

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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BEAUTIFUL FOREVER.

Somewhere there is a radiant land,
All beautiful forever.
A world of happy breezes fanned,
With skies unclouded ever.
Upon the stormless shining shore
Falls music as in days of yore,
Forever and forever.

Three, Time can never dim the light
Of eyes which sparkle ever,
For golden hair grown silver bright
Is beautiful as ever.
While on the brow Care can not trace
A line that Love would not efface—
Forever and forever.

Here, close at hand, before our eyes,
Unveiled by Love's endeavor,
Tasteful immortal around us lie,
All beautiful forever.
Seek not some distant dreamland shore,
But here, Love murmurs o'er and o'er,
Dwell ever and forever,
Beautiful forever.

—Chambers' Journal.

FIGHTING THE FEVER.

How a Florida Family Escaped the Dread Yellow Jack.

Up the St. John's river I met a Northern man who had a cottage and an orange grove there. As a usual thing he stayed in Florida only in winter, but last summer he stayed there all through the epidemic, and he told me how, by means of a rigid quarantine, he escaped the dreadful scourge of yellow fever.

"We intended to go North," he said, "but we put it off too late. My wife was more afraid of the yellow fever than any thing else on earth, and so was I, for that matter. You see, we have a large family, and we didn't want to take any chances. We have seven boys and girls, and when it comes to moving back again to Illinois, it is quite a big job, and that was what delayed us until it was too late for us to move. In fact, we didn't really believe that yellow fever was coming last summer, until it was right here. You see we didn't get all the Florida reports you fellows did in the North, and I think that anyhow the papers made the epidemic a good deal worse than it really was. However, having stayed here all last summer, I may say that now I am not afraid of any epidemic that could come to Florida.

"Well, as I was saying, the first thing we knew Jacksonville was closed up, and as the only way we could get to the North then was through Jacksonville, we were, in a measure, in a trap. Along the St. John's river it is pretty healthy in the winter time, although it is said it is rather malarious in summer. Of that, of course, we didn't know any thing because we had never stayed here for a summer. But as soon as I found that Jacksonville was closed up, I made up my mind that we would quarantine our place and we would keep out the yellow fever if it took the last cent we had. I have four boys and three girls, and we held a consultation over the matter, and we agreed that by taking turns we could keep up a complete quarantine around the place, and not let any infected person, or any person at all, for that matter, within a mile of the house. My wife was so frightened when she really came to understand that Jacksonville was closed up with yellow fever, that I was afraid she would become sick from the very terror of it. My boys are all strong, strapping young fellows, although, you see, I am not very strong myself. In fact, if I had not lived my winters down in Florida I should not be alive to-day. The winters of Illinois would have killed me long before this. So we laid our plans and arranged it so that one of the boys and myself kept quarantine during the day, and the other boys took turns at it through the night. We thought that in this way we would make the thing positively certain, and run no risk from the epidemic."

"And were your plans successful?" I asked him.

"Perfectly," he answered. "We never allowed a person to set foot on our grounds during all the summer except once, and that once we had sent for the man who came. I suppose it was being out in the hot sun so much, for the heat was very damp and sultry and oppressive that summer. You see we had a good deal of rain and hot, muggy weather. And any how a person who stayed in Florida in summer, especially a Northern man, should keep out of the sun during the middle of the day. Well, as I was saying, after two or three weeks of quarantine I got sick with a low malarial fever. You see it is a kind of malarious anyhow in summer, especially for Northern people who are not acclimated. Even the natives here do not work or are not out in the sun in the middle of the day, and as I stayed out keeping up quarantine right through the heat of the day, it is not surprising that I was taken sick. Keeping a quarantine is not like keeping anything else, except it be a tavern. You have to keep it all the time or it is no good. At any other work you may drop off an hour and a half at noon, and quit at six o'clock, but not with keeping quarantine. You may keep it for months, and then being off for ten minutes let in the very person whom you have been trying all the time to keep out. Although I felt bad for quite a number of days I did not give up, until I was hardly able to stand. Then I had a siege of it. My wife and eldest daughter nursed me and brought me through all right, but the strain was too much for my wife, who is not strong, as I said before. And just as I was getting well, although too weak to be up, my wife succumbed to the malarial attack. My being in the house made

CONCERNING BOILS.

Some of the Causes and the Rational Treatment of Job's Comforters.

A boil may be defined as a limited area of inflammation situated in the loose tissue which binds the skin to the deeper structures. Generally it starts in or around a sweat gland, and approaches the surface as it grows. Many theories have been advanced to account for the origin of boils, but it has now come to be pretty well established that they are caused by the growth in the tissues of certain minute organisms. These are found in every such abscess; they can be cultivated, their life history can be studied, and when they are placed in the tissues again, under favorable circumstances, another boil, precisely like the first, is produced.

How these bodies find their way into the system it is sometimes not easy to say, but probably it is through some slight break in the skin which has escaped notice. Some persons seem to present a more suitable soil for the cultivation of the germs than others, and certain conditions of the system are very favorable to their development.

A lowered vitality, sea bathing, changes of diet, especially during athletic training, and convalescence from certain fevers are not uncommonly followed by boils. Children with scrofula and rickets are apt to suffer. Excessive sweating, lack of cleanliness, the long use of poultices, the application of irritants to the skin, and especially the chafing of clothing, seem to favor their formation.

Any part of the body may be affected, but they are most frequently seen on the back of the neck, in the armpit and on the lower part of the trunk. Where the skin is firmly tied down, as in the passage of the ear, the pain and tenderness become intense; in the looser structures it may be but moderate.

If left to itself, a boil will break in four or five days, and discharge pus and, generally, some dead tissue known as the "core." It is usual to apply poultices till the abscess nears the surface, and then make an opening; but often, if a free incision is made at the beginning, the process will be arrested. Poultices are of benefit only to relieve pain; they should not be continued after the incision is made, since they serve but to prolong the discharge.

More than that, Dr. Fye Smith, of London, in the course of a recent discussion, declared his belief that the crops of boils which sometimes are seen in the case of school-children are due to the transfer of germs, by means of poultices, from an open sore to the glands of the healthy skin.

The rational treatment, then, is an early opening and washing out of the boil, using fluids that are destructive of the germs. At the same time the general health must be seen to, in order that it may offer a sufficient barrier to further inroads.—Youth's Companion.

THE POETIC AZORES.

Islands Famed for Their Great Beauty and Fertility.

The islands extend in an oblique line from northwest to southeast, between the parallel of 37 degrees and 45 degrees north latitude, and between 25 degrees and 31 degrees west longitude. Geographically they may be divided into three groups; the first or easterly group comprises St. Michael's and St. Mary's; the second or central group contains Terceira, Graciosa, St. George, Pico and Fayal; while the third or westerly group consists of the lonely little islands of Flores and Corvo. They are all very small places; a very good walker might almost go round the biggest of them in a day. Every inch of them, with the exception of a curious little bit of St. Mary's, has been fused and burned and charred out of all resemblance to anything we have in this part of the world save a forge heap or a slag hill. Each little island presents a solid front of hard, black lava against the ravages of the great ocean which thunders at the base of cliffs and precipices hundreds of feet high. Even on the stillest day the black rocks are edged with an ever-moving fringe of white surf, which leaps up against their obdurate face or sullenly rolls in among the caverns at their base. Marvellously fertile, too, are these islands; almost any thing will grow there if it can but manage to get shelter from the violence of the winter winds. The hills of pumice and cinders are green to their very tops with cedar and juniper and tree-herb; the lower lands and less exposed places grow rich crops of maize and grain, beans, tobacco, and sweet potatoes; in every little glea may be seen the bright green shield-shaped leaves of "enhamo," together with enormous pendent fronds, six and eight feet long, of the Woodwardia fern, springing from a carpet ankle deep of the densest and greenest lycodium. The lava walls which line the roads and mark off the fields are green and gray with moss and lichen. Here and there are broad banana-leaves, and the crumpled leaves of "nisperra" peer above waving rows of cane stalks. The islands are rich in all manner of kindly fruits. The vine and fig tree straggle in all directions over the stony sides of Pico; there are pumpkins and pine apples, passion flower fruit and pomegranates; the peaches are as plentiful as the blackberries, and oranges and apricots are to be had for the asking.

Paradise and groves
Elysian Fortunate Fields—like those of old
Sought in the Atlantic main.

—Good Words

THE MINER'S CORNET.

How Its Notes Reached a Sermon Amid a Wretched Scene.

"An incident that touched me deeper than any thing ever did before or since occurred on a visit I paid to the coal regions some years ago," said a gentleman of this city. "There had been a serious cave-in at the Bellevue mine, along the Lackawanna river, on the outskirts of Scranton. I went to the spot a day or so after the cave had occurred. It was a dreary day, late in November—a dark, rainy, dismal day. The great coal breaker at the mine was in operation, as work had not been entirely suspended. The rattle and crash and whirr of the ponderous machinery was deafening. From windows and doors, and every crack and cranny, black clouds of dust poured out into the open air, and were beaten by the rain into lumpy ooze that fell in besmirching drops on every thing about and below. A narrow road, cut into gullies by the rain, and lying ankle deep in the sooty mud, led past the breaker, and from it up a steep hill to the clusters of dilapidated huts where the miners and their families lived, called by courtesy 'the village.'"

"Through the village, without any apparent reason for their being, unless it might be that they were parade grounds for the geese and goats that disputed the way with me, ran narrow streets, with here and there great seams and crevices crossing or running parallel to them, results of the sinking of the mine roofs beneath. Here and there a hut also had sunk half way to its roof into the unstable earth."

"On the summit of the hill, which overlooked miles of dreary, desolate landscape, stood a little church, which had itself settled a foot or more with the sudden caving. The scores of stately grave-stones in the churchyard, standing askew, some of them protruding out a few inches above the surface, told their sad tale of mine fatality. The bottoms of many of the graves had fallen in with the tumbling mine roof, and the crumbling remains of the graves contained had dropped into the depths—the remains, perhaps, of miners who had previously been carried dead or mangled beyond recovery from the very mine to which their bones had been so ruthlessly returned."

"Looking down from the summit of the hill upon that struggling collection of most wretched habitations; upon the groaning breaker, with its inky drainage dripping from its grimy eaves; the swollen, yellow river, beneath the very bed of which many of the occupants of the miserable hovels were even then delving for subsistence, down deep in the mines, it seemed to me that nowhere on God's footstool could there be a scene more desolate, more utterly bereft of all that could give to any living soul one single ray of hope or thought of contentment."

"But even as I gazed around, thinking how little the outside world knew of the actual wretchedness that hedged about these patient toilers, the sound of a cornet broke upon my ear. Clear and plaintively sweet its notes swelled out upon the air. They issued from one of the most dilapidated of the dwellings; one that stood on the very edge of one of the threatening seams that marked the course of the dismantled mine roof. And what was the air, think you, that floated up from the unknown musician's instrument amid these dismal surroundings?"

"It was 'Home, Sweet Home.' God help him! Of all things in the world, 'Home, Sweet Home.' Never was pathos so personified. Tears welled to my eyes, and I was proud of them. I emptied all the coin I had into the hand of a pale, gaunt little boy, who had been eyeing me curiously as I stood on the hill, and bade him carry them to the house and give them to whoever might live there. The lad's thin hand closed convulsively on the money, and, with a frightened look, he ran away toward the house."

"I did not stay to learn more of the inmates of that hut. That they could have heart to dwell there and think of it as home, sweet home, was enough for me. I hastened from the desolate spot to the rich and happy city just beyond, in the shadow of whose heaven-pointing spires a sermon had been preached to me such as none of their well-paid pastors, with all their eloquence, could have preached."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

The Great San Diego Flume.

It is claimed that the recently-completed San Diego flume is the most stupendous ever constructed in the world, being only a little short of 36 miles long. An idea of the gigantic character of the work may be obtained from the fact that the amount of lumber consumed was more than 9,000,000 feet, or, allowing the very considerable yield of 1,000 feet to each tree, not less than 9,000 trees were required. In the course of the flume there are some 315 trestles, the longest of these being 1,700 feet in length, 85 feet high and containing 250,000 feet of lumber. Another trestle is of the same height and 1,200 feet long, the main timbers used in both of these being 10x10 and 8x8, being put together on the ground and raised to their position by horsepower. The number of tunnels in the course of the flume is 8, the longest of which is 2,100 feet, the tunnels being in size 6x6 feet, with convex-shaped roofing; each mile of the flume required an average of 250,000 feet of lumber for its construction, and the railroad used entirely in the box is 2 inches in thickness throughout.—N. Y. Sun.

WOODCHUCKS' BURROWS.

How the Clever Little Animals Construct Their Strongholds.

Many years ago, during my boyhood days, which were mostly spent in happy old New England, I did my share of both shooting and trapping woodchucks, and even helped eat a roasted one on an occasion. But I also did more than this, for several times I had them as pets, and closely studied their habits in nature and in confinement.

Through some parts of the State of Connecticut it would be hard to pick out a clover field of any size that did not have a woodchuck burrow in some part of it. Sometimes they choose a site somewhere under the stone wall which surrounds the field; or if there is a large rock, as is often the case, anywhere about the middle of the field, the animal will burrow under this as a very choice location.

Finally the roots of an old apple or other trees are often chosen for its stronghold, the burrow being dug down among them, the owner seeming to possess a realizing sense that no one would ever dream of attempting to dislodge him from such quarters. As is the case with the excavations made for their habitations by most fossorial mammals, the burrow of a woodchuck at first descends obliquely into the earth, then passes nearly horizontally for several feet, rises moderately for the last half of its length to terminate in quite a spacious and round chamber, which constitutes the "living room" of the entire family. In it the female brings forth her litter, and the young remain there until they pair off and dig their own homes elsewhere.

Such a burrow may be at least thirty feet in length—so long that one never thinks of digging a woodchuck out—but I have seen farmers bring up two or three barrels of water on a cart and drown the occupants of this subterranean establishment at short notice, and rejoice most heartily if the pair, and, perhaps, seven or eight quarters grown young, are caught at the same time. Very often I have captured them in steel traps set at the mouth of the burrow, taking the precaution to sprinkle it carefully over with fine dirt. One old woodchuck, I remember, constructed his burrows almost in the center of a twenty-acre clover lot, and every attempt to capture him in any kind of a trap utterly failed. It was the rarest thing in the world to even catch him standing up at the entrance of his burrow during the day, but frequently we would see him, just head and shoulders out of it. It seems to me I must have fired thirty or forty times at him under such circumstances from the outer side of the stone wall which surrounded the field, and that, too, with a heavy old-fashioned muzzle-loading Kentucky rifle, which to 75-100 yards was good nearly every time for all small game. But here every shot failed; a cloud of dust would puff up at the very entrance of the burrow each time and I would confidently walk over to pick him out, but no, next day at noon he was there again, looking out as smiling as ever. He was captured finally by my trying a Colt's revolver to a stout stake driven down within a few feet of the burrow and training the aim down the entrance, and then tying a long string to the trigger I waited behind the wall till he again showed himself, when the success of the device sealed his doom.—Forest and Stream.

Where Most Men Fail.

How few men there are who can successfully lay and light a fire. There are many who are able to lay it and light it, but the results are usually painful to the patient housewife. She may send her husband to the kitchen in the morning to start the fire, feeling confident that she can steal a half hour more of that comfortable doze which comes only with the dawn, but it is an even bet that the smell of burning wood will reach her nostrils sooner or later, and that she will be obliged warmly to don her garments and grope her way down-stairs to the rescue of her well-meaning but unsuccessful other half, who, with his lungs full of the odor of burning wood and the smoky tears running down his cheeks, is usually found engaged in vainly endeavoring to put life into three sparks with his breath. The only men who are successful in starting fires are the professional fire builders employed in the hotels, and when the ordinary man becomes a hotel guest and reposes in a warm couch on a cold morning and sees how easily the hotel fireman does the work he realizes what a veritable chump he is himself.—Chicago Herald.

Particular About Style.

Mrs. Prim (stylish boarding-house keeper)—It can not be delayed any longer. We must have a new set of dishes.

Daughter—Yes, ma; the old set was very handsome in its day, but it's all out of fashion now.

"Well, my dear, go to Brickbark & Co.'s and select a new dinner service; take nothing but Royal Windsor china or Dresden ware, no matter what the cost."

"Yes, ma."

"And, by the way, on your return step into the market and order twenty pounds of corn beef and forty pounds of liver."—N. Y. Weekly.

The London Lancet recently contained the following advertisement: "Home wanted for homicidal lady in house of medical man. Address, station terms," etc.

SOUTHERN AGRICULTURAL.

Rust in Cotton.

The subject of rust in cotton has been a good deal discussed. The subject has generally been treated by two classes of writers from very different standpoints.

1. The scientist, the college professor, who understands a great deal about science, and who may be correct as far as his experience goes, but who has had few opportunities of observation in the field.

2. The practical farmer who has noticed all the phenomena of rust, but who is unable to form conclusions from these observations.

For years I have been observing rust in cotton, and the conclusion which I have reached, and the conclusion which is local in the leaf but generally in the plant itself, indirectly affecting the leaf, and is due to a variety of causes. Injury to the leaf from parasites, defective circulation from general or special poverty, bad and irregular seasons, defective drainage, and sometimes from some poisonous element in the soil. I have seen rust or decay from all of these causes, and he who asserts that rust is a specific disease due to any one cause is, in my opinion, very much in error. We have it upon the authority of a learned professor of the South Carolina University that rust comes from animal parasites, and he has established this to his own satisfaction by actually propagating the disease. I am far from asserting that it never comes from this cause. I have myself seen it from the degradation of ordinary cotton lice, but that this can not be the general cause is evident from the fact that the insect enemies of plants always select the most healthy, because the most succulent growth. The cotton worm is invariably found first upon the most vigorous and tender plants. If this was the true cause, rust would prevail generally when the crop was under the most favorable conditions, and would exist without regard to seasons or soils. Such is not the fact.

Again, that distinguished farmer and agricultural writer, Dr. Lee, for whom I have the highest respect, tells us that rust is always the result of fungus growth. My observations do not sustain this. I have never been able to detect any reddish deposit upon the diseased leaf as is the case with the grubs, hence the name.

Dr. Henry Ravenel, of Aiken, S. C., who was widely known as an eminent botanist, especially in this class of plants, cryptogamia, once stated to me that he had been deeply interested in the subject of rust in cotton, having himself been for years a cotton planter, and that he had never been able with the most powerful glass to discover any fungus growth. Now, if Dr. Lee has detected this growth by the microscope, then there is here a conflict of high scientific authority. But has he or has not he accepted this theory from analogy with other plants?

Again, David Dickson, the great practical farmer, asserts that rust is nothing but poverty; manure your land and you will remove the disease. There is no doubt that poverty of the soil is the most general cause of decay or rust; every observant farmer will admit of some limitation. Injudicious manuring of poor lands with a very soluble fertilizer sometimes produces the disease. This doubtless happens from the manure becoming exhausted or ceasing to act from want of moisture at the critical period when the plant, highly stimulated and loaded with fruit, is left in worse condition than if no manure had been used. Such has been the fate of many a promising crop. But this occasional experience is no argument against the position that manure combined with humus is the best general remedy for rust, if not a specific.

Again, we hear a great deal of late about kainit as a sovereign cure. There is no doubt that upon certain lands where potash has been exhausted or is absent, that the effect of kainit is admirable in sustaining the plants. I have seen remarkable illustrations of this on my own farm. But neither general or special manuring will prevent rust upon lands radically unsuited to cotton.

There are certain sour lands, gum ponds, which will not make cotton even with the best manures, and there are other lands which rust so badly as to indicate not simply the absence of fertility, but the presence of some noxious element, probably iron, in some injurious form.

A summary of what I have written is that rust in cotton is rarely a disease of the leaf, but generally a decay of the plant, and is due not to one, but a number of unhealthy causes. But it may be asked why is it that cotton is more subject to this decay than any other of our cultivated crops?

I think we need not go far to find the true explanation. It is said that wheat is the most civilized of all our agricultural plants, but I doubt if cotton may not be regarded as more civilized than even the great cereal, as it is further removed from its natural or savage state. Compare the cotton plant of the present day, with its hundreds of bolls and its crop of five bales to the acre, to the plant of our fathers. Think of its artificial condition selected year after year to increase its productiveness and fed with concentrated and artificial food to sustain the exhaustion. Like the high-bred animal, it needs the tenderest care to support it in its struggle for life in its artificial state. It is a matter of common observation that highly-prolific

Tobacco Grown at a Loss.

A writer in the *Clarksville (Tenn.) Chronicle* taking 800 pounds as the average of tobacco production in that section, thus figures out the result to the grower:

Wages of hand twelve months at \$10 per month.....	\$120 00
Board of hand twelve months, at \$5 per month.....	60 00
Half cord of wood.....	24 00
Two cords of wood on plant bed at \$1.50 per cord.....	3 00
Interest on four acres of land at \$10 per acre at 6 per cent.....	2 40
Interest on half cost of mule \$60 at 6 per cent.....	3 60
Half wear of same at 6 per cent.....	1 80
Three cords of wood used for curing tobacco at \$1.50 per cord.....	4 50
Annual expense of tools and gear.....	2 00
Warehouse expenses.....	1 00
Hogheads 2, at \$1 each.....	2 00
Total expenses of tobacco crop.....	\$222 00
Product on four acres at 800 pounds per acre 3,200 pounds. Cost 7 16-100 cents per pound.	

This cost can only be reduced by cultivating better land and increasing the yield; employing less labor and thus increasing its efficiency, restoring the elements to the soil and thus keeping up its fertility, producing home supplies and thus saving transportation, cultivating less land and cultivating it better, and, above all, in the practice of a rigid supervision by the owner in all the operations of the farm, and thus save waste, wear and tear, and losses in tools, stock and time.

The yield of tobacco could be greatly increased and the land preserved if some such methods were adopted. The profits of tobacco planting depend much more upon the amount grown upon an acre than upon the number of acres cultivated. An increase in the yield of double the present quantity would double the profits and improve the soil.

HERE AND THERE.

—To give a gloss to the plumage of fowls intended for exhibition feed hemp seed, or sunflower seed; a handful to every six fowls, once a day, is plenty.

—There is said to be more than the usual fatality among the foals around Lexington, Ky., this year. Such epidemics of horses are what must be expected by stock-breeders occasionally.

—A bushel of corn is worth nearly three bushels of oats for fattening hogs or other stock, but oats make a better food, owing the larger proportion of nitrogen and mineral matter contained therein.

—It is better to allow fat hens to set than to attempt to prevent them from incubating. If allowed to stay on the nest until they lose flesh they will lay better than if "broiled up" from setting.

—Sweet potatoes should be cultivated well until they begin to run. They will not thrive if the weather is very wet, and the more air and heat admitted to the roots the better, so as to give them an early start.

—It has been demonstrated that horses can feed on ensilage with advantage, and that where they are not required to do service, as in winter, an allowance of thirty pounds of ensilage per day will keep horses in good condition.

—The farmers in Mercer County, Ky., complain of a parasite which saps the life out of the wheat. Some sales have been made of crops at 62 cents per bushel, but many are holding for a better price.

—Frequent churning is better than retaining the cream from separate milkings, as mixture of cream of different ages is usually the cause of poor butter. The best butter is made by churning the cream as it is ready.

—If you are annoyed by the appearance of warts on the turkeys and chickens you will find a sure remedy in the common molasses. One application will often remove them. If they do not disappear in a week try again.

—A good appetite indicates good health. It is no disadvantage to have an animal that is a heavy feeder. Such animals usually produce proportionately to the quantity consumed. The food is simply the material to be converted into products.

—Experiments by the New York Dairy Commission show that oleomargarine will not dissolve and digest in the human stomach in its natural and ordinary temperature, and it is, therefore, an unprofitable substance as food.

—Before sending new potatoes to market it will pay to carefully assort them. It is not the large potatoes that always bring the highest prices, but those of uniform size. When large and small potatoes are mixed the small ones lessen the value of the larger, and effect the price of the whole.

—Report comes from Station Camp, Tenn., that a mare belonging to Albert Latimer recently gave birth to triplet mules. They were all well formed, though small, and were alive when foaled, but died in a short while. It is claimed that the mare was bred but one time.

—Any kind of low house will answer for ducks. A large dry-goods box, raised from the ground and made water-tight on top, will be found excellent for a flock of one dozen, but it must be kept clean and dry, the floor being well littered with cut straw or dry earth.