THE MESCHACEBE.

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BONNET CARRE. - LOUISIANA.

MY LOVE AND I.

I dreamed, last night, that we were afloat,
My love and I, in a fairy boat;
The troubles of life we had risen above,
And had naught to do save dream of love.

The crescent moon was our fairy boat;
On the soft white clouds we seemed to float,
While far in our wake the Milky Way
A gleaming flood of glory lay.

My oar-blades rose and fell in the tide,
Scattering moonbeams on every side.
Happier far than the gods were we
To float on that boundless, starry sea.

Music divine fell from above,
Whose every note was a breath of love.
A discord rude on the music broke,
The glory vanished, and—I awoke.

Yes, awoke to the old, hard-working life,
With its endless worry and toil and strife;
But through the darkness shines one gleam—
The memory of that golden dream.

And oftentimes, as I close my eyes,
Once more I am back in Paradise,
Once more my love and I do float
On the fleecy clouds, in a fairy boat.
—Albert Payson Terhune, in Lippincott's.

THAT POUND OF CHEESE.

"THERE, mother, the table's all set for supper, and it won't be much work to put on the victuals, when it is time. Now I'm going to put on my new dress and go over to the village and see some of the girls. I don't care about visiting with the old ladies, but I'll be home in season to help about the supper."

"But the minister's wife is coming, you know, and the minister'll come to tea."

"Can't help it! I've been shut up all the week sewing on that dress, and I must get out to-day;" and Etta tripped upstairs, whistling like a blackbird.

Mrs. Gibbs fluttered around, brushing imaginary dust from the furniture, and searching carefully for tell-tale cobwebs in the corners, or finger marks on the immaculate paint, till Etta came downstairs in spick-and-span calling costume.

"There's one thing more I wish we had for tea," remarked Mrs. Gibbs, "and that's some cheese. Grandma Ellis is dreadful fond of cheese, and so is the minister, I believe. Can't you call at the grocery and buy a pound as you come back? I'll get you some change."

Etta's pretty brows puckered into a scowl of dismay.

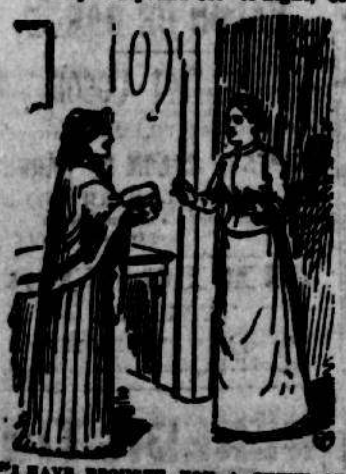
"Dear me! Every call I want to make is this side of the grocery, and some of the girls are sure to be out, so I shall call again as I come back. And I can't carry around cheese when I'm making calls. It's as fragrant as onions!"

"Well, then, never mind," said her mother, soothingly. "Your father said he'd got to go to the blacksmith's this afternoon, and I'll ask him to get it. 'Tain't much further."

But Mr. Gibbs, coming in soon after to put on his coat before starting, objected, on economical grounds, to doing the errand.

"It's money thrown away, buying cheese at the present prices. One pound of butter buys two of cheese was always the rule, but now look at it! Butter sixteen cents and cheese fourteen! Mabbe you can afford it, but I can't."

"But just a pound for to-night, because I have company," urged his wife.



"I HAVE BROUGHT YOU A CHUNK OF CHEESE."

"Don't invite company if you can't feed 'em on what we can afford;" and Mr. Gibbs, really poorer in heart than in pocket, went off with this parting shot.

Fortunately, Mrs. Gibbs had a very little money of her own in her purse just then (though as a rule it was as empty as the proverbial contribution box), and when, a few minutes later, Johnny came, sweating, into the kitchen and began hurriedly to hunt up his fishing tackle, she planned another attempt.

"I've got my chore o' hetin' done," panted Johnny, "but I tell ye, I worked like a nailer to do it! Now I'm goin' a fishin'!"

"Where are you going?"

"Over to the cove. I've got to hurry, for father said I must be back at six o'clock to get the cows."

"Then, Johnny, won't you call at the grocery as you come back and buy a pound of cheese? I'll get you some money."

"I shall forget it, mother, I know I shall, or lose the money."

"Oh! now, do try and remember it, and you needn't take any money. Tell Mr. Brown to charge it, and I'll pay it right away."

Johnny hastily departed, leaving as his parting consolation: "I shall forget it, mother; so don't depend on me."

"Three times and out!" thought Mrs. Gibbs, giving up, with a half-sigh, the thought of cheese for supper.

But just then she spied Horace Hand coming along the road, a man rightly named, for he was the handy man of the neighborhood, always soliciting errands, and bringing mail unasked, for the pure love of doing favors, it seemed. And what did he do this very day but come to the door and, opening it familiarly, put in his head and ask:

"Any errands I can do for you at the village to-day, Mis' Gibbs?"

("How providential!" she thought.) "What time are you coming back?"

"Oh! 'long about four or five o'clock, say."

"Then, Mr. Hand, if you will get me a pound of cheese at the grocery I'll be ever so much obliged. I'm expecting company."

"Sartin, ma'am, I'll do it gladly. Needn't get me any change now. I've got a plenty for that, and you can't tell jest how much 'twill be; they may cut a leetle more or a leetle less, you know. Jest as well pay me when I come back and know how much it is," and he shambled away.

With a sense of relief Mrs. Gibbs hastened to her bedroom and changed her print dress for a new gingham, donned a clean white apron, then took her knitting work and sat down to wait for her guests. She had not long to wait, for this was a genuine, old-fashioned country afternoon visit, when three o'clock was plenty late enough to come, and four o'clock unpardonably late, looking as if one came "on purpose for supper."

They came in rapidly now, till the little parlor was full. Most had brought prosaic sewing or knitting work, but one old lady had a pile of stockings with heels to run and another was piecing a "Rising Sun" bedquilt. One who had no children to sew for was outline-stitching some pillow-shams with the familiar lines concerning "sweet lilies," and another with a whole bag of mixed yarns was knitting strips for a raveled rug.

Poor, overworked Mrs. Stone was among the last arrivals. She carried a package under her shawl and beckoned Mrs. Gibbs mysteriously out into the kitchen.

"I've brought you a chunk of cheese," she said. "Mr. Brown, he come over to buy a cheese this morning, got disapp'inted in getting some he 'spected from the factory yesterday, so I sold him my biggest one, saved out a quarter for our own use, and I declare! I must 'a' got in a grain too much salt, for it's kind o' hard, and I know it'll be awful dry before we get it used up, so I brought you over a chunk of it."

"Oh! thank you, ever so much," said Mrs. Gibbs, inwardly regretting Horace Hand's kindness now. "I'm afraid you robbed yourself."

"Oh! no, we've got more left than we shall use before it gets hard as a grin'stun, I dare say. I don't see how I happened to get it oversalted, I'm sure."

"It won't dry up at this house, I'm sure," laughed Mrs. Gibbs, as she laid it in the pantry. "I feel rich with so much cheese in the house."

"Oh! la—don't mention it! I hain't forgot the squash you sent me last winter, and all them turkey wings, too."

"As if you wasn't always sending us something good;" and so, chanting each other's praises, they made their way to the parlor.

At five o'clock, when Mrs. Gibbs went out to make a fire and put on the teakettle, her husband had just come home, and, bringing in a brown paper parcel, laid it on the kitchen table.

"There's your cheese, Drusilla," he said. "I ain't one to begretch you anything in reason, but I swan to man! it seemed kind o' tough to pay seventeen cents for that little hunk o' cheese, and I told Brown so. I call it kind o' hard and dry, too."

Mrs. Gibbs thought of the piece three times as large which Mrs. Stone had brought and of the other piece which Horace Hand was to bring, but prudently said nothing. Once let Jotham Gibbs know he had bought cheese unnecessarily, and it would be a long day before he ever bought any more.

"The minister has come," she said; "you'd better change your coat and go in and visit with him."

"I'll do better than that. I'll take him out to the pasture to see my colts. He's quite a judge o' horseflesh, our minister is."

"Am I too late, mother?" asked Etta, hurrying in as her mother was cutting a generous plate of cheese for the table. "Why! where did you get that cheese? I went clear back to the grocery to get some after I was half-way home. I knew you would be so disappointed not to have some."

"Your father brought me some, though I hadn't the least idea he would, so I sent for some by Horace Hand, and then, don't you think! Mrs. Stone brought me as much as three or four pounds!"

"Did you ever!" and Etta sat down and laughed and fanned herself with her hat, while her mother, having somewhat relieved her cheese-burdened mind, went on with her supper preparations. Etta was a discreet girl, and her mother was prone to share such burdens with her as she could not share with her husband.

It was only a few minutes before Horace Hand came, sweating, into the kitchen.

"I'm glad if I ain't too late," he said; "but, I vow, I was awful 'fraid you'd be all through your supper! Brown and the clerk were both busy, and I had to wait as much as half an hour, 'pears to me! Then he misunderstood me and put up two pounds instead of one; but I reckoned, perhaps, you wouldn't care. It come to just thirty cents."

Mrs. Gibbs hurriedly went for the money and paid him (leaving just ten cents in her purse), thanking him with a heartiness which, to herself, savored of hypocrisy.

"It's all from Mrs. Stone's cheese, too," she said to Etta, after he had gone. "She sold the cheese to Mr. Brown this morning. If we had a variety it wouldn't seem quite as bad. Well, I'm thankful for once that Johnny is forgetful, for I spoke to him about getting me some as he came back from the cove (he went over there fishing), but he was sure he would forget it."

"Trust Johnny to forget anything," said Etta. "And if he did go for it, the clerk would know I bought some, so he would tell Johnny, I should think."

"And your father bought his of Mr. Brown, for I remember what he said he told him. They say Horace Hand always buys everything as if it was for himself—makes him feel important, I suppose. But I somehow feel it in my bones that Johnny will come home with another piece of cheese. 'It never rains but it pours,' you know."

The tea table was at length ready, with its snowy biscuit and golden June butter, a bountiful plate of cheese at each end of the table and strawberries and cream ad libitum. There

FINALLY DISPOSED OF.

were three kinds of pie and four kinds of cake, besides tarts, crullers and jumbles. The fragrance of tea filled the dining-room as the guests filed out and sat down around the table, Etta remaining unseated to wait on the company.

The minister asked the blessing at Mr. Gibbs' request, then all fell to eating with a zest which spoke well for Mrs. Gibbs' cooking, and pleased her even more than the frequent "What beautiful biscuit you always have, Mrs. Gibbs!" or "How nice this cake is! I must get the recipe."

The "fly in her pot of ointment" was her constant fear, whenever her husband passed the cheese, that he would tell, to Mrs. Stone's discomfiture, how hard and dry he considered it, but he fortunately held his peace.

Johnny came storming into the kitchen when supper was half over and tossed a package on to the table.

"Can't help it if I am late!" he growled to Etta, who had come out for more biscuit. "Mother wanted me to get some cheese, but Brown and the clerk were both gone to supper and the grocery was shut, so I had to wait. Finally I begun to think mother'd go crasy if I didn't come, and I went to the house and Mis' Brown come to the door, and I told her we'd got company, so she came out and got the cheese for me. 'Twas twenty cents, and I told her to charge it."

"Hush!" said Etta, having been vainly trying to still the noisy tempest of his remarks, which she knew must be plainly audible in the dining-room unless the mixed clatter of voices and tableware had drowned it. "It's all right, Johnny. I got her some."

"Wal, I'll go for the cows, and I hope they'll be through eating when I get back, for I'm awful hungry. I didn't catch a darned fish, but I had no end of bites. Say, Etta, I hope they won't eat all the cream pie," and Johnny slammed the door as he went out.

To say that cheese became a drug in the Gibbs family not long after that eventful day would be putting it mildly, there being about ten pounds of it, undeniably hard and dry and growing more so as time went on, though Mrs. Gibbs hung it in the cellar, where it only molded instead of softening. Cheese appeared regularly on the table three times a day, but Johnny never ate cheese; neither did Mr. Gibbs, unless it just suited his taste. Etta soon tired of this particular sort, and Mrs. Gibbs only ate of it from a sense of duty.

Finally, a few weeks later, when the others were all at church one Sunday, Etta had the pigs to feed at noon, and she gave them, not the regulation diet from the barrel, but the contents of the cheese bag in the cellar. And her mother never found any fault.—Mattie W. Baker, in Good Housekeeping.

SAUCY SWALLOWS.

They Are Little, But Do Not Lack for Courage.

Among the courageous small birds may be counted the family of swallows. The writer has often seen barn swallows fly downward and peck at the cat and dog, and more than once a sharp twitter, a whir of wings and a peck on the hat has reminded her, when standing in the barn door, that she was intruding on swallows' precincts.

About a half-mile from the house is a high bank which is the home of a colony of bank swallows. The earth for some distance is thickly perforated with the roundish holes leading into their nests.

Not far from this bank a quantity of corn was one day scattered by accident upon the ground. The crows were quick to discover what had happened, and swooped down and began to devour the windfall.

Some of the swallows spied them at once and gave the alarm. I chanced to be sitting beneath a tree in full view of the scene. In less than a minute after the crows had settled to feeding, more than a hundred of the bank swallows had darted from their holes, and with angry twitters fell upon the intruders.

The attack was a complete surprise to the big black fellows, and as if realizing the futility of trying to cope with their smaller assailants, they rose from the ground in a body and took flight.

The swallows pursued them, darting, diving, striking at them, above, below and from both sides. The crows were routed completely, and took refuge in a dense piece of woods a quarter of a mile away. Then the triumphant swallows turned about and sailed homeward, uttering many chirps and twitters of satisfaction as they flew.

For the hour or more that I remained in the field not a crow was to be seen near the corn. The swallows were masters of the field.—Youth's Companion.

LIBERTY POLES.

An Emblem Testifying the Patriots' Love of Freedom.

A dramatic feature of our early history was the liberty pole so dear to American boys and boyish men a century ago, although many of their descendants have never heard of it.

Liberty poles were, for the most part, erected after the revolutionary war was so long an acknowledged fact that the rebels could take time and breath to give it some picturesque expressions. After the republic was established we hear little more of them until the war of 1812 roused the antagonism of the people, and up went the long shafts again, each a protest against British aggression.

During the whisky insurrection in the last decade of the eighteenth century, when seven counties of Pennsylvania and Virginia arrayed themselves in defiance of the national government, liberty poles shot up during the night in the rebellious towns and villages, painted a bright red, as signals of war.

Liberty poles were erected during presidential campaigns in the first part of the century by both whigs and democrats.

They were usually made of white pines, lashed together until they reached a great height. The more fervid the zeal of the party the higher rose the pole. Sailors were often brought out from the seaboard to inland towns to assist in the erection, and to rig flags to the amazement and delight of the boys who knew nothing of ships or seamen.

Mass meetings were held under these poles, which were often regarded with a superstitious affection. The blowing down of a pole by a high wind during a campaign chilled the hopes of one party, and cheered the others.

These singular emblems of protest against oppression have wholly disappeared of late years throughout the country, except in some remote districts where old customs still are cherished by rural communities.—Youth's Companion.

Could Afford to Be Robbed.

A party of commercial travelers on the road were boasting about the magnitude of the houses they represented, when one, who was the last to speak, said:

"Gentlemen, I wouldn't like to tell you anything about the size of our premises, or the stock we carry, or the number of people we employ, because you might think I was exaggerating. But when we took stock of our employes last week we found that six cashiers and three bookkeepers had absconded three months before and had never been missed!"—Boston Globe.

—By the subjection of common air to a pressure of 1,125 pounds to the square inch, or 75 atmospheres, with a condenser kept at —135 degrees C., the air is reduced to liquid form; and the liquid, when allowed to evaporate, produces a temperature of —200 degrees C. This is within 73 degrees of absolute zero, which is —273 degrees C.—Scientific American.

SOUTHERN GLEANINGS.

Southern Fruit.

Mr. J. M. Rice, fruit agent of one of the refrigerator transit companies was in St. Louis recently. The Globe-Democrat says:

He has come to St. Louis in connection with the consummation of the arrangements he has been making in Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, Mississippi and south Missouri for the marketing of the vegetable and berry crops in those points during the coming season. "The fruit and vegetables," he said, "will be distributed this year through St. Louis to all northern points and to Canada. D. L. McLoud, of Johnsonia, Ark., manager of the Mississippi Fruit-Growers' and Shippers' union, will have charge of the distribution, and all the business will be done through an office to be opened here about the 1st of next month. The effect of making St. Louis a center for this trade will be to bring buyers from all parts of the country and to give it a place in this respect, as in many others, superior to that held by Chicago. By the way, there will be no peaches this season north of the south Missouri line. Their growth has been destroyed by the frost of the 19th of January. When the thermometer sinks to 15 deg. below zero, no peaches in the districts mentioned can live, except those on the Delaware coast. The salt water mist, curiously enough, counteracts the effect of the excessive cold. In southeast Texas and southern Arkansas new commercial orchards will bear fruit for the first time, and will ship from seventy-five to 100 cars of fruit a day. So that the trade will be unusually large."

Death of Capt. John Hughes.

Capt. John Hughes, the pioneer shipbuilder of New Orleans, died the other day, aged 87 years.

[He was born in New York in 1805, and settled in New Orleans in 1827, when he went into the ship-building business. He established himself in Algiers, opposite New Orleans, and was largely instrumental in building up that town. He built the first dock there, and did a large business both in docking and building vessels. He was elected to the legislature in 1853, and held several other important offices. He built the confederate ram Manassas, which was burned when Farragut's fleet passed the fort, and a number of other vessels for the defense of New Orleans, and retained to the time of his death a large amount of confederate bonds in payment for these vessels, the bonds being the first ever issued by the confederate states. His docks were sunk in the capture of the city by Farragut, for which a claim of $200,000 against the United States government is still being pressed. After the capture of New Orleans Capt. Hughes went to Georgia, where he had charge of the iron works of the confederate government. He returned to New Orleans after the war, and went to work again and amassed a large fortune.]

Swallowed a Wheel.

A 3-year-old son of Dr. W. P. Lawrence, of Clarksville, Tenn., swallowed a brass toy wheel with no serious effect after passing out of the throat, which in the opinion of medical authority is considered a miracle. The wheel was three-quarters of an inch in diameter, sharply notched around like a clock wheel, and fastened to it was a piece of steel half an inch long and as large as a lead pencil. The child was almost strangled to death in the effort to have the wheel disloged from the throat, but after passing into the stomach no bad result was experienced.

Mississippi Pension Legislation.

The lower house of the Mississippi legislature has passed a bill appropriating $64,000 a year for pensions.

[This will give those now on the rolls $50 apiece. The present appropriation is only $30,000. The bill provides that all indigent confederate soldiers, sailors and servants, and the indigent widows of such, shall be entitled to $50 per year, unless the number at this rate exceeds the appropriation, in which event the amount shall be pro rated between them. It is estimated that the indigent clause will put at least 5,000 on the rolls in a few years, compared with the 1,250 now on it. If this turns out true, the amount that each will receive will be only about $12 apiece. This bill makes the auditor the pension commissioner.

Commander Evans' Mother.

Mrs. Sallie Pepper, mother of Commander Evans, of the United States war vessel Yorktown, now in Chilian waters, and sister of Mrs. Judge Thomas, of Washington, D. C., and of the late Capt. James Jackson, of Alexandria, Va. (who killed Col. Ellsworth, who had entered his residence and seized the confederate flag that floated over it), was buried at Lewinsville, Fairfax county, Va., the other day. Her death occurred at Providence hospital, Washington, where she had gone a few days before for treatment.

Ex-Gov. Magrath Seriously Ill.

Ex-Gov. A. G. Magrath, says a Charleston (S. C.) dispatch of the 11th, had an attack of apoplexy to-day and his recovery is doubtful.

[Gov. Magrath was born in Charleston in 1813, graduated at Harvard, and studied law under the late Judge Story. At the breaking out of the war of secession he was United States district judge, and, upon passage of the ordinance of secession, made a dramatic scene in court by disrobing himself of judicial ermine. He was the last war governor of South Carolina, and after the surrender was imprisoned by the federal government in Fort Pulaski for some time.]

Child Fatally Scalded.

The 6-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Wilcinski, prominent Jewish residents of Greenville, Miss., was very seriously, if not fatally, injured by falling into a tub containing boiling water. The tub was in the yard, and the little one backed into it. She was scalded so severely when her clothing was removed that much of the skin came with it. Only one arm was not scalded.

Death of Ex-Congressman Scales.

Alfred Moore Scales died at his home in Greensboro, N. C.

[He was born November 26, 1827, in Rockingham county, N. C. He served in congress one term before the war and for five consecutive terms after the war. He entered the confederate army as a private, was in many of the most important battles of that conflict, was twice wounded, and before the close of the contest was created brigadier-general.]

Good for Chattanooga.

A stock company of Chattanooga (Tenn.) merchants have bought a boat and are building barges for direct traffic with Mississippi and Ohio river points.