

St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor.

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TRAINING OF RUNNERS.

Method of Putting a Colt in Shape for the Purpose.

"Will you tell something of the method used in training the young horses?"

Mr. McCabe settled back in his comfortable arm-chair, and, looking up to the ceiling, paused for a few moments.

"The training of a horse is a simple thing in one way, as far as the manual labor goes, and might be easy enough to explain. But the different temperaments of the horses in hand form the real basis or foundation upon which the rest is done, and would be hard to explain, just as it would be hard for a man to explain the different phases of human nature. To begin with, Mr. Dwyer usually goes down to Kentucky in May when they want to purchase new stock. There the colts which have been born in early spring are looked over and such purchases made as are desired. They are left there to feed upon the bluegrass until the latter part of August, when they are brought up here to the stable, and, after becoming used to the change, the work of breaking them begins. When they become accustomed to their keepers and the surroundings of the stable, a saddle is put upon their backs while in the stall and allowed to remain there until they get thoroughly used to it. Then they are given the bridle, which it takes them some time to get used to. When matters have gone thus far, the colt has learned that he is not to be harmed in any way, and by constant kindness in treatment soon comes to know that he is wanted for his own good, and is in a nearly every case gentle under the training.

Now that he has become used to the bit and saddle, he is led about the track by an attendant day after day until the time comes for mounting. Then a boy is put upon his back and he is ready for more advanced exercise. He is first walked over the track, then trotted and afterward galloped, the pace gradually being increased as he shows strength and power to take it. The first real run of the foal is a three-eighths stretch, and then some idea of his speed may be gained. Like every thing else, his temper and work will greatly depend upon the early training, and I have found it an unswerving rule that gentleness in this work is bound to bring out all the best traits of the animal's nature, and for a kind and gentle attendant he will do his utmost upon the track."

"Are horses subject to any special treatment before entering a race?"

"Yes, to a certain extent. In many cases, as I have already said, they are intensely nervous and lose their appetites. This, to a delicate and highly-strung animal, is not conducive to the best results on the track. They are dieted or 'drawn,' as it is called, but not so much now as of old. Years back the runner on the day before a race was given but very little to eat and only a sip of water, but at the present time they are allowed to have plenty of water and a moderate amount of food. A strong, robust horse will often eat all the time, but in such cases the amount of food given is closely regulated according to his actual needs. So you see the training of the racer is a business which requires a vast amount of patience and care."—Trainer McCabe, in Brooklyn Eagle.

A PARADOXICAL CITY.

Queer Things Seen by an American Traveler in Bogota.

Bogota is a city of paradoxes, of great wealth, of great poverty and a peculiar mixture of customs that often puzzles the stranger. The foremost men in the mercantile, political and literary circles are from the old Castilian families, but are so changed by intermarriage that their bloods run in their veins. In the Legislature, on the bench, the forum and behind the banker's desk, you will see the characteristics of all the races, from the Anglo-Saxon to the African. The ruling class is the politicians, but it is more under the control of the military than is generally the case elsewhere.

Among the leading minds are highly-educated men who can converse and write fluently in several languages, who can demonstrate the most difficult problems in astronomical and mathematical formulas, who can dictate a learned philosophical discourse, or dispute with any body the influence of intricate history. Their constitution, laws and government were modeled after those of the United States; their financial policies after England's; their fashions, manners and customs after the French; their literature, verbosity and naivety after the Spaniards. Patriotic eloquence is their ideal, and well it is realized in most of their orators.

Almost every body in Colombia is a writer or a poet. The number of daily and weekly periodicals published, in addition to the many loose sheets issued as occasions may require, indicate this. Editors, as a rule, have other business, and take this position in addition as a recreation. Colombian authors have furnished text-books on political economy, grammar, geography, mathematics and art, while philosophical, historical and biographical essays and works of fiction and poetry furnish much interesting reading. The text-books are published by the government, and all authors are guaranteed by a copyright law.

The police do duty only at night, leaving the citizens to take care of themselves by day. Their headquarters are stationed at the four corners of each plaza. Every plaza has a ball ring, which is the guardians of the city to their whites and change places with the blacks. It is impossible for a man to sleep on their heads. Besides a street street system, the police are armed with a variety of interesting weapons, and the use of his formidable arms in the hands of his men is easily perceived when they are called upon for the natives in their crises. The police are not so much interested in their duties as they are in their money. They are not so much interested in their duties as they are in their money. They are not so much interested in their duties as they are in their money.

MY MOTHER'S DOUGHNUTS.

High up in the Rockies I've wandered about, And feasted quite often on flapjacks and trout. I have dined on the bison, the elk and the deer; But still have remembered, whatever the cheer—

While tasting the fruitage of life's varied tree— The wonderful doughnuts that mother made me.

Tell not of rich dainties, rare treats and all that; But bring to the cook-stove a kettle of fat; They were freshly twisted when she dropped them in.

Now grateful I thought her, as she worked by the fire; While the cinnamon incense rose higher and higher!

How dainty she turned them, just touching each one; And quickly removed them, as she saw they were done.

Call them cinnamon, or crullers, or snails, or cakes; To me they are doughnuts. What a memory that makes!

Of the time, in my boyhood—forget I ever can— When, in the scolding kettle, she fried me a man!

Oh! mother's brown doughnuts, whose hearts were so light; Whose crisp, firm texture gave something to bite!

I hold to the fancy, wherever I stray; That trees never yielded such nuts as were they; And my mind paints a picture that fills me with joy; Of a mother, a kettle, brown doughnuts, a boy!

—Oliver Howard, in Santa Claus.

AFTER WILD HOGS.

Two Brave Hunters Encounter a Ferocious Brute.

After a Desperate Struggle, in Which the Bear Charges His Assaults Repeatedly, a Well-Directed Rifle Ball Makes Him Bite the Dust.

A LETTER from Laughlinton, Pa., a correspondent of the New York Sun tells the following: Four years ago two dogs, one a loaded booby or breeding purpose and noted for his savage temper, broke out of their pen on the premises of George Kuhns, in this place, and a search of several days failed to yield any trace of the missing animal. Last fall deer hunters in the wild and mountainous region in the Ligonier valley, a few miles from Laughlinton, discovered curious-looking tracks in the snow. They led into a thicket of laurels, where the dogs routed out an immense hog. It charged furiously upon the hunters, and was shot and killed after a severe struggle.

The hog was a boar, and weighed over three hundred pounds, although a young animal. Its tusks were three inches in length. Subsequently three other pigs, equally wild and savage, were killed by other hunters. The only way that the presence of the wild hogs could be accounted for was that they were the offspring of George Kuhns' stray pigs, which had chosen a wild life among the Ligonier mountains to domestic peacefulness in a village hog pen.

One day recently Lemmon Marks, a Laughlinton hunter, who has last fall beat all hunting records by bagging five deer in one afternoon—two large bucks, a doe and two fawns—was out after foxes in the mountains. He discovered tracks in the snow that he knew must have been made by one of the wild hogs of the Ligonier. He was not fitted up for hog-hunting and returned home for his rifle and dog. He also induced Salem Grant, another good hunter, to go with him and help bag the wild hog. They struck the track and followed it for two miles, the dog not exhibiting much anxiety to take it with a rush. Suddenly the hog jumped out from a thicket of laurels, with a tremendous roar. He faced his pursuers, his bristles erect on his back, and his long white tusks glistening on each side of his ugly snout, above which his curved points extended. The dog was a few steps ahead of the hunters. The boar lowered his head and began to charge and froth at the mouth. He stood fully three feet high, and an uglier-looking beast Marks says he never saw in all his experience.

A TEXAS REMINISCENCE.

How Things Were Managed in the Early Days of the Lone Star State.

While the Texas veterans were holding a reunion in Austin not long ago, two venerable men who had not seen each other for many years were talking about the early history of Texas, and how much better things were managed in those days than they are now.

Among the incidents of by-gone days was a murder trial which took place in the days of the Republic of Texas, not long after the battle of San Jacinto. A man was brought before the court charged with having murdered a neighbor, the father of a large family. The murderer himself was an unmarried man. The presiding judge, having read the indictment, told the prisoner to stand up, and said to him:

"Bill Jones, you have not acted right in this matter. You have deprived a good woman of her husband and made orphans of her children. If I turn you loose will you marry the widow and support the family of the deceased?"

The prisoner said he was more than willing to do so. In fact, he had shot her husband in order that he could do that very thing.

The widow had no objection except that she wanted a little more time to 'x up' for the occasion. She, however, announced that she was ready, and the judge pronounced the happy couple man and wife without any delay.—Texas Siftings.

WORKING PETE IN.

A Napoleonic Scheme Followed by the Victim's Lascivious.

"Can't fool these 'ere railroads much!" observed the young man in the seat ahead, after we got fairly out of Mauch Chunk.

"How do you mean?" I asked, suspecting he had a story.

"It's a good one on the old man, and I'm dying to tell it," he grinned. "I live about twenty miles below here, and within half a mile of the railroad. One afternoon, about six months ago, my brother Pete got hurt in our saw-mill, and was brought home unconscious. We had just got him home when a neighbor came along and said a passenger train had been derailed at the crossing, and a good many people hurt. This was just at dark, and Pete hadn't come to yet. Soon as the old man heard of the accident to the cars he scratched his head, looked Pete over, and then said to me: 'Jim, it's wry trying for me! We'll take Pete down on a mattress and mix him in and try to git damages from the railroad.'"

"I was afeared it, but he said it was a good one, and so we got out a mattress and lugged Pete down to the crossing. Four or five cars were off, and lots of people hurt, and we slid Pete in among three or four lying on the grass and groaning to kill. It just happened that one of the railroad attorneys was on the train, and he went about asking names and writing 'em down. By and by he came to Pete. An edging had caught in the saw and given him an awful whack over the head, and the lawyer felt him over and asked:

"Do any of you know this poor fellow?"

"I happen to know him," answers the old man. "His name is Pete Staylor, and he orter git a thousand dollars for this!"

"At that minute Pete came out of his snooze, and sitting up on the grass he looked around in a dazed way, and yelled out:

"Why in Halifax don't you clear that saw?"

"And at this the old man got away, and I after him; and Pete went on to tell all about how he got hurt, and I wonder how he got there, and we had to sneak back, and lug him all the way home."

"And what did the old man say?" I asked.

"Say! Why, there's half a mile of road with the trees blistered on each side of it, and he's had every body kicking him, until the whole neighborhood is hip lamed and can't climb a door step."—N. Y. Sun.

ABOUT SOCIABILITY.

Absence of Hospitality That Are Neither Desirable Nor Excusable.

People are apt to speak of the absence of sociability among the residents of cities as if it were something to deplore. In one sense it is; the city dweller misses that personal interest, the ministry in sickness and in time of need which is an outgrowth of intimate neighborhood relations, and not possible except where people have lived near each other for many years.

But city life, apparently selfish, has its compensations. It is true that one may live next door to a family for years, and unless he reads it on the door-plate will never know their name. Of their peculiarities, their faults or virtues still less is known, and there is no desire to be enlightened.

Visits of ceremony, calls, dinners and receptions take the place of the informal dropping in to the mid-day meal or the six o'clock tea, which are permitted and are expected in smaller places.

Friends are the most delightful things in this life, which has many pleasures. But there are very few friendships that are proof against the revelations of too close an intimacy. Every man and woman living, unless they are incased in an impenetrable armor of self-conceit, know that they possess traits which they prefer to keep in subjection and which they do not wish to make public. They do not wish to be surprised in the occasional conflicts which arise between the flesh and the spirit, and they thank the thoughtful neighbor and welcome her when she announces her arrival in the approved manner.

The restrictions of etiquette are not felt by the well-bred and the considerate; they bear only upon those who have more curiosity than friendliness.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

PROGRESSIVE VICTORIA.

Australian Political Experiments That Have Proved Very Successful.

In Victoria—the most progressive of the Australian colonies—telegraphs, railways and irrigation works, which in the United States, are in private hands, are owned and managed by the State. So far as the telegraphs are concerned, this is true of England also, but the rates are much lower in Victoria than in the mother country.

The Victorian railways now pay 4½ per cent. on the capital expended, and would make much larger returns were it not the policy of the colony to occasionally lower fares and freights so as to encourage industries and render services to the people. This purpose is carried so far in New South Wales that school-children are conveyed free of charge on colonial railways, while in Victoria remissions of fare are made to special classes of students.

The low fares of the Victorian railways are the more surprising because the wages of labor are about twice as high as they are in England, and coal costs nearly twice as much. We should not be surprised, therefore, that the results taken in connection with those obtained with a similar sample is presented, afford the data from which the type of color-blindness may be definitely determined.—Prof. Edward L. Nichols, in Chautauquan.

THE HULGREM TEST.

An Examination Which No One Afflicted with Color-Blindness Can Pass.

A large number of colored words are laid upon a table. The set includes a variety of shades of red, magenta, purple, green and violet, and a few yellow and blue samples, together with grays, drabs and browns. A pale green sample is placed on one side, and the person to be tested is requested to bring to it all those which to his eye resemble it in color. If the subject is color blind, the result is most interesting and instructive. The case and certainly with which he makes his selections are very striking. His color sense is evidently as complete and unerring, according to his standards, as that of an observer with normal vision, but it leads him to a totally different result. He selects certain greens, but most of the words which would be taken by a person not color-blind are left untouched. In their place he chooses grays and drabs and browns and pieces of undyed wool, and sometimes coral and straw colors, with certain shades of magenta, lake and reddish purple. With pale magenta as a guide, the selections are no less surprising to one who witnesses the test for the first time, but they are also indicative of a defective system. The results taken in connection with those obtained with a similar sample is presented, afford the data from which the type of color-blindness may be definitely determined.—Prof. Edward L. Nichols, in Chautauquan.

NEW NAVAL SHIPS.

The Style of Vessels Needed for the United States Navy.

Some naval men think we have built too few iron-clads; some that we have built too few cruisers; some complain because we have built too few torpedo boats. It depends on the man. He who like McClellan on shore would have built forts, wants steel-clad ships. The naval counterparts of dashing Phil Sheridan want swift cruisers moderately protected. We can not build successfully what might be called an all-round war-ship. We must design a ship either to cruise around the world or to stay about the home ports and protect them. It does not require any great technical knowledge of naval affairs to understand that since we are so far from possible enemies that their thick-clad ships would have difficulty in reaching us in a condition to fight, and since we could do the possible damage greater damage with light cruisers and torpedo boats (battle ships are necessarily slow) we ought for the sake of peace to build many more cruisers than battle ships. We best can defend ourselves by preparing to damage the enemy rather than by preparing to act on the defensive. Nevertheless, we need iron-clads. It is because of these considerations that of the new naval ships built or provided for, 11 are armor-clad and 81 but slightly protected. Of the eleven, 3 are really battle ships, 5 are old monitors now to be remodeled, 1 is a harbor-defense vessel, 1 is a non-armor-clad vessel, and 1 is a steel-clad ram.

The idea of partly submerging a boat is a good one, and will be applied yet where it is more needed—that is to say, to torpedo boats. The ordinary torpedo boat is worthless outside of smooth water. England owns 307 of them, and not one was found available or even habitable during the naval maneuvers last summer. Someday a smart Yankee will develop a boat with an oval steel-clad deck that will be just wash. The deck will be so thick that rapid-fire projectiles will glance from it. The boat will be so large that it will have great power, and its crew can live in comfort; and yet it can approach the enemy almost unseen because almost under water. That is the style of a torpedo boat for Secretary Tracy to keep in his eye when building the fleet he proposes.—R. Spears, in Chautauquan.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

The Princess of Wales was offered recently \$5,000 by an American magazine for the words.

—It is said that Bismarck was once offered \$1 a word for all that he might contribute to an American magazine.

—William D. Howells recently remarked to a friend that he considered foreign travel detrimental to the career of an American novelist.

—Lord Acton is considered the most learned man in England. He is a Roman Catholic, and in addition to his library has a barometer. His library contains no less than 100,000 volumes.

—The late Armand de Pontmartin was a scathing critic of the "realistic" novel writers, and used to say he hoped to die before M. Zola should be admitted to the Academy. He had his wish.

—General Grant says in his memoir that he wasn't in the sword-play that many writers have described as having taken place between himself and General Lee, at Appomattox, but the story is an interesting one and he always enjoyed it.

—Willkie Collins is said to have remarked shortly before his death: "After more than thirty years' study of the art, I consider Walter Scott to be the greatest of all novelists, and 'The Antiquary' is, as I think, the most perfect of all novels."

—Josquin Miller is described as a square-built, sharp-featured man of weird appearance, with a broad, bald forehead, and suffers his tangled mane of hair to fall carelessly on his shoulders. He affects a semi-clerical style of go-up and says abrupt things in a hollow voice.

—James Paya, the English novelist has written about forty novels and every word of the manuscript is in his own handwriting. He will have nothing to do with stenographers and typewriters. He sleeps ten hours out of the twenty-four, spending the remainder in reading and writing.

—According to Mr. Gladstone's of the Nineteenth Century, the publications of every kind received during the year at the British Museum number about 40,000, which require, by the writer's estimates, a mile of new shelf room every two years.

—Mrs. Frank Leslie occasionally wears a brilliant badge, "The Order of Bolivar." It is star-like in design; oblong, nearly the width of a silver dollar, but rather longer. It is made of highly-burnished gold, and is studded thickly with countless diamonds. On the front side is a portrait in enamel of Bolivar, the liberator of South America; on the other side the arms of Venezuela. The order was presented to Mrs. Leslie by the President of Venezuela "for promoting the cause of art and literature."

AN INTERESTING FIND.

Important Discoveries Made in Mounds Near New York City.

Alexander Crawford Chenoweth, of New York, a civil engineer on the Croton aqueduct, has discovered a number of skeletons and many curious objects in the mounds, and has been examining several well-defined mounds in the fields opposite his house on the King's Bridge road near Inwood street about the middle of last winter. He found two flint arrow-heads and some thin, flat stones which had evidently been cut by human hands. Three weeks ago he dug into the mound, and three and a half feet underground came upon a skeleton surrounded with broken bits of pottery. He sent a description of the mound, the skeleton and the pottery to Prof. F. W. Putnam, head of the Harvard anthropological department, who immediately wrote him that his discovery was of the utmost importance.

Mr. Chenoweth went ahead with his excavations, and has achieved some remarkable results. He has removed from the mound six well-preserved skeletons, almost half a bushel of broken pottery, and many curious stones. He has also located graves containing seventeen more skeletons, which he will take up in the next week or two. Each grave that Mr. Chenoweth has opened is about three and a half feet deep and cut at least two feet into the rock. Every skeleton was on its back. The arms were stretched to their full length, and the hands were crossed. Most of the skeletons are about six feet tall. One of them was a tremendous fellow of at least seven feet five or six. The shape of every skull, as well as the articles found in the grave with it, indicates, Mr. Chenoweth thinks, that it must have belonged to an Indian of some age. The forehead is invariably low, the chin protuberant, and the nose Roman. Hardly a tooth is missing from either jaw. The moment from which the skeletons are taken is about twenty-five feet high and one hundred feet in diameter.—N. Y. Letter.

HOMIE HINTS AND HELPS.

A good, ripe, raw apple is one of the easiest of vegetable substances for the stomach to deal with, the whole process of its digestion being completed in eighty-five minutes.

—Shirred Eggs: Better than when dishes, which should be small, sprinkle in bottom cold chopped ham, a small quantity, break into it an egg, insert a little salt and pepper over top and bake slowly on a grate till the whites are set.

—The Home.

—Mealy bug, which does much damage to house plants, and especially to coleus, may be prevented or removed by washing the plants once a week with soap, adding twenty drops of carbolic acid to half a pint of the soap. The thorough washing of all house plants will benefit them, and sometimes accumulates on the plants and causes injury.

—New Orleans Bread: One and one-half pints of corn-meal, one-half pint of flour, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of soda, one and one-half pints of milk, two eggs; mix into a good batter, beating till very light; pour from the batter into a shallow pan and bake half an hour; serve at once.—Boston Herald.

—Canned Apple Sauce: Another good way of using up apples is to make them into good apple sauce for the table and fill some of the self-sealing bottles which have been employed during the winter. It is good consolation in the spring and summer to have it all ready both for the table and for filling pies. The sauce can be added as the bottles are opened; in our experience it has a fresher taste than when cooked with the apples.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Pea Fritters: Boil a pint of green peas until tender; mash them, while hot, and rub through a colander; season with pepper, salt and a tablespoonful of butter; let cool, add the yolks of two well-beaten eggs, a cupful of cream, one teaspoonful and a half of flour, and half a teaspoonful of soda and mix with a tarter, sifted several times with the flour. Stir and beat well. Wipe ready to use, beat in the whites of two eggs, and fry, a spoonful at a time, in hot lard.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—A very pretty way of adorning the fireplace, which even with the most ordinary "summer piece" can be made to call attention when deprived of the chief charm, a glowing fire, is to place a glass screen in front of the grate, but not close enough to deprive of usefulness as a ventilator. If you stand a long, narrow box, or a glass like a window-box, provided with a tray for catching moisture. Have the box filled with growing ferns and moss, and train the latter up the sides of the mirror, in which the reflection of the ferns and drooping vines add greatly to the beauty of the whole.—The Home Journal.

FACTS ABOUT SALT.

When Added to Milk Chloride of Sodium May Prove of Great Benefit.

Dr. Jacob, of New York, writes that the physiological effect of common salt, the chloride of sodium, is of great value in certain conditions of the system, in children especially. It may be added directly to the mother's milk, or to the milk, or to the vegetable, etc., in a convenient form. Both the latter articles contain more potassium than sodium, and should never be given without the addition of salt.

Probably a portion of the compound is absorbed at once in solution, but another part is broken up in the stomach with the formation of hydrochloric acid, which is an efficient agent in the promotion of digestion in the stomach, where the normal condition of the stomach is interfered with, and in the beginning of convalescence.

The excess of this acid, when it passes from the stomach, unites with the sodium of the bile, sodium chloride being once more produced, and this in turn is dissolved in the contents of the intestine and absorbed into the system. It is known that the salt in the circulation acts to promote vital processes, hastening tissue changes and the elimination of the waste matter.

The quantity of salt present in the tissues remains very nearly constant, for such is the regularity of nature's processes that the presence of an excess will set up just those processes which tend to carry it out from the system; and on the other hand, if it is deficient quantity is administered, the blood will retain it, and the body will get a general lack being indicated by a more sluggish tissue change and marked impairment of nutrition.

Another very important consideration, especially in the case of children, is the fact that milk which holds in solution a small quantity of salt will not coagulate in large solid masses, but in smaller flocks, and thus its digestion is so much easier. In cases where the mother's milk seems to curdle in the same way as cow's milk, it is found that the addition of salt will often afford relief.

The habitual constipation of children is also relieved by the administration of salt, for not only is the food rendered more digestible, but the secretions of the alimentary canal are increased and made more effective by its presence. In any case, the dose should be small, being determined rather by the taste than by the actual quantity used.—Youth's Companion.

The illness of the Contractor.

The lively habits of this part of our kitchen are mainly calculated to excite the interest of housekeepers in getting rid of them. Still it may prove interesting to know that a foreign country has the honor of being the place whence the cockroach emigrated. He was originally imported from Asia about two hundred years ago. It is however said that he stole his passage on board of vessels trading with the East. However this may be, his fecundity was so great that his descendants soon spread themselves all over the Western Continent and he is, doubtless, here to stay.—Christian at Work.

