

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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OWNERSHIP.

Old Farmer Boggs, of Boggy Brook, went to the County Fair, and with his wife, he strolled around to see the wonders there. "That horse," he said, "Grey Eagle Wing, will take the highest prize; but our old Dobbin looks as well and better to my eyes. He is, I know, what folks call slow, it's the safest way to go. Some men, perhaps, might think it strange, I really shouldn't want to change."

"And those fat ones—Buck and Bright, Don't have so large a girl. No match like them, just to a hair. But I know what they're worth. They're good to plow, and good to draw. You stronger plowers never saw, and always tried my eye, and saw. Some folks, perhaps, might think it strange, I really shouldn't want to change."

"That Devon heifer, too, I heard. A thousand dollars; now." Said Mrs. Boggs, "my Crumple Horn is just as good a cow. Her milk, I'm sure, is the very best. Her butter is the yellowest. Some folks, perhaps, might think it strange, I really shouldn't want to change."

"Those premium pigs," said Mrs. Boggs. "My little Cheshire pig is better than the best of them. Although he's not so big. And that young Jersey is not half so pretty as old Brindle's calf. Nor is there in this country any. As speckled wings so good a hen!"

As Farmer Boggs to Boggy Brook rode homeward from the Fair, He said: "I wish my animals had all of them been mine. And if the judges had been wise I might have taken every prize!"

THE LION.

At Times a Wonderful Coward, But Not Always.

I believe that every man who has been in the lion country will agree with me that he would rather meet a full-grown lion under almost any circumstances than an English bull dog. The lion is the king of beasts only now and then. Now and then he is the king of cowards. A bull dog is all determination and takes no chances.

While ascending the official survey of the northern portion of Cape Colony it was an almost every-day occurrence to sight a lion, and the adventures of our party were numerous, if not perilous. We got so that we feared the beasts only at night, or when we came upon them at their meals. Almost the first lion I saw in Africa proved himself an arrogant coward. I was left to set a boundary stone between districts while the surveying party moved on. The hunters were out after fresh meat, the camp was two miles away, and I was working with my back to a patch of tall grass with a bush in the center of it. The entire party of us had stood there for a quarter of an hour without seeing or suspecting any danger, but a lion was all the while concealed in the patch. He kept quiet until the men were a mile away, and then crept forward for a spring at me. I heard a movement in my rear as I worked away, and whirling about I found myself face to face with a full-grown lion. He was crouched for a spring, and would have been upon me in another ten seconds.

I was terribly scared and had no time to collect my wits, but I did just the right thing after all. I jumped right at the brute with a loud yell, and he went bounding away like a bull. I followed him into the patch in my excitement, and he ran out in the open plain, dropping his tail like a cur and evidently badly rattled. I had a light spade in my hands, and as he dodged about to get back to cover I hit him a swinging blow over the rump. He yelled out like a dog hit with a stone, fell over, made a dash between my legs, and again got to his feet, yelling at the top of his voice, and what did the coward do but bolt for the open with his tail dragging in the grass. As he left cover I swung the spade and struck him in the side and staggered him. He growled and showed his yellow fangs, but there was no fight in him. When I jumped at him he ran away over the plain toward broken ground, and after chasing him for a quarter of a mile, I gave up and sat down. The men of the party came running up, amazed and astonished, and even though they had seen all that happened, they could scarcely credit their sight and senses. I knocked the courage all out of the beast by wheeling on him just at the right second. By upsetting his plan I made a coward of him. Had a bulldog meant to attack me, my turning on him would not have made the slightest difference.

A few weeks later, while pushing my way down a dry ravine to reach an eminence on which I was to display a flag to the surveyor, I turned a bend in a track and ran square upon a lion, who was gnawing at the bones of some old victim. He lay on his stomach, head to me, and I did not see him until I was almost upon him. He sprang up with a growl, made a short spring, and seized me by the left shoulder, and the next moment I was down and he was standing over me. It had come so suddenly that I was dumfounded. I did not make a move, nor call out. The beast could have done for me in fifteen seconds had he so willed, but after he had downed me and growled a little he backed off, and as soon as I moved to get up he ran away like a scared cat. I had a good look at him as he stood over me, and I noticed a long, deep scar, or scratch, on his right fore-shoulder. It had been made either by the claws of another lion or by the horn of a buffalo, and was just beginning to heal. The beast had all the advantage of me, and his running away could be

laid to nothing but cowardice, but he was to redeem himself.

When we had gone into camp that evening there were fifty people of us, with four or five wagons, a score of horses, and from thirty to forty bullocks. We made quite a village; and a noisy one. Just while the supper fires were being replenished, and when everybody was moving about, this same lion came out of a thicket piece of woods, roared loudly, and then walked straight at us. His roar aroused us, but no one supposed he would come nearer. The old fellow came forward at a dignified gait until he had traversed half the distance, and then, making half a dozen long bounds, he entered camp. No one was ready for him, and there was a great scattering. Some of us sprang for trees, and others dived into the tents; and such a row among horses and oxen you never heard. The old lion stood in a clear spot in the center of camp, and roared and growled and switched his tail about and bade us defiance, and before any one of us could make ready for a shot at him he sprang upon a cow, rolled her over, and then fastened his teeth into her neck and drew her out of camp, passing so close to one of the fires as to drag the hind legs of the cow over the coals. As soon as he was clear of the camp a dozen of us sprang out with our guns and fired at him by sound, and by great good luck two of the bullets hit him in the head and finished him. We had seen him drag the cow off as easily as a man could draw the body of a dog, and to make a comparison of strength we ordered four natives to take hold of the carcass. They could barely move it. It took seven of them to drag it back to the fires, and they had a hard tug at that.

The next adventure showed both the bravery and fierceness of the animal in one. I had been out alone with my rifle, and was on my way back to camp, and at about five o'clock in the evening skirted a sink or water hole on the edge of a dense wood. Suddenly a lion attacked a terrific roar, and I looked up to find a big fellow facing me. He had been creeping down the edge of the wood, perhaps routed out of his lair by some of our men, and while he was approaching the pool from one direction I was approaching from the other. He was not over three hundred feet away, and I knew at first glance that he was mad. His mane was up, his tail switching, and he meant fight. He could have been under cover at a jump, and thus avoided me altogether, and this would have been characteristic of a lion disturbed at that hour of the day. I brought my rifle down, aimed to hit him between the eyes, and pulled the trigger. The ball grazed his skull, knocking him down and making him crazy for a moment. I suspected from his antics that he was only touched, and knew that as soon as he had gathered himself he would come for me. He was whirling round and round and rolling over, and there was no show for a fair shot. I therefore made a bolt for the nearest tree, and I was just off the ground when the lion screamed out, and I dropped my gun to get above his reach.

It was a close call for me. The blood blinded him as he made his spring, and the paw which struck at me passed clear of my body. He went to the ground in a heap, rolled over two or three times, and before he was up I was out of reach. I got a seat about twenty-five feet from the ground, and the way that old fellow roared and raved for the next quarter of an hour was a circus to see. He had been in ill-temper, before I raked his skull. He was now so mad that he would have faced a regiment of men. From the limb where I sat to the next, ten feet higher, the tree was smooth, and I did not dare attempt to climb it. I was just safe and no more. The enraged beast made all sorts of attempts to reach me, even trying to climb, but I was safe. Several times he ran back on the plain a few rods and then came for me Hall Columbia, springing up to within three or four feet of my perch but never coming high enough. His repeated failures angered him still further, and if a lion ever lost his head and got mad from nose to tail that followed did. When he found he couldn't get me he made circles about the tree, rolled over and over, and his growls and roars were enough to set me in a chill.

I had my revolver, but it contained only three charges, and I had no more ammunition. I should have to reach my brain or heart to kill him, and he would not give me an opportunity for a steady shot. I soon saw that I was doomed to pass the night in the tree, and I then decided to save my bullets for some other danger which might be expected. The sun had hardly gone down when darkness came on. The lion gave up trying to reach me and sat up at the foot of the tree, and as the darkness grew deeper I could see his eyes blaze like coals. It was no use expecting any help from the camp, for no one would know which way to look for me, and after awhile I got a hitch around the tree with my scarf and took such precautions as would prevent me from falling off the limb should I go to sleep. That was a horrible night. At an early hour every species of wild beast and night bird was astir, and pandemonium reigned through the forest. Twice before midnight other lions approached the tree, to be driven off by the sentry, and a troop of elephants on their way to the pool passed within a hundred feet. About midnight the lion took on at a great rate, scratching up the leaves and switching his tail in defiance, and

I heard fierce growling and snarling from some beast which turned out to be a panther, for I heard his claws raking the bark as he climbed a tree a few yards away. I knew what he was after, and I got my revolver ready and followed him by sound. He ascended to a height of about thirty-eight feet, came toward me on a limb, and I could see his eyes shining like diamonds. The panther would have to spring about twenty feet to reach me. The lion knew what he was after, and he dashed to and fro under the tree and kept up such a roaring that all other beasts quit for the time in disgust. I was facing the panther as I sat on my perch. It seemed to me that I was doomed to be eaten by one or the other, and the only possible show I had was a shot at the panther. I could see nothing but his eyes, but I held my revolver as steady as possible and pulled the trigger. I think the beast was just ready to spring. I can not say that I hit him, but the flash and report would have confused him. I had hardly fired when he came for me, but fell short, and down he went to be seized by the enraged lion. That fight would have been worth going a good long way to see. It lasted fully fifteen minutes, and the fierce snarls and terrible roars kept me in a tremble. By and by both beasts seemed to have had enough, and the conflict ceased. I heard the lion walking about and whining and moaning, but after a few minutes these sounds ceased, and I was not further disturbed during the night. When daylight came I saw the panther dead at the foot of the tree, and just at the edge of the pool was the dead body of the lion. He had gone there to drink, and had tumbled over just as he turned from the water.

I examined both bodies carefully before I left. Such work with teeth and claws few men ever saw. The lion had seized each foreleg of the panther and worked the bones of the ankle in the joint. He had torn his neck in a horrible manner, and had bitten the flesh of one of his cheeks until a pull would have exposed the jaw-bone on that side. The panther had bitten the lion about the throat and breast, but had depended more on his claws. With these he had literally disemboweled the king.

Fifty miles to the south of where this adventure happened one of our men was one morning pushing his way through the high grass along the left bank of a dry creek when a lioness, lion and two half-grown cubs sprang up before him. There was no time to retreat, and he was too dumfounded to cry out. The lions stood and stared for a few seconds, evidently more frightened than the man, and then went off with a rush. That day, as we sat in the shade of a great tree eating our lunch, we were suddenly saluted with a roar of defiance. Our tree stood in the open, nearly a quarter of a mile from the forest, and there were twenty-two of us around the fire. It was high noon, with a bright sun, and yet a lion came out of the woods and directly toward us, roaring as he came and evidently full of fight. The native called out that it was one of those he had seen in the grass, and for a time none of us moved. However, it soon became evident that the old fellow meant mischief, and he seized guns and spears. He held straight for the crowd, roaring and growling, and when the first shot was fired he increased his gait to a rush. He was among us in a few seconds, and for a couple of minutes there was wild excitement. Two or three men were knocked down, two bitten, one struck by a bullet intended for the lion, and the beast was finally killed by the thrust of a spear.—N. Y. Sun.

COLONEL EMILE FREY.

The Swiss Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States. The Republic of Switzerland sent recently to the United States, as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, a gentleman who figured as a gallant soldier in our civil war. This fact gives an uncommon interest to the personality and career of Emile Frey. The Swiss Minister was born at Ariesheim, Switzerland, October 2, 1838. He was carefully instructed at home by teachers preparatory to school and college. At twenty-two years of age he was graduated at the University of Jena. Shortly afterward he came to the United States. In 1861 Frey enlisted in the Union army as a private soldier. He served throughout the war. At the battle of Gettysburg he was taken prisoner. He was confined in Libby Prison. After the war Frey returned to his native country, where he was elected to an important local office. His next step in political promotion was membership in and the presidency of the administration in the Canton of Basel. Six years after his first taking part in the government of the Canton, he became, in the year 1872, a member of the Swiss National Council. He was ten years a member of this body, part of the time its President. When it had been determined by the Swiss Government to send an Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, Colonel Frey was given the position. The Swiss Minister is a widower with children, who is attending school in Switzerland. In his official capacity as a private gentleman, Colonel Frey is much liked by his associates. His personal appearance resembles that of the late President Garfield. He is tall, big-headed and blond-haired. Frey received General Grant when he passed through Switzerland on his tour around the world.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—Chicago is trying the experiment of burning garbage and the refuse of the streets, and the result is said to be very satisfactory.

—The collection of old and rare coins is now said to give employment to a number of traveling men from each of the large cities of the country.

—At Montgomery, Ala., the other day, four colored men shot up and were married to four colored women. The men were all brothers and the women all sisters.

—"Fairmount," in Leavenworth County, Kan., has an orchard containing 437 acres with 2,000 apple trees. This is claimed to be the largest apple orchard in the United States.

—Indiana is proud because she claims to be the first State to adopt a daily weather service. The headquarters are to be at Indianapolis, from which one hundred telegrams will be sent out each morning early, giving the probabilities for twenty-four hours in advance.

—Prof. St. Andrews, of the Central Experimental Farm of Canada, proposes trying some experiments with a hardy variety of tea grown in Japan, and which, it is hoped, may prove successful in the Dominion, as the northern part of Japan has a climate about as cold as that of the Ottawa valley.

—One of the inmates of an Indiana reformatory for young women was released on a two weeks' parole, and took the occasion to be married. This being clearly against the rules of the institution and the laws of the State, which forbids marriage under such circumstances, the bride is spending the honeymoon in prison.

—The remnant of the once great tribe of Tarratine Indians now live on an island in the Penobscot river, near Bangor. They are civilized, and most of them are prosperous. At a recent wedding of two of them the bride wore a robe of "delicate blue brocade satin, trimmed with cream Spanish lace and cream satin ribbons," and one of the guests wore a "peacock blue surah silk and satins with overloads of Oriental lace."

—In Central and Northern Dakota crops of all kinds the past year have turned off a surprisingly large yield even for that productive country. Hundreds of instances can be cited where the year's crop of wheat will pay for dwelling, barn, teams, farming utensils, and still leave a comfortable little stake for future needs. All of the best tilled farms have made a gross return of twenty-one dollars per acre. It is the general rule that the cost of raising a crop in Dakota is eight dollars per acre. This leaves a net revenue of thirteen dollars per acre on five dollar land, or two hundred and sixty per cent profit.

THE SHAH'S WEALTH.

Jewels and Gems Worth One Hundred Millions of Dollars.

What he terms his museum is a curious place. It contains a profusion of costly articles and objects of art such exists nowhere else at the present day, it being the opinion of well informed Europeans, who have viewed these treasures, that their money value is perhaps twenty-fold that of the so-called green vaults at Dresden.

It is impossible to give exact figures, for they could only be obtained after a long and minute inspection and valuation by experts; but roughly estimated, it is probable that there is more than \$100,000,000 worth of jewelry, precious stones, coined and uncoined gold, costly objects de vertu, fine porcelain and glass-ware, old weapons and armor, table-ware and ornaments of exquisite Persian and Hindu workmanship, etc. The so-called peacock throne (a part of the plunder Nadir Shah carried off from Delhi one hundred and fifty years ago) is alone valued at many millions, even after a number of the large, rough and uncut jewels have been broken out and stolen. It is an incongruous place, this museum. There you will see vases of agate or gold and lapis lazuli, said to be worth millions, and alongside of them empty perfume bottles of European make, with gaudy labels, that can be had at wholesale at five cents apiece. You will see priceless mosaics and exquisite painted cups and cans and vases, which were presented by some European potentate; and side by side with them you will notice horrible daubs, veritable ten-cent chromes, picked up the Lord knows how and where. You will perceive glass cases filled with huge heaps of rubies, diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, turquoises, garnets, topazes, beryls of all sizes and kinds, cut and uncut; and check by jowl with these your eyes will see cheap music-boxes, jew's-harp, squeaky hand-organ.

PAWNED HIS TEETH.

An Unusual Incident Witnessed by a Reporter in a Pawn Shop. The ancient chap who exclaimed "Mine honor is in pawn!" was double-discounted and beaten by the man who entered a pawnshop on South Clark street, near Folk, last week and threw upon the show-case a set of false teeth, saying: "What'll you give me on these?" The obliging pawnsee, which appellation he should not resent, scrutinized the teeth with the cold eyes of a man of business. There was a good deal of gold filling in them—the teeth, not the eye.

"A dollar," he said. "O, come now. That's not fair. Those teeth have \$25 worth of gold in them at least, to say nothing of the teeth themselves. Make it five and I'll leave them."

"Once more for all I tell you that we never loan more than that on teeth. I have a whole show-case full of unred-deemed molars, any set of which you can have for fifty cents."

"O, rats! Gimme the dollar." The money was handed the impetuous and toothless one, who departed mumbling between his denuded jaws at the heartlessness of the world in general and pawnbrokers in particular. The pawnsee said:

"We have some trade in that sort of pledge, but I haven't a show-case full of unred-deemed ones, as I told him. I never knew of but two pawners who didn't redeem their teeth. One was a woman. Queer pledge? Well, rather, but we have other man ran in here and sat down in that chair at the end of the counter. Before I could ask him what he wanted he pulled up his trouser-leg and began unbuttoning an artificial leg. I had only known of one other case do not see any cash here, either.—Drift.

A precocious New York boy accompanied his mother to the theater. The seat check was marked K 9, and the boy refused to sit there, insisting that it was reserved for a dog.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

—Physician (to patient)—Your case is a very serious one, sir, and I think a consultation had better be had. "Patient (too sick to care for anything)—Very well, doctor; here as many as you complices as you like.—Philadelphia Call.

—Artist (who is spending a month in the country)—"My dear Miss Purpleblossom, you are so beautiful. Would you not like me to do you in oil?" Miss Purpleblossom—"Do you take me for a sardine?"—Burlington Free Press.

—For delicious titillating anticipation, ending in blank, empty nothingness, an unsuccessful proposal of marriage may best be compared with one of those sneezes that don't come off.—Puck.

—A coal dealer asked some law students what legal authority was the favorite of his trade. One answered: "Coke." "Right," said the coal dealer. Another suggested: "Blackstone." "Good, too," said the questioner. Then a man piped out: "Littleton." Whereupon the coal dealer sat down.

A LINCOLN STORY. Reminiscences of a Lady's Visit to the President During the War. As too much can not be said about Mr. Lincoln I am induced to send you the following account of an interview which the writer had with him.

I called upon him to ask for a position in the service for my son. Alas! I received it, my boy went to the war and never returned. I was accompanied by a lady companion, a Southern woman, and we had with us a little boy, a grandson of Lord Fairfax. After a pleasant interview, my friend said: "Will you give me your autograph for a friend in England?" I, however, had hesitated to ask him, although wanting one very much. He went to his desk and wrote, "Yours truly, A. Lincoln," but instead of giving it to my friend, who had asked for it, he handed it to me, and I still have it among my treasures. He then wrote simply, "A. Lincoln." Handling it to my friend he remarked, who roared: "That is good enough for England."

I then said: "Mr. President, I have brought a grandson of Lord Fairfax to see you." He was a beautiful boy and Mr. Lincoln, who was always fond of children, extended his hand to him, saying: "He bids fair to be a handsomer man than I am. Well! my little man, you are for the Union!" The boy looked up into Mr. Lincoln's face and replied: "Somewhat!" Both I and my friend were horrified; she, a Southern woman, fearing we would be arrested, and I, that I would fail in getting my boy's appointment, but Mr. Lincoln only laughed and said: "I guess there are a good many somewhat."

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The reporter who writes for all space is not apt to be writing for long time.

—As figures don't lie, a man is only figuratively speaking when he is telling the truth.

—Of-times after a man has seen his "ante" he is compelled to go and see his "uncle."—Epoch.

—Statistics go to show that no case of "love at first sight" has ever lasted until the "second sight."

—A woman's scorn is not to be trifled with. Especially when you step on it in a crowded horse car.—Cleveland Sun.

—One of the greatest causes of trouble in this world is the habit people have of talking faster than they think.—Somerville Journal.

—A French woman confesses to the marrying of eight husbands. Few women possess her power to fasten eight men.—Binghamton Republican.

—A chemist announces that wood can be made very palatable. All right, Mr. Chemist, but please don't give it away to our landlady.—Washington Critic.

—The old, old story boiled down: She (early in the evening)—"Good evening, Mr. Sampson." Same she (late in the evening)—"Good night, George."—N. Y. Sun.

—Superstitious people claim that a death is sure to follow the bowling of a dog. It depends a good deal, we should say, on the kind of a whack one gets at the dog.—Old City Blizzard.

—The single scull race," exclaimed an excited old lady, as she laid the paper down. "My gracious! I didn't know there was a race of men with double skulls."—Journal of Education.

—Teller (turning to the president, solemnly)—I do not see the cabinet this morning.

—President (dry and solemn)—And I do not see any cash here, either.—Drift.

—Physician (to patient)—Your case is a very serious one, sir, and I think a consultation had better be had. "Patient (too sick to care for anything)—Very well, doctor; here as many as you complices as you like.—Philadelphia Call.

—Artist (who is spending a month in the country)—"My dear Miss Purpleblossom, you are so beautiful. Would you not like me to do you in oil?" Miss Purpleblossom—"Do you take me for a sardine?"—Burlington Free Press.

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SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A German physician has traced ninety-two distinct diseases in women to the use of the corset.

—A commission of the Paris Academy of Medicines finds that hydrofluoric acid, which is highly antiseptic, has a therapeutic action when inhaled. It dissents, however, from the opinion of glass-workers that the inhalations cure consumption, but considers that they may be useful in diphtheria.

—According to statistics compiled there, there was an increase of fifty per cent in the number of cattle killed in Kansas City last year; twenty per cent of sheep, and ten per cent of hogs. The value of cattle handled there is placed at \$50,000,000. The amount of oleomargarine manufactured there reached 3,000,000 pounds.

—The power possessed by flowing water for transporting or moving stones or gravel over which it runs is greatly augmented by the speed of its flow; this power increases as the sixth power of the velocity, so that a stream flowing six times faster than another will be able to transport 46,656 times more matter.

—Wood employed for building which is not exposed to heat or moisture is not likely to suffer from the ravages of insects; but, if it is placed so that no draughts of fresh air can reach it, to prevent accumulation of products of decomposition, decay soon sets in, and the decaying albuminous substances, acting upon the fiber, causes it to lose its tenacity and become a friable mass.

—It still seems to be an unsettled question whether wood can be ignited by the heat of a steam pipe in contact with it. It is admitted, theoretically, that it is impossible for wood to take fire at a temperature of 212 degrees, or somewhat higher; but it is well known that there have been a large number of cases of fire reported as occurring from this cause, and the evidence is very conflicting.

—An East Indian scientific journal says that fibers of bamboo, China grass and pineapple, after proper treatment, can be spun so fine that an expert could hardly distinguish the product from silk. Large quantities of cloth woven from China grass and bamboo are brought into the Rangoon markets by Chinese men and Bhamo, and although the material is not manufactured by modern looms, the quality is so fine as to resemble tussore silk.

—The total number of coke ovens in the United States up to the time when last noted was 22,597; building, 4,154. The production of coke for 1886 was 6,845,969 tons, costing at oven \$1.63 per ton. Six years ago there were only 14,119 ovens, and the cost at ovens was then \$1.98 per ton. Pennsylvania has produced seventy-nine per cent of all the coke made in the United States. The consumption of coal for 1886 was 10,688,972 tons. New coke works are still being projected.

—The new industry in the South, which has been noted, develops another use for pine needles, besides that of spreading an aromatic odor from the filling of a pillow. One product of these needles is a remarkably strong oil, claimed to possess valuable medicinal properties; another is pine wool, which is bleached, dyed, and woven, this wool being a fleecy brown mass, possessing a pleasant odor, which gives it value as a moth destroyer when employed in the form of carpet lining; and to these is to be added another product made from this wool, viz., a strong, cheap matting, adapted for halls, stairways and offices.

COMFORTABLE HOMES.

Interior Arrangements of a Norwegian Farm House.

The first impression of an ordinary Norwegian farm house, is not very favorable. A cluster of houses, small and aged, crowd around a large dwelling house, which generally looks somewhat dilapidated. But this appearance is deceptive; for the walls being of wood, they look old in a few years, and become blotched and seared by the weather. The roof is of the same material, or in the case of the principal building, either of red tile or shingles. Sometimes the dwelling-house is painted white, when the effect is to relieve the sober aspects of the groups. The walls are usually stout and thoroughly waterproof, plank about four inches thick being used in their construction. These planks are placed edgewise on one another, crossed and countersunk at the angles and calked in the seams with dry moss. A skin of this wood is placed over the outside, while the interior is lined smoothly with boards. Inside there is an air of comfort and cleanliness. A table stands in the center of the chief room, and along the wall a bench runs, which serves for chairs, of which there is usually a deficiency. From pots on the floor, ivy is sometimes trained upward to the roof, giving the room a festive and refreshing look. Not infrequently the worthy farmer is proud to have the dresses of his daughters hung in conspicuous positions, in order that swains who call may see the damazels are well provided with garments in case of a matrimonial alliance. The cow-houses are generally an improvement on those usually seen in England and Scotland. The building is larger and more space is allowed to each animal, while a clean wooden floor is ordinarily beneath the cattle. Little or no bedding is given. The level of the cow-house is, in most cases, raised high enough to allow a space beneath, into which the refuse is regularly swept through an opening in the floor.—Chambers' Journal.