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, FEBRUARY 15, 1890. VOL. XV.—NO. 7.

MY GARRET HOME.

There is strength for the arm 'mid the toils of the day,
And content for the mind in the visions I see,
Of a love-lighted garret-room, down by the bay,
And the dear ones that share it with me.

When at nightfall I turn from my labors and cares,
There's a beacon that beckons my heart to the lea,
And the thought of it quickens my step unawares,
And shortens the distance for me.

Though its walls may be guiltless of pictures or paint,
And its rugged pine flooring from carpeting free;
And its furniture meager and aged and quaint,
'Tis a home and a haven for me.

There is peace in my garret-room, wedded to ease,
And grateful contentment in fitting degree;
And quick-witted sympathy added to these,
That are sweeter than riches to me.

There is truth in my garret; ah! jewel so rare,
Let the rich have their gold, our wealth is in thee;
Life's frailties are poisonless, thou being near
Close companioned with mine, and with me.

Let the wealthy disdain us; what care we for this?
God smiles on our garret-room down by the sea;
And even our trials are tinctured with bliss,
In the home that's a Heaven to me.

—W. B. Seabrook, in Youth's Companion.

FITTING HERSELF IN.

How Alice by Noble Efforts Became Self-Supporting.

"Well, there's one thing certain," said Alice Barnes, "I'm not likely to get much unless I get it for myself. And there's another thing very uncertain, and that is, how I'm to do it. I've thought and thought about it; and the more I think, I don't see my way. All the wise folks nowadays are writing and talking about girls doing for themselves. They say, 'Find out what you can do best, and then do it.'

"But I can't do any thing best—that is, any of the things that people can make a living at. I can't teach, and I can't write stories, nor do astonishing fancy-work. I can only do the common every-day things; and father wouldn't let me go away from home to do these, even if I wanted to, which I don't."

Alice was situated exactly as a great many young girls find themselves. The oldest girl in a large family with a slender income, she had picked up a moderate amount of schooling and had done plenty of work. She could play a little, paint a little, and sew and cook a great deal. The younger children, for whom she had given willing service, were now growing old enough to assume their own shares of the household burdens and Alice began to find time to think of things which she wanted, and things which she would like to do if only she knew how.

"I want more books and I want more clothes, and father has enough to do without my looking to him. Oh, dear! I wish I had been brought up to something regular to do; but how *could* I be?"

With a tender thought of the toil-worn mother, whose right hand she had been all through these years of struggle, she took up a monthly magazine which had strayed into her way.

This is just the kind of a thing I'd like to take. It's full of good talk about girls helping themselves; and ten to one, before the year was out, I might get some suggestion that would show me a way. But I couldn't afford it any more than I could fly."

In turning over the advertising pages, her eye fell upon the terms for subscription.

"'And one to the getter-up of the club.' There, now, I might try that. I could do any amount of walking about and talking. Five subscriptions and I should have it. It's no harm trying, anyway."

To think and to act meant one with Alice; and it was not long before she was entering the house of one of her neighbors in the little rambling country town.

"May I come in?" she asked, pausing at the door.

"Oh, dear, yes, of course you can, Miss Alice, if you'll only excuse the mess I'm in. I set aside my other work to-day to see if I couldn't fix over the children's last summer hats—millinery costs so much, you know, when there's four of 'em, and myself, too, though every body knows I don't spend much on myself. But the girls is gettin' a little fussy since they've grown so big, and it's hard to suit 'em any more; and the same way with their dresses. They want more fixings about 'em, aint satisfied no more with Jane Ann Perry's work—that just does plain sewing—but thinks they ought to have a reg'lar dress-maker. At a dollar a day! Now, look here at this."

With all her sympathy for Mrs. Drake's perplexities, Alice could not help smiling at her wooden arrangement of ribbons and flowers.

"Let me see if I could twist that into any better shape," she said, taking the hat out of Mrs. Drake's hands.

"Oh, you're so good, Miss Alice. There now—if you haven't the real milliner touch. Some folks can do any thing they set their hands to. I ain't a bit of knack myself."

"Oh, I've had to have a knack," said Alice, laughing. "I have a tribe at home to do for. Mother never has time for such work, like you. But don't you think some book like this would help you on such things, Mrs. Drake? It gives a lot of information about doing things at home."

"Bless your heart, Miss Alice! I never have a moment for reading, even if I could afford the money, and I can't. But I do hope you'll have good luck. My! ain't you made that hat look just like a new one!"

"Yes, that looks something like it," said a half-grown girl, just then entering the room with a look of great discontent on her pretty face. "I ain't going to wear this dress to school any more, mother."

"Why not?" asked Mrs. Drake.

"The girls laugh at it. They say that looping up in the back looks like a plowed field."

"Dear me! I worked and fussed half a day over that," said Mrs. Drake, looking ruefully at the expanse of spatted-up puffs. "I couldn't make head or tail of how that bought pattern meant 'em to go."

"Rip them out, Katie," said Alice, "and I can drape it for you in a few moments, if you'll let me."

"Now, did you ever!" exclaimed Mrs. Drake, as, under Alice's deft fingers, a few graceful loopings took the place of the puffs. Then with directions for a little pressing, she said good-bye, amid a shower of admiring thanks from mother and daughter.

Alice took her way to the house of young Mrs. Garde, who was one of her good friends.

"Yes, Alice, I'll take the book. I'd take a dozen books if they would show me any way to make things a little smother around my fireside. My hands are so tied with these two children that I have no time to see to things in the kitchen; and if I had, I don't believe things would be much better. We'er living the forlornest kind of a life. Frank is half sick most of the time, and I'm beginning to think it's the wretched cooking. How can a man live on poor bread all the time and be well? It's sour one week, and heavy the next; and that's about all the variety we have."

"Too bad!" said Alice. "I wish with all my heart I could get you a good girl."

"You can't. I've searched the entire country. Mother has sent two or three out from the city, but they always get homesick and go back. I see nothing but to resign ourselves to the prospect of being hopeless dyspeptics. It makes me feel so good-for-nothing, too. You will never make such a failure when you come to the real duties of life."

"Don't talk so," said Alice, shaking her head. "Why, I was just making up my mind that I am good for nothing. I can do plenty of things, but they're not the kind that I can make my living by, unless I go regularly and hire out, and I don't wan't to do that so long as I have a good home."

"Of course not. It seems a pity," said Mrs. Garde, with a sigh, "that just such abilities as yours couldn't be fitted in somehow to places where they are needed."

"Oh, don't put a book at me," said the mistress of the next house at which Alice called.

"Why, Mrs. Warner, what is the matter?" asked Alice in concern, as that lady, after placing a chair for her, sat down and burst into tears.

"Oh, it's my eyes troubling me again. Your book would do me no good unless you came and read it to me. And books are not the worst part of it, although it's hard enough not to be able to read. But look at that mending-basket, piled up with two weeks' mending. I try to do a little bit at a time, but it hurts my eyes so I can't go on, and the doctor says they will never get well unless I give them perfect rest. Why," she said, half laughing, "I had to pin the children's clothes on this morning where the buttons were off."

"Never mind the pins, but do take care of your eyes," said Alice. "It is real trouble, and I am so sorry for you. Let me read you one of these stories. Or, perhaps, you would rather I did some of this mending. Do let me help you a little. It wouldn't take me very long to do that whole pile."

"Of course, it wouldn't, you are so quick and handy. How fortunate you are, Alice—eyes and strength, and so bright and smart. You can do any thing you want to do. Yes, you may do it if—if you'll let me pay you for it. And you don't know what blessed help it will be. No, you shan't touch them unless you'll agree to it."

"It is just the kind of work you can't get any body to do," continued Mrs. Warner. Alice laughingly consented, and settled herself at work. "I sent for Sarah Crandall, the other day, to come and do up odds and ends for me—that's what I must get somebody to do for awhile now. And she sent word that she'd come in three weeks. She's always engaged ahead. What is the reason, I wonder, that you can't find folks to do the little useful things just when you need them most?"

Alice walked home with some new ideas in her brain.

"I haven't made up my book club, but I wonder if I haven't done better than that. I believe it's just as they say, there's enough to do of what I can do if it only could be fitted in. I'm going to try if I can fit myself in somehow."

A week later she said:

"Mother, I'm going to work."

"I suppose so. You're always at work."

"But I mean I'm going to earn my own living."

"Not away from home?"

"Well, partly."

"Alice, you can't. Haven't I often said you shouldn't go away as long as there is a home for you?"

"Don't be frightened, mother," said Alice, laughing. "My goings won't be serious. I'm going two days in the week to Mrs. Garde's to bake and to wind up her housekeeping so that it will run smoothly through whiles. I'm going one day every week to Mrs. Warner's to mend her up, and half a day to Mrs. Drake's whenever she wants me to be hat-trimmer, dress-draper, and touch-up in general. Do you think that what I can do at home the rest of the time will pay for my board and lodging?"

"I think it will."

"What I earn outside will clothe me and a good deal more. So I am self-supporting; for, when any of these are done with me, there will surely be another to whom I can fit in my work."—Sydney Dayre, in Christian Register.

—Some one has suggested that, instead of imitating the idea of building a tower higher than any other for the world's fair of 1892, the original idea be adopted of excavating a deeper hole in the earth than has yet been made.

—Young Lady (to young man who has kissed her)—"That's very singular, sir." Young Man—"Ah! Well, allow me to make 't plural."—Boston Budget.

ABOUT PUBLIC OPINION.

It Usually Follows Leaders who Triumph in the Battle of Reason.

It is sometimes necessary to have regard to public opinion, and to rule one's conduct by the whims, prejudices or superstition of the majority, but it is neither necessary nor right to always accept what passes for public opinion as being an infallible guide. It should be questioned at times both as to its authority and its reason, and resisted or changed on occasion. Public opinion does not, as some people suppose, represent a consensus of the opinions of all the people learned and unlearned, virtuous and vicious. If it did it would be a compromise between extremes, something inferior to the best opinion. Whereas it is in fact in nearly all cases the opinion of the wisest leaders. The reason for this is that public opinion is generally guided or controled by the strongest of men, though they may not always be the best. For one who thinks or reasons out things for himself there are tens of thousands who accept ready-made judgments and adopt them as their own, thus forming public opinion upon the judgment of their leaders. It is for this reason that public opinion may generally, in the absence of doubt, be accepted as correct or better than the individual judgment of inferior men. It is for this same reason that it should be questioned and resisted by thinking and conscientious people when they believe it to be wrong, for in that way it may be changed and made right. Considering public opinion in this light as the opinion of leaders of thought adopted and followed by the masses, it is sobvious that on some subjects—notably literature, the drama, and the fine arts—it must be to some extent fickle and changeable, following first one set of leaders and then another, but in a general way directed aright. This quality of public opinion, being misinterpreted, has led some writers to treat it with less respect than it deserves. William Hazlitt rails at the public in one of his essays, as he says himself, "in good set terms." He says the public "is so in awe of its own opinion that it never dares to form any, but catches up the first idle rumor, lest it should be behind-hand in its judgment, and echoes it till it is deafened with the sound of its own voice. The idea of what the public will think prevents the public from ever thinking at all, and acts as a spell on the exercise of private judgment, so that in short the public ear is at the mercy of the first impudent pretender who chooses to fill it with noisy assertions of false surmises of secret whispers." It is true that the public does not think, but it is a mistake to assume that the leaders of public opinion are necessarily "impudent pretenders." The contrary is in fact the case. There are enough of independent thinkers to assist the pretenders who occasionally get the public ear, and it is these who really guide the public. Hazlitt continues: "So far, then, is public opinion from resting on a broad and solid basis as the aggregate of thought and feeling in a community, that it is slight and shallow and variable to the last degree—the bubble of the moment, so that we may safely say the public is the dupe of public opinion, not its parent. The public is pusillanimous and cowardly, because it is weak. It knows itself to be a great dunce, and that it has no opinions but upon suggestion. Yet it is unwilling to appear in leading strings, and would have it thought that its decisions are as wise as they are weighty." The mistake of this whole thought lies in its failure to appreciate the fact that as the public has "no opinion but upon suggestion," it must get suggestion and opinions from thinkers who are constantly contending with each other for supremacy in the control of public thought. No guide can lead the public very far wrong, for there are other guides present to correct his errors. Public opinion follows the leaders who triumph in a battle of reason. It is fickle and erratic only as to indeterminate or undermined questions of taste and judgment, and while the debate is going on. It is not and can not be a fixed and unalterable decree as to questions that have been in dispute since man entered the world. It is obvious from this view of public opinion that thinking people should not reject it in a spirit of Hazlitt, nor should they accept it without question, but should take part in correcting it whenever they conceive it to be wrong.—Baltimore Sun.

Progress of Cremation in Paris.

The cremation furnace in Pere la Chaise Cemetery, Paris, being now complete, the inhabitants of the French capital will for the future have the option of burying their dead as before, or of having them cremated and their ashes placed in funeral urns. The Prefect of the Seine has just approved the scale of charges for incineration proposed by the Municipal Council. The charges for the use of the cremation furnace is to be 50 francs, which sum includes the keeping in the columbarium of the funeral urn containing the ashes for a period of five years. The urn will, however, have to be provided by the family of the deceased person. A further charge, varying from 150 to 12 francs, will be made for the use of the cremation buildings for the funeral ceremony. The amount charged will depend on the decorations required. Paupers will, in certain cases, have the right to have their dead incinerated free of cost.—London Telegraph.

A Feast for Literary Pirates.

The publishers of cheap literature who have hitherto given their attention to the republication of English novels and poems are now getting a whack at old American books on which copyrights are running out. One of the works on which they have recently seized is that old and fascinating story, "Two Years Before the Mast," by Richard H. Dana. A copyright with the usual extension holds for forty-two years, and, as Americans began making pretty good literature less than half a century ago, cheap publishers will have a very pleasant and probably profitable time of it with American works from now on.—N. Y. Sun.

CELESTIAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

Interesting Facts Explained by the Astronomer Royal for Ireland.

I dare say that a number of my readers will be surprised to learn that the heavens contain multitudes of invisible stars. There are, of course, a few thousand stars that can be seen by the unaided eye, there are many millions of stars that can be seen with the aid of a great telescope, but over and above all these are a myriad of stars that not even the keenest of eyes applied to the biggest and most powerful of telescopes will show a trace of. Does not this seem rather a puzzle. If we can not see the stars under any circumstances, how do we know that they are there? Most assuredly we can not feel their warmth and as the stars are always silent they can make no impression on our sense of hearing, while our two remaining senses of taste and of smell are obviously not of the slightest assistance in the study of the heavens. Yet, notwithstanding that we fail to perceive these stars directly, we have the most undoubted evidence of their existence.

A star may be so faint that the beam of light it emits is too feeble to render it visible even with all the aid that great telescopes can give. The instrument collects together the rays and concentrates them so that they are all brought to a point on the sensitive retina at the back of the eye. If the rays happen to be sufficiently powerful to act on the very delicate nerves of the eye a message is sent from the eye to the brain and the star is seen. If, however, the rays are too weak to excite the retina, then the star is of course not perceived. Under these circumstances, the only hope of discovering the star is to substitute for the retina something which shall be more sensitive to light. It has been found that the rays from one of these very faint stars when concentrated on a point of a good photographic plate will succeed in making an impression, provided that sufficient exposure has been given. The image on this plate can be developed and then the star is revealed. It can therefore be readily imagined that the use of photography is now essential to astronomical progress. It affords us the means of depicting the magnitudes and the places of stars which must otherwise have been quite unknown to us.

Some one may feel desirous to ask the same question as was put to me by an intelligent lad when I was describing to him the way we proceeded: "How can you take photographs of the stars," he said, "for you can only see them at night when it is quite dark, and yet every body knows that photographs can only be obtained when there is plenty of light." To explain this difficulty you must understand what goes on inside the camera when the operation is in progress. The glass lenses produce on the plate an image or picture of the object to be represented. In bright daylight it is the reflected sunlight which illuminates the object and enables it to form the picture. If the object has light of its own, as a star has, then this light will form the necessary image on the plate and a photograph may be obtained. It is, however, essential that all light from every source except that coming directly from the object itself shall be carefully excluded, for this would act on the plate and obliterate the image. Indeed, when taking photographs of the stars we have to take special precautions to exclude stray light. I have heard of a plate having been spoiled by the fact that while it was being removed from the telescope after the stars had recorded their impression a carriage drove up the avenue and a flash from the carriage lamp chanced to fall on the plate and completely destroyed the faint images of the stars. Of course when once the plate has been developed it is then as permanent as a photograph taken in the ordinary way.—Sir Robert S. Bell, in N. Y. World.

NICKEL-BEARING MINES.

One That Yields a Product of Four Thousand Tons per Year.

In the Copper Cliff mine near Sudbury, Can., it is said more nickel is being produced than the entire market of the world calls for at current prices. A little branch railway off the main line of the Canadian Pacific railway, four miles in length, leads out to the mine, which opens into the face of a crag of the brown, oxidized Laurentian rock characteristic of this region. The miners are now at work at a depth of about 300 feet below the surface. As fast as the nickel and copper-bearing rock is hoisted out it is broken up and piled upon long beds or ricks of pine wood to be calcined, or roasted, for the purpose of driving out the sulphur which it contains. The roasting process is of the nature of lime-kilning or charcoal-burning. Each great bed of ore requires from one to two months to roast. When roasted the rock goes to the principal smelter, a powerful blast-furnace, "jacketed"—in mining phrase—with running water to enable it to sustain the great heat requisite to reduce the crude, obdurate mineral to fluidity.

The dross of the molten mass is first allowed to flow off, and afterward the nearly pure nickel and copper, blended together in an alloy called the "mat," or matte, is drawn off at the base of the furnace vat into borrow-pots, and wheeled away, still liquid and fiery hot, to cool in the yard of the smelter. The mat contains about 70 per cent. of nickel, the remaining 30 per cent being mainly copper. When cool the conical pot-loaves of mat can easily be cracked in pieces by means of heavy hammers. The fragments are then packed in barrels and shipped in Swansea in Wales and to Germany, where the two constituent metals are separated.

So jealously is the secret kept that no one in America has yet been able to learn the process, although one young metallurgist spent three years at Swansea working as a common laborer in the factories, in order to procure it. At present there are produced daily at the Copper Cliff mine about ninety pot-loaves of mat, each weighing near 450 pounds, an output which yields an aggregate of more than 4,000 tons of nickel a year.—Youth's Companion.

FULL OF FUN.

—"I will toss coppers with you," remarked one steer to another as they started for a couple of policemen.—Boston Globe.

—Theater-Goer—"The love scene in your play isn't half so natural as it used to be. The same people do it, too." Manager—"Yes; but the lovers were married during their last vacation."

—The boy who lost a portion of his trousers while surreptitiously getting through a fence last summer, refers to the mark of repair as a watermelon patch.—Merchant Traveler.

—Father—"Why do you ask for the hand of my young daughter instead of that of her elder sister?" Suitor—"Because I think the elder sister would more satisfactorily fill the position of aunt to my future children."—Texas Siftings.

—Wife—"George, didn't you say you were the heaviest batter in the nine last summer?" Husband—"Yes, dear. "Well, would you mind beating a carpet for me about half an hour.—Time.

—"Well, my dear, how would Farmer Brown suit you for a husband? He seems uncommon sweet on you lately." "Perhaps, so, father; but his hair is so red that——" "True, true, my child; but you should recollect that he has very little of it."—Judge.

—Miss Beacon, of Boston—"Do you ever feel an insatiate craving for the unattainable—a consuming desire to transcend the limitations which hedge mortality, and commune soul to soul, with the spirits of the Infinite?" Omaha man—"Ye-es, kinder."—Harper's Bazar.

—Little Brother (whose sister is playing cards with a gentleman)—"Mr. Smiler, does Minnie play cards well?" Mr. Smiler—"Yes; very well, indeed." Little Brother—"Then you had better look out. Mamma said if she played her cards well she would catch you."—N. Y. Ledger.

—Fond Mother—"Don't you think Mary has learned to play the piano remarkably well considering the little time she has been taking lessons?" Fond Father—"Splendid! She has learned it all now, hasn't she?" Fond Mother—"I reckon she has." Fond Father—"Well, then, let's sell the piano, we've got no more use for it."—America.

—"William," said a lady to her footman, "I desire that you shall treat the society reporter properly when he calls here." "Yes'm." "And instead of handing any victuals out to him by the back door, invite him into the kitchen to eat 'em." "Yes'm." "I am not particular about having my name in the paper, but when a society reporter comes to the house to obtain information about my parties, I want you to take care of him. Give him a bite of every thing that comes down stairs and let him have all the wine that is left in the glasses when the gentlemen leave the dining-room to join the ladies."—Boston Courier.

THE UBIQUITOUS SPOON.

Its Presence is an Imperative Necessity to Domestic Bliss.

What is the greatest need which faces the newly-married at the very doorsill of connubial bliss? Is it a deep, abiding love, or an arm-chair that will carry double?

No; the voices of their friends answer in a mighty chorus:

"Spoons!"

Without spoons, the robe of faille francaise is the shroud of departed hopes. The "Lohengrin" march is a wailing dirge, and the voice of Rev. Reredos Chasuble but a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

Devoted to each other, and resolved to sacrifice all on the altar of their love, the happy pair may struggle along with only thirty-six nut-picks apiece. They discern the path of duty by the feeble glimmer of six oxydized silver lamps. For the simple tastes of the lowly, seven lemonade sets in Venitian glass will suffice. Let only five pairs of bronze negros with silver turbans smile benignantly from the mantel, and the humble home is happy.

Where King Cupid reigns, his scepter is none the less potent because a single Mexican onyx cabinet, bearing twelve royal Worcester molasses jugs, adorns the parlor. Instances are not wanting of happy wedded life, where the high contracting parties got less than a dozen copies of "Dante's Inferno," with Mr. Dore's cheerful illustrations.

But spoons are imperatively necessary. Humanity calls for them in tones of earnest pleading, and the bride's uncle, the maid of honor and the best man, lead the phalanx that hastens to the rescue.

These excelent people are resolved that their young friends shall not go forth unprepared into a cold and spoonless world.

The clerks in papa's office, collectively, send spoons. The head book-keeper, on his own personal hook, sends a satin-lined box of spoons. Papa's political friends send spoons for after-dinner coffee. Mamma's aunt, in Chicago, can't come to the wedding, but sends her loving congratulations and a berry spoon. The bridegroom's elder brother and his wife attach their card to a case of spoons. In gleaming, shining rows the spoons glitter in their blue, red and old-gold beds.

To be sure, there are dolts who fail to see why spoons, and spoons only, should be sent to the newly wedded. In every couple's acquaintance are between nine to twenty-seven persons who will make the daring innovation of pie-knives. The eccentric old woman who will make herself conspicuous by sending a picture still lives; and the wrong-headed relative who thinks that no civilized home is complete without books, inflicts his obsolete notions upon the long-suffering couple.

As if this vale of tears could be cheered by any thing except spoons!

Happily, the picture and book-donating cranks are being crowded to the wall, and the sanguine leaders of society hope the day is not far distant when the display of wedding gifts will include only the useful, beautiful, shining Union-Square made spoons.—Joseph Eldridge Earay, in Puck.

SOUTHERN AGRICULTURAL.

JEFF WELBORN'S WAY.

Valuable Hints From a Practical Texas Farmer on Cotton, Corn and Pea Culture.

I wish to relieve the minds of those who are skeptical about our hands hoeing five to six acres of cotton to a stand, per day, each. This year we had 120 acres in cotton which we have cultivated with our own hands and hired labor. When it was time to hoe it out the first time, we put in three Mitchell cotton scrapes, following one myself. Directly behind them my brother went in with two negro boys, one only fifteen years old, with hoes (three hoes only) and two hours behind the hoes three negroes followed with double shovel stocks and two twelve-inch solid sweeps on them, dirting up, or rather plowing the whole row. Behind these three sweeps not a green thing was seen, except the one, two, and occasionally three stalks of cotton. All signs of scraper or hoe were hid from view. We went across this 120 acres with scrapes and hoes in less than eight days. The sweeps had to be helped out by other sweeps, their work being slower. The three hoe hands did not only keep up, but did it without the loss of much sweat. My brother had to look after the hands, and would often be out an hour or more; so we lost more or less time each day. At no time during the hoeing out was a single hand hurried up; on the contrary, it required an effort to keep down their propensity to race. My brother is an expert with the hoe, and claims to be with the plow. The land we had in cotton this year was partly in cotton, corn and oats last year. Naturally this red, sandy soil is the foulest of all classes of soil. What we have accomplished this year, in rainy seasons, we can and will do in other seasons. Nothing is guess-work when we have Nature for our teacher and do our work on scientific principles.

For more than twenty years I have centered every thought on corn, cotton and cow peas, and not on general farming. I have not read or thought about much else, and my mode is almost the opposite of that in general practice. I improve cotton simply for earliness. To do this I must have a cluster variety, so much abused because it is so much faster than the ordinary farmer, that it will load up before he gets through tearing up the roots, the consequence of which is that the squares will dry up on the stalk (not shed off). The cause of the drying up of the squares on the stalks, instead of shedding, as all late, long-limb kinds do, is the same as a tree deadened during blooming or cut down with the bloom on the stems. When the process is slow they shed. So with the cluster cotton. We deaden it while under headway fruiting. My corn improvement is one ear per stalk, with large cob and deep, soft grain, instead of two or more ears per stalk with small cob and flinty grain. I was severely criticised at first, but read the bulletins from the experiment stations in Kansas, Missouri and Tennessee, the corn states of the world now, and see the result. They support each other in showing the largest eared varieties, making from one-third to double what the early flint varieties do with two or more ears per stalk. The soft grain will feed much farther.

I have stuck to the bunch pea almost single handed for a number of years, as I have to the cluster cotton. On rich land the running pea, or long-limbed cotton, will make immense vines or stalks, if the season is the least wet, to the detriment of the fruit.

I have also condemned the theory that the poorer the land the closer the rows in cotton. On the contrary, I have held that the richer the land the better able it is to carry extra stalks; in other words, the thicker the cotton should stand on the land to gather up the excess of plant-food and convert it into lint cotton, in the three to four months between the cold spring and droughts and worms of August. Of course, for this purpose, we must have a close, compact, rapid-fruiting variety, and plant early on very flat ridges. The slow fruiting is the cause of excessive stalk growth.

I have also condemned deep spring plowing, but advocate fall plowing, turning under all the trash. I have ridiculed the idea of plants feeding through their tap roots or other roots below where the air can enter the soil, or taking in food through the pores in the leaves. I have exhibited all the sympathy in my soul for the man that makes a practice of cutting out crab grass with a hoe, or cultivating a crop just enough to keep the grass from taking it. The horse is eight times as strong as I am, and I can kill eight times as much grass, and make eight times as much crop with his muscle combined with mine, than I can with my muscle alone.

By deep breaking in the fall and winter, with thorough surface preparation in the spring, almost every cotton seed planted will germinate quickly and grow off fast. By selecting the best-matured bolls from the thriftiest well-proportioned stalks of an early, fast-growing variety, and the soil in the best condition possible, we need not plant more than a peck of seed per acre. I planted fifty acres with ten bushels this year, and got a good stand. With this thin stand it is not necessary to thin out until the cotton is from six to eight inches high. We harrow off, if possible, just before it comes up. As soon as it is well up go around it with a double shovel. In another week go around with the same stock, having a shovel on front foot and twelve-inch solid sweep on rear foot. If this does not get all the grass, we put on two solid sweeps and go around again. We get it clean of crab grass and morning glories before we stop to hoe or thin out. By having smooth, well-pulverized soils, our drills are straight and our scrapers will not be dodging hard places in the soil. The winter plowing converted all trash into fertilizers which, instead of clogging, helps to lighten up the surface. With a sharp scraper we can almost thin the cotton to a stand, if the stalks stand half inch apart and not in line of the drill. There is no grass to cut out, only a little surplus cotton. The cotton is never stunted by the bruising of the hoe. The hoeing of our entire cotton crop cost us this year less than forty cents per acre. We planted from April 15 to 25, and in August sold seven bales that brought us in cash $355, or ten and one-half cents per pound.—Jeff. Welborn, in Southern Cultivator.

HEDGE PLANTS.

The Value of the Osage Orange and the McCartney Rose as Hedge Plants.

We know of no plant that is superior to the Osage orange for a hedge plant. It is obnoxious to the objection that it is naturally inclined to grow too large; but this tendency may largely be controled by judicious pruning and cutting back. This plant is in almost universal use in the West, as was observed by those who were parties to the recent farmers' excursion to Ohio. The McCartney rose is also a good hedge plant, and is preferred by some to any. It does better when combined with a ditch and bank. Cut a ditch on the outside of the proposed hedge row, say three feet wide at the top, and sloping according to the character of the soil, so that it may be two and a half or three feet wide and two feet deep. Throw the soil on the inside so as to make a bank of the same cross section as the ditch. Prepare the cuttings by taking the current year's growth in November, cutting in lengths of about eight inches. Plow the ground and manure it, if not already rich, along the inner side of the bank. Set the cuttings one foot apart along the row if abundant; if scarce they may be put several feet apart, and made closer by subsequently layering the bottom shoots. It is best to start with rooted cuttings. As the plants grow now they should be trained to grow up the side of the bank. Of course if an effective fence is wanted at once, it will be necessary to have a straight four or five-rail high fence along the top of the bank, upon which, the rose plants will be trained as they grow. The hedge should be cut back every November so as to give a bushy, thick growth. The single white McCartney rose is the best; the Cherokee rose is not recommended.—Dixie Farmer.

HERE AND THERE.

—A good-for-nothing cow in the herd is a swindler, and a man who can be swindled by a cow would stand a mighty poor show with a lightning-rod man.

—The paunch of a cow, Prof. Arnold says, is a silo in miniature. That is to say, we suppose, that the changes which take place in the silo and in the paunch are the same.

—Comfortable shelter for the stock, a comfortable house, things handy about the premises and plenty of good reading, and we ought to be able to get through the winter very comfortably.

—You can overfeed as well as underfeed a colt; do neither; feed just right. Give good nourishing food from the start, but do not force them; they are neither hogs nor steers, and the early-maturity business may be overdone if you try to force them.

—Push the business of raising sheep and growing wool, but observe reasonable limits. If every body goes to stocking up heavily with sheep, down go the profits. Keep a reasonable-sized flock on the farm and there will be money in the business.

—A "warm mash" on a cold day, early in the morning, is an excelent invigorator for an animal that does not have an appetite. For brood-mares that are suckling colts it is excelent.

—We speak of a million bushels of wheat as if it were a small thing, and it is when compared with the hundreds of millions of grain annually produced. But a train loaded with five hundred bushels in a car would have to be about fifteen miles long to carry one million bushels.

—Pure water on the farm may be effected by the water from the surface. The well, being deep, also becomes a drain hole for the water below the surface. No slop or filthy water should be thrown near a well, and the surroundings should be well graded with clay and gravel.

—Lime is said to make heavy soils lighter and light soils heavier. As it can do no damage when judiciously applied, and is cheap when compared with the benefits it confers, it should be used on every farm. Land that is frequently supplied with lime produces the best grass.

—If the hoofs of sheep are pared so as to keep the growth from being excessive there will be less liability of foot-rot. The hoof grows faster on soft ground than on stony locations, and the foot-rot appears sooner when the sheep are kept on damp fields, much of it being due to failure in keeping the hoofs pared.

—Young stock of all kinds are easily and quickly affected by sudden changes of the weather. If affected by severe cold they are liable to be stunted, and will grow but little before the spring. Exposures to cold and dampness is one of the principal causes of scours and cold on the bowels of young stock.

—Wherever sheep feed, new, sweet grasses flourish and weeds are destroyed, says the Kansas Farmer. For this reason farmers should raise more of them, if for no other. But there are several other and equally good reasons why every farm should have its own flock of these useful animals.

—If we expect the dairy to be a success with us we must keep up the pastures, and to do that properly often necessitates a fuller knowledge of the subject than we possess. Winter is a good time to study up on pastures. Winter is a good time to study up on all practical farm matters.

—The manure heap is the savings bank of the farm. If any articles are unsalable, or can not be put to some use on the farm, they should be added to the manure heap in order that they may be returned to the land, and thereby made to contribute to the production of something better the next season. Nothing is lost that goes into the manure heap, especially if the manure is managed with a view to having it as valuable as possible before applying it to the soil.