

# 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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## THE GAY YOUNG GIRLS.

Oh the gay young girls how they brighten  
Our hearts; and the flowers-beds  
Of the garden they cheer  
In the days of anxious care,  
When we hear their merry laughter ringing out  
Upon the air.

Oh the gay young girls are so jolly,  
So free from the least melancholy,  
We love to have them near,  
To keep us in good cheer,  
When troubles gather thickly, and the days  
Are dark and drear.

'Tis the gay young girls who delight us,  
Where pleasures and pastimes invite us,  
For they're ready to beguile  
The fun, and enter in  
The frolic and the sports to help along  
The merry din.

Oh the gay young girls we remember,  
Ere life was so near its December,  
Were a happy-hearted throng,  
Full of laughter and of song,  
With whom the dim shadows had no chance  
To linger long.

Let the gay young girls be as jolly  
As they ever were in the merry olden days;  
For too soon they leave our hearts,  
And subside their noisy mirth;  
And the hope that is without them is the  
Dullest place on earth.

—Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. Ledger.

## A HINDOO WEDDING.

Costly Magnificence of the Odd Ceremony.

Marriage Among the Poorer Class Means Financial Ruin—English Endeavor to Abolish the Customs of Ages—Man Considered Woman's Superior.

Weddings in India are very important affairs. A child is no sooner born than the family begins looking around for a suitable match, and to study up some way of excelling their neighbors in the magnificence of the wedding. It is ruinous to the people, as the only way they can raise the money is to go to the money-lenders, and once in their clutches there is no escape. They can not pay, and the creditor only allows the family barely enough to subsist on in the most miserable way, so the whole family suffer, but having done their best to outshine their neighbors, they are satisfied. The English Government is making great efforts to do away with such weddings, and are succeeding a little, but find it very hard to change the customs of ages.

The one it was my good fortune to attend was of a different kind. Two of the richest and most prominent families in Bombay were to be united, so there was no necessity of economy. The son and daughter were about fifteen and thirteen. The father of the groom had a sort of hall near the house and temple, probably for such purposes, where, after the invitations were sent out, for a week he and his son received their friends. A band played all the time, and Nautch girls danced every afternoon and evening. They only dance, or rather sway and pose, one or two at a time, and it is not an especially interesting performance for a European, but the natives consider them the finest thing possible. No entertainment is complete without them, and to give a Nautch dance in your honor is the greatest compliment that can be paid you. We went one evening to the Nautch dance. The father and son sat there, and their friends came and went, the hands playing, the girls dancing all the time—as fast as one got tired another took her place, and if she pleased especially the guests threw her coins, etc. Each guest, as he came in, paid his respects to the hosts, and had a garland of flowers hung around his neck; then betel-nut was given him to chew, if he wished, and he sat and watched the dancing until he was tired. When he left he was given two cocoanuts, one for the bride and one for the groom. The cocoanut is the emblem of good luck. If you are going on a journey, your friends send you a cocoanut as a wish for a pleasant trip.

The next afternoon we went to the wedding and found the two bands playing and the yard full of people. The distinguished guests had places on the veranda. The Parsee gentleman who took us was the most noted one, so the father and son came forward and knelt before him, and were made handsome presents of shawls, etc. After a little the groom came out of the temple, followed by all of his female relatives, gorgeous in red, yellow and mauve, with all their jewels on. The saree is wrapped around them and covers their head, only allowing the front view of their face to be seen. The brilliant colors, mingled with the white dresses of the men, all with garlands of flowers around their necks, under the palm trees, made a very Oriental picture.

He sat down in front of us before some ashes and cooking utensils, symbolical of the desolate hearth he was leaving. The women and priests prayed and chanted awhile in a sing-song tone, after which a white horse, richly caparisoned, was brought, on which the groom was placed, with his young sister behind him. He was dressed in a cloth-of-gold dress, so stiff and heavy that he could scarcely stand, with a high conical hat covered with jewels. After waiting awhile for an auspicious moment, the procession started. First a band, then the distinguished guests; we in full evening dress, they in their white dresses, all of us with garlands of flowers around our necks, and carrying bouquets and betel-nuts, while the servants carried the cocoanuts that had been given us; then the groom, on horseback, and all the female relations following; after them the rest of the guests, and in a band bringing up the rear. In this manner we marched along the streets for about half a mile until we came to the bride's house.

It was a beautiful sight, the garden

## THE SOUTHERN CARNIVAL.

Customs Imported from Europe and Sustained with Increased Splendor.

The Latin significance of the word carnival—"farwell to flesh"—as a matter of fact is one that has readily taken hold of the imagination of those foster-children of La Belle France, the creoles of Louisiana. Their fashions, amusements and literature all emanated from Paris, where, too, their sons were often sent to complete their education. A taste for the frivolities of the gay capital was thus quite naturally engendered in those youthful emigrants, whose chief aim on their return seemed the desire to engrain on society at home the fancies and amusements of the city on the Seine.

As early as 1827 the first carnival masquerade procession was introduced into New Orleans, followed in 1837 and 1839 by even more ambitious and brilliant displays. As a natural sequence mask balls became a feature of these celebrations, and Mardi Gras henceforth, and, doubtless, for all time, became synonymous with scenes of increased splendor and revelry. "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die," seems to have been the inventive to the joyous abandon of the day. Little recked this pleasure-loving community of the inconsistency of ushering in the solemnities of the Lenten season with the glare and blare of the carnival; its excesses treading on the heels of the gray-cowled friar of renunciation symbolized by Ash Wednesday. The custom is a time-honored one, however, dating as far back and even doubtless originating in the heathen spring-time festivals, and, since many of the religious holidays still held in respectful commemoration were derived from a similar source, why is not the merry carnival equally justified?

From 1840 until 1845 several day celebrations took place in New Orleans under the auspices of some of the city's representative men, conducted on the lavish scale and with the equally artistic distinction of the festivals of to-day.

Until 1852 the observance of Mardi Gras suffered temporary extinction, to rise again in that year into even more brilliant regeneration. At that time the flavor of Italy's carnival of promiscuous street masquerading and the like prevailed in New Orleans as well, although the rougher element of the populace substituted flour and even the more dangerous plesantry of lime-drawing for the daintier confetti of the Roman usage. With abuse came disuse. As early as 1851 the "cow bellions" of Mobile had inaugurated the procession of scenic moving floats, and in 1857 the carnival habit was revived in New Orleans after the fashion of her sister city across the bay. That year dated the origin of the "Mystic Krew of Komus," which, with occasional intermission of disaster, war and pestilential epidemic, has flourished and still survives in mystic form, but under more varied names.

It has been claimed with reason that this celebration in New Orleans surpassed the carnivals of the Roman Corso and Venetian canals in its exquisite order, system and design. Justice can not be done save by the wit of personal sight. Newspaper reports, magazine articles, are but indifferent media after all. Once seen, however, the temptation to return again, and yet again, is annually recurrent. New Orleans opens wide her hospitable gates to stranger guests, a warm welcome shining in her blue, sunny skies, a fragrant charm about her flowery garlands, a fascination in her quaint originality that lends the added charm of distinction to this crescent-shaped metropolis of the South.—*Con. Chicago Tribune.*

## SEVERE CRITICISM.

How a Young Man Was Cured of the Poetic Fever by a Wise Father.

A slight incident may change a person's entire career. A distinguished Massachusetts lawyer relates the following story:

"I think it is very likely that I should have been a poet, and perhaps a struggling literary man by occupation, if it had not been for a criticism which my father once passed upon one of my early efforts.

"I had just entered college, and was full of literary enthusiasm, when I became seized with an inspiration to write a poem on 'The Destiny of America.'"

"I had burned a great deal of midnight oil over the effusion, and had polished it up to my satisfaction, when I finally ventured with feelings of mingled fear and pride, to submit it to my father's judgment. It was evening, and he was sitting in front of a large wood fire.

"So you have written a poem, eh?" said he. "Let me read it."

"I sat in trepidation while he struggled through the rather long effort. Finally he finished, and looked over at me.

"Humph!" said he. "Have you worked long over this?"

"About three weeks."

"Polished it up to your entire satisfaction?"

"Yes, sir."

"A very fair piece of composition, and I have but one criticism to offer."

## MARK TWAIN'S STORY.

How a Charitable But Stupid Compositor Made a Fool of the Humorist.

"No," said Mark Twain a week or two ago as he sat in his room at the Murray Hill Hotel and dreamily watched the smoke from the pipe which he was puffing. "No; I would not say that it was the best thing that I ever wrote, but I remember that I was pretty proud of it at the time and was decidedly disappointed when it didn't come out the next day. I didn't know until you told me that the story had ever reached this part of the country. But you haven't got it just right; it wasn't the foreman at all; it was a fool of a compositor who ruined the story. Poor devil! I suppose he is dead now, and it doesn't much matter what we say about his stupidity. But he was certainly an awful fool."

"You have one part of it right," continued the humorist. "It happened when I was a reporter on the Virginia City Enterprise. I was assigned to report a dinner given by a party of some of the most notoriously hard drinkers in town, and Virginia City was not supporting many temperance unions at that time. Every body knew that the dinner was going to resolve itself into a glorious drunk, and the result proved that every body was right. Of course I didn't want to be too hard on the boys in reporting their dinner, and yet, as a truthful reporter, I had to give the public to understand just what had taken place there. In a happy moment I conceived the idea of conveying this information in a delicate way without really saying that all hands were drunk. My plan was to begin my report in the regular cut-and-dried way. After giving a few sentences in this way I grew a little more careless in style. Gradually I became more and more mixed up in my language, until at last the words were written without any real or apparent connection with each other. I tried my best to give the reader the idea that as I wrote the report I became more and more intoxicated, until I wound up in a stuporously drunken condition. I was greatly interested in carrying out this plan as well and naturally as I could, and when after an hour's hard work the report was finished I felt that I had written the very funniest thing that had ever appeared in that paper. The copy went out without being read, and the first part of it was set up just as I had written it.

"The fool compositor got hold of the last part and of course couldn't make head or tail of it. Instead of setting it up as he found it and leaving the rest to the proof-reader or editor he made up his mind that I had really been drunk when I wrote it. He was a kind-hearted man and he never liked to see one of the boys in trouble. So he calmly proceeded to change my copy and put in little connecting words so as to make sense of it. It was all done with the kindest intention in the world. He didn't want to see me discharged for being drunk. Then he destroyed my copy so that it couldn't be brought in evidence of my damning guilt."

"I wouldn't care to say how fearfully disappointed I was when I picked up the Enterprise the next day and looked for my funny report. It was as coldly stupid as a ten-year-old patent office report. I wept scalding tears and left the office. On the street I met the compositor who had taken such pains to fix my story for me. He looked so happy when he told me how he had been the means of keeping me out of trouble with the managers of the paper that I hadn't the heart to tell him what a fool he actually was. I was sorry afterward that I didn't do so, however, for I discovered that for years he told the story of how he had saved me from disgrace in half of the newspaper offices west of the Mississippi river. He was an old man and so I think that he must be dead by this time. If he isn't he is probably telling his version of the story yet."—*N. Y. Evening Sun.*

## THE CUTTLE FISH.

Its Flesh Regarded with Great Favor as Food by the Polyynesians.

The octopods are such ungainly and repulsive-looking creatures that they have not generally been used for food. I find, however, that the cuttle-fish forms something of an exception to this rule, as appears from an account published in the "Annual Record of Science and Industry," for 1873. According to Mr. Simmons, the flesh of the large species of cuttle-fish was esteemed a great delicacy by the ancients; and at the same time the natives of the Polynesian Islands regard it with great favor as food. These fish are frequently met with throughout India and China, dried, and offered for sale. In Chili they are also considered a delicacy, and in Barbadoes a species of loligo is often eaten. Mr. Simmons, however, considers the fish as tough, indigestible, inauspicious and unwholesome. He further states that there is an extensive trade in species of octopus in the waters of Tunis, and that they are consumed largely during Lent, as coming under the canonical head of fish. Three or four thousand hundred weight are generally marketed for this purpose.

They are taken in deep water by means of earthen jars, strung together and lowered to the bottom of the sea, where they are allowed to remain a certain number of hours, during which the cuttle-fish enter into them. Sometimes as many as eight or ten are taken from every jar at each visit of the fishermen.—*Christian at Work.*

Glass furniture is manufactured especially for India, where the rajahs like glittering and showy rooms. Glass bedsteads and chairs, huge glass sideboards and other articles of domestic use are made to suit Oriental taste.

## FUN AT A FUNERAL.

If a Man's Name Happens to Be Gallagher He Had Better Not Die.

Hunting stories for a newspaper is like trying to borrow money without collateral. Ask a man to tell you a story and, like Canning's hero, he will say: "Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir."

Abide with him without letting him know your mission, and he will lead you a dance through the realms of fact and fiction. Now and then there is an exception. There is a man who comes to your relief on a pinch and tells something just to help out.

"I'll tell you a story about a funeral that I attended," said one of those helpers to whom an appeal was made. "It is a funny story," he added. "It was funny to me," he continued. "The name of the deceased was Gallagher—ever hear of it? No? Well, as I was saying, his name was Gallagher. A man came to me and said: 'Gallagher's dead and we'll have to go to the funeral.'"

"I asked: 'What Gallagher?' and he replied: 'Come, now, don't be funny. This is no time for levity.'"

"I had no intention of being funny, and said so; but I wanted to know which Gallagher he meant. I have several friends named Gallagher. I told him that."

"No," he said to me, "you expected when you asked 'What Gallagher?' that I would reply, 'Let-er-go Gallagher'; but I am here on serious business. Tom Gallagher, your friend and mine, is dead. Will you come?"

"I begged his pardon and we started out. We met a third party in the street who asked us where we were going, and I said that we were going to bury Gallagher. The third party replied: 'Has Gallagher let her go?'"

"We passed on to the house of our dead friend. Neither spoke. Each was afraid. I knew I was. Arriving at the house we went in, of course, and looked at poor Tom's silent face. Try as I did I could not be solemn in my heart. I don't know how my face looked, but I felt as if it had a grin upon it that made my presence there a mockery. I passed out of the room into the hall-way, where several gentlemen were standing, each afraid to speak. The undertaker came out and approached a group; he whispered to one of them: 'Poor Gallagher. He had to stand a good deal on account of his name when he was living, and they won't let him alone in death. I just heard a man say he had to let 'er go.'"

"Just then a gentleman and his little girl came in. The gentleman spoke to another, and then his little girl said in an undertone: 'Papa, I want to see Mr. Gallagher.' Her papa said 'No,' then the other gentleman remarked to her papa: 'Why don't you let her go?'"

"He didn't finish the sentence. He saw where he was treading. I could stand it no longer and left. I hope I may never have another friend by the name of Gallagher die. The infernal name haunts me. That's my story."—*Chicago Times.*

## MEAN TEMPERATURE.

It Has Not Changed Appreciably for Two Thousand Years.

The sun is the principal cause of the variations in the temperature of the atmosphere, and the amount of heat received depends upon the elevation of the sun above the horizon and the transparency of the atmosphere. The air is heated in three ways, by the direct rays of the sun, by contact with the earth and by radiation from the earth, the first being by far the most important, as it is estimated that three-fourths of the sun's rays are absorbed by the atmosphere, and the remainder are absorbed by the earth. The internal heat of the earth, it is true, reckoned as a subordinate source of heat, but it is so to such an infinitesimal degree that it is hardly worth while to take it into account. The temperature of any place, therefore, varies from hour to hour, according as, in its rotation, its relative position to the sun is changed, and the rays fall upon it with more or less directness. By taking account of the temperature at each hour of the day we find the mean temperature for the twenty-four hours, and by continuing this through a twelve-month we find the mean temperature for any month, or for the entire year. The hourly variations are extremely regular, but the mean temperatures of the months, in different years, may vary considerably. The mean yearly temperature also is not the same every year for the same place, but the difference between the warmest and the coldest years is seldom over ten degrees. It is necessary to take the average of several years to get the true mean of any place; in a climate as variable as our own about twenty-five years should be taken. It is never safe to predict that one season, or one year, which has been unusually hot or exceptionally cold, will be followed by a season or year of quite the opposite character to restore the balance of heat or cold. This balance is restored, however, in the lapse of seasons, and the mean temperature of any place is found to be virtually constant from one century to another. It is therefore the opinion of many scientists that the mean temperature of no place on the earth's surface has changed appreciably for 2,000 years.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

## Grammar in Business.

"Young man," said a store-keeper to an applicant for employment, "how are you on grammar?"

"Pretty fair, sir."

"Can you give me the principle parts of the verb 'to do'?"

## FULL OF FUN.

Some horrible joker has discovered that a negro cured from sickness by homopathy is a sugar-cured Ham.

—At the table d'hote: First epicurean—"Will you kindly pass the old cheese?" Second ditto—"Just wait one moment; it is coming this way."—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Guest (in restaurant)—"Waiter, what is this you have brought me?" Walter—"Why, sir, that's bean soup." Guest—"Well no matter what it has been, but what is it now?"—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Mr. Gibbs (meeting his son late at night)—"Where are you going at this time of night, John? On no good errand, I'll warrant." John—"No, sir; I was smart to look for you."—*Life.*

—A smart country boy, hearing about burglars raising windows, and about their "plants," etc., wanted to know "if they planted a pane of glass when they wanted to raise a window?"

—One of our young men was so badly frightened when accepted by the idol of his soul that the left shoulder of his coat turned gray. He brushed it off after he got home.—*Terre Haute Express.*

—You know nothing of the peculiar fascination offered by debate, said the educated dandy to his illiterate brother. "Yes, sah, I does," said the latter; "I co'ter big cat-fish wunst by de pouclery facconashun offered by de bait."—*Time.*

—Professor—"What is a paradox?" Experienced student—"An Anner girl telling a fellow that he mustn't stay another minute, and all the time holding him so fast with both arms that he couldn't get away if he should try."—*Somerville Journal.*

—Madame, are you a woman suffragist?" "No, sir; I haven't time to be." "Haven't time! Well, if you had the privilege of voting whom would you support?" "The same man I have supported for the last ten years."—"And who is that?" "My husband."—*Lincoln Journal.*

—A Misunderstanding—Miss Kwickerbocker (of New York, dining in Boston, adapts her conversation to her environment).—"Do you consider the religion of the American Indian a pure belief, Mr. Twombly?" Mr. Twombly—"O, I say, come off! I beg your pardon. I mean you are under a slight misapprehension. I am from Chicago!"—*Puck.*

—Officer (to visiting tourist)—"Let me make you acquainted with the great chief 'White Horse.'" Tourist—"Glad to meet you, Mr. White Horse." W. H.—"How do? How do?" Tourist—"Very well, thank you. How are your family?" W. H.—"Heap good. Gotum plenty papoose." Tourist—"Ah, yes, I see. That accounts for your name; so many red hairs." War whoop and instantaneous vivisection of tourist.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

## CURE FOR CROSSNESS.

How to Get Crossing Hinges in the Form of a Friend.

Once upon a time there lived an old gentleman in a large house. He had servants and every thing he wanted; and yet he was not happy, and when things did not go as he wished he was cross. At last his servants left him. Quite out of temper, he went to a neighbor with the story of his distress.

"It seems to me," said the neighbor, sagaciously, "I would be well for you to oil yourself a little."

"To oil myself?"

"Yes, and I will explain. Some time ago one of the doors in my house creaked. Nobody, therefore, liked to go in or out of it. 'One day I oiled its hinges, and it has been constantly used by every body ever since.'"

"Then you think I am like a creaking door?" cried the old gentleman. "How do you want me to oil myself?"

"That is an easy matter," said the neighbor. "Go home and engage a servant, and when he does right praise him. If, on the contrary, he does something amiss, do not be cross; oil your voice and your words with the oil of love."

## THE HEATHEN CHINESE.

They Are Full of Superstitions and Like to Be Superstitious.

The Chinese are full of superstitions, and many of them firmly believe that the foreigners make medicines out of human beings. The massacre at Tien-Tsin in 1870, in which twenty foreigners were killed, and among them a number of French nuns, was caused by the report that the sisters were killing children to get their hearts and eyes for medical purposes, and the trouble in Corea last spring was caused by the circulation of the stories that the missionaries were grinding up children's bones to make medicine. This report was started by the Chinese, and the latest attempt of the kind I find to-day here at Shanghai. It appears in a tri-monthly illustrated magazine which the Chinese publish and which sells for five cents a copy. This contains a full description of how the foreigners make their medicines, with ghastly illustrations of the severed trunks and the out-pins of human beings. In one cut limb is American clothes are bending over great furnaces in which the heads and legs of men are boiling, and beside which great baskets and tubs of cut-up human lie. The men are stirring the steaming mass and the picture makes one think of the witches' cauldron in "Macbeth." In another cut is shown the machinery for the bringing up of the bones and flesh. A dozen old rickshaws lie upon the floor, and a man with a shovel puts the ghastly mass upon the scales for weighing. In another room the medicine is packed up to be sent away, and young ladies in American dress with waterfalls and French heels are busy at it. I asked the manager of the magazine whether he believed in such stuff, and he replied that he did not know and asked if it was not really true.

The Chinese themselves do not believe in dissection, and there is no body-anatomy here. They believe that the heart is the seat of thought, that the soul exists in the liver, and that the gall bladder is the seat of courage. For this reason the gall bladders of tigers are eaten by soldiers to inspire them with courage. The Chinese doctor ranks no higher than the ordinary skilled workman. He gets from fifteen or twenty cents a visit, and he often takes patients on condition that he will cure them within a certain time or no pay. He never sees his female patients except behind a screen, and he does not pay a second visit unless invited. His pay is called "golden thanks," and the orthodox way of sending it to him is wrapped in red paper. The dentists look upon pulled teeth as trophies, and they go about with necklaces of decayed teeth about their necks or with them strung upon strings and tied to sticks. Toothache is supposed to come from a worm in the tooth; and there are a set of female doctors who make a business of extracting these worms. When the nerve is exposed they take this out and call it the worm, and when not they use a slight of hand by which they make their patients believe cords of worms, which they show them coming from their teeth. I have heard persons tell of Chinamen who claimed to have had ten worms taken from their mouths in a single day, and I saw a woman actually at work upon a patient in the street here. Think it as full of superstition as the West India islands, and the people like to be humbugged quite as well here as we do in America.

Now in the Spring of the Year.

During Winter, Nature wisely arranges that we should live on foods containing much fat, or, as they are known, hydrocarbons, for the purpose of supplying heat to the body; the chemical operation necessary to transform fat into heat is the exclusive work of the liver, and as during the time stated it is constantly congested.

With the approach of warm weather our diet changes to muscle-producing food, and the work of the liver is much lessened. In the majority of cases, however, it is unable to completely throw off the excess of bile, but remains congested, causing that lazy, tired feeling we call "biliousness" in the Spring months, when the weather becomes warm.

This is evidence of an unhealthy condition, and though people appreciate the necessity of an alternative at this period, the common idea is to take drastic pills and produce a cathartic effect, only to make matters worse. The liver must be unobscured, and its proper action restored before hot weather, if you wish to preserve health, and if this distinct call of nature is unheeded, serious results will occur.

The blood will become loaded with bile and lithic acid, and as every drop of vital fluid passed through the kidneys to be purified, they soon break down and are unable to carry out the deadly poison. Warner's Safe Care and Warner's Safe Pills have not only a specific action on the kidneys, but on the liver also.

I say this the thickness bile so that it will pass out through the ducts, enable the glands to unobscure themselves, and so prevent an all bilious acids and, in a word, it prevents blood poisoning, inflammation, rheumatism, and all ailments to which they are so liable.

As you value the blessings of health, do not allow the summer to approach without giving your system a "general house cleaning," in the manner we have indicated.

"To be forwarded is to be forwarded."

—The United States pays nine hundred thousand dollars a year for its weather's price. Great Britain comes next with the second highest expenditure, but that is only eighty thousand dollars.

—A reputable author says that the skull of John Thosch, known as "Blackboard," the Virginia pirate of 1718, is in the possession of a Virginia family, in the form of a silver-rimmed drinking cup.

## W. G. KENTZEL, Editor.

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