

St. Tammany Journal.

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UNDER THE SNOW.

And there my precious darling spoke Under the snow, under the snow...

TRAINING A HUSBAND.

HAT! must have a confidant in clear. Just think of me, a woman, keeping a secret a whole year...

There is not one human being I dare trust; they would either be amused or shocked that I would disclose everything...

But he is the most obstinate, conceited, selfish man you can imagine. "Oh! that must be some other fellow," they all exclaim.

On the other hand, I am very charming, pretty, stylish and amiable. I am not yet twenty-five, and know more than poor dear Fred ever began to.

Fred and I had been married four years, and wedded life had begun to lose some of its charms. I had no family or housekeeping cares to occupy me.

"German," had forsaken such vanities. Things were "down." When Fred came home at night from smoking and gossiping down town...

Finally Fred got in the habit of telegraphing home and staying down to dine with "the boys," while I took my meal in solitary state...

"Burglars!" I whispered, joyfully; but alas! it was only a stray breeze plucking my hair with some loose leaves.

"Well, young man," I soliloquized, "I'll get up some private theatricals myself, and as there are no loaves, perhaps you won't object."

I went down to the kitchen, and with a knifehandle broke a pane of glass, making a place large enough for a man's arm to go through.

"This is where 'my burglar' got in," I explained. Next I opened the sideboard, drawers and rather disturbed their contents.

"No use, Mr. Burglar," I laughed, "silver is all upstairs." I was becoming quite interested in "my burglar" by this time.

"How was it? Did they get anything? Are you hurt? How many were there? How did they get in? Where did he get out?"

Of course, Fred was frightened about me, so to keep his interest up I had a regulation attack of hysterics.

By the time I was completely restored and had washed off the powder and fixed my hair the neighbors came in for particulars.

As time passed I could not fail to see that Fred regarded me as quite advanced in years, though I had just reached the quarter of a century mark.

When I finished this abrupt utter I folded it away and went on as if that might think it long carried and often read; then I dropped it where Fred could not fall to find it.

"Darling, would you mind very much if I did not attend Anderson's reception to-night? I have a headache," said Fred.

"I'm sorry you feel that way," I said, going over and feeling his forehead. "I had some complications, but hadn't better try and go?"

"The girls be hanged!" he exclaimed, under his breath, but I heard it with joy. "Shall I read to you, dear?"

"The greatest and best job is young Fred. His father is so delighted with him, and he proves such an unfailing source of novelty and excitement."

Turner carried his finalization to the grave. Turner's landscapes were radiant with poetry and power, but the artist himself was a riddle.

The funeral was in midwinter, the hour nine o'clock in the morning, and the artists came to the house expecting what is usual in England under such circumstances—that a luncheon would be provided for them.

"No doubt," he bluntly answered, "I shall bury you rolled up in your picture, if it is one of the conditions of your will, and take you up the next day and unroll you." Youth's Companion.

One of the coins of the Chinese emperor Kanghi is very much sought after by the Chinese, who use it in making rings for the finger. It is slightly different from the other cash issued under the same emperor...

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