of his child that laughed in the midst of the swords and revolvers, he exclaimed:
"He is dead! Noelic, my little one is dead!"
And while the sailor supported him, without letting go his hold on the coat No. 1, Captain Robeline cried a long time. Big tears rolled fast and heavy down his cheeks and fell on his new gallons.

POOR FATHER.—From the French, in N. Y. Graphic.

CARAVAN TRAVELING.

The Most Enjoyable and Romantic Way of Seeing a Country.

A French friend of mine lives near one of those pretty shady avenues of trees that are common on the outskirts of French towns, and often in the morning he walks out in that direction. One day his curiosity was attracted by a caravan that sought the shade there. The horses were unharnessed by a servant, and the master came out of the vehicle and looked around him with the eye of a stranger to the locality.

"There is something about that caravan," my friend thought, "that seems unusual, and I should like to find out what it is." Impelled by this desire, he entered into conversation with the owner, who was immediately recognizable as a gentleman, and my friend became communicative, as French people will when they have not made up their minds to be rigidly solemn and reserved. The owner of the caravan was M. le Comte de B., the horses were his carriage horses, the man was his groom, and Mme. la Comtesse was inside the house on wheels, occupied in cooking the dejeuner. They remained in that place twenty-four hours, and my friend became almost intimate with them. They both said that of all the varieties of traveling this was what they most enjoyed. It had begun by an attempt to explore some part of the country where the inns were bad, but since then they had come to prefer the caravan to any inn whatever; and, in fact, there were two or three excellent hotels in the town they were then visiting. The caravan was arranged with great skill, so as to give good accommodation in a restricted space, and the servant was provided for by a sort of tent, not set up separately on the ground, but belonging to the habitation itself. Looking at this arrangement from a practical point of view it might be thought that with a lady on board it would be desirable to have a second caravan with servants. That, however, would involve a great increase of expense. Yet the continual expense would not be great, as the extra pair of horses might be hired for the excursion only. One of my friends, who knew that I was interested in every thing concerning independent travel, told me of a moving establishment he had met with in Italy. A rich Italian nobleman traveled with four caravans of commodious size and admirably contrived, each drawn by a pair of fine horses. On arriving at a halting place for the night the vehicles were placed in the form of a hollow square, and the place so inclosed was covered in a canvas roof. This made a sort of central hall, in which the owner and his family dined in great state, the caravans serving as bedrooms. Now, although this may seem an extravagant way of traveling, it is, in fact, merely an unaccounted way of employing a rich man's establishment of horses and men. The extra expense involved by this particular employment of them need not be extremely onerous.—G. P. Bancroft, in Longman's Magazine.

The Poah Fellah.

Charlie Knickerbocker—"What's the matter, Gus? You theme all broke up. Gas Snobberly—Yeth, Chollie, I'm a prefect wreck. Cawt cold last night. Great heavens! have you been expothin yourself?"
I went to the opera, Chollie, and the scoundrelly usher gave me a program that had just been printed, and it wath the moist and damp that I got chilled thru and thru.—Tezess Siftings.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A large number of small tobacco factories are being started in Florida to work up the tobacco grown in the State.
—The yearly manufacture of pins is placed at 4,695,000,000 in England, and at 6,720,000,000 in New England.
—Preliminary arrangements have been entered into to establish a large manufactory in Phoenix, Ariz., to make sugar from sorghum.
—Grand Duke Nicholas, of Russia, is credited with being an enthusiastic student of natural history, and with a new work on the entomology of the Caucasus.
—A good photograph of the seventh moon of Saturn has been obtained by the Messrs. Henry, at the Paris observatory. The photographic plate had to be exposed thirty-five minutes. This moon is known to astronomers as Hyperion, and was the last satellite of Saturn to be discovered.—N. Y. Ledger.
—The manufacture of solid carbonic acid gas is said to have become a settled industry in Berlin. It is put in small cylinders and if kept under pressure will last some time; that is a cylinder one and a half inches in diameter and two inches long takes five hours to melt away into gas.
—If the statements which come from Brazil on the subject are trustworthy, the Freire system of inoculation against yellow fever certainly seems to be efficacious. The mortality from the disease in Rio de Janeiro is said to be ten times as great among those who have not been treated by Dr. Freire's method as among persons who have been inoculated.—M. Y. Ledger.

—The entire annual production of the cordage mills of the United States, it is stated, is about 120,000 tons, valued at about \$34,000,000. Of this, about 40,000 tons is binder twine, and the balance is rope of all sizes, from the largest hawser down to the ordinary manilla tarred rope most used by sailors in splicing and repairs.—Public Opinion.
—Dr. John Vansant, of the United States marine hospital at St. Louis, claims to be the first to have taken photographs by the light of fireflies. He placed twelve fireflies in a three-ounce bottle, covering its mouth with fine bobinet. The average duration of the flash of each insect was half a second, and the luminous area on the abdomen was about one-eighth of an inch square. The time of exposure was fifty flashes.—Science.
—Faye, the French meteorologist, thinks the movement of a tornado is not ascending, as some scientists suppose it to be, but descending, penetrating the lower layers of the atmosphere like a corkscrew. The destructive effects of these storms are ascribed to the violent shock occasioned by the collision of the descending spirals with the ground, and the energy is not apparently lessened by this contact, inasmuch as it is constantly renewed from above, and transmitted to the earth by the rotary motion downwards.—N. Y. Ledger.

—A French Fuel: The plan of utilizing coke dust by making it into briquettes has been successfully adopted by a gas company at Lyons, France. This is accomplished by mixing each ton of coke with about 200 pounds of coal-tar pitch and then passing through a compressing machine. The total cost is \$4 per ton, and the product readily sells for \$5.50 to \$6 per ton. The expense for the plant, with a capacity of sixty-five tons daily, was only \$5,000.—Arkansas Traveler.

—We learn from the Pittsburgh Iron World that Pittsburgh steel-makers have established agencies for the sale of the finer grades of steel suitable for making cutlery in Europe, India and Australia. Their sales have been so considerable as to practically guarantee an established trade. Steel has been sold in competition with English-made steel at the same prices, and, the World says, "the prices, under the circumstances, were entirely satisfactory to the producers."
—The barramunda of primers to be a connecting link of primary rank between the oldest surviving group of fishes and the lowest air-breathing animals like the frogs and salamanders. It leaves its native streams at night and sets out on a foraging expedition after vegetable food in the neighboring woodlands. It has both lungs and gills. It can breathe either air or water at will, or, if it chooses, the two together. Though covered with scales and most fish-like in outline, it presents points of anatomical resemblance both to salamanders and lizards, and is a connecting link between the North American mud fish on the one hand and the wonderful lepidosiren on the other.

A Fable for Every Body.

In the depths of a forest there lived two foxes. One of them said one day in the polite fox language: "Let's quarrel."
"Very well," said the other. "But how shall we set about it?" They tried all sorts of ways, but it could not be done, because each one would give way. At last number one fetched two stones. "There," said he, "you say they're yours, and I'll say they're mine, and we will quarrel, and fight, and scratch. Now, I'll begin. Those stones are mine!" "Very well," answered the other, "you are welcome to them." "But we shall never quarrel at this rate!" cried the other, jumping up and licking his face. "You old simpleton, don't you know it takes two to make a quarrel any day?" So they gave it up as a bad job and never tried to play at this silly game again.—Western Plowman.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Is it not better to work and win than to play and lose?
—The mouth is the window to the intellect.—Whitehall Times.
—To whom you betray your secret, you give your liberty.
—A good reputation is better than all the wealth of this world.
—In waiting for rich relations to die don't wait so long as to lose all your energy.
—The number of persons engaged in crushing truth to earth is surprisingly large.—Pomeroy's Advance Thought.
—The young man with a slender salary should choose for his bride a young woman of small waste.
—A base ball umpire has bought himself a first-class kicking gule, so as not to feel lonesome at the end of the season.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.
—He—"Did you enjoy the sermon?" She—"Of course I did. I had on a new hat and dress, and the sexton seated me directly in front of that dreadful Miss Briggs."—Detroit Free Press.

—A man will buy lottery tickets month after month and not get discouraged, but if he fishes two hours and fails to land a ten-pounder he is ready to take his affidavit that this world is all a fraud.
—A disgusted housekeeper says that every new servant comes to her labelled as willing. What she wants is to find one who is unwilling to undertake duties far beyond her.—Exchange.
—Guest to landlord—"I say, landlord, have you got such a thing as an encyclopedia about the house?" Landlord—"No, sir, we have not; but there is a gentleman from Boston in the reading-room."—Harper's Bazar.
—It is a mighty hard matter for us to see de bad p'ints in er thier dat it willin' ter lead us money, ur de good p'ints in er hon'es man dat hab 'fused ter do us a favor. Dar ain't er weaker raskil in dis yere worl den human natur.—Arkansas Traveler.

—Jones—"I say, Smith, I saw a great magician last night. He could give you lemonade, or any drink you wanted out of a white high hat." Smith—"That's nothing; we've got a grocer on our corner who can give you thirty-five, forty, and forty-five cent butter out of the same tub."—Harper's Bazar.
—Editor-in-Chief—"Hello there! Mr. Clips!" City Editor Clips—"Yes, sir." "Send half a dozen reports out immediately, and see who's the matter down the street." "Matter? Why I don't see anything going on down there." "That's just the point. Don't see they are not digging it up? There must be something under all this. Give us a good article, Mr. Clips."—Boston Transcript.

—Miss De Fashion—"Horror! It's Sunday and my writing paper is all gone." Little Brother—"That new kind?" "Yes." "I'll make you some. Jane got a bar of soap yesterday, and the paper around it is just like what you had, rough and sort o' brown." "Nonsense. My paper had red eyes." "Yes, I know, I'll get Jane to cut it the right size, and dip the edges in raspberry jam."—Omaha World.
—Thoughtful Papa—"Eating candy again, Tommy? How often I've told you that this continual eating deranges the stomach! It's the worst thing you can do. Your stomach needs rest. You shouldn't keep it continually at work. It irritates it. Now remember, don't let me see you eating again between meals.—Hullo, Jack, let's go and have a nip! Just drunk! What of it? So did I. Come on, old fellow!"—Boston Transcript.

WHAT A MAN EATS.

Amount of Solid and Liquid Food Consumed by Every Individual.

It has been calculated that on the average each man who attains the age of three score and ten consumes during the course of his life twenty wagon-loads of food, solid and liquid. At four tons to the wagon, this would correspond to an average of about a hundred ounces of food per day, or say some one hundred and twenty ounces per day during adult life, and about eighty ounces during infancy and youth. Most modern doctors agree in regarding one hundred and twenty ounces of food per day, corresponding to five or six half-pints of liquid food, and seven or eight pounds of solid food, as in excess of the real daily requirements of a healthy man or woman.

Yet, probably most of us take more than this, in one way or another, during the day. Dr. Lankester, from an extensive analysis of the dietary of soldiers, sailors, prisoners and the better-paid classes of artisans and professional men in London, found the average daily quantity of solid and liquid food to be 143 ounces. Doubtless many take much less; but unquestionably many take much more than this. When some one mentioned before Sydney Smith the twenty wagon-loads of food calculated for each man's allowance, he turned to Lord Durham, who, like himself, was corpulent (and not without sufficient reason), with the quaint remark: "I think our wagons, Durham, must be four-horsed ones." There are members of the London Corporation, to seek no further, whose wagons must be six-horsed ones, and well loaded at that.—R. A. Proctor, in Cosmopolitan.

Likes and Dislikes.

"I s'pose you like customers that pay as they go," said a suspicious party as he registered his name.
"Yes," replied the hotel clerk, "if they've got baggage; if they haven't, we like 'm to pay as they come. Two dollars, please."—N. Y. Sun.

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

SZENTERES.

Did you ever hear of the place, my dear, That is called the country of Szenteres? Where the children whine, and the babies cry, And even the grown folks droop and sigh? Their faces are long with a look of dread, Their eyes are moist, and their noses red; For the trials and troubles, and doubts and fears, Are the commonest things in Szenteres.

Whenever the day is bright and warm, They frown and say: "Look out for a storm." Whenever it happens to rain or snow, They grumble and say it's always so. They eat their fruit when it's green and small, For fear it should blight, or wither and fall, For people will shut their eyes and ears To the commonest things in Szenteres.

The children cry when they're asked to tea, For fear they should fall to go, you see; Then they're kept at home because they cry, And they feel that the world is all awry. If you give them a doll or a playing gay, They cry for fear it will break some day; And it will fall soon, for doubts and fears Make all things brittle in Szenteres.

This land is not very far away, And you may be wanted there some day. If you post and write, and whisper and tease, Whenever you can not do as you please, Just put on a smiling face and see How happy and bright the world can be, And never consent to live, my dear, In the sorrowful state of Szenteres.

TOMMY'S SCHOOL.

How and Why He Changed His Mind, and What Came of It.

"Humph! I ain't agoin' to study much if school does begin Monday," said Tommy Jenkins at the end of his long vacation; "I'm goin' to have penuns all shelled, and eat 'em when teacher isn't lookin', and I'm goin' to do lots o' things to make the other boys laugh, and I'm goin' to set so teacher 'll have to send me home, then I won't have to go to school any more; cheer-ee, won't that be fun!" and a pair of boyish heels went up into the air as Tommy threw himself back on the sofa and chuckled at what he thought a very smart speech.

Susie, who was eight years old, two years younger than Tommy, looked a little shocked at first, but when Tommy laughed so gaily she laughed, too, then she said: "Yes, but what will mamma say to such things, and papa? Oh, papa 'll be dreadful sober and say: 'My little son!' in that way that always makes me cry right out when he says: 'My little daughter!'"
"Oh, mamma will be kind sorry at first," said Tommy, blisfully, "but she will get over it pretty soon, and so to papa, oh, I'd make it all right with papa when I told him how a feller likes to study; and Tommy thought his thumbs into the armbolts of his blouse and tried to whistle.

Fortunately, mamma was in the hall, and just about to enter the room when Tommy began his smart remarks, and so heard every word the children said. She went quickly back upstairs, and neither Tommy nor Susie suspected she had heard a word.
But just as their mother expected would be the case, when bedtime was approaching that night Tommy began asking for a story, and Susie put down her doll to help Tommy tease for what they both liked so much, one of their mamma's nice stories. Papa was over by the table reading, but his face was behind the paper, and the children knew the sound of mamma's voice would not disturb him at all.
So after Tommy had seated himself on an ottoman with his hands in his mamma's lap, and Susie was nestled close beside her, mamma began:
"Once upon a time there was a fine-looking young man who was very unfortunate, and very much to be pitied. He had good manners, and also had the appearance of having been well brought up, but the trouble was, he was not faithful in any thing. When he first went into a town and tried to find work, he would generally succeed in getting some thing to do in a store perhaps, and for a little while he would seem to do very well, but it was never long before those who had employed him would find that he was not to be trusted, so he would be obliged to leave and try to find some other place or employment.
"The time would come when every one in the town would know all about him, and he would have to go some where else and begin all over again, trying to find work by which to feed himself. This was not at all a happy life to lead, for of course he had no steady home, no friends in particular, and but very little money, some times not enough to buy things he really needed.
"Besides all this there was no kind of business he could engage in except the very simplest, because he had never learned how to do the things which bring in money in any amount, and as what we call profitable. Don't you think he must have felt very badly when he thought of his boyhood and his comfortable home and kind parents?"
"Did he ever have a nice home and good parents?" asked Tommy.
"Certainly, just as nice a home as you have, and just as kind parents."
"Then why didn't they teach him things, and send him to school?" asked Tommy, his great blue eyes wide open.
"Oh, they did," said mamma. "He was always carefully dressed in the neatest clothes, provided with the best of food, and watched over as tenderly as you are through his boyish years, and every day he was sent with his little sister to one of the finest schools."
"Then why didn't he learn and grow up to be a faithful young man, and have a home and some money, and lots of friends?" asked interested Tommy.
"Well, that is a very good thing to

tell about," answered mamma, speaking very slowly. "But the trouble is, when a child first begins to do wrong, especially when he means and plans to do it, it is almost next to impossible to get back into the right path again. And the truth is, that young man, when a little boy, all at once made up his mind after having a long, happy vacation, that he wouldn't study any more nor behave well in school. So he would start out in the morning nicely dressed, well fed, and with his mother's fond kiss on his cheek; then he would enter the school room and eat peanuts he had already shelled, and when the teacher wasn't looking he would do a great many things to make the other children laugh, and finally he acted so badly that the teacher had to send him home."

"Why, Tommy Jenkins!" cried Susie, interrupting her mamma at these familiar words, "those are the very things you said you meant to do when you went back to school!" Susie's amazement at the outcome of the little story got the better of her usual habit of shielding Tommy's faults.
Poor Tommy! His face had been growing very red, his chest was swelling and his breath coming very quickly at the last part of the story, but when his papa slowly lowered his paper from his face, and said in a surprised, grieved tone: "Why, my little son!" it was altogether too much. Down went Tommy's fair little head into his mamma's lap, and for a few minutes the sound of his crying was all that was heard in the room.

Susie was all pity and repentance, and tried her best to tell how sorry she was that she had "told on him." But after a time Tommy's sobs ceased and he became very quiet. Papa and mamma began talking about some other little matters, then mamma said it was bed-time. At this Tommy raised his head and said, in a low, resolute voice: "I'm just a-goin' back to school Monday mornin' to be the best boy there is! I ain't goin' to grow up not to have any home and no friends, or not to know how to do things real proper. I really did mean to be a bad boy for a little while, but if it's so hard to get good again, I just ain't goin' to make my papa and mamma ashamed and spoil myself, all for bein' bad!"

And Tommy went back to school with such good resolutions that on day, when the teacher said he would send Tommy home, he said to his mamma, "I'm goin' to be the best boy in school, and if he sends me home he'll begin he would send me to the head of his division."
And papa, who was reading his paper when mamma told of it that evening, looked up and said in a way which made Tommy's eyes shine with pleasure: "That's my own little man!"—Mrs. Harriet A. Cheever, a Christian at Work.

The Happiest Boy.

Who is the happiest boy you know? Who has "the best time?" I mean the one who has the winter had the biggest toboggan, or who now has the most marbles, or wears the best clothes? Let's see.
Once there was a King who had a little boy whom he loved. He gave him beautiful rooms to live in, and pictures and toys and books. He gave him a pony to ride, and a row-boat on a lake, and servants. He provided teachers who were to give him knowledge that would make him good and great. But for all this the young Prince was not happy. He was always wishing for some thing; he did not have. At length, one day, a magician came to court. He told the boy and said to the King:
"I can make you and your boy happy. But you must pay me my own price for telling the secret."
"Well," said the King, "what do you ask I will give?"
So the magician took the boy into a private room. He wrote something on a little white substance on a piece of paper. Next he gave the boy a candle, and told him to light it and hold it under the paper, and then see what he could read. Then he went away and asked no price at all. The boy did as he had been told, and the white letter on the paper turned into a beautiful line. They formed these words:
"Do a kindness to some one every day."
The Prince made use of the secret, and became the happiest boy in the kingdom.—Our Sunday Afternoon.

—Forty-five years ago there wasn't a postage stamp in the United States, says the Buffalo Courier; but in the last twelve months the people of this country have individually and severally put their tongues out 1,968,000,000 times to moisten the postage stamps for the billions of letters and millions of newspapers, periodicals and parcels that are carried and delivered by the Government.

"Bill," said the Prince, with some hesitation, "I want to ask you one rather a delicate question. If I give you won't be offended if I speak right out, old boy? Bill's hearty consent, old boy, mother want to see you."
"Dirty Dog," said the boy, and was during if he would mind he directing the note of invitation to Bill's Conine.—N. Y. Sun.

—Miss Wilkes, of Washington square, New York, was literally frightened to death at North Coway, N. H., the other day. She was out driving and the horses ran away, she remaining in the carriage. After she was rescued she lived but half an hour, the fright having caused the bursting of a blood vessel.