

St. Tammany Farmer.

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

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COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1889.

VOL. XIV.—NO. 17.

A BACHELOR'S BALLAD.

Returning home at the close of day,
Who gently chides my long delay
And by my side delights to stay?
Who sets for me my easy chair,
Prepares the room with sweetest care,
And lays my slippers ready there?
Who regulates the evening fire,
And bids the blazing fuel higher,
And bids me draw my chair still nearer?
When sickness comes to rack my frame,
And grief disturbs my troubled brain,
Who sympathizes with my pain?
Nobody.
—American Queen.

MY BODY-GUARD.

Some Humiliating Incidents of My Boyhood Days.

It is because I am far removed from those who know me when I was a boy that I have the moral courage to write the following details of something that occurred in my youth. I should not care to meet the jeers and gibes of my old friends, who will recall as well as I do the humiliating incidents I am about to narrate.

The scene was a rural district in a Western State, and the affair was the result of my first attempt to play the bean. I was sixteen years old at the time, and the young lady whom I favored with my attentions was a year younger.

There was to be a party at a farmhouse in the neighborhood, to which my brother Frank and I had been invited. I conceived the idea of putting behind me childish things, and of figuring as a young gentleman, by escorting Miss Jane Sharpe to the party at Farmer Truant's.

Miss Jane sat just across the aisle from me at the little country school, so that it was easy enough for me to make known my desire to her, which I did by wiping my slate very clean, and drawing a wreath of queer-looking flowers around the edges, with a supposed turtle-dove in each corner. In the center I wrote:

"Miss Jane—Compliments of the season from Mister Silas B. Darby to Miss Jane Sharpe, desiring the pleasure of her society to the party to-night. Let me know on the other side of the slate, when the teacher is not looking."

I never could spell well, but I did think I knew how to write an invitation according to the rules of polite society, and fancied my note to be most elegant in form.

When I slyly slipped the note across to Miss Jane, she glanced at it, read the lines, and was at once seized with a violent and prolonged fit of giggling. Then she again read the note, peeped shyly at me over the top of the slate, her bright blue eyes twinkling merrily, ducked her head down under the desk, and giggled again, after which she leaned half-way across the aisle, and whispered:

"Aint you ashamed of yourself, Si Darby?"

Nevertheless, when the slate came back to me, there was scrawled on it these words:

"Miss Sharpe accepts of the Company of Mister Silas Darby, with thanks for the same."

Then Miss Sharpe turned her back upon me, and again fell to giggling, and did not glance toward me again that day.

Now while I was not a cowardly boy, there was one animal of which I was mortally afraid, and that was a dog. I never could overcome my fear of a savage dog; the bark of one made my blood run cold, and I could not be induced to go to a house where one was kept. The ugliest little cur could easily put me to flight, and I never could be made to believe that there were dogs which would not bite.

Ten minutes after Miss Jane had sent me her note, accepting my company, there flashed into my mind the sickening recollection that Farmer Truant was the owner of an ugly, noisy, vicious-looking dog, of which I was very much afraid, although I had repeatedly been told that this dog was a living verification of the old saying that "barking dogs never bite."

Old Tobe was such an evil-looking, sullen animal that I had no confidence that his nature was peaceable, and I could not think of encountering him at night without a feeling of horror.

Now my brother Frank was not afraid of dogs. He was fond of them, and had a way of making friends at once with even savage dogs. If they were too sullen and vicious to succumb to a soft-voiced coaxing way he had, he could glare at them, and roar out: "Begone!" in a way that always put them to flight. I had always envied him his power over dogs, but never so much as on the day I asked Miss Jane to accompany me to the party.

My anxiety grew greater as the day wore on, and when evening came I had made up my mind to do a very humiliating thing. I would ask Frank to go with me as a sort of body-guard, keeping at a respectful distance, as body-guards should do.

Frank was a good-natured, fun-loving boy, and he mortified me very much by bursting into a roar of laughter when I made my appeal to him on our way home from school that night.

"Oh, he had to take the boys along to keep the dogs away!" he shouted, changing a line of an old rhyme to suit the occasion, and dancing up and down before me in the road.

Then, taking advantage of my necessity, he began making hard terms with me, insisting on having my handsome pair of new skates in return for his old ones—terms that I agreed to on condition that he kept absolutely silent regarding his part in the affair, and did not desert me at the critical moment. The truth is, Frank was inordinately fond of a joke, and I was careful to guard against his playing one on me as this time. But he promised to settle

my dog that made its appearance, and "crossed his heart" in token of absolute secrecy.

Frank was not to act as escort to any young lady. I had an idea that he intended offering his services to Miss Jane, and chuckled to myself when I thought how I had got ahead of him, not forgetting, however, that it was good of him to do what he was doing for his successful rival.

I was to go on ahead while Frank kept in the rear, and if the dreaded dog did not make his appearance, Frank was to keep out of sight. If, on the other hand, the dog did appear, Frank was to come boldly forward and drive him away, as if he merely happened to come along just then.

Jane was ready when I called for her, and we started away, both feeling very awkward and embarrassed at the novelty of our position, for Jane had never before had an escort, and it was the first time a lady had ever taken my arm. It was but a short distance to Farmer Truant's house, and we were soon at the gate. My hand was on the latch when Old Tobe came bounding around a corner, barking furiously and making straight for the gate.

On he came, but Frank did not appear. I drew back trembling while Jane clung to me. It seemed to me that I could have faced a bear or a panther more easily than I could face that howling, hideous, open-mouthed dog as he came on in the moonlight, snarling and growling.

Still Frank did not appear, and, unmindful of my duty to Jane, unmindful of everything but my own cowardly fears, I suddenly mounted the fence and swung myself up among the branches of a tall maple-tree that stood by the gate. Then Frank suddenly appeared.

"Get out!" he cried, opening the gate and giving Tobe a kick that sent him howling away. Then, to my amazement, he gallantly offered to Miss Jane his arm, which she instantly accepted, and they walked into the house, leaving me up in the tree.

I was about to descend and follow them when Old Tobe, attracted by a slight noise I made, again appeared, barking as loud as before, and in my terror I clambered back into my perch.

Tobe growled under the tree for awhile, and then, to my dismay, lay down by the gate, glared up at me and barked as if he had "tired" game—which he certainly had done. I could not, I dared not, descend while he lay there, and he showed no disposition to go away. Others came to the party, but Tobe did not mind them. He was too much occupied with the game he had already tried.

Time passed. From my perch in the leafless tree I could look into the large, old farm "living-room," the window-shades of which were not lowered, and see the merry-makers, every one of whom I knew, engaging in a game of "whoomy whent," Jane and Frank taking the lead. Then I saw them "wading the swamp" together, after which Jane "kept post-office," and had letters for no one but Frank.

While they were "measuring tape" together—it was now almost time for the party to come to an end—a rabbit darted lightly out from a cover of brush near by and ran across the road. Tobe saw it and wildly gave chase over the snow. This gave me a chance of escape, and I hastily descended and ran home. Of course I could not go to the party at such an hour. How chagrined and angry I was! My emotions could not have found vent in words.

I pretended to be sound asleep when Frank came in an hour later, but I was really wide awake, and when he lay down by my side, chuckling and giggling, he gave me a nudge and asked: "Hi, Silas! are you awake?"

"Oh, you'll find out whether I am or not, if you say much to me!" I said, crossly. "I suppose you think you're very smart, but before I'd do any thing as mean as you've done, I'd die!"

"Climb a tree, eh?" said Frank, with a chuckle. "Well, now, wasn't it a good joke, Silas? Jane and I laughed about it all the way home."

And they laugh about it yet every time I go to visit them, for Jane has been my sister-in-law for fifteen years.—Youth's Companion.

Singular Trip of a Ring.

An Englishman told a story the other day about an odd trip that his diamond ring once took in London. He had stepped hurriedly out of an underground railroad train, and his ring fell from his finger as his foot touched the platform. He felt the ring slip off and turned around quickly to see where it fell, but not quite quickly enough. He concluded that it must have rolled under the train, and as soon as the cars had moved out of the station he began to search along the track. The ring was not to be found, and he reluctantly relinquished the search, telling a railroad employe however, what he had lost. He finished his business sooner than he had expected, and strolled down to the station to see whether the ring had been found. He had only faint hopes that it had been found, but he hurried up the railway employe. The two men talked about the ring while standing on the spot where the Englishman had stepped from the train. As they were chatting a train came into the station. The Englishman saw something glistening in front of him on the footboard of the train. It was the diamond ring. It had fallen upon a complete circuit of the city, and stopped in exactly the place it had stepped when the Englishman left it and the ring.—Chicago Journal.

"Russia is a sort of semi-barbarous land, but blinders are never put on horses there."

STREET CAR HORSES.

Where They Are Bought and How They Are Fetched Up and Worn Out.

"I should not have thought it would have paid to work cripples," I remarked to the driver of a Third Avenue car on which I rode down to a few evenings since. I referred to the near horse's hind legs, one of which was ornamented with a huge flannel bandage, while the other foot seemed in the dim light swollen to an abnormal size, and to be parting from the leg at the hock.

"He's not lame," returned the driver affably. "That's a book he's got on his near foot. He's had a quarter crack and the thrush, too, but he came out of the hospital a week ago, and it don't seem to trouble him much. This road don't work no lame horses. Just as soon as they show any signs of weakness they are sent to the hospital and the best veterinary surgeons in the country patch 'em up."

"I suppose the hospital is nearly always well filled," I suggested.

"Why, of course it is," said the driver. "This work's terrible hard on a horse, mainly because of these curved stones. Our teams don't have very long trips, and they're not pushed hard either, but the stones wear 'em out in a few years."

"How long does a horse last at this work?" I inquired.

"Three years, about," was the reply. "Some of 'em go on for five years with patching up, but that's the extreme length of time that they will pull cars. When they have been about two years at the work their feet get so sore that they have to be turned out. The company has a stock farm in the country where they are taken, their hoofs are pared, and after running around awhile on the soft ground they get hard and fit to come back to the stones again for a time."

"Where do railroad horses come from?" I asked.

"Mostly from the West," said the driver. "But they buy horses all over." "No, there are not many really sound horses coming into car stables. The buyer in the West takes a carload of horses, and, after picking out a few good, sound, business horses, selects a lot of good horses with just some trifle wrong with them, which he calls 'streeters,' and sends them on to the city for the car companies. Then a lot of horses are picked up cheap because they have some small ailment or blemish which the veterinarians succeed in curing. They build 'em up, as you might say, as good as sound 'uns."

"How are the green young Western horses broken into car work?" was the next query, and the driver half sighed as he replied: "Why, right here in the cars. Haven't you ever noticed a team working with a pole in addition to the traces? We always work a green horse with an old one, and the pole keeps him straight and prevents him kicking over very bad. But it's a tough job sometimes. Green horses are awful scared of the elevated road. They'll keep looking up and staring all around to find out where the noise comes from, and sometimes they'll just stand still and shiver with fright."

"How long does it take to get them used to it?"

"Oh, about two weeks. A car horse ought to be pretty handy at the end of that time. I'll take 'em six weeks or two months to know the bell, but after that they'll obey the bell quicker than a green driver. You'll see a new man fail to put the brake on quick enough sometimes when the bell rings, but his horse will stop and the car will run right up on 'em. Horses are quick enough to learn, but I guess their days are nearly over. Electricity is bound to do away with them."—N. Y. Telegram.

ST. PETER'S DOME.

Sure-Footed Men Who Live in Almost Another Sphere Than Ours.

Before the Papacy lost its temporal power in 1870 it was customary for the Pope to celebrate mass publicly at the main altar of St. Peter's at three religious festivals—viz.: on Easter Sunday, the 29th of June feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, and Christmas. On these occasions the Pope had on his breast a golden ephod, like the one worn by the high priest of Israel. In the evening of the two days first named two great spectacles were always given, the illumination of the dome and cupola of St. Peter's, followed by a splendid and unique exhibition of fire-works in the Piazza del Popolo. The illumination was in two parts; first the silver one, so-called, produced by white paper lanterns hung on the roofs of the two semi-circular porticoes of the Piazza San Pietro and about the front of the Basilica, and next, at the stroke of eight, the hour for the Ave Maria, the golden one, in which the dome and cupola were brought out in brilliant outlines of light with almost the rapidity of lightning. The light was produced by iron shells, fitted with wicks and filled with tallow, some containing as much as fifteen pounds, others less, according to the situation and exposure to the wind. It was indeed a grand sight, one seen never to be forgotten. No one can tell when it will ever be seen again.

A very erroneous impression has prevailed among Americans, Catholics being as ready to believe and spread it as Protestants, that so great was the danger for the men employed about this illumination they were all regularly prepared for death by the reception of the sacraments of confession and holy communion. That year after year the lives of a great number of men were deliberately and extraordinarily imperiled in order to get up a fine spectacle would hardly seem consistent with the well-known humane and benevolent

character of the Papal Government, and the writer took opportunity during a recent visit to Rome to inquire particularly into the facts of the case, feeling confident that they would be found to involve no consubstantial disregard of human life.

The men employed about the dome and roof of St. Peter's are called San Pietrini. They dwell upon the roof. Most of them were born there, as were generations of their kind gone before. There are forty-one of them—twenty regular employes, seventeen supernumerary, two aspirants to the place of supernumerary, and two who do only sweeping and cleaning. The illumination of the dome and cupola used to take over three hundred men. Extra hands were hired for the occasion from trades and occupations in which labor is done at dizzy heights and they were set to work under direction of the San Pietrini. Every precaution was taken against accidents.

The writer's informant, a San Pietrini, now old and gray in the service, said that although oftentimes some of the men employed were careless, yet during the forty-four years preceding 1870 only three men, all of them San Pietrini, had lost their lives by falling. One fell from the roof while repairing an arm of the statue of St. Andrew; the other two fell while illuminating the dome.

The writer saw a display of sure-footedness and skill by the San Pietrini in taking down the crimson draperies with which the interior of St. Peter's had been hung at the papal jubilee. One man suspended in the air by ropes handled in the triforium above him unhooked the draperies and attached them to other ropes by which they were lowered to the floor. It was marvelous to see the skill and self-possession with which the operator would spring at that height from the wall into the air by the pressure of his foot, and the surefootedness with which for certain short distances he moved along cornices over which the heels of his shoes could be seen projecting, his hold being on hooks fastened in the wall.

The San Pietrini are said to go hunting in the month of March for young rooks in the nest which that bird builds on the roof of the Basilica. It must be rather a perilous hunt.—N. Y. Sun.

STRANGE FATALITY.

The Extraordinary Series of Mishaps Which Befell a Pennsylvania Family.

A gentleman of undisputed truthfulness and veracity gave the following interesting bit of family history, and at his request we will not give the name, but the facts contained in the recital of the following can be verified at this office at any time. The gentleman said:

"Of the family, besides mother and father, there were nine children, six boys and three girls. Father was a blacksmith by trade, a skilled workman, and lived an upright, consistent Christian life. He was passionately fond of his home and children, and worked hard for their interests. At the proper age all of the boys learned trades, as follows: George, the oldest boy, became a blacksmith; Charles, a candy manufacturer, and later he learned the locomotive engineer's trade; Frank, a carpenter; Richard, a printer; William was studying chemistry when he met with a sudden and violent death from lockjaw, caused by cutting his foot while in bathing in the river. You can call it a series of strange fatalities if you wish, or by any other term, and yet I dare say there is no family of the same number of ours that has passed through an experience in any way similar."

"The father was twice confined to the house with severe illness, once with small-pox and another time with typhoid fever in its most malignant form."

"When deputy sheriff of the county he was struck while out on official business, and fell from the sulky on to the horse, which caused it to run away, horribly mauling father and laying him up for several months. A year or two later he fell from a church steeple, where he had been repairing a lightning rod, a distance of forty-nine feet, but from this he received no perceptible injuries. A few years later he slipped and broke his leg while getting off a passenger train, and last summer he died suddenly from heart complaint while standing on the porch at the back door of the house."

"The mother died as suddenly of the same complaint in 1876. Charles, the engineer, died a violent death, almost instantly, by being injured by the cars in 1872. In 1869 George, the blacksmith, while working at his trade had his nose accidentally broken by a steel hammer, which slipped from the handle and hitting him in the face. I think it was in 1860 or 1861 that sister Kate broke her arm while jumping rope. Frank, the carpenter, broke his leg while skating in the year 1872. Will, the brother who died of lockjaw, broke his arm in 1874, while picking cherries, by falling from the tree to the ground. A few hours later on the very same day the bandages were removed, he again broke the same limb by slipping and falling, the break being but two inches above the former one. In 1885 Henry, the school teacher, while visiting friends in the country, had his leg broken by being thrown from the carriage attached to a runaway horse. In 1886 Anna, the eldest of the children slipped and fell down-stairs, breaking her arm."

"While this story may seem almost incredible to others, it is nevertheless true, every word of it, and the only thing I can't understand about it is, why should one family more than any other have such an experience. You can't answer that question, neither can any one else."—Old City Herald.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—When the children have the hicoughs, try a lump of sugar dipped in vinegar. It often cures like magic.

—If a diaph gets burnt in using, do not scrape it; put a little water and ashes in it and let it get warm. It will come off nicely.

—When your stove is burned red, and your blacking won't stick to it, put a little fat fried from salt pork into the water you dissolve your blacking in, and try again.

—Molasses Puffs.—One cup of sugar, half cup of butter, one cup of molasses, one egg, one teaspoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful soda, one cup hot water, four cups of flour, and a pinch of salt.

—For consumptive, arthritic, rich in oil, small bones and all, is a rich, well-selected form of food. It will not prove inacceptable to the stomach, which in such cases, is often an irritable member.

—To remove blood stains from cloth, cover them with a stiff paste made of common starch and cold water. Renew the paste as often as it becomes discolored, until the stain has disappeared.—Housekeeper.

—A paper weight offering many advantages can be made by filling a stoutly stitched chamois skin bag, two inches broad by four inches long, with bird shot. It is heavy, will not tear any paper, or make indentations, and adapts itself easily to irregularities of surface.

—To boll a pudding in a bag, dip the bag in hot water and rub the inside with flour before putting in the pudding; when done dip the bag in cold water and the pudding will turn out easily. Always put a plate on the bottom of the kettle to keep the pudding from burning.

—It is a common occurrence for children to get beans, grains of corn and other foreign substances up their noses. This simple remedy is worth remembering. Get the child to open its mouth, apply your mouth over it and blow hard. The offending substance will be expelled from its nose.

—The Bee Journal claims that honey has the quality of preserving for a long time in a fresh state any thing that may be laid in it or mixed with it, in a superior manner to sugar; thus many species of fruit may be preserved by being laid in honey, and by this means will obtain a pleasant taste and give to the stomach a healthy tone.

—Chocolate Macaroons.—Take three-fourths pound blanched almonds, one pound powdered sugar, and one-fourth pound grated chocolate; mix these into a stiff paste with the whites of three eggs beaten to a strong froth; drop them in teaspoonfuls on to a sheet of white paper on a baking-tin, and bake in a moderate oven until quite firm.

—It is needless to say that the fat of beef is as wholesome as butter; or that hog's lard is one of the most unwholesome ingredients of our food; yet, in spite of this acknowledged fact, it is the beef that is often thrown away, and lard that is purchased for use. It may not be known that every bit of beef dripping, every bit of fat steak, the skimming from water in which beef has boiled, can be tried out and clarified into the purest and sweetest beef lard.—Catherine Owen's Progressive House-keeping.

FANCIES OF FASHION.

Big Hats Still Fashionable—Theater Turbans—Dainty Mesh.

Marabout hoes fastened at the back of bonnets and hats and then about the throat are little worn in Paris now, although they were at the height of favor two months ago. The long boss are, however, worn about the throat, and are especially popular for décolleté gowns. They are made of soft lace, either-down, ostrich feathers, and even of loops of narrow ribbon caught up or a foundation of velvet or silk. All of these are from two to three yards long. Fur boas in sable, mink, lynx and beaver are also worn, both for the street and opera, and are found extremely comfortable in the lobbies while awaiting the carriage.

Large hats, ornamented with one or a dozen small birds, are the most favored for carriage wear and afternoon promenading. Worn for the street they are generally held in place by the large dotted veils edged with fine lace, and fastened by an invisible elastic about the throat.

A handsome midwinter hat just sent from London is of deep snuff brown velvet made with a soft full crown and a broad flat brim. The crown is embroidered in gold wheat sheaves and a broad cluster of brown tips, shading almost to gold, adorns one side, held in place by two little brown Java sparrows.

A more elaborate hat is of moss green silk, with a brim smocked in white silk, a soft Tam O' Shanter gown, surrounded by ten tiny white wings, placed edge to edge, two small white birds holding them on the left side.

Many fantastic midwinter conceits are seen in the small round turbans. A theater turban, which is almost a bonnet, is made of pale-yellow silk, laid in the finest of plaits about the brim, with a crown of white cloth embroidered in daisies. Another is of crimson velvet arranged in the same way with a crown of crimson silk, and one tall golden eagle feather ornamenting the front.

A crimson satin muff for the theater is lined with least-green satin, and has a band to hold a few long-stemmed crimson roses. The fashion of carrying roses to the theater in the muff of the opening of the opera-bag is growing in vogue.—N. Y. Morning Journal.

FARM IMPROVEMENTS.

The Only Way of Keeping Rural Property from Losing Its Value.

When the busy crop season is over, we should give the farm a thorough inspection to see what improvements can be made. There are very few farms but what could be bettered in some way, and it should be the aim of every owner to make, each year, some permanent improvements thereon. It does not matter whether the farm is large or small, the value may be greatly enhanced by making additions in the way of buildings and fences, the planting of valuable fruit and other ornamental trees, the clearing of land, cleaning old fields and fence rows of bushes and by adopting other measures to render the premises more attractive and the soil more productive.

The farmer should consider his farm the little world, one which he regards as his life, and keep it in a neat, attractive condition, will give him an air of independence, self-respect and hospitality. It is also true that the appearance of a farm will often make a great difference in the price it will command, if offered for sale; for, in this, as in many other matters, people judge by appearances. As far as you are able, have a good, neat and convenient dwelling-house and out-buildings. Let the lawn have a tasteful display of nature's beauties—shade trees and flowers. Nothing else so inspires the young heart with sentiments of purity and love, as enduring as life, as the beautiful shade trees and lovely flowers of home. Have a well-arranged vegetable garden and an orchard of well-selected fruit, and these in variety, both early and late. This will tend to inspire in the heart a love for home, and instead of boys going to the towns and cities for the wonted pleasures, they will find them in their lovely homes, and it will also enhance the value of the farm.

There are other items of equal importance in estimating the value of a farm. The first is its fertility, or productive capacity. The man who increases the fertility of his soil, thereby increasing the yield annually materially adds to the money value of his fields and advances the real worth of his premises correspondingly. Manure is one of the things of which a farmer can never have too much. The more he makes and uses the better his crops will be, and the broader become the foundations which he lays for permanent prosperity. There are many farmers who are not careful to make and save manure, and who pay a great deal of money for fertilizers to make up the deficiency caused by their own neglect. This is a matter to which too little attention is given by many farmers.

Some seem to be always making ready to attend to this, but never do it. They go on carelessly and negligently, allowing the soil to degenerate from year to year.

Every farmer can best see what improvements his farm needs. While one farm requires better buildings or fences, or both, another calls for enrichment of the soil. Every farmer, whether his specialty be grain-growing, dairying, grazing or fruit culture, knows what, or should study what, his most urgent needs in the line of improvements are, and should make efforts to carry out these improvements. A farmer can not stand still. If he is not improving his farm, it is safe to say that it is going down.—Prairie Farmer.

USEFUL FANCY WORK.

How to Make Crocheted Table-Mats, Tray Cloths and Covers.

Table-mats are again in fashion, and this is sensible, as they protect the table-cloth. Crocheted mats are the most durable, easily washed, and if made firm and even are very pretty, as well as useful. They may be round, oval or in an octagon shape. To make these mats a round cord or heavy knitting cotton is required. Set up from six to twelve stitches and crochet long stitch around these stitches, which are gathered up into a center. Widen in each row. If the mat is to be an octagon shape, widen in every eighth stitch, and keep the same widening stitches until the mat is sufficiently large. Tray and carving cloths and square center pieces for the table are made to match. These are of butchers' or fine twilled linen, with an inch hemstitched edges. At the corners, or in the middle of the cloth, some pretty designs is stitched with silk or floss.

A pretty design for a carver is a carving knife and fork crossing each other, the knife in some shade of peacock blue, and the fork in terra cotta. Both of these shades are permanent if a little care is used. Tea utensils may be worked in the corners of a tray cloth. A pretty design for a set of tablecloths are circles interlapping with rays diverging from a center point and worked in several colors.

Another pretty fancy for the breakfast, tea or luncheon table is a covering made of what is known as oatmeal cloth. It is a sheer odd-looking fabric. It is edged with four or five rows of hering-bone stitches in colored wash silk and the edge turned with a full of lace. These covers, lined or unlined, are simply beautiful, and are not so costly as bolting cloth, or as delicate or transparent, but out of which the most charming articles are fashioned from bed-chambers to a toilet mat. It is ornamented very effectively with hand painting, as the very lightest embroidery is too heavy for this fabric.—Detroit Tribune.

—Ah, George," she said, "when one is happy how quickly time flies!" "Yes, dear," he responded, "and he quickly time stops flying at the end of the thirty days."—Ecce.

ROAD CONSTRUCTION.

The Best Way to Make and Repair Roads in Country Districts.

The making of new roads and their repairs, under the system generally in vogue throughout most of the States, devolves almost wholly upon the agricultural portion of the community, and it may be safely said that in nothing in which they are so deeply interested has there been so little improvement. Roads are quite often found running directly up steep places at the points of hills, making both the ascent and descent difficult, if not dangerous, when by a more circuitous and but little longer route a easier grade could have been obtained, over which far heavier loads could have been moved with comparative ease. Bogs and miry places are bridged over or filled up in such a manner as to be hazardous only temporarily, if at all, and to again become virtually impassable in the worst seasons of the year. Where labor is expended on the roads it is quite frequently so timed as to interfere as little as possible with farm work, and at a season when the ground can not properly settle and become hard before it is cut up by travel, and the road becomes as bad as before. Very much of the blame for this state of things may be laid to the road laws, which in so many of the States leave the roads wholly in the hands of the people of small districts, to be worked only in such a manner as the supervisor of the district shall direct, and chiefly by the labor of men working under the compulsion of law for the payment of a road tax at a stated per diem for their services. Usually the workers bring the tools that suit them best, and come and go at will, and there is no uniformity observed in the different districts, by which an important road passing through them shall be kept in good order in all. It is not surprising under such a state of things that the people in many of the States are not only becoming dissatisfied with their roads but demanding of their Legislatures such a change in the laws on the subject as shall substitute more efficient service and result in better roads. To bring about better roads it is absolutely necessary that the system named shall be changed to one of contract for specified work to be done, or for direct pay under the direction of persons who shall be held to a strict responsibility for the disbursement of the funds for their disposal, and for the best form of road construction and repair that the means will allow, and in order to secure uniformity the whole should be under the supervision of a county superintendent. The first thing to be done in improving the condition of a long line of bad road should be a review and survey that should make such changes in the route as are practicable to afford easier grades, and, wherever it can be done, without manifest injustice to residents, avoid going over grounds uncommonly bad in themselves. How shall a country road be constructed, and what shall it be made of when the route is finally settled? An answer to this question, to be of any value in special cases would require an accurate knowledge of the locality to be passed over, its soil, geological formation, and the means at disposal. In general terms a competent engineer should be employed to locate and determine as easy a grade as the natural conditions of this country will allow; locate bridges, culverts and ditches, and so order the construction of the road in all its particulars that the rainfall on the road itself shall be drained off as quickly as possible, and that the water that falls adjacent to the road shall in no case be led into it or allowed to flow on it.—Boston Globe.

A Sunflower Hedge.

A willow hedge across the garden or on the north side of it is a great protection, but while waiting for this to grow plant trees or four rows of sunflowers across the piece. When the flower stems begin to grow drive some lath in the row about six feet apart, bracing the outside ones well; then stretch two or three lengths of binder twine on each side of the row, winding them once around each lath, and wind some cotton twine around the middle pair of strands between each cluster of flower stalks to keep them from falling or being blown down. The seed heads must be gathered as fast as they ripen and open enough to show the seed, and spread out in a cool, dry place to dry out thoroughly, when the seed can be rubbed or threshed out with a light stick, and cleaned in a fanning mill or winnowed out by the wind. In the fall plow up a few furrows on the south side of the stalks which are left standing through the winter; harrow and work down fine and plant onion sets at once. The hedge or sunflower will catch and hold the snow, and so protect the onions during the winter that when the snow is off the ground in the spring they will start at once into growth and furnish the first early green onions.—Troy (N. Y.) Times.

The following facts about the tongue may interest some people: A white tongue is said to denote febrile disturbance; a brown, moist tongue, indigestion; a brown, dry tongue, depression, blood poisoning, typhoid fever; a red, glazed tongue, general fever; loss of digestion; a tremulous, moist and fappy tongue, feebleness, nervousness.

About \$50,000 was turned into the conscience fund of the United States Treasury during the year 1888. Measuring by dollars, there was just double the amount of conscience money in this country last year over the record of any previous year in the history of the Government.—Boston Herald.