

# 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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COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., JANUARY 7, 1888.

VOL. XIV.—NO. 2.

## A WOMAN'S SORROW.

The road the page with a mournful eye:  
"O, heart," she said, "it is strange!  
I could weep when I think how man's wild love  
Can slay me cool, and change!"  
"To look at Jack's letters of long ago:  
"My angel," say low, "my own."  
The light of my dream, "my lovely one,"  
But this, to-day, is his tone:  
"Dear wife, O, K., and the trunk has come;  
"Will Williams I'll telegraph;  
He might have mugged the thing himself  
If he had'n't been such a calf."  
"I'm here for a week, at the Wilmington—  
Enough to eat—of the kind!  
Look under the bureau, some time, dear,  
For that stud that I couldn't find."  
"I've got an ear-ache—confounded draft  
On the trunk. You can ask Old Ray  
To cash your checks for you. Don't forget  
To send me my funds—"  
She dropped a tear as she took her pen.  
Yet these were the words she wrote:  
"Dear Hubby, I bid you get your death  
Without your big overcoat."  
"The man for the carpets came to-day.  
I haven't seen Williams since:  
Dear mother arrived last night—stay—  
And we're doing up jolly quilts!"  
"Take care of your money, for goodness' sake!  
The check was a perfect loss:  
Your fiancé's N. G. Get some new ones, dear:  
The baby is well. Write soon."  
She shook her head as she traced her name,  
And sealed her letter with sighs:  
"It's hard for a woman to understand  
How soon man's sentiments die."  
—Madeline & Bridges, in Poet.

## POLLY'S BISCUIT.

And Her Choice of a Defender in a Pending Suit.

"Polly, don't buy your pearls to-day." Polly Rutherford looked up quickly from the jeweler's case she was bending over, and saw Mr. McIlwaine standing at her side.  
"Why shouldn't I buy to-day?" she cried. "I have had this hundred dollars in gold for almost a year. Mr. McIlwaine, trying to make up my mind what I wanted most. Now, my birthday is almost here again; and I am afraid grandpa will make this do for two birthdays, if I don't hurry and spend it."  
But Polly's gay little laugh was checked by a look of unmistakable compassion in the gentleman's eyes. The color faded a little from her bright young face, but she would not ask any questions here in the crowded store.  
"You may put them back to-day, Mr. West," she said to the jeweler. "I'll come again to-morrow."  
"Very well, Miss Rutherford," said the vexed salesman, concealing his disappointment. "I shall reserve them for you."  
Polly left the tempting store with Mr. McIlwaine, and, once on the street, turning upon him a pair of frank, questioning eyes, which he found hard to answer.  
Paul McIlwaine was a friend of the Rutherford family, but not specially of little Polly. She was only sixteen, a mere child to the hard-working lawyer of thirty, and one whom he considered as altogether frivolous and empty. Polly was an only daughter, living with a widowed mother in her grandfather's elegant house; and if she was not a spoiled girl, it was not the fault of the dotting old grandfather, whose idol she had been from her babyhood.  
"What did you mean, Mr. McIlwaine?" she asked, presently, finding that the questioning look brought no reply. And then, seeing how embarrassed he seemed at answering, she said, with a sudden frown: "Have you been at grandpa's since I left? Is any thing the matter?"  
"They are all well," he said, answering the thought which he knew was in her mind; "but something has happened, Polly, of course, or I would not have interfered with your purchase."  
"O, tell me, tell me!" said the girl, in an agitated voice. "Why do you keep me in suspense?"  
"What a blunderer I am!" thought her companion. "If I tell her out here on the street, there will be a scene. But I am in for it now, and if I don't tell her I suppose there will be a scene. That's the way with these fine young ladies."  
"It is a hard thing to say to you, Polly; but your grandfather has failed."  
"Failed," repeated Polly, vaguely; "you mean he has lost all his money? Is that all? Is that what you were afraid to tell me?"  
"That 'all' means a good deal more than you seem to understand," said Paul McIlwaine, impatiently. "It means loss and disappointment and poverty to one of the best gentlemen in the world. It means hard work for you, mother, who has no strength for work; to you—"  
He stopped, and Polly said quickly, feeling the tinge of contempt in his tone:  
"Never mind about me. But I see now how bad it will be. Poor grandpa! Mr. McIlwaine, does—must—will anybody else lose by grandpa's failure?"  
"It is too soon to say positively," he replied, "but I think not. I think he has quit business in time to save his creditors any appreciable loss."  
Polly's head was up now, and her eyes shining. "Dear old grandpa," she said, "bless his heart! I am ashamed that I asked the question. I might have known! But, oh! I'm so much obliged to you for keeping me from spending my hundred dollars. It was very kind of you, very. I don't know how you came to find me. How long have you known about grandpa?"  
"It only came out this morning, and took us all entirely by surprise. But here we are at your door. Good-bye, my dear. If I can be of service to you in any way (he had meant to offer her

money, but he was suddenly afraid to speak of such a thing to the spirited-looking girl before him), remember the long intimacy between our families gives me a right to help you."  
"Thank you," she said, simply. It was all she had voice for; and using her latch-key, she let herself into the house.  
"Bless me!" said the young lawyer, as he walked off; "but the girl has pluck! It was very pretty, and entirely womanly, too, the way she thought of others, her grandfather and the creditors. I didn't think little Polly had it in her."  
If he had seen little Polly at this minute, he might not have thought she did so much in her. She had slipped noiselessly into the great handsome front parlor, and dropped down on one of the low, cushioned divans, "all in a heap," as the girls say. For two whole hours she kept herself hid in the parlor, not knowing that she was in the house; and, in that lone, silent time, when she heard only the tinkling little bronze clock and her own irregular breathing, something happened to Polly, almost like what happens to the moth when it comes out of the cocoon. It happened to the Polly that was hid away inside of the Polly that everybody knew. And who shall say that this great, startling change of fortune was not sent to keep that inside Polly from being smothered and dwarfed by the outside Polly?  
When she went to find her mother and grandfather, it was with a bright face and steady voice.  
"A few days after this Polly brought up a dainty little breakfast to her mother, who was quite overcome by their disaster, as was the poor old grandfather.  
"Come, mother," Polly said, blithely, "I made these biscuits; and you've got to eat two. What a good thing it was that you had that bobby about teaching me to do things! Doesn't it fit in nicely now?"  
"It was a theory of your father's," answered the mother, in a depressed tone. "I promised him, when you were a wee baby in long clothes, that I would have you taught to do everything that women can do, and, of course, after his death, I felt the more bound to do it. But I don't know why you should make so much of it now. You can't support yourself making biscuits."  
"I don't know," said Polly, earnestly. "I don't know," she said more earnestly, springing up, "but I never forget a name he had once heard; indeed, when you come to that, he never hesitated about calling a name, nor made a mistake in the calling, whether he had ever heard it or not. He apparently knew intuitively the name of every one with whom he came in contact, and he was sure to pronounce the name correctly—that is to say, as its owner pronounced it—with the proper inflection and with an air of deference which made the man his bonded slave for life, and with a sweetness of utterance that made the homeliest of names sound grand and mellifluous.  
And then such a gift at hand-shaking! He would seize one man's hand with ardor, as having discovered a long-lost treasure, but gently withal, and with a meekness which seemed to say that he was aware that he was taking an unwarranted liberty, but really the temptation is so great, you know. And when he pressed the hand that he had presumed to touch, he did not squeeze it into jelly, as some dunder-heads are fond of doing, neither did he handle it as if it were an unclean thing and a slimy. His clasp was a happy compromise between the two extremes. The hand which he held was embraced as something which he could not resist, and at the same time something too precious to handle roughly. And he did not retain a hand until its owner began to feel self-conscious and awkward. He released it readily, though with apparent reluctance, and without any of those unclean movements which are highly appropriate to the handle of a pump, but quite inconsistent with personal dignity or comfort when a human arm is substituted for the pump-handle.  
Then, in conversing with Smoothbaw it was so gratifying to one's self-love to have him seize upon some clumsy remark of yours and, translating it into clear and vigorous language, remark deferentially, "as you say," thus giving you the credit which clearly belonged to himself, if he could see it—it never occurred to you that he did it—and actually succeeding in making you think that you really had said just what he so artlessly put into your mouth.  
Smoothbaw was a ready speaker, but he never seemed to be talking; he appeared always to be listening, always laughing—not obtrusively, however—at somebody's jokes, always directing the conversation into paths where others loved to meander, always giving way to any body, every body.  
And for all this, Smoothbaw's course was ever onward and upward. He never showed any eagerness to get any where or any thing. His whole end and aim in life was to push others ahead; but, in spite of all, he got there just the same, and the others got left.—*Boston Transcript.*  
—A new source of error in marine chronometers has been discovered in Germany. This is the great dampness of sea air. It causes variations like those produced by changes of temperature.—*N. Y. Ledger.*  
—"Martha," said her father, "William asked me for your hand last night, and I consented." "Well, pa, that's the first bill of mine you haven't objected to."—*Idyll Advocate.*

"That is a dreadful charge, Polly-winkum," said I. "What are you going to do about it?"  
"I'll engage Mr. Mollwaine to defend me," replied the little bakeress, running to look into an oven. But, somehow, her face was even before she opened the oven door!—*Good Cheer.*  
**THE SHREWD TACTICIAN.**  
A Pleasant Individual Whose Career is Ever Upward and Onward.  
Frank Smoothbaw was a man of illustrious tact. I never saw his equal. He had that happy faculty, possessed by few, of so greasing the ways of public and private opinion as to launch himself without friction into the waters of his personal ambition. Nobody ever thought of repelling because of Smoothbaw's progress as contrasted with his own infelicity in getting ahead; for whenever Smoothbaw got onto a new good thing or mounted a few rungs higher up the ladder of fame, he so body knowing that he appeared to be acting in deference to universal desire rather than of being governed by selfish considerations, and by consequence the public regarded him in the light of a martyr who was ever willing to lay hold of the fat things of earth—and incidentally the pay and emoluments—solely for their benefit and pleasure.  
Smoothbaw possessed that invaluable gift of never forgetting a name. Says George Colman, the Younger, in praise of one of the children of his imagination:  
"Four but a secret in him, and 'I would give him  
Like rods on a well-cooked bottle's snout,  
They never could have screwed the secret out."  
Substituting "name" for "secret," and the lines describe Smoothbaw perfectly. A name once given to his keeping was a sacred treasure to be guarded religiously; it was like an inherited disease, something that he couldn't get rid of, an he would. Smoothbaw was never forced into those weak subtleties which compel men when addressing another to say "mister," with a note of interrogation and a pause after it, that the person addressed might supply that which was wanting, or which lead them to the adoption of such aliases as "Ferguson" or "Saigleffate," or that make them ridiculous by the use of such expressions as "I say, you" or "Hullo there." And never was he heard to utter the unsatisfactory excuse of not being able to remember names, and never was he obliged to ask point-blank what a man's name was. He never forgot a name he had once heard; indeed, when you come to that, he never hesitated about calling a name, nor made a mistake in the calling, whether he had ever heard it or not. He apparently knew intuitively the name of every one with whom he came in contact, and he was sure to pronounce the name correctly—that is to say, as its owner pronounced it—with the proper inflection and with an air of deference which made the man his bonded slave for life, and with a sweetness of utterance that made the homeliest of names sound grand and mellifluous.  
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**SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.**  
—The home consumption of cotton in this country reached 2,377,877 bales of 400 pounds during the past year, a gain of over six per cent.  
—There is no historical fact in the world better established than that America was discovered by Leif Ericsson in the year A. D. 1001," writes Prof. Majumdar, of Cambridge University in England, and he adds that there is not a learned body in Europe that ever breathes a doubt about it.  
—Mr. Claus Spreckels, the great sugar-refiner, is reported to be contemplating the experiment of growing beet-root sugar in this country in one of the central Western States. It is claimed that the climate is similar to that in Germany and Austria, where beet-root cultivation is a most important industry.—*Public Opinion.*  
—Great Britain's decrease in coal output during the past twelve months was 180,000 tons. The Midland transported the largest quantity, about 15,000,000 tons. The export of coal and coke last year footed up 21,283,389 tons, or a little less than one-fourth of our production.—*Public Opinion.*  
—A scientific journal, in an attempt to prove that mankind could not exert mechanical force enough of their own to produce the amount of heat needed to raise the crops necessary to feed themselves, states that "the mechanical equivalent of the vertical sunbeams received upon a square mile of the earth's surface is computed to be 3,223,000,000 pounds raised a foot high in a second."—*Boston Budget.*  
—In behalf of the Australian colony of Victoria, Sir Graham Barry has requested the British government to contribute twenty-five thousand dollars toward the expenses of an expedition for the further exploration of the regions about the South Pole. No advance in Antarctic discovery has been made since 1842, when Sir James Ross reached the highest southern latitude ever attained, seventy-eight degrees, nine minutes and thirty seconds.—*N. Y. Ledger.*  
—Prof. A. H. Sayce, in his address before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, said that the Highland costume, now distinctively associated with Scotland, was once also worn in Ireland and Wales. The scientific bearing of this fact, when stated by itself, may not be apparent, but the speaker insisted that a study of the history of dress would throw light on many problems relating to the origin of the human race.—*N. Y. Ledger.*  
—A striking fact deduced from observations recorded by the late Dr. Parrott is the rapid growth of the brain in the first half year of life as compared with the increase in height and the growth of other organs. Taking the total growth between birth and six years of age as 100, the weight of the heart increases 11.43 in girls and 11.88 in boys during their first six months of life; the height increase 20.8 in girls and 14.4 in boys; while the weight increases 27.41 in girls and 23.51 in boys.—*Arkansas Traveler.*  
—From 8,000 to 10,000 gallons of blood a day are used in making buttons in a large factory in Bridgeport, near Chicago. About 100 men and boys are employed in the factory. The blood must be fresh beef blood. A Mr. Hirsch was the first to introduce the business, some years ago, and is now immensely wealthy. Much of the blood evaporates in the process of drying, but the pure albumen remains. Blood sheets are used by cloth manufacturers for "setting" the color in calico goods. These sheets, broken up, will make buttons, earrings, breastpins, belt clasps, combs and even door knobs. There are a number of "blood" utilizing factories in England, and a blood door knob factory in Trenton, N. J.—*N. Y. Sun.*  
—M. Faye, the well-known French astronomer, has drawn attention at a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences to the apparent geological law that the cooling of the terrestrial crust goes on more rapidly under the sea than with a land surface. Hence he argues that the crust must thicken under oceans at a more rapid rate, and so give rise to a swelling up and distortion of the thinner portions of the crust—in other words, to the formation of mountain chains.—*Engineering.*  
**The Weight of a Fly.**  
James Spencer hit on a novel way to get at the approximate weight of a fly. His store is greatly pestered with flies, and he recently brought into use the patent fly paper. He put out 21 of these sheets, being 12x28 inches each, covering a surface of 336 square inches. In the evening, when the papers were filled, he took them up to destroy them and noticed the increased weight, and, struck with curiosity, he put the papers, with their load of dead flies, in a pair of scales, and found that the 21 weighed exactly seven pounds. He then weighed 21 sheets without the flies, and found that they weighed four pounds and four ounces. Thus on the 21 papers there were 44 ounces, or two pounds and 12 ounces of flies. This number of flies is taken probably two or three times a day. "Now if you want to know how much a fly weighs," says Mr. Spencer, "you will find that there is an average of 20 flies to the square inch of the paper. On one paper, therefore, which has 336 square inches, you have 6,720 flies, and on the whole 21 sheets there are 141,120 flies; therefore, if 141,120 flies weigh 44 ounces, how much does one fly weigh? It is a simple calculation, and those who have a curiosity to know can quickly find it out."—*Chattanooga (Tenn.) Times.*

**PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.**  
—Stealing from one poorer than oneself is stealing directly from the Lord.  
—We hate the Indians because we have stolen so much from them.—*Harper's Bazar.*  
—There is no such thing as failure, till a man gives up.—*Pomeroy's Advance Thought.*  
—Shopping women who complain of insolent salesgirls are sometimes wholly responsible for it all.—*Mail and Express.*  
—Many men claim to be firm in their principles when really they are only obstinate in their prejudices.  
—Lady (who had a sick husband)—"Don't you think, doctor, that you ought to bleed my husband?" Doctor (absolutely-mindedly)—"No, madam, not until he gets well."—*Epoch.*  
—Massachusetts has 97,000 widows, and yet it has been the habit of the Massachusetts man for years and years to assume the privilege of telling other people how to live.  
—Editorial expression is but one man's opinion, unless it reflects carefully studied public sentiment, when it becomes a very powerful power.—*Pomeroy's Advance Thought.*  
—Mabel, I have something to say that I think will astonish you. "What is it, Harry?" "I am going away." "O, Harry! you are always getting up some nice surprise for me."—*Merchant Traveler.*  
—There is a strange sarcasm in a recent advertisement in the *Times*. Right under a cheap piano announcement is the offer of a lot in Greenwood for sale cheap.—*Puck.*  
—Dumley (at the supper-table)—Yes, I have spent most of the day at the dentist's. Mrs. Hendricks (the landlady)—Are you having your teeth filled, Mr. Dumley? Dumley (struggling with a steak)—Yes, ma'am; filled and sharpened.—*N. Y. Sun.*  
—Though years bring with them wisdom, yet there is one lesson the aged seldom learn, namely, the management of youthful feelings. Age is all head, youth all heart; age reasons, youth is under the dominion of hope.  
—Willie, said a young wife, "are you going to take part in this tennis tournament?" "Yes, I thought of it." "Please don't, Willie, for my sake." "Why?" "Because you might win and it would surely get into the papers."—*Washington Critic.*  
—As soon as we get over the rush we are going to invent a big navy gun that will throw deadly car stores into the enemy's vessels. Two grand results will be accomplished:—the enemy will be annihilated in a particularly melancholy manner and we shall get rid of the car stores.—*Springfield Union.*  
—Experiments made in France demonstrate that the use of tobacco destroys the memory. It wasn't necessary, however, to cross the water to find out the fact. Tobacco users are all the time forgetting to supply themselves with the weed, and are forced to depend upon charity.  
—O, dear, those children make so much noise that I can't hear myself talk!" exclaimed Aunt Harriet, as she left the room with a slam. "Children," said papa, "you must be more considerate. Your aunt might have some thing to say that you should want to hear. Now, if you will be real good I'll buy Johnnie a nice bazoo, and Hattie a grand piano, and Tommie a big watchman's rattle, and I'll make a horse-fiddle of the dining-table for the baby. But don't bother auntie with your noise any more than you can help."—*Springfield Union.*  
**ROMANTIC ENCOUNTER.**  
New Bold Highwayman Was Affected by a Maiden's Gaze.  
It was a giddy, gushing girl from New York, with an amplitude of bang and a scarceness of vocabulary, which showed at once her romantic tendencies. She was traveling in a stage coach in one of the sparsely settled regions of the country. "Oh!" she said to her mother, "I do wonder whether we are going to make this whole trip without even the sign of an adventure. Wouldn't it be horrid?"  
Her mother informed her that she didn't have much common sense, but the girl didn't seem to mind it in the least. In the course of the next hour, however, the coach stopped suddenly and the muzzle of a pistol was shoved through the door.  
"Sorry to trouble you, ladies," said the man whose head followed the pistol, "but if you've got any valuables, them's what we want, an' we're a little pressed 'ur time."  
"O mamma, at last we have found a real highwayman!" said the girl, with a delighted little shriek. "You're a real live robber, aren't you?"  
"Well, I reckon that's what I'm called."  
"And you tell people to hold up their hands and say, 'your money or your life' to them, don't you?"  
"I've done so, miss. But I ain't got no time to talk. I'll hev ter ask—"  
"How lively! Just come right and sit here beside me."  
"Ye see, miss, I'm here on business, an' I'll trouble you—"  
"No you won't trouble us at all. Just come in, we won't hurt you. I just dots on robbers."  
The highwayman had dropped his pistol and was beginning to look apprehensive.  
"Do you have to go away and rot somebody?" she inquired, naively. "I hope you will not run away, because I am just beginning to get acquainted with you. I always said I would hug the first real robber I—"  
But the stage-door slammed shut and the highwayman had fled.—*Merchant Traveler.*

**READING FOR THE YOUNG.**  
**A LOST DOLL BABY.**  
My doll baby's missing  
Since earliest morn;  
Sometimes I'm sorry  
She ever was born.  
I've hunted and hunted  
All over the house,  
In crannies and nooks  
Too small for a mouse;  
Down in the meadow  
And under the trees—  
Ask'd all the butterflies,  
Ask'd all the bees,  
Where is the bell-man?  
Oh! what shall I do?  
Get out a hand-bill!  
Pray, sir, would you?  
Mamma's not worried;  
For, as I weep fast,  
All that she said was:  
"Where had you her last?"  
Doesn't she suppose  
That if I knew  
I'd go and get her  
Without this ado?  
—*Frank H. Stauffer, in Good Housekeeping.*  
**CARELESS LUCY.**  
Some Funny Mistakes, and One That Had No Laugh in It.  
Lucy Lockwood was eight years old; and I suppose you never saw a little girl who could skip a rope or run a race any faster than she could, or one who could learn her lessons any better than she did. There was the trouble with Lucy; she did not always try. She had a sad habit of "thinking of something else" at exactly the wrong time.  
It was so in church. She meant to listen to the sermon, but her mind was apt to stray away; and if any of the family asked her afterward for the text, it was a strange medley they heard from little Lucy. For example, Dr. Palmer preached one morning from the words: "But whose shall offend one of these little ones which believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."  
"Did you listen to the sermon this morning?" asked Jack, after dinner.  
"Of course I did."  
"Do you know the text?"  
"Of course I do," answered Lucy, feeling unusually well prepared.  
"You must put a millstone round your neck, and jump into the water."  
Jack laughed very loud.  
"Well, if you don't hear with your elbow what is the sense in such a text as that?"  
"I don't know; I thought it was about the sea," said Lucy, who was much; but that was all she knew of the very thing he said," persisted Lucy, ready to cry. "He said that was what you must do if you wanted to be good."  
One day Mrs. Lockwood, who was not well, dispatched little Lucy to a shoe store to ask the merchant if he would kindly send her a pair of boots to try on. "Common-sense boots, number four. Do you think you can remember dear?"  
Yes, indeed, Lucy was sure she could remember "common sense," and so, indeed, she did; the word she forgot was "boots." When she reached the store she looked up in the merchant's face and asked, in her quick way: "Have you any common sense, sir?" which was certainly a strange query from a pleasant, polite little girl to a man five times her own age, let her think what she might of his brains; and it was hardly strange that Mr. Mend laughed, although Lucy thought it very unkind.  
She hastened then to add "boots," but by that time she had forgotten the number. She thought it was eight, but Mr. Mend advised her to run home and inquire.  
Her aunt sent her once for a brush of camel's hair to paint with; and when Lucy reached the art store she called breathlessly for a "hair-brush," adding, as an after-thought: "A camel's hair-brush, I mean."  
Why was it that the clerk looked so amused? And wasn't it very rude of him to ask: "Does your father keep wild animals, little miss?"  
But she made a mistake once at which nobody laughed—a mistake which came near proving very serious indeed. One autumn evening when her play-fellow, brother Jack, was gone, and she was feeling rather lonesome, it suddenly occurred to her that she wanted an apple, and must have one that very minute.  
"Very well," said her mother, "there are plenty in the pantry."  
"Oh, but mamma, it is a golden pippin I want! one of those golden pippins that you told Tom to put in the pink chamber closet."  
Mrs. Lockwood looked up from her sewing in some surprise. How happened Lucy to know about the golden pippins?  
"May I have one, mamma?"  
"Yes, if you can wait for me to go up stairs; but I am very busy just now."  
"Can't you trust me to go my own self, mamma? Not with a lamp, you know, but Jane will light me a candle."  
"Will you be very sure not to carry the candle into the closet?"  
"Oh, no, indeed! Oh, yes, indeed! I mean, and I'll be—oh, so careful!"  
"Well, if you will remember to set the candle down by the chamber door, I think there will be no danger."  
"Yes, I will," said Lucy, and danced away joyfully. She held the candle aloft, and peered rather cautiously about the pink chamber.  
"Nothing to be afraid of here! Mamma talks to me about lamps and things just as if I was a baby, but I guess she'll find out I know as much

as Jack! I can take care," of course I can! I mind all she says, I mind beautifully. Now I wouldn't forget what she told me about this candle, not for any thing! She told me to set it down by the closet door."  
"Ah, Lucy, a mistake already! She told you the chamber door!"  
"I remember a great deal better than Jack does; Jack can't remember eight times nine to save his life—I wonder if Tom covered up the apples with the great big apple-rug? I think he did."  
She opened the closet door, the candle still in her hand. What a delicious odor from the golden pippins! Certainly there never were any other half so nice! Yes they were covered up with the rug. Then what did she do with her candlestick? She set it down and hast right in front of it, in the middle of the room, touching the skirt of her frock. But as she turned, she saw the rug she forgot there—under the thing in the world but apples. The candlestick, with the candle in it, was as far away from her thoughts, to say the least, as the moon in the sky. But the candle did not forget. It is the duty of a lighted candle to set fire to any thing that is put in its way; and presently, when Lucy by a quick movement thrust her skirt right into the flame of the candle, what could you expect but a blaze?  
Before Lucy had selected her apples, a work of time, the blaze was creeping up the back of her dress. She knew nothing about it till the smell of burning woolen reached her nostrils, and at the same instant she felt a dreadful sensation of heat, and knew that she was on fire!  
She screamed with all her might; "Mamma! Mamma! Fire! Fire!"  
"Oh, how far it was down stairs to the parlor! Could mamma hear?"  
No, if she had been in the parlor she could not have heard; and then what might have happened I dare not so much as fancy. But Mrs. Lockwood had not felt quite safe about Lucy, and had followed her up stairs some time ago. She was on the upper landing when the child called; she heard her first cry, and flew at once to her aid. I rejoice to say that the flames had not reached Lucy's hair. Her mother wrapped her in the "apple-rug," which was quite raised by the means, as well as the pretty red frock; but the dear child herself was unharmed.  
"O mamma," she afterwards said, "I should think you'd be so kind to let me touch hands with a rope; yes, I should!"  
"Too bad! I burnt up that pretty 'apple-rug'; but then, oh dear, mamma, just think, you know—if there hadn't been any 'apple-rug'!"—*Sophie May, in Congregationalist.*  
**A VICTORY.**  
A Little Girl Learns How Sweet It Is to Conquer That Which is Wrong.  
She was a daisy little girl, with large brown eyes and yellow hair. She lived in a Connecticut village. She had a darling mamma and papa, a little brother and sister, and what no girl can spare, a grandfather's home where she was always the center of love, devotion and care. Sometimes the days were just long hours of happiness, and sometimes they were ages of misery. Now, why was there this great difference? I will tell you the secret. This darling little girl was possessed by a habit that made all about her miserable, and herself more miserable than any one else. If she was allowed to have her own way she made life delightful for every one about her, but if she was refused any request, or forbidden to do that which she wished to do, she made everybody about her wretched. Oh! the ear-piercing screams, the poundings and kickings, that followed any attempt to prevent her carrying out her wish! How hard everybody about her tried to help the little girl to overcome this terrible temper! But her best help was in her own warm heart. The day came at last when she must go to school among strangers. How anxiously was her return waited for; but she came home smilingly, and with no trace of the ugly temper that caused so much unhappiness. Several days went by and no cloud appeared; but one day our little girl wished to do that which was against the rule of the school. She wished to take home her book. The teacher told her she could not. That was all that was needed to raise a tempest, which so frightened the teacher that she gave her consent. The little girl picked up the book and started for home. When she reached the door she looked back, saw the expression on the teacher's face, and at once turned, laid the book on the table, and said: "I've been naughty; please forgive me," and then she went home, on whom she threw herself, saying: "I've got a victory!" and then told her mamma of her struggle. She had gained the victory, and since that day has gained many. Very rarely now are there cloudy days in that little girl's home, for she has learned how sweet it is to conquer that which is wrong.—*Christian Union.*  
—It is now asserted that hay fever is not produced by pollen, but by minute organisms floating in the atmosphere. On the hypothesis that these creatures have intelligence it is possible to understand how the highly intellectual are selected as the greatest victims.