

St. Tammany Farmer.

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

COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., MARCH 31, 1888.

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W. G. KENTZEL, Editor.

UNREST.

The further you journey and wander
From the sweet simple faith of your youth,
The more you peer into the void,
And search for the root of all truth,
The matter which secrets uncover
Their varied mystic bows in your quest,
Or close on your astral sight hover,
Still, still shall you walk with unrest.

If you seek for strange things you shall find them,
But the finding shall bring you to grief;
The dead lock the portals behind them,
And he who breaks through is a thief.
The soul with such ill-gotten plunder,
With its premature knowledge oppressed,
Shall grope in hopeless wonder
Along by the shores of unrest.

Though bold hands lift up the thin curtain
That hides the unknown from our sight;
Through a shadowy faith becomes certain
Of the new life that follows death's night;
Though miracles past comprehension
Shall startle the heart in your breast,
Still, still will your thirst be unending,
And your soul will be sad with unrest.

There are truths too sublime and too holy
To grasp with a mortal mind's touch,
We are happier far to be lowly;
Content means not knowing too much.
Peace dwells not with hearts that are yearning
To fathom all labyrinth's anguished,
And the soul that is best on vast learning
Shall find with its knowledge—unrest.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in *Lippincott's*.

BRAVING A STORM.

The True Story of a School-Teacher's Heroism.

The 31st of December, 186— is remembered by many persons as the date of the beginning of one of the wildest and most fatally destructive winter storms that ever swept across the wide, unprotected prairies of the West. The inhabitants of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota, and of the West generally, suffered severely.

In Middle Illinois the storm broke with almost the suddenness of a tornado, resulting not only in great destruction of domestic animals, but in the loss of many human lives. The season until then had been uncommonly mild, and even on this last day of the year the roads were deep with mud.

The morning dawned with a deceitful brightness; a gentle, spring-like breeze came from the south, the sky was cloudless, and the old-fashioned rail fence cast a distinct zigzag shadow along the south side of the road, as Mary Rast, a girl-high school-teacher, and several of her small pupils, all in high glee over the approaching New Year's holiday, picked their way carefully toward the school-house. This building stood out by itself on the prairie, and the only dwelling within half a mile was that of Mr. Kent, in whose family Miss Rast boarded.

The attendance on that day was unusually small; only twelve scholars reported themselves; and these were mostly from the nearest families; for the older settlers, accustomed to the capricious weather of the West, had viewed the brightness of the morning with suspicion, and kept their children at home. By noon a slight haze overcast the sun, but the air was still quiet and mild. Three boys, who lived about a mile distant, and a cousin staying with them, ran home across the fields to dinner, and, somewhat to the teacher's surprise, did not return.

She was thus left with a flock of eight. Four of these were children of Mr. Kent; two of the others lived a mile and a half away, while the remaining two, Willie and Mary Wood, who were only ten and eight years old, respectively, came from a house fully three-quarters of a mile west of the school-house.

About two o'clock the day suddenly began to darken, and there came a few short, but fierce puffs of wind from the southwest. The young teacher looked out anxiously, wondering at the change, and saying to herself that she must hold a short session and send the children home in good season. For half an hour all was quiet again, but a thick, murky gloom came creeping over the landscape, and a few flakes of snow fell slowly and silently, melting as fast as they touched the muddy ground.

An older and more experienced person could have known what to expect from such signs, and would have fled with the scholars to the nearest place of safety; but Miss Rast, as we have said, was only a girl, and, moreover, had never wintered in the West before, so that she knew little about the fierceness of a winter storm on the prairie.

Again the wind blew in angry gusts, this time longer, louder and more directly from the west, and again followed the short interval of strange silence. The temperature fell with great rapidity, until, in a few minutes, the air was freezing cold; then all at once, with a wild, thunderous roar, the storm burst. From west to north stretched a black, heaving sea of cloud, tossed and torn by the wind, that now shrieked and screamed like a storm demon. In trembling haste the teacher set about preparing the children for their terrible journey. There was no staying at the school-house, with neither fuel nor fuel for the long, bitter night, and she determined to take the whole company to her own boarding-place, knowing how welcome they would be—if only they could get there.

By this time the frightened children were clinging about her, and little Mary Wood began crying to go home. Poor little thing! she could not bear to be separated from her mother, even over night. Willie sternly declared that they could get home well enough, but the teacher would not consent to their making the attempt. By going east with her they would have the wind nearly at their backs, and it was clear enough that no child could live in the face of such a storm.

Of the eight scholars, the oldest was

little more than twelve, while Robbie Kent, a delicate boy, was younger even than Mary Wood. This smallest and weakest of the flock Miss Rast made her especial care, and, taking him by the hand, she made the rest grasp each other firmly, bidding them keep together, and close to her. Then, at last, she opened the door that had stood, a frail barrier, between them and the storm. The first gust took them off their feet; but the little teacher summoned strength and courage, and, with a silent prayer for help, gathered them up, hushed their outcries, and, putting the smaller children between the larger, and making them take hold of her cloak, her dress, her hands—somehow they must keep together—started them again on their well-nigh impossible journey.

It was like trying to walk through deep-drifted snow, so thick was the air, while the wind raged and howled, twisting and flinging them from side to side.

"Keep—together—children!" panted the little teacher, as she huddled them up for a few moments to take breath.

There was no crying now; only a weak, quivering wail from Robbie, that caused the teacher to catch him up in her arms, and clasp him close, with a sinking heart, lest he should be smothered by the blinding snow, fine as flour but sharp as needle points. And so, panting and struggling, now stopping to count if all were there, and now pushing on again, they fought their fearful way, step by step.

"Keep—together—children!" was all the breathless teacher tried to say; and still the storm increased in fury; every moment the sky grew blacker and thicker, and night was fast settling down on the poor, struggling band.

Their puny strength was all but exhausted. Every crevice of their clothing was filled with snow, their eyelids were covered with frost, tears were frozen on cold little cheeks, tiny hands grew too stiff to hold on to each other; and still the teacher counted her flock, and hoped and prayed that somehow she might yet save them all.

But in such a tempest human strength and ingenuity are of small avail; and when, at last, gasping, numb and nearly frozen, she sank down once more and drew the children about her, she discovered, to her horror, that Willie and Mary Wood were missing.

How wildly she called their names, and how vainly! while only the wind, like a mocking fiend, answered her cries. She dared not leave the other children even for an instant. Once away from them, she knew she could never find them again; and moreover, little Robbie now lay a dead weight in her arms, that seemed no longer able to carry him.

Almost overwhelmed she sat, the children around and upon her, and the snow surging and drifting ever them. Yet she would not give up all hope. She remembered that they had crossed the small brook. They must, therefore, be more than half-way home; and, furthermore, they were still near the brook-fence which skirted the road. So that every step taken was certainly in the right direction.

She crowded the children together, protecting their faces from the storm as best she could, in order that they might rest, and recover their spent breath; she gently rubbed and talked to Robbie, until he revived a little; then getting them all in front of her, the smallest in the center, she made them start again.

But the stupefied children now began to whimper, begging to lie down; and she had almost to force them on, step by step, pushing one, pulling another, gathering them up when they fell, and keeping them up the time in a bunch, lest others should drop out, as Mary and Willie had done.

So she fought and struggled till the hands with which she tried to grasp the children were too deadened to feel any thing, and bitter despair filled her heart.

Then, all at once, some one, groping through the snow and battling with the wind, brushed against them, and she heard a shout, as if it were muffled and far away. In another moment, Robbie was in his father's arms, while the little teacher, completely overcome, sobbed aloud for relief and joy.

Mr. Kent had taken with him his grown-up son and a hired man, and, to prevent separation, had adopted a device of mountain climbers and fastened them all together by a long line passed round the body of each.

Miss Rast, in eager haste, reported the loss of Mary and Willie, and begged the men to endeavor to find them; but Mr. Kent pronounced the attempt out of the question, especially as the remaining children were fast freezing to death. They must not sacrifice seven lives in a fruitless effort to save two.

The three rescuers now surrounded the worn-out group, and the rope proved to be of the greatest service, keeping them as in a small pen. Even the teacher was glad to cling to it for support. The men hurried the children onward, carrying them at times, and then driving them like bewildered sheep; till, finally the friendly doorway was reached, where a mother's longing heart and eager arms gathered them in with thankfulness too deep for words.

Fingers, faces and feet were found to be badly frozen; but willing hands worked rapidly, stripping and rubbing, thawing the frosted parts with snow and cold water, and soon the weary and little sufferers fell into a heavy sleep. Miss Rast's own hands were injured so badly that it was weeks before she could use them; but her thoughts were

all of the two lost children. All that night, exhausted as she was, she scarcely slept. O, if she had but watched them more closely! So she reproached herself, while to every one else it seemed little less than a miracle that she had been able to save so many of her charges.

It was nearly three days before the wind died away, so that word could be taken to poor, widowed Mrs. Wood. She had feared the worst, yet the news came with crushing force; for however much we may expect death, we are never prepared for its actual presence. For weeks she found herself often looking out of the window, half expecting to see Mary and Willie coming home again after school.

The whole neighborhood turned out, as soon as the storm was over, and worked day after day, shoveling over the snow. But all proved in vain, and it was not till spring that the little bodies were found, buried under one of the largest drifts, several rods from the road. Evidently the children had lost their hold on the others while crossing the little brook, and the wind had carried them down the bed of the run and lodged them against a steep bank in the field, where the snow soon packed its cold and pitiless weight upon them.

Poor little brother and sister! Their hands were still tightly clasped. With all their childish strength they had striven to obey their teacher and "keep together"; and together they had gone home, on the wings of the wild, winter tempest. —Mrs. L. J. Strong, in *Youth's Companion*.

OUR CALIFORNIA LETTER.

SACRAMENTO CITY, JANUARY 21, 1888. (Special Correspondence.)

California, the largest State in the Union except Texas, is 700 miles long with an average width of 250 miles. The Sierra Nevada and Coast Range of mountains run parallel, northeast and southwest, the Sierra Nevada being a distance of from 8,000 to 14,000 feet, the Coast Range from 2,500 to 4,000 feet, and they are divided by a number of valleys and rivers, the principal one being the Sacramento valley, 200 miles in length and 45 miles average width, through which runs the Sacramento river, a navigable stream for about 150 miles from its entrance into Suisun bay, a small bay at the head of the bay of San Francisco.

Sacramento valley proper includes the counties of Sacramento, Yuba, Butte, Tehama, Colusa, Sutter, Yolo and Solano, these being bordered by the mountain ranges of Amador, El Dorado, Placer, Nevada, Siskiyou, Plumas, Glenn, Colusa, Mendocino, Lake and Siskiyou, affording a great variety of soil and climate, owing to the difference in elevation.

The soil of the valley proper is a mixture of the Sacramento river valley, 200 miles in length and 45 miles average width, through which runs the Sacramento river, a navigable stream for about 150 miles from its entrance into Suisun bay, a small bay at the head of the bay of San Francisco.

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THE GREAT TARPON.

A Florida Sportsman Tells Something About This Game Fish.

As a valiant the tarpon is unequalled, and his aerial feats must be seen to be appreciated. On one occasion my friend J. and a companion were rowing through Salt river (a tributary of the Homosassa) in a sixteen-foot White-hull boat. A tarpon was sunning himself in the grass, and, being disturbed, made for deep water. Finding the water shallow and the boat in the way, he endeavored to clear it at an angle. The head of the fish came into contact with the side of G's companion, which deflected him from his course, and he passed under one of the boat seats. A pocket knife was used "to settle his ivory-like armor of the fish. Oars were used to displace the prisoner, but it was found that if he were interfered with the boat would suffer from the vigorous blows of his head and tail. G. seated himself in the stern and his companion in the bow, and for the time the fish was awarded the post of honor un molested. When peace was declared the gentlemen resumed their oars, but the one who deflected the silver king in his course found that he could not "paddle his own canoe." For several of his ribs were fractured. G. roved the boat to Jones' Landing, on the Homosassa, and the tarpon was weighed, tipping the scales at 153 pounds. The above statement is not in the least exaggerated.

Among other instances cited, one in which the captain of the Water Lily suffered is remarkable. The captain was seated on a chair in the center of the forward deck with his back to the pilot house on the steamer while on route from Jacksonville to Mayport. As the boat was passing St. John's bluff a frisky tarpon leaped from the water, cleared the guard, and landed in the captain's lap. The captain was knocked over by the shock, but the briny valiant was secured, weighing sixty-eight pounds.

The capture of a tarpon with a hook and line is a difficult undertaking. Every summer many are hooked, but few are landed. "I have had on many occasions," writes Dr. Kenworthy, "these fish seize my bait and run with lightning-like rapidity for twenty or a hundred yards, then leap into the air and shake their heads, like a terrier shaking a rat, and expel the bait. The colored gentry have learned by experience never to interfere with a tarpon while in his playful moods, for one of their number, while fishing in Trout creek a few years ago, had the sinker thrown at his head by a frisky member of the family. The fish had taken the bait and rushed off only a few rods, when he vaulted into the air and threw the bait, sinker, and all clear into the boat, striking the man on his head. He never attempted the experiment again.

The able writer continues in this strain to give his experiences, and finally gives a complete description of a barbarous and unsportsmanlike rig for the capture of this noble fish. He uses piano wire, and makes three joints six inches long and three or four inches in length. He solders the joints, tins them to prevent rust, and attaches a brass swivel two and a half inches in length. Two hooks are soldered in each link, and two lines of hooks are presented when completed. Plenty of fine copper wire is used in wrapping the hooks and links together, and with solder the union is perfect. The bait used is a mullet cut from head to tail. Each link is attached to the bait by fine twine, and an attractive bait is offered with hooks partially concealed and an invisible hook to catch the fish. This tackle is strong for sharks nine feet in length have been captured with the rig. —*Jacksonville, (Fla.) News-Herald*.

ODD EXPRESSIONS.

An Amusing Collection of Verbal Bulls and Blunders.

Curious ways of expressing ideas in English may be expected from foreigners, as, for instance, when the Frenchman, who paid a call in this country and was about to be introduced to a family, said: "Ah, ze ladies! Zeu I would before, if you please, wish to purify mine hands and to sweep mine hair!"

But the various nationalities of the British Isles are sometimes not a whit behind in verbal bulls and blunders and in what may generally be described as odd ways of putting things. It is said that when Constable's aunt was dying the good, dead old lady said: "Anne, if I should be spared to be taken away, I hope my nephew will see the doctor to open my head and see if any thing can be done for my hearing."

A Scotch publican was complaining of his servant-maid that she could never be found when required: "She'll gang out o' the house," said he, "twenty times for once she'll come in."

A Welsh landlord who for some time had been annoyed by an obstreperous guest, walked across the room to him and striking the table with his fist, shouted very volubly: "You haf kicked up a row all day ere to-night! We was not interfere with you, do we? Ebery man here mind his own business; yas, by Jink, no."

The beggar was verbally mixed who thus accosted a passer-by: "Sir, would you please give me a little money to buy a bit of bread, for I'm so dreadfully thirsty that I don't know where I am to get a night's lodging?"

The same may be said of a country yokel who went to the menagerie to examine the wild beasts. Several gentlemen expressed the opinion that the orange-outang was a lower order of the human species. Hodge did not like this idea, and striding up to the gentleman expressed his contempt for it in these words: "Pooh! he's no more of the human species than I be."

"Mamma, is that a spoiled child?" asked a little boy on seeing a negro baby for the first time.

An amusing announcement was issued by a corn-cutter from Leige: "They extarct the corn vidout the littest pain. Cut nales, deformed vitch spreads in the fleisch—by a new methode vidout pain. They spokes French, English, Italian, Spanitch, Portugese, Dutch and Garman vid equal fluency and ritem ded."

Over a bridge in Georgia is the following: "Any person driving over this bridge in a pace faster than a walk shall, if a white man, be fined five dollars, and if a negro receive twenty-five lashes, half the penalty to be bestowed on the informer."

In a small town near Avignon the houses in the suburbs became flooded up to the level of the first floor. An enterprising resident distributed among his neighbors the following card: "M. Brochet, professor of swimming, is prepared to give lessons at the pupil's residence." The professor may be said to have taken fortune at the flood.

A shop exhibits a card warning every body against unscrupulous persons "who infringe our title to deceive the public." We are afraid the shopman does not say quite what he means any more than the proprietor of an eating-house near the docks, on the door of which may be read the following announcement, conveying fearful intelligence to the gallant tars who frequent this port: "Sailors' vitals cooked here."

A boarding-house keeper announces in one of the newspapers that he has a cottage to let containing eight rooms and an acre of land. A dealer in cheap shoes was equally ambiguous when he counseled in his advertisements: "Ladies wishing these cheap shoes will do well to call soon, as they will not last long." The same may be said of the following: "This hotel will be kept by the widow of the former landlord, who died last summer on a new and improved plan."

A Scottish blacksmith, being asked the meaning of metaphysics, replied: "When the party who speaks disna ken what he means himself—that's metaphysics."

Perhaps as odd a way of putting things as any of the foregoing examples was furnished by a little Parisian mendicant, who, following a gentleman, said: "Monsieur, give me just a penny; I'm an orphan by birth." The definition was worth ten centimes to her. —*London Spectator*.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Venus, the morning star, is brighter than it ever appeared to any man now living, and nearer to the earth than it will be again for 340 years.

German experiments have shown that cast-iron pillars remain nearly upright and sustain their load in very hot fires, while those of wrought iron bend to such a degree as to be valueless as supporters.

Cherry tree gum is an exudation from the trees of that name, and occurs in shiny red lumps. With water, in which it is only partially soluble, it forms a thick mucilage. This is not used commercially.

Electricity on railroads will surely not be long in coming. We are at the eve of greater changes than we have yet seen. The New York street car lines are experimenting with a promise of immediate action. The "Julien system," at present, meets with most favor. In Europe electric lines are a decided success on a small scale.

An important announcement to chemists is the recent synthesis of glucose, or grape-sugar, by Drs. Fischer and Tafel, at the University of Wurzburg. A remarkable attribute of the artificial product is that, unlike other sugars of the same composition, it will not rotate a beam of polarized light.

Since the first appearance of the great red spot on the planet Jupiter some nine years ago, Mr. W. F. Donning, the well-known English astronomer, has made about three hundred observations of the phenomenon. He believes the red spot to be a feature of Jupiter's atmosphere, and not of the surface of the planet.

It still seems to be an unsettled question whether wood can be ignited by the heat of 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.

According to Besnier, leprosy is spreading rapidly. Since the extension of the French colonial possessions, soldiers, sailors, traders and missionaries have fallen victims to it in large numbers. Besnier, therefore, exhorts physicians in all countries to study the fall disease in order to find means of counteracting its ravages, for it has never factored of infection in every part of the globe.

An electrical heating stove, invented in France, presents some interesting points of arrangement and operation. In it the conducting wires are led through apertures in plates of refractory clay and plumbago, and in which wire bobbins are placed as part of the electric circuit. To carry out this plan the bobbins are heated by the passage of the current, and in turn heat the air, which is allowed to pass freely through the apparatus.

Scientists are asked to tell why land that has been densely shaded, or protected from the sun by piles of lumber, brick, wood, stone or any thing else, for a few years, always becomes richer than adjacent land that has not been thus shaded or protected. It is alleged that a great number of facts have been collected showing that there is no doubt of the enrichment of land thus protected from the sun for any considerable period of time, but that no explanation of the phenomenon has yet been reached.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"Every man has his weak spot," and sometimes a man finds out that an ace high is his weak spot. —*Boston Bulletin*.

If one who delights in relics is called a reliquary, ought not an antiquary to be one who delights in antiques? —*Who is that man?* "He's the servant of old Smith, the undertaker." "Ah! then he's the valet of the shadow of death." —*Times Topics*.

The more faithfully a girl keeps a diary the more religiously she wants to keep it out of the way of everybody else in the neighborhood.

It is said that whisky is being made from old rags. Any clothes washer will remember instances where whiskey has made rags. —*Yonkers Statesman*.

Earrings are a relic of barbarism, unless, of course, the diamonds are unusually white and fine and cost a good deal more than anybody's else in the congregation.

That was an exhaustive article of mine on "Our Political Future," said the contributor to the editor. "I found it so," was the somewhat unsatisfactory reply. —*Washington Critic*.

An engagement ring on the finger of a young lady is apt to be made conspicuous by the wearer. It is the same way with a scalp worn by an Indian in his belt. —*N. O. Picayune*.

A father, wishing to get rid of his talkative little son, said: "Come, George, you're all tired out. Hurry up and go to bed." George looked solemnly at his parent, and slowly said: "Pa, you shouldn't try to hurry up a boy when you know he's all tired out."

The toboggan slide is dangerous to people having "heart troubles"; that is, to old, married and settled people. The youthful among the afflicted can venture down the slide and toil up it with comparatively safety. —*Maria's Vineyard Herald*.

Wilson, the celebrated yachtsman, was upset one day in his carriage near Edinburgh. A Scotch paper, after recording the accident, said: "We are happy to state he was able to appear the following evening in three pieces."

Some people sigh at their lives for wealth and never get it. Other people work hard for it all their lives and never get it. The best plan is to invent a suspender button that will stay on and keep the agency yourself. —*Sourville Journal*.

"If you see one cold and vehement at the same time set him down as a fanatic," says *Chrysothom*; and get it may be that he is only the lodger in third pair back, whose landlord has cut off the heat from his little room because he was necessarily behindhand with his rent. —*Journal of Education*.

Smith: "That paragraph in your *Daily Howler* touched you up rather severely, yesterday." Brown: "O yes; I don't mind that, however. The world will always contain fools, you know." "Yes, I suppose so. If there were no fools there wouldn't be anything for those fellows to write about, I suppose." —*Washington Critic*.

VATICAN ETIQUETTE.

How the Pope Entertains Princes and Other Important Personages.

The etiquette of the Vatican requires that the Pope shall dine alone, and while eating he reads the newspapers. When he wishes to show especial honor to a foreign Prince or to any personage of importance, he invites him to take a cup of coffee with him after the morning mass. On such occasions the guest is expected to attend the first mass and to receive the communion from the Pope's hands. The visitor, however, does not sit at the same table with his Holiness, but a smaller one alongside of him. Among those recently honored in this way were Don Carlos, the Spanish pretender, on the occasion of his son's confirmation, the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, the Prince Borghese, Alphonse, Duke of Aosta, and Prince de Monaco, while the same favor is often shown to the Pope's nephews. Cardinal Fieschi used to live in the Vatican, and he frequently visited his brother while the latter was eating dinner.

Dinner is served at one o'clock, the usual hour in Rome for that meal. This repast consists of soup, a dish of roast meat and vegetables, fruit and some old Bordeaux wine. No boiled meats or pork in any form or cheese is ever seen on the table.

The meal ended, his Holiness indulges in a nap of an hour's length while seated in a large arm-chair; then, weather permitting, he goes for a walk in the gardens, accompanied by one of his private chamberlains and a Lieutenant of the Papal Guards. His carriage is also in attendance, so that he can ride when overtaken by walking. His Holiness still considers himself a prisoner, and never leaves the precincts of the Vatican; but the gardens of that palace are very extensive, the main drive measuring quite a mile in length. At one end of the park is a vineyard, cultivated by the children of an agricultural orphanage that was founded by Pius IX. and named after him the *Vigna Pia*. Leo XIII. often visits the vineyard, and whenever he notices one of the boys doing his work intelligently he stops to have a chat. He takes much interest in agricultural matters, and is well posted in botany. —*Rome Letter*.

THEY NEVER DECLINE.

Women Who Have Never Been Known to Refuse an Invitation.

There are unquestionably some women living in this and every great and growing city who, were they upon the couch of death, could conscientiously say: "I have fought a good fight; I have, during a society experience of five or ten years, accepted every invitation that I ever received. I have taken in the old-fashioned general party, its successor the free o'clock tea, and the prevailing 'at home.' I have never refused an invitation to lunch, dinner or ball. I have always been on hand; when it was only going to be an informal affair, as well as when 'every body was going.' My friends have always put me on the list of those who are 'sure to come.' I never wasted a cent on a 'regret' card' in my life. I would not know how to write a dedication of an invitation. It has been hard sometimes to go to three or four entertainments on the same day, but I have managed to do it. My omnipresence in the social circle has been my strong point, for nobody ever appeared to be surprised at seeing me, and yet in this, my last hour, I recall the singular fact that I was always asked the next day if I was there. The strange part of it is that I have been an invalid the greater part of my social existence. I have been a profitable patient for many physicians; my 'delicate' constitution has been the source of constant anxiety to myself and of assured interest on the part of my friends. I have been obliged to make others do more for me than their share of life's hard work; but there has never been a day so cold that I got left when it came to being present at a party, ball, or any of the social festivities. What I chiefly regret in saying good-bye to what I can't take my calling-list with me; that I have got to begin with an entirely new set on the other side of the dark river, and must wait awhile before I can be generally introduced." —*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*.

Crete Your Love Letters.

Lovers' letters are usually treasured up as something too precious and sacred to cast into the fire. But into the fire they ought to go, every one of them. They are proverbially sweet, sickening sweet, and silly to every body but the train interested. They have no earthly value for others. And when true love does not run smooth, as so often happens, and the letters are read in the divorce court, or as the foundation for damages for wasted affections, in what depths of mortified vanity, impotent rage and helpless ridicule are poor lovers plunged. When the adored one writes to his angel, if she be gifted with moral prudence, and if she really and truly love her Charles, she will destroy his letter after reading it twice and kissing it three times. So also will Charles treat the missive of Angelina if he be worldly-wise. But lovers seldom or never are worldly-wise, and behold how the world is continually laughing at their unburned follies. —*Philadelphia Record*.

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California, the largest State in the Union except Texas, is 700 miles long with an average width of 250 miles. The Sierra Nevada and Coast Range of mountains run parallel, northeast and southwest, the Sierra Nevada being a distance of from 8,000 to 14,000 feet, the Coast Range from 2,500 to 4,000 feet, and they are divided by a number of valleys and rivers, the principal one being the Sacramento valley, 200 miles in length and 45 miles average width, through which runs the Sacramento river, a navigable stream for about 150 miles from its entrance into Suisun bay, a small bay at the head of the bay of San Francisco.

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ODD EXPRESSIONS.

An Amusing Collection of Verbal Bulls and Blunders.

Curious ways of expressing ideas in English may be expected from foreigners, as, for instance, when the Frenchman, who paid a call in this country and was about to be introduced to a family, said: "Ah, ze ladies! Zeu I would before, if you please, wish to purify mine hands and to sweep mine hair!"

But the various nationalities of the British Isles are sometimes not a whit behind in verbal bulls and blunders and in what may generally be described as odd ways of putting things. It is said that when Constable's aunt was dying the good, dead old lady said: "Anne, if I should be spared to be taken away, I hope my nephew will see the doctor to open my head and see if any thing can be done for my hearing."

A Scotch publican was complaining of his servant-maid that she could never be found when required: "She'll gang out o' the house," said he, "twenty times for once she'll come in."

A Welsh landlord who for some time had been annoyed by an obstreperous guest, walked across the room to him and striking the table with his fist, shouted very volubly: "You haf kicked up a row all day ere to-night! We was not interfere with you, do we? Ebery man here mind his own business; yas, by Jink, no."

The beggar was verbally mixed who thus accosted a passer-by: "Sir, would you please give me a little money to buy a bit of bread, for I'm so dreadfully thirsty that I don't know where I am to get a night's lodging?"

The same may be said of a country yokel who went to the menagerie to examine the wild beasts. Several gentlemen expressed the opinion that the orange-outang was a lower order of the human species. Hodge did not like this idea, and striding up to the gentleman expressed his contempt for it in these words: "Pooh! he's no more of the human species than I be."

"Mamma, is that a spoiled child?" asked a little boy on seeing a negro baby for the first time.

An amusing announcement was issued by a corn-cutter from Leige: "They extarct the corn vidout the littest pain. Cut nales, deformed vitch spreads in the fleisch—by a new methode vidout pain. They spokes French, English, Italian, Spanitch, Portugese, Dutch and Garman vid equal fluency and ritem ded."

Over a bridge in Georgia is the following: "Any person driving over this bridge in a pace faster than a walk shall, if a white man, be fined five dollars, and if a negro receive twenty-five lashes, half the penalty to be bestowed on the informer."

In a small town near Avignon the houses in the suburbs became flooded up to the level of the first floor. An enterprising resident distributed among his neighbors the following card: "M. Brochet, professor of swimming, is prepared to give lessons at the pupil's residence." The professor may be said to have taken fortune at the flood.

A shop exhibits a card warning every body against unscrupulous persons "who infringe our title to deceive the public." We are afraid the shopman does not say quite what he means any more than the proprietor of an eating-house near the docks, on the door of which may be read the following announcement, conveying fearful intelligence to the gallant tars who frequent this port: "Sailors' vitals cooked here."

A boarding-house keeper announces in one of the newspapers that he has a cottage to let containing eight rooms and an acre of land. A dealer in cheap shoes was equally ambiguous when he counseled in his advertisements: "Ladies wishing these cheap shoes will do well to call soon, as they will not last long." The same may be said of the following: "This hotel will be kept by the widow of the former landlord, who died last summer on a new and improved plan."

A Scottish blacksmith, being asked the meaning of metaphysics, replied: "When the party who speaks disna ken what he means himself—that's metaphysics."

Perhaps as odd a way of putting things as any of the foregoing examples was furnished by a little Parisian mendicant, who, following a gentleman, said: "Monsieur, give me just a penny; I'm an orphan by birth." The definition was worth ten centimes to her. —*London Spectator*.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Venus, the morning star, is brighter than it ever appeared to any man now living, and nearer to the earth than it will be again for 340 years.

German experiments have shown that cast-iron pillars remain nearly upright and sustain their load in very hot fires, while those of wrought iron bend to such a degree as to be valueless as supporters.

Cherry tree gum is an exudation from the trees of that name, and occurs in shiny red lumps. With water, in which it is only partially soluble, it forms a thick mucilage. This is not used commercially.

Electricity on railroads will surely not be long in coming. We are at the eve of greater changes than we have yet seen. The New York street car lines are experimenting with a promise of immediate action. The "Julien system," at present, meets with most favor. In Europe electric lines are a decided success on a small scale.

An important announcement to chemists is the recent synthesis of glucose, or grape-sugar, by Drs. Fischer and Tafel, at the University of Wurzburg. A remarkable attribute of the artificial product is that, unlike other sugars of the same composition, it will not rotate a beam of polarized light.

Since the first appearance of the great red spot on the planet Jupiter some nine years ago, Mr. W. F. Donning, the well-known English astronomer, has made about three hundred observations of the phenomenon. He believes the red spot to be a feature of Jupiter's atmosphere, and not of the surface of the planet.

It still seems to be an unsettled question whether wood can be ignited by the heat of 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.

According to Besnier, leprosy is spreading rapidly. Since the extension of the French colonial possessions, soldiers, sailors, traders and missionaries have fallen victims to it in large numbers. Besnier, therefore, exhorts physicians in all countries to study the fall disease in order to find means of counteracting its ravages, for it has never factored of infection in every part of the globe.

An electrical heating stove, invented in France, presents some interesting points of arrangement and operation. In it the conducting wires are led through apertures in plates of refractory clay and plumbago, and in which wire bobbins are placed as part of the electric circuit. To carry out this plan the bobbins are heated by the passage of the current, and in turn heat the air, which is allowed to pass freely through the apparatus.

Scientists are asked to tell why land that has been densely shaded, or protected from the sun by piles of lumber, brick, wood, stone or any thing else, for a few years, always becomes richer than adjacent land that has not been thus shaded or protected. It is alleged that a great number of facts have been collected showing that there is no doubt of the enrichment of land thus protected from the sun for any considerable period of time, but that no explanation of the phenomenon has yet been reached.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"Every man has his weak spot," and sometimes a man finds out that an ace high is his weak spot. —*Boston Bulletin*.

If one who delights in relics is called a reliquary, ought not an antiquary to be one who delights in antiques? —*Who is that man?* "He's the servant of old Smith, the undertaker." "Ah! then he's the valet of the shadow of death." —*Times Topics*.

The more faithfully a girl keeps a diary the more religiously she wants to keep it out of the way of everybody else in the neighborhood.

It is said that whisky is being made from old rags. Any clothes washer will remember instances where whiskey has made rags. —*Yonkers Statesman*.

Earrings are a relic of barbarism, unless, of course, the diamonds are unusually white and fine and cost a good deal more than anybody's else in the congregation.

That was an exhaustive article of mine on "Our Political Future," said the contributor to the editor. "I found it so," was the somewhat unsatisfactory reply. —*Washington Critic*.

An engagement ring on the finger of a young lady is apt to be made conspicuous by the wearer. It is the same way with a scalp worn by an Indian in his belt. —*N. O. Picayune*.

A father, wishing to get rid of his talkative little son, said: "Come, George, you're all tired out. Hurry up and go to bed." George looked solemnly at his parent, and slowly said: "Pa, you shouldn't try to hurry up a boy when you know he's all tired out."

The toboggan slide is dangerous to people having "heart troubles"; that is, to old, married and settled people. The youthful among the afflicted can venture down the slide and toil up it with comparatively safety. —*Maria's Vineyard Herald*.

Wilson, the celebrated yachtsman, was upset one day in his carriage near Edinburgh. A Scotch paper, after recording the accident, said: "We are happy to state he was able to appear the following evening in three pieces."

Some people sigh at their lives for wealth and never get it. Other people work hard for it all their lives and never get it. The best plan is to invent a suspender button that will stay on and keep the agency yourself. —*Sourville Journal*.

"If you see one cold and vehement at the same time set him down as a fanatic," says *Chrysothom*; and get it may be that he is only the lodger in third pair back, whose landlord has cut off the heat from his little room because he was necessarily behindhand with his rent. —*Journal of Education*.

Smith: "That paragraph in your *Daily Howler* touched you up rather severely, yesterday." Brown: "O yes; I don't mind that, however. The world will always contain fools, you know." "Yes, I suppose so. If there were no fools there wouldn't be anything for those fellows to write about, I suppose." —*Washington Critic*.