

St. Tammany Farmer.

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

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor.

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FIRELIGHT.

Not summer's noontide glory
Intending mountain hoar,
A breadth of woven gold,
For moonbeams as they quiver
At midnight on the river:
Nor starlight pure and cold;
Nor glare of lamps revealing
The glidy mazes wheeling,
Of feet that never tire—
Can rival in their splendor
That mystic charm and tender,
A trembling, vital fire.
For while the ray light dances
Upon the wall, what fancies
Come dancing over the soul—
Come quicker yet and quicker,
The more the bright tongues flicker
In lightnings from the coal.
Then palaces are builded,
And days unborn are glided
With visionary gleam:
"Tis then the memory passes
Beneath the chandelier's glances
In retrospective dream.
Ah, firelight, weird, enchanting,
Bright hopes and dreams imploring,
Most sweet of lights and best,
O'ershadow thy benediction,
Hearts weary with life's friction
Can find a moment's rest."
—*Chamber's Journal.*

GIGANTIC BEARS.

The Grizzly and the Silver Tip, the Black, the Brown, Etc.

Fleets of them in the Northwestern Territories—A Fierce Encounter Where Man and Bear Both Went Over the Precipice.

The big grizzly bears found all through the canons of the Rocky Mountains and spurs of the great range seldom descends from lofty altitudes, where they manage year in and year out to eke out a subsistence near the perpetual snow line. An old and experienced hunter has said that "any man's a fool to go in after bear alone." The brains of the East and the brains of the West are almost totally different animals. The "Ursa Majors" of this latitude are monstrous in size, endowed with ugly dispositions and prodigious strength, and as for grit, they dispute—and very often successfully, too—the sovereignty of the mountains and forests with the king of American beasts, the mountain lion. Hunters disagree upon the point of how many different species of the bear tribe we have in the Northwest. There are at least three distinct types of the family in Montana, namely, the grizzly, brown and black bear. Beside these, there are also gray bears, cinnamon bears, and the Rocky Mountain gray-bear. The true gray is seldom, if ever, seen now as high as the forty-five parallel, and as far east as the main divide; the cinnamon is simply a cross between the brown and black bears, and the mighty silver tip is neither more or less than a mongrel of the brown and grizzly, partaking strongly of the nature of the two, particularly of the latter. In fact, I think I am justified in asserting that all the members of the species intermarry, and that the silver tip is the king of the family. This big fellow, springing from the grizzly and the brown, combines all the ferocity and toughness of the former with the agility and stubbornness of the latter, each distinctive trait being more prominent in him, and possessed to a greater degree than by the very animals from which he borrows them. The silver tip is unquestionably the ruler of the family, by reason of his great size and belligerent disposition. Lewis and Clarke, in their narrative of their journey through this region nearly one hundred years ago, speak of meeting not only brown and black bears, but also numerous white bears, who made it perilous traveling at times for various members of that bold pioneer party. There are no white bears in Montana, Dakota, Idaho, or the bordering possessions of the Canadian Northwest. Probably the albinos referred to were cinnamon bears, who, early in the spring after coming out of a winter's sleep, take upon themselves a dirty, yellowish-brown color, which, at a distance and in a snow-covered country, might readily be mistaken for white bears whose coat of fur badly needed a bath. In one place, after coming upon a so-called white bear, the journal describes him as possessing small black eyes (almost like jet beads), a hide of bright yellowish brown, the front of the fore-legs near the feet being quite black, and the animal itself of a ferocious and warlike nature. This description of the white bear of 1804-5 tallies with the cinnamon bear of 1887, which makes him about the same ugly customer that he was a hundred years ago. There are few black bears in this immediate vicinity, most of them inhabiting the western slope of the Rocky Mountains and the forests that thence continue to the Pacific Ocean.

The woods of Oregon and Washington are overrun with black bears. The largest black fellow I ever saw in my life was in the woods of Washington Territory, near Mount Rainier. The black bears of Montana, as well as the cinnamon, as a rule inhabit low places, such as creek and river bottoms, willow marshes, and timbered spots, but grizzlies and silver tips stick to high altitudes, from which even hunger pressure seldom drives them. Grizzlies are generally credited with highly-cultivated appetites for carnivorous food. Camp-fire stories excitedly tell of the bloodthirsty diet these monsters habitually thrive upon, but were all the blood-curdling yarns aired around the cheerful blaze carefully sifted down for facts I am afraid that fifty ninety per cent. of the grizzly stories would turn out to be fiction. I do not think a grizzly is carnivorous from choice,

and still the silver tip was getting the better of the fight. All at once the desperate animal raised his huge paw and brought it down with a terrific force upon the head of the man. The scalp was torn away by this last stroke and the poor fellow was blinded by his own blood. Again the bear struck him, and the Swede tottered on the brink with nothing in reach to lay his hands on by which he might save himself. Evidently with the desperation of death staring him in the face Frank did the only thing possible under the circumstances. As he was swaying backward and ready to go over he threw from him the useless knife, and in despair of all hope, madly clutched the bear around the neck with both arms. The force of the last onslaught carried the animal too far, for the next moment both the silver tip and the man, in that awful embrace of death, went rolling over the frightful precipice together and were dashed into an unrecognizable mass on the rocks and pines hundreds of feet below. Frank's rifle was found in a bunch of quaking aspens, broken short off at the stock. There were no cartridges in the chamber, which proved that the seven-footer had certainly exhausted his magazine before drawing his knife, and that after he had shot all his shells the silver tip had insisted upon fighting at close quarters, which accounts for the broken stock and verifies the probability of the man clapping his gun when the maddened beast rushed upon him. It was late in the fall when the encounter occurred, probably at a time when the monster was heavily equipped with fat, and, of course, the long keen knife would have to pass through a thick layer of "blubber" before encountering vital part. —*Fort Keogh (M. T.) Cor. N. Y. Times.*

THE AMERICAN MOOSE

Something About the Largest Representation of the Deer Family.

As is well-known, the moose is the largest species of the entire deer genus, exceeding in proportions any other native ruminant quadruped in America, and when in full growth and vigor, in the best condition, these gigantic mammals, it is asserted, have been known to attain the enormous weight of two thousand pounds, and a reliable gentleman now living in Hartford, Conn., who has for many seasons stalked this particular game and bagged quite a number of large specimens, says that he killed a bull moose some years since in Nova Scotia that measured seven feet from the top of the withers to the sole of the foot, which is considerably taller than the elk or any other game animal on the continent.

Fifty years ago the range of the moose was a vast geographical amplitude, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific entirely across the continent. But the expansion of the western settlements and the proclivities of the hunting population have caused a great diminution in this species of game and driven the wary beasts to seek more inaccessible cover in the remote north. Yet they are still found in Maine, Minnesota, Idaho, Montana, as well as in the unpopulated districts of the Canadian provinces and in British Columbia.

An old Chippewa guide, "Pe-to-Wan-Quah," who had hunted in the vicinity of Lake Huron ever since his boyhood, told a white traveler some years ago that during a severe winter many years before, when the snow was very deep and his family suffering for want of food, he went out alone upon snowshoes to procure meat, and in a short time came upon the fresh tracks of seven moose, which he followed for three successive days, during which he killed every one of them, besides two black bears that attempted to join him in the chase toward the last of it. After his signal achievement in securing this large supply of meat he returned to his people, and taking out a party with sleds hauled it all home, and it sufficed for their subsistence during the remainder of the winter.

The moose is an awkward, clumsy-looking animal, with an uncommonly peculiar head and nose, ending in a muscular, prehensile lip termed "muffle," which they use in collecting food, and this appendage, when cooked, is regarded by hunters as a delicious bon mot. The mouth is set well back from the lower extremity of the muffle, thus adapting it to their method of browsing upon the tender shoots of deciduous shrubs and trees, which constitute their staple forage the year round.

Moose are quite abundant upon the Yukon river, toward its sources in Alaska, as an exploration of that section by Whimpon in 1867 shows. Between latitudes 65 and 66 degrees north and longitude 146 degrees, he says: "This part of the river abounds in moose."

The appellation of "moose" is probably derived from an aboriginal source, as this identical synonym still obtains among the Chippewas on the northern borders, where those animals are most abundant.

In 1843 moose and elk were occasionally met with in the extensive forests of Lake Huron.

Moose have been killed near the Pacific coast a little south of Behring Strait. —*Chicago News.*

An article in a newspaper the other day was called "A Novel Railroad." We have traveled on it. It is the railroad on which a train-boy drops forty-seven soiled novels of the Suicide Library series on the passenger's lap before he travels ten miles. —*Drake's Magazine.*

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SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Submarine divers now use the electric light with considerable success.

—Dr. Schuerlin, of Berlin, has inoculated dogs with the newly discovered bacillus of cancer. So far no cancer symptoms have been developed.

—An ether-tight joint can be made with a screw-cap by just rubbing common bar soap in the thread. The ether will not penetrate through the soap.

—The first recorded photograph of a rainbow has been exhibited to the Photographic Association of London. The arch has the appearance of something solid—like an arch of wood.

—It is estimated that pin factories in New England turn out 10,800,000,000 pins yearly and that other factories in the States bring the number up to 18,300,000,000. This is equal to about one pin a day for every inhabitant of the United States.

—A physician recommends that all the wood used in the interior construction of houses and all the plain surfaces of plaster should be thoroughly oiled or varnished so that the power of absorption of foul air and gases may be destroyed.

—The nettle is among the substances which science has put to use during the past few years. This weed is even being cultivated in Germany, its fiber having proven valuable for a variety of textile fabrics. In Dresden a thread is produced from it so fine that a length of sixty miles weighs only two and a half pounds.

—At a late meeting in London, Dr. E. P. Thwing stated that Americans are more susceptible to the influence of alcohol than Englishmen, and that they are more affected by tobacco than the Hollanders, Turks or Chinese. This he supposed to be due to an increased sensitiveness of the nervous system, induced by the high-pressure life of this country.

—What has been designated as "The Savagery of Boyhood" has become a subject for scientific investigation. There seems to be a division of opinion on the subject. Some hold that a boy is naturally and inherently a savage, while others contend that his savagery is more owing to false education and the evil example of adults than to his own inborn nature. We are inclined to the opinion that each of these theories has some truth in it.

—Gum tragacanth is collected from plants in Asia Minor, the greater part being shipped from Smyrna. Formerly only that exuded spontaneously was gathered, but now the flow of the gum is aided and induced by incisions near the root, and the product is the fine, white, flaky variety, so much valued in commerce. The flow takes place during the night, and the hot and dry weather is the most favorable period.

—Gastro-intestinal catarrh, with a disordered condition of the nervous system and considerable depression, is the usual result following the ingestion of poisonous fungi. In treating these cases the stomach and bowels must be thoroughly emptied, and the prominent symptoms are to be relieved according as they occur. After free vomiting and purgation have been induced, rest in bed, with stimulants and warmth, are beneficial.

—It appears that special attention is being paid in France and England to a more general substitution of iron and steel for wood, wherever practicable, in manufactured articles, such as, for instance, as building materials, boxes and packing cases, barrels or casks, carriages or carts, and other vehicles, furniture, fencing, railway work, sheds, signal boxes, telegraph poles, etc. In France there have recently come in use hollow-iron window frames and doors, which are said to be light and strong and of far greater durability than could ever be assumed of wood. There is no reason, too, it is thought, why corrugated barrels of iron or steel should not be used for liquor, since milk and preserved fruits and other articles are kept in cans. Steel is finding much favor among carriage builders, but there is still much prejudice against the metal being used in the manufacture of furniture.

CHANGED HIS OPINION.

A Man in Search of a Horse Apologizes to a Neat Agent.

A man who went out house-hunting became indignant when a real estate agent demanded a deposit of fifty cents for each key.

"What do you suppose I want to steal the keys?"

"O, no."

"Then why do you want me to put up money for them?"

"It is our rule, sir."

"Yes, and one that reflects on the honesty of every man who has dealings with you. Here's a dollar. Give me keys to two of your houses which are palaces now, but which will be tumble-down barns when I look at them."

The gentleman returned late in the afternoon. "I don't like your houses," said he. "They are, as I expected, nothing but barns. Here are your keys; give me my dollar. By the way, I owe you an apology."

"What for?"

"You know I complained against leaving a deposit for the keys."

"Yes."

"Said that such a demand reflected upon my honesty."

"Yes."

"I wish to announce a change of opinion, and commend such shrewd business methods."

"Why so?"

"Well, I discovered, somewhat to my surprise, too, that if I hadn't left the dollar with you I would not have returned the keys." —*Arlanese Traveler.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Scientists say that the potato rot comes once in ten years—every decayed, as it were.—*Tid-Bits.*

—A ton of diamonds is worth \$30,000,000. Don't let the dealers come the 1,800 pound dodge on you.—*Puck.*

—Too cold for ice cream and no sleighing. The young man who can't save money now never can.—*Liberty Journal.*

—One Robert Rickman has lately patented a calf weaner. Perhaps he can invent a device to wean a dude from nursing his cause.

—There is nothing under the face of the sky that can be quite so stuck up as a sheet of stamps, when it tries to.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—It is all well enough to say that thirteen is an unlucky number. But this country started in business with thirteen States, and seems to be holding her own.

—Some of the men who are anxious for a revolution as to theater hats might do good work toward a reform in theater benches.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—"Papa," asked little Bobby McSwilligen, "what is a railroad pump?"

"A railroad pump, Johnny?" replied McSwilligen, "is where they water the stock."

—What this country needs is a society to protect the innocent seals from slaughter. At least that is what the average impetuous husband thinks.—*Somerville Journal.*

—A match vender entered a butcher shop, when the following brief dialogue was heard: Vender—"Hello, Chop! How's your liver to-day?" Chop—"Three cents a pound. How's your liver?" —*Lowell Citizen.*

—A new cab company just started in New York, bases its claim for patronage on a patent hansom with a top that lowers to suit the occupant. A cab with a price that lowers to suit the occupant would fill a long-felt want.

—"What is your specialty, my friend?" inquired the visitor of a dime-museum freak. "Phenomenal intelligence." "In what direction does it lie?" "I'm the man who always 'shuts the door.'" —*Harpers' Bazar.*

—People who have studied into the origin of phrases all agree that the saying, "I acknowledge the corn," was invented by a man. A woman never acknowledges a corn no matter in what condition a husband may find his pet razor.—*Somerville Journal.*

THE WORD TUMBLER.

How It Came to be Applied to Our Common Drinking Vessels.

I for one, never thought why the large glass that holds our milk or water was called a tumbler until, once upon a time, I happened to have luncheon at All-Souls' College, Oxford. All-Souls' is a curious college. It has no students or "under-graduates," as we call them in England. It consists of a master and a number of "fellows"—men who have taken their degrees and have distinguished themselves as scholars. There is a quaint old rule in Latin that says a man, to be a fellow of All-Souls', must be "well born, well dressed, and a moderately good doctor in singing." There is no question nowadays of singing! But of good breeding and good scholarship there is, and to be elected a fellow of All-Souls' is a great honor.

One of the most distinguished fellows is Prof. Max Muller, the great philologist, who, though he is a German by birth and was not educated at Oxford, was elected to All-Souls' as a mark of respect for his immense learning. The "common-room," or the fellows' smaller dining-room, is a delightful place, with its great fireplace and its walls all wainscotted with black oak, while through the great window, with its heavy stone mullions, you look out on to ancient ivy-grown buildings round a quiet court which is filled with a space of velvet turf. On the day of which I speak, Prof. Max Muller was giving a luncheon in this splendid room to the charming and talented Princess Alice, the wife of the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, and second daughter of Queen Victoria. There were not a dozen guests besides the Princess and her husband, and a very agreeable luncheon we had, with pleasant talk on all kinds of interesting subjects.

But what excited the curiosity of all the strangers present was a set of the most attractive little round bowls of ancient silver, about the size of a large orange. They were brought round, according to the custom of the place, filled to the brim with the famous ale brewed in the college. These, we were told, were tumblers, and we were speedily shown how they came by their names—a fitting lesson for the guests of a philologist! When one of these little bowls was empty it was placed upon the table mouth downward. Instantly, so perfect was its balance, it flew back into its proper position, as if sacking to be filled again. No matter how it was treated, trundled along the floor, balanced carefully on its side, dropped suddenly upon the soft, thick carpet, up it rolled again and settled itself with a few gentle shakings and away into its place, like one of those India rubber tumbling dolls your baby brothers and sisters delight in. This, then, was the origin of our word tumbler, at first made of silver, as are these All-Souls' tumblers. Then, when glass became common, the round glasses that stood on a flat base superseded the exquisitely balanced silver spheres and stole their names so successfully that you have to go to All-Souls' and a few other old houses to see the real thing.—*Wide Awake.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A FUNNY THING.

Yes, I have it in my pocket:
But nobody put it there.
If you take it from my pocket
It will not be anywhere.

Curious thing this in my pocket,
Something odd, it's smaller still;
Yet you can, by adding nothing,
Make it larger if you will.

Funny thing this in my pocket,
Holding there its given space;
If you like, a second something
Nestles fills the selfsame place.

This odd thing within my pocket,
Just its like was never seen,
Yet a hundred million billions
Of its kind have often been.

This queer thing within my pocket
(Don't tell any living soul;
It's a great, a wondrous secret;
This strange thing is just—a hole.)
—*Harry E. Vandeput, in Harper's Young People.*

OUR TIGER.

How He Burred the Kittens and Cared for the Lambs—Always on Hand for the Right Train.

Now, dear children, do not expect a terrible story of a wild animal, for our Tiger was only a dog.

When Jennie and I were little, we teased our papa for a dog to play with, and one night our hearts were made glad by his bringing one home to us. It had been living in one of the large freight depots in Boston, and had been so teased by little urchins, that often lounge about such places, that he was fast getting to be very cross and snappish, so it was thought best to get rid of him.

He never outgrew his dislike for boys, and would not allow them to touch him at all, but would often chase them, and sometimes bite them if they came on the premises. This hatred extended even to the youngest children, and from a little boy baby he would walk away in disgust, while he would allow a little girl to pull him about without a word of complaint.

At one time we had an old cat which was determined to rear her three little kittens in the closet of mamma's room. The kittens were repeatedly carried back to the cellar, and as often Mistress Fuss would find some way to take her family back to the closet. Tiger had evidently been watching the whole operation, and decided to take affairs into his own hands, as you will see when I tell you what happened.

One day, Bridget, the cook, saw him go through the kitchen with something in his mouth. She followed carefully after him, and what do you think she found? You can not guess, I know, so I will tell you. Tiger had brought down the kittens, one by one, in his mouth, and carried them into the back yard, where having dug a hole for each, they had been placed, and carefully covered with dirt. Bridget rushed into the house, and said to us: "Oh! do come out in the yard, Tiger has made a cat's cemetery." We hurried out to see what she could mean, and found her words were true. There stood Tiger looking at his work, seeming to feel very proud to think he had found such an effectual way of keeping the kittens out of mamma's closet.

Tiger was not always so cruel as this, but sometimes showed great fondness for other animals. My papa kept many sheep, and one spring there were two little lambs born that were disowned by the mother sheep. Of course it would not do to let the little things die for want of care, so they were brought to the woodshed, and put under my mamma's protection. They were soon named Dicky and Biddy, and being fed often with warm milk from a bottle, they grew rapidly. From the first Tiger showed a great liking for the pet lambs, and would stretch himself out on the floor by the side of the basket, where he would remain for hours at a time.

One day after Dicky and Biddy had grown quite strong he got them out of the basket on to the floor. How this was accomplished we could never quite tell, but I am quite sure they had some way of making each other understand, so that he coaxed, persuaded and encouraged them to go beyond the narrow limits of the basket, and see more of the world. After a while they were not contented to roam about the shed, but extended their journeys to the yard, and sometimes away down the street.

This last habit would have proved a very troublesome one to us, if it had not been for Tiger's assistance in bringing them back. We had but to say: "Tiger! Dicky and Biddy have run away. Go find them," and away he would dash down the street after them. When he overtook them they would all stand for a few minutes as though there were an explanation of the case being given, and then he would turn around and run home with both lambs meekly following him. I have watched him many times, and I never knew him fail to bring them back.

My papa used to go to Boston every day and return at evening on the horse-car, and Tiger could usually be found at the gate to meet him. Although these cars were constantly passing the house, Tiger never made the mistake of going to meet an earlier or a later train, but a few minutes before the customary time for my papa's arrival, Tiger could be seen going leisurely down the walk to be in readiness for the expected greeting.

At last Tiger commenced to get old, and did not like the active sports of his youthful days, but much preferred to stay in the house and lie by the fire. Being fond of the company of the family, he would often creep into the sitting-room, and quietly settle himself on the hearth-rug, when mamma would

sometimes say: "There is some one here whose room is better than his company." Without another word Tiger would get up, and, with tail down, and a sidelong glance at mamma, he would sneak in a crest-fallen manner, to the door to be let out. Finally when he got to be quite old he was sick and died, and it was one of the sad days of my childhood, when we buried him under the apple tree in the orchard.—*Cora E. Dix, in Pansy.*

THE SILLY PERCH.

They Would Not Hood Their Mother's Warning—A Fable.

"Do not go so far away, children; come back, come back!" cried Mrs. Perch, in a warning voice. "Keep in the river where it is always deep and safe, and don't swim out into the shallow water."

"Oh! but mother, why should we stay here when there is the whole world to roam in? See, everything is covered with water."

"Nonsense, child, nonsense! It is nothing of the kind; there has been a heavy rain, and the river has overflowed its banks, that is all."

"Oh! let us go, mother," pleaded the children; "there is plenty of water for us to swim in, and everybody else is going."

"But who knows whether you will ever come back?" replied Mrs. Perch, shaking her head wisely. "What is water to-day may be green fields to-morrow, and then where will you be, my dears? Gasping out your little lives on the grass, without one drop to cool your poor dry tongues. No, no; stay quietly in the river with me."

The young perch looked unhappy, and swam moodily to and fro, longing to dart away into the broad expanse of water which stretched out on either side. Just then a large jack came sailing pompously along, and as he passed the others he said, in his deep bass voice:

"What are you young things waiting for? Come, come; don't bury your talents in a hole when the world lies before you. Everybody is drowned, and we shall never be interfered with again. Don't waste your time; come along!" and with a majestic whisk of his tail swam onwards.

"Do not believe him; he does not know any thing about it," cried Mrs. Perch, anxiously. "Stay with me, children, I entreat you!" But she spoke to deaf ears, for all the young perch were rushing frantically after the jack, and she was left alone.

Away, away, as fast as they could swim, to take possession of the kingdom of waters; was it not true that the whole world was theirs?

But, alas! for the beautiful dream. It lasted but a few short days, and then sad was the fate of those who had put their faith in it.

The floods subsided as rapidly as they had risen; the fields in their emerald mantles became once more visible, and the little perch, not having time to get back to the river, all died for lack of water.—*Little Folks.*

An Indian's Sagacity.

In one of the Western States was a small village of white people.

One of these people came home one day and found that somebody had stolen a large piece of meat that had hung up by his door. His neighbors were sorry for his loss, and were talking with him about it, when an old Indian came along and asked what was the matter. They told him and he went to the place where the meat had hung, and looked about carefully. Then he spoke: "I do not know who stole your meat," said he, "but I can tell you what sort of a man he was. He was a white man. He was short, and lame in one leg. He had a dog and a gun."

Of course they all wondered how the Indian knew.

"I know he was short," said the Indian, "because he moved up this block to stand upon in order to reach the meat. I know he was lame, because one foot left a lighter mark than the other when he walked. I know he was a white man, because he turned out his toes; and I know he had a dog and gun, because here are the dog's tracks and the mark of the gun in the ground where he stood it up against the house."

Then he told them which way the thief had gone, and they followed, and caught him, and got the meat back again.

"That Indian knew how to use his eyes better than the white people." —*Little Men and Women.*

"How much will one of these turkeys cost in a sack suit?" "I'm too busy to joke, young man." "Where's the joke?" "That card in the window says 'full-dressed turkeys 30 cents a pound.'" —*New Haven News.*

"Come now, be frank and tell me your opinion of my literary work." "I'm afraid it would make you angry." "Not a bit of it. Tell me what you think of it." "Haven't I just told you?" —*Boston Transcript.*

Dumley (timidly, for he is behind with his beard)—I—er—think, Mrs. Hendricks, that this milk is a trifle sour. Landlady (frostily)—Jane; pass Mr. Dumley the sugar.

A little boy being reproved on Sunday morning for having a dirty face retorted: "Well, I wored dis face to Sun's 'y cool, anyhow." —*Charlottesville (Va.) Chronicle.*