

St. Tammany Farmer.

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

Nov. 26, 1887.

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor.

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ALICE.
How charming was her presence with us,
How kind she was in all her words and ways.
Her life was like the pure atmosphere
Of radiant eyes and tranquil, cloudless days.
And all things lovely were beloved of her,
The fair, the glad, the world of flowers, and field
And trees.
I've seen her gaze, like some rare worshiper,
Upon the moonlit sky or sunset sea.
There by the sea! 'Twas here she dwelt
With kindred hearts, with music, mirth and books.
Her brow had never space for frowns. Her smile
Was beautiful with "sunshine of sweet looks."
And she is gone! not ever any more
May we again know her bright companion-ship.
Nor earthly mourning shall again restore
Lustre to her eye or language to her lips.
Ay, she is gone! The evening light shall shine
The waves repeat their murmurs on the shore,
But she who watched the summer day's decline
With us may never look or listen more.
Dear Alice! though beyond of sun or star
Thy ever genial spirit art gone so far
Thou shalt not yet be loved and loved thus
—*Boston Courier.*

"WILD BECKY."

How She Improved Herself and Her Friends.

If there is one thing that the country folks of Millville were proud of over and above the new organ in their "meeting-house" it was the Millville Boarding School, which capped the very highest pinnacle of their village. A light set upon a hill, which shed its literary radiance over the whole place. Cynthia Adams was the only day-scholar, but she was the squire's daughter, and it was a matter of course that her schooling should be something beyond that of the rest of the village girls.

One day, as the scholars were hanging over the school-yard fence, or sitting in groups on the steps, waiting for the school-bell to ring, they heard a man with a lusty pair of lungs shouting "Gee-haw, git up thar!" in a voice so loud that it threatened to shake the hills.

"That is one of old miller's whippers, I do believe," laughed Cynthia. "He's a farmer about here with a roaring voice. Such a queer fellow as he is, to be sure. I wish you girls could see him."

"I wish I might!" answered fun-loving Millie King.

"Does he live far from here?"

"His house is way down by the edge of the town, beyond the pine wood; they call the place 'Biscuit City.'"

"Why? Because they have so many biscuit there?" asked a dozen voices at once.

Cynthia shook her head.

"I guess it is because they don't have them," she said; "perhaps they wish they did, and so call it that. All I really know about it is that there does not seem to be any one there to cook much, anyway; for Farmer Miller lives alone with his granddaughter, a girl about our age."

"Couldn't she make biscuits?" persisted Millie, unwilling to give up the idea that they abounded in Biscuit City.

"Becky! I'd like to see any thing decent that Wild Becky could make. No one in the village will have any thing to do with her, for she's such a wild, harum-scarum thing, and so green, too. I don't think she'll make her grass, just as likely as not."

Cynthia stopped abruptly, for the "Gee-haw" sounded nearer every moment, and now a pair of oxen came lumbering over the brow of the hill, followed by a rickety hayrack, at the end of which was poised a bare-headed young person, who, with a look of her ample bonnet swung from the top of one of the poles which formed the sides of the cart, evidently for the purpose of proving to the passers-by that she possessed the article, though she did not choose to wear it. She looked up at it rather wistfully, however, as her champion, Farmer Miller, with a wailing exclamation, drove the cart up to the school-house gate.

"File out, Becky," he roared, "and we'll soon fix it up with 'em here. Don't be steered, gal. Be you the schoolmar'm?"

The question was addressed to Miss Peters, the principal, who, at this juncture, came policy forward.

"I haven't much learnin' myself, ma'am," he continued, "but I'm bound that my gal, here, shall have as good a chance as the rest of 'em. She's a good gal, Becky, is only a trifle wild-like, and needs settlin' a bit. I'd be a better hand at settlin' hills than lively young creatures like this one, so if you'll tend to one I'll tend to 'other," and handing the poor girl over, tumbling her bonnet after her, he was half-way down the hill before Wild Becky had made up her mind whether she would be settled or not.

It was very disagreeable standing there with all the girls staring at her, she thought, and glancing shyly out from under her long lashes, her eyes rested gladly on the familiar features of the squire's daughter.

"How do, Cynthia?" she said, nodding in such a civil way that it surprised herself.

Cynthia looked blankly into her face a moment without making the slightest sign of recognition, then, wheeling around on her heels, she turned her back squarely upon her. A titter went around the yard. Every one seemed amused but poor Becky, who shut her mouth tightly, and her heart, too, for that matter, and hated her kind. As she joined the crowd squawking into the school-house she wondered why she had ever consented to be brought to school. The old wild life perfectly contented her. To roll about for hours under the wide-spread oaks, with friendly squirrels, or to chase the brook and dashed gayly down the hills, was pleasanter than the society of girls, she had always thought. But the fact was her grandfather had taken it into his dear old head to make

a lady of her age, rather than disapprove the kind soul who had done so much for her. Wild Becky made a desperate effort to plume herself down that morning into a civilized girl, and mingle with her fellow-scholars. It was harder even than she had imagined. The close school-room almost stifled her, while the dull monotonous hum of voices had such a stupefying effect that before she had been seated long her head dropped on her desk and she fell asleep. She was awakened by something tickling her nose; putting her hand up quickly a great bouncing butterfly fluttered through her fingers and shot up into the air. Now, this was a playmate Wild Becky never could resist; without half realizing where she was, she burst into a loud laugh, and was making a dive for it, when, recollecting herself, she slid down again into her seat with the painful consciousness that all eyes were upon her. The pair that terrified her most were those upon the platform—Miss Peters' eyes, but those of another teacher who had come into the room during Becky's nap.

"Where did you come from?" asked the woman, sharply, for she was in ligament at the interruption of her class.

"Biscuit City, ma'am," was the prompt reply.

"A land productive of biscuits and rude girls," returned the teacher, facetiously, at which the other scholars, particularly the older ones, laughed most heartily.

"You could not command yourself you had better return there at once," she continued.

Wild Becky did not need much urging on that score. As quickly as possible she sprang from her seat, and vaulting through the open window, swung herself down to the ground as neatly as a boy could have done it, for she was in great wrath. So off she trotted, never looking behind her until she brought up at the kitchen door. Through the opening she could see her grandfather bending over the big brick oven.

"Sakes alive! School ain't out yet, he?" he asked, lifting himself up to get a good view of the clock.

Becky flung herself down on the step and poured forth her injuries, winding up with a declaration of independence.

"I'll never go again, never. You will not ask it of me, will you, granddaddy?"

"Not if you're not set agin' it," said the old man, with a sigh, as he passed into the kitchen and brought out a heaping dish of pancakes.

"I thought as how you'd come home hungry, and so I made a lot of 'em."

Becky had a weakness for pancakes, and was quite taken with the attention. She moved a chair nearer them and tried to eat, but somehow they seemed to stick in her throat. The idea that her grandfather was "sorely disappointed made them hard to swallow."

"What makes you care so much about my being a lady?" she said, at length, laying down her knife and fork, and looking fixedly at him.

The farmer wiped his glasses carefully.

"I dun know," he answered; "p'raps it's 'cause your mother would have liked it; she used to take to 'learnin' and to gentle ways, and grand folks, nat'ally as horses take to hay. I wanted you to be like her; but lawd me! 'tain't in nature's you could be that kind any more than a hen could be a gosling. It don't matter."

"Yes it does, granddaddy," and Becky, jumping up, wound her arms around his neck, and shed a tear or two on the back of his old waistcoat.

"It ain't that, I'm so against the learnin'," she continued; "it's the folks I can't stand."

"Well, some of 'em a rather tryin'," answered the farmer, "but there's one powerful queer thing in human nature."

"If you feel agin' a man, do a favor for him, an' you're sure to like him better. I wanted you to be like her, but lawd me! 'tain't in nature's you could be that kind any more than a hen could be a gosling. It don't matter."

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As they were walking along, Joe said: "Let's go some place where they keep good liquor and talk over old times."

"They entered a saloon," "What are you going to have, Ben?"

"Well, Joe, you see, I have stopped drinking. Bartender, make me a lemonade."

"A what?" Joe gasped.

"Lemonade," said Joe. "I'll take about four fingers straight."

Joe's countenance had undergone a change. His enthusiasm was gone, and as he leaned against the bar, while the bartender was making the lemonade, he thought of the hot corn rows, through which he had toiled, and, deeply dejected, he wiped the perspiration from his brow. When they had drunk and gone out on the street, Duval, noticing the change in his friend's manner, asked:

"Joe, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing."

"Well, which way are you going?"

"Round here where I left my horse."

"Bring him around to my place. You must remember, my dear friend, that you are my guest as long as you are in this town."

When they reached the place where the horse had been left, and as Joe was preparing to mount, Duval said:

"What are you going to do?"

"Going home."

"What, going home? Why, Joe, tell me what is the matter with you?"

Joe, with one foot in the stirrup, turned and said: "Ben T. Duval, you ain't tittin'—ain't fit to associate with no nor beast."

He mounted his horse and rode back to Carroll County.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

before which they stopped? Becky didn't try to hide any part of it, but made them welcome to the whole, and to the great barn, too, with its numerous hiding places, initiating them as she could into the most approved way of sliding down hay-mows and riding on the barn doors. She took them across the meadows to the stream, with the little grove beside it, and there they fished for trout; not that they caught enough to boast of, for only the most venturesome of fishes would bite in that approach of voices. When they got tired of that sport they chased the colts in the orchard and hunted out the squirrels, with whom Becky carried on such a droll make-believe conversation that the girls, as they said, "almost died of laughing." The sun was getting low and the grass was all purple with shadows when she brought out a table and seats, and they would have their supper under the shade of a great butternut tree.

"This is the time they'll laugh," thought Becky; "but let 'em. I could get up a general tea to save my life, and I shan't try."

And sure enough—the girls did laugh. To see such great platters of smoking hot sweet corn, such huge pitchers of creamy milk, such stacks of freshly picked berries, was enough to make any hungry girl laugh, and in a way very pleasant to hear. Then followed a shakedown on the smooth floor of the barn, accomplished by the aid of Farmer Miller, who whistled the tune of "Over the Hills and Far Away" from the corn-bin. It wasn't until the young moon shone out clear and silvery that the young girls found themselves in the hayrack riding briskly forward to the school.

"I believe I never had such a good time in my life before," cried Millie, as she saw, with regret, the outline of the building through the trees.

"Nor I, nor I, nor I," was heard in answer.

Farmer Miller recognized one of the voices, and blessed it in his heart. It was Wild Becky's. As the others left, then, she crawled over to her grandfather's side and laid her hand, warm from the grateful grasp of the school-girls, on his arm.

This started a better state of things with Becky. She began to truly like the girls, then she loved one or two, and in true school-girl fashion, she went to work to improve her manners. Next came ambition in her studies, and, as under all lay a deep affection for the good grandfather, she came out at the end of the year one of the brightest, happiest girls in the school.

There were outbreaks of mischief now and then. As the girls had roared to the school one day, "she couldn't be tamed all at once," but this little girl had at last found the golden key. And so, in brightening the lives of the unhappy, and in making sunshine for all, Becky became, in time, a lady in every sense of that misused term.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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"Nothing."

"Well, which way are you going?"

"Round here where I left my horse."

"Bring him around to my place. You must remember, my dear friend, that you are my guest as long as you are in this town."

When they reached the place where the horse had been left, and as Joe was preparing to mount, Duval said:

"What are you going to do?"

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"What, going home? Why, Joe, tell me what is the matter with you?"

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A BLIGHTED HOPE.

Long-Contemplated Glorious Speech Which Did Not Take Place.

During the war, Colonel Ben T. Duval, a prominent lawyer of Fort Smith, and Captain Joe Bishop, a farmer of Carroll County, Ark., were so intimately associated in a convivial way they were almost inseparably intoxicated. Bishop had a peculiar knack of getting whisky and Duval had a peculiar knack of drinking it. In this accomplishment, however, he could claim no superiority over Bishop, a gentleman who, regardless of his theological name, could introduce drought into a pug with the suddenness of an unexpected climax. Bishop was an engine to many of his brother officers. Sometimes when Generals and Colonels, with that intense thirst brought about by a total lack of moral restraint, were praying in vain for whisky, the mysterious Bishop would dive down into a pile of stunks or burrow into a stack of fodder and come out with a bottle, the contents of which, in delicious secrecy, he always shared with the capacious Duval.

When the war closed, Bishop, with a jug in one hand, alighted on his feet. He and Duval went into a dense pine thicket and as Gilbert, in speaking of the early leaders of the church would say, "amused themselves at their leisure." Duval went back to his law practice in Fort Smith and Bishop returned to his farm in Carroll County.

The fences were destroyed and the fields were overgrown with bushes, but with the vigour of a determined man he later, he thus addressed his wife:

"We are now in first-rate fix. The farm was never in better condition and I don't think we ever had as much money as we've got now, so I have been thinking of a little trip. All the time I was working and delving in the hot sun there was an idea uppermost in my mind, and that was the hope that some day I should be able to go to Fort Smith and have one more drunk with Ben Duval. Now, you needn't say a word. I haven't touched a drop in three years and I now I claim the privilege of one more war-time drunk with Ben. Won't you wander around, you understand. Just want to get on a gentlemanly drunk and sit around and talk."

"Well," Mrs. Bishop replied, "you may go."

"Enough said,"

Joe mounted his horse, and after riding one hundred and eighty miles he arrived at Fort Smith. After some inquiry, he found Duval's office. He lingered at the door before entering, and then, mastering his feelings, he went in and seeing his old friend, busy with a pile of papers, asked:

"This Colonel Ben T. Duval's office?"

The Colonel, not recognizing Joe, whose face was covered with a heavy beard, replied:

"Yes, sir. Have a seat."

Joe sat down, and, after a few moments, during which time the Colonel continued to mumble over his papers, asked:

"Is Colonel Duval in?"

"I am Colonel Duval."

"Wall, Ben, don't you know me?"

"My gracious alive!" exclaimed Duval, springing from his seat and grasping his friend's hand. "Why, my dear fellow, I am delighted to see you. I was deeply dejected, but your work, Ben, don't let me interrupt you."

"I am about done for to-day."

"Well, then, let's walk down the street."

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THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

—Virginia raises annually some 1,500,000 bushels of peanuts.

—The Providence (R. I.) locomotive shops employ 1,300 men, against 500 a year ago.

—Eight women took their seats as delegates in the Knights of Labor convention at Richmond, Va.

—A company with a capital of \$1,000,000 has been formed in Baldwin County, Ala., for the purpose of manufacturing artificial stone pottery.

—The reports of the General Secretary of the Knights of Labor, read at the convention in Richmond, show that the membership of the Knights of Labor in good standing is 1,300,000.

—Nearly one-half (forty-four per cent.) of the wool of the world is produced in Europe. Great Britain, as a manufacturing center of wool, requires three times as much as that country produces.

—The present cost of operating the railroads of the country with steam power is, in round numbers, \$502,000,000 per annum, but to carry on the same amount of work with men and horses would cost the country \$11,308,500,000.—*Christianity at Work.*

—The following statistics will show the magnitude of the poultry business in 1882: the cash value of the principal farm products were as follows:

Poultry and eggs	\$20,000,000
Hens	10,000,000
Cocks	10,000,000
Ducks	10,000,000

—The stock business in Colorado is reported to be in a depressed condition owing to the losses occasioned by the severe weather of last winter. One feature is the almost entire failure of the calf crop. This with the low price of beef cattle, makes a bad state of things, and large numbers of stockmen of limited means will be obliged to sell out.

—American inquisitiveness and ingenuity united, have produced thread made from the blossom of the common milkweed, which has the consistency and tenacity of imported flax or linen thread, and is produced at a much less cost. The fibre is long, easily carded, and may be readily adapted to spinning upon an ordinary flax spinner. It has the smoothness and lustre of silk, rendering it valuable for sewing machine use. The weed is common throughout this country, but grows profusely in the South. The material costs nothing for cultivation, and the gathering is as cheaply done as that of cotton.—*Boston Budget.*

—Stone that is quarried one day and built into a wall the next day is in a green state and unfit for durability. It is at its weakest point of endurance either of pressure or of atmospheric influences. Its pores are open and ready to absorb not only moisture, but all the gaseous and disfiguring influences which tend to its destruction. Every stonemason knows that to get a polished surface on a stone the same must have lain for some time out of the quarry and exposed to the drying influences of the sun and weather. This is a sufficient hint to the builder to see to it that the stone of which he would rear a permanent structure must be thoroughly seasoned before it is placed in a wall.—*Chicago Herald.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

TRULY BRAVE.

Adventure of a Youth Who Knew What to Risk His Life.

On board the ship Luminary we had two boys, differing much from each other in character. Walter Brewer, the captain's son, was an active fellow, but very heedless and rash. We used to think that he must resemble that "litt'le Jack," of the ballad, who climbed to the main-trunk of "Old Ironsides." There was nothing he loved better than to perform some dangerous and unnecessary feat. On the other hand, Arthur Clifford, son of good widow Clifford, in the little seaport where the ship belonged, although no less active than Walter, was always careful of his own safety, and took no risks where duty did not call him. He would not pass from one mast to another on a stay, as his companion would sometimes do, but he would talk to the shrouds in the regular manner.

Walter often challenged him to do some perilous thing, and would thoughtlessly accuse him of cowardice when he refused, as he invariably did, where there was no necessary end to be accomplished by accepting the proposed risk. Yet, whenever the widow's son did a piece of work, either on deck or aloft, it was done thoroughly, which was more than could be said of Walter's tasks.

Arthur did not like the imputation of cowardice, but he told me one day that he could not see the need of doing foolish things just to show that he was brave. I felt sure that he had more true courage than his reckless young shipmate, though I little anticipated the surprising manner in which the fact was to be demonstrated.

We were lying in one of the many harbors on the west side of Vancouver's Island, when the captain allowed us an all-day's run on shore. The coast is here very mountainous, so that we found rock hundreds of feet high, with gorges branching off in all directions. In some places we climbed to such a height, that, although our ship was a long distance off, she had the appearance of being close under our feet. Presently our attention was attracted by the sight of two huge, gray eagles, that came wheeling about us with majestic sweeps, uttering loud cries, like those of the common fish-hawk. Some one suggested that they probably had a nest close at hand, and the two boys were instantly inspired with a great desire to find it. An eagle's nest would certainly be a curiosity, whether containing eggs or young.

"Oh, you wouldn't go up to it, Art; you wouldn't dare to!" said Walter.

"You'd be afraid of the old birds. Just let me get a sight of it. I'll show you how to go up to an eagle's nest!"

Arthur made some careless remark, laughing good-naturedly as he did so, and they both commenced hunting for the eyrie. For some time we could hear them shouting to each other as they pursued the search. They seemed at length to have separated widely among the cliffs, and for a while we heard nothing from them. We now discovered that, instead of only one couple, there were two pairs of the eagles, and this seemed to be the reason that the boys did not keep together. There might be two nests. Supposing that the youngsters would soon return, we did not pay much attention to their absence, until started by what seemed a cry of distress. The eagles themselves were screaming, but their shrill notes could not quite drown the human voice that appeared to be calling out in pain or terror.

"That's that!" said one of our men. "He's got into some trouble—broken some of his limbs, likely enough—and the old man will blame us for it. There, hear that?"

"Help, help!" cried the voice. "I'm hurt. Come quick, or I shall be killed! Oh, dear, what shall I do, and for a while we heard nothing from them. We now discovered that, instead of only one couple, there were two pairs of the eagles, and this seemed to be the reason that the boys did not keep together. There might be two nests. Supposing that the youngsters would soon return, we did not pay much attention to their absence, until started by what seemed a cry of distress. The eagles themselves were screaming, but their shrill notes could not quite drown the human voice that appeared to be calling out in pain or terror.

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