

St. Tammany Farmer.

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

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DON'T FRET.

When worries and troubles surround you,
Don't fret,
You will always have troubles around you,
You fret,
If you fret,
The man who is busy
Has his mind so busy
He cannot be troubled by thoughts of his
deeds.
As the harder he works the more happy he
gets.
Till he's a Turk.
If fortune won't smile, let her frown, it
will.
Never mind.
Don't talk and look wholly cast down, if
she frowns.
Seems unkind.
If you smile at her, soon she will smile back
at you.
You're at her, soon she will smile back
at you.
Her with cheerful persistence, and hope
prevail.
And then, you'll find,
The world doesn't care for your mood.
Oh, no!
The man who is busy
Has his mind so busy
That he's not.
Every one of your neighbors has a grain of
his own.
He greatly prefers to let you grin alone,
And he doesn't at all enjoy hearing you
groan.
So take warning, and quit
Souring his journal.

NUMBERS ODD AND EVEN.

And the Superstitious Beliefs Concerning Them.

Two, Three, Five, Six, Seven, Nine, Twelve, and Thirteen Each Have Some Supposed Mystic Power for Good or Evil.

That there is luck in odd numbers is a popular saying, characterized by a delightful ambiguity which renders it equally correct in the case of either good or bad luck. The expression, however, is generally taken to mean that good luck may be attributed to odd numbers, and bad luck to even numbers. It is not, however, in admitting that even numbers come more frequently to unlucky, many country women will only put their heads to set on an odd number of eggs, in the belief that otherwise no chickens would be hatched.

Numbers both odd and even have always been credited with mystic powers capable of influencing the destinies of man. It is possible that this belief may have originated in the first instance to a sense of reverence and awe with which the invisible powers of mathematics were probably regarded by the ignorant; the fact, too, that the third, fifth and sixth notes in an octave harmonize with the first may in some measure account for the superstitious importance with which the numbers three, five and six have been regarded; and the regularity and frequency with which certain numbers occur in nature and in human life may also have given rise to a belief in some mystic powers which the numbers themselves possess. Thus, two is constantly before us in bilateral symmetry and the number of the sexes; five occurs as the number of petals which many flowers possess and the number of fingers and toes on each of our hands and feet—the thumb, of course, being reckoned as one of the fingers; and as an instance in which six occurs, we may mention the hexagonal cells of a honeycomb.

It is unnecessary to give examples of the mystical use of numbers in the Scriptures, for no one who has read the Bible can have failed to notice the frequency with which certain numbers are used, usually intentionally and with a symbolic significance.

In many of the legends which may be found amongst the North American Indians, two witches or magicians women play a prominent part. This may be merely a curious coincidence; but more probably it is the result of some forgotten superstition connected with numbers. In the "Two Witches" legend, two men in full armor, and whose names have been ascertained, it certainly seems to have been an unlucky number, many of those who were second of a man's hand had troubled wives or met with untimely fates.

There is much superstition regard for the number three in the popular mind, and the third repetition of anything is generally looked upon as a crisis. The number three has been lost and recovered; but the third time that it is lost, it is gone for good. Twice a man may pass through a great danger in safety; but the third time he loses his life. It, however, the magic third can be successfully passed, all is well. Three was called by Pythagoras the perfect number, and we frequently find its use symbolical of deity; thus, we might mention the trinity of Neptune, the three-headed lightning of Jove, and the three-headed dog of Pluto. The idea of trinity is not confined to Christianity, but occurs in several religions. In mythology, also, we find three Fates, three Furies and three Graces; and coming nearer to our own times, Shakespeare introduces his three witches. In public-house signs three seems to play an important part, for we frequently meet with "Three Cups," "Three Jolly Sailors," "Three Bells," "Three Tuns," "Three Feathers"—in fact, that number of almost any thing of which a fertile imagination can conceive a trio. In nursery rhymes and tales this number is not unknown; and if we look back to the day of our childhood, most of us will call to mind the three wise men of Gotham who took a certain voyage in a bowl, not to mention the three blind men who had their tails cut off by the barber's wife. Perhaps there is some secret power in the number which gives it the division of novels into three volumes, and induces doctors to order their medicine to be taken three times daily. This said that some tribes of savages can count beyond three; but although they may have no words to express higher numbers, they would be scarcely justified in assuming that they are incapable of appreciating the value of the latter.

Five is a magic number which was supposed to possess great influence over demons and evil spirits. Probably primitive man, not unlike some of his descendants at the present day—reckoned up his little accounts on his fingers, ultimately using his hand as a symbol of five, and consequently attaching extra importance to that number.

Seven was considered a holy number; and throughout the Scriptures it is frequently used as such. The seventh son of a seventh son was formerly looked upon as a natural doctor who possessed miraculous powers of healing the sick, and could, in fact, frequently effect a cure by merely touching the sufferer.

Even at the present day this piece of superstition has not died out, and occasionally one may still meet with these so-called natural doctors, who fully believe in the marvelous powers ascribed to them. Among the Gaboon tribes there is a superstition that on the seventh day after the birth of a child, the woman who is nursing the mother is in danger of being converted into an animal by some evil spirit; if the necessary steps are not taken to prevent her metamorphosis. According to a popular superstition, seven years of bad luck may be expected by the unfortunate person who chokes to break a mirror. There is a general belief with most people that they undergo some change every seven years; man's life is popularly divided into seven ages, and formerly it was supposed that seven and nine were capable of exerting much subtle influence over men, the product of these two numbers being particularly powerful in this respect. This, sixty-three years was called the grand climacteric, and that age was considered a very important crisis in a man's life.

Women, on the other hand, were supposed to be more susceptible to the influence of six. Probably it was this belief in the supposed influence of nine and six on men's lives which originally gave rise to the custom of granting leases for multiples of seven or nine years. Long leases were called the grand old climacteric, and that age was considered a very important crisis in a man's life.

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AN OLD MARTINET.

Amazing Description of the Military Drill of Crows.

Night after night I watched the crows, until at last it became certain that the crow, with the sicutorial lungs, was in absolute command and had his forces well under control. After about a week more of training, they began to show undoubted signs of excellent discipline. At the command of the leader, a flock of a dozen or more took wing and described a much larger circle than ever before. Until they were about two hundred feet from the rest, comparative silence reigned among the remaining host; but then, suddenly, came several loud, sharp tones from the leader, and about as many more left the trees. This time the new division separated into two equal bodies, and flew off at right angles to a short distance. Then, in response to another call, they turned in the same direction as the advance-guard, who were now some distance away. After a few moments had elapsed, the word of command was again given, and all the crows arose in a body and followed the lead of the advance-guard, the old chieftain being well to the front; but I noticed that he did not fly so fast as the main body, and they gradually passed him. "Now," I thought, "he may be the crow with the most acute brain, but he certainly lacks the strength of wing to keep to the front."—for by this time he was among the stragglers bringing up the rear. But before long the air again resounded with the hoarse "Caw Caw!" and immediately the apparently abandoned trees sent forth a very creditable rear-guard. These last crows rose and scattered themselves into open skirmishing order. Then the General at once proved to me I had been very foolish in my hasty conclusions concerning his wing power, for he at once forged ahead, plowing his way rapidly, until he reached the main body and took a leading position. By this time the advance-guard had completed their circle and were fluttering round in smaller circles preparatory to alighting upon their old perches; but the vigilant eye of their leader detected this attempt, and a call of command sent them forth to duty again. The old fellow was a perfect old martinet, so far as drill was concerned. Up to this time he had taken things somewhat easily, as it had been only company drill; but now it was the all-important battalion drill, and therefore there was no shirking allowed.

The word to halt was soon given, however, and each detachment, perched upon its camping trees, awaited orders. As if it was perfectly understood that after drill they were to "root at ease," a terrible cawing commenced. It seemed that each crow meant to let them all understand that he was the best-drilled bird in the brigade.

The following evening, when the regiment received the order to march, there was no sign of their halting in their flight; but, after scurrying around the circle once or twice, at a sign from the leader some of them left the main body and flew ahead till they reached the advance-guard, and the right and left wings of scouts took their places. The birds then on duty slackened their flight and gradually rejoined the main body. The same thing was repeated by the rear-guard. It became evident that the General not only intended to guard his army, but also had arranged to relieve those who were sent out upon this special duty. In fact, no human General could have thought out all these better contingencies and arranged for them better than did this "old black crow."

Next morning, after waiting for some time, the voice of the General sounded forth the order to march. The advance guard at once arose with their usual "Caw!" and then in silence started due south, flying on a horizontal plane only a few feet higher than the trees they had left. At the word, the other guards flew out as right and left wings, but maintaining the same height in the air as the pioneers—in fact, all appeared as if moving along an invisible railroad track. As soon as the advance parties had taken their posts, the General gave the signal starting the main army in motion.

Before long they became a gray cloud in the distance, and then melted out of sight in the glowing Southern sky.—Agnes Fraser Sandham, in St. Nicholas.

OLDEST IN AMERICA.

Trouble Distinction of a Michigan Ladies' Library Association.

It is no small honor to be the oldest literary society for women in America. That honor is claimed by the Ladies' Library Association of Kalamazoo, Mich. Thirty-seven years ago, in January, 1853, when the Commonwealth of Michigan was in its teens, and the beautiful little city of Kalamazoo barely able to stand alone—when men's hands were full with clearing lands and building homes and finding bread for their families, a number of earnest women in the little village met one day to solve the problem: How can we furnish intellectual food for ourselves and our children in this new land? It was a vital question. They had come, many of them, from New England homes; and inherited tastes are not easily laid aside. They wanted books and lectures; but books were scarce, and lecturers scarce, and money, alas! scarce of all. It was clearly a case for organized effort. What one could not do, many might; and when earnest women organize to help themselves and their children, who will predict failure? The immediate result of that afternoon's work was the organization of a society whose avowed objects were the establishment and maintenance of a circulating library and the promotion of literary culture in the town. From that day to this, a period of nearly forty years, the association has been in active operation, and has deviated not one hair's breadth from the original objects. The means have varied with the growth and literary advancement of the town and the requirements of the age; and has been the same.—N. E. Magazine.

—Only about one-fourth of the cheese made in the United States is exported, some 300,000,000 pounds are used for home consumption. That is a good pile of cheese, yet only five pounds per person.

FULL OF FUN.

—Giles—"Is your job permanent?" Merritt—"I should say it was. I'm secretary of a committee that is raising money to build a monument."—N. Y. Sun.

—"Have you read Smithers' book?" "No." "Why, you said in your review that it was a great story." "Well, that's all right. Smithers told me that himself."—Harper's Bazar.

—The Parson—"And you, Elvira, prom?" "Durstin—"Hold on, there! Just because you are marrying us you've got no call to be so almighty familiar. This is Miss Williams so far, and don't you forget it!"—Judge.

—"I thank you, sir," she sweetly said. And took the seat with gracious ease. His hand went wildly to his head— He died right there of heart disease. —Washington Capital.

—Daughter of the house, who has been writing a letter for the maid—"There! I think that is enough." "Oh, thank you ever so much, Miss Mary, the letter is beautiful; but could you just please add: 'Excuse the bad writing and the bad German?'"—Flegend's Blatter.

—Young Husband (in crowded street-car)—"Emily, don't you think I ought to give that lady my seat?" Young Wife—"No, dear. I think you ought to stay right here by me." Young Husband (keeping his seat heroically)—"Emily, a man's first duty is to his own family. She'll have to stand."—Chicago Tribune.

—Cumulative Evidence.—Justice—Mr. McCady, but it seems useless to hear further argument from you." Mr. McCady—"I beg that your honor will hear me through. This alibi is not the only one my client can establish. He has another much stronger yet."

—Mrs. Newell—"Our mutton has not been very nice lately." Butcher—"Very sorry, ma'am. We always send you the very best." Mrs. Newell—"I want to order a leg of mutton for to-day, and I wish you would send me a leg off that same mutton that I ordered from a month or two ago. That was excellent." —America.

—Looking both Ways.—Mamma (to Teddy, who is growling about his food)—"Just think, Teddy, of the many poor little children to-night who are going to bed hungry, without any supper at all."

—Mr. Highart—"Yes, I believe in the cultivation of art among the masses. Artistic taste, no matter where found, or in what walk of life, is of incalculable value to the possessor." Mr. Humdrum—"Well, I differ with you. My wife spent eighty dollars last year taking art lessons, and then, Christmas, she gave me five boxes of cigars—selected by the pictures on the cover."—N. Y. Weekly.

—Restaurant Proprietor (to Head Waiter)—"I want you to pay particular attention to the guests from this time on." Head Waiter (surprised)—"Have been negligent, sir?" Proprietor—"You must understand me, James. I want you to keep your ears open, and if you find the guests have been to the Paris Exposition take about two dollars more on the bill. They'll never notice it."—Drake's Magazine.

DISHONESTY IN RUSSIA.

In That Country Moral Discipline Is Not Recognized by Society.

A well-known merchant of Kieff thought it merely a clever stroke of policy to bribe all the telegraph messengers to bring him every telegram addressed to the business man in whose speculations he was interested. He paid one ruble per telegram, and having read them, copied, and resented them, he sent them to the consignees and used the information thus acquired for his own ends. He profited by this trustworthy source of information for two years, and would probably have continued to profit by it till his death had the conspiracy not been discovered.—by the merest accident.

The Exchange Committee of Odessa—a body of men obliged by the trusted position which they occupy to be above all considerations of a sordid nature—was found to quote the fluctuations of Russian funds so inaccurately as to cause bitter complaints to be made by the press as well as by the representatives of commerce. A year and a half ago an official request was addressed to the persons responsible for the quotations, that their duty was "to announce the quotations correctly, irrespective of the consideration whether any body's interests are affected thereby." "The main evil of Russian society," says one of the government organs, "is that it suffers from complete, absolute dishonesty, recognizes no moral discipline, and has practically emancipated itself from duty." At the trial of a railway servant for robbery, the prisoner, in using in such cases—confessed the facts rather than his guilt, and stated frankly as a thing of course that all the railway servants robbed, and that robbery was thoroughly organized along the line, some stealing only manufactured goods, others leather wares, and others again corn, and so on, the rules of honor, forbidding those who devoted themselves to the robbery of one species of property to encroach upon the domain of others.—Fortnightly Review.

THE FORMATION OF COAL.

It takes a prodigious amount of vegetable matter to form a layer of coal, it being estimated that the present growth of the world would make a layer less than one-eighth of an inch in thickness, and that it would take a million years of vegetable growth to form a coal-bed ten feet in thickness. The United States has an area of more than 450,000 square miles of coal-fields, and more than 100,000,000 tons of coal were mined in this country last year—enough to run a ring around the earth at the center 5 1/2 feet wide and 5 1/2 feet thick. Competent scientists say that there is enough coal in the United States to supply the world for the next two thousand years.—Golden Days.

NAMING OF PLACES.

Why the Fine Soudan Indian Appellations Should Be Preserved.

The ridiculous practice of naming American places after European cities, from mean incidents, instead of preserving the fine Soudan Indian appellations, is fast gaining ground. It is interesting to know that there was a sensible law on this subject in vogue many years ago in Michigan. Its object was to preserve the noble and harmonious old Indian names, which had been given to every river and lake, and forest and mountain, in the country, and which, by a most execrable taste, have in many instances been displaced by the hackneyed names of European cities, or of distinguished men.

The law provided that no town should be named after any other place or after any man, without first obtaining the consent of the Indian tribes. The consequence was that Michigan was destined for a long time, and unlike some of her sister States, she boasted neither Toledo, Palmyra, Carthage nor Troy. No collection of log huts, with half a dozen grocery stores, was honored with the name of Liverpool; nor did any embryo city, with a college or an academy, in contemplation, receive the appropriate name of Athens.

She had not a Moscow and a Morocco, in the same latitude, and an Edinburgh and an Alexandria within thirty miles of each other. Babylon, Sparta and Corinth, though they had been transplanted to every other part of the Union, were destined never to flourish on the soil of Michigan. No Franklin or Greene or Jefferson, which would make the five hundredth, no Washington, which would make the tenth hundredth of the same name, was to be found in her borders. On the contrary, her rivers and lakes still retained the full, rich, swelling names which were bestowed upon them by the red men of the forests, and her towns bore the names of the sturdy chiefs who once battled or hunted in their streets.

Strange, when we have such a noble nomenclature as the Indians have left us, that we should copy from the worn-out names of ancient cities, and which swell as feelings but ridicule, by the contrast between the old and the new. Mohawk, Massachusetts, Ontario, Erie, how infinitely superior to Paris, London, Fishville, Buttertown, Bangtown, etc. The feeling which prompts us to perpetuate the names of our revolutionary heroes by naming towns after them is highly honorable; but it should not be forgotten that frequent repetition (especially in cases where the town is utterly unworthy of its namesake) renders the name vulgar and ridiculous. It seems that, not content with driving the Indians from the soil, we are anxious to obliterate every trace of their existence. It would be refreshing to see a better taste beginning to prevail upon this subject, and we hope that the example of Michigan will be taken up, if not by legal enactments, at least by the force of public opinion.—N. Y. Ledger.

A HARD EXPERIENCE.

Miss Willard's Transition from Gay Childhood to Sober Womanhood.

No girl went through a harder experience than I, when my free, out-door life had to cease, and the long skirts and clubbed-up hair spoiled with hairpins had to be endured. The half of that down-heartedness has never been told and never can be. I always believed that if I had been let alone and allowed as a woman, what I had had as a girl, a free life in the country, where a human being might grow, body and soul, as a tree grows, I would have been "ten times more of a person," every way. Mine was a nature hard to tame, and I could never again range and range about with freedom. I had delighted in my short hair and nice round hat, or comfortable "Shaker bonnet," but now I was to be "choked with ribbons" when I went into the open air the rest of my days. Something like the following was the "state of mind" that I revealed to my journal about this time:

This is my birthday and the date of my martyrdom. Mother insists that at last I must have my hair "done up woman-fashion." She says she can hardly forgive herself for letting me "run wild" so long. We've had a great time over it all, and here I sit like another Samson—"shorn of my strength." That figure won't do, though, for the greatest trouble with me is that I never shall be shorn again. My "back" hair is twisted up like a corker; I carry eighteen hairpins; my head aches miserably; my feet are entangled in the skirts of my hateful new gown. I can hardly jump over a fence, and so long as I live, as for chasing the sheep, down in the shady pasture, it's out of the question, and to climb to my "Eagle's nest" in the big burr-oak would ruin this new frock beyond repair. Altogether, I recognize the fact that my "occupation's gone."—From Frances E. Willard's "Glimpses of Fifty Years."

Successful Skin-Grafting.

A boy, badly burned from the knee to the ankle on one leg, has been under treatment in one of the London infirmaries. Shortly after his admission extensive skin-grafting was put in practice, the grafts being taken from a greyhound pup. The skin strips that were applied to the burned leg were about six inches in length and half an inch in width. They were all adherent, except one, at the end of four days. The patient was discharged cured at the end of six weeks after the grafting was practiced.—Washington Critic.

What He Didn't Believe In.

She (sentimentally)—I often think that the world is full of unusing songs.

He (practically)—What's the use of them if we never hear them?

She—Ah, we can feel them. There is a song in the answer, in the flying cloud, the—

He—Well, the world may be full of unusing songs, but I am going to take care that it is not full of unkind ones.

Let the curtain be drawn.—Boston Courier.

TRICKS OF SMUGGLERS.

How the Customs Laws Are Evaded by Sailors and Their Officers.

Smuggling as a profitable pursuit is not carried on in this vicinity at the present time to any very great extent. Yet the legitimate practice is by no means wholly extinct. The effective customs force which now exists does not permit of any very extensive evasion of the law; but of course the inspectors are not able to prevent thousands of cases of smuggling of a comparatively insignificant nature. Smuggling as now carried on is almost wholly confined to sailors on merchant ships, both steam and sail, and the big ocean liners offer peculiar advantages for various little evasions of the customs law. The officers of these steamers themselves are by no means above a little private work in this line, and while perhaps few of them avail themselves of the opportunity for gain, they might do so if they wished, but with slight prospects of discovery.

Sailors coming from the West Indies, Manila or other places from which tobacco is imported frequently do a little smuggling with a view to making a few dollars. In most of these places peddlers visit the shops while they are lying in port, with tobacco and cigars in any quantity, and the sailor, if he has any money and is of a speculative turn, will buy a few boxes to bring home with him. These neatly stowed away in his chest, his clothing stored in one or two canvas bags, will easily pass the custom-house officers, as these officers, unlike England and other European countries, seldom go to the trouble of inspecting the persons effects of the sailors. Most sailors, however, after they have got their goods safely on shore, either do not know how or can not dispose of them, and the consequence is, generally the boarding-master, performs the work of selling the smuggled goods. He also takes good care to get the greater part of the cash for which they are sold. Recently it has become difficult for a sailor to dispose of smuggled property for the reason that he is now well enough known by the purchaser to be trusted. Under these conditions he is obliged to either give the articles away, or let the boarding-master act as negotiator. In the latter case the boarding-master, having the advantage of friendship with those who are in the habit of dealing in such goods, can secure good prices, of which he, of course, receives the lion's share.

In smuggling goods from Europe by means of the ocean liners, a good traffic yielding considerable profit, might be worked up, members of the crews being employed as mediums in bringing the goods over. One favorite way of defeating the customs laws, and one which is practiced to quite a large extent, is the purchasing of clothing in England by persons residing here, through the agency of an officer or sailor on one of the steamers. A person wishing to avail himself of the good quality and cheap prices of English goods will go a member of the crew with measurements for a suit of clothes. The latter takes the measures and money to an English tailor on his arrival, and the clothes are ready by the time the ship is about to sail on her return trip. If the customs officials look about the cabin at all it is easy to deceive them by claiming that the clothing is intended for his own use. The plan is simple and successful, and the medium walks on shore, delivers them to the owner and receives his compensation. Thus the purchasers save from 30 to 50 per cent on the cost of the articles. Numerous other articles are brought over in the same way, and some of them engaged make quite a remunerative business out of it.—Boston Advertiser.

BUTTONS AND BUCKLES.

Every Indication Points to Their Popularity This Spring and Summer.

Buttons are coming in again for both use and trimming. In Paris from seventy-five to two hundred appear on a gown in a trim row on the breast, on the outside of the sleeves from the wrists nearly to the elbows, and down one side of the skirt in clustered groups, giving the name of "domino" to the style. Jacket basques have the fronts bordered with them, and one stylish white serge suit for early summer has the front edge of the basque, sleeves from shoulder to wrist, and right side of the skirt cut in scallops, bound with gold braid, and every scallop holds a button of bright gilt.

Crochet and metal designs are used, and lovely slides or buckles to correspond with the buttons or dress are in equal demand in oxidized silver, steel, jet, bronze, pearl, rhinestone, "rain-bow," stone, etc., in short, wide, oval or elongated patterns, flat or curved in to the figure. The latest design out of a Scotch plaid buckle to wear with plaid or black dresses. Gilt buckles and gold braid will trim black gowns for young ladies. Straps of inch-wide velvet ribbon ornament a skirt panel and front of the basque, with a filigree metal button on the pointed end of each strap.

Buckles in oxidized silver show a dainty lacework of filigree, renaissance, and empire designs, and steel rivets, all in beauty of design and coloring. All colors may be matched in their respective patterns, and the smoked pearl shades, both green and gray. Serpentine coils, bracelet patterns, basket weaves, flat and engraved surfaces, are all represented. Slides are simply buckles without the gilt prongs in the back. The elongated, curved designs shape themselves to the form whether worn in a sash, girdle, or holding the full front of the basque in place of lapping it at the waist line. Buckles and buttons may be selected with a lavish hand, as every indication points to their popularity this spring.—Old Homestead.

Early Breakfast.

Billings—Mrs. Hasbrouck, if there is any difference between this supposed coffee and plain milk it is too small for an ordinary man to perceive.

Mrs. Hasbrouck—Just let it stand awhile, and it will be better, I am sure.

Billings—I am afraid the stuff is too weak to stand, but I'll try it.—Terre Haute Express.

FINE ORIENTAL SOCIETY.

Edwin Arnold Gives a Description of a Japanese Entertainment.

We assisted a night or two ago at a charming entertainment, where Japanese and European children were mingled in a fancy-dress dance, says Edwin Arnold in a letter to the London Telegraph. "The little native maids, in brightly-colored kimono and dazzling white, demurely danced Japanese and Western measures, as if they had been dressed as daimios and samurai, carrying two swords and grandly apparelled with shoulder-pieces and satin trousers. After the children retired the older ones played at being young, and I saw the Russian Minister's daughter, the Austrian Minister's daughter, and the Austrian Emperor at the game of ring and rope with an energy which nothing but abandoned festivity could have been becoming an *amante de son beau*, while the Russian Minister's daughter was obliged to call aloud to his consort, *De la uolodarka, Madame!* So there is something, as will be seen, for all moods in Tokio; but the best of all is when you are tired of walking up and down the quiet garden, under the bamboos and camellias—and even satisfied with gazing on snow-silvered Zen-san—to stroll down the streets, sparkling with painted lanterns, and casting off your shoes at the spotless threshold of a little house, you know in Mikawa Daimachi, to sit on the soft white tatami, amid a gentle shower of musical salutations, "Ohayo," and "Yo o nasai-mashita," and drinking the fragrant tea and lighting the tiny *laseru*, to listen to the songs of the "Dragon King's Daughter" and to dream you are Uroshima, who discovered the Fortunata Islands and stayed there happily for a thousand years. On the wall will hang some pictures of the life of the Buddha, whose compassionate peace has passed into the spirit of the land. The clean and shapely brown feet of the laughing *musumetsu* patter on the floor in willing service like the coming and going of birds. We fry slices of *mechi* upon the brazier, and sip, in bright sobriety, the pale yellow tea. A spray of scarlet winter berries and the last of the yellow chrysanthemums suspended in a bamboo cage give a point of lively color to the arrangement, which is so comical because it has no doors, and so neat and spotless because we do not make streets of our houses like you at home. When the samisen is not tinkling the sound of light laughter makes sufficient music, for we are *kokori yami*, "heart-easy," and life is never very serious in Japan. Listen a little to gay, fragmentary love-songs O Tatsu San is murmuring to the strings which she strikes with the ivory *tsuchi*."

Shote wa jodan
Nakagawa giri de
Ina ja tageta no
Jitenshi

Is it something real in her own little existence which renders her brown eyes so soft and expressive as she thus sings?

First 'twas all a jest,
Then 'twas daily duty;
Now 'tis all the best,
True faith, true beauty—
Both are love possessed.

A GOOD OWL STORY.

How One of the Ill-favored Birds Frightened a Fox Party.

Speaking of owls, sometimes serious results arise from being frightened by them. We were camped, ten of us, soon after our unpleasantness with the South, in a weird place in the swk hills in the vicinity of New Madrid, Mo., then on a hunt for turkey and deer. The trees about our camp were ornamented with game. On this evening, while sitting in tent engaged in a lively chat, there came suddenly from the deep, still forest about us a wild, unearthly scream, frightful enough to make the baby stand erect on the head of the uninitiated, and it would have made if stand on the head of Mat, our colored cook, whom we had taken from Cairo, had it not been for the kinks. As if by concert of thought every countenance of the ten assumed an anxious look. "Panther!" exclaimed an old hunter. "Yes," responded another. "Smells our game," says the third. Soon, naturally enough, we were engaged in the narration of blood-curdling stories in relation to panthers. Then one of the party thought it was needed fresh water, and Mat was detailed to bring it from the creek, a few rods away. He hesitated, but went taking the axe with him and making the quickest trip on record. We noticed after that when night set in we always had abundance of fresh water in camp.

The next year Mat was with us again in the same region, but in a wilder camp, if possible, than the old one. One afternoon I came into camp earlier than usual, and found Mat sitting on a log, the whitest mark I ever saw, gazing with both hands on his foot, the blood dripping from them. I found a frightful wound; he had put the full edge of the axe deeply and lengthwise into the top of his foot. With the aid of bread and a glover's needles I closed the wound, and, with bandages from a linen coat I had in camp, stanching the flow of blood.

The next year Mat did not accompany us, but procured another darky who was several degrees darker than the ten of us, but sharp, raised on a plantation in Missouri. One day, while chatting with Billy, he said: "Mr. L. Mat says there are a great many panthers here, and that I had better keep a good lookout and have an axe handy. Did he tell you how he came to cut his foot? He said one day he was chopping, and when the axe was raised to strike a panther screamed behind him in the timber, and he looked around suddenly, and somehow the axe came down on his foot."

A few days after that I came into camp and found Billy preparing food, and a few yards in front of him sitting on a branch of a tree was a small owl, looking wisely at the darky. "Billy, with a swinkle in his eye, pointed to the owl and said: 'Mr. L. there is Mat's panther.'"

Moral.—Never frighten poor darkies with owls.—Forest and Stream.

—The dog with the appetite for trousers is liable at any time to go on a tear.—Washington Post.