

St. Tammany Farmer.

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

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor.

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A CHILD'S IDEA OF DEATH.

As a lily bud, broke from its stem, will decay,
So white, wan and drooping a dying boy lay.
With a far-away, questioning look in his eyes,
As though he'd unravel the mysterious skies.

For a moment he lay in that stillness that brings
The warning approach of the rustling of wings:
Then, suddenly, rousing with short, gasping
breath,
He said to his mother: "Mamma, what is death?"

She stifled the sob and the sharp, cruel pain
The question evoked; but how to explain
When death stood beside her just waiting to
creep
With pitiless fingers her child from her clasp?

But noting his anxiously listening stare,
She smothered her agony, hid her despair:
And, thinking to shield him from death's rude
alarms,
She tenderly clasped him as safe, in her arms.

And asked him: "My darling, what think you
is death?"
Awaiting his answer with bated breath:
It came very slowly, his eyes growing dim—
Ah, surely the angels were whispering to him—

"The falling asleep by the roadside," he said,
And wearily laid on her bosom his head.
But he never again saw his mother's face,
But he on life's roadside now quietly slept.
—Hannah More's *Children*, in *Chicago Times*.

A BOY WHO SMOKED.

This Story Tells How He Came to Quit It.

The high school boys had never heard of Victor Hugo's "The Man Who Laughs," when they dubbed one of their number "The Boy Who Smoked." He came among them at the beginning of the year, a stranger. With admiring wonder, they saw him light cigarettes at recess, and puff real, big, brown cigars on Saturday afternoons, and so gave him his title. After a time, he—Richard Gordon—was called Gordon, as Charlie was called Hamilton, and Joe, Williams. But outside of his particular circle of friends, he retained the distinction of being "The Boy Who Smoked."

One Saturday, after a short game of ball on the upper green, Gordon and Charlie ranter off together. They were great friends, but unlike in character, as great friends are apt to be. Charlie was the most popular boy in school. Gordon was at first inclined to be jealous, but soon yielded to his unflattering good-humor and the fascination of a certain stumpy pencil which traced in a well-ribbed note-book wonderful faces, beautiful, ridiculous, horrible, or more interesting still, one's own, in perfect likeness, with any sort of expression desired.

"Let's go up to the grove; I want to take a smoke, and I have to be rather careful now—days because Aunt Kate is at our house," said Gordon. "I think she has told mother that I smoke."
"Walnut Grove" sloped gently to the edge of a beautiful, quiet lake, which lay blue and sparkling in the afternoon sunshine; and presently the boys were seated on a flat, lichen-covered rock, which a large old stump at one side had made into a comfortable, high-backed bench. Gordon drew a cigar from his pocket and lighted it with a grand air, sighing, as he looked reproachfully at Charlie: "I do wish you would smoke, Ham," (short for Hamilton).

"Bah!" replied Charlie, skipping a stone. "One, two, three, four, five, six—seven! Could you do that?"
"I know you'd like it in a little while."
"Probably—it isn't that my ejaculation, sir, had a deeper meaning, but your feeble mind is doubtless unable to grasp it. Ahem!"
"Your father smokes!" persisted Gordon, watching, through the delicate blue wreaths, a crow sailing over a distant field.

"Yes; and I've heard him say forty times that he wished he had never begun. I shouldn't feel particularly proud to have you say what he did to mother this morning." And Charlie, in a penitent attitude and a tone of deep humility, quoted: "Excuse me, my dear, but tobacco and dyspepsia go together, and a smoker is always cross before breakfast."

Gordon laughed; then he said: "O pshaw!" and after a moment: "But it is such a social habit."
"So is chewing gum," returned Charlie. "A lot of fellows would look sensible, wouldn't they? passing around a box of spruce: 'Do take one my dear fellow—superior quality—fresh from the forests of Maine—splendid flavor.'"
Gordon said "O pshaw!" again. "You don't know anything about it: there is an effect from smoking—a—a—it's so soothing!"

"If the effect I have observed," remarked Charlie dryly, "is what you call soothing, I believe I don't care to experience it."
Gordon gave a quick look into Charlie's face, but it was calm and expressionless; and he went on: "The fact is, Ham, you can't make the right sort of a man unless you smoke. It's mainly to smoke."
"Oh! well, I believe I know some pretty decent men who don't smoke; Senator Hitchcock, Judge Morris, and Dr. Goldsby, for instance. As to the manliness of it, you may feel it all, but I must say you don't look very manly shying around trees and the corners of the school-house with your cigarettes, and smoking down here on a rock where your Aunt Kate can't see you, and where the wind will blow the smoke out of your clothes so she can't smell you."

"This time Gordon flushed angrily. "If you mean to insult me," he began, but Charlie turned with the laughing light in his soft, brown eyes, and the smile every one liked, and said: "Come, Dick! you know I don't, and know it's true, and you can't quarrel with me, you know."

Gordon did know it all; therefore he subsided rather helplessly into friendliness, and Charlie prudently changed the subject to one less dangerous.

"Roused you today?"
"No, I haven't; I felt one of my confounded headaches coming on this morning and gave it up. I wish I hadn't now."

"You've only a week more, you know."
"I know it, and I need practice; I don't pull the ear—or throw the ball either—that I did awhile ago."

"O, you did some good playing this afternoon," replied Charlie, consolingly. "You knocked Mr. McGinnis out capitably."

"Did I?" Gordon brightened. "You know I've got to win that race, Ham."
"Of course, for the honor of the school, for the happiness of your friends, for the glory of your country, but not to get the new boat which your honored grandparent promised you. O, no!"

"O, no!" echoed Gordon, laughing. "Wasn't it good of grandfather, though? He knew, of course that the embroidered flag would belong to the club, and in case of my beating that military academy fellow, he wants me to have a boat of my own."

"O, you've got to win!" repeated Charlie, decisively; "but that fellow, Goodyear, is a good oarsman."

"That's so; and here I am out of training—all the fault of those confounded headaches. Come on; let's go down to the pier and get a boat of Babcock, and have a row now."

The day of the race arrived. At three o'clock the little pier, in a gay flutter of flags, was filled with lookers-on; groups sat in the gardens of the cottages, and stood along the edge of the grove, while boats, under bright awnings, lay quietly on the water at seeing distance. The lake was a mile in width; and the course was directly across to the pier, from a point opposite, marked by a curious tree—a tree which stood out against the sky a dark, slender, symmetrical cross. Near by its branches covered with foliage scarcely suggested the form which made its renown.

Goodyear, the champion of the Military Academy Club, was large and heavy; his muscles carried more fat than would have suited a "trainer," but he pulled a steady, powerful oar. Gordon, taller and more slender, but strong and well-knit, gave a quicker stroke and a sharper pull. But, of course, their rowing was far from "scientific," and the light boats they pushed out in, and the braided suits they wore, would have been thought extremely funny by an Oxford or a Harvard man. The race was very much like other races, and was closely contested. When one boat shot a little ahead of the other, the boys and girls got excited, and cheered and waved their handkerchiefs. Goodyear, contrary to his habit, did his best work at the beginning, while Gordon, contrary also to his, reserved his strength, and on the last half rowed, as the boys said, "like all possessed," bringing his boat in two lengths ahead. He was received with great acclamation. Charlie jumped to the bow of the boat from which he had been watching the race alone, to wave his hat, but in a few moments dropped to the oars, and himself rowed "like all possessed;" for the cheering suddenly ceased, and he had seen a group gathered by Gordon's boat, and something heavy and helpless lifted out of it. At the pier he learned that Gordon with his last stroke had fallen backward in a swoon. He had been taken to Judge Morris's house (close by on the lake shore), and Dr. Goldsby had been sent for.

The group of excited talkers gradually separated into twos and threes and disappeared, leaving behind them a strange stillness under the blue sky, deepened by the gentle, lonely wash of the water on the shore and the song of a distant bird.

In the evening Gordon was taken home. The next morning, very early, Charlie was at the door. He came away with a slow step and a drooping head.

"Say! 's he any better in there—that feller 'at got sick 't the race?" called a small boy who was running by.

"Get out!" said Charlie, roughly. Then he went after the boy and gave him a handful of peanuts with a bright penny among them. What he had heard was not encouraging.

Later in the morning Mr. Sterling, the principal of the high school, met Dr. Goldsby, and stopped him, to inquire tenderly and anxiously about his pupil. Dr. Goldsby was cross. He was always cross when he had a "bad case," and the condition of his patients was accurately indicated by the rise and fall of his suavity. After a few moments' talk, Mr. Sterling said: "I feared there was danger; but what a sudden and singular prostration! What can be the cause of it?"

"Humph! The cause? Tobacco!" replied the doctor, savagely, bringing his cane down upon the sidewalk with a great thump, and glaring at Mr. Sterling.

"Tobacco! tobacco?" repeated Mr. Sterling. "Why—how—I was not aware—"
"O, of course you were not aware! Who ever is aware of a mischief until it is done? But I rather think I would know it if there were twenty-five boys in my school who were smoking, led by the example of one. The fact is, sir, boys all over our country are learning, and long before they are out of petticoats, and long before they are out of short trousers, a habit that makes them sickly, idle, useless and dissolute young

men—dissolute, sir; for I have never known, in all my practice, a drinking young man who was not a user of tobacco first. Some can stand tobacco better than others, but I have yet to find one system whose action is not rendered absolutely vicious by it. To some organizations, strong, yet sensitive—fine organizations like this young fellow's—it is—poison!—breaks the constitution all up!"

"The doctor's emphasis was terrific. "Poor Dick must be very low," thought Mr. Sterling. Then he said aloud: "I know that tobacco is injurious, doctor; and regret its prevalent use. I' (coloring)—"I sometimes smoke a cigar myself."

"Then the sooner you stop 'smoking a cigar yourself,'" growled the doctor, "the better for you and for others through your example, sir."

Mr. Sterling colored more deeply; but he was a very honest man. "You mean well, doctor," said he, "and I will stop."

"Well, you mean well, too," returned the doctor, with his low smile, and they parted very amicably.

Four months before Gordon could be rowed by Charlie in the new boat on the old, dear lake! In the rich sunshine of an autumn day they floated along the softly-curving shore, under branches of crimson and gold, past the smutch trees and the thorn-apple bushes, and the woods where the yellow mandrakes were hanging.

"I guess," said Gordon, in a very faint voice, from his bank of pillows in the stern, and with a very faint smile, "I guess I shall pull through, Ham."

"Why, of course you will," replied Charlie, briskly, and his voice seemed to both of them to have the volume of a small cataract. "Of course; I told you you would. Why, you are getting fat."

Gordon passed his hand over the hollows in his cheeks, with another smile, and continued: "You know what the doctor said made me sick—"

Charlie nodded.

"Broke my nervous system all up. Well, I know those high school fellows got to smoking because I smoked—little ones, some of them—and I've planned, when I get well and go back there, to start a club, called the Anti-Tobacco Club, and get 'em all in it. I can do that much."

"Good!" cried Charlie, dropping his oars to applaud; "and you can appear before the world, and make speeches in the character of the reformed smoker."

In time the club was formed. It met every week in a room hired and furnished by the parents of the members; and there they played games, and read aloud (more tobacco literature in their first enthusiasm than afterward) and discussed subjects, and finally wrote "articles." It grew and flourished; and to-day, though the illustrious founder and his friend, the first president, are in college, it is considered an honor for any boy to belong to that club.—*Florence E. Weld, in N. Y. Examiner.*

WOMEN EDITORS.

Some Who Command High Salaries and Have Attained Distinction.

It would make a long list simply to enumerate the names of women who sit in the editorial chairs of magazines. Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge went from a successful literary career to the office of *St. Nicholas*. Ella Farman Pratt takes an occasional part in making up *Wide Awake*. Of the fashion periodicals there is no better edited publication of any kind in the country than *Harper's Bazar*, of which Mrs. Mary L. Booth, and in her absence Mrs. S. S. Conant, has full control. Jennie June has a half ownership in *Godey's Lady Book* and is supreme in the editorial room. Mme. Demorest has but just retired from the business control of the magazine bearing her name. The widow of Peterson, the Philadelphia publisher, has taken *Peterson's Magazine* into her own hands, both editorially and financially. *The Ladies' World* pays the woman at its head \$5,000 a year, and the new dress reform magazine *Dress*, if Mrs. Jenness Miller will allow it to be classed with fashion publications, is in part owned and wholly managed by its editor, who is putting a good deal of fresh talent into its early issues. Mrs. Laura Holloway edits the *Home Library Magazine* and the *Woman's Argosy*, now Chicago ventures, which promise large success. Mrs. Josephine Redding edits two decorative art magazines very ably, and the housekeeping magazines are in swarms. Of a more serious class of publications, Mrs. Martha J. Lamb has increased the circulation and made the reputation of the *Magazine of American History*, and Miss Jeanette Gilder commands unlimited respect for her work on the *Critic*. Philanthropic publications of all sorts are in feminine hands. Edward Everett Hale's *Lady's Hand* is largely directed by a woman, and the list, not of women who supply matter for departments, but who are in editorial or business control, or both, of periodicals of some size and standing could be prolonged at some length. Many of the large publishing houses say that women make the best readers of manuscript, and the same qualities that make feminine talent available in them, together with some tact and business judgment, make good editors of them also. Their periodicals almost invariably are good business properties, and are nicely adjusted to the exact clientele they are meant to reach. Jennie June says women like editorial work, and editorial work thus far seems to like them also.—*N. Y. Letter.*

THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

Brother Gardner's Conservative Eulogy on a Deceased Brother.

As soon as Elder Toots had ceased trying to cough up the vest-buckle he swallowed in West Virginia the year the war broke out, and Whalobone Howker and Pickles Smith had settled on the date of the discovery of America as 1721, the windows were put down and Brother Gardner said:

"Death has once more invaded our ranks. I yesterday received a letter containin' de informashun dat Krokus Desplaines, an honorary member living at Griffin, Ga., had expired from airth away. Has any member any thin' to offer?"

Judge Cadaver offered a resolution of sympathy for the bereaved widow and fatherless children.

Syntax Johnson moved that Paradise Hall be draped in mourning for the space of sixty days.

The Rev. Pestcock moved that what was the Limekiln Club's loss was the deceased brother's eternal gain.

Buckingham Jones suggested that the club contribute the sum of \$5,000 towards a monument with an angel perched on top.

"Gent'men," said the President as he waved them down, "I knew Krokus well. In fact, he am de only man who ever stole my dog. He has eaten at my house, an' I has slept in his an' taken breakfast in de nightest second-class hotel. We shall adopt a skedule about as follows: 'We am grieved dat Krokus has passed away, but would he have amounted to shucks had he lived?'"

"He was kind de poor, but he stole chickens from de rich."
"He was honest an' upright, but he neber had a chance to trade horses or beat a street kyar company."

"He had many virtues, but dey war offset by many vices. While he would have established an orphan asylum if he had de money to do it, he invariably tried to pay his dues wid trade dollars or counterfeit halves."

"While we hope he am better off, we shan't be ober-anxious to inquire fur him when we reach de nex' world."

"Gent'men, Krokus Desplaines was an average man. He lived in de average way, mixin' de good an' de bad till you couldn't allus tell wheder to find him leavin' ober de front gate or lyin' on de grass behin' de ba'n. He had his good an' his bad streaks, an' we shan't praise de fust an' conceal de las'. If he am better off we am glad of it. If he has gone to any wuss kentry dan dis it am our solemn duty to feel as sorry as we know how."

Any resolutshun menshun' his wife an' chillen am so much talk from away, fur he was too lazy to support a wife an' consequently neber got mar'd. We will hang a cheap piece o' crape on de doah an' forgive him de six shillin' dues he owed de club."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE GIRLS OF TO-DAY.

The Noble Womanhood Into Which They Will Undoubtedly Come.

Nice as most girls are, they are not all of the kind to make matrimony a state of bliss and husbands content with their lot. For in this thickly-thronged field of girlhood are the peevish and the contradictory, the selfish and the extravagant, the idle and the careless, the jealous and the unloving, the stupid and the obstinate, the flirts who encourage unseasonable attentions, and the future mothers who will think their children so many hindrances to pleasure, and who will not have in their hearts either human love or animal instinct for their young. The heaven is not always all pure blue—flowers are not all perfect and fragrant; and humanity is like the rest of nature—when beautiful and love-worthy, then most delightful—when humped and seamed and marred, then not by any means delightful! But on the whole the choice girls far outnumber those who are not choice. The elders of the generation may not like this new folly and that fresh affectation—but those elders must remember that each new generation makes its own shibboleths, has its own fashions, and that youth must needs be foolish, else it would not be youth at all. That pump-handle shake is hideous and ungraceful; so are those aggressive elbows stuck out at right angles from the shoulders to the hip; so is that silly fashion of quasi-masculinity in dress; and worse than foolish is the affectation of manly thought and freedom from feminine modesties—of manly license and absence of feminine restraints. But all this effervescence will work off in time and leave the golden liquid clear and sweet—until another fermentation sets in, with the same process of running clear when it is over. Our grave grandies—our sweet mothers—we ourselves, now grannies and mothers to the present young—have all had the affectations and follies of youth in our time. Let us then be patient with our girls, and lovingly confident of the noble womanhood into which they will eventually come.—*London Queen.*

Of the alloys of aluminum, the series formed with copper and known as aluminum bronze are the most important. The alloy containing 90 per cent of copper and 10 of aluminum is the most prominent of these, and was discovered as long ago as 1856 by Dr. John Percy. It has a deep golden color, a specific gravity of 7.7, and can be shaped at a red heat and hammered until cold without cracking. The alloys change to white in color when the proportion of aluminum reaches about 30 per cent.—*Askanian Traveler.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Worms are better friends than are persons who seek to fatten on us before death.

—In exalted station, to do that which is most just will be found also to be most advantageous.—*Tactius.*

—One good thought retained and ninety-nine bad ones let go, and we would all be better off.—*Pomeroy's Advantages Thought.*

—Love is like the measles; we can't have it but once, and the later in life we have it, the tougher it goes with us.

—If you hope to be permanently happy, my son, let the jewel of consistency ever shine on your cheviot shirt-front.—*Duluth Paragrapher.*

—The critic who said: "This rare little volume is well done," may have known what he was talking about, but we don't believe he knows what he said.—*Life.*

—"I give thee all, I can no more," sings a poet. We wish some of the beef and chicken canning establishments would adopt the same sentiment.—*Binghamton Republican.*

—Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so valuable as common sense. He who carries about him nothing but gold will be at a loss every day for ready change.

—At a Wagner performance.—Conductor—"Scht!-schtp!" Die piece was gongluded." Von Hutwast—"Ve had schtopped. You was geeeping time mit dot thunder storm outside, ain't it?"—*Life.*

—Bad luck is simply a man with his hands in his pockets and a pipe in his mouth, looking on to see how it is coming out. Good luck is a man of pick, with his sleeves rolled up, and working to make it come out all right.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

—"How much calomel did you sell to that man for a quarter?" asked the druggist of his clerk. "One dramch," he replied. "Mercy, you'll compel me to make an assignment at that rate. Don't you know that stuff costs us forty cents a pound?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A Birmingham gun firm, in order to obviate the difficulty in sighting guns in the dark, have introduced small diamonds in both sights.

—Dr. G. T. Jackson, in a paper on baldness, read before the New York County Medical Society, states that one of the causes is the effect of working under hot artificial light, such as gas or kerosene.

—A new carbon mineral, apparently consisting of pure carbon like the diamond, but black, has been discovered in meteoric iron from Western Australia. It resembles the diamond in the form of its crystals, but is more like graphite in other respects. It is to be called Cliftonite.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—At least 10,000 preserved humming-birds are now embraced in the collection in the British Museum. The finest collection on this side of the Atlantic, containing about 2,000 specimens, has been presented by Mr. D. G. Elliott to the American Museum of Natural History in New York.—*Boston Budget.*

—A solution of bromine has proved unexpectedly useful as a deodorizing agent in street excavations, from which noxious smells emanate. Whether it is a true disinfectant, or merely a means of suppressing unpleasant odors, is a question as to which sanitary authorities differ.

—Steel wire mats are a new article in metallurgical industry. They are made from steel wire, with steel frame and steel braces, all perfectly galvanized, and are wear and weather proof, and self-cleaning, require no shaking, and by the slightest scrape snow, ice, mud, clay and water are wiped out of sight.—*Boston Budget.*

—One of the greatest sights on Chesapeake bay is the watermelon fleet, which comprises about eighty vessels. The season opens about the first week in August, and for nearly two months the bay is filled with these boats loaded down with melons. They carry from two to eight thousand melons each, and give employment to several hundred men.

—According to the *Boletín Comercial* of Havana, there will be 125 sugar plantations which, either from having been abandoned or for other reasons, will not grind this season. Calculating an average of 1,500 hogheads of sugar to each plantation, this represents 170,000 tons less in the total production of Cuban sugar this year.

—Out of 260,000 tons of steel and iron manufactured annually at the Krupp works the greater portion is required for peaceful purposes; especially for railway plant and material. From a report published in 1881 it appears that the number of workmen employed in the cast-steel works amounts to 11,211, and those employed in mines and forges to 8,394, being a total of 19,605.

To these we may reckon the families of the employees, numbering 45,776, thus showing that 65,381 persons were at that time dependent on the Krupp establishment for a livelihood.

—An Irishman, Mr. Francis Hazlett, has invented, and an Irish company have bought out, a mechanical apparatus for blowing glass bottles which dispenses with the old-fashioned method of blowing glass by the mouth. The new invention dispenses entirely with the human lungs, and injects the air into molten glass by an air-pump not unlike an ordinary syringe in shape and action. This is fastened to the ordinary blow-pipe and makes little difference to the workman in handling.—*Public Opinion.*

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