

St. Tammany Farmer.

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

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UNWRITTEN RHYMES.

A dozen times a day or more
A little foot comes to my door,
And tho' I bid, "come in," "stay out,"
A little face with smile or pout,
With eyes as blue as gentian bells,
And cheeks as pink as scallop shells,
And hair that strays where ere it lists,
And hands with dimples kissed and kissed,
I see—and countless charming baby charms,
And then my queen is in my arms.

They fall so fast I cannot speak,
And O my rhymes, where have you gone?
And tangle hair waves in the brown,
And dimpled hands hide smile or frown;
And they with "hug" and kiss the last,
And tribute paid for service asked,
I stop to tie a wanton shoe,
Or tangle knot in string and shoe,
Or braid a strand of straggling hair,
To save my lady from despair;
Put here and there a pin or two,
To make a rent as good as new;
Or kiss a hurt on hand or face,
Or brush away a trouble trace;
Or find her Adam for his Ask,
(Bent doubtless upon a lark);
Or tell "Bo Peep" or "Mable Dick,"
Or "Which Who Kede a Bramble Slick?"
Or mend a wheel in some old "shay,"
That days ago had seen its day;
Or rock her "Simple Simon" lad,
(Who when he's out of his cry bad);
Or do a hundred things and one,
That never "stay" when they are done,—
And then she's down and out again,
And I take up my waiting pen.

But O my thoughts, where have you flown?
And O my rhymes, where have you gone?
And where my plan, and where my plot;
That I so diligent had wrought;
And where my hero, where my maid;
And cunning scheme so dilly laid;
They're gone—and tho' my ink-wet pen
Is waiting for those maids and men
To render their account to me,
I only see, and see, and see,
My little girl within the door,
And hear her foot fall on the floor.

And be it thus: my callow rhyme,
And halting verse, half out of time,
The world will not be any miss,
And ignorance shall be his bliss,
And other men with happier way
Will say the thought I tried to say;
And other lips with soars will ring
What I could feel, but could not sing,
But tho' the world stood still as night,
To hear the verses I might write,
And tho' my songs should always live,
I would not give—I would not give—
For all of this and raptures more,
The joy I feel when at the door,
The little face I love to see,
Whose face is radiant as the sun.

—S. B. M. Mousie, in Burlington Hawkeye.

A MARTYR DOLOROSA.

Aunt Nancy was the wife of Uncle Lisha.

It would be impossible to give a biography of Aunt Nancy without including Uncle Lisha, or to eliminate her individuality long enough to serve her up alone. And I doubt if the dear old lady would like such marital independence. Nor do I think she would recognize any picture of herself that was not a reflection of him. Like the moon she shone by borrowed light.

Uncle Lisha was a living illustration of the old adage, "It is better to be born lucky than rich." His property was inherited, and he never did a day's work in his life. But everybody else in his family worked. Aunt Nancy, his wife, more than any of them. Uncle Lisha didn't work because he enjoyed poor health. A partial list of his complaints would read about like this:

Fever and ague.
Chronic indigestion.
Paralysis of the heart.
Paralysis of the liver.
Inflammatory rheumatism.
Lameness in the left knee.
Lameness in the right knee.
Ossification of the joints.
Hereditary consumption.
(On the mother's side.)
Hereditary apoplexy.
(On the father's side.)

These were just a few of the ills which beset the poor man, and made him exceedingly careful of himself. He couldn't stoop for fear of apopleptic symptoms; he was afraid to lift anything on account of his spine; he never dared hurry, as his heart had a habit of beating, and in fact nothing agreed with him except—doing nothing. He was the very same boy referred to in the following incident. I am aware it is credited to the Beecher family, but they never had a monopoly of lazy boys, if they did of bright ones. Uncle Lisha's father, the good doctor, had one time been away from home a few days, leaving his two boys, Elisha and Ezekiel, to do the chores. When he returned nothing had been done, and the boys were discovered in a hay-mow reading stories.

"Zeke!" thundered the doctor, "come here, sir."

Zeke came and stood shamefacedly before him.

"What have you been doing since I was away?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Elisha, come here, you, and give an account of yourself. Tell the truth now. What have you been doing?"

"Helping Zeke, sir."

This faculty was Uncle Lisha's stock in trade, and he steadily improved it and made others believe in it, until they really considered it wrong to expect him to do anything. I can see him yet putting on his boots of a winter's morning. All the cattle had been foddered, water drawn and wood carried in. Aunt Nancy had been up hours getting breakfast and hushing the children and telling them not to make a noise and wake "poor father," who hadn't slept a wink all night. Gentle soul! It is possible that she believed it, for she was too tired herself to lie awake to see. And when he came down they all waited on him and handed him his boots, while he lingered patiently in front of the hot fire. Then he would cough feebly, put his hand to his heart, sigh—and warm the inside of one boot. After resting from this exertion he would take a strap in each hand and with several attempts get it on. Then a long rest, before a similar process with the other one. A drink of reviving water was then handed by one child, while another stood by and looked at him as if he had been a ten-horned wonder. "Poor father" was only afflicted with poor

fever, which lasted him the year round—in other words, chronic year-round. "I shan't last long," he would say in that wailing-piney voice, which exasperated all who knew him as he really was. "Then, Nancy, you and the children can have it all your own way."

And Aunt Nancy would cry and the children howl, and there would be some added delicacy at the sufferer's plate for the next meal.

"There's only a dozen eggs in the house," that saintly woman would observe. "Now, children, I'm going to cook those for your poor father—don't one of you ask for eggs."

But when he reached the last egg one of the tempted children would pluck up courage to hint for it. Uncle Lisha would look at that child with a countenance of meek reproach and say:

"Yes, take it, take it, and let your poor, sick father starve."

There was no chance for Aunt Nancy to have any pet ailments. If she was sick and complained, Uncle Lisha would say:

"I've felt just so, mother," and that settled it. If he was going anywhere he would put in the saying clause:

"If I live, and Nancy's well,"
Her headaches were mere chimeras of the imagination.

"I've suffered worse and never mentioned it—suffered like a wintergreen," he would add, as if that were the ne plus ultra of misery.

Every year or two he made a new will, and every day he advised Aunt Nancy what to do when he was gone. In their early married life, when the children were small, he had dreaded that she would marry again, but in later years this fear had no place in his thoughts. The children themselves were married and gone, and Aunt Nancy was an old woman with a white, placid face, and bands of iron-gray hair—not really old, but worn out—her life had been such a perpetual echo of Uncle Lisha. He didn't like company, so she didn't have any. He never wanted to go anywhere, so she stayed at home. If she ever went to church she had to go alone, and that was so dreary and she had so many inquiries to answer about his health that she seldom went.

"You'll miss me when I'm gone," he would say cheerfully, and so she would. And she would have missed the old clock in the corner, too, if it had suddenly disappeared.

"What does the doctor say about me?" he asked her one day when the village physician had gone out, first calling her to one side. Perhaps Aunt Nancy was a little worn out that day, or believed in heroic treatment, but she deliberately answered:

"He thinks you haven't a disease in the world, Elsha, and that if you would take more exercise it would be better for you."

He was wounded to the quick, and did not speak to her for twenty-four hours, and he discharged the impolitic physician the next day.

Uncle Lisha was fond of lachrymose hymns, and when not singing "Hark from the tombs a doleful sound," He would tip back in his chair—the easiest in the house—close his eyes and chant by the hour:

"I'm going home
No more to roam,
No more to sin and sorrow,
No more to bear
The brow of care,
I'm going home to-morrow."

"I'm not worrying," said his wife, faintly: "I am dying, Lisha."

"Nancy, you oughtn't to talk about such a serious thing as that so lightly. It—it makes my rheumatism worse to hear you. You ought to have some consideration for me. I can't stand everything."

"Poor old boy," said Aunt Nancy, shaking his plump, strong hand. "Poor Lisha! you will miss me for awhile."

"There, there, now," said Uncle Lisha, soothingly: "I'll give you a spoonful of my tonic in the morning and you'll come out like a lark in the springtime. Go to sleep, Nancy; it'll help you wonderfully. It always helps me."

The next morning Aunt Nancy had taken the tonic of a new life. "I'm going home first, after all," she said, with a smile, and died.

This upset all the calculations of a lifetime with Uncle Lisha. He had nobody in the least whether he had twenty ailments or one. He was not encouraged to be lazy, and helpless and selfish, and he fell into complete rags. He had enough to live on, but nothing to live for, as he could not complain to himself, or discuss with himself his own symptoms. He never talked of dying or sang "I'm going home" again. In fine weather he went up to his wife's grave. Doubtless it would have distressed her had she known that she was dead to his complaints. In his room a dress and shawl of hers hung near his chair. When he finally became ill in earnest he made light of it. For their mother's sake the children tended him dutifully. One night he stretched out a wasted hand and touched his wife's dress.

"Nancy," they heard him whisper, "I'm going home, I'm going home to-morrow."

They buried him beside her.—Mrs. M. L. Payne, in Detroit Free Press.

Chicago Cheek.
"May I have this seat?" she asked of the genteel looking drummer whose baggage was occupying it.

"I don't know, ma'am," he answered, politely. "It belongs to the railroad, you know; but I'll see the conductor, and may be he can give it to you."

She grew purple and said: "You don't understand me. I mean can I take it?"

"Well, I don't know that, either. You see it is fastened very firmly to the car floor, and would be troublesome to get; however, I'll have a carpenter to come on board at the next station and ask his advice."

"I don't want to take the old thing," she howled. "Is this your traps on it?"

"No'm," blandly answered the drummer; "they belong to the firm I travel for."

"Well, can I sit down here," she finally screamed, after shifting from one foot to the other.

"I don't know, madam; you are the best judge of your muscular powers," she wheeled. "Where do you travel from?" she screamed.

"Chicago," he replied.
"That settles it," she said meekly; "will you please move your valises, and permit me to occupy a small portion of this seat?"

Our Consular Service.

I have lately had a long talk with Honorable D. S. Alexander, the Fifth Auditor of the Treasury, in regard to our Consular service. From it I compile the following, giving the facts and figures as nearly as I can remember.

Our consular officers number 891, and they are scattered all over the world. Many of the positions do not pay enough to make the expenses of the officer and but few of them are very desirable. The Consuls are divided into three classes. First, those who have fixed salaries and are not permitted to do business; second, those who have fixed salaries and are permitted to do other business; and third, those who are paid entirely by fees and are permitted to do other business. All of the prominent Consulates and nearly all of the desirable ones are in the first class. It is made up of Consulates, Consulates general, and commercial agencies, and its salaries range from \$6,000 to \$1,500 a year. The only \$6,000 Consulate are Paris, Havana, Rio de Janeiro, and those paying \$5,000 are Cairo, Calcutta and Shanghai. Then come Berlin, Kanagawa, Montreal, Honolulu and Hong Kong, \$4,000, and then the several Chinese Consulates which are paid \$3,500, and then the three other classes at \$3,000, \$2,500, \$2,000 and \$1,500. This first class of Consuls is obliged to send in all of its official fees to the Government, but there is a class of private business which they are permitted to do, and this in certain cases amounts to considerable. In the majority of places, however, the Consuls get nothing but their salaries, and it is only in the manufacturing centers of England, Scotland, France and Germany that these private fees amount to anything.

About seven-elevenths of the Consulates are of the first class. In the second class, which gets less than \$1,500, there are one-eleventh, and the third paid entirely by fees, numbers three-elevenths of the whole. In the second class there is no salary above \$1,000, and in the third all of the fees above \$2,500 must be turned into the Government.

The fees collected by the Consuls more than support the service. Last year the excess of receipts over expenditures was \$44,519, and the receipts amounted to nearly a million dollars. Of this sum nearly \$750,000 was received from certifying invoices at a fee of \$2.50 per invoice. From this you see the only Consuls who can make any large returns are those of the large manufacturing and commercial centers. Paris pays the United States better than any other Consulate. The fees collected there last year amounted to \$83,000. These fees, with the exception of \$56,72, were received for invoice certificates, which show that over 25,000 invoices of goods were sent from Paris to the United States in a single year.

The fees collected at London for this same time were nearly \$56,000, and those at Liverpool \$47,000. All of the London fees, with the exception of \$1,000, were for the certifying of invoices, but of those at Liverpool \$20,000 were received for other than invoice fees. Fifteen thousand dollars of this was made up of shipping fees, showing that more American ships are represented at Liverpool than at any other port in the world.

Many people believe that Consuls are not responsible for their collections, and that great frauds are perpetrated. This is not so now, and the checks are such that dishonesty is easily discovered. The invoices must now be issued in triplicate. One copy is filed in the archives of the Consulate, a second is sent to the collector where the goods are to be entered, and third is sent to the collector of the goods. At the end of a quarter the collectors make an abstract of all invoices received by them, which is sent to the Fifth Auditor, and these are there charged up to the Consul issuing them. At the end of each quarter the Consul makes his returns, and he is credited with the invoice fees that he has reported. If a Consul is found not to have reported as many fees as are charged to him it is evident that something is wrong, and the matter is investigated.

It is the same with the \$135,000 received from shipping fees. Duplicate certificates are made out to ships, one of which is given into the hands of the Captain to be handed to the Collector of the first American port at which he touches, and this is through him sent to the Fifth Auditor. The Consul, in making up his report, is required to account for each paper so made out, and if he does not report the fact is at once discovered. It is the same with the landing receipts, which amount to \$40,000, so that in the collection of nearly a million dollars from the Consuls an absolute check is placed upon the honest returns of over nine-tenths of it. Under the Consular receipts, which in 1880 were only \$9,113, in 1882 reached the sum of \$917,000, and were about the same in 1883.—Washington Cor. Cleveland Leader.

A plant, a native of Africa, is attracting much attention at the residence of Eben Barton, in Lansingburg, N. Y. The bulb was placed in the cellar some time ago, and had been forgotten by the family. A peculiar odor had pervaded the premises for some days, and examination as to the cause revealed the fact that the bulb had produced the beautiful plant, which had grown to a height of about four feet, and from which came the perfume.—Troy Times.

A London journal informs its readers that the "preservation of the Adirondack forests is at last agitating the people of the West who wish to protect their valuable prairie lands from drought."

Overworking School-Girls.

A judicious physician was not long ago consulted by an anxious mother whose daughter's health was impaired by overwork at school. "There is just one thing to do," he said. "Reduce her studies, and keep on reducing them until she can easily master them. A girl cannot learn everything before she is eighteen years old."

This was sound advice. The tendency in nearly all of our schools for girls and young women is to crowd work enough for a lifetime into a few years. Studies in languages, literature, science, philosophy, as well as those of the plain "three R's," are piled upon the unfortunate student, until the days, lengthened far into the night, are too short for acquiring even a superficial acquaintance with any of them. In the case of boys, such unreasonable requirements are apt to find a healthy counterbalance in the exuberant animal spirits of the sturdy lads, who will have physical exercise, whatever becomes of their studies. With girls it is different. Generally more conscientious in study than boys, they really try to master the prescribed course, in spite of the warning of paling cheeks and decreasing strength. We have known school girls to have no fewer than ten or a dozen studies in hand at once, in all of which they were ambitious to excel. But the effort left scarcely time for eating or necessary sleep. Nor is this unusual. A similar state of things exists in hundreds of schools for girls. In one of the leading colleges for young women in New England the curriculum is said to be more comprehensive and difficult than in any college for young men in the country. Happily, many of the students do not attempt to swallow the full prescription. But many do.

Two or three years ago one of these ambitious young women graduated with honors from a seminary of repute. She had maintained a high standard of excellence through her entire course, and was warmly commended for her superior scholarship. But the moment the unnatural strain was removed, she sank into a mental lethargy from which for months nothing could arouse her. Gradually perfect rest and judicious entertainment restored her exhausted vitality, and she recovered. Other girls have not been so fortunate. The daughter of a poor clergyman, who was assisted through the college above referred to, graduated with credit, but almost completely broken down in health. She was sent to a watering-place to recuperate, but soon heard of an opening as a teacher, and at the earnest solicitation of those who had aided her felt constrained to take the place, in spite of physical unfitness. But her constitution was so weakened by long and severe study that in three or four months she died, a victim to conscientious overwork under a bad system. These are but two out of many instances; and the folly is constantly repeated, right in the face of warnings and examples of its danger.

But hard study is not the only way in which school-girls are overworked. A teacher in a well-known school recently informed us that she had had frequent occasion to remonstrate with parents for allowing their daughters, while pursuing their studies, to engage freely in various evening dissipation, such as attending parties, dancing till a late hour in the night, going to the theatre and opera, etc. The livid faces and unstrung nerves of the girls showed plainly the pernicious effect of these night pastimes; which unfitted them, moreover, to carry on their studies with success.

Against all this overworking of school-girls, whether by inordinate study or inordinate amusement, we enter our hearty protest. The bodily vigor of the future wives and mothers of the Nation is a subject of profound public interest. Give the girls enough to do, but stop there. Don't over-tax their minds by senseless multiplication of studies, remembering always that "a girl cannot learn everything before she is eighteen years old;" and do not let untimely amusements sap the foundations of health, on which so much of their future happiness and usefulness depend.—N. Y. Examiner.

Got Even With the Boys
A party of young bloods in Jamaica, N. Y., concluded to have some fun with a countryman who was tramping about town looking for a job. They hired him to act as a private watchman on a dark street, promising to give him \$50 for the first month and then increase his salary if he proved efficient. The first night nothing special happened, but the next night he was met by a rough looking customer who threatened to smash his jaw if he didn't stop patrolling that beat. In about one minute the countryman was mopping up the muddy street with the ill-mannered aristocrat. After letting up on him he discovered he was one of the parties who had employed him. A little later a ghostly figure made its appearance, but it wasn't long until this ghost, across its winding sheet, went flying across an open lot, bearing a black eye and a broken nose. The next day it was discovered that it was another member of the gang who hired the man to have fun with. He refused to quit his job until the month, sued them for his wages, got his pay in full and is now a member of the police force.—N. Y. Star.

While the bill providing a whipping-post for wife-beaters was pending in the Massachusetts Legislature an amendment was offered to the effect that if the man was drunk when he did the beating the person who sold him the liquor should be publicly whipped.—Boston Herald.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

A colored Salvation Army has been organized in Charlotte, S. C.

A lady has presented the New York Presbytery with \$69,000 for needy churches.

The largest hall in San Francisco, built by the Baptists and first occupied by Rev. Mr. Kolloch, of that denomination, has passed to the Spiritualists, who are very numerous in that city.—Chicago Journal.

Dr. Thomas, in his lecture, "Will There be a New Religion?" says that any religion discovered in the future would simply be a modification of the faith, creed and forms of the religion of the present day.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

At the last meeting of the Newark (N. J.) Methodist Episcopal Conference, a committee submitted a report proposing that a centennial endowment fund of \$100,000, to be known as the Francis Ashbury Fund, be raised for educational purposes.—N. Y. Examiner.

Statistics show a gain of some 300,000 to the Roman Catholic population of the United States for the last year. The number of priests among them is reported at 6,835, with seventy bishops and archbishops. Ecclesiastical seminaries have decreased by nine.

A petition, signed by Bishop Clark, Protestant Episcopal, and Bishop Henderson, Roman Catholic, was presented to the Rhode Island Senate at its recent session, praying that all prisoners in State Prisons be allowed to worship according to the dictates of their own consciences, but no action was taken.

Yale College has abandoned the system of marking to determine the standing of students. Instruction is given entirely by lectures, and no quizzing is allowed. There will be no spying on examination. If the student wishes to use any unfair means no effort will be made to detect him, nor will any punishment follow open wrongdoing except the loss of the student's own self-respect and his instructor's confidence.—Hartford Post.

Philadelphia appears to be fully roused to the necessity of industrial education. President Steel, of the Board of Education, in his annual address the other day said that an industrial school is now one of the greatest needs of that city. Students capable of accommodating 2,000 students. The work-rooms should be ample, and provided with machinery for the manipulation of metal, wood and textile fabrics. All the sciences that apply to the manipulation of these materials into articles of use in our daily life should be taught in connection with their immediate practical application, from the generation of steam to the mixing of dyes.

Chicago boasts of a lady, now ninety-four years old, who used to sit in George Washington's lap. The more we hear of George the more we get shocked.—Philadelphia Call.

Dr. Bernard Carpenter says: "Man commits suicide when he pays no attention to what he eats and drinks. Give me the charge of a person's food, and I will control him morally and physically."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

It is very funny, but as a general rule the waiter in a swell restaurant is about the only person about the premises who doesn't wait for anything. The man who orders the chop does most of the waiting.—Boston Star.

If a man wants peace to reign in the household he should count ten before speaking at times when he feels as if his clothes don't fit him. And on days when the kitchen stove doesn't draw he should count 480.—Middletown Transcript.

A sewing machine agent was recently attracted by a fierce catamount near Millford, Pa. The intrepid agent caught the beast and sold him four new machines and two old ones on the installment plan. The catamount was unable to say no.—Chicago Herald.

"Are you having much practice now?" asked an old judge of a young lawyer. "Yes, sir, a great deal, I thank you." "Ah, I'm glad to hear it. In what line is your practice particularly?" "Well, sir, particularly in economy."—Judge.

A merchant traveler at dinner requested the waiter to bring him a piece of rare beef, and when it came it was rare, indeed. "Waiter!" he remarked warningly, as he looked at the undone dish. "Yes, sah," responded the dandy. "Take this beef out, please, and kill it." The waiter crawled into a napkin-ring and disappeared.—Merchant Traveler.

Young Blabbits has been making calls at stated intervals for some time. Sunday night he called as usual, and after waiting an hour in the parlor the girl's little brother came in, and in rather a sheepish manner asked to see Blabbits's nose. "See my nose!" exclaimed Blabbits. "What do you want to see my nose for?" "Well, I'll never marry till I see your nose," promised to marry him, and ma said she thought you'd find your nose out of joint when you called again.—Philadelphia Call.

Just tall enough.—She took my coat—I'm rather tall, and she is not so very: The steps led upward from the hall; She stood, the little fairy, tall; Just balanced on the second stair, My great coat's burden holding. And then her hands—the kindest pair—The collar down were folding. There never was an eye so clear, No lips so red in moving. "Just tall enough, now, ain't I, dear?" See how I've grown from loving! Just tall enough! From eye to eye—She horizontal light. "Just tall enough to let me try?" "Yes, tall enough—Good night!"