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. COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1889. VOL. XIV.—NO. 49.

HOW COLUMBUS FOUND AMERICA.

Columbus stood upon the deck;
"Go home!" the sailors cried;
"Not if I perish on the wreck,"
Great Christopher replied.

Next day the crew got out their knives
And went for Captain C.
"Go home," they yelled, "and save our lives."
"Wait one more day," said he.

"Then if I can not tell how far
We're from the nearest land
I'll take you home." "Agreed we are!"
Answered the sea-sick band.

That night when all were fast asleep
Columbus heaved the lead,
And measuring the water deep,
Took notes and went to bed.

To-morrow dawned. Naught could be seen
But water wet and cold.
Columbus, smiling and serene,
Looked confident and bold.

"Now, Cap! How far from land are we?"
The mutineers out cried.
"*Just ninety fathoms*," Captain C.
Most truthfully replied;

"And if you doubt it, heave the lead
And measure, same as I."
"You're right," the sailors laughed, "Great head!
We'll stick to you or die."

And thus in fourteen ninety-two
America was found,
Because the great Columbus knew
How far off was the ground.

—H. C. Dodge, in N. Y. World.

LEARNING A LESSON.

There May Be Knowledge Not Worth the Purchase.

"Not happy!" cried Mrs. Secor, in genuine amazement, as she sat looking at the pretty rose-cheeked bride who had been her "graduating scholar" six months before, and who had now attained to the dignity of a wedding-ring and the prefix of Mrs."

"I'm the most wretched creature in the world," said Lally Vane, crushing back a great hysterical lump out of her throat, so that the dry-goods clerk who stood on the opposite side of the counter, showing Mrs. Secor some "domestic sheetings," should not surmise her inward disturbance.

"Lally," said the good lady preceptress of St. Sigmund's Academy, "are you in earnest?"

"Never was more so in my life," dolorously answered Mrs. Vane, pretending to be absorbed in the fringe of a pile of toweling. "I've only come up to town because I couldn't be happy down in the country."

"But your husband?"

"Oh, he's all right," responded the bride. "Only, of course, he can't respect me, now that he sees what a wretched nonentity he has married."

Mrs. Secor paid for her goods, wrote out the address to which they were to be sent, and then, taking Mrs. Vane's arm, led her out into the bright, sparkling autumn air, and looked her full in the face.

"Now, Lally," said she, "tell me what all this means."

The young creature threw her arms passionately about the old lady's neck.

"Oh, dear! Mrs. Secor!" she cried out, "why didn't you teach me to make bread and pies, and churn butter, and weave rag carpet, instead of logarithms, and guitar practice, and ancient history? I'm a failure, Mrs. Secor—a dead failure in life. My mother-in-law says that I'm no better than a wax doll, and she's right. And if I knew of any way to help Joe to a divorce, I'd do it."

"Oh," said Mrs. Secor, beginning dimly to comprehend matters, "I see. You don't succeed as a housekeeper."

"That's it, exactly," said Lally. "The griddle-cakes burn, and the bread is scorched, and the rice pudding tastes smoky, and the recipes *won't* come right, and my plum pudding looks like mud. Oh, dear!—and Joe's cousin, Melissa, is impertinent, all because she knows what a little silly stupid I am!"

"My dear," said Mrs. Secor, "all this is very foolish of you. There is no reason that you should not acquaint yourself thoroughly with housekeeping. The same brain that conquered mathematics and mastered history need not quail before a few details appertaining to porcelain kettles and spice-boxes."

"Ah! but," sighed Lally, "you don't know how hard it is."

"Try," said Mrs. Secor. "Put your whole soul into it. Determine that you *will* succeed."

So Mrs. Vane went back, "determined to succeed!"

Meanwhile, Joe Vane, the handsome, warm-hearted young Hercules of a husband, was pleading his wife's cause with the domestic Vehmgericht at home.

"She is so young, you know," said he."

"She's twenty," said old Mrs. Vane, a Medusa-like female, with high cheek-bones, and light blue eyes like balls of steel; "and when I was twenty I did the whole work of your father's farm, Joseph, and had twins into the bargain."

"And she's inexperienced, too," added Joe; "just out of boarding-school, you must remember."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Miss Melissa, the elderly cousin, who had been "disappointed" when Joe married the pretty young girl instead of her autumnal self. "Is a woman expected to be set on the mantel-tree and covered up with a glass shade? Folks has got to work, say I, if they expect to eat."

"We are none of us human butterflies," said grandmother, mildly; "and if your wife really loves you, Joseph, it will be her greatest pleasure to save your money and study your interests."

Joe whistled in an unconcerned sort of way. Lally was Lally, he thought, not Melissa, nor grandmother, nor yet old Mrs. Vane.

"I'd rather hire a girl," said he, "to help her."

"Hire a girl!" shrieked the three women in chorus. "Hire a girl to do the work of this small family! Is the man crazy? Why shouldn't your wife work as well as Deacon Peabody's wife or Captain Zeke Johnson's wife, or any other of the farmers' wives around here?"

"She's different, you know," said Joe, somewhat abashed by the general outcry of remonstrance.

"He's setting up an idol, and falling down to worship it," groaned Miss Melissa.

"It's downright sinful," sighed grandmother.

"Joseph, do try and be a little reasonable," argued Mrs. Vane.

And between them all, they so bewildered poor Joseph that he had not a word of remonstrance to utter when Lally came home and put on a huge plaid gingham gown which had belonged to Mother Vane, and tucked her sunny hair up under a pocket-handkerchief, and declared that "she was going to learn to keep house in good earnest."

"Do you think you can manage it, dear?" said Joe, dubiously.

"Of course I can," said Lally.

"My son, don't discourage her," said Mrs. Vane, solemnly. "We are put onto this world to work, not to play."

"And you know your income don't admit of a whole retinue of servants," sourly added Miss Melissa.

"Laura is performing the truest and noblest part of a wife's duty in trying to become a genuine helpmeet," said grandmother, gently. For she was a good soul, after all.

So Miss Melissa went to visit a relative, whom she entertained with all the catalogue of the various shortcomings of "Joseph's wife." Old Mrs. Vane seated herself in her chair by the chimney corner, and went, so to speak, into rheumatic winter quarters. And Lally descended valiantly into the cellar and faced the situation.

"Am I to do the washing?" she asked, a little daunted at this grisly prospect.

"You don't expect me to do it, do you?" said Mrs. Vane, rubbing her joints with liniment and groaning aloud.

"There seems to be no one else to do it, my dear," said grandmother, who didn't see wherein her grandson's wife differed from Zeke Johnson's stout helpmate, who took a sort of triumph in wrestling with the weekly wash.

So Lally did the washing as best she could. The shirts were "clouded" and the calicoes "streaky" that week, but it was the bride's first washing, and she learned wisdom by experience. Moreover, she took secret counsel with old Aunt Sue, a venerable negress who lived in an adjoining cabin, and soon astonished Mrs. Vane by the perfection of her triumph in the art of laundry.

"I *will* learn," said Lally to herself—and she told no living soul how she lay awake at night with aching bones and frame too weary to taste the sweets of repose. "I *will* be a housekeeper. No one shall taunt Joe with the fact that he has married a useless doll."

So when Miss Melissa came back she could scarcely believe the evidence of her own senses. Lally's bread was snow, her pies light as feathers. The whole house was in wax-like order; the weekly wash and ironing could not be outdone by even a Chinaman. In fact, Lally had learned the trade of a first-class young American housekeeper.

"I always knew my little girl had the real metal in her," said triumphant Joe.

"I am so glad you are pleased," whispered Lally, with crimsoning cheeks.

But so gradual had been the change that no one had perceived how white and thin the young wife was growing, until one sultry summer day, when she fainted away in the midst of her washing.

The doctor was summoned, and came promptly. He felt the pulse, listened at the heart, and shook his head.

"I can do no good," said he. "The time for interference has long since gone by. What have you all been thinking about, to allow this frail little creature to work herself to death?"

"Eh?" said old Mrs. Vane, while Joseph stood, white and shocked, beside the bedside.

"She has been killing herself," quietly enunciated the doctor. "Like all the rest of the American women, she has tried to do the work of three or four. Look at her, as she lies there, like a frail broken flower," he added, sadly. "I do no not say that she was ever strong, but with proper care she would have lived to a good old age. Now—"

"Doctor," wildly burst in the young husband, "she *shall* have proper care! I must have been blind—mad—besotted! But now I am wiser. Tell me what to do. Shall I take her to Italy? Will European advice benefit her? For Heaven's sake, do not stand there so still and stern!"

"It may sound harsh," said the doctor, "but truth is best. Your questions come too late. Not all the medical skill in the two continents can save your wife now To all intents and purposes, she is in her coffin already."

So poor little Lally died, and in the delirium of her last hours she looked up into her husband's face, and said, smiling:

"He knows now that I was not a useless doll; he knows I am a good housekeeper."

And the words were like two-edged daggers in Joseph Vane's heart, for he knew that this white lamb had been offered up on the altar of sacrifice to that cruel Moloch which has devoured so many American wives—Work.

Not the healthful, bracing work which is a healing angel in its proper degree, but the drudging, toilsome, never-lifted work which grinds down soul and body alike to the level of a mere machine, and transforms a valiant young girl to a mere worn-out wreck.

And Joseph Vane never married again, but mourned to his dying day the fatal mistake he had made in allowing sweet Lally to drift unrescued out of the haven of his loyal heart.

But it was as Dr. Day had said—all this agony of remorse came too late.—Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

VITALITY AND AIR.

Criminal Ignorance Displayed in the Matter of Ventilation.

Dr. Felix Oswald, in a recent article in a medical journal, shows that 55 out of 100 white children die before they complete seven years of life, but he asserts that hardly five of that number are born with germs of an early death and that two-thirds of the remainder perish for want of life-air. It is too commonly assumed that a child's lungs are too weak to stand ordinary fresh air, to judge by the precautions that are taken to shut up every possible avenue through which pure air can enter a room in which it is kept. There is perhaps no subject pertaining to hygiene upon which parents and nurses act so ignorantly or so pertinaciously refuse to be instructed as in this vital necessity of fresh air to every human being, young or old, sick or well. It is all the more needful to the delicate child or the ailing adult than to others, if that is conceivable, when it is so certainly essential to the health of all. The abuse, however, is more noticeable in the case of young children, and infants especially, who are entirely under the control of others in the matter, and suffer from their lack of judgment or fatally misdirected prudence. Dr. Oswald remarks: "Boys in knee-breeches often manage to remedy the evil by dint of strategy, while their petticoated juniors have to stand the brunt of paternal infatuation. Every form of disease is aggravated by the influence of impure air." Human beings can live a long time without food, but without air they can not live six minutes. Their vitality is proportionally diminished by the lack of pure air and the substitution of air that is vitiated and inadequate to supply the sustenance required from it. One cause of mischief in this direction is the confusion in many minds of the relations of heat and cold to pure or impure air. Rooms are shut up tightly to keep in the heat, but some economical but obtuse people can not possibly see the use of having a warm fire with the window or door open. It looks to them like a piece of extravagance, and "If you want the door open what do you want a fire for?" seems to them a question incapable of reasonable answer. Hence air famine is not alone inflicted on the babies, but is frequently made to curse the individual and the family through life.—Good Housekeeping.

Authors Who Were Well Paid.

The pounds, shillings and pence of literature is the subject of an article in a recent number of the Ladies' Treasury. In France Zola is the best paid novelist—a fact which speaks volumes. Mrs. Humphrey Ward has just been offered £1,000 for a short story of 30,000 words, while "John Strange Winters" (Mrs. Stannard), "refused to take £500 for her next shilling story." Lord Beaconsfield's novels brought him £30,000, while Victor Hugo died worth £150,000. Thackeray is reported to have said that it was amazing how little he earned when in his early days he wrote carefully, in contrast for what he received for "poor work" after he became famous. Sir Walter Scott was paid for an indifferent "Life of Napoleon" £18,000, and Mr. Hayley received no less than £11,000 for his biography of Cowper. Walter Scott had to abandon poetry as soon as Lord Byron appeared; and while Lord Byron was calculating one morning that he had made £24,000 by poetry, Shelley was complaining of the printer's bill he had to defray out of his own pocket.

Metalic Facing for Walls.

A metalic facing for walls of buildings, by which the surface is made to resemble cut stonework, is proposed. According to this method, the grooves representing joints between stonework are stamped or otherwise formed upon the outer faces of the sheets, thus producing extended projections on the inner side of the sheets. These proportions fulfill the purpose of bearings against, and hold the plain portions of the sheet away from the work, sufficiently to form air spaces between the walls and metalic facings of the structure, the effect of this being to insure the very great advantage of protection of the building from dampness, as well as from cold in winter and heat in summer, the danger from external fires being likewise diminished. Of course, the appearance of buildings treated in this manner may be improved by painting in colors, according to choice.—N. Y. Sun.

—The lay of the poet and the lay of the hen differ in several important features, and in none more signally than in the readiness with which the lay of the hen is convertible into hard cash.

FULL OF FUN.

—When a Mennonite young lady is married, her relatives do not worry their heads about the social position of the guests.

—Smith—"Look here, Brown, we'll soon decide the matter; let's ask the waiter. Waiter, are tomatoes a fruit or a vegetable?" Waiter—Neither, sir. Tomatoes is a hextra."—Funny Folks.

—Mrs. Prim—"It's dreadful the way men drink these days, isn't it? My husband's head is so weak he can't drink. A glass of vichy makes him roaring." Mrs. Blim—"Yes, and my husband can't read the label on a beer bottle without getting a headache."—Cincinnati Commercial.

—Wife (suspiciously)—"Cyrus, my nose never deceives me. You've been drinking again." Husband (rather thickly)—"It's on my clothes, Emily. The car was crowded, and I had to occupy a seat with an internal-revenue collector."—Chicago Tribune.

—"What on earth is the matter with that razor?" shouted the victim, as he writhed in the barber's chair. "'Deed, sah, dere isn't nuffin' de mattah wuf the razah, but yoh whiskahs sutny acks ez ef deyed bin neckel-plated."—Washington Capital.

—Indiana Girl—"No; I don't believe in these isms. I once knew a man who was sent to prison for devoting his time to one of them." Boston Girl—"What terrible laws you must have out in Indiana! What was the ism?" Indiana Girl—"Incendiarism, I believe."

—"What's the matter with McSlim? He has put on more airs of late than a few." "Quite natural. He has just returned from a summer resort. He was the only man there. He'll get over it after a time, but just at present he is so puffed up with self-importance that you can not touch him with a ten-foot pole."—Boston Transcript.

—Papa—"So you are going to marry, are you, my son? I suppose the young lady you are going to wed knows all about housework and looking after the wants of a family?" Youth—"Well, you just bet she does. I wish you could see a cotton-batting dog she made last week, and some butterflies she painted on velvet."—Omaha World-Herald.

—Mrs. Startup—"Isn't that acquaintance of yourn a Spaniard gentleman? He's so dark complected, he must be." Mr. Startup—"No, my dear, he's a Portuguese." Mrs. Startup—"I wish, my love, that you would be more particular about punctuating your grammar. How can one man be a Portugeese? You mean a Portugoose for the singular gender."

—"So," he said in a broken voice, "you refuse to marry me." "I do," she said, calmly and firmly. "And I may not even hope?" "Yes," she responded, thoughtfully, "you may hope." "And why," he asked with renewed fervor, "do you say I may hope?" "Because," she rejoined softly, "this is a free country."—Merchant Traveler.

A CANINE DOOR-KEEPER.

He Lets Every Body In, But Won't Let Any Body Out.

There is a well-known dog in Barcelona. He loves music and goes regularly to the opera of his own accord, sits up-stairs, applauds with the rest of the auditors at the end, if the singing is good, by joyous barks, but is very angry at interruption in the middle of a piece. If there is no opera any evening he goes off soberly to the opera comique, but is never content with second best when he can have the best. This is a good story, though true, but here is another as true, yet still better: An Austrian banker lately went to Vienna on business. He arrived in the evening, traveling with a large dog. The two put up at a hotel, and next morning the gentleman went out, bidding care to be taken that his dog did not stray from the house. The chambermaid went to make up the banker's room. Bruno was very pleased to see her, wagged his huge tail, licked her hand, and made friends thoroughly, until, her business being done, she was about to leave. Not so. Bruno calmly stretched himself full length before the door. He explained, as perfectly as possible, that "he knew his duty." No one should leave his master's room in his absence. When the girl tried to pull the door open sufficiently for her to slip out he growled, showed his teeth, and finally tried them on her legs. The woman's screams brought another maid, and yet another, and then in succession all the waiters. Bruno was glad to let them all in, but he allowed no one out. The room became pretty well crowded and every bell in the house meantime rang, while the walls echoed cries of "Waiter! waiter!" Finally, the lady who kept the hotel appeared and pushed her way irately into the room, asking angrily as she walked in what sort of a picnic they were all holding here. Bruno let her in, too, but not out again—oh, no! When the lady's husband appeared she called to him loudly for Heaven's sake to keep outside, to send messengers scouring the city for the banker, and meantime to endeavor to pacify the angry customers down-stairs.

The Austrian banker was a welcome man when he arrived.—Pall Mall Gazette.

He Rejected the Plan.

Stanzer—I'd like to know how to get this poem published. I've sent it to a dozen editors, but it's of no use.

Carper—You might put it in an envelope, leave it on your table, and then commit suicide. All the papers would have it next day.—Puck.

THE PREHISTORIC HORSE.

Something About Its Evolution to the Noble Animal of To-Day.

The modern horse is descended from a horse-like animal whose remains have in recent years been brought to light by several of our advanced scientists. These remains are found in the lake and swamp formations spread over considerable portions of New Mexico, Wyoming and Utah. They show that the earliest horse, or horse-like animal, had five toes or fingers; that is, it had four well-developed toes of the fore feet, and the rudiment of a fifth toe or finger. This period is called the Eocene, and the animal the Eohippus and Orohippus. It was not larger than a fox or an ordinary terrier dog. Geologists believe they have traced it through another stage to an animal whose characteristics more and more resemble those of the horse, and whose size was that of sheep; that is the form to which the names of Anchiterim and Miohippus have been given; these names mean a creature approaching the horse; they apparently had three toes, and they belonged to the Miocene period. In the Pliocene times came the Hipparion and Pliohippus, animals as large as the modern donkey, and almost a horse; these still had three toes or fingers, but the central toes alone rested on the ground, the others being drawn upward, and were useless for walking purposes. In the true horse, as we now know the animal, these external toes or fingers have become rudimentary; there is no external trace of them, but when the skin is removed from the horse's shank two skewer-like bones are seen, one on each side of the cannon bone. It was only in the Pleistocene period (immediately preceding man) that the animal appeared that approached in size the existing horse. Many important structural modifications have taken place since the beginning of the era, such as the lengthening of the neck, the altering of the skull, the changing of the coarse and heavy mane, and the difference as to limbs, as well as the teeth in a marked degree. The breeding of horses by man has brought about many artificial changes, which, added to the changes already referred to, have given us the useful and beautiful modern animal. When deprived of the influence of man the horse soon displays a tendency to retrograde to the earlier types, the limbs and body gradually diminishing, while the head remains the original size. The speed attained by the modern horse is the result of this care in breeding, something not required in the earlier types of the animal. Prof. W. H. Flower's remarks in regard to the single toe: "It can be demonstrated by the structure of the foot itself, and also by an examination of the immediate forms, that this toe corresponds to the middle or third of the complete typical or pentadactyle foot, the 'ring finger' of man; and there is very strong evidence to show that by a gradual concentration of all the power of the limb upon this toe, and the concurrent dwindling away and final disappearance of all the others, the present condition of the horse's foot has been produced."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

DANGERS OF TRAVEL.

What One Can Learn by Taking a Fast Ride on a Locomotive.

We can not tell from the time tables how fast we travel. The schedule times do not indicate the delays that must be made up by spurts between stations. The traveler who is curious to know just how fast he is going, and likes the stimulus of thinking that he is in a little danger, may find amusement in taking the time between mile-posts; and when these are not to be seen, he can often get the speed very accurately by counting the rails passed in a given time. This may be done by listening at open window or door. The regular clicks of the wheels over the rail joints can usually soon be singled out from the other noises, and counted. The number of rail lengths passed in twenty seconds is almost exactly the number of miles run in an hour. If one wants to get a lively sense of what it means to rush through space at fifty or sixty miles an hour, he must get on a locomotive. Then only does he begin to realize what trifles stand between him and destruction. A few weeks ago a lady sat an hour in the cab of a locomotive hauling a fast express train over a mountain road. She saw the narrow bright line of the rails and the slender points of the switches. She heard the thunder of the bridges, and saw the track shut in by rocky bluffs and new perils suddenly revealed as the engine swep around sharp curves. The experience was to her magnificent, but the sense of danger was most appaling. To have made her experience complete, she should have taken one engine ride in a dark and rainy night. In a daylight ride on a locomotive we come to realize how slender is the rail and how fragile its fastenings compared with the ponderous machines they carry. We see what a trifling movement of a switch makes the difference between life and death. We learn how short the look ahead must often be and how close danger sits on either hand. But it is only in a night ride that we learn how dependent the engineer must be, after all, upon the faithful vigilance of others. The head-light reveals a few yards of glistening rail and the ghostly telegraph poles and switch targets. Were a switch open, a rail aken up, or a pile of ties on the track, we could not possibly see the danger in time to stop.—H. G. Prout, in Scribner's Magazine.

A JUDICIAL LAUGHER.

The Founder of a Profession Which Promises to Revolutionize Legal Methods.

"Mr. McGlue, I suppose?" said a robust-looking man, with an ashes of roses of nose and a big mouth, walking into the office of that well-known merchant, the other morning.

"You'll have to excuse me just now," said the business-man, snapping his watch; I've got a big case to attend to in court this morning."

"Exactly!" said the stranger. "I noticed it on the calendar,, so I called. Don't you want to engage me?"

"Are you a lawyer?"

"Great Scott! No—I haven't sunk that low yet. I'm a legal cachinnator."

"A what?"

"Why, a professional laugher. I sort o' cap all the jokes of my client's lawyer; don't you see? Exasperates the other side. Grapple with the idea, don't you?"

"Can't say I do, exactly."

"Well, I'll explain. You see there is nothing so effective in a jury trial as ridicule, satire and things. Well, it is also a singular fact that ninety-nine out of a hundred jurymen never see the point of a joke, no matter how plain it is; but they are always ready to chip in and follow up any one who starts a laugh—just like a flock of sheep."

"Are, eh?"

"Yes, sir. Experience has proved that the large majority of mankind need to be told when to laugh. They have to be set in motion, so to speak, like a row of bricks."

"Yes; but—"

"But what has that to do with your case, eh? I'll tell you. You see, I sit in one of the front benches, where the jury can see me easily, and whenever your counsel cracks a joke and says something funny, or intended to be funny, I laugh like an end-man of a minstrel show, and pound with a big cane. Of course the jury joins in and the other side becomes perfectly furious."

"Makes 'em mad, eh?" said the merchant.

"Just breaks 'em all up. And the madder their lawyer gets, the more the jury and spectators are impressed in your favor. Why, in Skeggs vs. Skinderly, last week, I actually laughed the plaintiff clear out of court."

"Did, eh?"

"Yes, sir. You see, when the opposition counsel try to be funny in return I scrape my feet on the floor, cough, drop my stick, and look as solemn as a darky undertaker. I throw that in, though, without extra charge."

"That's kind of you."

"Don't mention it. Now, just retain me in your case, and I'll do you more good than all the high-priced lawyers in the country. I'll cost you just twenty-five dollars; and if you'll make it thirty dollars, I'll also put on a couple of boys—apprentices of mine. They're not very reliable yet; but when we work together we're a team—I tell you. One of 'em is particularly promising; has a mouth almost as big as a darky, and can break an ordinary window glass—not plate-glass, you know—at six feet distance, by laughing at it, five times out of six. Nearly shook down the gallery while doing the 'deafening applause' and 'uncontrolable merriment' at a political meeting at Steinway Hall the other night, and—"

"I'll—ahem!—I'll think of it. Yes, I guess you'd better drop in again this afternoon," said the merchant thoughtfully.

And as Purfy, the defendant in McGlue vs. Purfy, is now trying to effect a compromise, it is fair to suppose the specialist was engaged.—Derrick Dodd, in Puck.

ON AN ELEPHANT.

How It Feels to Ride the Monster for the First Time.

Having had the good fortune to be invited by the maharajah, Bir Shamsir, Prime Minister and guardian to the young King of Nepal, we leave Calcutta early in December to join his shooting party. After a couple of comfortless nights in the train we reach a small terminus, from which a five-mile ride on an elephant lands us in what is known as the Nepal-teral. The elephant on which we ride is a small one, and is supposed to shake the rider as little as possible, but to us novices the shaking is far from being a gentle one. At a word from his "mahout"—a wild-looking creature who sits between the elephant's ears and pricks him with an iron staff—he goes down on his knees and one climbs on his back as best he can, holding on by his tail with both hands and trying to get a footing on his slippery quarters. At last one manages to scramble up and one finds one's self on a square cushion almost as slippery as an elephant's back. The first time, when the great beast rises on his fore legs, then on his hind ones, it is all one can do to hold on by the ropes which are fastened to the sides of the pad; but practice makes perfect and in a short time one learns to adapt one's self to the curious motion. A good small elephant will shuffle along easily at the rate of five miles an hour, climbing steep ravines and other obstructions, so that the rider often finds himself hanging on in an almost perpendicular position. No animal is so sure-footed as an elephant. He will climb steep banks and slide down into river-beds with as much ease as an Irish pony, but he particularly objects to a bog, and let no one attempt to ride him over one; for if he finds himself sinking in his first impulse is to drag the rider off and put him under his feet, by way of having something to stand on—a proceeding one would hardly approve of

A JAPANESE STORY.

An Excellent Illustration of a Grasping, Close-Fisted Temper.

In every country town there are at least one or two men of bad repute for greediness. They always insist upon all that belongs to them, and, if possible, a little more. No one ever gets the better of them in a trade, or if, by chance, such a thing does happen, it is a bit of good fortune upon which the entire community congratulates itself. They get all they can, and they keep all they get; and with all the rest they get and keep a bad name. The people of Japan know them, and have a story to illustrate their grasping, close-fisted temper.

There was once a grand wedding, and among the guests was one old gentleman who did not partake of the good cheer with the rest.

"Can't I get something for you?" asked the host. "Perhaps you would eat some candy."

So saying, he brought a beautifully-decorated jar nearly full of sugar-plums. The old man took the jar on his knees, and put in his hand for some candy. Though the mouth of the jar seemed a little small, he forced his hand without much difficulty. When, however, he tried to pull it out again, it stuck fast. He pulled and twisted, but all in vain, the hand would not come out.

The person who sat next the old man, seeing that something was out of the way, inquired: "What is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing of any consequence; only my hand has somehow got caught in this jar, and won't come out."

"That is too bad," said the other, "just let me take hold of the jar, and then if you pull hard, you will get free."

So, while the old man tried to pull out his hand, the other tugged away in the opposite direction. The rest of the company were convulsed with laughter, as they saw the exertions of the two men, whom they jokingly compared to two struggling warriors.

To the old man it was no laughing matter. "It hurts awfully, and doesn't start at all," he said, with the tears rolling down his cheeks.

The company now stopped making fun, for the affair was getting serious. Finally one of the guests said: "Don't make so great an ado over the matter. I remember the famous story of Shiba Onka who, when a child, was one day playing with several of his companions near a big jar filled with water.

"One of the boys who climbed up on this slipped and fell in. The other children, with the exception of Shiba Onko, ran off in fright; but he picked up a large stone and threw it against the jar, which broke, and let out both the water and the boy. I will take the part of Shiba Onko, and though it is a great pity to destroy it, the beautiful jar is not so valuable as our friend's hand."

The old man stretched out his arm, and the other struck the jar. The candy went scattering like snow over the mats, and the old man was set free. And now, when they came to look at his hand, the reason why he could not get it out was evident. The greedy fellow had grasped a big handful of candy, to which he had held fast all the time.—Missionary Herald.

PRINCESSE COSTUMES.

Cloth, Matelasse and Velvet the Materials Most in Favor.

Long closely-fitted coats, with princesse breadths closed to the foot of the skirt instead of flapping tail breadths, form part of autumn and winter costumes. They are made of cloth, matelasse or velvet, and are worn over a skirt of contrasting material, such as silk, moire or velvet. The styles of the Directory are given to these great coats by vests, cravats and jaboted frills on the waist, but the large revers have been so generally used that lovers of novelty have abandoned them, preferring straight or indented sides to their bodice fronts, or else tongue-like straps that are set about irregularly on the bodice. For instance, a long coat of green velvet is of princesse breadths entire, the fronts lapping to the left at the waist line, falling open below to show the front breadth of a skirt of green bengaline, which is cut out in three deep scollops at the foot, and edged with wide passementerie that ends in knotted fringe. Tapering bands of passementerie without fringe are up the sides of the coat front, and there is a soft gathered plastron of the bengaline above the waist line Another coat of blue and brown brocade, as heavy as matelasse silk, has blue velvet set down the entire fronts and lapped to the left, where it is fastened just below the waist by three large crocheted buttons; the skirt under this coat is merely a silk foundation skirt with a wide-plaited flounce of blue velvet at foot. The large full-wrinkled sleeves are of blue velvet, and a band of brown fur trims the neck and the wrists. A brown cloth, with embroidered black border in straight rows with points above, is made up with long princesse coat back breadths, while the sides and front are cut off at the waist line to disclose a straight skirt of the brown cloth with the black border across the foot. The front of the waist opens over a vest of black bengaline tucked lengthwise in very fine tucks that stand out like cords; black embroidered bands edge the fronts of the waists next this vest; the sleeves are full, with deep close cuffs of the black embroidery. The foundation skirt of this and of similar dresses is of alpaca, with two very short steels placed low in the back to support the heavy cloth coat, but not to extend it.—Harper's Bazar.