

# 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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## I-SPY.

Under the spreading apple boughs,  
With the sunlight gleaming through,  
Pressing and kissing the little ones there,  
Till they blush with a rosy hue.

The children dear are gathered in—  
Edith and Elsie and Clair—  
Whose voices ring out with a joyous shout,  
Just under my window, and where

They count out in the self-same way  
Of many a year gone by—  
That they may see who the knicker is,  
In their favorite game of "I-spy."

"Monkey, monkey—bottle of beer—  
How many monkeys are there here?  
One, two, three! Now you shall see  
Who will the luckiest monkey be."

Sweet little, dear little, innocent one,  
When you've lived as long as I,  
You'll find, beyond doubt, it won't do to point  
Out monkeys, although one may spy.

—Harriet Tremaine Terry, in Good Housekeeping

## PEASANT AND KING.

How the Letter Was Made Known to the Farmer.

One day in the far-away years of the sixteenth century, when Paris was not as third as large nor half as beautiful as it is now, in the French court lived almost half the year at the great hunting chateau of Blois, a poor peasant was cutting fagots on the border of a small forest near the river Loire. He was dressed in a ragged hempen tunic and had wooden shoes on his feet. His cap was of fur, which he wore alike in summer and in winter. He was cutting the wood with a small hatchet, laying the sticks in a pile. When he had made a pile as large as he could carry in his arms, he bound it with green withies and laid it on the back of his donkey, which looked quite as forlorn and ill-kept as its master.

As he was binding one of the bundles of fagots upon the animal's back, he was startled by the sound of hoofs striking near him, and gazing sharply around, he saw a man approaching mounted on a large white horse. The horseman was a small, thin person, well advanced in years, whose profile, once seen, could not be forgotten; he hooked nose, a protruding chin, a brow full of wrinkles, grizzled hair, a short grizzled beard, and stiff gray moustache, bristling like a cat's. His alert, upright carriage bespoke unshaken vigor, and his clear eye was full of buoyant life. He was dressed in a slashed doublet and trunk-hose of black velvet; a scarlet sash was over his shoulder, a hat with a long sweeping white plume on his head, and he wore tall cavalry boots that came up to his knees.

"Some officer of the King's guard who has lost his way," thought the peasant, as he resumed his labor. "Perhaps I can do him a benefit. A good turn will help him, and it won't make my trouble more."

Meanwhile the stranger was glancing doubtfully around, and seeing the woodcutter, accosted him with a frank, hearty voice, that yet had something of a tone of command.

"Halloa, my friend, can't tell me how far it is to the castle, and whether this road will lead me thither?"

"Nay, your honor has certainly gone wrong. Blois lies in the opposite direction, at a distance, I should say, of half a dozen leagues."

"It was pretty certain I had lost my way, but I did not suppose I had wandered so far in the wrong direction," said the officer. "So it is near twenty miles to the chateau?"

"Yes, all of that by the highway," answered the peasant. "You must follow this path till you come to a tall oak, and then take your right till you come to a wood where the road forks, and you follow the left round a big park."

"I shall certainly lose my way again if I try to follow your directions." And the horseman shrugged his shoulders and looked rather grave. "Can you not guide me to Blois?"

"Nay, I can not leave my work," answered the peasant, lifting his greasy cap and scratching his head dubiously. "I would cheerfully help your honor, but my master would not pay me for a day's work when I leave my tasks and ride off to chatter with one of the King's officers."

"So thou knowest me then as belonging to the court? Well, my good fellow, if you will help me you shall not lose by it. What do you care a day?"

"Sometimes half a franc, and other days twice that. You see it depends on the weather."

"Well, here's a ten-franc piece; so go with me. You need not lose your morning's work, for if I mistake not, yonder cot is yours, and our path lies past it."

The poor man demurred no further; the gold piece the officer had given him was more money than he could have earned any other way in a whole fortnight.

"Ah, your honor," said he, wiping a tear from his eye, "you do not know how much good this money will do me. I would like to know the name of so generous a gentleman, so that I and my wife might bless you in our prayers."

"No matter about my name," replied the stranger, with a kind smile. "You can pray as well without knowing, and God will understand whom you mean."

But though the horseman smiled, his face was very grave and thoughtful as he noticed the mean and miserable abode of the poor woodcutter. It was a small, tumble-down hut of mud and thatch, and was hardly habitable.

The woodcutter's wife, a pale, sickly-looking woman, stood in the door with a crying babe in her arms, and a poor, skinny Nanny-goat was bleating disconsolately, tied to a stake.

"What brought you to this degree of poverty?" asked the sympathetic officer, as they rode together. "You appear to be strong and willing to labor."

"Misfortune, your honor, has brought me into this wretched state," answered the laborer. "I have always been unfortunate. This little farm belonged to my wife; her parents, who were both old, died on the same day, after a long and tedious illness. Then my two children died—they were both sick a long time—and having to care for them, I was unable to work and so could earn no money. We gave up the farm to a rich neighbor, who promised to let us have it back again for the same sum when we were able to do it. But the crops have been poor two seasons following, and my wife was sick all last year, so that we had to borrow more money. He now hires me, and allows me so much for every day's work. Last Lammas-tide (August) my wife was sick again, and misfortune seems determined to follow me all my life."

"Yours is a sad story, my friend," said the officer, wiping a tear from his stern eye. "But why have you not petitioned the King for aid?"

"The King! what does he care for a poor peasant like me?"

"He cares a great deal. Have you never heard that his greatest desire is to have his peasantry happy? I have heard him say that he hoped to reign so that every poor man might have a fowl in his pot on Sunday."

"No, I have never heard of it. That speaks of a good heart in His Majesty's bosom. But I should never dare to ride to Blois to tell him my story."

"Go with me; I will bear you company. I know the King well; he will not turn away from you."

"But I don't know His Majesty, and among so many courtiers I might make a mistake," urged the peasant, still hesitating.

"Fshaw! you will have no trouble on that score. You will know the King because he will have his hat on; all the others will have theirs off."

"I'll remember that," said poor Jacques, humbly.

By and by as they rode on they saw a troop of mounted officers coming toward them at a gallop. Their plumes and mantles and scarfs fluttered on the breeze, and their rich caparisons and accoutrements glittered in the sun.

"Yonder fellows belong to the court; perhaps the King is with them," said the mysterious rider. "Now is the time to make your request, and don't forget that he will be the only one who is not bare-headed."

The company came up, and at sight of the little man with the grizzled beard and pointed moustache, dressed in the black velvet suit, every one of the brilliantly dressed horsemen sprang to the ground and pulled their hats off.

The peasant's wind-tanned face turned a ghastly hue, and he stared at his companion with eyes that grew as big as saucers.

"Well, my friend, do you know the King now?" asked the little man, with a queer smile.

"I faith, your honor," answered the clown, with a bewildered air, "either you or I must be the King, for we are the only ones who have our hats on."

"True," laughed Henry the Fourth, "either you or I must be the King, and your troubles are at an end. Rosny," turning to one of the dismounted courtiers, "give this man a purse of gold; he deserves it." Then addressing the astonished peasant once more he continued: "Go home and be happy, and may your fortune hereafter be equal to your deserts, so that you may have a fowl in your pot every day in the week and two for Sundays."—*Fred M. Colby, in Congregationalist.*

The real words of Henry the Fourth.

## SUBMARINE OIL WELLS.

Indications That Petroleum May Flow From Cracks Under the Sea.

Inquiries having reached the Hydrographic Office regarding the possible existence of submarine oil springs, a statement has been prepared to the effect that reports are often received of oil floating on the surface of the ocean. In many cases this is believed to be due to wreckage from vessels laden with petroleum or other oil. Captain Fryde, of the British steamer St. Andrew's Bay, reports passing through a large body of what was supposed to be whale oil, about one hundred yards square and apparently about one foot deep in mid-ocean, latitude 36° north, longitude 55° 10' west. Many reports received from the Gulf of Mexico, however, would seem to indicate the possibility of submarine springs of oil or some substance of similar character.

Captain Stroma reports that latitude 28° north, longitude 89° west, he passed through a well of bubbling oil, about five miles, and noticed a strong smell of petroleum. All through this area found a smooth sea, although it was very rough outside. Thought to have come from a submarine oil spring.

Lieutenant T. H. Crosby, U. S. N., who had command of the United States coast and geodetic survey steamer Geodicy in the Gulf, in 1883, reported under date of March 21, of that year, that he had made inquiries at Sabine Pass, Texas, and that there was said to be a place about fifteen miles west of the Pass where there is a soft liquid mud on the beach, off which small fishing craft ride out gales very comfortably.

It was said there was no bottom to this mud and that small vessels run right in for the beach, stick in the mud, let go an anchor to steady them, and when the gale is over work out. The sea breaks outside while the mud remains smooth. This "pond" is on the beach and would not be valuable for vessels of any considerable size.—*N. Y. Sea.*

## THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

A Methodist Bishop Intimates That It Was Located in South Carolina.

Now, suppose we bring Eden down South, say as far as Charleston, embracing the coast between the Santee and Savannah, with its several rivers and inlets, between the thirtieth and fortieth parallels of latitude. We have for it this much to say:

1. In and near the Cooper and the Ashley rivers there is a vast collection of the remains of the largest mammals, especially of the molars and vertebrae. These are remarkable for their variety; very huge, very many, and evidently of many distinct species. We put this against all solitary individuals as yet discovered in or near the Arctic region.

2. Besides those remains, which, from the amount of silica in them, have resisted the action of time and acids, there are phosphate masses in which these large bones were imbedded. Probably the large bones returned to their original source. Then there are scattered about small and large bowlders of the phosphate of lime, indicating at a greater depth a mine of this mineral.

3. This shows that these animals were not floated into this place by the action of sea currents, but were here from the first, and found in the alluvial plains around, and meadows filled with bulbous plants, and an exuberant flora, their original habitat. Only a region supplying plants fed by a heavy phosphate pabulum could support creatures of such enormous bone.

4. As these several species multiplied from a single pair, masses of their remains would most probably indicate the place of their origin. Whether Behemoth was made in Eden, we know that he was reviewed there, and there named Adam. And the Almighty says, speaking to Job: "Behold now Behemoth, which I made with thee; he eateth grass like an ox."

These views, if correct are still further strengthened by the building of the ark. As the race had not been separated by dispersion or language, it is to be supposed that Noah lived not very far from the original home of man.

The construction of a vessel at that time required the same conditions of material and shape now essential in naval architecture. Indeed, the dimensions of the ark are now those of a first-class sea steamer for freight, and are the standard proportions in the English Admiralty office. It was a long, narrow vessel, evidently designed for speed and a long voyage. Had it been made only to start from a given point and float about for one hundred and fifty days and then ground at no great distance from the point of departure, it would have been shaped heavy and square.

The timbers for such a vessel of length of over five hundred feet require timber of continuous length and great strength. The cypress was entirely too brittle for the purpose. Its keel and ribs would require such wood as the live oak, grown near the sea, used to storms, and of grain running every way, bearing equally well a strain from every direction. Large quantities of pitch and tar would be required for pitching it heavily within and without.

The word "gopher," means "pitch," "pine," and it is probable that the gopher wood was the wood of the longleaf pine. I need not say that either of the Carolinas could have furnished the materials in abundance.

That the ark was built somewhat inland for convenience of timber is probable. Yet not very far, as the principal weight of its cargo was to be granivorous stock, and large quantities of dried herbage, both of which were to come from meadow lands.

The breaking up of the deep, etc., at the time of the deluge, would not imply necessarily any very great change in the conformation of the continents, nor in the sea currents. It would presently strike the Gulf Stream. Floating on that sea current it would take a northerly direction until it reached the fortieth parallel, and then would go due east, and as many a helpless craft since, would come within sight of Spain and Africa. But those coasts being submerged, there would be nothing to deflect the current, but it would pass over the plateaus of Spain, into the Mediterranean, across the lower part of Greece, then over the plains of Asia Minor, and still holding the same parallel, strike Mount Ararat. The distance from Charleston to Mount Ararat is 131 degrees of latitude, say 8,515 miles. The time the ark was on the water was 150 days, or 3,600 hours. Off Cape Hatteras the Gulf Stream has a velocity of two miles an hour; this would leave very little to be overcome, if any thing, when we allow for the uninterrupted flow which the current then had.

It is not likely that animals would be landed in any other than the latitude to which they were accustomed. They would determine the direction of the ark. The pathway of the ark under this supposition had a blessing in it. Between the thirtieth and fortieth parallels have sprung the great phylloxera, warriors, statesmen and discoverers of the race, including the Saviour, St. Paul, St. John, and the churches of Asia Minor.—*Rev. J. C. Keener, in Southern Christian Advocate.*

An old colored minister in New England invariably begins his sermons with this sentence: "Brethren, my sermon is based on the following text." It is to be feared that the sermons of some of his white brethren sometimes have not even that slight attachment to the text.—*Congregationalist.*

## SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—One of the finest plate mills in the country will soon start at Ferndale, Pa.

—Three hundred men will be employed at a new plate mill at Wheatland, Pa.

—The Southern manufacturing mills are working night and day, with orders running months ahead.

—Within six months Chicago will have five new packing-houses in active operation, which, jointly with those already in the city, will have a capacity of preparing for the market daily 1500 head of beef cattle and 15,000 hogs.—*Boston Budget.*

—Applying certain measurements to a scarcely visible film of silver, Herr Wiener arrives at the conclusion that no less than 125,000,000 molecules of silver must be laid in line to measure an inch.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

—It has been estimated that Paterson turns out \$100,000,000 worth of finished silk goods annually, and that Swiss manufacturers and workmen are being driven out of the business in consequence.—*Public Opinion.*

—The foundry business has grown to very large proportions this year, and within three years the size and cost of equipment has greatly increased. About fifty large foundries, worth from \$50,000 to \$150,000, are now under course of construction.

—In his latest writings on solar physics, Mr. J. Norman Lockey, the distinguished English astronomer, expresses the opinion that the volume of the sun is much greater than was formerly supposed, and its density consequently much less. The latter he estimates to be about half the density of water.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—The prospect of further exploration in the direction of the South Pole grows brighter. The Prime Minister of the Australian colony of Victoria proposes to send a party of explorers to the Antarctic region on the part of navigators, provided that the other colonies of Australasia will join in the enterprise.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—Of the various geological collections in the British Museum, the oldest is the Sloane collection, which was acquired by purchase in 1763. The fossils were then regarded as mere curiosities, and the original manuscript catalogue, still preserved, contains many curious errors.

—A magnificent gift has been made to the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, by Captain Wardlaw Ramsay. The late Marquess of Tweeddale had perhaps the finest collection of birds in Great Britain, and had in addition a very valuable ornithological library. This collection and the library were bequeathed to Captain Ramsay, who has assigned the whole to the nation, together with many rare ornithological specimens obtained by himself in the far East. The value of this present is £15,000.

—Under the auspices of the Wagner Free Institute of Philadelphia, which devotes a portion of its income to the encouragement of original research, a scientific exploration of Florida was made last year. A report of the work done, which was chiefly geological, has recently been published. The investigations did not tend to support the opinion of Agassiz as to the coral formation of Florida, but indicated that the coral tract of the peninsula is confined to the south and southeast. The fossil remains examined by these and earlier explorers show that Florida was once inhabited by the llama, tapir, camel, rhinoceros and mastodon.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—A Fringe claims to have discovered six new substances in some lower silurian rocks in Selkirk. Fire are said to be metals, and the other is a substance resembling selenium, and which he calls hesperium. One metal is like iron, but does not give the rhodanate reaction, nor that with tannin; another resembles lead, is quite fusible and volatile, and forms yellow and green salts; another is black, and he names it crebodium; the fourth is a light-gray powder, and the last is dark in color. For three of these elements the author assigns the equivalents 95.4, 43.6, and 74.—*Public Opinion.*

## A Railway Tie Nursery.

A notable phase of railway industry is a railway tie nursery, situated near the little town of Farlington, Kan., in the southern part of that State. It is said to be the largest artificial plantation of forest trees in North America, and is owned by the Southern Pacific. The different sections have been planted respectively two, four and six years, one-fourth being planted with the allanths, the rest with the catalpa, together with a few white ash. Those first planted are now about twenty-five feet in height, the last about twelve and some of the taller are seven inches through the stem. There are in all about 3,000,000 trees, in full vigor, on the plantation; all were planted four feet apart each way to shade the ground, though eight feet is the ultimate intention, this plan allowing three-fourths of the trees to be cut out when they are fit for fence posts. When rather larger it is expected the trees will make excellent railway ties in great numbers—that is, after a thinning-out process there will be some 900,000 trees to come to maturity. The area of this vast railway tie nursery is to be still further increased.—*Boston Budget.*

## PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Evil is in antagonism with all creation.

—Our actions must clothe us with an immortality, loathsome or glorious.

—A coquette is a woman 'thout any heart that makes a fool o' man 'thout any head.

—To make a long story short—send it to the editor of a newspaper.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—Never meet trouble half way, but let him have the whole walk for his pains.—*Bood.*

—If a woman only possessed the happy faculty of talking out of two corners of her mouth at the same time, there would be a good deal said on both sides.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

—We would have life that others might be helped to live sweetly, and power that thought and liberty might be protected and encouraged.—*Pomroy's Advance Thought.*

—A man has been arraigned in a New York court for robbing a plumber. It is supposed that the gentleman invited the plumber to dinner, and then refused to pay him for the time it took him to eat it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—First countryman in the city—"Where are you going for dinner?" Second countryman—"To the Gill house. I saw one of their bills de kitchen, and it says that dinner lasts from 'leven o'clock till half-past 'three."

—A man who hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others; for men's minds will either feed upon their own good, or upon other's evil; and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other.—*Lord Bacon.*

—Hotel clerk—"No, sir, we can't accommodate you. You have neither baggage nor money." "I know I haven't, but I came to town in a freight-car, and there is considerable coal dust in my hair." "Well, comb it out carefully and that will do.—*Nebraska State Journal.*

—Another Rival.—"Aha!" sighed the mule as he wiggled his ear. And brushed from his eyelash a great sparkling tear.

"Why should they prefer that burlesque to me, when I am a much better kicker than she?" —*Washington Critic.*

—Customer—"Did you notice that man who just went out changed the price cards in those cigar boxes, and then paid you ten cents apiece for those twenty-five cent cigars?" Dealer—"O yes, I noticed that; but bless your soul, I never saw a change in the price of those boxes are the same."—*Judge.*

—"My son," said a careful and observant father, "live an honest life and you will preserve your self-respect, though you may fail to win the respect of others. But if in an evil hour you should deviate from the path of rectitude, struggle to escape detection until you have salted down enough money to purchase justice. Don't make a mistake and take too little; justice comes high."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

## THE QUACK DOCTOR.

How He Experimented Upon the Flocks of an Ignorant Crowd.

A short time ago a quack experimented in Lambert with considerable success upon the pockets of an awe-stricken crowd. After a preliminary harangue and a terse little lecture on the viscera, which the charlatan sketched in with colored crayon upon a black board on which the human skeleton was outlined in white paint, the fellow came to business. "I am going to demonstrate to you," said he, "by a startling experiment upon one of my bystanders, that my miraculous remedy can cure all diseases of the lungs and chest. Now, whoever's got a bad cough or cold on the chest let stand forward." There was some little hesitation and a good deal of giggling. "Don't be afraid, my friends," said the quack; "it's all free, gratis, for nothing. Let any afflicted person come forward and I'll show him the nature of his disorder, and give him a packet of my lung-healers for nothing." At last a man with a violent cold and cough came forward. The quack doctor pretended to sound his chest with a stethoscope of almost pantomimic proportions and informed the staring crowd that the patient was in a galloping consumption.

"My friend," said the quack to his unfortunate victim, "so terrible is this disease that you can actually see it." He handed a glass tube to the patient and then poured a pint of clear water into a large tumbler. "Just you blow into that water, my friend," he cried. The man obeyed and the water grew discolored, turbid and at last as white as if it had been mixed with milk. The patient himself became as pale as ashes. "This unhappy man, my friends," said the quack, as he held the glass on high, "if he hadn't had the good fortune to come across me to-night wouldn't have been long for this world. I should have given him about a fortnight; that's all. Now a packet of my lung-healers will cure him. What you see in the glass of water are his vitiated humors, the products of corruption. My magic lung-healers destroy these humors in the body or out of the body. Observe, my friends, watch me carefully, there is no deception here." The quack dropped a pinch from one of a packet of powders into a glass, and directed the patient to stir it with the tube. The water became immediately clear. Then he repeated his harvest. The water was lime-water, and the carbonic acid in the man's breath naturally threw down the carbonate of lime at once, and rendered the water turbid. And the miraculous lung-healer was simply a little citric acid and sugar which instantly redissolved it.—*Saturday Review.*

## FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### MY LOST ME.

Children, do you ever,  
In walks by land or sea,  
Meet a little maiden  
Long time lost to me?

She is gay and gladsome,  
Has a laughing face,  
And a heart as sunny;  
All her thoughts are white.

Naught she knows of sorrow,  
Naught of doubt or blight;  
Heaven is just above her—  
All her thoughts are white.

Long time since I lost her,  
That other Me of mine;  
She crossed into Time's shadow  
Out of Youth's sunshine.

Now the darkness keeps her;  
And call her as I will,  
The years that lie between us  
Hide her from me still.

I am dull and pain-worn,  
And lonely as can be—  
Oh, children, if you meet her,  
Send back my other Me!

—Grace Denis Litchfield, in St. Nicholas.

### BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Few Hints That Children Will Do Well to Heed—Why Not Be Helpful and Polite at Home?

There are hundreds of bright boys and girls, who are just beginning to see that they can do a great deal to make those around them happier. They are doing some helpful things without being asked, and they think of the comfort of others as well as their own.

I know some of these young folks, and find it a pleasure to see them growing manly or womanly. Instead of thoughtlessly asking for every thing for themselves, they are thoughtfully giving much help to others. When this change begins at home it brightens things there wonderfully. But some boys and girls change in their manners and their demands upon every one except their mother. They fail to be polite, thoughtful and considerate toward the one who would be most pleased to receive their courtesy. Instead of a polite reply when asked to go on an errand there is a protest and, perhaps, a sharp order to "Get the basket quick or I won't go at all!" When some request is denied they answer: "Oh, you never care whether I have any thing," or, "I think you are just as mean as any thing," or "You just want me to have a horrid time, I know," uttered in tones so disagreeable that even an unfeeling parent would be ashamed to utter such words.

Some boys and girls find it especially hard to do promptly what they are told to do, and must be asked over and over. They are not so impolite as to pay no attention to a call for a little help from even strangers; why then so unweilful to their mothers? It is a habit that is good only to be rid of, for there is a pleasure in responding quickly and cheerfully when asked to help, and in being ahead of the call, too, without waiting to be asked, or reminded to do things that have to be done every day.

These slow girls and boys do not realize how it tires those around them to argue them to begin every thing they do. "I'd rather do the work myself ten times over, if I could, than have the children around in the kitchen," mothers often say, and they meant it, for the children, instead of quietly doing as they are told and being a real help to the mother who really needs them, get their fingers and noses into every thing in the closets, and on the shelves, upset things and waste them and insist upon making the cake, working the butter or doing some other thing beyond their skill, and frowning and fretting if asked to do some simpler work. This isn't help at all, it is the most troublesome kind of hindrance.

If your mother tells how very busy she will be, and you answer eagerly, "let me help you," do so as good as your word. Help her, and do it in her way, or it will not be help at all. Don't criticize every thing you work with, nor demand something different. Don't call the dish-cloth horrid, the knives dull, the table too little, the broom too heavy and the kitchen too hot, or your mother will soon be too much tried to endure your help any longer. She may sigh and say nothing, if you say that she never lets you help, but in truth she would be pleased indeed with real help from you, but the worry and trouble you make cancel all your help and leave some trouble over to add to her own work.

Another way in which boys and girls sometimes fail in the treatment of their mothers, is by borrowing from them without asking to do so, and forgetting to return the things taken away. Scarcely anything escapes these young borrowers, the fire-shovel, the broom, the sharp knives, iron spoons, scissors, thimbles, thread, and a great variety of other things, from a cake-pan to a pair of stockings. And when these things are wanted the borrower has forgotten that he ever had them until they are found where he (or she) left them.

They would be heartily ashamed to treat a neighbor's wife so, but entirely forget to be as thoughtful and considerate of the things belonging to the mother, who, though she may scold, forgives and overlooks their many faults and failures, loves them with all her heart, and is made glad by every attempt they make to please her. The sons and daughters who do the most for their mothers, who show every courtesy to her that they would to

strangers, will not do too much. Be thoughtful for your mother's comfort, be gentlemanly, be ladylike in her presence, and you will gain a hearty character from it that will be felt through all your lives.—*Miss Brown, in Rural New Yorker.*

### MAMIE'S LESSON.

How Her Wrong-Doing Brought It On Her Punishment.

"Oh, dear!" Mamie uttered an exclamation of dismay as she stood on the lower step of the broad stairway and looked up at the tall old-fashioned clock which was ticking solemnly away on the landing, just as it had ticked every day of Mamie's short life. Ten minutes of nine, and in just ten minutes more the clock would strike, and mamma would call: "It is time for your half-hour's playtime, Mamie."

And she did so want to finish the new dress she was making for Arabella. Of course, it could be finished afterward, but she wanted to complete it now, and put it on so that her wizen ladyship would be all ready for her to take out for a walk. If only that persistent old clock would stop for a few minutes! But no, it ticked steadily on, and while Mamie stood on the stairs it gained a minute, so now she had only nine minutes left. Grandpa had just been winding the clock, and with carelessness that was very unusual, he had forgotten to lock the door of the tall case. Mamie's quick eyes spied that it was ajar, and perhaps it was this that made a sudden temptation flash into her mind.

Why not push the hand backward, and gain time to finish Arabella's dress? It would not really be much harm; for she would have to practice her half-hour just the same, argued the tempter; and though Mamie knew better than to believe that it was no harm to deceive, she was only too willing to yield.

She ran to the hat-rack and got grandpa's umbrella, and, going up stairs, listened, fearful, for a moment, lest some one should come along the hall and see what she was doing; then, opening the door of the clock, she reached up, and with the handle of the umbrella pushed the large hand of the clock back twenty minutes.

With a beating heart she hastily closed the door and returned the umbrella to its place. Then she went back to her don't's desk.

How long all the pleasure had vanished from her soul; and when she found the hand over the eleven and wrong side up, she put away her little work-box without trying to repair the mistake.

The stolen twenty minutes seemed the longest that Mamie had ever known, and it was a relief to her when at last the nine strokes sounded. She went to the piano without being reminded with unusual care, trying by exceptional diligence to make up for her wrong-doing.

Before the half-hour had elapsed, mamma came in with a smile of approval.

"You have practiced very faithfully this morning, Mamie, and now I have a pleasant surprise for you. Uncle Herbert sent me word that he will be on the train that stops at the station here at quarter past nine, and he wants to take you home to spend the day with Aunt Bessy; then he will put you on the evening train, and papa will meet you. Won't that be nice? Now you have plenty of time to get dressed and walk quietly over to the station before train-time, and I will excuse you from practicing the other ten minutes."

All Mamie's troublesome thoughts vanished at the prospect of this unexpected pleasure, and her face was as bright as a June morning while she prepared for the little trip. Suddenly the shrill whistle of the approaching train made her look up in dismay.