

St. Tammany Farmer.

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

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor.

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SCHOOL-GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

Geography? Yes, there's a lesson each day. But it's awfully hard to remember. We've been in South Africa nearly a month; Perhaps we'll go north by November.

What history have we? It's quite a big book. Without any pictures—the bother! To-day I was told I'd sustained a defeat in the battle of—something or other.

Arithmetic? Oh, it's the bane of my life! No matter how hard I may study. My knowledge of dividends, fractions and rules continues unchangeably muddy.

Proficient in spelling? I hope that I am. Though I shine less as writer than talker; I don't mind confessing how often I use a pocket edition of Walker.

I write compositions? Of course, once a week—We're such a—oh subject to—morrow—I manage to spin out a page and a half. Though lots of girls copy and borrow.

You ask me which lessons of all I prefer? You'll think my reply quite alarming. In French we've a gentleman teacher, you know. And somehow it's perfectly charming.

—Harper's Magazine.

ME AND URIAH.

Our Experience in Keeping Summer Boarders.

Me and Uriah had got along just fine for about thirty years or so when the love of gain got a hold of me, and I made up my mind to keep summer boarders.

There was the Blinksers; they'd made enough to buy a new carriage to take up to meetin', and there was the Poplins that had all gone into silks for the same cause; and I sez to Uriah, sez I:

"Look a here, Henry," that's my pet name for Uriah, "why not?" sez I.

"Well, mammy," sez Uriah, that's his pet name for me, "well, I dunno as there is any reason pertickeler ag'in it, only we've been so kinder comfortable as we be. We'll hev to do more, and we'll hev to buy lots of things; and cookin' for twenty ain't like cookin' for two, specially when the two ain't pernickety and is healthy. You'd order bear Farmer Poggins wish to musy his wife would give up takin' um; she's been to bed, with the doctor comin' twice a day, on account of overwork. Boarders ain't all angels, and keepin' um ain't all parrydice."

"But think of the money, my precious old honey," sez I, makin' poetry without meaning to do it. "Think how you will kinder like to say to yourself: 'Now, there is so much banked.' I shan't spend it onto ribbins or kerriages. We'll bank it and get satisfaction out of it, and you and me won't hev no fear for old age. What's a little more work? You ain't but fifty and I ain't but forty-seven. We've got our health and strength; it won't hurt us."

"It may be other ways," sez Uriah. "But I never hinder you from actin' as you please, and I never shill, Nancy."

And so the next day I jiz went down to New York and had it put into the paper that Mrs. Pottleton, of Stovener, would take a few select summer boarders. Plenty of fresh eggs and milk, fruit, mountain air, and not many muskeeters.

"Say none," sez the young man at the desk, when he read the advertisement—he was a young man I knowed to speak to—"say no muskeeters, Mrs. Pottleton, as the rest does."

"The rest tells fibs, then," sez I. "They is some everywhere."

"Leave it out altogether, then," sez he, and so I did, and put in my prices instead.

Well, I got lots of answers, and by the middle of June I had fifteen boarders. Me and Uriah was sleeping in the barn. I was obliged to keep help, which was a great trial, and I was beginning to run down considerably from work and anxiety. Still, 10 lbs is 150, as I used to keep saying to myself, when I got up feeling like a boiled owl, and I wasn't gain' give up after gettin' my own way agin' Uriah the way I had got it.

I dunno but I'd hev stuck to it if it hadn't been for the Jessamys. They was city folks and come down one Monday mornin'.

The ma, Miss Jessamy, was one of the fly-away kind of widders dressed principally in bugles. She shone comin' up the road considerable more'n a tin-peddler. The darters was sixteen and eighteen and twenty-one. They was faced and bustled out, and frizzed and ribboned like Christmas dolls in York show-winders. And they brought down trunks enough for an army, and games they called lawn-tennis and archery.

The first was balls and bats and nettin', the last was bow-arrers and a target. But they couldn't find no place for their tennis, and the lamentin' and the sighin' and the appealin' to dear Mr. Pottleton to give them ground enough, until Uriah jiz made a blamed fool of himself and squared off one of the hay-madders for um, and rolled it and help 'em far to set up nets, and went and made rustic seats for 'em, and wasn't to be seen only at meal-times for the best of the week.

Wall, I'd calkerlated on Uriah helpin' me. In old times of I had punkin-pies to make he'd cut up the punkin, and he'd heat up the oven—Uriah was real smart for a man, and never hev'n no children he did lots of things for me—hung out the clothes sometimes when there warn't no need of him onto the farm, and he used to stand for me to drape my skirts on like a lamb. But now, when I bed more to do than I ever had in my life before he didn't come nigh me.

I bore it quite a spell before I spoke. But one night I waked up in our bed in the barn, aggravated by rememberin' that I'd had to split my own kindlin' that day, and I said all I had to say—bottlin' up so long I had plenty,

"Nancy Pottleton," said he, when I got through, "I'm sorry about the kindlin', but as fur comin' in and makin' Miss Nancy of myself before strange help I can't do it. Betwixt you and me it wuz all right. I told you keepin' boarders would alter things. You've got to catertain company when you've got it."

"You've got to feed 'em good," sez I; "but I dunno as you've got to kiter round accordin' to their directions."

"Wall, I've promised to fix the tennis ground," sez Uriah. "It's a splendid game. I'm goin' to get a suit and bats to-morrow and buy me a bow. I wuz up head at bow-arrar when I wuz a boy, and if I can't hit that bull's-eye every time I'll give up."

"I've got up already," sez I. "Are you goin' to get short pants and striped jackets?"

"Regular tennis suit," sez Uriah, "whatever it is. I want to show them York folks that I am good as they be, or not a little better."

When I heard them words I couldn't express my sentiments in no way but in groans. I laid upon my pillow in a kind o' commer far quite a spell; then Uriah nudged me.

"Mammy," sez he, "would you get yellor clothes or blue and white?"

"Neither," sez I. "Get red, so the folks will know what a monkey you be, playin' ball and shootin' bow-arrers at your age!"

But my words was of no avail. He got the clothes, and after that a kinder strangeness fell betwixt us. I wuz ridin' to work; he was allers to play—ridin' round or sailin' round with them Jessamys and the other boarders, shakin' down the plums and peaches fur 'em, takin' 'em fishin', Silas Fog, the man that had had the laborer's cottage for four or five years, told me he'd given over all farm directions to him, and paid no attention to the place, and as hands don't work much of they're not watched, he said it was owin' to him of we had any crops that year.

As fur me, the help was the sassiest thing I ever knowed, and I didn't durst dismiss her, and kept on raisin' her wages every time she threatened to leave.

But at last the climax came. I wuz wore out and half-sick, and seemed to me fresh air would save me; and one afternoon I told the help she'd hev to get tea herself, and I took my sun-bonnet, and off I went to the archery in the orchard. The girls looked as cool as could be, all dressed up in white, and the young men talkin' and smilin' and my husband—yez, my husband—sittin' on a bench alongside the widdar, givin' her them insinuating looks he kin do he chooses! I had slippers on, and I came close up to 'em without makin' any noise, and I heard her say:

"Mr. Jones certainly admires Rosetta."

"Nobody couldn't help it," sez Uriah.

"But Cecelia is the prettiest," sez the widdar.

"Neither of 'em is as han'some as their ma," sez Uriah.

"Oh, go away! You didn't think so; you're just flatterin'," sez the widdar.

"E! I wuz a single bachelor, you'd sez!" sez my husband.

Now I'm cooled off—it's a couple of years ago—now I'm cooled off, I wouldn't swear into a court of justice that Uriah was goin' to kiss the widdar, and as a Christian I must allow I can't say for certain she'd hev let him; but things appeared to me like she would at that minute, and I off with my sun-bonnet and gave her a smack over the head and him another, makin' remarks which I prefer not repeatin' if I remembered 'em all—which I don't. She screeched, the gals ran up, Uriah took hold of me and the rest of the boarders stared like cows.

"I reckon you'll know me next time you see me," sez I; "but you won't see me for quite a spell. To-day ends conduct such as this; you can git—all of you! There's a early train to-morrow, and I'll see that you take it; so pack your trunks to-night! The help will give you your teas. As for me, I shan't set down with a character like the Widdar Jessamy; I'm disgusted by hev'n ever done it!"

"Madame, what do you dare to insinuate?" sez she.

"That you was a goin' to kiss my husband," sez I.

Then she shruck, and the other ladies shruck, and I finished off by grabbin' her false front of curls off her head and throwin' it into Uriah's face. Then I went home and went to bed.

The boarders all went before breakfast next mornin', and all day long me and Uriah quarrelled. I said I'd get a divorce from him; he said he'd get one from me for bein' a shrew.

"And marry Widdar Jessamy?" sez I.

"It would be a change for the better," sez he.

Hammer and tongs, hammer and tongs, we kept it up until all of a sudden I turned faint and didn't know any more for quite a spell. Then I was in bed with complications—that's what the doctor called it.

Well, I must say Uriah nursed me like a woman, for all I kept tellin' him I'd live as long as I could to spite the Widdar Jessamy; and when I did get better he carried me down stairs and set me in the great rocker on the porch and put pillows under my head, and knelt down alongside of me.

"Mammy," sez he, "your're gettin' well now."

"Wich I wasn't!" sez I. "What's the use? Nobody keers for me!"

"Ain't nobody?" sez he.

THE DISMAL SWAMP.

A Wilderness Containing Over 60,000 Acres to be Reclaimed.

Down in Eastern North Carolina, situated between the counties of Washington Tyrol and Beaufort, lies a vast tract of land containing over 60,000 acres, known as the "Dismal." It runs along somewhat parallel to the Albemarle sound, at a distance of from three to five miles from the sandy shores of that beautiful inland sea. The strip of high land in between forms some of the finest grain and truckery lands in the South, while the almost impenetrable jungles of the bordering Dismal afford shelter and protection to various wild animals—notably the common black bear and deer.

Numberless wild cattle browse upon its extensive reed pastures; the fox hounds in its solitary thickets congenial camping ground, while the raccoon and opossum from its dense shades make nightly forays upon the bordering corn-fields. In early days the cry of the panther broke the stillness of its depths, and even now the huge wildcat is often encountered by hunters. During the rainy season it is mostly covered with water from a few inches to several feet in depth, though it contains many high spots, acres in extent, that are never submerged. The timber is mostly juniper, with considerable cypress, some long-leaf pine and scattering poplar and gum. For large areas the growth of juniper is so thick and tall that the sun never strikes the ground. In such places we are reminded of twilight at high noon. It is only drained by sluggish creeks that circuitously find their way to the sound. Strange as it may seem the waters of these juniper swamps are considered a panacea for the ills of the locality, and their medicinal qualities are so well established that it is sent away by the barrel for such use. Natives, who had been shaken up by the ague until they were as white as a piece of cotton-cloth, would plunge into the shingle swamps, remaining for weeks drinking only this water and return to the hill healthy and robust with the roses of health blooming on their cheeks.

It is about the color of scuppernong wine and smacks a little of the juniper in taste. It is very palatable, and when taken from the quiet depths of its natural reservoir on a hot day makes a most delightful drink.

Enterprise and capital are about to change this vast wilderness into a hundred farms. A railroad has been run from the sound across its entire width, connecting with towns on the opposite side, and with the Norfolk Southern railroad at Edenton. An immense mill has been built that saws up five hundred of the largest pine logs daily. The lumber, after being thoroughly kiln-dried, is loaded upon cars and shipped to Baltimore, Philadelphia and other markets. The juniper is turned into shingles and coopers' timber. Quite a town is springing up around the mill, and hundreds of native men are finding ready employment at good wages. The snort and whistle of the steam engine now startles the bear prowling through the undergrowth, and deer are frequently seen flying down the long stretches of railroad track. Soon their haunts will know them no more. All will be changed. The timber once taken off canals will be dug, completely draining the land, and thousands of acres will be turned into fertile farms and smiling gardens. —Pittsburgh Dispatch.

THE STUART FAMILY.

Wherein its Members Differed from the Stuart Tutors.

The royal house of Stuart were an exceedingly disreputable set of people, but in their lives and their persons they were, with all their crimes and their vices, essentially sympathetic. The life and death of Mary, Queen of Scots, is one long poem, over-brimming with the deepest pathos. Romance of the mournfullest, but of the most fascinating kind, environs the careers of Charles I. and of the old and young Pretenders. Charles II., rascal as he was, has not lost his sentimental hold on the affections of the English people. To them he is still the "merry monarch," who, on his death-bed, murmured to his brother: "Let not poor Nelly starve." Pity and sympathy can even be felt for James II. himself, dethroned and banished and languishing into extinction at St. Germain. These feelings of sentiment went very far; indeed toward making the triumph of the Stuart exhibition. There are still—in a sentimental sense, of course—ardent partisans of Mary, Queen of Scots, and of the young chevalier. Jacobites abound in the very best society; but it is questionable whether they yet linger any political adherents of Henry VIII. or Queen Elizabeth. The materials for a Tudor exhibition are amazingly copious and rich, but the display itself must vindicate its claims to public recognition less as an abstract and brief chronicle of the Tudor monarchs than as the reproduction of a splendidly picturesque and artistic epoch. One most important step toward the latter consummation will be made, as the committee have hastened to announce, by a special endeavor to bring together as complete a series as possible of the works of the illustrious artist, Hans Holbein, court painter to Henry VIII., who, at least, knew how to imitate the genius of the great master.

"Look you here," said the Tudor King to the haughty noble who complained that the painter had been rude to him: "Out of seven plowmen I can make seven lords, but out of seven lords I can not make one Holbein." —London Telegraph.

Sunset Cox and the Bear.

When Mrs. Cox and I were at an inn in Yellowstone Park they told us of a big bear that came down every evening just before sunset to eat the will that was thrown out to the hogs. The hog pen was about a mile back of the house in the woods, and this bear would come down every day to eat will, and would go away content without eating any of the little pigs. As he did not leave much food for them, perhaps they never got fat enough for his taste. While we were at dinner they told us that the girl who was waiting on table had met the bear in the path near the pen. She was carrying a basket of clothes from the wash, and had the clothes on her head. She said she was not afraid, but I suppose she was a modest girl, for she dropped her clothes and ran. Mrs. Cox and I had a suspicion that they were fooling us, but if there was a bear we wanted to see it. So my wife and I went out by the hog pen to see the bear. Sure enough we met him in the woods—a great big fellow. He gave a side glance at us and shuffled off as if he were about to run away. We were about twenty yards away from him, and quickened our pace to advance on him. He suddenly changed his mind about running, and we changed our minds also. He turned toward us and growled. I remarked to Mrs. Cox that as she was getting fat, and could not walk as fast as formerly, it would be just as well if she'd turn back toward the hotel. Then I modestly followed. She walked much faster than I thought she could.—Interview in N. Y. World.

WINTER WHEAT ITEMS.

What to Do and What Not to Do to Make the Crop a Success.

Plow early. Plow deep and thorough. Plow under the weeds and trash. One good plowing is sufficient. Save seed of the very best quality; if you are in doubt as to its quality, test it.

If the soil is hard and dry, use the roller or drag. On sod land, the disc harrow will be a good implement to use. If not too lumpy, or on old stubble ground, the spring-tooth harrow will do good work. In using both of these, go the first time the way it was plowed, and cross-ways the second.

In many cases it will pay to arrange to keep the harrowing close up to the plowing.

It will not always do to delay harrowing until after there has been a soaking rain.

By keeping the surface thoroughly clean, the chinch-bug and Hessian fly will be deprived of part of their shelter and food.

Manure can be hauled out and applied after plowing.

If a clover sod is to be plowed under for wheat, an application of lime before plowing will be found beneficial.

If salt is to be applied, wait until spring, and then sow broadcast as evenly as possible.

If commercial fertilizers are to be used, sow with a drill when sowing the seed, or sow broadcast just before seeding.

One of the advantages in using wood ashes as a fertilizer for wheat is that it helps materially to stiffen the straw.

Prepare to give thorough drainage. Tile drainage is best, but surface drainage will answer. Arrange to avoid washing as much as possible.

There is no advantage in sowing the seed unless there is sufficient moisture in the soil to induce a quick germination.

Be sure that the seed wheat does not contain cheat, rye, cockle or other fine seeds. There is usually a sufficient quantity of them in the soil without sowing.

Corn land that has been well cultivated during the growing season can often be properly fitted for wheat without plowing, if care be taken to harrow thoroughly.

The quantity of seed should be gauged by the time of sowing, the fertility and condition of the soil and the quality of the seed used, as well as the way it is sown.

The time for sowing must be determined by the season, the condition of the soil and the danger from grasshoppers, flies and chinchbugs.

Do not invest too largely in new, untried varieties. There is no harm in testing them on a small scale, but use a standard variety for the main crop. —Prairie Farmer.

SOUTHERN AGRICULTURAL.

Are We Making Farming Profitable?

Farming in its fullest sense is the cultivation of the soil with reference to the production of vegetables, and the conversion of a portion of them in animals and a variety of forms which are best adapted to the wants of man.

Every farmer does not farm in the fullest sense of the word. Cultivating the most leading crops, selling or feeding them to the various kinds of farm stock, are the branches most commonly practiced. Now the question arises are we in these making it profitable. We may cultivate many acres and raise large crops, we may raise, feed and sell much stock and yet not be making it profitable. To raise larger crops, the expense of producing them may be greater than the value of the product; the draught on the soil may be in excess of the supply of fertility; it may be improperly sold or cared for; it may be injudiciously fed, thus making farming unprofitable.

It is expected that the professional man, or should be, well educated and well schooled in his business, or else he can not succeed, that the merchant deal in the best brand of goods, that he must keep an accurate account of all expense, loss and gain that he may see if he is making his business profitable; by this he can see on what he makes the most profit that he may deal in these more largely.

These qualifications seem indispensable to the merchant and all professional men. It is equally as much so with the farmer. His is not a business to be carried on successfully by the unlearned or indolent any more than any other occupation of life. The farmer must not only be industrious but must be studious; his mind, his thoughts must be in his business. The crops, the stock and household economy should be his chief occupation. He should keep an accurate account of all his business, the expense, loss and gain, in what particular branch of his business he is most successful, what crops are most profitable for him to raise, the most profitable disposition to make of them; the best and most profitable stock to raise, and how best to dispose of them. Farmers are too careless in regard to keeping an account of their business, consequently they often raise crops that are not profitable, and raise and feed stock at an expense. There are few crops that are profitable to raise and sell off the farm. From my experience in growing vegetables, I see many farmers grow and sell vegetables at less than the cost to grow them. It puts a little money in their pockets at the time.

—The most persistent weed to exterminate is purslane. Turn the sheep and geese on fields infested with it.

—A gentleman of Pomona, Cal., says that only five days have passed since March, 1888, that he has not had fresh strawberries on his table.

—Kerosene, applied as spray, on the walls, roosts and floors of poultry houses will kill the lice instantly, while the work can also be done in a few minutes.

—Whenever the shoulders of a work-horse are galled the harness should be examined to remove the cause. A horse in such a condition should not be made to work until a cure is made.

—It is suggested that in those sections where potatoes can be made special crops, starch factories should be operated on the co-operative plan, as is done by dairymen with creameries.

—Orchard grass will thrive well on damp locations. It is an excellent grass, but "stools," which gives it an uneven appearance in the fields. As it becomes more compact each season it soon forms an even pasture.

—Save the best stalks of corn from which to procure seed, and when the seed is fully matured select the best ears. Seed corn should be allowed to thoroughly dry on the stalk, and when harvested it should be stored in a dry, warm place.

—The majority of insects are vegetable feeders, but there are a great many that feed upon or within the bodies of other insects, causing them to die. These latter are called predaceous or parasitic, and, in the main, are beneficial, as they destroy many injurious forms.

—The farmer who strays off habitually to town or elsewhere for pastime loses interest in his work, forgets what is to be done and goes down to the dogs by sure degrees, leading a pinched and miserable life on land that might have supplied him and his with more than competence.

—The cow soon becomes accustomed to the milker, and if treated kindly will cease giving evidences of vice. To strike places her in fear, and she will seize every opportunity to kick or move her position. Milking should be performed quietly, the cow being given her food just before beginning to milk.

—A new use has been discovered for the poppy. It forms a network of roots that can not be exterminated without great difficulty, and it is therefore, admirable for keeping embankments in place. Within the last two or three years prominent French engineers have undertaken the sowing of railroad embankments with poppies with a view to prevent their being destroyed by heavy rains.

HERE AND THERE.

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try, and yet they are there produced in quantities not only sufficient to satisfy their own requirements, but also to leave a surplus for exportation. This will continue to be the case, and the importation will grow larger unless farmers give attention to the breeding of better stock.

The same principles should govern the production of poultry as the production of horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs—that is to say, get rid of the scrubs and mongrels, and breed good stock. It costs no more to feed one than the other. The only difference is, that the good-bred stock require care and attention, but they amply repay this, while nothing can make poor bred mongrels profitable.

The requisites in a breed of fowls for the farm are, first, egg producing capacity; next, quick maturity of the young fowls; and lastly, ability to withstand the climate with reasonable good care and moderate keep. We have had experience with many breeds of fowls, and in our judgment, no one breed combines so many of the good qualities we have named as the Plymouth Rocks. They are large fowls, but yet not too unwieldy to ramble about and scratch for a great part of their food on the farm. They produce a large quantity of fine eggs, as they lay early and late, and they are good mothers, and can be relied upon to bring off two or three broods in the season. The young chicks are strong and hardy, and quickly reach maturity; and as they are a good size, they always command a fair price in the market—whether as broilers or roasters. They seem to readily adapt themselves to changes of climate, and in the Southern States make themselves perfectly happy and contented. The fowls seldom trouble them as they have only small combs which are not so susceptible to be frozen as those of some other breeds. Although large fowls, they are not large eaters, but will be content with a small feed of grain, and then ramble off in search of insects and seeds. Another quality they possess, is, that they are generally content to lay somewhere about where they are desired, and do not ramble off into the woods and lay their eggs where they can not be found. All things considered, we are of the opinion that the farmer who commences to keep a flock of Plymouth Rocks will not have cause to regret it at the year's end.—Southern Planter.