

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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A SERIOUS CHARGE.

He is tender and gentle and good to me all ways: I have loved him from girlhood, shall love him till death. The home he has made me a true lover's Eden. Except for a serpent that's lurking beneath: Here I sit and embroider, paint plaques, and write poetry. And wait for his coming—his fond little wife; But when I rush to him and ask if he love me, He passes me, saying: "You bet your sweet life."

O, how can I bear it? For love is so serious, So sweet, and so solemn, that cruel the pang. The true heart must feel when its deepest outpouring Is met in such fashion with jesting and slang. But the end is approaching, and, e'en though it kill me, I'll leave him, since surely he has no regard For his wife—or to-day when I asked if he loved me, He'd never have answered—"Why, cert, little pard!"

—Adam Clark, in Hatchet.

"THERE SHE BLOWS!"

An Old Sailor's Story of Life on Board a Whaler.

Not All That Fancy Paints It—His Advice to Young Men Going a-Whaling Is Embodied in the Word Don't.

"One of the Detroit dailies recently contained an interview with a gentleman who once made a two-years' cruise in a whaling vessel, and I read it with peculiar interest, for it recalled incidents connected with my youth that I can never forget," remarked a silver-haired resident of this city yesterday.

"From it the general reader would obtain a sort of an idea of what life on board a 'Blubber Hunter' is, but only enough to excite curiosity, and possibly a yearning for more of the same kind of information. His experience was gained fifteen or twenty years subsequent to mine, and possibly the practices and usages on shipboard were changed somewhat during that period. Certain it is that my experience differed materially from his, and was not such as to incline me to try a second voyage.

"When I made a fool of myself and went to sea (see a whale and other things too numerous to mention) the whaling business was at its best, and the system of bounties, that he speaks about, were not in vogue. Officers and men had a certain 'lay' or share of the oil taken, although it was the custom then to offer to fit out men on the 'strength' or success of the voyage. If the voyage turned out badly, and the men were in debt to the ship at its close, that was the owner's loss.

"There may be some young men who read the *Free Press* who have become fired with a desire to go to sea. What I shall say to you is spoken with a desire to deter them from taking such an ill-advised step. A sailor's life, and especially a whaler's, is one I should never encourage any young man to follow. Not but the life and calling of a sailor is a noble one when entered upon and pursued by anyone having a natural taste and inclination in that direction, coupled with a desire and determination to make it a life business and to achieve success in its pursuit. But to go to sea, as thousands do, merely to gratify an idle curiosity or whim, or to get away from the restraints of home, is the worst step any boy can take; and he finds it too late his sorrow very quickly, but, alas! too late. I speak from experience, for I have sailed many voyages, and the last one was on a whaler. That cured me.

"In fitting out a whaler, the number of men shipped depends upon the number of boats carried, and this, in turn, depends upon the tonnage of the ship. A small brig or bark never carries more than three boats, and these are the class of vessels that used to cruise in the South Atlantic for sperm whales. Larger vessels, those that used to go around Cape Horn to cruise in the Pacific, never carried less than four boats, and were fitted out for sperm and right whaling. These whalers were fitted out for a cruise of four or five years, the boats were twenty-six to twenty-eight feet in length, with oars from fifteen to seventeen feet long, and each boat carried about 350 fathoms of line coiled in two tubs. The South Atlantic whalers were fitted out for shorter cruises.

"A boat's crew comprised an officer (the Captain or one of the mates), who was called the header; a boat steerer, who was also the harpooner, and four sailors, six in all. The boatsteerer always pulled an oar until the boat was near the whale, when he exchanged it for a harpoon and stood ready to dart it into the whale.

"It was usually the custom to ship all the green hands possible for the reason that they could be hired cheaper than experienced men, and often at the commencement of a voyage it was found that the ship in rough and stormy weather was poorly provided with men capable of making and taking in sail, or assisting in properly caring for the safety of the vessel. The green hands were at first almost useless, and until they had learned to steer, and how to get up aloft in rough weather and handle themselves after they got there, a labor of working the ship fell upon a few old sailors and the boatsteerers, even the officers sometimes being forced to do men's duty.

"As soon as the vessel was fairly out to sea, however, the green hands were put through a course of training which quickly made them wish they had stayed at home. They were sent aloft to look out for whales, and as soon as a school

of blackfish were sighted, all the boats were lowered, the green men manned the oars, and away went the boats in a race to see which would strike the first fish. Of course this would blister the men's hands, but they learned how to handle an oar, and themselves in a boat, so that by the time they reached the whaling grounds, they were able to do good service, and knew what was expected of them. These blackfish yield a poor quality of oil, but it is used for lighting purposes on board of ship. They also learned to box the compass and steer. Each boat carried a mast and sail, but these were only set when, after a whale had been killed, they were engaged in towing their prize to the ship.

"As soon as the whaling ground was reached the ship was put under short-corded sail—topsails, topgallant-sails, staysail, jib and spanker—and a look-out was stationed at the fore topgallant-mast-head (cross-trees), and a boatsteerer at the main topgallant-mast-head to watch for whales, each man taking his trick at this and at the wheel, each trick being of two hours. The lookouts were sent aloft at daybreak, and were not called down until the sun disappeared. Then the ship was placed under even shorter sail for the night, carrying just enough canvas fore and aft to keep her steady. The yards were braced sharp up into the wind's eye, the helm lashed, and the watch set for the night, a watch being one of the boat's crew, relieved in turn by another, so that each crew has equal time below.

"At morning dawn sail is made again. At eight o'clock the boat's crew then on watch was relieved by either the larboard or starboard watch, each being on duty four hours at a time. From four to eight p. m. was divided into two watches called 'dog' watches, so that the hours of duty of each man was changed daily.

"A vessel would remain upon one whaling ground for days and weeks at a time, always under short sail, moving back and forth about four or five knots per hour, and always beating to windward, tacking every few hours thus scouring, as it were, the ground all over. Unless successful in finding and taking whales, all sail would be set, and away we went for some other cruising ground.

"As soon as a whale is struck sharks appear in great numbers, and they never leave the whale for an instant until it is towed along side, stripped of its blubber and cast adrift; then they go with the carcass. These sharks are big fellows and very ravenous. When the whale is secured to the ship some one must go over upon him, cut open the blubber and hitch a tackle-block thereto. This is such dangerous business that the boatsteerers take turns at it. They would be snapped up by the sharks in a minute but for two men who protect them with long-handled spades that were ground as sharp as a razor and were used to cut blubber. If a shark got too close to the boatsteerer, one of these men would jab a spade into him with all his might and he would make off in a hurry.

"During the trying-out process all hands were on duty during the day until six p. m., at which time half of the crew went below, but relieved the other watch at midnight, and all went on duty again at six a. m. In other words, six hours out of the twenty-four was all the rest any man of us could get. Vessels that went around Cape Horn, or Cape Horners as they were called, making voyages of four or five years, necessarily carried more men to man their boats; and had so many men on board that even while trying out oil one-half of the crew could do all the work, so as soon as a whale was secured to the ship they used to set regular watches, four hours on and four hours off, day and night.

"The time usually required to secure a whale, strip off the blubber, try it out, store the oil and clean the ship was about a week. The first fire under the try-kettles was started with wood, but it was thereafter fed with what are called 'scraps'—the refuse of the blubber after it has passed through the trying-out process. Of this trying-out process I can give you no more accurate idea than by quoting from J. Ross Browne's 'History of the Whale Fisheries.' He says:

"I know of nothing to which this part of the whaling business can be more appropriately compared than Dante's picture of the infernal regions. It resembles but little stretch of the imagination, the savage-looking crew, and the waves of flame that burst now and then from the flues of the furnace, a part of the paraphernalia of a scene in the lower regions. Our down-caster, who always had something characteristic to say of everything, very sagely remarked on one occasion when nearly suffocated with smoke: 'If this isn't hell on a small scale I don't know what to call it!'

"Of a full-grown sperm whale of the largest size, or about eighty-four feet in length, the dimensions may be given as follows: Depth of the head, eight or nine feet; breadth of the head, five to six feet. The depth of the body seldom exceeds twelve or fourteen feet, so that the circumference of the largest sperm whale will seldom exceed thirty-six feet. The sperm whale has forty-two teeth in the lower jaw, but there are none in the upper, which instead presents depressions corresponding to and for the reception of the points of those in the lower jaw.

"Of the impact of oil a sperm whale will yield, I can only say that I helped capture and cut in one of them that measured about sixty feet in length, that gave us over one hundred barrels of oil. It has often been said that more whales can be taken on Sunday than on

any other day, but, strange though it may seem, some captains that I have known would not lower a boat for them on that day.

"Although I have, as a sailor before the mast, been around Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope, yet my voyage in a whaler was to the South Atlantic, on which cruise we touched at Fayal, Pernambuco, St. Helena, Tristan d'Acunha and other Islands in the Southern seas. That voyage was my last. I never was cut out for a sailor, and I found it out very soon, but was not willing to acknowledge it until I had 'seen the elephant,' which I did, together with a large part of the tail.

"Immediately upon a whale being harpooned, he sounds, that is, goes under water at lightning speed, as does also the line to which he is attached, making it necessary to throw water upon it to prevent it from taking fire from the friction. It has been claimed that a whale can run at a speed of a mile a minute. They can not remain long below but must come up to breathe. When a whale is struck, the boatsteerer is relieved by the header, and he mans the steering until the whale turns up; when a whale dies his belly turns uppermost. Then the boats are all fastened together, the sails hoisted and then commences a long, tiring pull. You might think they would lay and let the ship come up. The ship does come up as fast as it can, but it has to beat up, for whales invariably run to windward and oftentimes a boat is miles away from the ship when a prize is captured. Not infrequently darkness overtakes them a long way from their berths.

"While cruising off the coast of Brazil we fell in one day with a New London whaler, a Cape Horner, homeward bound. She had been out three or four years, and not being full was cruising a little time on the whaling ground of that section. We spoke her twice and gammed with her. What does gammed mean? Visited. One of her crew was an old fellow-townswan and schoolmate of mine, who had left home two or three years before I did on this voyage. He was the only man I ever met at sea or abroad anywhere that I ever knew or saw before.

"Now, in conclusion I want to say to every young lad who reads the *Free Press*, that if he wishes to see the world, or has any inclination to go to sea, take my advice. Go to work on land and earn money enough to gratify your desire to travel. Then you can satisfy your curiosity without undergoing the privations that one must meet who goes as I did and hundreds of others have done, and come back to tell and record such experiences as they never would have passed through had they had the slightest idea of what was before them."

—Detroit Free Press.

RECKONING TIME.

The Methods of Marking the Passage of Time by Various Peoples.

Among many peoples the modes of reckoning time do not deserve the name of system. The Otahaitians used the changes of the moon and the growth of the bread fruit; the Makha Indians on Cape Flattery the moon and the seasons, of which latter they distinguished two, the cold and the warm; the Mysena Indians, according to Humboldt, had 37 lunar months in their cycle, and 20 of these cycles formed a larger one. Where there were no religious festivals connected with the new or the full moon, people gave up the luni-solar year altogether and adopted the solar year only, confining themselves to bringing day and night into connection with it as far as possible, and paying no regard to the moon's course. It was soon found that the solar year was approximately 365 days in length, and this we find first in the year of the ancient Egyptians. They divided their solar year of 365 days into 12 months, each of 30 days, to which they added 5 supplementary days. The years were counted according to the reigns, and the Canon of Ptolemy is a chronological table giving the commencing years of the various kings. The same form of year is found among the Persians, with the difference that the supplementary days are added to the eighth and not to the twelfth month. Their months had names, not numbers, and their years were reckoned from the accession of Szedegird, an era from which the Persians, especially in some parts of India, still count their years. It is remarkable that so inexact a year, originating so long ago, should have existed through centuries down to our own day, although its inexactness was early recognized. The Egyptians, for whom the time of the rising of the Nile, at the ascent of Sirius, was of great importance, noticed soon the occurrence came later and later in their year: on New Year's Day four years later it was the second day, eight years the third, and so on. On this they based the Sothis, or Dog-star period of 1,461 Egyptian years, in the course of which Sirius rose successively on every day of the year. Then came the knowledge of the year of 365 days, which is tolerably exact, and of this there are several forms of years. In Egypt the change to the more exact reckoning was accomplished in a simple way.

"As an argument serving to prove that plants are beneficial to health it is observed that no class of men average healthier than those who work constantly among growing plants in hot houses.

"It is not a good plan to allow cattle and swine to run together."—*Prairie Farmer*.

FAMILY DISCIPLINE.

Theory vs. Practice in the Matter of Maintaining Parental Authority.

I have just brought to the surface a brief essay, written by myself at the age of nineteen, and which shows that I was a good deal smarter then than I am now. Now, I am a little bothered about what to do with children, but at that time valuable information oozed out of my elastic yet massive skull at all times. The essay goes on to say that "just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." I do not remember whether this is original or not. I am inclined to think it is not. Several other startling theories are enunciated in this paper, among others that the child is father to the man. This may be true generally, and yet there are exceptions. The child may be father to the woman, or, in rare cases perhaps, the child may be mother to the man or even mother to the woman.

When the right kind of a man wakes up to find himself a parent, all his dazzling smartness goes away and he stands there in the presence of that extremely florid chunk of squirm, abashed and anxious, solicitous and rattled. He finds that he knows less about this genesis business than he supposed. He can not conceal the fact that he is green. All the "Family Physicians" and "Every Man His Own Doctor" books that he has been reading lately have not taught him how to pick up his own child without making the most common plug of a parent laugh himself to death.

Later on the work of discipline comes in. He looks forward anxiously to the day when the child will be large enough so that he can exercise the great prerogative of spanking. Finally the time comes. He has asserted himself in his own house, and has spanked his own flesh and blood. How proud he feels! How he wishes that he could go and drown himself somewhere. All day long he knows that his wife will meet him at the door with the dead child in her arms. He sees the little fat hands, resting so still and so white on the baby's breast, that they seem to clutch his own heart-strings and rest cold and heavy on his heart.

If the baby is dead when he gets home he will be a murderer. People will point him out as he goes along the street and say: "There is the man who spanked his little child into an early grave."

He goes home early from his bootless day's work, trembling to know the worst. His wife tells him that the baby has poured a gallon of kerosene into the sugar barrel and salted the hens, and the poor man says: "Thank God!" and his wife says: "George, have you lost that cunning little mind that you used to amuse yourself with?"

Her sarcasms fall harmlessly on his happy heart. He then resolves that discipline may go to grass; he will not have the sightless eyes of his dead baby haunting him during business hours; he prefers a live Apache savage to a pale, silent and well-behaved ghost looking over his shoulder while he is trying to think of a hard word.

And as, for one cause and another, the proud and defiant young mugwump of nineteen at last becomes the quiet, gentle, loyal serf with the pink and chubby foot of a baby across his neck. There is still discipline in the family, but it is not the kind he had advertised to make a feature in his home life.

An old friend said to me not long ago: "I thought when you became a parent you intended to have discipline in your family. Instead of that you have to play horse or make a jackass of yourself every time your children want you. To seem to me if I had announced for years that I was going to have discipline in my family I'd have it now or bust."

"James," said I to him, in a musical tone, "I don't believe you recognize discipline when you see it. The fact is, we have more discipline in our family than we know what to do with. I am getting a grown person's dose twenty-seven times per day and thirteen times a night, and I feel that it is making me a better man. We have a large amount of discipline at our house. There it is, where any of the family can use it. The children do not seem to crave it, so I am using it myself. I don't like to see anything wasted."—*Bill Nye, in Ingleside*.

The Infant Terrible.

A good woman left her son at home while she ran across the street to attend a meeting of ladies in a church near by. The boy was to watch the dinner pot, containing, among other things, a calf's head, and he was to see that the water in the pot should not boil over.

At the meeting, which was to arrange for a church festival, several grave elders and the clergyman himself were present. The latter had called upon to make a few remarks, and he was in the midst of his talk when the boy thrust his head in at the doorway and whispered:

"Mamma!"

The mother frowned and shook her finger warningly, but the boy was not to be awed. Filled with the importance of his errand, he shouted:

"Mamma, you needn't wink at me; but you'd better come right away, for the calf's head is buttin' in the dump-lin's out of the pot!"—*Boston Herald*.

A girl was attacked with fits in a laundry at Lansingburg the other afternoon. The attack so excited the other female employes in the shop that soon eight were prostrated by illness. One was so seriously affected it was feared she would die, and a clergyman was sent for.—*Troy Times*.

TWO GRAND TOURS.

How an Excursionist Visited the Historical Points of Interest in the Old World, and How He Profited by His Visit.

"I see," said a man, addressing an acquaintance with whom he was walking along the street, "that they are getting up another one of those cheap excursions to Europe. Ever go on one of them?"

"No, did you?"

"Did I? Well, yes. My great desire to visit the old country robbed me of sleep. I thought that if I could just go to England and catch up a handful of the soil which the great poets have trod, I would be the happiest man in the world. I met the excursion party at New York. We were to be furnished an excellent guide, and I suppose we were. When we got on the ship the guide said: 'This is the ship and that water out yonder is the ocean. The town you have just left is New York. That thing over yonder is another ship. See that up there? It's a bridge. See the tug? That thing it drags along is a ship. Hear that noise? It's a bell. Somebody's ringing it. If nobody were to ring it, you couldn't hear it. Well, now we are going. That hissing noise is made by the steam. Here we go. You see we have left New York.' This was certainly instructive, out a little too chatty, I thought. We were to visit all the great places of historical interest, and I was glad that our guide was so willing to explain every thing. When we disembarked at Liverpool he hurried us to the railroad and then into a number of clothes closets. 'This is a train,' said he. 'Now we are going. That's England on this side, and this over here is also England. Here's a station. That noise you heard was caused by some one slamming a door. He'll slam it again after awhile. Here we go toward London.' When we arrived in the great city he hurried us to a hotel. He seemed to think we were all children. Early the next morning he came around and said that he was ready to show us the sights. Put us in hacks and had us hauled around. 'Yonder is the Tower of London,' said he. 'Couple of youngsters murdered there some time ago. English papers haven't got hold of the news yet. Was published in America some years ago. Ah, here's Westminster Abbey! Lot of old fellows buried in there. Belonged to the first families of Virginia, I believe. Yonder's the Parliament House. Pretty good-size shanty, you observe. Well, let's go back to the hotel. You have seen London, so to-morrow we start for France.' That's the way it was during the entire time, and when I returned home I didn't know as much about Europe as I did when I started on the great tour."

—*Arkansas Traveler*.

TWASN'T HERE.

The Sad-Eyed Stranger Who Was Looking for a Mate.

He stood with back to the railing on the ferry dock, braving the sun to shine down on his rheumatic points, when a second man came strolling up, and they saluted:

"Howdy, Captain?"

"Howdy, Captain?"

They had scarcely started conversation when the third man appeared, and this time it was:

"Morning, Captain."

"Morning, Captain."

"Captains White and Smith, good morning to you."

In the course of three or four minutes a man walked out of a saloon a hundred feet away, and as he came sauntering down it was:

"Ah—ha, Captain!"

"Hello! Captain!"

"Ah! Captain, glad to see you!"

"Captains Smith, White and Green, good morning."

The same programme was continued until seven "Captains" stood rubbing their backs on the railing. A stranger who had observed the various meetings and heard each man addressed by his title suddenly began looking around and making inquiries for the Harbor-Master's grapping-hooks.

"What's up? What dy'e want of the grappers?" asked one.

"I want to recover the body of the poor fellow."

"Who?"

"Why, being you are all Captains it is likely the mate fell off the deck before any of you got here! I'm going to find one somewhere, even if at the bottom of the river!"

They all looked at him for a dreadfully long time without as much as winking, and when he moved away not a man of them betrayed himself, although there was only one man in the lot entitled to be called Captain.—*Detroit Free Press*.

At her reception, two weeks ago, among others who were presented to her by Marshal McMichael, the master of ceremonies, was Dr. Mary Walker. The nondescript personage, wearing tight trousers and a little coat, and carrying a cane, presented a most grotesque and ridiculous figure, utterly out of keeping with the surroundings. Mrs. McElroy spoke a word or two to her rather unexpected guest; and, as it so happened, the next person that was presented to her was Miss Mann. To her Mrs. McElroy made the next remark: "I have just been presented to a woman who would like to be a man. I am pleased now to meet a Mann who is content to remain a woman."—*Boston Transcript*.

Bombay husbands cut off their wives' noses for punishment. In a single week five such cases were reported.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

The University at Oxford has appliances for printing books in one hundred and fifty languages and dialects.

Wilkesbarre citizens told the school principals that they did not want their "young girls" to deliver declamations in schools, as it has a tendency to make them very bold.—*Pittsburgh Post*.

In some of the rural churches in Holland it is customary to smoke during the service. A foreigner, who recently preached to a Dutch congregation, had among his audience the pastor of the church, who smoked his pipe like the rest.

The Episcopal or Anglican Church has in England and Wales 14,173 benefices, 6,500 curates and 6,000,000 church sittings. In Great Britain and colonies and the United States there are, including two Archbishops, 228 Bishops. The number of the clergy is as follows: England and Wales, 21,000; Ireland, 1,750; Scotland, 250; Colonies and India, 3,000; United States, 3,500; total, 29,500.

Investigation among the school-children of London has shown a sad deterioration in eyesight and it is proposed to increase the size of type in text-books. It would be interesting to know if any difference in the average visual range, as between the dwellers in a large city and those in the country, exists because of the constant presence of obstructing walls before the eyes of the former.—*Chicago Current*.

A writer in the *Overland Monthly* discussing the question "How Shall We Educate Our Boys?" says: "It is interesting to know that whereas, formerly, men went to the universities only to prepare for the professions, now, many business men, merchants and manufacturers, and even well-to-do farmers and tradesmen, are giving their boys the advantage of the higher education, although destined them to follow their own pursuits."

A collection has been taken up in Washington, D. C. the proceeds to be used in repairing Pohick Church, near Mount Vernon. The church was always attended by the father of his country, though he was a vestryman of and always maintained a pew in Christ Church, Alexandria, to whose erection he was a contributor. Pohick Church is nearly two centuries old, and was constructed from material brought from England. The most interesting memories, as well as memorials, are attached to this ancient fane.

The Director of Primary Instruction in Italy recently submitted to the Government his report on the operation of the obligatory law during 1881-2. He makes a very remarkable showing. Out of 1,992,173 children subject to the law, 1,735,185 were enrolled in the schools at the beginning of the school year. By March there were 1,500,765 in attendance, and of this number only 232,929 were, at the end of the year, presented for examination. This lamentable condition of things the Director believes largely due to the poverty of the people.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

A new drama is called "The Skating Rink." The actors are studying their roles and have begun to tumble to the business of the piece.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

"There is a demand for something new in the way of sauces," writes a millionaire caterer. The sauce furnished by the average servant girl seems to be getting old.—*Boston Post*.

"You may speak," said a fond mother, "about people having strength of mind, but when it comes to strength of don't mind my son William surpasses everybody I ever knew."—*N. Y. Mail and Express*.

"Enfant Terrible—"Say, Mr. Snobby, can you play cards?" "Snobby—why, no, Johnny, I can't play very well." "E. T.—Well, then, you'd better look out for me, says if Emma plays her cards well she'll catch you."—*Life*.

"Shall I put a small or big head on this article?" asked the telegraph editor. Just then a poet timidly opened the door, and the managing editor sang out: "Put a big head on it." The poet ducked back and went rapidly down stairs.—*N. Y. Sun*.

"A monthly journal published in Paris is devoted to nothing but the art of stamp collecting." There are quite a number of daily and weekly journals in this country devoted mainly to the same thing; but some of them lose more "stamps" than they collect.—*Norristown Herald*.

English at the universities: First undergraduate (reading): "Will this do, Gram?" Mr. Smith presents his compliments to Mr. Jones, and finds he has a cap which isn't his. So, if you have a cap which isn't his, no doubt they are the ones." Second undergraduate: "O, yes! first rate."—*London Punch*.

The shortest letter ever sent was as follows: "Dear Ben;" and the shortest reply was "Dear Father." It turns out that the father meant, "Dear Son—Send my coal on," and that the reply of the son, who was a coal dealer, was "Dear Father—Coal on." Semi-colon and colon never before had been put to such use.—*Golden Days*.

Hush has saved the lives of a great many people by their not eating it. Hush is a noun, common—in boarding houses—often parsed and frequently declined, neuter gender, singular case. Shakespeare had it in mind when he wrote of "minding matters." Hush is like a good many other things—it has to be taken largely on faith. Many people object to it, when they are not in reality accustomed to anything better. Those who are continually clamoring for better fare should eat awdutt, which is really fine board.—*Troy Times*.