The 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, JUNE 1, 1895. | VOL. XX.—NO. 23.

COMING HOME.

My ship is coming home; beside the breakers
That roll incessantly,
I catch the flutter in the evening twilight
Of sails across the sea.

And as I watch them drawing nearer and nearer,
With onward course and straight,
I wonder if the angels with such pleasure
For souls immortal wait.

Oh, do they stand there at the port of Heaven
In high expectancy,
Ready to hail each home-returning vessel
That comes across life's sea?

What pleasure, then, in sunset's glow and beauty,
With drooping sails to come,
And hear those angels singing in the harbor:
"Welcome, oh, welcome home!"
—Anna Temple, in S. S. Times.

MRS. BUCK TUPPER.

BY MATTIE M. BOTELER.

My profession is that of a civil engineer.

After a very unsatisfactory year spent in the employ of certain mushroom railroad companies I resolved to seek a shorter route to fortune by joining the throng that was just then rushing to the silver mines of the southwest.

But alas! for the best plans of an unsophisticated tenderfoot! Six months later I found myself one day stranded in a wretched little mining town, without a dollar in my pocket.

How I happened just then to meet and make friends with Col. Dingler it is no part of my purpose to relate. Suffice to say that when he offered to send me seventy-five miles into the country with a party of men who were to take charge of one of his ranches I accepted without demur.

There were five of us, with all possible diversity of character and bringing up.

Dennis O'Flaherty was a brilliant young Irishman, the son of a New York alderman. He had broken with his family because of his disposition to flirt with pretty girls rather than to "study for orders," as had been intended. Si Larkins was a typical down easter, big and rawboned, and until six months ago he had never been beyond the New Hampshire hills. His very opposite was Ross Harper, a dapper little fellow who, in spite of his sombrero and brace of pistols, looked very like one of the dummies that used to adorn the front of his clothing store back in Cincinnati, but for all that he was plucky and clear grit to the backbone. Then there was Buck—Buck Tupper.

Just where he hailed from no one ever seemed to know. He seemed to be a part of the wild west himself, and his knowledge of its bold, wicked ways was something marvelous. He had a playful habit of galloping across the country, firing right and left simultaneously, or of dashing unheralded through shops and saloons on his mustang. Buck was an inveterate gambler, though something of a bungler, it seemed—at least, his earnings went regularly into the hands of the faro bank dealer at Waho.

One afternoon, as Buck and I were returning from beyond the canyon, where we had gone in search of some missing cattle, we came upon the trail of a company of horsemen. From the broken bits of saddle, cooking utensils and papers that were scattered about the gorge, it was evident that there had been a runaway. As reading matter was at a premium just then, I was off in an instant and was gathering up the papers, which proved to be of recent date. So absorbed did I become in their contents that it was some minutes before I noticed that Buck also had dismounted, and was examining with great interest something that he had picked up from the roadside.

It proved to be the photograph of a woman—a fine, oval face, the slightly-waving hair brushed simply back from the low, broad forehead. The eyes, that you would have sworn were a clear gray, seemed to look into your own with a sweet, trustful expression. Several times during the ride home Buck took the picture from his blouse, regarding it with an air of pleased ownership.

When I came into the house aftre putting away the horses, I found him busily engaged in fastening the picture to the smoked wall above the chimney piece.

"It ain't no place for such," he said, nodding his head at the picture, and glancing apologetically about the room, "but Buck Tupper's proud to give you the best he's got."

Looking upon the matter as a great joke, when the others came in I led them to the picture, presenting them with mock ceremony to Mrs. Buck Tupper. The name seemed to tickle Buck's fancy, and he repeated it over and over to himself with a pleased chuckle.

From that time "Mrs. Buck Tupper" became a household word with us; but it was not until some weeks after this that we learned how much of a reality she had become to the eccentric fellow. One day, when one of his chums from Waho was in the midst of a doubtful story, Buck had interrupted:

"Gimpsey, I don't 'low that's jest the talk a right nice woman likes to listen to," glancing significantly at the face on the wall. Gimpsey stopped, disconcerted and astonished. He did not finish the story. I think he went away believing that Buck was a bit touched; indeed, I am not sure but the rest of us shared the opinion.

It was evident that, for some reason, a radical change had taken place in him. He went no more on his boisterous crusades, and on Sundays, when he was off duty, I had found him several times trying to spell out the words in the little Bible I had carried with me in my wanderings.

For several weeks flaming bills had been posted about announcing that there was to be a great time at Waho on Christmas eve. However, when I mentioned it to Tupper he shook his head slowly:

"Naw, I did think some about it, but —Mrs. Buck Tupper"—looking up at the picture with a half smile—"I 'lowed if she was here she'd rather I wouldn't."

Seeing that I was disposed to listen, he went on: "I never had no bringing up, but I sort o' felt from the first as though that picture was a token, an' I says: 'Some day you will find that woman, herself Buck Tupper.' Of course I never could be fitten for such," sighing humbly, "but I made up my mind to be decent an' squar, anyway."

For more than a month we had been annoyed by cattle thieves, but in spite of the fact that we had been re-enforced by a daring company of men, they continued to elude us. One bright moonlight night, however, we came down upon a party of them. Our men at once opened fire. At first they showed fight, but as we far outnumbered them, their leader, with a signal to his men, put spurs to his horse, and in a moment they were galloping down the gorge, with several of our party in pursuit.

They had gone but a short distance when a shot took effect, and the horse of one of the outlaws fell dead.

Larkins and I hurried forward to prevent the rider's escape, but as we lifted the saddle by which he had been pinioned to the ground, the long coat and broad sombrero fell back, disclosing the fact that our captive was a woman.

At this moment one of the men came galloping back with the news that Buck had been shot. This put an end to the pursuit, and we hurried back to the ranch with the wounded man. O'Flaherty and I took charge of him, while Harper was left in the outer room to guard the prisoner. From the first it was evident that Buck's wound was fatal.

"I reckon I'm goin', shore," he said, feebly. "I never was half decent; I never knowed how; but, Jim," with a pitiful, pleading look, "if you see Mrs. Buck Tupper, I wisht you'd tell her—that—I tried."

I thought that the experience of these months had effectually hardened me, but this was too much, and on the pretense of wishing to relieve Harper I left the room.

It was not until I was alone with the woman that I looked at her. Then I was transfixed with astonishment. As she sat there, the lamplight falling on her cold, rigid face, it needed no second glance to convince me that she was the original of Buck's picture. This, then, was the angel of purity at whose shrine the poor fellow had been worshiping!

My first thought was he must never know. And yet I reflected how much it would mean to him but to see her face. Going over to where she sat, I hurriedly told her the whole story.

"And you want me to go to him?" Her face was cold and unfeeling, but there was a singular sweetness in her voice.

"Yes, only that he thinks you are—"

"I understand," with a faint smile.

After explaining matters to O'Flaherty, I led her to the bedside of the dying man, and left them alone together.

When I returned some minutes later, she sat beside him, and he was holding her hand. A change that I could not describe had come over her countenance. There was a subdued light that only tears can give to a woman's face.

"You'll make a little pra'r for me," he was saying, pleadingly.

"I—I can't!"

"Yes, little one," very tenderly. "I 'low you do feel broke up, but I never jest knowed how, an' the angels'd hear such as you."

The woman turned a hunted look upon the rest of us, then slipping from her chair dropped upon her knees:

"Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

At first the words seem to choke her, but there was something so solemn about it all that I do not think it occurred to one of us that there was anything incongruous in the repetition of the childish prayer at this moment.

Buck repeated the last words over after her:

"I pray the Lord my soul to take."

"Yes, I 'low He will,' 'and he was gone.

Of course we could not think now of dealing with our prisoner; so, after a hurried consultation, we put her on Buck's pony, and Harper and I rode out to the trail with her, and the last we saw of Mrs. Buck Tupper she was vanishing down the gorge in the gray morning mist.

The following summer I returned to the east, and as the years slipped away my western experience became gradually an uncertain memory.

One evening late in December, as I was walking up Duane street, my attention was arrested by the sound of music that came from the Salvation Army barracks across the street.

I have a friend in Jesus:
He's everything to me;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul!

I crossed over and stood for a moment in the crowd that surged about the door.

The singing had ceased, and a woman was speaking. I could not see her face, but her voice was a singularly musical falsetto.

"Though your sins be as scarlet—do you hear that?" she was saying. "Scarlet—that means blood—and the Bible says that no murderer can enter the kingdom. But He can wash the murder out of your heart, bless His name! He says: 'I will make them white as snow.'"

Seized with a sudden curiosity, I mounted one of the benches to get a glimpse of the speaker's face. A pale face, with clear, gray eyes and waving brown hair—where had I seen it before?

What was the vague memory that for a moment seemed only to tantalize me? I had gone back through the years, and the same face—only younger and fuller—was looking at me from the smoked wall above the chimney piece.

"Mrs. Buck Tupper!" Involuntarily the words came to my lips. At this moment the woman's eyes met my own. A confused look overspread her face, and she faltered in her speech. Could it be that she knew me? No, but she had seen the look of recognition in my face, and recognition to a woman with such a [illegible] always be disturbing, I reflected, as I stepped down and joined the crowd outside.

"Who is she?" I questioned of a strapping fellow with a flaming badge upon his breast.

"That's Capt. Mildred," speaking enthusiastically. "The devil hates that woman, I tell you! Why, she'd go through anything to get a poor wretch out of his clutches. Why, she's a—"

But I did not wait to hear the rest. Here, I mused, was a fit sequel to poor Buck's love story; and as I walked away, the song floated out again, clear and triumphant:

And sweeping up to glory,
To see His blessed face,
Where rivers of delight forever roll;
He's the lily of the valley—
The bright and morning star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul!
—Cincinnati Post.

—Many mean things are done in the family for which moods are put forward as the excuse. A man or woman has no moral right to indulge in an unpleasant mood.—J. G. Holland.

THE WORK OF A WORM.

Origin of Silk Making and Its Progress Throughout the World.

About two thousand seven hundred years before the Christian era Ti-Ling-Chee, empress of China, conceived the idea that a beautiful, new and wonderful fabric might be fashioned from the cocoon of the ungainly worm which infested the imperial gardens at Chen-Tong, on the Yellow river, and annually destroyed so many mulberry trees.

In pursuit of this theory the empress and her maidens unraveled the queer little nests and from the fine meshes wove a strange and lustrous material which was stronger and more beautiful than anything they had ever seen. The officers of the court took it up, and soon silk weavers and manufacturers were plentiful in China. It became the badge of wealth and rank. Only the aristocrats were allowed to use it, and they used it not only for the adornment of their persons, but draped their homes in the sheeny folds of the new fabric.

That was more than four thousand years ago, and it is a commentary upon the Chinese nation that very nearly the same rules and methods are employed to-day as in that far-past century. Silk is still the possession of the noble, and but little improvement is to be found in the manufacturing of the coveted article.

For centuries China jealousy guarded the secret of silk manufacture and enriched herself by commerce with nations who eagerly bought, but could not procure the secret of the fabric.

However, nothing can remain forever a secret in this world. So gradually the information spread to Persia, India and Arabia, and they also became manufacturers of silk, and rivaled China in the markets of the civilized world. Alexandria invaded Persia and India about three hundred and fifty years before Christ. He thus obtained the secret of silk culture, which the Greeks used to advantage, and, like the other countries possessed of the "golden fleece," closely guarded the precious secret.

Not until fifty-six years before Christ did Rome fall into line with the nations already familiar with the open sesame of wealth and influence and produce the material, the rustle of which was certainly golden, for even in the third century of the Christain era silk was worth its weight in gold.

In 1156 Roger, king of Sicily, invaded Greece. He took prisoner several silk weavers and manufacturers, whom he compeled to teach the citizens of Palermo the secret of the weave. About twenty years later Sicilian silks were famous for their beauty. They were interwoven with threads of gold and silver and richly embroidered with gems.

Christopher Columbus heard the marvelous stories of Marco Polo, who, while visiting the court of China, became familiar with the silk worm and its uses. Columbus was one of the few who credited the distinguished traveler's narrative, and it was partly to find an easy route to the land of silks that the great discoverer embarked upon the hazardous voyage which was destined to give a new world to civilization.

The history of silk begins in America as early as 1522, when Cortes, ruler of Mexico, cultivated the mulberry tree and raised the silk worms in that warm climate.

Some claim silk to have been in use with the Aztecs before the invasion of the Spanish, but it is generally conceded to have been a texture woven from the fibers of a plant and lacking the luster and softness of the genuine article.

England began the raising of the silk-worm in 1548, when James I. ordered the planting of mulberry trees. Only the raw material was produced, which was sent to Italy for weaving and manufacturing. However, in 1715 John Lombe, a young Englishman, visited Italy for the purpose of procuring for the English government the secret of silk manufacture. He succeeded by bribery in obtaining the coveted information, and, being detected, was forced to flee for his life, and returning to England erected the first silk mill. Lombe was finally poisoned by a woman sent from Italy for that purpose.

England encouraged the culture of the silkworm in the colonies of America, but prohibited its manufacture. All raw material was sent to England for weaving. This effectually checked such enterprise in America, although many young ladies raised enough of the silk to have their wedding garments made therefrom.

In 1755 Mrs. Pinkney presented the princess dowager of Wales with a silk dress, the material for which was raised by herself near Charleston. In 1770 Susannah Wright gave Queen Charlotte a similar costume. Thus twice was American silk worn by royalty at the British court.

After the revolution silk culture, which had died out with the war, began slowly to revive. In the course of a few years the United States produced an inferior quality of sewing silk, sold in skeins.

Philadelphia began the manufacturing of tassels and laces for coaches in 1793, and in 1815 undertook to furnish silk laces and dress trimmings.

South Manchester, Conn., produced spun silk in 1825. The same year congress took up the subject of silk manufacture, and ordered an investigation and report upon the question, but did little more to aid the infant industry struggling for life in the busy nation.

In 1837 the silk-worm craze swept like wildfire over the states. Large schemes were set afoot whereby the metamorphosis of the cacoon into dollars and cents was a foregone conclusion. The white mulberry-tree was introduced and a rich harvest reaped by the propagations of the speculation. Stories were set afloat of their wonderful properties; farmers converted their fields into orchards of the white mulberry; men, women and children nursed the previous worms. In a few months while the craze was at its height fortunes were made with ease which savored of the incredulous. For instance, one thousand dollars invested in white mulberry this season would bring six thousand dollars the next. Suddenly and without warning the bubble burst, and in 1839 people were ruined who in 1837 imagined themselves on the high road to fortune.

Thus again faded the hopes of the silk manufacturers, and for awhile it seemed that only the imported silks would be upon the American markets. Since then, however, it has rapidly increased, although this country does not yet furnish more than one-half the silk consumed by the states. Many people might profitably engage in the rearing of silk worms and thus add greatly to their income without very great inconvenience to themselvers.—Washington News.

THE HOUSE WAGON.

Many of the Comforts and Few of the Discomforts of a House Boat.

Land yachting is the latest form of pleasure traveling in California. The house on wheels is an old story in Europe, but here in America there has been too little of this sort of journeying since the procession of prairie schooners disappeared from the plains.

"My wife and I," says the pioneer of land yachting in the west, "were tired of the usual form of outing, tired of paying high railroad fares, tired of summer hotels, tired of the farm that takes city boarders, and the wagon idea came to us like an inspiration.

"We found that with an outlay of four or five hundred dollars we could have a castle at Los Angeles, a cabin in the redwoods, a chateau near Fresno, a Pullman to Mount Shasta, and a camp in the Yosemite. No railroad fares, no doctor's bills, no gas, or water, or wood, or coal to pay for; our old clothes would do us for years; chickens, corn and potatoes would, of course, be cheap. There was not a single drawback to the plan, and within six weeks we were on our travels in our land yacht."

The whole outfit weighs less than a ton. The wagon is twelve feet long over all; five feet six inches wide outside, and six feet two inches from floor to ceiling. It is built elbow-fashion, so as to allow the front wheels to turn under and that compels a sort of shelf about a foot high on the outside. On the shelf is a No. 6 stove. Underneath it and on two sides there is a zinc and asbestos lining. To the left of the stove there are three openings to compartments that extend under the front seat. There they keep provisions. Another compartment for bottles and things is under the seat. On each side of the wall, on a line with the stove, there is a shelf containing dishes, spices, etc. Underneath the same are hung pots, pans and towels.

On a line with the door and under the wagon there is a box, two feet six inches wide, fourteen inches deep, and about five feet six inches long. There they keep the bedding, which they get at by a trapdoor inside. Two curled hair cushions, which are strapped flat to the wall by day, do for mattresses. Three little windows hinged at the top solve the problems of light and ventilation.

In the left wall is set a broad plate-glass window, which frames some wonderful landscape pictures as the artist and his wife journey on.—San Francisco Chronicle.

DUNNED IN CHURCH.

A Woman Who Presents Her Accounts During Service.

She was a very dainty looking old lady, respectably and neatly dressed, and she stepped into the witness box of the North London police court with the air of a woman laboring under a deep-seated grievance. She took off her black worsted gloves and lifted her veil, coughed a dry, hard snort, and said: "Your honor, I wish to put a stop to a great annoyance." "Who annoys you?" asked Mr. Lane, Q. C. "My landlady." "Why does she do it?" then demanded the magistrate. "Well—ahem—I owe her a little rent." "Yes; and what does she do?" "Ah!" cried the lady, "that's the serious point. She comes to my place of worship and asks for it there; and it's most annoying." "You mean to say," asked Mr. Lane, "that she goes to church and asks you for your rent?" "Yes, sir, I do assure you. She comes into the pew beside me, and when I join in the responses, as I always like to do, she continually whispers about the rent. When it comes to 'incline our hearts'—you know the words, sir—she looks at me and sings 'to pay our rent.' During the sermon, too, she is always nagging about it—and it's very little owing, I assure you, but it's annoying, sir, to be dunned like that, and in church, too. It's so undevotional, and interferes with the spirit one ought to have in church." "Oh, gracious me! yes," ejaculated the magistrate; "it's awful! And in your place of worship!" "Yes, your Honor," continued the old lady, apparently gratified with the magistrate's sympathy, "and she actually comes there and asks me for my rent." "Well, I have no doubt it's very unpleasant," said Mr. Lane, "but there is nothing illegal in it. She has the right to ask for what is due her." "Oh, has she?" cried the applicant, "we shall see!" and she took up her reticule and left the court, with a firm determination to do something beaming all over her face.—London Telegraph.

IN A WINTRY SEA.

A Hardy Manxman Who Was Not Much Alarmed When His Ship Left Him Behind.

When the conversation fell upon the Elbe and the Gascogne and the narrow chance of escaping alive from a wreck in the wintry sea, the man from a far northern British province was moved to tell the story of his piano tuner. The piano tuner earns his bread by travelling from point to point in the far northern province and tuning the few pianos owned in those parts. Something in his hearty manner and strong figure led one of his patrons to ask a few questions concerning his life, and the piano tuner answered in effect thus:

"I'm a Manxman, and I have inherited a rugged constitution. I seldom wear gloves, even in your winters, and much of the time I go without an overcoat. For many years I followed the sea, and I had one adventure that few would have lived to tell of. It was a midnight of December when I was ordered aloft to stow the main royal, and before I knew what I was about I fell from the yardarm into the sea.

"No one on deck had noticed my fall, and apparently no one had heard my cry, for the ship kept right on. There I was, with heavy boots and a heavy coat, alone amid the waves of the Atlantic. You may not believe me, but I did not feel greatly alarmed. I managed to get out of my boots and coat, and then I began to swim to keep myself afloat. Somehow I felt that I should be saved. We had passed a vessel about sunset, and I thought she'd come along and pick me up. I had been a good swimmer all my life, and I kept afloat till daybreak, when that other vessel did come along and fish me out, four hours after I fell in. We got into New York three days after my ship arrived, and when I came aboard, as she lay at her wharf, my mates took me for a ghost."—N. Y. Sun.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Rev. Wyatt Gill, for many years a missionary at the Hervey group, describes the songs of the Polynesians as full of pathos and poetical feeling. Their stories were exciting, replete with incidents relating to slaughter, treachery, revenge, friendship, heroism and self-sacrifice.

—Hot milk is a regularly recognized drink in some of the German cafes. It is served in a cup with a saucer, and two lumps of sugar always accompany it. The drink has several things to commend it, since it has none of the dangerous qualities of tea, coffee or alcoholic drinks, and it is actually an excellent remedy for disorders of the stomach arising from certain forms of indigestion.

—Jacobites still exist in England. On the 30th of January, the anniversary of the execution of King Charles I., they held a memorial service and decorated his statue at Charing Cross with flowers. On a card was the inscription: "Remember, O king and martyr, we have not forgotten. God save Queen Mary." "Queen Mary" is the niece of the last duke of Modena, who is the oldest lineal descendant of King Charles I.

—A gang of international safe burglars was captured recently by the Hungarian police. They were well-dressed, educated men, two of them engineers by profession, and had worked in all the great cities of Europe. Their names—Perikies Assendakis, Demetrios Papakosta and Matthias Szallo—make a queer jumble of classical associations with burglary. Vassili Ristic, arrested with them, was recently an aide de camp of the prince of Montenegro.

—In thirty years the consumption of tobacco in England has risen from 29,000,000 to 62,000,000 pounds, and from an average of 19 ounces a head to 26 ounces. In the same time the consumption of non-alcoholic drinks has grown far in excess of alcoholic drinks. In 1861, 125,000,000 pounds of tea, coffee, cocoa and chicory were imported, to 265,000,000 pounds in 1893, while the rise in wines and spirits was from 35,000,000 to 51,000,000 gallons. Beer rose from 24 gallons a head in 1861 to 33¾ gallons in 1874, but has fallen off again to 29½ gallons.

—Archduke Johann Salvator of Austria's disappearance becomes the subject of a judicial investigation by the suit of a woman in Rovigo, Italy, who recently applied to the courts to declare her husband legally dead. The man was a sailor who shipped at Valparaiso in 1890 on the Santa Margherita, commanded by Capt. John Orth, the name assumed by the archduke on renouncing his rank and privileges. The Santa Margherita sailed from Valparaiso for Buenos Ayres in August, 1890, and has never been heard from since. It is believed that she foundered in a storm.

—Hinton St. George, the Somersetshire estate of Earl Poulett, is offered for sale. The earl is the lineal representative of Sir Amias Paulet, the jailer of Mary, queen of Scots, and is father to Viscount Hinton, who grinds the organ in the London streets. The estate comprises over 10,000 acres; the old castellated manor house lies in a park of 1,300 acres. It contains a picture gallery with 320 paintings, some by Rubens, Correggio, Murillo, Rembrandt and Vandyke. Everything on the estate is in perfect order, and for it all, pictures, furniture and heirlooms included, $3,000,000 are asked.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S GUARDS.

Precautions Taken When She Goes on a Journey.

The importance of the queen's life to the nation renders it necessary that every precaution should be taken to avert any possibility of a collision when she is travelling on the railway. The question has been most thoroughly gone into by her trusted private secretary, Sir Henry Ponsonby, with the assistance of the responsible managers of the various lines over which her majesty travels in the course of her journeys, and an elaborate system has been evolved which practically precludes any possibility of an accident, provided the orders issued to the subordinates on the railway are properly carried out and no gross error is committed. The system is now stereotyped, but, for all that, whenever the queen signifies her intention of using the railway, Sir Henry Ponsonby puts himself in communication with the managers of the line concerned several days beforehand, and the private wire at the palace is kept in active employment up to the very moment when her majesty has started from the palace. This event is chronicled by wire to the station, and from the moment of her majesty's arrival there the responsibility of her safety rests with the manager and his assistants.

That the companies are fully conscious of the responsibility placed on them may be gathered from their scheme of precautions. All traffic is stopped on the line and the points are locked in front of the royal train for a certain period before its actual arrival at any one spot, and this period is regulated by telegraphic advices from various stations announcing the approach of the train. The result is that the line is entirely free, all traffic being stopped at certain stations ahead and run into sidings until the royal train has actually passed. Moreover, a pilot engine runs in front of the royal train to clear the way, so that if any extraordinary accident any traffic should have escaped on to the line or any obstacle should have been placed there by malicious design, the pilot engine will act as a scout, either to stop and turn back the vagrant engine or to bring the royal procession behind to an immediate standstill by timely signals.

An additional precaution for the security of the line itself is found in the guard of pointsmen and signalmen who are posted within signal distance of one another, and whose duty it is to notify from hand to hand on the one side that the line is free within their control, and on the other that the royal train is approaching. Supposing, therefore, that some runaway train escaped the embargo laid at the junctions, and the pilot engine was rendered helpless by running off the line, the safety of the queen would still be secure by the rule that no signalman is to allow the royal train to pass his box unless it has been signaled from the box immediately ahead of him that the line is clear.

Some fifty copies of a complete way book, containing full particulars with regard to the times of starting, passing or arriving at stations, the list of passengers, together with a shaded diagram of the gradients, are printed and distributed among the royal officials of the suite and railway officials in charge of the train. A special edition of this, of a less comprehensive character, is printed in purple on satin, adorned with the royal arms and an embossed border of gold for the use of the queen and the royal family, so that at any time members of the party, by comparing a watch with the way book, can ascertain exactly where they are, what will be the next station and every detail of importance. There is, further, a minute plan of the train with measurements, showing the exact number and dimensions of the carriages and the names of the occupants, so that everybody can known exactly where everyone else ought to be.—St. James' Gazette.

NAPOLEON AND LOVE.

He Could Despise the Passion and Yet Render Himself Its Willing Slave.

Men have not forgotten that Bonaparte once denounced love as a hurtful passion from which God should protect His creatures; and they have for this, among other reasons, pronounced him incapable of disinterested affection. But it is also true that he likewise denounced Buttafuoco for having, among other crimes committed by him, "married to extend his influence;" and we are forced to ask which of the two sentiments is genuine and characteristic. Probably both and neither, according to the mood of the man. Outward caprice is, in great natures, often the mask of inward persistency, especially among the unprincipled who suit their language to their present purpose, in fine disdain of commonplace consistency.

The primitive Corsican was both rude and gentle, easily moved to tears at one time, insensate at another; selfish at one moment, lavish at another; and yet he had a consistent character. Although disliking in later life to be called a Corsican, Napoleon was nevertheless typical of his race; he could despise love, yet render himself its willing slave; he was fierce and dictatorial, yet, as Josephine said, "tenderer and weaker than anybody dreamed." And thus it was in the matter of his marriage; there were elements in it of romantic, abandoned passion, but likewise of shrewd, calculating selfishness. In his callow youth his relations to the other sex had been either childish, morbid, or immoral. During his earliest manhood he had appeared like one who desired the training rather than the substance of gallantry. As a Jacobin he sought such support as he could find in the good will of the women related to men in power; as a French patriot he put forth strenuous efforts to secure an influential alliance through matrimony, and it is certain that he made advances for the hand of the rich and beautiful Desiree Clary. He appears to have addressed Mme. Permon, whose fortune, despite her advanced age, would have been a great relief to his destitution. Refused by both, he was in a disordered and desperate emotional state until military and political success gave him sufficient self-confidence to try once more.—Prof. Sloane, in Century.

VIA DOLOROSA.

The Road Traversed by Jesus on His Way to Calvary.

It is not necessary to tell here the rest of the awful story. They mocked, buffeted, insulted and abused Him. A robber was preferred to Him, and was released. And so they led Him out and crucified Him.

The Via Dolorosa, the way He trod when He carried the cross, is not a street, but a continuation of sections of streets marked by the faithful, nobody knows how many years ago, with the fourteen stations of the church of Rome. More than once we followed Him from the so-called chapel of the scouraging to the supposed place of crucifixion. Everything, in the course of ages, has been altered; the level of the roadway, if it is the roadway, has undoubtedly been raised many feet; of all the traditions of Jerusalem the present Via Dolorosa is the most vague and the most improbable; but nevertheless I followed his footsteps; I put my shoulder in the hole where his shoulder is supposed to have rested; I placed my hand upon the alleged prints of his hand when the weight of the tree was too great for him and he fell against the wall, and, for the time, I believed it all. It may be all tradition, and all false; but to a man brought up on the teachings of the New Testament as accepted by a good father and a good mother, it was awfully real. And I believed it all!

The so-called calvary and tomb, and every sacred spot connected with the awful events of the crucifixion, are contained under one vast, irregular roof, in a series of churches and chapels called the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Within its precincts no Jews are admitted, and no Jew probably ever seeks or cares for admission. The Greeks, the Copts, the Syrians, the Roman Catholics, have each their own particular place of worship, and the Protestants have none at all. The lion and lamb live not in harmony together here, and the disciples of the Prince of Peace are kept from violent warfare with each other only by the presence of an armed Mohammedan guards in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre itself. Oh, Jerusalem! Jerusalem!—Laurence Hutton, in Harper's Magazine.

Arctic Birds Found in England.

Some extraordinary captures of arctic and other rare birds have been made in the Cambridgeshire fens. A specimen of the arctic bird Brunnich's guillemot was found near Wisbech St. Mary's, not far from the frozen waters of the River Nene. It is stated that probably this is the first specimen of this bird ever captured in Great Britain, and was no doubt driven southward by the severity of the weather. No fewer than four specimens of the little auk have also been captured in the same district.—London Telegraph.

—S. R. Crockett, the Scotch writer, is an early riser. "Every morning, summer and winter," he says, "I've had my cold tub and am ready to begin work at half-past four. I should feel I'd missed one of the keenest pleasures of life in missing the sunrise. I always go out to look at it, no matter how busy I may be. I seem to see the world re-created then, and to share in the sense of being newly born myself. Perhaps I've gone to bed discouraged, feeling it is not—never can be—in me to do the work I would do. But in the dawn everything seems possible to me. Six hours' sleep is all I take, because it's all I need."

COSTLY FURS.

The Immense Business Done in London in Handling Skins.

One of the most interesting branches of trade is the fur business. It is interesting in its first steps; that is, the pursuit of the animals which are to supply the pelts; it is interesting in the curious concentration of pelt-sellers and buyers in London in each of four months of the year—January, March, June and October; and it is interesting in the beautiful dressed skins, robes and prepared garments which are its final result.

London has maintained for many years the pre-eminence in this trade. American skins go to London to be sold by auction, and then come back to America to be worn by American men and women, very likely under some high-sounding foreign name. Russian buyers go to London to buy Russian skins.

A year's auction sales of furs in London often amounts to twenty million dollars.

Many curious incidents and caprices of the London market are recorded. Ever since the middle ages the ermine has been the fur of royalty, and it is still used in the trimming of the state garments of kings and queens; but it long ago fell into disfavor with women of fashion. White ermine skins became so cheap that the Canadian, Siberian and Chinese hunters no longer sent them to market.

Two or three years ago, however, the word went around from some mysterious fashionable source that ermine should be once more the mode. Suddenly all the buyers began to demand ermine skins, and the price went up to a great figure.

As was to be expected, the market was soon glutted. Chinese hunters sent to London no fewer than ten thousand ermine skins in the spring of 1893 And then they promptly went out of fashion.

The ermine has been, in literature, a symbol of innocence and purity, on account of its whiteness, but the animal is far from being an innocent and harmless creature. It is a rapacious and bloodthirsty sort of stoat or weasel, given to killing for the mere love of killing.

The ermine is white with the exception of the tip of its tail, which is black. These tips, dressed with the white fur at regular intervals, make the spotting of black which is seen on regal or other garments of ermine.

The finest and most costly and fashionable fur, at the present time, is the Siberian zibeline or sable, an animal which is said to be rapidly nearing the point of extermination. This little creature, known to science as Mustela zibellina, is a sable about eighteen inches long, with a bushy tail and a sharp, whiskered nose. It has a remarkable rich, three-fold fur, dark brown or black, and very lustrous.

The chase for the Siberian sable is now confined almost entirely to the peninsula of Kamchatka. It is a dangerous business, for it must be carried on in winter, and at that season the wilder parts of Kamchatka are even more inhospitable than those of the Hudson bay territory.

The very finest of these zibelines do not reach the London market. They are sent to the Russian imperial court, and are thenceforth known as "crown zibelines." The rest go to London, where they come into competition with the Canadian black sables.

The fur of the sea-otter, commonly called the fur-seal, is still in great request, and is likely, perhaps, to become more so if the efforts of diplomacy do not more effectively preserve it from extinction. The choicest sealskins now bring a high price. One of fine quality was sold in London last year for eleven hundred dollars.—Youth's Companion.

THE WICKEDEST KING.

Cruelty and Perfidy of Philip II. of Spain.

The figure of Philip II. may truly be said during the whole of his long reign to have hung like a dark shadow over Europe. He crushed out the life of Spain, where the deadly terror of the Inquisition barred all free thought or speech, and reduced the Spanish mind to such a level that it is even now far behind that of any other country in the west. No sovereign had such splendid opportunities, and no sovereign ever so wantonly and so wickedly threw them aside. The wisest minds that have come to the consideration of his life and times have all concurred in estimating Philip II. at what must now be held to be his true value. They have had ample opportunities of late years to enable them to pass true judgments, and the more fully the old archives are inspected the more thoroughly do these bear out the opinions that have been formed of this despot's character.

Suspicious of everyone, gloomy, stern and bigoted, he was false to his closest allies and was bound by no oaths or treaties, and seemed to actually delight in deeds of unrelenting cruelty. Motley, summing up his character, says of him: "There have been few men known in history who have been able to accomplish by their own exertions so vast an amount of evil. * * * The only plausible explanation—for palliation there is none—of his infamous career is that the man really believed himself not a king, but a god."

Sismondi, in judging of his career, speaks in a similar strain, in words which may fitly close this paper: "No scruple stopped him, his conscience recoiled from no cruelty, no perfidy; he went straight toward his object through more blood and more crimes than were ever lavished by any other monarch. * * * His pestilential breath dispeopled the kingdoms that were subject to him."—Temple Bar.

A Wonderful Gift.

Fortune-Teller—You may in time make a good income, but you will never be rich.

Young Man—Eh? Why not?

"You are not saving. You are wasteful."

"My! my! I'm afraid that is true. You have a wonderful gift. How did you know I was wasteful?"

"You have just wasted a dollar having your fortune told."—N. Y. Weekly.

"Suppress Dem Puffs."

An old time darky butler, such as may be found occasionally in Philadelphia, used grander expression the older he grew. He was helping a visitor the other day to don her walking-jacket, and as he noticed that she was still struggling to push in her rebellious big sleeves, he suggested, respectfully: "P'r'aps you will hab de goodness to allow me to suppress dem puffs, madam."—N. Y. Tribune.

PITH AND POINT.

—When lovers hang over the gate there is a good deal to be said on both sides before they quit.—Texas Siftings.

—He—"My views on bringing up a family—" She—"Never mind your views. I'll bring up the family. You go and bring up the coal."—Yonkers Statesman.

—If a woman wants a new spring hat,
She'll have it—that she will;
'Tis the part of wise discretion that
You promptly pay the bill.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—Financial.—Customer (with a handful of worn currency)—"These greenbacks are tough." Cashier—"I beg your pardon, they are legal tender."—Detroit Free Press.

—No matter whether he is eloquent or not, the man who lives right will be listened to with interest by somebody every time he stands to speak in church.—Ram's Horn.

—Mr. Newcome—"What is the latest at the opera?" Miss Wagner—"For the last three nights it has been young Mrs. Felix in her latest Parisian gown."—N. Y. Ledger.

—Hill—"MacShorte has sold a poem entitled 'Ode to a Fair Lady.'" Hulls—"Has he? Well, he is more competent to write verses entitled 'Owed to a Landlady."—Tit-Bits.

—Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Yell, and the world yells, too.
But you'll most always find,
If your rent is behind,
You will have all the groaning to do.
—Atlanta Journal.

—She—"Why, this is only thirty-two inches, and you advertise it as a yard wide. Three feet make a yard." Gallant Salesman—"Not such feet as yours, lady."—Boston Transcript.

—Phil—"Would you be sorry to hear that I am going to marry Ethel?" Priscilla—"Yes, indeed I should." Phil (hopefully)—"Why?" Priscilla—"Because I like Ethel."—Vogue.

—Cholly Chumpey—"I see that earrings are coming into fashion again. Have your ears ever been bored?" Miss Caustic—"What a question. Haven't I often listened to your twaddle?"—Syracuse Post.

—Visitor—"It must be very difficult to produce such an exquisite work of art." Dealer—"Nonsense. Almost anybody can paint a picture; but finding a victim to buy it after it is painted is where the art comes in."—Tit-Bits.

—"Please, ma'am," said the cook, "I'd like to give you a week's notice." "Why, Mary, this is a great surprise. Do you hope to better yourself?" "Well, no, not exactly that," answered Mary, with a blush. "I'm going to get married."—Christian Register.

—"I like Pingrey," Fogg says, "but yet I hate to meet him. If I accost him with a 'How are yer?' he will reply with the prolixity and particularity he would use in describing his symptoms to a doctor; and if I merely say 'Good morning' or 'Good evening,' he is sure to go into a long disquisition upon the subject of meteorology." — Boston Transcript.

A THRIFTY YANKEE.

Took a Half-Dollar Fee for Finding Himself.

"The thriftiest citizen I have yet seen," remarked the drummer to the hotel clerk, "I met last week."

"Who was he? A Yankee?" asked the clerk.

"Not exactly, but a half Yankee. He lived down in one of those towns in that part of Ohio called the Western Reserve, and which was settled by New Englanders."

"What did he do? Invite you to be his guest during your visit and bring in a bill?"

"Worse. You see, I was looking around the town for a man named James Wiggler, who owed us a bill, and I couldn't find his house. I was directed to several places and it was always the wrong man's house. At last I got mad and the next man I met on the way I went at directly."

"'Excuse me,' said I, 'do you know where James Wiggler lives.'

"'Yes,' said he, looking at me kind of funny.

"'Well,' said I, 'I've been looking for him all morning, and if you'll take me to his house I'll give you half a dollar.'

"'All right,' said he and he took me around a square or two and stopped at a gate with a big tree in front of it.

"'That's the place,' said he, nodding toward to house.

"'Good enough," said I, 'I'll go in and see, and if you are right, I'll give you the money.'

"My guide leaned up against the tree on the far side from the house and I went in. It was the right place, but Mr. W. wasn't at home, so I came out.

"I guess you found I was right, didn't you?' he asked with a grin when I rejoined him.

"'Yes, but he wasn't at home. Here's your half dollar. I'll come back after awhile,' said I.

"'You don't have to,' said he pocketing the coin.

"'Why not?" said I in surprise.

"'Because I'm him. What do you want to see me about?' And he smiled with such a satisfied air that I wanted to knock him down."—Detroit Free Press.

They Don't Speak Now.

Mrs. Singleton put her head over the garden wall and thus addressed her neighbor, who was hanging out her week's washing:

"A family has moved in the empty house across the way, Mrs. Clothesline."

"Yes, I know."

"Did you notice their furniture?"

"Not particularly."

"Two vanloads, and I wouldn't give a ten-dollar bill for the lot. Carpets! I wouldn't put them down in my kitchen! And the children! I won't allow mine to associate with them. And the mother! She looks as if she had never known a day's happiness. The father drinks, I expect. Too bad that such people should come into this neighborhood. I wonder who they are."

"I know them."

"Do you? Well, I declare! Who are they?"

"The mother is my sister."

(A painful pause ensues.)—London Spare Moments.

He Must Be Bad.

Lucy (single)—Do you think it is wrong to smoke, dear?

Fanny (married)—No, dear, I'm sure it isn't.

"Why are you sure?"

"Because my husband doesn't smoke; and if it were wrong I'm sure he would do it."—N. Y. World.