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. COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1889. VOL. XIV.—NO. 47.

THE STAGE-COACH.

Tarnished and battered and old,
Heartlessly hidden away,
Left to the moth and the mould,
Darkness and dust and decay.
This was the pride of its day.
Now all of its glory is o'er—
Faded and vanished for aye;
Gone are the driver and four!

How shall its story be told?
What shall a song of it say?
Once it was brilliant as gold,
Once it was gilded and gay,
Fine in their festal array,
Many the bride that it bore.
Now are they wrinkled and gray;
Gone are the driver and four.

'Long through the heat and the cold,
Ever from May until May,
Over the highways it rolled,
Time has now made it his prey.
Never a stately display,
Never a dash as of yore,
Never a swing or a sway;
Gone are the driver and four!

Over new roads that men lay
Rush we with rattle and roar,
Only sweet memories stay;
Gone are the driver and four.
—Bassell Clinton, in Harper's Magazine.

BACHELOR BEVERLY.

How He Found a Wife Exactly to His Mind.

"I will never marry any woman who can not make a loaf of bread."

That was what Bachelor Beverly said in the arrogance of his masculine heart. He liked women to be women, not social butterflies. And all the girls at Lilbury were on the *qui vive*.

"Did he really say that?" said Genevieve Doty, arching the perfect curve of her scarlet upper lip. "Goodness me! what a fool the man must be! Does he expect to make a mere kitchen drudge of his wife?"

But, all the same, all the girls of Lilbury descended into their kitchens, tucked up their curls and their dress sleeves, and set diligently to work about that time at the mysterious science of bread-making.

Except Genevieve Doty. She only rang the bell and sent for Mary Bloom, the poor cousin who was graciously allowed a home on the premises in consideration of her doing all the housework for her board.

"Polly," said she, adjusting one of her long blonde curls before the mirror, "I'm going to have company to tea to-night."

Mary sighed a little. She could not help it. Genevieve had had a croquet company the night before, and a charade gathering the evening before that; and the refreshments had been exceedingly choice and delicate, and they were all made by Mary herself, and Mary alone, for Mr. Doty held the family purse-strings exceedingly tight; Mrs. Doty was afflicted whenever work was in question with a rush of blood to the head, and the fair Genevieve held herself far above any such drudgery as the beating of syllabubs or mixing of cake.

"And," Miss Doty added, "I want fresh bread, made after your *very* best recipe. And waffles," added Genevieve, "and cup custards and a Charlotte Russe, and damson preserves. Tea and coffee, of course; and stay—you may as well make a nice peach short-cake, while you are about it."

And then Genevieve drew the curtains to the exact angle of comfortable shadow, and nestled herself down on the lounge with a novel and a box of chocolate creams, to enjoy herself, while Mary Bloom descended to the hot kitchen to concoct all these dainties.

Yes, it was hard—very hard. Was not she a lady by birth and education as much as the pale-haired beauty up stairs? Why was it that Fate had condemned *her* to be the patient toiler, in the deep, dense shadow, while Genevieve walked on roses, and dwelt in an atmosphere of luxury.

Not until evening did she find time to slip on her green gingham sun-bonnet and creep down into the woods—and even then her favorite seat by the trout pool was occupied. Mr. Beverly sat there, with reel and line.

"Is that you, Miss Bloom?" said he—for he had met Mary frequently in the Sunday-school and Bible-class of the pretty church. "I haven't had a bite all day!"

"Haven't you?" said Mary, dispiritedly.

"You are tired!" questioned Mr. Beverly.

"Yes, rather," Mary admitted. "I have been making bread for Genevieve Doty's tea-party."

"Ah," said Mr. Beverly, "I believe I am to be one of the guests. I am very glad I shall meet you, Miss Bloom."

"But you won't meet me, Mr. Beverly," said Mary, with a little sigh. "I am never asked to come to my cousin's parties. I am the one who is useful only behind the scenes."

"The Cinderella, eh?" said Mr. Beverly, gazing intently into the dark-brown depths of the pool.

Mary laughed.

"There isn't much similarity between my case and Cinderella's" said she. "But I must go back. They will have brought the cream from the village, and I must beat it for the Charlotte Russe."

And then she vanished away through the green foliage like a dryad of the woods.

"That's a very pretty girl," said Mr. Beverly. "A very pretty girl, indeed!"

Genevieve Doty's tea-party was quite a brilliant little assemblage that evening. Genevieve herself had taken the trouble to arrange the carnations, tea-roses and lovely blue-fringed asters; and the table glittered with engraved silver, cut-glass and rare china. Colored lights hung from the ceiling, and the scene was almost like a leaf out of fairy-land.

"Oh, what delicious bread!" said Isabel Copeland—who, by the way, had been trained in her *role* by the fair hostess; for some body must say these sweet, convenient little nothings, and Isabel had such a gracefully-unconscious way with her. "Dear Gennie, is this *your* bread?"

"Of course," smiled the hostess. "Mr. Beverly, I really forget whether you take cream and sugar or not."

"Cream, if you please; no sugar," said the bachelor, with rather a bewildered expression of countenance.

"But did you really make it *yourself?*" said Isabel, persistently sweet.

"I made it myself this very afternoon," said Miss Doty.

"Bread-making is one of dear Gennie's especial accomplishments," said Mrs. Doty.

The bachelor drank his tea without knowing whether it was Young Hyson, Gunpowder or Oolong; and when the meal was over he went out into the veranda, where the little black girl, who had been fanning them with peacock's feathers during the banquet, was amusing herself by eating the broken bits of cake.

"Hello!" said the bachelor, bringing his hand down on Betsy's shoulder.

"I didn't done stole 'em, massa,' whimpered Betsy, curling herself up like a human caterpillr. "Dey was done gib me—ebery bressed cake."

"Look here," said the bachelor. "There's a misunderstanding somewhere."

"Sah?" said Betsy.

"Who *did* make that bread?" said Mr. Beverly. "The bread we had for tea—light as a feather, whiter than lilies, sweet as honey."

"Dat yar?" said Betsy. "Why, Miss Mary Bloom, ub course. She allers makes de bread in dis house."

"You are sure it wasn't Miss Doty?"

Betsy broke into a schrill chuckle.

"Golly!" she squeaked; "Miss Gennie!—she nebber done come into the kisshen! Miss Gennie!—*she* couldn't make bread any more dan a fox could make johnny-cake!—he! he! he!"

The bachelor whistled long and low.

"Ah!" said he. "I think I begin to understand."

Mary Bloom was sitting in the shadow of the honeysuckle vines, weary and worn out. Off in the distance the merry notes of the piano sounded, the light steps of the dancers keeping time, while the shadows of the merrymakers crossed and recrossed the casements. How lonely and dewy and misty it was out there! How happy they must be in that cool, lighted drawing-room!

"Mary!" uttered a low voice.

"Mr. Beverly!"

She sprang to her feet with a little shriek.

"Did I frighten you?" he asked, remorsefully.

"No," she answered, trying to laugh. "It—it was so sudden. I didn't think of any one being out here. How did you find me?"

"Betsy told me you had come out here," said the bachelor. "Mary, that bread was delicious."

"Was it?" with dimples and smiles only half visible in the tremulous starlight.

"I've always said," meditatively went on Mr. Beverly, "that I never would marry a woman who could not make good bread. I wonder if the dear little woman who *can* make good bread would marry *me?*"

Mary said nothing. She only hung down her head. But Mr. Beverly, as he took her hand in his, could feel it tremble like a leaf.

"It is for you to answer, Mary," said he. "I have loved you these many weeks."

"I thought—I fancied it was Genevieve," fluttered Mary, "that you liked!"

"Did you ever know a man to pluck a gaudy tulip when he could select a rosebud?" said Mr. Beverly. "No, no, little Mary. I want *you!* May I have my heart's desire?"

Mary did not say "yes," but she certainly didn't say *no*. And there can be no sort of doubt but that matters made themselves understood very well. Because when she returned to the house she wore a sparkling diamond ring on the forefinger of her left hand.

And we have every reason to suppose that Mr. Beverly had good bread baked in his household all the rest of his life.—Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

Injurious Effects of Sitting.

An Albany physician declares that Americans suffer more generally from Bright's disease and nervous disease than any other people, and he says that the reason is that Americans sit down so persistently at their work. He says: "Americans are the greatest sitters I ever knew. While Englishmen, Germans and Frenchmen walk and exercise, an American business man will go to his office, take his seat in his chair, and sit there all day without giving any relief to the tension of the muscles of the back. The result is that the muscles surrounding the kidneys become soft and flabby. They lose their vitality. The kidneys themselves soon become weak and debilitated. If Americans would exercise more, if they would stand at their desks rather than sit, we would hear less of Bright's disease. I know of a New York man who had suffered for some years from nervous prostration, until it was recommended to him that he have a desk at which he could stand to do his work. Within a year he was one of the healthiest men you ever saw. His dyspepsia and kidney trouble had disappeared and he had an appetite like a paver."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

HISTORICAL PUNS.

Some That Have Played a Formidable Part in Politics and Diplomacy.

The Roman Bishop's famous compliment to the handsome Ang'o-Saxon captives, "Not Angles, but angels," had greater results than its actual brilliancy might seem to merit; and St. Leo doubtless had no idea when he prayed to Heaven to aid Rome against the invading Huns, "and hurl back these Tartars into the fires of Tartarus," that this punning prayer was to fix upon the unlucky "Tartars" (as they were then called) a nickname that would never die.

Such puns have more than once played a formidable part in history. France expiated by the devastation of an entire province a coarse and clumsy play upon "corpse and "corpulence" made by the French King in derison of his terrible neighbor, William the Conqueror. Charles V.'s jesting assertion that he could put Paris in his glove (gant), though meant only to indicate the superior size of Ghent to the Paris of that day, stung Francis I. into the renewal of a languishing war. One of Louis XV.'s upstart favorites was driven from the court by the biting pun that turned his new title of Marquis de Vandiere into "Marquis d'Avant-hier" (the day before yesterday).

The epigrammatic brevity of Sir Francis Drake's celebrated, but probably mythical, dispatch announcing the rout of the Armada—which consisted of the single word "Cantharides," i. e., the Spanish fly—has been twice paralleled in our own age. Sir Charles Napier and Lord Dalhousie respectively announced the annexation of Scinde and that of Oude in one word apiece, "Peccavi," I have sinned (Scinde), and "Vovi," I have vowed (Oude). Equally historical is the bitter pun that changed the name of the sluggish Admiral Torrington to "Admiral Tarry-in-town."

Napoleon (who was no man for light jesting) is credited with only a single pun, and that a rather poor one. During his great Italian campaign of 1796-7 he replied to a lady, who wondered to find such a famous man so young: "I am young to-day, but tomorrow I shall have Milan" (i. e., "*mille ans*," a thousand years). A much better joke was that made on the great conqueror himself by an Italian Countess, who, hearing him say: "All Italians are traitors," replied, pointedly: "Not all of them, but a *good part*" (Buo-na-parte). Equally neat, and even more grimly significant, was Bismarck's answer to a person who was speculating how much the impending war of 1870 would cost France. "Not much," said the Iron Count; "only two Napoleons!"—David Ker, in Harper's Magazine.

RAMMING ICE FLOES.

How This Is Accomplished by the Strongly-Built Dundee Whalers.

No stronger vessels than those of the Dundee whalers are built; they are from four hundred to one thousand tons displacement, have powerful, well-secured engines to resist the shock of ramming or stoppage of the propeler by ice, and are built with an eye to the easy and rapid replacement of rudder, propeler and propeler-shaft if damaged, these parts being carried in duplicate. Above all other considerations, they possess strength for ramming as well as resistance to lateral pressure when nipped.

Another very important feature is that the bow shall have considerable inclination, which permits the vessel, when ramming very heavy ice, to lift slightly and slide on it, thus easing the shock and assisting the cutting action of the bow with the downward crushing weight of the ship. In this way it is possible for these steamers at full speed to ram ice over twenty feet thick, and receive no immediate incapacitating damage.

If the ice is not too heavy, the shear-like rise and fall of the bow is repeated several times as the vessel steams powerfully ahead until her headway is checked. The difficulty then is to extract the ship from the dock she has cut by her advance; the floes press on her sides, cakes of ice and slush fill her wake, and there is nothing but the ice-hampered propeler with which to overcome her inertia and draw back out of the nip. Frequently this is insufficient, and the ship may be crushed.—Ensign A. A. Ackerman, in Popular Science Monthly.

New Method of Storing Steam.

A new method of storing steam to be utilized and controled for motive power of any description is especially adapted for propeling street-cars, either surface or elevated. It is asserted that good speed can be attained without the usual noise, smoke, cinders and escape of steam. Very little fire is required, as the exhausted steam is saved and condensed in the boiler, using the same water continually. Any danger of explosion is averted by the boiler not becoming heated by water passing through the tubes, as by the ordinary method. The steam reservoir is capable of resisting a pressure of 1,000 pounds to the square inch, but will hardly ever carry more than 200 to 300 pounds of steam. From this simple process are derived the following valuable features of the new motor: Absolute safety, great economy in running expenses and such simplicity of construction and handling that it can be run by any man of common, ordinary sense. Its safety is due, not to the skill of the driver, but to the principle on which it is built.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

—When a man gets to be a grandfather he sighs as he thinks how old his wife is.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

—Better feed the inferior fruits and vegetables to the hogs than to send them to market.

—Never try to save seed if you have several varieties of one kind of vegetable, as they may mix and their purity be destroyed.

—Pigs can be reared so as to have seventy-five per cent. of lean meat in them by feeding bran and middlings. Skim-milk may also be fed.

—Poultry food should always be seasoned, but not too highly. Salt and pepper are both beneficial in moderate quantities, but should not be given to excess.

—No farmer can afford to neglect or throw away any proffered opportunities for increasing the happiness of himself or his family, or of adding to the sum of his practical knowledge.

—Prof. W. A. Stewart enumerates among the protein or nitrogenous foods for stock: Shorts, bran, oilmeal and cotton-seed meal, all rich in protein; while of rough fodders clover hay is the richest.

—All insects are not enemies. Some of them are the best friends the farmers have. Spiders, wasps, dragon flies and other insects prey upon insects that are injurious. There are also other numerous parasites that greatly assist in destroying insects.

—If a few dry cows or heifers are kept in the field with sheep, according to the American Sheep Breeder, dogs will seldom molest them. The writer says he has found sheep in the morning huddled so close around and under a friendly old cow that she could not get away from them.

—An exchange suggests mulching small patches of quack grass or Canada thistle heavily, as a better mode of suppression than cultivation. If the top already grown is well covered it begins to rot, and the decay rapidly extends to the root, and new growth appearing above the surface should be treated in the same way. One season of this treatment, it is asserted, will destroy the weeds and enrich the soil.

—In Pennsylvania, where the growing of turnips for seed is a great industry, the seed is sown between the rows of corn, after the last working. This gives turnips about two inches in diameter, the most desirable size for seed purposes. In this manner a good crop is secured at a nominal cost, as they require no week after sowing. Sufficient roots can be grown with an acre of corn to set three acres for seed the following season.—American Agriculturist.

—If there is much rag-weed among the clover after the grain crop is gathered, says an exchange, and especially if it towers above the clover, it should be cut down. After the grain is off clover takes a fresh start to grow and will often smother the rag-weed if the latter is put back so that both can start even. It is better to do this than to leave both to grow together. The cut weeds and clover must be raked off or they will smother clover where they lie.

THE IDEAL HOME.

Love Must Be the Pivot on Which Its Machinery Turns.

We may build a house, enter it, and call it home, but unless it is the place above all others for soul-culture and mental growth, it seems almost sacrilegious to give it that endearing name. An ideal home may be in an unpretending cottage as well as in a palace. In either case love must be the pivot on which the intricate machinery of home duties turns. If we desire a model home we must be willing to work for it—with brain and heart as well as hands.

Children should receive their first lessons in usefulness around the family hearth-stone. Very early should they be taught that their own desires must be made subservient to the comfort of the family. Were this rule generally followed there would be fewer selfish exactions, and the home life would be largely filled with generous, disinterested deeds.

If more time and pains were taken to make homes—homes worthy of the name—the wrong-doings of sons and daughters would not so often plant thorns in the pillows of their parents during their declining years.

Though the mother should take a certain portion of her time for social duties, as a rule, she should be found at home to welcome husband and children when they return from the cares and lessons of the day. Every thing seems dreary and cheerless when mother is away. There are no sweet smiles and loving words of welcome; no one to inquire about the successes and failures of the work undertaken. The remembrance of a loving word or smile will often gladden the whole day. Mother-tact will do much towards inventing ways and means to interest the little flock growing up around her, but, to have a real home, the father must contribute his part towards making the house in which his family dwells more than a mere shelter from the summer's heat and the winter's cold. His leisure hours belong to his wife and children, and no matter how dull the home life may be, it is his duty to help share the burdens and cares of the one he has promised to love, cherish and protect.

If the parents would take more interest in the amusements of their children there would be less danger of them entering forbidden paths of pleasure when they are called to leave the home that has sheltered their childhood. Young people must have recreation of some kind It is natural and necessary, and needs much thought and care.—Christian at Work.

RENOVATING THE SOIL.

How to Secure the Best Results at Comparatively Small Expense.

No fertilizer is more highly valued than lime, for the reason that it is cheap, easily applied, and its effects are lasting. Lime exists in all soils, but more in some than in others. As a carbonate it is insoluble, but is subject to chemical changes by the action of nitric acid and other substances brought down by rains. When lime is freshly made (by burning limestone or oyster shells) it is in a very caustic state, and easily combines with water, the water crystalizing and forming a hydrate of lime. It is in this condition—the hydrate—when it should be applied to soils, as its affinity for carbonic acid causes many reactions to occur in the soil, the result being the formation of substances that can be rendered soluble in water.

Ashes are composed largely of lime, and contain small proportions of phosphates and other mineral matter, their composition depending on the kind of wood from which they were procured. Their chief value is due to the potash they contain, the potash not only serving as available plant food, but also assisting to render available many other substances in the soil that are insoluble. It is the chemical action induced by lime and ashes that enables them to improve the soil in many ways other than that of simply adding lime and potash as plant food. No soil is fitted to produce perfect plants unless it contains all the elements of plant food necessary for the fulfillment of the objects of the plants, but soils may abound largely in plant food that can not be appropriated by crops. It is this inert, unavailable plant food that is attacked by lime and ashes, its parts torn asunder by chemical action, and new compounds formed that are entirely unlike the original substances. The action of lime on plants and soils varies according to the character of the soils. It makes heavy soils lighter and light soils heavier, and a greater proportion of organic and mineral matter is annually delivered to the crops as food. Ashes serve as plant food to a greater extent, and its effects are more immediate.

As lime and ashes add no organic matter to the soil, but can only reduce the compounds already existing as possible plant food, the farmer can secure better results from the application of lime and ashes by growing some crop to be plowed under. The effects of the mineral and vegetable manure are such that one improves the other by hastening chemical action. Every crop grown derives a certain proportion of nitrogen from the atmosphere, either through the agency of rains, or, as some claim, its leaves, and while occupying the soil the roots serve to reduce the matter of the soil, which is stored up in the plants, to be again subjected to the influence of lime or ashes.—Philadelphia Record.

MARRIAGE WAS CHEAPEST.

And So This Farmer Went Searching for a Ten-Cent Wedding Ring.

A farmer about fifty years of age came into town yesterday with a dilapidated-looking horse and wagon and a comely young girl of seventeen summers was sitting in the latter. The farmer was in search of a wedding ring. He told confidentially to one of the clerks in a leading dry-goods store that he was about to wed the young lady in the wagon outside and that she had come from Castle Garden only a few weeks ago. The farmer said to the clerk that he thought it much cheaper to marry the girl than to pay her wages for keeping house for him, and that had proposed, was accepted, and now wanted to purchase a wedding ring for ten cents, and said he would even go as high as twenty-five cents, although he could not possibly go beyond that.

"Durn the expense," he said, "a man might as well get a good wed ding ring if he gets any, don't you think so?" The clerk, smiling, replied: "Yes, but, my dear fellow, we do not sell wedding rings, and I think you can not get a good ring under five dollars at least." The countryman opened his eyes in amazement and almost fainted. He said he knew better, he was no greenhorn, if he was a farmer, and left the store. He then wended his way to the jewelry store of E. W. Button, and being unsuccessful there must have tried every jewelry store in the city for that ten-cent wedding ring, as his team stood outside of the dry-goods store for almost an hour. Whether he succeeded or not could not be learned, but that the farmer was in earnest there is no doubt. Whether he will marry the girl, now that he knows the expense, is an open question.—Bridgeport (Conn.) Post.

He Wanted a Correction.

Irate Individual (invading the sanctum)—I want to thrash the man that printed that lie about me. Said I was run out of Red Gulch and threatened with a dose of tar and feathers if I went back.

Editor—Isn't it right?

"Not by a long shot. It wasn't tar and feathers at all; they just threatened to shoot me.—Time.

—A use for the phonograph has been suggested by a London fishmonger who has been annoyed by the stupidity of his errand boys in bringing orders. Mrs. Jones, for herself, or Jeems, for my lord, will talk into the phonograph which the boy will carry round to the customers, and should a dispute arise, there is the original record on the wax cylinder for an unprejudiced and unimpeachable witness.

A BADLY-SOLD THIEF.

How a Pickpocket Was Allowed His Fun by a Sharp Farmer.

One of the excursionists landing at Brighton Beach the other day seemed exactly fitted to the term "green as grass." He was an oldish man, with the scent of burdocks in his clothes, and as he moved around he left a trail of hayseed behind him. He had no sooner left the train than he approached a young man who was negligently leaning against a post at the entrance to the depot, and said:

"By gum, this is nice. I've got away for a day, and I'm going right in and have a slashing good time."

"That's right, uncle," kindly replied the young man. "That's what we come here for—to enjoy ourselves. It takes money, though."

"You bet it does; but I've got the rhino right in my clothes. Bin savin' up for eight months. I'm jest goin' in, regardless of expense. Look-a-here!"

He pulled a fat wallet from his hind pocket and patted it affectionately, and confidentially whispered:

"R-h-i-n-o, rhino! Come and have a drink of sassaparilly and some ice-cream."

The two were soon fast friends. Several philanthropists sought to signal the old man that he was in tow of a pickpocket, but he was obvious. The young man steered him from place to place, paying for soda water, ginger ale and peanuts in the most liberal manner, but somehow every time he attempted to go down into that hind pocket, the hind pocket wasn't there. After three hours' hard and persevering work he finally got his fingers on the wallet and quickly transferred it. Then he suddenly announced:

"Say! You wait right here a minute. There's a party out there I want to speak to."

"All right," responded hayseed, looking up from his ice-cream, "but don't be gone long. I'm a-having the gosh-durnedest best time in my life, and I don't want nuthin' to happen."

Something did happen, however. The young man did not return. Several hours later old hayseed went up to the Manhattan Beach and found him sitting on a bench gazing pensively out to sea.

"Scuse me," he said, "but if it's the stomah ache I've got a phial of peppermint essence here."

"Sir! Are you speaking to me?" demanded the young man as he bristled up.

"Yes, sorter to you. You are feelin' sorrowful. You have my sympathy. When you came to open that wallet and found it stuffed full of hair-dye dodgers, I'd gin a bushel of 'taters to look at yer phiz. Look a-here!"

And he pulled a great wad of greenbacks from his pocket and patted it fondly, and said:

"Thar's nuthin mean about me. I'm simply an old ruta-baga from the agricultural deestricts. Let's have a glass of pop together."—N. Y. Sun.

LATTER-DAY AXIOMS.

The Views of a Chicago Imitator of the Wise Solomon.

There is but little bad luck in the world, but there is a heap of bad management.

One trouble makes us forget a thousand mercies.

Vice stings in pleasure, but virtue consoles in pain.

Nothing keeps a man from gaining knowledge and wisdom like thinking he has both.

Man can not become perfect in a hundred years, but he can become corrupt in less than one.

Fight your own battles and ask no favors, and you will succeed better than one who is always beseeching aid.

Kind words cost nothing, and they are easier to use than any other.

The best way to look at a friend's faults is to shut both your eyes.

Courage is always greatest when blended with modesty.

Which is the best stories? That depends. When you are telling them, the long ones; when you are listening, the short ones.

The liar wants to knock you down if you doubt his word. The honest man will stop to reason matters.

A student, asked by a professor how he would discover a fool, answered: "By the questions he would ask."

Some people resemble a brook—they are always murmuring.

When a man's skeleton is placed by a monkey's there are stronger points of resemblance than of difference.

Obstinacy is the heroism of little minds.

Doctrines are of use only as they are practiced. Men may go to perdition with their heads full of truth.—Chicago Globe.

Valuable Household Hints.

Clear boiling-water will remove tea stains and serenaders from beneath your windows.

A ripe tomato or soft-boiled egg dropped on the floor makes an effective study for a sunset for young artists.

A tablespoonful of turpentine ignited with a sulphur match is good for burned hands.

A good umbrella cover for rainy days is made of oiled silk.

Hot water mixed with corrosive sublimate will take the starch out of collars and cuffs.

The practice of catching birds by means of putting salt on their tails is no longer fashionable.—Harper's Bazar.

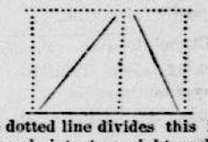
—A bushel of wheat weighing sixty pounds will make forty pounds of flour, five to six pounds of bran, and four pounds of canaille.

MEASUREMENT OF LAND.

A Simple Matter When You Know Just How to Do It.

As the statistics of the census of 1890 will be gathered from the crops the present year, it is very desirable for the sake of accuracy that farmers should carefully keep account of their acreage and the yield of their crops. Figures are useless or worse unless they are correct, and as farmers mostly estimate the quantity and acreage of their products, census reports can not accurately represent the actual facts. Every farmer should measure the fields and the products, and not be content with guesswork. Notes should be made for use in filling up the blanks which will be presented to them by the census reporters in due time.

The measurement of land is a simple matter. Two hundred and ten feet square make very nearly one acre. Double the sides of a square of this length will make the area four times as large; that is, a field 420 feet on each side will be very nearly four acres. A ten-acre field, if square, will have the sides exactly 40 rods. If a field is of irregular shape, the largest rectangular space in it will be easily measured by multiplying the length and breadth in yards and dividing by 4,840, which is the number of square yards in an acre; or if the measure is taken in rods the sum is divided by 160, the number of square rods in an acre. The angular parts may then be measured and figured out by themselves. A triangle is as easily measured as a square, by dividing it so that two right-angled triangles are made, thus:



One dotted line divides this irregular triangle into two right-angled triangles, each of which measures exactly one-half of a square, with sides equal to the base, as shown by the other dotted lines, and in this way any triangle may be measured.

Crops may be measured quite as easily without the trouble of using a bushel measure. All grain bins should be made of such sizes as will hold an even number of bushels, and by having marks around the bins inside, the contents of a partly-filled bin may be known. Thus, if the floor of a bin is 50 inches long by 43 wide inside, every inch in depth equals one bushel. A bin 100 inches long by 43 wide holds two bushels in each inch of depth. Thus a bin may be made to measure itself by marking the depth in inches on the ends and sides and leveling the grain. A bushel of grain is 2,150 and 32-100 cubic inches, but the fraction may be left out as unimportant. A bushel of corn shelled is equal to two heaped bushels of ears, and a heaped bushel contains 2,750 cubic inches. A space 100 inches long and 55 inches wide will hold as many ears of corn for each inch in depth as will be equal to one bushel of shelled grain. A corn-crib with sloping sides may be measured by multiplying the length and height by the width at the half of the height in inches, and dividing the sum by 5,500 to get the bushels of shelled grain.—N. Y. Times.

RESIGNATION IN LIFE.

Reflections of a Man Who Has Passed the Spring-Time of Life.

The gray curtain of mist has spread itself again over the town: every thing is dark and dull. The bells are ringing in the distance for some festival; with this exception every thing is calm and silent. Except for the crackling of the fire, no noise disturbs my solitude in this modest home, the shelter of my thoughts and of my work, where the man of middle age carries on the life of his student-youth without the zest of youth, and the professor repeats day by day the habit which he formed as a traveler. What is it that makes that charm of this existence outwardly so barren and empty? Liberty! What does the absence of comfort and of all that is wanting to these rooms matter to me? These things are indifferent to me. I find under this roof light, quiet, shelter. I am near to a sister and her children whom I love: my material life is assured—that ought to be enough for a bachelor. Am I not, besides, a creature of habit?—more attached to the ennuis I know, than in love with pleasures unknown to me. I am, then, free and not unhappy. Then I am well off here, and I should be ungrateful to complain. Nor do I. It is only the heart which sighs and seeks for something more and better. The heart is an insatiable glutton, as we all know—and for the rest, who is without yearnings? It is our destiny here below. Only some go through torments and troubles in order to satisfy themselves, and all without success; others foresee the inevitable result, and by a timely resignation save themselves a barren and fruitless effort. Since we can not be happy, why give ourselves so much trouble? It is best to limit one's self to what is strictly necessary, to live austerely, to content one's self with a little and to attach no value to any thing but peace of conscience and a sense of duty done.—Amiel's Journal.

—While with the average farmer it is questionable whether the keeping of poultry should be made a specialty, at the same time more or less can always be kept to advantage. What is not needed on the farm can always be marketed, while the advantage of having a supply for the table is of itself a considerable item, even if none were to be marketed.