

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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FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

(MAY SIZE)
"Why for your life? The deluge is upon us,
It soon will flood the town."
Because such messages are crowding on us,
Are we to wait and drown?"
"Just one more warning. Let my frantic
Tears of one message more."
And o'er the wires with blanching face she
Lingers, Amid the rush and roar
Of maddening waves that gather fast and
Faster.
"My God, Thy will be done!
One life may save a thousand from disaster,
And shall I wriggle that one?"
"Another warning yet." Will naught frighten
Her?
She struck the key, and east
One backward look. Her baby cheek grew
Whiter.
She murmured: "Thy will be done!"
One moment and the overwhelming torrent
Swirled her within its sway:
The next, beneath the maelstrom's deadly
Murens,
All was swept away!
What soldier at the cannon mouth of duty,
What martyr for Christ's cause,
Ever showed sacrifice of braver beauty
Than this pale woman's was?
Surely she heard above the seething water,
Above the waves and rife:
"Thou hast been faithful unto death, my
daughter."
"Take now the crown of life!"
—Margaret J. Preston, in Harper's Bazar.

THE KLEPTOMANIAC.

A Tale of Temptation Which Bears a Moral.

Carroll had asked me to invite his betrothed to Locust Grove, and having made Carroll's wishes my law during the twenty-eight years of his life, I at once wrote to Miss Agnes Lapice, and gave her a cordial invitation to visit me.

She accepted in a graceful, pretty note that possessed me in her favor, and at the time appointed I drove to the station and met her when the train arrived. As she was the only passenger who got off the cars at N—, I had no trouble about finding her, and greeted her affectionately.

She was very, very pretty; pure blonde, with a face like one of Raphael's cherubim, almost babyish in its round outlines, wondering blue eyes, and short, golden curls. She was very small, with helpless, childlike ways, and I wondered greatly at Carroll's choice.

For Carroll, my grandson, orphaned in infancy, had grown to manhood under my care, and was a man grave and rather sedate, of stern rectitude, devoted to his profession—that of a lawyer—and the last man in the world I should have expected to fall a victim to a baby face and childlike manner. And yet he loved Agnes Lapice with the first true, strong love of his heart, and saw only perfection in her caressing ways.

In less than a week I ceased to wonder at what I had first thought Carroll's infatuation. Agnes Lapice was, without exception, the most lovable person I ever met in my long life of varied experience. She was nineteen years old, and had been most carefully educated, and behind her baby face had a well-stocked brain. Her singing was simply perfect for an amateur, and she played well, though her fingers were seldom on the piano keys except to accompany her sweet, pure voices.

One of her great charms was the tender deference she paid to my age, without seeming eyes to consider me too old for a confidante and companion. We saw Carroll only from Saturday afternoon till Monday morning, as Locust Grove was too far from the city for daily trips. But, although Agnes talked often of her betrothed, of the preparations for her approaching wedding, she never seemed weary or dull in our quiet life. She read well, and we passed hours with our favorite authors; she sang for me; she worked me a gorgeous sofa cushion and we walked and drove out together.

But, through all the charm of her manner, the innocent, caressing ways habitual to her, there was an expression in her violet eyes that perplexed me. It was not sufficiently defined to be fear—more like a shadow of fear—and it was brief, passing away like a summer cloud across the sunshine.

Often she would look her little hands together, till the pressure looked as if it must pain her, while in her eyes would come a hungry look, as if she were controlling some violent emotion by a great effort.

She had been at Locust Grove about three weeks, when I began to be troubled about the extra servant I had hired to wait upon my visitor. She was a young girl from N—, who had been highly recommended to me by one of my own servants, and she was willing and respectful, but I doubted her honesty.

Having had the same servants about me for years—women of tried principle—I had become careless about locks and keys and seldom used them; but little trinkets and rings began to disappear most marvellously after Hannah came. A gold pencil-case with diamond head, that had belonged to my mother, was the first thing that I missed; then followed a card-case of silver; small trinkets disappeared, and I was thinking Hannah must be sent away, when one morning, going unexpectedly to my room, I saw, through the open door, a reflection in my long mirror. Unseen myself, I watched Agnes Lapice as she softly opened my box of jewels, took out a pair of diamond earrings and put them upon the bureau. In her eyes was the look of fear, now positive, defined terror; and her tiny hands worked convulsively as she held them over the trinkets. Suddenly she snatched them, scouted

them in her pocket, turned, and saw—me.

With a cry that was terrible to hear, it was so full of despair, she literally threw herself at my feet, moaning as if in pain. I stood erect looking at her. I am an old woman, and the new names for lady-like stealing were unknown to me. Agnes Lapice, groveling at my feet, was simply a thief, who had rebelled me, and allowed an innocent servant to be suspected; for she knew my resolution regarding Hannah. Presently she looked up.

"You will not tell Carroll?" she said, imploringly. Then, seeing, I suppose, my utter disgust in my face, she cried: "I can not help it. You may blame me as you will. I can not resist the inclination to steal. I do try, but when I see small articles I must take them. I do not want them; I will give you all I have taken back again, but I shall probably steal them again when I see an opportunity. I must do it."

Then I took her from the ground, and looked into her eyes, trying to read the insanity I was sure, was upon her. She lay in my arms like a child, sobbing pitifully, repeating her assertion of inability to resist the desire to steal, till, against my own reason, in spite of my rectitude and common sense, I found myself petting and pitying her, as if she were the victim of a fever.

But I would not promise to keep secret what I had discovered. Though I was won over to a most profound pity, I shrank from the idea of Carroll's wife being a thief.

It was a strange coincidence that on the very same evening, Carroll, coming home for his weekly visit, while we were chatting in the drawing-room, said, gravely:

"I had a very painful case presented to me this morning. One of our leading merchants wanted me to defend his daughter, who is the victim of kleptomania."

I felt Agnes who sat near me shiver, and slip an ice-cold hand into mine.

"Perhaps, grandma," continued Carroll, "you do not know that kleptomania is the new name for fashionable theft. We are always called a thief, a thief! It is monstrous," he said, his eyes flashing, "to defend stealing because the thief is in high social position."

"But," I said, "they plead the temptation is irresistible."

"So may any thief plead! Supposing I were to walk into a bank, and feel an irresistible desire to run away with a few thousand dollars' worth of bank notes. Do you imagine judge or jury would acquit me?"

"But," I urged again, "if you had a dear friend a victim to this disease—if it is a disease—would you judge her so sternly?"

"I would. I could far sooner forgive a poor, starving wretch who took my purse when driven by want to crime, than I could a thief, who, needing nothing, robbed me, and called the robbery kleptomania."

"But if it were a lady, delicate and refined, you would not send her to the prison of common felons?"

"I would, if she had fitted herself for their society by sharing their crime. Indeed, I should judge such a case far more severely, for there is no shadow of excuse for it. A poor girl, ignorant and starving, would have far more leniency at my hands than a lady who could so lower herself."

I looked at Agnes. She was pale as death, and in her eye was a steady, mournful look I had never before seen there.

"Carroll," she said, "if you had a dear friend who was afflicted with kleptomania, how would you advise her to overcome the temptation?"

Something in the voice of his betrothed moved Carroll deeply, for he replied, with a strange solemnity:

"As all other temptations must be overcome—by constant struggle and fervent prayer."

I thought the time had come for these two to fully understand the painful position, and made some excuse to leave the room.

Not until I heard Carroll go up stairs to his own apartment would I re-enter the drawing-room. Agnes was there, deathly pale, but with a certain womanly expression new to her sweet face.

"I have told him," she said; and her voice sounded hollow and forced. "He will not give me up, but I have resolved to leave you all for a long, long time. I will try to overcome the affliction of my life by struggle and prayer, as Carroll advises. If I conquer, I will return; if not, Carroll's wife shall never be a thief."

She rose as she spoke, and, kissing me fondly, went to her room. I thought to have a long talk with her, to offer sympathy and counsel, but in the morning we found her room vacant, the bed undisturbed. She wrote to me soon, telling me she had walked to N— and caught the midnight express.

"I leave home to-day," she wrote, "and unless I can come back to you cured I will come back no more."

In her room I found all the little trinkets I had supposed were in Hannah's hands. Carroll and I talked often and gravely of the child he loved, sometimes hopefully, but often, as time wore away, sadly. For my grandson had repented often of his harsh, stern judgment, and was willing to think there was really a disease in fault.

"And yet," he would say, with mournful eyes, "if it was kleptomania that made Agnes take your trinkets, why should we have sent to Sing Sing the burglar who was caught stealing the plate a few years ago? That poor

wretch was driven to crime by starvation, but there was no sentimentality in his lawyer's plea. He was merely a thief, and received the punishment of a thief."

"And you would send Agnes to Sing Sing?"

"Heaven forbid! I can not cease to love her and pray that she may come back to us as she promised."

So two years wore away and we thought Agnes was lost to us. Carroll came every week, as usual, to spend Sunday with me, and we talked of his betrothed as we talk of the dearly loved dead.

One Saturday afternoon I was in my own room sewing when a knock upon my door was followed by the entrance of a lady, a little lady, who stood hesitating about entering till I said:

"Agnes, dear child, welcome!"

Then she nestled in my arms in the old loving way. But in her face I read the truth I longed to see, the principle that had overcome her temptation, the triumph of prayerful effort.

The baby look was gone and the violet eyes, retaining all their sweetness, were full of genteel dignity. The baby manner, too, had vanished in a quiet, lady-like deportment, very graceful and winsome.

"My dear, dear child," I said, taking off her hat and sash, "you are more than welcome."

"You will believe me then," she said, earnestly, "when I tell you that I have conquered my fault, my criminal inclination? I look back with wonder on my own weak yielding to a temptation that leads strong men to prison cells, and which only morbid sentiment would ever excuse as an irresistible disease."

I assured her most warmly of my sincere belief in her statement, my deep joy in her triumph. She told me of her struggles, her prayers, and the gradual wearing off of the desire to appropriate the property of others.

"For a year," she said, "I have purposely watched opportunities for theft, for you are the only one that ever detected me, excepting Carroll, who knows of my old infirmity. I could have stolen largely from friends I visited, for even my own parents knew nothing of my old temptation. But the desire has left me, and I feel only loathing and contempt for the shallow excuse with which I once quieted my conscience. Carroll may trust me!"

And Carroll did trust her, and has never regretted his confidence. He comes, with his wife and children to pass the summer months at Locust Grove, and he is not more stern and strict in his teaching to the little ones or the value of honesty, than is Agnes, his wife, who once believed herself an incurable case of kleptomania.—Anna M. Shields, in N. Y. Ledger.

SAPRISTI! MORBLEU!

Common Continental Oaths of a Very Mild and One Type Indeed.

It is curious that we are quite unable to realize the enormity of some of the commonest continental oaths. We can, of course, to a certain extent, appreciate such terms as *sacre*, *sapristi* and *morbleu* (euphemistic for *merde*), but on the other hand we wholly fail to appreciate the swearing value of *mille tonnerres* and *toussez donnerre*. Even though these latter be regarded as an invocation of Thor, the god of thunder and summer heat, we can not see any thing very dreadful or juratory in them. Anglicized they become perfectly harmless, and indeed would be welcomed in the room of some of our own more opprobrious idioms. "Thunder," or even "Thunder and lightning!" we consider a very temperate exclamation; so, too, thought the author of the tragic story of the bagman's dog, which may be consulted with advantage on this head.

Applying the Johnsonian maxim of "claret for boys, port for men and brandy for heroes," we should certainly be inclined to class either, or both of them with the claret, nay, even with the yet milder variety of Gladstonian claret, a vintage happily unknown to the learned doctor. To our insular minds they convey absolutely no idea of impropriety. We might go about Donnezwatering for a month together and not feel one atom the better for it, or the worse; while our character for propriety and decent speech would not be one whit damaged, whatever might be thought of our sanity. The German soul, however, is conscious of a distinct sense of relief after a judicious indulgence in the same pastime. Hence we are confronted by the strange paradox that what is a round oath in one country is not even a smart ejaculation in the next.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Wash Your Hands Frequently.

Cases of infection that could be accounted for in no other way have been explained by the fingers as a vehicle. In handling money, especially of paper, and a hundred other things that are chances innumerable of picking up germs of typhoid, scarlatina, diphtheria, small-pox, etc. Yet some persons actually put such things in their mouths, if not too large! Before eating, or touching that which is to be eaten, the hands should be immediately and scrupulously washed. We hear much about general cleanliness as "next to godliness." It may be added that here, in particular, it is also a sense of health and safety. The Jews made no mistake in that "except they washed they ate not." It was a sanitary ordinance as well as an ordinance of decency.—Sanitary Era.

A PROFITABLE INDUSTRY.

The Breeding and Rearing of Driving Horses and Heavy Mules.

Farmers who are interested in the breeding of horses can scarcely have failed to take note of the present popular desire for a useful horse that is equally well fitted for the saddle or for harness. Fast driving will always have its votaries, but the breeding of fast trotting horses has probably reached its climax, and no one except "sportsmen" will care to own a horse that can trot faster on a road or track than the horses of the present day.

Comfort in driving is more generally desirable than rushing through the air with the dangerous speed of a locomotive, and the healthful and pleasing use of the saddle is as appropriate for women as for men. This growth of the public taste is in a legitimate direction and will consequently prove permanent. It is in accord with human nature and as near as we in America can get to the popular English recreation of hunting, which is not possible under our different land system. A job at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour on an excellent country road is a pleasure that is unsurpassed by any other of the many rural delights that are to be enjoyed in the "country," and it is a good thing that the popular good sense has turned in this direction.

The wealthy residents of cities are not the only persons to whom horse breeders may look for customers as soon as they have the animals ready for sale. Thousands of business men in moderately comfortable circumstances, and even employes who are better paid than the average run of them, can easily afford to keep a horse, and the pleasure will be found actually less costly than that of haunting the theaters, saloons and billiard rooms of the cities, and infinitely more conducive to health, moral and physical. Thus the market for horses of the kind referred to will undoubtedly be for the faster trotting roadsters, although there will be no grand prizes to be picked up. A wholesome, steady and sufficiently profitable business will grow up, in which any farmer who has the opportunities and the skill to rear the right horses and train them in the way they should go will make a satisfactory investment of money and labor.

Another profitable industry is the breeding and rearing of mules. These hardy animals will come into more extended use in the North as the breeding of road and park horses increases. Mules for work and horses for profit and pleasure will be the outgrowth of the destined increase in the rearing of pleasure horses. The plow and the wagon are not conducive to the figure or spirit of a pleasure horse, but the mule is essentially made for labor. Probably there is no more favorable opportunity for young farmers with small capital to engage in a pleasing and profitable business than the breeding and rearing of mules in Southern localities where land is still very cheap and where the climate permits outdoor feeding for nine or ten months in the year. A three-year-old mule can there be reared as cheaply as a steer of the same age and will sell for twenty cents a pound, live weight, when the steer will bring no more than two cents.—N. Y. Times.

DRESS AND FASHION.

Notes on Matters of Interest to Both Young and Old.

The crocheted handbags of grandmother's time are revived and are lady-like and very pretty.

The favorite pocket-book is almost square in shape, is stamped calf skin, handsomely mounted in sterling silver or silverine.

Large checks are becoming popular for morning aprons, and some of the summer skirting for petticoats are in the same style.

There is a beautiful new trimming that resembles coarse Italian guipure, with a design over it in colored plush, appliqued with silk.

Mousseline de laine is much in favor now, and is likely to be during the hot weather. Nothing can be well simpler than the style of making.

We are gradually coming back to mode trimmings of the material, to the Spanish flounce and the drooping lace edgings that ornamented the hat brims of that period.

The favorite headgear for traveling is a toque of silk or goods matching the suit. Tam O'Shanter caps of velvet, either black or color, are worn by very young ladies.

The tan suede gloves no longer reign pre-eminent, for it is becoming the fashion to match the gloves to their accompanying costume, as shades of green are the latest aspirants to favor.

Some of the new jerseys, gauged at the throat and top of the arm, have a scarf fitted and gauged on the top of one shoulder, carried across the bust and looped in a large loose bow at the side.

While it can not be said that black is falling into any disfavor, yet the extraordinary popularity of colors has taken them into the street as well as the assembly, the watering place and the home circle.

At the last two drawing-rooms it was noticeable that gloves were not so long as they were, and "no dit" that the Queen does not like to see them above the elbow. Whether this is the case or not, certain it was that few, comparatively, stretched over the elbow. White suede and kid are well worn with black, white and gray gowns, and also with those that have white about them.

A special novelty are the embroidered pompadour robes in Watteau designs and coloring. The ground is cream, of soft muslin, and the designs are in exquisite shades of color, some being simple, others grand and elaborate.

Some of the new dressing gowns have a good-sized monogram worked on the right cuff in a contrasting color. Others open at one side, instead of down the middle, and have a cascade of lace, and full sleeve ruffles. The gown front is full at the throat band.

Some of the ornamented buttons which have been brought into use by the fashion of redingotes and redingote casques are simply painted with a number of the most brilliant colors placed in such harmonious juxtaposition as to produce a rich and refined effect.

Quaint fichus made of a square of plain or embroidered lawn, mull or net, edged with lace and folded diagonally, furnish a graceful drape for untrimmings waists. The back corners are rounded and the front corners are usually tucked inside the wide belt or sash.

Chatelaine bags for ladies are very convenient for traveling or general shopping. The finest are in real seal, richly mounted with sterling silver, richly engraved, and are very expensive. A very handsome chatelaine bag in black grain leather, with oxidized mountings, costs about \$3.50. This is a most desirable size with lovely clasp and chain.—St. Louis Republic.

THE FARMER'S LOT.

It is Not as Bad as Some Disgraced Fellows Try to Paint It.

My investigations lead me to the conclusion that there is good ground for the frequent complaint of inadequate return from farming. But, after all, low prices are not unprecedented. For instance, in 1849 my father picked up forty dairy cows, one or two in a place, and the highest price for the best of the herd was \$11. I remember when corn sold at 10 to 15 cents a bushel, oats at 8 cents, eggs at 3 cents a dozen and butter at 6 cents a pound. The average price of wheat in my local market was very rarely \$1 a bushel, and for corn about 48 cents. During the past four years wheat has averaged about 75 cents, and corn not far from 40 cents. I find that groceries, woolen goods and boots and shoes cost very nearly the same thirty years ago as now, but calico, muslins, nainsook and hardware were from 25 to 50 per cent higher than now, and salt cost twice as much. While a dollar will purchase more of the necessities of life now than then, it requires about a third more grain to bring us that dollar. On the other hand, so far as the labor is concerned, we can raise and market the bushel of grain cheaper, for in vented, railroads and improved highways have increased the power of muscle. To illustrate: I frequently took two men and two horses a day to mark out ten acres of corn land for planting and from two to four men another day to plant it. Now with a check-rower in a large field one man will plant without marking twenty acres or more in a day; or if it must be marked one way and checked by the lever, the farmer with his three-row sled-marker can mark twenty-five acres or more in a day and two men can plant twenty acres.

The cost of a marker which will last many years is only \$3 to \$5, and of a first-class planter \$30 and about \$12 extra for the check-row attachment with 80 feet of wire. Formerly in heavy or lodged grass it was a hard day's work for a man to mow an acre, while now with a machine costing but \$45 the farmer cuts with ease to himself and his team nearly an acre an hour, and will save the cost of his machine in cutting less than 100 acres. In putting in and harvesting a crop of small grain the expense has not been reduced so much, but is considerably less than formerly, while the grain is all saved, whereas enough used to be wasted to pay for harvesting. The expense of marketing has in the aggregate been reduced by railroads and bringing the markets to the farmer's door. The building of turnpikes and multiplication of bridges enables the farmer to take twice as much a load as was possible in former days. There are men in my neighborhood who can market 150 to 200 bushels of wheat a day, drawing it from their farms to the railway station, who in the early times spent ten days with a four horse team taking forty bushels to Cincinnati, their nearest market. The farmer out of debt and whose crops are as good now as formerly can look serenely at the situation; but those who allowed their land to run down so that in addition to low prices there are also small yields or who are carrying a heavy load of debt—even they might be worse off.—Waldo F. Brown, in N. Y. Tribune.

—Baked Onions.—Select very large ones, boil half an hour, drain, push out the hearts, chopping them fine with a little bacon; add bread crumbs, pepper and salt and moisten with a little cream. Fill the onions, put into a dripping pan with a very little water and bake until tender in a slow oven, basting often with melted butter.

—It is just as proper to keep rich milk separate from that of an inferior quality and secure for it an extra price as it is to assort other articles on the farm. If dairymen would make it a point to sell milk of the best quality, they could secure a class of customers who would not object to paying an extra price for it.

ON A 'POSSUM FARM.

Raising the Queer Animals by Hand Feeding For the Market.

It was in the early afternoon when we arrived, and to the uninitiated the farm appeared to be an immense fruit orchard bearing an oblong, whitish sort of fruit hanging from the dead limbs of the trees by a long black stem. But appearances were deceptive. It was not fruit, but between seven and eight hundred 'possums taking their afternoon siesta. Our party was somewhat unacquainted with the habits of the Georgia 'possum, and, consequently, piled question after question to our highly-amused hosts. I now consider myself an expert on the 'possum, and here is what I learned and saw:

The 'possum, when desiring to take a nap, simply climbs the most convenient tree, walks out on a limb, wraps his tail one and a half times around and swings his body out into space. His legs and feet are drawn close into his body and his head drawn up between his shoulders until it forms an almost perfect ball and appears to be a great pear covered with white fur.

The sun was slowly setting below the distant pine mountains, and we were still gazing at the queer objects in amused wonder, when a half dozen little 'possums emerged from the pocket of their mother, ran up her tail and commenced playing on the limb above. In a few minutes this marauder stretched her head and then her fore feet out. She swung herself once or twice, grabbed her tail with her forepaws, and climbed up it to the limb, which she caught with her claws, untwisted her tail and pulled up. Hardly had she balanced herself when the half dozen young ones climbed into her pocket and were hid from view. She then climbed down the tree. While this was going on more than seven hundred others had awakened and were coming down from the trees. Reaching the ground each one made for the creek, drank, and then ran up the hill to a pen in which they were to be fed.

They were of all sizes. Some would barely weigh a half pound, while others would tip the scales at thirty. The 'possum, when hungry, utters a sound which is a cross between a mew and a moan. Over seven hundred 'possums were together so thick that the ground could not be seen between them, and the small ones had been forced upon the backs of the larger. All were uttering this peculiar sound, reminding one of an army of soldiers moaning over the death of their general, when through the gate a negro pushed a wheelbarrow, heaping full of all kinds of trash and slops—consisting of fruit peelings, vegetables, meats, bones and bread. As he hoive in sight the scene among the 'possums reminded one of feeding time in a menagerie. The little ugly animals screamed and scratched and bit at one another until the negro had scattered the contents of the wheelbarrow over the ground. Then, although it was well scattered, all wanted to eat in one place just like hogs and there was considerable more scratching and biting. But this did not last long, for the rations were soon consumed by the great droye of 'possums, and they commenced to disperse, seemingly contented, and this time climbed the persimmon trees.

During the persimmon season the 'possums are not fed at all, for it is on this fruit they become rolling fat and ready for market. Mr. Throckmorton will probably ship 500 to Eastern points and the cities throughout Georgia this winter. They will average him one dollar each, and he makes quite a good thing out of it, as they are practically no expense to him. In shipping to Atlanta and Georgia points they are generally dressed, but the majority go to Washington and are shipped alive. The large shipments to Washington are perhaps due to the average Southern Congressman's fondness for "baked 'possum and 'aters."—Griffin (Ga.) Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

A LETTER-CARRIER'S TALK.

Every Body, He Says, Is Anxious to Get Mail Matter.

"I wonder more and more, all the time, said an old letter-carrier to me to-day, 'what makes people so anxious to get a letter. If a person is expecting to receive a challenge to fight a duel, or the reply of his lady love to a proposition of marriage, or even a check for twenty-five dollars, I can understand how he can be eager and excited about it. But the stuff that is written in ninety-nine out of every hundred of the letters I deliver must be simply little platitudes between friends, such as pass between them when they meet on the street, except shorter and less satisfactory. But how anxious the people are to receive these letters! You don't know any thing about it. You ought to be a letter-carrier for about a week. Why, there are some people on my route who, I really believe, don't do any thing else but sit down and wait for me to come, or else stand at the gate or window to watch for me. They don't get a letter more than once a month, but they watch for it every day. If I say, 'nothing to-day,' they groan and creak away. If I hand them a letter, they fly away with it into the house as if they had found a pocket-book and even go off to a secret place to examine its contents. All this makes me a very popular man. I tell you. You see, these people associate me with the keenest enjoyments and dearest hopes of their lives. I am a sort of god with them, and to tell you the truth, I have a matrimonial project in view very much above my station."—Chicago Journal.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

—A piece of pumice-stone as large as one's fist soaked in coal oil and wired to a pole makes a good torch for burning insect webs out of fruit trees. A piece of soft brick may be used if pumice-stone is not at hand.

—Keep up a high standard of principles; your children will be your keenest judges in the future. Do be honest with them in small things as well as great. If you can not tell them what they wish to know, say so rather than deceive them.

—Currant Water-Ice.—A pint of currant juice, a pint of sirup and the whites of three eggs, made into a paste and frozen in the usual way. The sirup is made by boiling sugar and water till it forms a little thread between the thumb and finger.

—Golden Potato.—Two cupfuls of mashed potato piled in a pyramid and covered with yolk of egg and sifted cracker crumbs, then baked to a golden brown. Potato balls or dumplings are made by pressing cold, mashed potato into a teacup and glazing and baking as above.—Good Housekeeping.

—Tapioca Cream.—Soak a cupful of tapioca over night in milk; the next day stir into it the yolks of three eggs well beaten and a cupful of sugar. Place a quart of milk on the fire; let it come to the boiling point, then stir in the tapioca, and cook until it has thickened. Take from the fire, stir in the whites of eggs beaten to a froth, and flavor to taste. The top can be decorated with white of egg and sugar.—N. Y. World.

—Clover and timothy are in a sense tillage grasses, and on dry lands require to be renewed every four or five years. The clover lasts two years, then for two years more its decaying roots insure good crops of timothy. In the fifth year grass will often be so light as to be unprofitable. It will then be best to till the land two seasons preparatory to again laying it down to grass. The period of timothy can be considerably prolonged by applying a full dressing of stable manure soon after the second year's mowing.—Ohio Farmer.

—Cabbage is, perhaps, one of the most difficult of vegetables to raise in the average kitchen garden, though some, owing to favored locality or good understanding of culture, have no trouble with it. In many localities the man who can grow plenty of nice heads can sell them at a fair profit. The crop should be grown quickly, which, explains Popular Gardening, means a rich soil, an early start and frequent hoeings. The common danger from insects may be somewhat lessened by shortening the time of heading.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

The Relative Digestibility of the Leading Articles of Food.

Don't consider it a waste of time to memorize the following list of relative digestibility of foods:

Easily digestible: Arrowroot, asparagus, baked apples; black tea, allowable only when the patient is accustomed to taking it; cauliflower, sardines, fresh fish, grapes, grouse, haddock, milk, mutton, partridges.

Moderately digestible: Apples, apricots; beef—rare, but not raw; beans, butter, cabbage, celery, cod, cod's eggs, boiled for three minutes or half an hour; jellies, not made from gelatin; lamb, lettuce, potatoes, puddings, rabbit, raspberries, raw or slightly stewed oysters; real soups—not artificial ones; snipe, spinach, trout, turkeys, turtle, woodcock, young pigeons.

Difficult to digest: Buttered toast, carrots, cheese, crabs, custards, fresh bread, goose liver, halibut, hatches, herring, lobster, macaroni, butter, mushrooms, nuts, oil, onions, pineapples, salmon, shrimps, salt meat, sausages, turkey, peaches, pheasant, rice, ripe oranges, roasted oysters, sage, stale bread—particularly the German rye bread, not pumpernickel; strawberries, sweetbreads, tapioca, venison—like other meats should not be eaten tainted, young chickens, young turkey.

When patients are incapable of taking over the lightest of the foods on this list, as in cases of tropical dysentery and other severe diseases of the intestinal canal, I have found that they could retain to advantage the white of eggs beaten up in water.—From "A Doctor's Don'ts."

How to Preserve Flowers.

There is much discussion at present as to how flowers can be preserved to send to far away people. When it is desirable to send floral souvenirs there is much chagrin that the perfumed beauties arrived in a mangled, dilapidated and discolored condition at their objective point. This can easily be rectified by a little care and attention. The best way is to pack the flowers in ice. This is a sure preservative, especially if a little salt is sprinkled over the crystalline surface. Another mode in which flowers are sent in complete preservation, even (and it is frequently done) to Europe, is to pack them closely in tin cans, covering the stems with moist cotton. Over all a layer of wet cotton is placed. At the end of the sea voyage the tin and flowers will be found fresh and fragrant as at the beginning. To keep flowers brightly from day to day—that is, out flowers—it is only necessary to sprinkle with water, place the stems deep in moisture, and, if necessary, put a light layer of cotton over them. Flowers can be made to last a long time if carefully watered, but they require the delicate nurture of an experienced lover of blossoms.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.