

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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A NOISY MAN.

Although a noisy man may be a nuisance worth abusing I rather like the fellow. He is, somehow, so amusing. It is fun to hear the endless flow of his words and to see him dropping and then picking up his words. And when he is in a mood to go on forever without stopping. While others write in vain because he is making them so tired I watch the motion of his jaw and wonder if they're worth. Though he is called a "windy bag," and other names as many. It's worth, I think, to hear him brag about his own merits. While people hate his vain conceit and think he isn't witty and really smart on the street, I feel for him as I go. Born without brains he can not see himself as any other man. Besides he's very good—to be a freak in some way. Because I pity him, I wish a pepper plant I'd shove him. For, while I like him—wonder much—I can not say I love him. Still, though he's such a nuisance cool that, really, we'd destroy him. He doesn't mean to be. The foot in his shoe we enjoy him. —H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.

CRUEL KINDNESS.

The Natural Sequel to a Mother's Mistaken Indulgence.

What shall we call her? said Farmer Ellis, looking down upon the small specimen of humanity lying so helpless in the nurse's arms. "Angela," said Mrs. Ellis, turning on her pillow to gaze on the tiny features. "That's a near angel as I can get it," she thought, "and John would pooh at me, if he knew just how I felt."

But John made no objection, for the fifteen years of married life which had been childless made the stranger more welcome.

True, an adopted daughter claimed their love and care, and the little blue-eyed maiden, who stood rapturously gazing at the infant, deserved all that she received.

"Nettie Ellis is the smartest girl in town," was the verdict of more than one rustic admirer. "When she gets to be a woman she'll make things buzz," and, indeed, she did not lack much of doing so now.

Thrifty Mrs. Ellis was a model housekeeper, and kept no girl. Thus early, Nettie had been initiated into the mysteries of butter and cheese-making; and in dish-washing, sweeping and dusting, she went far beyond all the little girls of her acquaintance. She was the same busy little maiden in school, for the "winter term" was all she enjoyed, and her teachers echoed the verdict of the townspeople. And now a little sister had come to share her pleasures and her work, for often she had heard Mrs. Ellis say:

"It's my burdened duty to teach my girls to do every thing I can do myself," and in Nettie's case, surely, she had not failed. Why is it that the finest theories vanish often when brought to the test?

"If I ever have children of my own, I'll show people how they should be trained," many a model school teacher has declared. Alas! the boast soon ceases when the trial comes.

So, as the rosy-cheeked Angela grew rapidly out of long clothes, and went pattering about the farm-house, the mother was so taken up with adoring her "angel" that the old theories were forgotten. Angela developed a sturdy will of her own, and "she must not be crossed," the mother decided, though it made her appear so unlovely, in the eyes of all others.

Nettie loved the wild little one, and tried to teach her what she had so carefully trained to perform, but Angela soon decided:

"Let those work who love to. I don't like it. I'm afraid you're missing a nice, take-a-wife," Mr. Ellis said. "It's cruel kindness you're showing our little girl. You don't make her mind very well, and she ain't half so forward as Nettie was at her age."

"Much you know about it," said Mrs. Ellis angrily. "She's all we've got, and I don't mean she shall work as I've always done."

The child had learned to obey her father, but as he never interfered in household affairs the mischief went on. At school the willful girl studied or not as suited her pleasure, and when Nettie was declared "too old to go to school," Angela was sent away to be educated.

But a new element appeared in the Ellis household, threatening its tranquility. Nettie had a lover, a sturdy young fellow, with only his strong hands and true heart to recommend him.

"It's all nonsense," Mrs. Ellis said, "we can't spare Nettie, and Porter has no home to take her to. When he owns a farm, we'll let her go." But Mr. Ellis decided: "Nettie is a good, true girl. She shall decide this matter herself." And Nettie decided:

"I'll go and help you earn a home, Ned."

The faithful Nettie must not go from the rich farmer's home where she had been reared, empty handed, so the great flock of geese was robbed of their feathers, and plump birds were made, and a chest full of linen and woolen shawls, spun and woven by her own busy hands, was given Nettie, and so many useful things, that the verdict of the community, which is always given in such cases, was:

"The Ellis' have given the girl a good setting out."

education," as she declared, though some said: "It's amazing how little it takes to satisfy her in that line." She disliked household drudgery," as she styled the homely duties which filled up the lives of most of the people about her, intensely.

"Nettie acts as if she really enjoyed herself," she said to her father, after a visit to her adopted sister. "She has three boys, only think of it, and she is proud of them."

"Well she may be; cute little chaps they are," replied her father, "and Ned and his wife are doing first rate."

"Doing! I should think so," said Angela. "Nettie showed me the cheese and butter she had made, and it fairly made me dizzy."

"Your mother taught her, and she knows how," said Mr. Ellis. "I wish you'd let her teach you, my child."

"Time enough to learn that stuff when I'm obliged to," said Angela, trottling a gay air.

The "time" came very soon. Angela had a beau.

"Charlie Moss has a fine farm, all his own," said the proud mother, "and he belongs to one of the very first families."

The marriage was completed under the happiest auspices, and the home-life of the young couple began. But, alas! Angela soon learned, by many a bitter lesson, that she was unable to make an orderly, comfortable home by the help of her careless, incompetent girl, when she knew so little herself.

The visits of her parents to their daughter's home gave them the heartache, and made Mrs. Ellis wonder if, after all, she had not done as her husband had often told her, "shown cruel kindness to her child."

Death came suddenly to Mr. Ellis, and the mother went to live with her daughter.

"I can help her and tell her how to do," she thought.

But, alas! it was too late. She saw all her mistakes in the training of Angela, faithfully copied in her teaching of her only son, and when she warned her of the consequences of her wholesale indulgence, heard only:

"Oh, mother, you're growing old. You have forgotten how children feel. I can train my child."

Mrs. Ellis was not sorry when the messenger came, and she was laid beside her husband in the last dreamless sleep. To-day, the puffed, spoiled son of a doting mother is a drunkard, entirely destitute of self-control, peevish and a guardian to care for what remains of his large patrimony.

Nettie's flock of brave boys have all gone forth from the farm earned by her own and her husband's industry, to homes of their own, while she, with silver threads thickly sprinkling her hair, reclines in her arm-chair, saying:

"I'm so sorry for Angela and her poor boy. 'Tis was 'cruel kindness,' giving 'om such a bringing up, I'm sure." —Mrs. E. J. Richmond, in Woman's Magazine.

ADVENTURES OF A WATCH.

A Lady's Time-Piece Which is Continually Being Lost and Found.

Some years ago a handsome watch for woman's wear, traveled from Switzerland to a Providence jeweler's where in a show window it attracted attention as a proper gift to bestow upon a friend.

It was purchased, put in its pretty case with the chain attached, and the whole later lost before the purchaser arrived home. Three days later it was advertised as found and was again in the possession of its purchaser. "It was bestowed upon the friend. Before many days, after the lady had returned from a drive, the watch was found to have been dropped from its chain."

No research could find it. Three weeks later it was carried into a jeweler's for sale, recognized by the owner and recovered.

Sitting on the rocks at Narragansett Pier one summer day, and wondering if it were yet late afternoon, the owner of the watch glanced down to see the time and the watch was missing. It had been securely fastened, but the chain had broken and let go the timekeeper. Going back to the hotel the lady was spoken to by an elderly man: "Have you lost any thing, miss?" was asked.

"Yes, a watch." "Here it is." And a miniature piece of jewelry was returned to the owner. The chain had been repaired stoutly. Of course it was lost there, and equally of course it was found by the chambermaid in the hotel and mailed to the owner in Rhode Island by the proprietor of the house. Expostulation from friends, proffered advice, which is said to possess an unpleasant odor, and chidings, failed to make the owner stop wearing the watch.

Yesterday the watch hung, with numerous other silver trinkets, suspended from the chainette worn from the girl's side. She stood on a wharf looking down into the water. "How deep is it down there?" was asked. "About fifteen feet." "When the tide is out?" "Yes." Flange went something into the green water below. "What was that, a fish?" asked a bystander. But the girl knew better, and she innocently covered the chainette with one hand and said: "I think it was a fish; I thought I saw him flop." But going home she said to her companion: "Say, you know that fish that flopped so?" "Um." "Well, it was my chainette watch; it dropped in there, kerpang and went to the bottom." And when the man got through scolding the girl said: "I'll come back; it's got to. I suppose a fish will swallow it and I shall buy that same fish of the peddler. Oh, it's got to come back!" —Providence (R. I.) Journal.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

Recently Acquired Facts Concerning Three Curious Mammals.

THE GIRAFFE.

Nature made a curious mistake in regard to the giraffe. She gave him such an extra length of neck that he is obliged to feed on the foliage of trees and let the rich grass under his feet strictly alone. She made him pretty, but awkward. She gave him beautiful limbs, but he runs with a wobble. He is practically defenseless, and yet he is boosted up in the air where every thing can see him. There is some object, however, in the fact that the giraffe is of affectionate disposition. His confidence is easily secured, and when once he puts his trust in you you can feed him cayenne pepper in a piece of apple and he will lay it on to some one else. The giraffe lives to the age of thirty-five, if not sooner disposed of by accident, and he is then resigned to have his skin made into a rug for somebody's pug dog to sleep on. There is a legend among the natives of Africa that the giraffe never sleeps, but that he spends his hours of darkness in weeping over the sins of the world. This is probably the reason why the world isn't far more wicked than it is, and every body should be willing to pay an extra ten cents to see the giraffe with the circus.

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THE SEA HORSE.

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FOUR UNIQUE DESIGNS.

Novelties in Decorative Art Work Designed by American Artisans.

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CATCHING BLUEFISH.

Great Sport Requiring a Steady Nerve and a Quick Hand.

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THE BIRCH TREE.

Some of the Numerous Substances That Are Derived From It.

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FILLING THE SILO.

Fundamental Principles That Must Be Carefully Observed.

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The "time" came very soon. Angela had a beau.

"Charlie Moss has a fine farm, all his own," said the proud mother, "and he belongs to one of the very first families."

The marriage was completed under the happiest auspices, and the home-life of the young couple began. But, alas! Angela soon learned, by many a bitter lesson, that she was unable to make an orderly, comfortable home by the help of her careless, incompetent girl, when she knew so little herself.

The visits of her parents to their daughter's home gave them the heartache, and made Mrs. Ellis wonder if, after all, she had not done as her husband had often told her, "shown cruel kindness to her child."