

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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THE MAN WHO KNOWS IT ALL.

I have traveled near and far, selling varnish, paint and tar, and of side lines (on the fly) a score or two; such as neckties and suspenders, knives and patent scissor-menders, and of Hebrew hardware (clothing) not a few.

I have met of men a number, some were bright-headed, some were simple, in the various complexion of the mind; rough she had looks and soft and hearty, lean and stout and quick and tardy, men, in short, of every species and kind.

But of all that I remember none did ever rouse my temper as did one, whom I met with angry thought recently; he was under the impression (and with never a concession) that he absolutely, positively knew it all.

He had studied long and close art and poetry and prose, poker, whist, and every game from dice to chess. Nature's laws, cause of creation, every country, every nation; he knew all to which one despatchedly could digress.

In philosophy and science, metals, every kind of viands, in medicinal knowledge, too, and deep religious theories; with encyclopedic details he knew of wholesale trade and retail, and a number of exceedingly safe money-making schemes.

Yet this perambulating college, with his universal knowledge, never seemed to make a cent in any way; he knew it all, but never did he say what he knew for which by any effort he could or did get pay.

—N. Y. Sun.

HER ROMANCE.

An Affair Which Didn't Turn Out as the Neighbors Expected.

She was a carpet-weaver who lived in a flourishing Indiana town. For years she had been a widow, yet she was not yet what is called "middle-aged," and was good looking and intelligent. Patiently and cheerfully she sat at her loom day after day, until at last she was able to buy a snug little cottage, with vines clambering about the latticed porch and a pretty green yard in front.

She moved in and fitted up the house tastefully, inside and out. Carpet of her own weaving covered the floors, and every aid to comfort and beauty which her modest purse could buy was added. It was a sweet and home-like place, the neighbors said, and one all liked to look at as they passed, and not to the pleasant-faced widow as she sat on her porch on a summer evening after the day's weaving was done.

Ever since she had been a carpet-weaver "Jolly John's" express wagon had delivered her goods. "Jolly John" was old, bluff, lame and ill-tempered, but exceedingly honest; and so the widow bore patiently with his disobedient ways and unskillful manners, because she was sure that after much growling and blustering he would do what he undertook to do exactly right. Sarcasm had fastened his nickname to him, because he and jollity were total strangers.

One day when the carpet-weaver sent for Jolly John's wagon it arrived without Jolly John. The figure that sat on the driver's seat was very unlike Jolly John's. Straight, strong and handsome, and he had a tongue which, like that of Richard III., "could wheedle with the devil." This and his graceful manners made a favorable impression on the widow at once. He was a skillful dog, too, and managed to combine gallantry and business so well that after he was gone the carpet-weaver mentally named him "Handsome Henry," as he read the brand new business card he had given her while he explained that he had bought out Jolly John's business, root and branch.

Handsone Henry proved as capable in business as he was fascinating in manner. It was no time until the widow began to look for his coming with a new light in her eye; and always after he drove away a rosy flushed her cheeks. Soon the neighbors remarked that she rarely sat alone on the porch now. The good-looking expressman was almost always with her after the work of the day was over; and his face was as bright and sunny as hers.

In a little while he begged her to marry him and make him happy and she consented. And so they were married and got on beautifully together. The neighbors often spoke of the harmony of the expressman's household. "Here are a husband and wife who really love each other," they said. Nevertheless they peered the situation for weak places, as neighbors will, and discovered a difference in the degree of the love of "Handsone Henry" and his wife. They said the woman's love was stronger, and that the man knew it and would trade upon it and finally get the upper hand of her.

It was true that she loved him overmuch. For years her life had been bitterly lonely and destitute of the sweetest of affection. This made her grateful and glad for her present blessings all the time. She never looked at her new husband without a smile of satisfaction. At times she even marveled at her happiness and wondered humbly why she had been so blessed when many other women were left uncomfortable and alone.

All went well with the married lovers for a time. But the wife fell ill—very ill. Then the husband spoke plainly of what he had often hinted at before—having his wife's property put in his name. (The neighbors always said he had had his eye on the house when he married her.)

"No," she said. "I will keep it in my own name—I have earned it; but you shall share it with me as long as we both live."

That did not suit him. He wanted it made his unmistakably, "in case any thing should happen."

"If you mean in case I should die," she said, "it is unnecessary. I shall not die."

He insisted, but she was firm. Then she threatened her. If she could not do him that little kindness he would leave her. Yes, that he would.

She loved him devotedly, and this threat, so cruel and unprovoked, wounded and terrified her. And she was so ill that she had not her usual courage. She wept, entreated and begged him not to leave—not while she was ill at least. Seeing that he had struck the weak spring in her heart, the coward played upon it. There was but one thing that

AMONG MEXICAN SANDISTS.

A Robber Makes His Escape While Shattered to a Corpse.

About a week has elapsed since three bandits attacked a diligence in the State of Vera Cruz. Among its passengers were a number of Americans. The driver, at the command of the highwaymen, who were backed by three revolvers which fully covered him, brought his horses to a standstill. He was made to dismount, and in the usual style was made to stand at one side of the roadway with his hands pointing heavenward. The passengers were then requested to step out of the coach and fall in line with the driver. One of the Americans was among the first to obey the mandate of the hold-ups. He, however, on dismounting did not leave his Winchester behind, and had hardly touched mother earth when he commenced to dump cold lead into the highwaymen with a skill that put them to flight.

The day following this episode, and in the same vicinity, the identical gang tackled that stage again. They succeeded in relieving the passengers, who were all Mexicans, of every thing of value on their persons, and left them doing duty in line with their hands above their heads. Flashed with the success that had attended their exploits, the highwaymen had not gone far before they fell in with two mule-drivers, and at the point of the revolver proceeded to despoil them of every thing they had packed upon their animals. One of the mule-drivers, not relishing the treatment, remonstrated, and he fell a victim to the wrath of the hold-ups. He was tied, thrown to the ground, and his nose buried in the sand. His companion kept a discreet silence during the disposition of his goods, and was not molested.

For some reason or other, after the robbers had completed their work, one of them remained behind. The mule-driver who had kept quiet said to him: "Yo teconoco."

"Well, I'll fix you so you won't know me," replied the highwayman, and he pulled his revolver and commenced shooting at the driver, who kept dodging until the shots in the revolver had been exhausted. He then fell upon the hold-up with a rock, saying to him: "Yo me toca, a mi." (Now it is my turn.)

The first blow with the missile knocked the skin off the robber's face. They then grappled and fell to the earth, pelted each other without mercy. Durd the struggle the other driver managed to free himself from the ropes with which he had been tied, and with a rock in hand, fell upon the bleeding highwayman, beating him to a jelly. The two victorious drivers then took their prize and tied him to one of the animals and escorted him to an adjoining hamlet, where he was shackled to another prisoner. By some means or other the two men effected their escape from the room in which they were confined. A posse went in pursuit, and a running fire was opened. The man shackled to the highwayman was killed by one of the shots. He was now picked up by the gamy robber, who made good his escape, notwithstanding the burden that he was carrying.

Two or three days afterward, about three miles from where the fight occurred, the body of the man who was shackled to the hold-up was found in a hut with his leg cut off, but the robber was gone. The highwayman, who was recognized in the hamlet, is known as a very desperate character. A detachment of rurales are now scouring the country for the purpose of putting a stop to further robberies. —San Francisco Examiner.

TOILING YOUNG WOMEN.

How They Strive in the Office of a New York Business Man.

A Broadway business man has a couple of young ladies working in his office, and furnishes this "record of a day."

"Now, Nellie, you've taken my rubber again."

"No, Susie dear, I haven't seen your rubber; but you have my pencil, I'm sure."

"Indeed, I have a pencil of my own, I thank you."

"And my blotter is gone, too." [Chases three times around the office looking for it, goes out and asks the elevator boy if he saw it, comes back and finds it on her desk.]

"Lend me your watch-key."

"Oh, dear, it won't begin to fit, and I left mine at home."

"Have you been to Coney Island this year?"

"I don't think it is nice place to go. Still, I don't mind going with a good crowd of your own."

THE EYE OF MAN.

Animals of the Cat Family the Only Ones to Quail Under It.

It is a popular belief, more or less loosely formulated, that there is something so terrible and majestic in the human eye that man has only to fix his gaze on the most terrific denizens of the forests to inspire them with awe. Numerous and some well-authenticated instances are on record of unarmed men, who have met the lion or the tiger in his native jungles, fixed their eyes on him and compelled him to turn tail.

There is then some foundation for the popular belief, but if a man having unquestioned faith in the awe-inspiring power of the human eye proposes to put to the test in his own person, considerable discretion is to be recommended not only in the selection of the beast, but also in the selection of his locality. For example, he should not make his first experiment with a rampaging bull in a ten-acre inclosure at any considerable distance from the fence nor would he strongly recommend a trip to the Rocky mountains with the object of experimenting with a full-grown grizzly, for both bulls and bears are fighting animals and have the habit of meeting their foes face to face.

The measure is successful only with the cat family—lions, tigers, etc., and by no means to be relied upon with the rest. Hope of success depends upon the fact that the members of the cat family are not to any extent fighting animals; they do not hunt in packs and quarrel over the prey, they very rarely quarrel with each other over the females at mating season and in striking their prey they never attack in front. It is a beautiful provision of nature that the lion, the tiger, the panther, the leopard, and the whole family of Felidae, are prompted by irresistible instinct to seize their prey from behind, spring on it with their whole weight, closing their powerful jaws on the neck of their victim, and dislocating it with one wrench, while their fierce claws penetrate the flesh and paralyze the muscular powers. —Forest and Stream.

FULL OF FUN.

—That the moon is made of green cheese is a mere idle fancy; but that the humbugness is made of taffy is a fact—Torre Haute Express.

—Mr. Romanza—"It is fall now, and every thing green is turning its color." Miss Rodana—"Not exactly every thing, Mr. Romanza." He fell into a reverie and when her meaning dawned on him he changed color, too.—Grip.

—Mr. Dud's Slowpay—"I shall bring you back those dark pants to be resoled, Mr. Snip; you know I sit a good deal." Mr. Snip (tailor)—"All right; and if you'll bring the bill I sent you six months ago, I will be pleased to receipt that also; you know I've stood a good deal."—Woolf's Monthly.

—Managing Editor—"The cable news was scarce this morning." Telegraph Editor—"Yes, sir. The man at the other end tried to send the names of some Servian officials, and the cable broke in two."—Drake's Magazine.

—"Well," said the manager, moodily, "there aren't many people here, but I suppose we can stand it. No doubt it's to be expected, with a tank drama and thrilling marine scenery." "What is to be expected?" inquired the stage manager. "A light show."—Washington Critic.

—"Aunt Polly, I am pretty sure that your boy Henry stole some eggs out of the hen-house to-day. I have just been out there and found nothing but a nest-egg." "Den hit sho'ly war'n' Henry's missus." "You are certain about it, are you?" "Yes, I'm positive. Henry wouldn't leave no nest-egg; he ain't no sich niggah as dat."—Time.

—"Yes, sah," said Major Riffle; "the Kentuckians are a courageous set of men, sah. Brave and self-reliant in any peril." "That's true, yer," replied Billy Bliven. "I never knew one of them to take water."—Merchant Traveler.

—Living Skeleton (only one in America, at dime museum).—"These folks make me tired." Sympathetic Visitor—"In what way?" "Here I am eating 5000 a week as the greatest living skeleton, yet you after hour, day in an' day out, one old woman after another stops an' chins and chins at me about the things I ought to eat to get fat."—N. Y. Weekly.

—Snaggs—"Did you go to prayer-meeting last night, Baggs?" Baggs—"Yes, I did, and made a fool of myself, too." Snaggs—"How so?" Baggs—"Why, I tried to make some remarks, and—and you know how a fellow's tongue will get tangled up, sometimes?" Snaggs—"What was it?" "I was at the meeting, and I would advocate interest in shearer being taken up by farmers' clubs, etc."

—First Book-Worm—"Speaking of the universality of genius as found in individuals, I may mention Julius Caesar." Second Book-Worm (a Shakespearean crank).—"Yes, yes, a great man undoubtedly; yet there is one peculiarity about him that I can not understand." First Book-Worm—"What was it?" Second Book-Worm—"Why, the man had no conception of the greatness of Shakespeare, and in all his writings he never once refers to the bard of Avon."—America.

—Revenge is sometimes slow in coming," said a man whose face bore the marks of premature age, "but it is sweet when it does come." He carefully folded a newspaper which he had been reading, and put it into his pocket. Then he stretched out his legs, clasped his hands back of his head and laughed. Several men sitting about the store, (it was in the office of a small hotel) looked inquiringly at the speaker, and presently one of them, bolder than the rest, asked: "What do you mean?"

"I mean exactly what I say; but I will explain." He laughed again. "Some time ago I married a woman whom society declared to be beautiful. I was infatuated with her, and showered my spoils upon her. My fortune was soon spent, and she no longer cared for me. She left me, and I secured a divorce. Shortly afterward one of her relatives died and left her an immense sum of money. I was in need, actually without food, and I wrote to her, reminding her of my liberality and begged her to lend me a thousand dollars."

He paused, laughed again, and then continued: "She answered the letter, upbraided what she termed my shameless presumption, and declared that she could not afford to waste money on a man who was nothing to her."

He took the newspaper from his pocket, lay back in his chair and laughed softly.

"And what then?" some one asked.

"Oh, nothing then, but revenge now. She is to be punished for her soulless cruelty to me."

"What has she been arrested?" "Oh, no; how could they arrest her?" "But how is she to be punished?" "In a way that fills me with joy. This blessed newspaper informs me that she has married an Italian Prince."—Arkansas Traveler.

SOUTHERN AGRICULTURAL.

Sheep and Shearing.

Wm. Mann, of Virginia, has written the following interesting matter. The finest natural grazing country for sheep in the world is the Province of Buenos Ayres. The Merino sheep is, par excellence, the sheep for grazing in large flocks, as it herds far better than any other kind; in fact, it would be impracticable to herd long wools from their scratching propensities. Sheep in Buenos Ayres not only supply the principal food of the people, but their manure is largely used as fuel. The camping places become mounds of it, and it is cut into cakes like turf, dried and stowed away for use. Shearing is done by both men and women.

There are men employed especially to catch the sheep in the pen, drag it by the hind leg to the shearing floor, throw it and tie the four legs together. The shearer bends over the animal, generally commencing at the neck, and untying the legs before the belly wool is taken off. As he lets the sheep go he is given a bit of tin as a counter. Any thing over a hundred is good shearing for a man, and from fifty to seventy-five for a woman, though I have seen one do ninety. The shearing in Australia differs only in that men only shear, and each shearer catches his own sheep and takes the wool off without tying, though I think there is no doubt the tying is best for the sheep, as the shearer (who are a very jealous lot in Australia) have little or no patience with a kicking sheep.

One of the strangest sights to me in Virginia when I first came here was to see a sheep being sheared. The animal laying on a table with what a sailor might term sheet anchors to its legs, whilst the wool was being partly pulled and partly snipped off with shears bent at the end of the shank, the result giving the appearance of having been pecked by hawks from the number of small snips in its flesh that it had received. The first principle in shearing is not to pull the wool but let it fall from the shears and the next is the holding of the animal, which can only be learnt by observation and practice. In England more pains are taken than in Australia, etc. Ribbing and quartering is practiced, that is, the shearer runs through the wool in straight grooves up and down the ribs and across the rump, giving a very neat appearance and of course leaving a minimum of wool, at the same time the cutting of the mutton being very rare.

Flocks being small in Virginia, ribbing and quartering should be in vogue here, and I would advocate interest in shearer being taken up by farmers' clubs, etc.

When I first came to Virginia I was told that sheep would do through the winter without any feed unless there is snow on the ground, which I have found to be quite true, with two things being understood—that is, grass (either artificial or natural sod) and a suitable number of sheep, the happy number being a matter of experience. As the main profit here is in the early lamb, the wool being the secondary consideration, I strongly prefer the Downs sheep, say Shrophiredown. Some years ago I was very much struck with a remark made by the late Mr. Bolling Haxall. When I asked him why he preferred the Cotswolds, which I saw on his place to the Downs, his answer being that he had had Shrophiredowns, but as he only kept a few and they ran in very good soil around the house, they got too fat to breed, I concluded at once those were the sheep to go through the winter with. While it is important to have ewes in good order, especially in the fall, I have known many losses in very small flocks through ewes being very fat—the best remedy being to increase the flock with regard to profit and losses.

I must say that if I had been as fortunate with every thing here as I have been with sheep, that I should be more in love with Miss Virginia than I am just at present—as I think she has treated me very severely lately in the matter of grape vines—so much so that last year my flock of seventy-three sheep returned me \$250, against \$238 from some 22,000 vines. It is only fair to the vines to add that the time has been when 500 Delaware vines brought that amount within two or three dollars.

My forty-one lambs last year averaged sixty-six pounds on the 20th of May, after a drive of ten miles. Mr. Louis Block, to whom I generally sell, tells me he has become noted in New York for having the best early lambs, which I am afraid this section fails to fully (or any thing like fully) appreciate, or else the sheep industry would be extending and flourishing, instead of (as I am led to believe) curtailed and depressed. I believe the averse cause is undisputed, and the remedy is in the farmer's own hands—being simply the want of a dog law such as they have in many counties of Virginia. I intend that a certain number of sheep can be run on every farm in this section at an appreciable cost, that is, the returns from their wool would be pure profit if you except a summer run on the poorest corner of the farm, and even that they would pay the rent of by enriching it. The winter picking around the house or the vineyard would not otherwise be made use of.

—Feeding and Fattening.

Hogs intended for porkers should now be well on the way to fattening. We have always thought that pork made from sweet potatoes is the sweetest, best and cheapest that can be produced on a farm. Let the hogs have a liberal supply of this excellent every day, feeding once a day on corn, or better, corn meal, and finishing off with corn-meal mash fed in clean troughs as the cold weather and hog-killing time approaches. Intelligent farmers need not be reminded that there is no economy in withholding food from the most fattening character from animals intended for the slaughter. One may stint, to some extent, the working animals on a farm without loss or detriment to their working ability, but every pound of food withheld from milch cows and sows involves a loss that

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT.

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can never be recovered. The man should be to fatten a hog in the shortest time. To do this he should be supplied with as much food as he will consume without wasting, three times a day. An animal will eat more in cold weather than in mild, but fatten less, because a much larger portion of the food is consumed in keeping up the animal heat; it is burned away in the lungs as fuel. The first solid cold spell in November, or further South, in December, should be the signal for killing, and the last hog should be in the smoke-house by the first of January, except one or two, that the "feast of fat things" may continue awhile longer. But a hog should not be butchered until fully fat, or as long as he continues to fatten. It is better to feed even in cold weather than to kill when only half fat.

The same remarks apply with similar force to the fattening of steers, except that owing to the greater ease with which these may be kept dry, clean and comfortable, feeding may be properly continued even in the coldest weather. We have often reminded our readers of the importance of providing comfortable quarters for all live-stock during the winter. It is one of the great faults in our Southern farming that we presume too far on our comparatively mild winter climate. It is not only a shame upon the humanity, but a reproach to the intelligence of the farmer who makes no provision but an open shed for his miles, and sunny (I) fence corner for his cattle during the blasts and storms of winter. It does not cost as much, in the long run, to build comfortable barns and stables for the proper care of provender and live-stock, as the value of the resulting loss and waste of food, and the general diminished value and capacity for labor in the absence of such buildings. —Southern Cultivator.

—Fruit Culture in Our Cotton Climate.

American farmers raise more than half of the cotton consumed in Europe, because nature gives the American inestimable advantages that will last as long as grass grows and water runs. Apples grown in the Highlands above the city of New York for consumption in Europe, giving the farmer who owns the orchards an income of about fifty thousand dollars a year. His fruit is sent to European cities in his own vessel.

Forty years ago the writer tried to impress on the people the fact that delicious pig-meat may be produced in the Southern States on figs and clover for less than half the cost of imported bacon of an inferior quality. Where the climate and soil suit figs, grapes, apples and peaches may be grown by the acre, at a small cost, for home consumption or exportation. It pays to preserve fruit in sugar for the market. These small industries are having a rapid growth. Cold storage should receive more notice. The covering that keeps ice from melting is not expensive, and a farmer may find a fortune in a cold storage of fruits. —D. Lee, in Southern Cultivator.

—HERE AND THERE.

—The sooner the hogs are slaughtered after the season becomes cold the better, as it will save food and labor.

—Be careful about the sweet potatoes. If not properly stored they will not keep. They are easily affected by any change of temperature.

—When the lambs get verminous bronchitis give powdered garlic, in bran, if the animal is old enough to eat dry food.

—Don't breed from inferior ewes. It is a waste of time and resources. Sheep do not cost so much that we need to keep a good-for-nothing flock or animal.

—During cold weather a feed of hot mashed potatoes and corn-meal once a day is good for fowls. Give a variety of food and plenty of it and your fowls will keep healthy.

—Old broken china or crockeryware should be pounded and given to the hens. It makes excellent grit for grinding the food in the gizzard.

—Eight sheep may be kept for every cow, says a dairyman, as they will add but little to the expense, the sheep consuming many kinds of food that cattle reject.

—Small farmers and villagers may produce one-half of their meat supply in the poultry-yard if they will give the subject proper attention. It is worth while to make the attempt.

—Prof. Atkinson, of South Carolina, finds that the only trustworthy remedy for the peach-tree borer seems to be to hunt for the larvae late in autumn and in early spring, and kill with a knife. Many other methods give only temporary relief.

—Can I grow mutton profitably three hundred miles from the market? asks a correspondent. Well, Kentucky sells more than twenty thousand sheep every year in the Boston market and gets more per pound for them than New England breeders can get for their sheep.

—The best way to apply salt to land is to mix it with the lime or ashes, one bushel of salt to ten of the lime or ashes being the proper proportion. It renders the lime more soluble, due to chemical action.

—The farmers of Texas make a living so easily that they take no precautions against chicken-theives. They are light sleepers and make a tremendous racket when disturbed at night.

—Do every thing in the dairy at the right time and in the right way, says the Northwestern Agriculturist. This will require the least labor and the least care and vexation. The best way is the easiest way. Neglect and doing things out of time makes hard work and reduces the profits.