

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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MORE FACT THAN FANCY.

He stayed at home, a dreamer still,
Unknown of all—with such desire
To roam beyond his native hill,
His own heart-lore.

A common toiler, poor and plain,
No man's property eye could scan
The promise ripening in the brain
Of that lone man.

His lowly life was like a cloak,
That hid concealed his conscious power,
Till one bright day his genius broke
From bud to flower.

Then great men came and grasped his hand,
And praised his work, and called him wise—
And yet they could not understand
His sudden rise.

They reasoned—questioned thro' the dark—
They marvelled at his eminence:
They called his gift "a special mark
Of Providence."

He smiled—and quit their courtly hall;
He strode into the midnight mark,
And sighed: "The secret after all,
Is work, work, work."
—J. N. Matthews, in *Indianapolis Journal*.

"OLD HOPELESS."

He Tells the Pathetic Story of
Poor Nancy.

Two great rocky cliffs in Southern Colorado form the walls of a deep abyss something like fifteen feet wide, from the bottom of which comes up the eternal moan of waters as they rush on in the solemn darkness over their rough course to the Rio Grande. The walls of this chasm are over a hundred feet high, and almost perpendicular.

The place is called Purgatory, and not altogether inappropriately, for, standing near its forbidding edge, with the waters seething and moaning far below, it is not improbable that thoughts of the final resort of sin is suggested to the mind of the awestruck visitor, and cause him "to shudder and grow sick at heart."

To within ten feet of the edge leads a well-worn trail, which abruptly ends at a grave. The latter is marked by neither rough stone nor slab, and the many visitors to the spot are told, by the loquacious mountain guides, of a romantic incident of which this lonely mound is the fatal outcome.

One day in the beautiful summer time in company with my guide, I halted my steed near the edge of Purgatory and took in the widely picturesque scene.

My guide was a hunchback, horribly disfigured in form, and his dress and manners were rough in the extreme. His coarse, iron-gray hair was long and unkempt, and his distorted face was covered with a repulsive shock of beard. From out this growth shone his great dark eyes, whose uncertain expression bespoke a half-rancid mind.

"Old Hoopes" he had been called in my presence, and the landlord of the Colorado House had told me that he was a character of the region, almost entirely insane at times, rational at others, but never dangerous and always a good guide. So, for want of a better, he had been engaged for that day.

When, in the course of our rambles, we drew up at Purgatory, he suddenly burst out in a tumult of incoherent expressions, in which I caught the word "Nancy." I spoke to him. He calmed himself, as if his mind were all at once strengthened by a visitation of reason, and began talking to me in an earnest tone.

"I'll tell ye all about Nancy—Nancy Summers, Felix," he said, in the characteristic dialect of the mountains. "Long years ago she war knowed all over Colorado, an' no one ever said her her name war'n' spotless. Beautiful—yas, yas, more'n that. She was as fair as a May-day moon, as fresh as dew-kissed flowers. Her face war a trifle brown from exposure to the sun, but it war perfect in outline from forehead to neck. It war full of firmness, an' tenderness, too, sometimes. Her eyes war a rich, dark brown, an' when a feller looked into 'em, he war her slave forever. Her hair war of the same color, an' long an' wavy. That never war a better figger ner hers, an' she knowed how to dress ter set it off. She lived with her parents, who kep' their Colorado House, ther hotel we left this mornin', Felix. Even at that day there war a good deal of travel along hyar, an' they war makin' money."

"Mebbe ther travel war on Nancy's account, for she counted her lovers by her score, an' she used ter hev a proposal 'most ever' day in ther week. Ever' young feller in the Southwest tried his charm on ther purty Nancy, fer gals war gals them days; but they generally drew off mighty quick when they found they made no impression, an' got a firm 'no' in ther teeth."

"One day ther came along a quiet-dispositioned, good-lookin' young feller, who hed a little sheep ranch all his own, not a hundred miles from Purgatory, and began ter make love ter Nancy. He war happy in ther promise of name of Luke Golden, an' he war head an' years in love with ther little gal. An' Felix, it war'n' long afore he war noised all over the kentry that he hed succeeded in winnin' Nancy's heart. It war plain ter all thet seen them together that Nancy liked him mighty well, an' her old man had no objections ter him on account of his character."

"Ever' mornin' they used ter go for a ride, an' sometimes they would gallop side by side for hours through ther mountains. Often they would visit Purgatory, an' one pleasant day like to-day they drew ther horses up 'bout whar we set now, Felix, an' they set an' listened to ther ceaseless gaspin' of ther water 'way down ther for a long while in silence. He looked at her finally

with an expression of sad disappointment. He hed been pleadin' with her to be his wife, an' while she did not refuse, she would not give her consent. She hed never told him that she loved him, but her preference for him showed it, an' it give him hope. No one hed ever stirred ther love in her heart afore, an' she struggled hard against yieldin' to ther feelin'. In her soul she must hev yearned ter be his, but she would not let him see ther truth.

"She set on her hoas as silent an' motionless as a statue, for a long time, an' he looked at her beseechingly, an' with all his passionate love in his eyes. Suddenly she seemed ter be possessed of a desire ter test her love, an' ter see how much power she hed over 'im. To think war act ter act with her, and turnin' her beautiful face up to his, she says: "Do yer really love me, dear Luke?" "Her words an' her tones made him wild with love for her."

"I swear by ther heavens above, I worship you!" he cried, catchin' her arm an' devourin' her with his love-lit eyes.

"I am goin' ter test yer affection," she says: "I'll die for you, Nancy," he replied. "Only tell me how I kin prove my love." "She didn't withdraw her arm, but looked 'im straight in ther face. "You her boasted that you ride one of the best hoas in ther Territory," she says; "ride 'im across Purgatory, bring me ther little bunch of yellow-jackets over ther, an' I will kiss you an' name the day."

"He war a ridin' a fine hoas, one he war more'n proud of. He only waited ter give her a long look, and then he spurred his hoas for'ard."

"Mebbe she hed thought 'e wouldn't try it, or ther ther animal wouldn't jump over; but she war mistaken if she hed. Ex he neared ther edge she seemed ter realize what she war doin'—sendin' ther man she loved more'n any bein' on earth inter horrible danger—an' she called him ter come back. "O, Luke! don't go!"

"But it was too late. The hoas from Golden Ranch was no common one, but one of the fiery, fearless kind, and when he felt the cruel spurs sink inter his sides he give a wild roar of pain and sprung inter ther air a-flyin' over Purgatory, safe to ther other side."

"Luke plucked ther yellow-jackets, kissed 'em an' waved 'em to her, an' then remountin' he again urged his steed ter leap ther terrible chasm. Hoas an' rider hang for a minute in ther air. It was awful—it was awful! You kin hev no idea of what it war, Felix. Ther hoas fell to clear the chasm this time. His forehead struck ther edge, an' fer a minute he struggled ter gain a footin' then his boots slipped off ther rocks, an' with a cry that war almost human, he fell back—down, down, down, carryin' his rider into the dark an' terrible depths below!"

"Poor Nancy! Fer long weeks she laid on her bed with a rakin' fever, ravin' in delirium, an' livin' over an' over again ther fearful scene. She never was conscious long enough ter be made ter understand that her lover still lived—that by fallin' on ther body of his hoas he hed escaped alive, though he war terribly wounded. He never was able ter leave his bed ter see Nancy, an' she wouldn't hev knowed 'im if he hed. It was long months afore ther fever left her, an' then she hed lost her reason forever. But ther good Lord took mercy on her, an' afore ther warm breezes war blowin' again she hed been laid hyer ter rest. Ther's her grave, Felix."

"They call me 'Old Hoopes' an' they say I'm crazy. They're not fer wrong. You've guessed it, Felix—I'm Luke Golden. I rode a fine hoas down to death at ther bottom of Purgatory, fer Nancy's love. I couldn't set up fer over a year after ther terrible fall, an' you see how I hev been ever since—a hunchback, Felix, one of the wust lookin' critters on ther face of ther earth."

"I've never been back to ther ranch. They give me some money fer it, I don't know how much, an' I hev stayed around hyer whar she used ter be. I'll die before long, Felix, an' they will bury me hyer at Purgatory, beside Nancy. Poor Nancy!"—*Arthur G. Griswold, in Yankee Blade*.

A Surprising Statement.

We boldly assert that all American china and glazed crockery ware is enameled with a preparation consisting largely of the red oxide of lead, or it is commonly known, litharge. This salt of lead is very soluble in the fatty acids especially in butyric acid. All fatty goods contain this acid and when from the frequent alternate expansion and contraction of the enamel or glazing we use on the table, cracks have formed, the butyric acid insinuates itself under the enamel, takes up the lead, and with the food on the plate is taken into the stomach, where being a cumulative poison it insidiously poisons the system. Do not let us deceive ourselves by thinking that the quantity of lead is small, but remember that the quantity of lead set free by carbonic acid in the water running through a lead pipe is still less, and yet no less authority than Professor Chandler has proven that much lead-poisoning is due to this.—*American Analyst*.

"Would the ladies be in favor of a uniform marriage law, do you think?" asked a member of Congress of one of his fair constituents; and she replied: "Very likely, if the uniform were a pretty one and had a handsome man in it."

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A machine of one-horse power would keep 27,000,000 watches going.—*La Nature*.

—The demand for cottonseed oil consumes about one-half the present production of cotton seed.

—Type made from paper is the latest novelty. A process has been patented in England by which large type can be made from pulp.

—It is admitted by foreign electricians that the progress made in the United States in the use of electricity is far in advance of that of any other nation.

—In a paper on injurious insects, Prof. J. A. Lintner placed the total number of insect species in the world at 60,000. Of these found in the United States 7,000 or 8,000 are fruit pests, and at least 210 attack the apple.

—Scientists claim that a tide mill located at the Bay of Fundy would generate 700,000 horse-power twelve hours a day. This distributed electrically and sold to every State in the Union would save the coal supply.

—Sometimes the pressure of an artesian flow of water results from a gas pressure instead of from a high head of water. Dakota, for instance, has several artesian wells 1,000 feet deep, with 250 to 300 pounds pressure, but there are no high places near by to give this head of water.

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—It is said that the big cattle ranches of the far West and Southwest are breaking up. A year ago the Niobrara Land and Cattle Company, which has become bankrupt, refused \$1,000,000 for its property. Instead of the big companies swallowing the little ones, it is thought that the tendency is toward the breaking up of the big ranches into smaller ones.

—An infant loses from three to six ounces in weight during the first four to six days; by the seventh day it should have gained its birth-weight; from that to the fifth month it ought to gain about five ounces per week, or about six drachms a day; after the fifth month, about four drachms a day; at the fifth month it ought to have doubled its birth-weight, and in sixteen months quadrupled it.

—A chemical explanation of Ireland's distress is that it is due to too exclusive subsistence upon potatoes. Though a healthful luxury, this food alone supplies too little nutrition to support people other than in a half-starved and dissatisfied condition. It is probable, therefore, that Ireland's woes would be greatly reduced if the productive soil and climate were applied to the growth of nutritive cereals instead of the tubers.

—The latest idea in the direction of waterproof foot-wear is a shoe made with a stout calfskin vamp, seamless, underlying which is a vamp of thin rubber, and between it and the lining, which is of stout canvas. The bottom of the shoe has a rubber interlining between the outer and the inner soles, and this the shoe is about as near waterproof as a leather shoe can be. It is said to wear well and preserve its waterproof qualities for an indefinite period.

—A sound issuing from a fog gives no trustworthy indication of the direction of its source. A recent experience gives two cases in his own writing from Newport when the sound from a fog-horn at Beaver Tail seemed to come from several directions, each ten or fifteen degrees apart, and there is a well-known case where a transatlantic steamer, bound to New York, got into the line of the railroad which is to be built from Bombay directly across to California. The children of the Sunday-schools of the denomination in the United States contributed a fund of some four thousand dollars which was used to erect a house for this mission, and in her last letter she modestly tells how the work was done.

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It takes a Buffalo girl to hold her own among the heathens, or any where else. Incidentally Miss Graybiel states that the son of a German missionary living some forty miles distant was killed by a tiger. She attended the funeral, making the journey through the solid jungle in a cart drawn by a pair of the buffaloes, with the chance of being sprung upon by that or some other tiger at any moment. Such is life in the wilds of Hindostan.—*Buffalo Courier*.

—There are only ten persons in a thousand who, when they hear strange noises in their house, do not immediately make a light to find out the cause," said one of the detectives of a private agency. "This is the most absolute piece of folly a sane person can commit, and yet it only seems natural. But let me tell you that when you hear any noise that indicates the presence in your house of a person who has no business there, first take the precaution to search out the light. Then, if you want to catch do so in the dark. Of course you know the house better than any intruder, and the intruder will expose himself either by showing a light or stumbling over something. Then you have the advantage of knowing his position without his knowing yours."

"There is many a murdered man in his grave to-day who would have been alive had he more preposterous than the idea of a man in his right mind (knowing that if a burglar is in his house and is discovered he will take desperate means) actually offering himself as a target by appearing with a light in his hand, which does no more good than to betray his presence, as it is only natural that he can not see three feet beyond the rays of the light. Take the record of murders committed where only burglary was intended, and you will find that three-quarters of them are due to the folly of searching for the burglar with a light."—*N. Y. Sun*.

NEWSPAPER WRITERS.

—Gentifying improvements in the character of Journalism.

Why is it, we sometimes hear the question asked, that the owners and managers of newspapers do not take greater pains in the selection of the men who do the work on them? Why is it, the outsider wonders, that men of shady characters, or with no character at all, are able to obtain situations as writers or correspondents of prominent journals. In short, why are not all the men engaged in an occupation which offers so fine a scope for talent, which is so attractive to men of brain—who are not all such men scholars and gentlemen?

The first suggestion that these queries brings up is to remind the questioner that a large majority of the capable and successful journalists of the day are men of good character as well as of a careful education. There are a few great newspapers in the country in the offices of which men who can worthily claim the name of gentlemen are not preferred to those who are careless in their conduct and way of living. There is an improvement noticeable in this respect from year to year. The American newspaper as it exists now, is a very recent creation. It has grown up since the opening of the war of the rebellion. Many of the weekly newspapers of to-day have larger establishments and employ more men than most of the daily newspapers could show in 1860. Some of the most valuable newspaper properties in the United States have been entirely built up within the past fifteen years. Men of limited means who have acquired newspapers of small circulation and influence in certain localities, have seen them increase until they have become enormously remunerative. In nearly every American newspaper office what is known as "the business management" has a vast deal to do with the growth and success of the paper. Successful business management in many offices consists "in keeping down the employment of men—who are 'cheap' in character and inessential to the value of a good name. They are men who 'can get news' or who can turn off quickly a flippant and 'fetching' article, but who have such weaknesses as to render them incapable of advancement in the profession of journalism. They are men who never 'get ahead,' but who still have ability enough to make them useful in a way. They are tolerated because they perform an amount of work which men of better standing in the community could not be got to do for the same money. Occasionally, of course, there is some really brilliant and forcible writer who is able to make himself indispensable in a newspaper office to which he brings a most disreputable private life and reputation. But generally speaking, it may be asserted that the tendency in journalism, as in other professions and callings, is to set up standards of conduct and character which render it more and more difficult for knaves and blackguards to obtain an entrance into it. Let us hope that the time may come when it will be as difficult and as unusual for such persons to become journalists as it is for them now to obtain access to any of the other great professions.—*Washington Capital*.

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PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Strawberries are 912 a quart. There ought to be gold in quarts of this kind for the producer.—*Boston Bulletin*.

—Pulling weeds is not so unpleasant work, particularly when they grow on a pretty little widow's bonnet.—*Pack*.

—There are no real estate agents in Alaska. That's why nobody pretends it has the most delightful climate in the world.—*Boston Globe*.

—The men who have walked barefooted over the burning sand of the desert always know all about the times "that tried men's souls."

—"Nothing is more pernicious than the habit of contracting debts," remarked a father to his spendthrift son. "Don't you think expending them is a little worse?" asked the latter.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle*.

—Some people are so sanguine in this world that they think they can plant a handful of seed in a snow-drift and gather a car-load of strawberries the day after the first thaw.—*Baltimore American*.

—"Ma, did that comedy you saw last night make all the folks cry?" "Why, no, my dear, I never laughed so much in all my life." "Well, pa told Mr. Jones everybody in the theater sat in 'taters!"

—"Teacher—'Johnny, do you remember the proverb I gave you yesterday?" Johnny—"No'm." "Speech is silver and what is it?" "I dunno, mum." "I know," spoke up a little boy at the foot of the class. "Very well, you may recite it." "Speech is silver, but money talks."—*N. Y. Sun*.

—"How are you and your wife coming on?" asked an Austin gentleman of a colored man. "She has run me off, boss." "What's the matter?" "I is to blame, boss. I gave her a splendid white silk dress, and den she got so proud she hed no use for me. She said I was too dark to match de dress."—*Texas Siftings*.

—"You have mentioned several times during the evening," observed one of the audience to a lecturer, "the word periphrasia. Would you kindly inform me of its precise meaning?" "Certainly," said he, "it is simply a circumlocutory and pleonastic circle of oratorical sonorosity circumscribing an atom of ideality lost in verbal profundity."

—"Anxious Father—" "I wish you would tell me what to do with my boy. He is willful, disobedient and surly. I dress him down, with a horsewhip a dozen times a week, and sometimes lock him in the coal-house for half a day to discipline him, but it does no good; he comes out as defiant as ever. What does such a boy need?" Rev. Mr. Surplice (decidedly)—"He needs a change of fathers."

—The Bottom in Which the Hugo Animals Were Held by the Spaniards.

The ancients, who are sparing in their praise of the dog, (by far the largest part of the world has always abhorred him as the very type of uncleanliness), could not speak too highly of the elephant. The older Pliny, who was a diligent collector of anecdotes rather than an observer, surpasses himself when he treats of this animal. He places him as unquestionably next to man. Intelligence, obedience, memory, ambition, affection, honesty, prudence and justice are among the catalogue of virtues which he ascribes to these creatures. He even declares that they are religious, worshipping the stars, the sun and the moon, an opinion in which he is followed by Ptolemy and Strabo. The stories which he tells of their sagacity and aptitude for acquiring accomplishments are marvelous. They should go into the history of the world as a dance or a gladiatorial combat is credible. Bucephalus tells of one which he himself saw in Turkey that danced and played at ball. But our faith is taxed when we read of four elephants walking on tight ropes, carrying another in a litter. Yet the testimony of the ancients as to this particular accomplishment is very strong. Possibly the funambulism of elephants is one of the lost arts of antiquity. Writing also is an accomplishment which we fear the animal no longer acquires. Mucianus, the friend of Vespasian, knew of an animal which could write a Greek hexameter, not, however, out of its own head; and we have a pathetic story of one which, having been beaten for being somewhat backward in its reading—for the elephants own the human trait of having dunces among them—was found diligently copying the implement of war. The Carthaginians were the first to utilize him in European warfare, and it is a remarkable fact that they, and they only, have been able to educate the African species of the race for human uses. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the military utility of the animal compensated for the enormous expense and trouble which he must have caused. If Hannibal had not lost all his elephants but one almost before he began his campaign he would certainly have found it impossible to feed them. Their use, indeed, in Western warfare has not been frequent. One of the latest occasions of their employment seems to have been by the Emperor Claudius when he invaded Britain in the third year of his reign. They are still found, but for some rather than use, in the military establishments of the East. But it is clear that they could not exist in the face of the arms of precision.—*London Spectator*.

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

TWO VALENTINES.

Mary to Fanny.
Bert and Nell and Caroline
Sit a-choosing valentines,
Laugh and whisper, nod and wink—
Got a secret, 'pooe they think.
Call me baby! Sakes alive!
They forget I'm almost five.
Guess I know whom I love best
Well as Bert and all the rest.
Here's a pencil on the shelf,
Now I'll write one all myself.

"This is from your little Mary:
There—it says as plain as day.
Loves you more than tongue can tell
(That's what Charlie wrote for Nell)—
Loves you all the day and night,
All the dark and all the bright—
More than candy, pink and size
Frosted cake, or choc'late mice.
Now I know your eyes will shine
'Cause you're choosed my Valentine."

Fanny to Mary.
Here's to my little maid,
When I love well;
All her sweet, winsome ways
I can not tell;
Now guess she puts on
Each day and hour,
More than candy, pink and size
Frosted cake, or choc'late mice.
My precious Fanny!
Here's to my little maid,
Who loves me well;
All my fond thoughts for her
No tongue can tell.
I am her sweetheart true,
And she is mine;
She is the girl I choose
My Valentine.
—*Shirley Huntington Miller, in Our Little Ones*.

GENERAL GEORGE.

The Valentine He Did Not, and the One He Did, Receive.

We fellows always called him General George, and so did the girls. His name was George Washington. There was a Smith tacked on to it, but that was so short and so at the end, like a bob on a kite, that folks "most always forgot it."

He belonged to Miss Melissa Melon. She got him out of the county house, and he did chores for her and was company, seeing she lived alone two miles down the road from the "Corners." It was a pretty good walk on a cold winter morning, for the roads were generally drifted down that way, but I tell you that made no difference to General George. Rain or shine, he was always the first at the school-house. He swept out, you know, and made the fire, and so on, and he was always at his post.

Jane Graham, one of the girls that has traveled around considerable, and seen a big statue of the first George Washington, says that there was a few lines on the bottom of the marble, and they said: "First in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." "Our General," she said, "was first in piece (his clothes were awfully patched, you see), first in war (he could fight like blazes when he was a mind to), and first in the school-house in the morning!"

Well, he was the funniest-looking creature you ever saw! My, how he did laugh the first day he came! Tall, awful tall, and as thin as a rail, with a big head and a shock of black hair. Celesty Moore said he looked for all the world like her big shawl-pin! And when Miss Root asked his name, he drew himself up on his long legs and stood up straight and stiff as a poker, and says in a loud voice, like as he was a soldier, "My name is George Washington," here Bill Greene, who sat behind, pinched him, and he jumped and turned red, and never said the Smith at all, and there's no knowing whether Miss Root ever put it down."

Well, the General war'n' much in his studies when he first came. Fanny put him in the "First Reader," with Billy Driggs, and they read all these chapters. But my stars! It war'n' no two terms before that 'ere chap had shipped up into his highest class, and was reading the "Fourth Reader," with the biggest scholar! He was at it all the while, too. Dig! dig! dig! Didn't care a copper for recess. F'raps, though, he didn't have much fun on the play-ground—we fellows run him so much, and the girls were always poking fun, too.

But let's see; I started out to tell you about his valentine, didn't I? It happened the morning of February fourth. School hadn't begun yet. Rob Haldy, Charlie Forbes, and one or two other fellows, were over by the girls' seats. Myrtle Talbot had a lot of valentines on her desk. Some had been sent her, and others she was going to send to folks.

Most of them were real pretty—all lace-paper, pink roses, hearts and darts, and little angels playing with bows and arrows—but there were a few funny ones. There was one gamey old chap, with a cocked hat, long-tailed coat, and a pair of top-boots. He looked as though he'd just got up to make a speech.

"Oh, my eye!" says Rob, "that's General George, sure enough!"
"You ought to send it to him," says Clara Gordon.
"Do!" we all joined in. "It would be a splendid joke!"
"How can I send it to him so he'll get it to-day?" says Myrtle.
"Put it in his dinner basket," said Clara.

"Yes, and now's your time to do it," says Rob, "for he's gone down to the pump!"
We all rushed pell-mell across the room to General George's seat. Rob grabbed up the basket. It was a ragged old one, the cover tied on by a string.

"Now, we'll see what the General's got to eat!" says Rob. "He's a slish pig, any way! Now, you know, when any of us boys bring something nice to share it. We just have a jolly picnic in the recitation-room."

"But the General don't, says I. 'He never comes with us, but mopes out here alone, and even tips up the lid of his desk so we can't see what he's got!'"

"I know it!" says Rob; and he gave a sniff as he yanked off the string. Then he pulled up the cover and peered in. Then he looked at it, and says: "By the Great Horn Spoon!"

We always knew when Rob said that he was considerably surprised. The rest of us crowded around pecked in, too, and what do you s'pose the General had?

Nice white bread and butter with a bit of cold chicken or ham, a piece of apple-pie, a lump of cheese and a chunk of fruit-cake?

He had—just one small piece of rye-bread and a raw turnip!

That was all! No butter even on the bread!

Myrtle stepped back, and her face was all red and her eyes kinder shiny and misty. She grabbed the valentine from Clara's hand and tore it into forty-seven bits before you could say "Jack Robinson."

"General George'll never have this valentine!" she said.
"Why don't that mean old maid feed him better?" says Rob, angrily.

"I s'pose she can't afford it!" says Myrtle. "She's awful poor. But she's good to the General—that is, he seems to like her. I s'pose she gives him as good as she has herself!"

"But rye-bread and a turnip!" says Rob, groaning. "It seems to me something ought to be done about it."
"This thing's got to be seen to. We've acted real mean to the General, teasing the very life out of him! It's a shame! Poor fellow! With no father or mother! How could