

ST. TAMMANY FARMER.

Covington, May 24, 1879.

SLOW BUT SURE.

BY A. S. W.

"How on earth, Simpson," said I the other day to a friend of mine whom I was visiting—"how on earth did a backward, dimdent fellow like you ever manage to say 'Will you?' to a witty, saucy, self-poised woman like your wife?"

I really was curious to know, as Simpson was such a slow, sedate person, and his wife was such a fire-fly, and there always seemed to me something incongruous in their union.

Simpson made his usual deliberate pause before answering. "Well, I reckon,"—my friend is a hoosier—"I reckon it was queer I ever asked her, and to tell the way it happened was queerer still."

We had carried our chairs out into the front yard, in order to smoke in greater comfort; and I now tilted mine back against a tree, knowing that the story that was brewing in my friend's mind would not be over in a hurry. I condense it for the benefit of those readers who may not have as much leisure and patience as I had:

"You see," he began, slowly clearing his throat and crossing his legs, "I was always rather soft-like about Josie, from the time I used to sit by her in school and work her sums. She hadn't a particle of a head for figures, and I had, so we suited pretty well as long as school lasted; and Josie, though she used to laugh at me more than any of the girls, liked me a little too, for it isn't in human nature not to like the person that works your sums. I know, because that was about all way that I had of making friends when a boy, and I made a good many. But when our school days were over most of them forgot, but Josie never did. She was the prettiest and most popular girl in the country, and had no end of beaux, but she always had, God bless her! as bright a smile for poor old slow Ben as any of them. I knew I wasn't as brisk and as lively as the best of them, and when I saw it didn't make any difference, it went right straight through and through me, and I'd a died for her any minute; but I couldn't tell her so. Seemed like I was slower and dumber with her than anybody else. For this reason I didn't often call on her, or ask her company to parties and the like; but when I did, she was always so kind and pleasant like that I was happy for a month afterward.

"Well, there was a party one night at Squire Coon's; and it wasn't far, and Josie would only have to be bored with me going and coming. I asked her to go with me, and she said 'Certainly,' and smiled as if it was the greatest treat in the whole world.

"As the Squire's was only half a mile from Josie's home, and there was a nice dry path through the woods, we walked. It was about the middle of October, and the path

we took was heaped with dry leaves, that made a pleasant rustle under our feet. A watery moon and a slim turnout of stars gave us just enough light to make the tree trunks on either side of the path look like anything else but what they were.

"The only remark I remember to have made on the way to the house was that it was going to rain before morning, and that I hoped it would—I little thought how much reason I had to hope.

"I don't recollect much about the party, except that I sat most of the time in a particular corner and watched Josie as much as I dared.

"When the party had broken up and we were starting home, I noticed that the sky was thickly clouded and the night dark. The Squire, who was sitting on the front porch smoking a late pipe, called after us:

"Better stay all night, Benjy, it's going to rain."

"But we thought not. When we got into the woods, however, we began to, and it was dark and no mistake. The farther we went, the deeper became the darkness. I knew the path we had to follow, every curve in it. But the carpet of dead leaves bothered me. I had to stop two or three times and grope about on either side, to make sure I was on the right track; and the last time I found I was not in it, and what was worse, I couldn't find it.

"I kept up the search as long as possible, dreading to tell Josie of the stupid blunder I had made. But the truth had to come out at last; and, as if to make matters really serious, it began to rain—a dull, pattering fall, that would probably last till daylight, and she exposed to it.

"She tried to make a joke of it at first; but as the rain came more and more steadily, she became frightened and nervous. I found her the best shelter I could at the roots of a great tree, but the rain reached her even there. She had nothing around her but a light shawl—for the evening had been uncommonly warm for the season—and I knew she would soon be thoroughly chilled; so, being very tough myself, and used to all sorts of exposure, I just took off my coat and begged her to wrap it round her shoulders; but she would bear to nothing of the sort, and bade me quite brusquely to put on my coat. But the rain increased, and the night grew damper and colder. I resolved to take matters into my own hands. Without saying a word I just wrapped the coat around her shoulders myself, and, for fear she wouldn't take it, I said, by way of apology, 'You see, I'd give my life for you any minute, Josie, and it don't stand to reason that I should not give you my coat.'

"She kept as mute as a mouse while I was fixing the coat; but when I was done, she took my hand in both of hers, and she said, 'Do you think so very much of me, Ben?' and says I, 'More than I can tell, or you can think, I reckon.'

"And," says she, "Why did you never tell me so before?"

"Well," says I, "You know I'm rather slow of speech; and, besides, I reckoned you wouldn't care to hear the like from me."

"She didn't say nothing after that for a good long spell, till I began to be afraid she was offended; then says she, 'You may sit down here beside me, if you like, Ben.'

"I did so, and then, after another good long spell, says she, stroking my hand with one of her's, 'You are the best and kindest man in the world, Ben, and I like you better than all of them.'

"My shirt sleeves were, by this time wet enough to ring, and the chill gusts that every now and then swept down from the tree tops were enough to make a Newfoundland dog shiver, but I never felt warmer or more comfortable in my life, though it seemed as if I could not think of any word that meant enough. So I had to sit and listen to Josie without saying a word myself; but she did not appear to mind it a bit.

"Well, the first thing I knew it had stopped raining, and the moon was peeping down through a drift in the clouds. I found the path in no time, and Josie made me put on my coat again.

"When we got home to Josie's, her father was just turning out to look for us, and met us at the yard gate.

"Soaked but smiling," says he, "What on earth has happened to make you look so pleasant, when you are both as wet as a couple of drowned kittens?" He had lit a lantern, you see, and flashed it right in our faces.

"We didn't tell him anything then, but he found out about a month after, when I came to ask for Josie."

Just at that moment we were interrupted by a pretty, scolding voice from the house, exclaiming, "Why, Ben, you will catch your death of cold, sitting out there without your coat when the dew is falling!"

Simpson had been over an hour telling his story. Our pipes had gone out and the sun had gone down, but there was light enough still to mark the placid expression of delight that came over his face at the mere sound of his wife's voice; and I thought I saw, plainer than ever before, how it happened that the lively little Josie had married my slow friend, and had acted wisely in so doing.

CHUFAS.

"Has the chufa been a success? Very little is said about them in your paper. I made a supply for my hogs last season—am pleased with them. Are they hard on land?"—Fayetteville, N. C., April 3, 1879.

Answer: Yes; it is constantly gaining in public favor wherever tried, and deserves to be cultivated more generally. We always recommend them as one of the best auxiliary crops for hogs—their easy culture, easy harvest (by the hogs themselves), large yield, and great fattening quality, make them exceedingly desirable. They are not particularly exhausting to land.—*Southern Cultivator*.

JOY BEYOND RICHES.—A rich man has a picture gallery worth \$500,000. He feels his eye grow dim. He travels to London, to Paris, from optician to optician. He comes home stone blind. What now? Another rich man, red with gold, redder with wine, sees a vagabond pass gaily before his window—this vagabond can sleep, eat and drink, and the rich man pushes his dainties away, sick with envy.

The Christian knows a joy beyond riches. Think when the war was over, and word was sent to our armies, "Come home!" think how the memory of the green hills rose in the boys' breasts, and the thought of their sweethearts, wives and mothers, as they gathered up traps, pulled up pegs and brought the huge canvas flapping at their feet, and then imagine the Christian's joy when he is bidden to furl the tents of life and go home to his God.

It is not the symbol which is mighty, but the thing symbolized. I know no place more hallowed than a corner in Greenwood Cemetery where the children of the poor are laid. Over some of the graves are little glass cases, containing a pair of red shoes, another a doll, a third the image of a lamb in plaster—laid there by loving mothers, too poor to buy a memorial stone, and each fenced tenderly from the wind. What are such trinkets in themselves? What would outweigh them in a mother's heart?—*H. W. Beecher*.

SCAB IN SHEEP.—Scab in sheep may be cured by a mixture made by boiling one pound of tobacco in water adding one pound of sulphur after the boiling is done; the water used for this weight of drugs should be, when ready to dip, five gallons. Add also, if the water is hard, one-fourth pound of soda for each five gallons. When dipping the sheep, keep the liquor at 100 to 110 degrees, and rub the sheep well when immersed, keeping them in about ten minutes, and rubbing all the time. Two weeks thereafter dip and rub again, to render the cure sure.—*Grange Bulletin*.

If, after the wool has grown to some considerable length, sheep or lambs become annoyed with lice or ticks, wash the lambs with a strong decoction of tobacco. Another way is to take a pair of bellows and inhale tobacco smoke; they blow the smoke with a considerable force among the ticks. This will prove instant death to them.—*Ec.*

A young woman who had never learned the gentle art of cookery, being desirous of impressing her husband with her knowledge and diligence, manages to have the kitchen door ajar on the day after their return from the bridal trip, and just as her lord comes in from the office, exclaims loudly:

"Hurry up, Eliza, do! Haven't you washed the lettuce yet? Here, give it to me; where's the soap?"

One writes illegibly to hide his bad spelling, just as one contents one's self with a half smile, to conceal poor teeth.

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