

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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ARISTOCRACY.

The footlock with a wooden shaft. Thanks to his fortune's favored son; his views are so fortunate as to be really those of the masses. He really does not care to know him. And thinks the lad is quite below him.

THE LOST WAGER.

Tragic Calculation of the Career of the Living Dummy.

Fortune has queer methods of distributing her favors, and the way she showed her partiality for Gustavus Chuler was to give him a rich father. The head of the Chulers was not only an alderman of the city of London and a warden of a great company, but he was also in the running, as Gustavus somewhat figuratively put it, for the mayoralty plate. In attending to his many offices, Chuler, senior, so succeeded in exhausting the labor market that nothing was left for Gustavus to do but play pool, billiards, stroll down Fall-Mall, and take to himself other soul-stirring and vigorous recreations. In this walk of life he was ably aided and abetted by a companion in leisure named Nathaniel Blossom, an ingenious inventor of expedients, not to catch time by the forelock, but rather to push him along. By a stroke of fate, it happened that Gustavus, one fine morning, came across Mr. Blossom in Bond street, and after remarking on their happy conjunction, invited Nathaniel to walk with him. Some way down the street the pair stopped before the plate-glass front of Tompkins, their trusty and trusting tailor. Behind the window, in addition to the "newest in tweeds," there had lately been arranged a miniature Madame Tussaud's of stony-faced waxes figures. "I say, Gus," said Mr. Blossom, in a thoughtful tone, "what a lot of dummies Tompkins has got in his window! That's the way our money goes, old fellow, to clothe those wax beggars."

Considering the many vain overtures Mr. Tompkins had been making to Nathaniel for the settlement of his last little account, the providing of raiment for dummies could only be a stretch of the imagination he said to affect Mr. Blossom's exchequer.

"I do begieve," went on Nathaniel, "that our respected creditor puts them in the window to stare us out of countenance. There is one in the middle whose glassy eyes go through me. He seems to say: 'Now, pay up, Nat, or into court you go.' I can't stand it. I must quit the scene. Come!"

"Stop a minute," cried Gustavus, detaining him. "Have you ever noticed, Nat, what a resemblance even a living man bears to a dummy when he is standing in a tailor's window? I would bet ten pounds that I could stand there all day and never be taken for anything but a dummy."

"It is possible," answered Mr. Blossom dryly, "but for all that, I'll take you. Ten or twenty?"

"By Jove," exclaimed Gustavus, "you didn't think I meant it as a bet, Nat?"

"I certainly did, dear boy; but of course if you say you didn't, why?"

Mr. Blossom made a movement with his hand, and blew in the air, as if he wafled Mr. Chuler's rashness to the clouds.

"No," replied Gustavus, firmly; "I am not going to slip out of it that way. Having made the bet, I stand by it, and, win or lose, I'm your man. Let it be ten."

"Done!" cried Mr. Blossom, joyously. "And now, friend of my soul, the gobblet slip; let us seal the compact in the flowing bowl. Let an agile hand convey us swiftly through the maddening crowd to Itala's son, the dark-browed Tavallo, who is compelled by circumstances over which he has no control to conduct a restaurant in the Strand. There we will carouse."

That night, due to the receipt of mysterious messages, the friends of both Mr. Chuler and Nathaniel Blossom assembled in unnumbered numbers at the house of entertainment presided over by the dark-browed Tavallo. Amidst the greatest excitement, Mr. Blossom set forth the subject of the bet, and placed Gustavus in the position of a man of mark. A committee was hastily formed to promote the undertaking; and it was resolved that the time allowed for Mr. Chuler to carry out his impersonation of the Living Dummy be one hour, and the place, the window of the suffering Tompkins, who, under threat of the loss of the whole custom of the gathering, was to give his consent. Then the party grew exceedingly merry, and the bosom's lord of Mr. Chuler sat so lightly on its throne that he insisted upon standing champagne all round.

During the early part of the next day, Nathaniel Blossom received private information that his friend, Mr. Gustavus Chuler, had, after much labor, won over the tailor to his cause, and that at three o'clock the same afternoon the sartorial Tussaud's in Tompkins' window would be augmented by his living presence. A postscript further informed Mr. Blossom that the bet would be declared "off" if there were any grasping through the window.

A trifling after three o'clock that afternoon a curious proceeding might have been witnessed in Bond street. Never before had so many fashionably-dressed young men been known to take such an absorbing interest in the various samples of "check" and "di-

SOUTHERN AGRICULTURE.

The Farmers of Middle Georgia.

As you have called on your readers for information as to the condition of farmers, and the cause of the bad condition, and the remedy for the benefit of this class, who are the support of the whole country, I think it not only a privilege, but a duty all of us owe, to give our views, and see if we can by any means be instrumental in advancing the interest of our entire country.

Nearly all correspondents touch the same line as the cause of financial embarrassment, which has been too much of a desire to make large cotton crops, to the exclusion of all other crops. I saw a great many of the farmers in Middle Georgia, who said that they were fully satisfied they were making cotton for 8 cents, which cost them 10 or 12 cents to make. In addition, they were buying corn at \$1 per bushel, when they can make it for 50 cents, (as they say), and one man in Hancock County told me his corn never for ten years had cost him over 25 cents per bushel, made at home. Where corn can be made at so low a rate, it is very clear that hogs, horses and cattle can be raised at corresponding low prices, and especially in this tract of Middle Georgia, where they have thousands of acres of Bermuda grass, which yields hay in such quantities, that they are willing to sell for 25 cents per ton, in the field. Now, in addition to all these advantages, they are surrounded with the greatest amount of labor which is now employed at \$5 to \$8 per month, the year round. The lands are cheap in price, as much of it is not able to be sold for \$5 per acre. Besides the grass, the lands are well adapted to oats, rye, wheat, barley and peas, the last of which is a great benefit to the land, as the lower part is made from the air. Potatoes are grown in all the perfection that is possible, and the apple and peach hangs in profusion to feed both people and stock, if the owner will only give them one-tenth the care he does his cotton fields.

Now, I say the farmers of no section of the whole world are in a better fix to make money than our people if they would only make a proper use of the advantages by which they are surrounded.

Let every man set his determination to make on his farm—meat, corn, wheat, raise his own stock of horses and cattle, and stop this eternal buying of what he can raise at home, and soon we will find ourselves released from the thralldom of debts and mortgages. This state of things, had it been begun twenty-three years ago, would have had the effect of keeping out the foreign capital which now has laid hold on the lands of our Georgia farms, and which has ruined so many of our people.

To illustrate my argument, I will mention one farmer in Wilkes County, who cut out from 400 to 500 tons of Bermuda hay, and who raises corn, wheat, rye, oats, peas, etc., in great abundance, as well as meat; sells butter, has horses and cattle for sale, and always has cash on hand to lend his brother cotton makers. I saw several other like him, but they are men who are exceptions; the reverse is the rule.

The negroes are also greatly the sufferers from our present system of farming, for it forces them to pay high prices for such things as they might be induced to raise themselves. They are impatient, and I have heard various ones say they would prefer to raise their own provisions, etc., but they were following the example of the whites. The Farmers' Alliance, the Grange, nor any thing else will ever bring prosperity to our poverty-stricken people until they change their present system of farming.

The labor system is also in a bad state. Too many idlers and too few workers. The rule of all hands stopping on Saturdays to go to towns and villages, leaving the crops in the grass, is ruinous in the extreme.

Another very sad error made by many of our best men, is that they read but little on the score of farming. They laugh at a book farmer, and call him a fool, yet they employ book doctors, lawyers, preachers and politicians.

Another evil arises from too little time being spent on the farm in work which should be done in proper time. Many men in Middle Georgia have adopted the plan of planting their corn on land which was the year before in cotton, and planting without any breaking up. They run off the corn rows in cotton middles, put two furrows around the corn, and even as late as last of June many of them have the middles of their corn unbroken. This is certainly poor farming, and Mr. Primus Jones, nor any other intensive man, would ever expect to succeed by it. They try to fool God—by pretending to have done, when in reality they have not done a single thing properly.

The young men of the country have with one accord almost abandoned the country, and run off to town, to clerk, read law or medicine. Many girls declare they will not marry a farmer, and this has run a large number of the young men off, in order to get married.

I am seriously in doubt if the time that is spent by the laborers of this State was counted up, if over one-third of the days in the year are worked in the farm by the hands on it. In Middle Georgia I heard several good men give it as their opinion that four months would cover the time which was really worked in the year, but most certainly not over five months was put in.

FULL OF FUN.

Johnson says the greatest magicians of the age are the paper-makers. They transfer the beggar's rags into sheets for editors to lie on.

When a bald-headed man removes his hat to salute a lady, it does not remind one of a fishless branch, although it's a naked bow.—Salem Standard.

In marriage a miss-take? No, not when you marry a widow. It's not a miss-take, but a miss-fortune, when you court a rich girl and don't get her.—American Commercial Traveller.

A correspondent who is always writing to know what to do in any emergency wants to know what he should do if attacked by footpads in a dark alley. We should say that the proper thing would be to advertise for help.—Pack.

"You may bring me some stanzard crustaceans," said Miss Boston to the waiter. "Mam!" gasped the astonished menial. "Don't you understand me? I want deviled crabs."—"O, yee! Bring 'em right away."

A British edition of the "American Language"—Our Last Duke (to the latest American Beauty)—"You are fond of art, Miss Ten Broek—do you paint?" Miss T. B.—"Wall, Duke, you're playin' it rather low down. I reckon I don't rounge, but I dew powder."—London Funy Folks.

—Wife—"What would you do if a lady got into a horse-car when all the seats were occupied?" Husband—"Look out of the window, to be sure. Do you think I'd be impolite enough to embarrass a woman by staring her out of countenance."—Boston Globe.

—The original inventor of the bell punch sold his patent for \$300, and the company purchasing it made hundreds of thousands of dollars out of it. It is not known what the original inventor of the whisky-punch sold his patent for, but hundreds of thousands of dollars have been made out of that, too.—Norristown Herald.

—Not Portable Property.—Mrs. Hobson (to caller)—"Oh! by the way, Mrs. Van Bunt, did you know that my husband left the bank, and is spending a few days in Canada?" Mrs. Van Bunt—"Why, no; that is a surprise to me. And so he really left the bank?" Mrs. Hobson—"Yes." Mrs. Van Bunt—"Too heavy, I suppose?"—N. Y. Sun.

—Mary, suppose you sing some thing."—"Oh, it's so late, Charlie, I'm afraid I'll awake every one."—"That's too bad," exclaimed Charlie, with every appearance of distress. "But why do you want me to sing, dear?" she tenderly inquired. "Why, you see," he replied, "a fellow I owe twenty-five dollars has been waiting outside all the evening for me, and I thought maybe if you'd sing a little he'd go away."

POPULAR QUOTATIONS.

Dean Swift is credited with "Bread is the staff of life."

It was Keno who said: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

"Man proposes, but God disposes," remarked Thomas a Kempis.

Franklin is authority for "God helps those who help themselves."

"All cry and no wool" is an expression found in Butler's "Hudibras."

We are indebted to Colley Cibber, not to Shakespeare, for "Richard is hit—self again."

Edward Coke, the English jurist, was of the opinion that "A man's house is his castle."

"When Greek joins Greek then was the tug of war," was written by Nathaniel Lee in 1602.

"Variety is the spice of life" and "Not much the worse for wear," were coined by Cowper.

Edward Young tells us "Death loves a shining mark" and "A fool at forty is a fool indeed."

Charles Pickney gave the patriotic sentiment, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."

"Of two evils I have chosen the least" and "The end must justify the means" are from Matthew Prior.

To Milton we owe "The paradise of fools," "A wilderness of sweets," and "Moping melancholy and moonstruck madness."

Christopher Marlowe gave forth the invitation so often repeated by his brothers in a less public way: "Love me little, love me long."

The poet Campbell found that "Coming events cast their shadows before" and "This distance lends enchantment to the view."

To Dr. Johnson belongs "A good hater," and to MacIntosh, in 1791, the phrase, often attributed to John Randolph: "Wise and masterly inactivity."

Thomas Tasso, a writer of the sixteenth century, said: "It's an ill wind turns no good." "Better late than never." "Look ere thou leep," and "The stone that is rolling can gather no moss."

"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens" (not his countrymen), appeared in the resolutions presented to the House of Representatives in December, 1799, by General Henry Lee.

"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise" is in Gray's ode to Eton College.

Milton wrote: "Fence hath its victories no less renowned than war" in his ode to Cromwell.—Chicago Journal.

ERE AND THERE.

Plant out onion sets as soon in the spring as the soil can be worked into a good tilth. Have the soil rich.

Under good management strawberries should yield 1,000 gallons to the acre; raspberries, 700; blackberries, 800, and currants from 400 to 500 gallons.

Warmth is very important for young chicks. The early chicks pay well, and this is the season when they should receive extra care.

Whenever you whitewash slate stone lime with boiling water, and then thin down to the desired consistency with skimmed milk and it will be much more durable.

The 40,000,000 hogs raised in the country are valued at \$300,000,000. The Mississippi Valley claims to have raised three-fifths of the number.

A cow that takes on flesh and fat freely will not, as a general thing, make a good milkier, and one making a liberal large flow of milk will not at the same time be a good animal for beef.

The surface of the soil in the orchard should be kept reasonably level. In plowing plan to secure this. Make your surface drainage by running out the necessary furrows, taking pains always to avoid washing.

Use your wood ashes on your fruit trees and vines. For peaches it is the best fertilizer known. Broadcast over the orchard ground it will greatly increase the growth of new wood and invigorate the trees.

When you put out young peach trees cut the sticks back to within two feet of the ground. A low tree is less affected by the winds, and will grow better. Young trees can be trained to any shape desired by judicious pruning.

There is an advantage in using walnut as a shade tree, and that is, in addition to securing more or less shade to use, it is freer than the average from insects, and during the summer, when a good rest is desired, this is quite an item.

Avoid using kerosene on peach trees or applying it to vines in order to destroy insects, as it often destroys the trees or vines. It is a dangerous substance to use on trees for any purpose. As a lice destroyer in buildings, however, it has no superior.

Feed the brood sows that have litter of pigs liberally on warm, sloppy food. Skim milk or buttermilk is excellent, but if this is difficult to obtain give her all the scalded ground grain she can eat, with a mess of cooked turnips or potatoes to which has been added a pint of linseed meal.

A hen that lays 100 eggs per year, the eggs averaging eight to the pound, produces more in weight than does a hen that lays 120 eggs a year that weigh twelve to the pound. Eggs should be sold by weight. It is not always the hen that lays the greater number of eggs that is the most profitable.

Grow only such crops as have been found best adapted to your soil and climate. Any attempt to grow something that is not well adapted to the soil increases the cost of production and lessens the profit. All new varieties should first be tested in small plots before attempting to grow a general crop therefrom.

The direct cause of hog cholera is the presence of bacteria in the water. These cause inflammation of the stomach and bowels. By feeding an abundance of bone and muscle-forming foods, such as wheat middlings, clover, peas and oats, we can raise strong, healthy pigs, which will not readily succumb to disease.—Colonel E. J. Curtis.

A SOUTHERN QUESTION.

A Southern question that is vastly more important to the South than any mere matter of sociology is how to prevent yellow fever from becoming epidemic. Dr. W. C. Van Bibber, of Baltimore, has published a paper read by him before the Baltimore Academy of Medicine, December 1, 1888, in which he suggests measures by which the danger of yellow fever may be reduced to a minimum. As a contribution to the literature of this dreadful destroyer, Dr. Van Bibber's paper has the merit of brevity and directness. He writes for the people, and his suggestions, being grounded upon an extensive scientific experience with the scourge, are eminently practical and wise. Perhaps the most valuable hints to the most Northern States of those embraced in the yellow fever district, are those in reference to quarantine regulation. After pointing out that the present system of quarantine is wholly inadequate for the protection of cities against the infection of the yellow fever germ, he proceeds to define low the sanitary conditions of an exposed city or town can be rendered such as to absolutely prevent the development of disease, even if the germ should pass quarantine. He does not argue against the continuation of rigid quarantine, but rather against an absolute dependence upon it as a precautionary measure, and in favor of a change of methods. Everybody who read last summer's current reports of the vexatious and even cruel subjections to quarantine rigorously insisted upon by unreasoning fear, and in many cases by ignorance and incompetence to deal with matters of such vital importance, will understand that a reform of quarantine methods is most urgent. In scarcely a State south of the Ohio is there a Board of Health organized with competent powers to act efficiently in cases of epidemic and consequent panic, and in none of them is there any humane and adequate system of quarantine. Such a thing as interstate quarantine regulation does not exist, and when an emergency arises the most extreme and often unnecessary measures are resorted to for protection against infection. It is needless to say that these measures are generally worse than useless, and result in much personal suffering and in extensive injury to vital interests of the States affected. The cruel and inhuman "shotgun quarantine," which was made famous last fall, is the natural result of this lack of system and general authority.

Dr. Van Bibber undertakes to show how this state of affairs may be remedied by a little legislation and the expenditure of a moderate amount of money. He says of the quarantine of the future: "In this you will see four houses situated at a proper distance from each other, in the most accessible point of the State, built and appointed in a manner not only to make them most efficient for the comfort of the sick and afflicted citizens and strangers, but to serve also as schools and models to teach private citizens how they can preserve among themselves continued cleanliness and give no foothold to preventable disease. The household in the commonwealth cannot then plead ignorance as to how to build and must build his house and manage his domestic affairs so as to preserve his own health, not injure that of his neighbor, nor impair the reputation of the State. These four buildings should have ample communication with each other and the outside world by telephone and what other appliances the future may have in store. Then no one who is quarantined will feel himself isolated or harshly treated. The citizen from abroad and the denizen can alike receive and send messages from and to all points."

In these houses all actual cases are to be treated, and those who are simply held in custody are to have lodgment. They are designed to provide for the treatment of the three most deadly germ diseases, yellow fever, cholera and smallpox. They would be under the control of the State Board of Health, a body which would then have a local habitation as well as a name, and full powers to deal with the exigencies of the situation as they should arise.

Some such system must be adopted, the temporary makeshifts suggested by the presence of immediate danger no longer sufficing.

In regard to sanitation Dr. Van Bibber's suggestions are wise, and in this respect the city of Louisville should bear herself. Last summer she opened her gates to the flying refugees when all others were barred against them. The generosity was praiseworthy, but the risk was great. If the occasion should arise again she should be prepared to be generous without recklessly endangering the lives of her citizens. Not only should the streets be thoroughly cleaned, but the health authorities should subject private houses and yards, front and rear, to a more rigid scrutiny, and compel the thoughtless and the careless to a more cleanly and less dangerous mode of life.—Louisville (Ky.) Commercial.

ACCORDING to the last report of the Board of Emigration there has been a considerable decrease of late in the number of immigrants. During the six months ended March 1, 21,522 fewer immigrants arrived at Castle Garden than during the corresponding months of the preceding year. This falling off is due to various causes. The report attributes it to the stringent rules established by the board to prevent pauper immigrants from landing here. Many of this undesirable class have been returned to Europe by Collector M'Gene during the past year.

OF DOUBTFUL MIND.

The Experience of an Argumentative Chap with a Chicago Gas Conductor.

A man, a wheezy old fellow upon whom the coming of age seemed to have a comical effect, got on a North Chicago grip-car the other evening. He appeared to be extremely anxious, and when the conductor came along, the old fellow asked:

"Is this here what they call a Limited car?"

"Yes."

"It goes way out yonder, I reckon."—"Out to the end of the line."

"Goes as far as Fullerton avenue, I reckon."

"Yes, way beyond that."

"Then you are sure this is a Limited car?"

"Of course I am," the conductor answered, rather sharply, and had turned to go away when the old fellow took hold of his coat-tail and detained him.

"My friend Lyman Sanders has been livin' here a long time and has always wanted me to come an' see him, an' in his letter he told me that when I came to be shored an' take a Limited car, An' you say this is it."

"Yes," the conductor snapped.

"Yes, loose my coat."

"Yes, in a minute. Now my friend said that a Limited car had a green light on it."

"There's the green light," answered the conductor, pointing.

"Is that what you call a green light?"

"Do you see it's green? Turn loose my coat, I tell you."

"In a minute, but I'd call that light blue."

"It makes no difference what you call it. It's green all the same."

"Wall, now," said the old fellow, "for the sake of argment we'll say the light is green."

"No argment about it," the conductor replied, "I know it's green. Leave go my coat."

"Wall," replied the old fellow, "you may take any view you please, but I am, for the sake of argment, going to admit that the light is green; but does that give me any shority that this car won't turn off before it gets to where I'm goin'? See, it's windin' around ever whichever way now."

The conductor tore himself loose and slammed the door, and the old fellow, still in doubt, remarked: "Et a man down my way wants ter know any thing folks will tell him, but it's mighty difunt sopher."—Arkansas Traveller.

INNOCENT CHILDHOOD.

"Did you get wet last night, Mr. Sophie?" asked Miss Lucy's little brother Johnny.

"Why, no, my little man. What made you think I got wet?"

"Because I heard pa tell ma this morning that you didn't know enough to come in when it rained, and it rained pretty hard last night soon after we left our house."

"Johnny didn't stay long in the room after that."—N. Y. Ledger.