

St. Tammany Farmer.

Published Every Saturday.

COVINGTON, LOUISIANA.

AN OLD-TIME QUILTING BEE.

Yes, we held a grand reception and had every thing in style.

With flowers everywhere and fruit as high as we could pile.

The aristocracy was there, all gorgeously arrayed.

And every body acted just as if 'twas dress parade.

Lucinda—she's my wife—appeared in dress rich and rare.

With furbelows and boucans and with flowers in her hair;

But somehow as I looked at her couldn't help but see

The scene when first I met her at an old-time quilting bee.

How merrily will keep running back to other days and scenes,

I sometimes quite forget that part of life which interests me there.

Between the years when all I owned was youthful hope and health,

And later times which brought me more of sorrow and weal.

And so at the reception in the midst of beauty's glare,

Her face, though old and wrinkled, was the sweetest picture there.

The one whose smile of friendship has forever welcomed me.

Since first I met her glances at an old-time quilting bee.

In those days which we old folks call the "happy time ago"

The girls would in the morning meet and gaily chat and sew;

They'd keep it up till evening, when the neighbor boys would come

And hold a party or a dance before they left for home.

And when the quilt was finished then they'd dance the "square"

And place it in the middle while they loudly hollered "Scat!"

The two that would jump between, 'twas said that she and he

Would be the first to marry who were at the quilting bee.

And so that night I speak of when the quilting all was done

The girls were eager then to see which way the sweetest picture ran.

I won't forget Lucinda as she stood there by my side,

Nor how she blushed a crimson as they called us groom and bride.

I said it was an accident, and so I've always said,

But anyhow before the year had passed we were all wed.

And in this very day there are no scenes so fair to me

As memories of that evening at an old-time quilting bee.

—Chicago Herald.

A BANK NOTE.

Interesting Description of Its Manufacture.

A Complicated and Delicate Process Involving Much Fine and Artistic Workmanship and Guarded by Every Possible Precaution.

If some one would write the true story of a dollar note from the time it leaves the Treasury, fresh, crisp and beautiful,

till it comes back, tattered, defaced, soiled and battered after its tussle with the world, a woeful wreck, to be ground out of existence, it would be a story full of strange and exciting changes and romantic episodes, with here and there a smile, and here and there a tear, as it was a factor in good or evil deeds. But before it is sent out to be struggled for—and sometimes fought for—the history of its evolution, from the spotless paper to its really artistic finish, is quite as interesting.

All the paper for the United States notes, bonds, drafts, revenue-stamps, and every thing printed in this place, is made especially for the Government.

The Government gives out the contract, the paper is made at Dalton, Mass., every sheet is registered in the mills, and not a sheet can be made that must not be accounted for to the Government.

The paper is received at the Treasury, and from there is issued to the bureau on a requisition which states what it will be used for.

The required number of sheets for each day's use is sent from the Treasury to the bureau every day in a big iron van, securely locked, and in this van the printed money and revenue stamps are sent to the Treasury, every morning; but when these are carried their safety is made still more sure by two guards, who swing on the back of the wagon to prevent any bold depredations. Every sheet of paper issued to the bureau is kept account of at the Treasury, and it is never for an instant lost trace of while it is in the bureau.

The immense amount of work and care this requires can scarcely be realized. During the fiscal year ended June 30, 1900, there were 33,271,164 sheets of special paper issued to the bureau, and as but a very small percentage is wasted, you can imagine what a lot of new money and revenue stamps were sent out over the country.

The first work is the engraver's, and the entire face or back of a note is never done by one man. One engraver makes the portrait, another makes the large lettering, another the small lettering, another portions of the border, another the script engraving, and so on, each man doing that which he can do best. For each part the original engraving is made on a soft steel plate called a bed-plate. When it is finished the steel is hardened and the engraving is transferred to a soft steel roll by means of the transfer-press. This roll is a small cylinder-shaped affair. When the engraving has been transferred to it it is also hardened, again put in the transfer-press, and the final transfer of the work is made to a soft steel plate, which is used by the printer. A part for the entire face or back of a note is transferred to these rolls, and but one set of rolls is made for a note of a certain kind and denomination. The plate prepared for the printer has on it the face or back of four notes, generally all of a kind, and as many plates can be made from an original set of rolls as is desired. If you will closely examine a note—take a dollar for example—you will see that all the black and white work is not the work of an engraver. In the center of the face of the note where are the words "one silver dollar" and a little to the right of this, where the large figure "one" is, you will find the words and the figure each set in a pattern too precise to be the work of human fingers. These patterns are the work of the geometrical lathe, a wonderful machine that does much to complicate the work of the counterfeiter—and it may as well be said here that to render counterfeiting impossible is the great aim of the workers in this bureau. The work of the geometrical lathe can be distinguished from the engraver's in that all its lines are black, while the engraver's are black.

The making of a pattern by the lathe is a tedious and difficult matter. The pattern is first traced on glass, and sometimes it requires a half dozen dif-

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SANDY HOOK LIGHT-SHIP.

The Welcome Beacon Which Greets the Incoming Voyager.

The ticker at the Barge Office records: "One-twenty—La Bretagne, off Sandy Hook Light ship." At the same time, the message is repeated in the office of the steamer's agents, and scarcely five minutes elapse when on the blackboards outside their offices is this legend: "The steamer La Bretagne, from Havre, passed the Light-ship at 1:30; will be up to her dock about 4:30."

Passers-by scan the board; the customs authorities get ready to send their cutter down the bay to meet the steamer. Persons having friends on board and who have made arrangements with the tugboat company, receive a copy of the dispatch and get ready to meet their friends.

All this is done, and yet but few of those who are notified know anything about the Sandy Hook Light-ship. But the passengers on the steamer do, and so does every one who has crossed the ocean.

It was my good fortune to spend a short time on the Sandy Hook Light-ship some time ago.

She was built expressly for the service she is doing, and is strong and staunch—calculated to weather any sea. She is 97 feet long and 34 feet wide.

The cabin is large and roomy. On either side of it are two lockers, which run its entire length, and in these the crew keep their clothes and other personal property. Above the lockers are six berths. The interior of the cabin is fitted up neatly, and pictures decorate the walls.

The crew, which consists of six men, including the cook, occupy the galley, and close by is the lamp room, where the lamps and the oil which is used in them are kept. Here the lamps are trimmed and cleaned, preparatory to being run up as beacons. The lamps have red globes, and these are fixed in a row between several oil tanks, while alongside them are wicks, cotton and other material.

Usually the lights consist of sixteen reflecting lamps. Eight of these are hoisted each evening at sunset, and form circles about the two masts. They throw crimson rays which can be seen for miles. This is the welcome signal that land is in the distance. A lookout is always stationed on board, and with the aid of a powerful glass sights the incoming steamers when they are miles away. The steamer displays her signals, which are read by him, and he in turn signals the telegraph operator, and thus the word flashes to the city telling just when any particular steamer will arrive, while she is yet well out on the sea.

The life led by the men who make the ship their home is indeed a lonely one. Each crew spends three months on the ship.

During rough weather—as, for instance, during the recent hurricane—the crew hasn't a particularly pleasant berth. The ship dances about on the waves and rolls and tosses madly in her endeavor to get loose, but the chains that hold her fast to the two heavy anchors are equal to any emergency.

CATARRH.

Catarrhal Deafness—Hay Fever—A New Home Treatment.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and catarrhal deafness. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated, whereby Catarrh, Hay Fever and Catarrhal Deafness are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient in two or three days.

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