

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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GETTING STARTED.

Experiences During a Trip from Paris to Lyons.

Trouble with a Cabman—Language Understood by a Paris John—Three Hot Baths—A Discussion on Tobacco That Ends in Smoke.

The letters "P. L. M." are a magic combination. They are a sort of alchemic "open sesame." P. L. M. is the enchanted gateway through which every one must pass to escape from the damp, shivery gloom of an English winter to the paradise of eternal sunshine. The old, the worn and the weary go through this portal to have a refreshing dip in the fountain of youth; the sick go to get well and the hopeless to die. The letters on the northern side of this gateway might stand for Piercing Livid Misery or Pouring Liquid Mud, or Potatoes Liver and Mutton, or Pitiless Lurid Murder; and on the south for Peaceful, Life-giving Mildness, or Palms, Lilies and Mandarins; or Ports and Lakes and Mountains; but in plain literal meaning they stand for the railway called the Paris-Lyon-Mediterranean, running from the capital of France to the great southern sea and along the Mediterranean coast to the Italian frontier.

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, especially if that little happens to be wrong. I always had the idea that the P. L. M. station was that terminus south of the Luxembourg Palace. I don't know how this notion fixed itself on me, but anyhow, when the cab-driver instead of crossing the Seine took the rough stone street on the north side of it, I thought he had mistaken my instructions and tried to tell him where to go. This attempt to give a Paris cabman information about his own city evidently amused him very much, and he proceeded to argue the point with me—he talking French while I confined myself to English—but strong, forcible English.

I think a woman takes a deplorable delight in finding her husband in the wrong. Anyhow, this remark was made. "There is just one chance in a million that you are mistaken and that the man knows where he is going."

"Knows? He doesn't know any thing," and to show that I was in the right I was indignant enough to pull out a map of Paris. I tried to fold it up again as quickly as possible, but it was not soon enough.

"Exactly," the man was right after all. It's miles away and on the side of the river.

"Go on," I shouted to the driver; "what are you stopping for? Drive on and hurry up."

Now, this idiotic cochier seemed to think every time I tried to get him to move on, that I wanted to reopen the argument about the position of the P. L. M. station. He would pull up his horse and turn half round in his seat toward me and vehemently expand his side of the controversy. I realized that if this sort of thing was kept on we would miss the train and I was just debating whether it would be better to murder the man outright and take the reins myself or merely stun him and try to get to the station before he revived, when there came along a pedicler who looked as if he was an Englishman.

"I beg your pardon," I said, "but do you speak English?"

"I have been accustomed to speak it," he answered, coming to a standstill, "from my youth up. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, unless you can also speak French."

"Ah, there you touch my weak point; still I know enough of the language to get cheated."

"Well, I wish you would ask the driver what he is arguing with me about—politics or religion?"

There was an animated confab between the two for a minute, then the stranger turned to me.

"The driver says that you seem a little wabbly in your mind as to what particular station you want to go to. He says he doesn't mind driving to any one station, but he declines to experiment with all the terminal in Paris unless you hire him by the hour."

"Will you kindly tell him that I want the P. L. M. station and that I want it fast. Ask him to hurry and hint at extra compensation."

When this was done the stranger was good enough to give me some hints that might prove useful.

"If he doesn't move fast enough don't say 'go it' or 'hurry up'; he'll think you want to enter into conversation with him. Shout 'pressy,' and if that doesn't do, punch him with your cane. They understand that in every language. They don't hit him with the cane. He will take that as a challenge and hit back with the whip, which finally worried us to the foot of the stone hill that leads to the station. The big clock showed that it was still five minutes to train time. This, on most lines in France or Italy, would be equivalent to missing the train, but the P. L. M. people run a modern railway, and so, with the aid of a good angel, who, instead of having wings, had the words "Cook & Son" in gilt letters on his cap, we got the train. The tickets, which had been bought in London, were now stamped by the railway authorities, and then the trunks were "registered." This system is not quite so good as the American plan of checking, but it is infinitely better than the English way of trusting to luck and personal supervision. A ticket with the word "Byron" was pasted on the trunk; a smaller ticket was given to me. The cost of the service was one penny.

"I'm afraid," said Cook's man, after

he had seen to all these preliminaries, "that I will not be able to get you a compartment to yourself. The trains are rather crowded at this season of the year."

There was one compartment that was empty as far as people were concerned, but in each corner were rugs and portmanteaus that reserved the choice seats.

"No use going in there," I said. "I happen to know," replied our conductor, "that all that impedimenta represents two men who have taken this method of frightening people away. This is your best place. You will have two seats by the window when they pick up their traps."

I may remark that nowhere does the selfishness of mankind come out so strongly as when people are traveling. I, who had just been hoping for a whole compartment for my party, was highly indignant to find that two other unknown persons had been actuated by the same selfish desire. The rugs, valises and handbags were bundled into this compartment, my folks got in after them and I stayed on the platform to head off, if it was possible, anybody else.

Two men, who were on the platform smoking, looked at this invasion with undignified anguish. They consulted together for a moment and then one of them approached me.

"Do you speak English?" he asked. "This was flattering. There was evidently nothing in my appearance to denote that I could speak any thing else, and so I admitted that I generally could make myself understood in that language."

"Is that your party in that compartment?" was the next question.

"Well, I pay for them."

"Ah! Well, you see, my friend and myself have our things in there—and you see—we were wondering—do you know—if the lady would object to our smoking?"

"Speaking of hand I should imagine she would—most decidedly."

"Ah! then you are not a smoker yourself?"

"It is a vile habit—if you will excuse me for saying so."

"Yes, I suppose it is—still if you will allow me to make the remark, I would like to say that when a man who doesn't smoke condemns the habit he simply does not know what he's talking about."

"Possibly that is so."

His friend, who seemed to think that he was not taking a sufficiently diplomatic tone, at that point hauled him off and they consulted together again for a moment. The hand of the clock was within a minute and a half of starting time. They evidently felt that whatever was to be done had to be done quickly. The speaker approached again.

"I suppose you wouldn't mind our smoking if you were alone in the carriage?"

"Oh, I could stand it all right, I expect."

"Do you think the lady and children would object to going into the ladies' compartment?"

"You may ask her if you like. I haven't the courage to make such a request myself. The ladies' compartment is pretty crowded."

"The man apparently thought it best not to make the request, and withdrew again for comfort and consultation with his friend."

"What does that man want?" asked the lady in question as I approached the compartment door.

"He wanted to know if you would object to going into the ladies' compartment with the children."

"The ideal! So that they could have the compartment to themselves? Well, for downright selfishness that—"

"Oh, I assure you, that they want to smoke—that's all."

"Then why didn't you tell them to go into the smoking compartment? I suppose there's no one there."

"I never thought of that. That's a good idea."

I approached the two, who were still debating the matter.

"It has been suggested to me that if a move has to be made—"

"There are only two places in the smoking compartment that—"

"Well there are only two of you."

"And they are all smoking vile French tobacco."

FOOD AND HEALTH.

A Question That Must Always Remain One of Individual Constitution.

Physicians have prepared tables specifying the relative digestibility of food, none of which can be regarded as infallible. That of the French doctor Beaumont placed among the most digestible articles pigs' feet, brains and tripe, and among the least digestible food roast veal, roast mutton and oysters. This classification of oysters will strike Americans as a heresy. Fowl carefully prepared is considered as digestible that it is one of the articles of food most frequently given in case of sickness, and yet thousands of stomachs rebel against it. There seems no objection to placing pigs' feet at the head of the list if they are well cooked and eaten without any of those highly-spiced additions used by many cooks to render them more acceptable to the palate. Among the things generally regarded as trying to the digestion are smoked and salted meats, hash, cauliflower, and several things already mentioned. Roast meats are more digestible than boiled meats. Beef roasted or broiled is the article on whose digestibility the doctors and the human stomach are best agreed. As too great variety of food is not to be commended, so the prolonged use of a single article of diet is generally to be avoided. If circumstances render it necessary that a person or a community should subsist on a uniform kind of food, potatoes, fish, and milk come the nearest to satisfying all the conditions. Neither of these species of nourishment tends specially to muscle, and yet the almost exclusive use of either is entirely consistent with a perfect state of health. Milk goes far, it must be remembered, to supply the lack of animal food. A French physician, basing his conclusion on this principle, advises that cheese be made an important part of the ration of the French army, because it is highly digestible, exceedingly compact, and very nourishing. The Irish peasant, who is usually very invariably healthy, and often handsome, shows the physical advantages resulting from the use of the potato. As to fish, it is a diet that nourishes a much larger proportion of the human race than that which has the privilege—and it is limited—of feeding on the flesh of four-footed animals. As to the relative use of meat and vegetables, it depends on an infinite variety of questions, two of the most important of which are the quality of the soil and climate. Near the equator the use of meat is extremely limited, principally because the system does not require it, while in high degrees of latitude its consumption is greatly increased, and the greater amount of fatty matter it contains, renders it the more acceptable. In many cases the want of it is supplied by pure oil. But after all is said, aside from general rules, the question of food remains, and must always remain, one of individual constitution and human judgment.—San Francisco Chronicle.

THE SENATE SHOCKED.

"Annie Laurie" Produces a Profound Sensation in the Senatorial Chamber.

The dignity of the Senate received a severe shock the other day. In the course of a rather dry debate there came floating through the chamber the sweet strains of "Annie Laurie," their sweetness somewhat tempered by presumptuous ignorance of music in the person or persons producing them.

The Senate chamber is walled in securely for the express purpose of preventing the admittance of any sound from the outer world which might interrupt the serious deliberations of that important body. There are double walls inside and outside, and air chambers and half-ways between, and even the roof is double. There was a time when a Senator from an Eastern State whistled for a page, but that is the nearest approach to music that has ever been heard in the Senate chamber before the experience here recorded. Both members and employes were stupefied by the sound of the unexpected harmony—or perhaps discord. At first it was suspected that Senator Butler, of South Carolina, who has been known to play a practical joke even in the sacred confines of the Senate chamber, had concealed a music-box in his desk, and had "set it off" either inadvertently or maliciously. Nobody knew just what to do, but it is quite likely that a committee would have been appointed to investigate Senator Butler's desk if the Senator from South Carolina had not entered the chamber at that moment from the cloak-room, with a look of astonishment upon his face that seemed to guarantee his innocence.

Still the music went on, and so did the debate. They struggled together for about a minute, when Engineer Jones chanced to pop his head through the doorway leading into the lobby. The minute sound of the music fell upon his ear he let the door fly together again and started down the lobby at a trot that threatened his physical integrity. Two or three minutes after the music, which had been tripping itself upon the occasional periods in a discourse by Senator Call, suddenly ceased. Shortly afterward when Engineer Jones reappeared on the Senate floor the mystery was explained. It seems that a clerk connected with one of the committees is an enthusiast on the subject of music. A friend, so enthusiastic as he, called upon him at his room that afternoon, his violin case in hand. The clerk's flute was in a corner of his desk, and a discussion on the subject of music which ensued resulted in a challenge to a duel. The clerk said that they would find some quiet place in the basement where nobody would hear them, and so down stairs they went. After looking about through the carpenter's quarters and the engine-rooms for a few minutes, they came across a little apartment nicely lighted and comfortably warmed. It seemed to have no occupant and the walls about were evidently thick. So the two musicians sat themselves into the little chamber and attacked "Annie Laurie." It was only when Engineer Jones interrupted their communion that they discovered that the chamber in which they were standing was the chamber of the Senate.

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HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Horradalab cut in this strips lengthwise and a dozen or more of these strips placed on the top of each cup of pickles will keep them from becoming stale or moldy.

—Artificial ice: Mix four ounces of nitrate of ammonia and four ounces of subcarbonate of soda with four ounces of water in a tin vessel, and in three hours the mixture will produce ten ounces of ice.—Sunny Hour.

—Eat something within an hour after rising, if obliged to labor or study, or exposed to malaria or contagion. If possible, eat in pure air and not too fast. Nothing is gained by bolting food, and much harm may be done.

—Instead of ironing the fringe of towels, dories, etc., comb them out straight, while damp, with a new coarse toilet comb. It will be secure on the fringe, and though you can whip the fringe out by beating it lightly on your hand.—Old Homestead.

—Prune Pie: Stew the prunes first with a large handful of malaga raisins. Remove the stones; add a teaspoonful of gelatine to the liquid with sugar to make a good sirup. Let it boil up well and add the stewed fruit. It should form a stiff jelly when cold. Bake in one crust.—Country Gentleman.

—Oatmeal Flakes: Two teaspoonfuls of fine oatmeal, one cup of cold water, one teaspoonful of salt; mix with meal to make a thin batter, use more water if necessary, and spread on dripping pan carefully and serve hot or cold.—The Home.

—French Dish: Take two cupfuls each of chopped veal and ham. Soak two cupfuls of bread-crumbs in one of boiling milk; season, and mix together with two well-beaten eggs. Put into a well-buttered mold or dish and bake for half an hour, not allowing the crust to become too hard. Turn out on a plating and serve hot for tea, or, if desired, will make a nice addition to a scrap dinner.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Keep a sharp lookout for moth millers; all woolen goods with for the season should be shaken, brushed, aired, wrapped in new newspapers, labeled and packed away before they begin to flutter around. They are not apt to injure clothing that is occasionally shaken and aired, or worn; but if you find any spots covered with a fine, filmy web, trouble has begun, and frequent brushing, steaming and airing will be necessary to stop their ravages.—Pioneer Press.

—Asparagus Soup: For this purpose the refuse, tough and white part of a bunch of asparagus may be used. At this season asparagus is sold for five cents a bunch, and sometimes less. Buy a bunch to serve with white sauce, and use the tough part for soup. Cut in small pieces and put to boil in one quart of water with the tops of two green onions, a little salt and pepper, two sliced potatoes. From all through a colander, when tender; then return to the kettle, add a teaspoon of sweet milk, tablespoonful of butter and tablespoonful of flour mixed smoothly together. Simmer three minutes, and serve hot with oatmeal flakes.

—Gossip About Pills.

A Warning Addressed to Careless Consumers of Patent Medicines.

The man or woman who uses a family pill on his or her own responsibility, and without the intervention of a doctor, is entitled to know what drugs it is actually composed of, and the exact quantity of each drug it contains. Many substances—most substances, in fact, that possess aperient properties—have other properties as well, some of them injurious, and some decidedly dangerous. Mercury, for example, is one of the components of all ingredients in what are called "liver pills." A single pill containing a small quantity of mercury has been known to produce salivatory ulceration of the gums, loosening of the teeth, a vile odor of the breath, feverishness, weakness and a whole array of other symptoms sometimes requiring treatment in bed for a week or two. Though it is rare for a single pill to produce this marked effect two or three pills taken on successive nights often do it, and particularly in delicate women. We do not hesitate to say that no man or woman should take mercury without a qualified medical man's instructions, unless he has previously proved by repeated personal experience that mercury is quite safe for him. Podophyllin is less dangerous than mercury, but also much more painful in its action, and very debilitating. Even quinine may produce serious symptoms in some persons and in peculiar bodily conditions. Opium, which is perhaps one of the most common ingredients employed by patent medicine vendors in the preparation of their wares, is one of the most dangerous poisons known. The contention is that men and women who use patent pills and such other articles not only "buy a pig in a poke," but do so without the justification of necessity. They would not take a chicken from the poultryer, or a sirolo from the butcher, still less a bonnet from the milliner or a coat from the tailor, without previous careful inspection and full knowledge on their own part. Yet it would be much wiser and safer to do any or all of these things than to take pills when they are out of health, of whose contents and properties they know nothing at all. It may be laid down as a general principle that no man should do a thing with his eyes shut if he have a chance of doing it with them open. A leap in the dark should never be taken except under the sternest necessity. Does it require any argument to show that this principle is as applicable to pills as it is to politics or to every-day business?—Hospital.

A SAMOAN ROMANCE.

How Jack Tor Wooded the Charming "Maid of the Village."

Lieutenant Brown, the navy officer who saved the Trenton at the great spring hurricane on the Samoan coast, tells some interesting stories about Samoan customs. One of these is very much like the old English custom of crowning the fairest maid in the village "Queen of the May." He says the Samoans live in small settlements like our villages, and each year elect the fairest, the best and fairest girl of a tribe "maid of the village." She fills the office for a twelvemonth, and is held up as a model for all that time. If she commits a sin, her punishment is treble that of the other maidens, so that her honors and disgrace are commensurate.

No white man is ever allowed to talk with a "maid of the village," but "love laughs at locksmen," even in Samoa, for once upon a time an English sailor and one of these much-guarded maidens loved her. She was a chief's daughter, too, and all the more heinous was her sin. She consented to fly into the shelter, and had rowed some distance from shore when the old chief and a dozen stalwarts appeared on the hill-top. The chief loved his daughter and would not consent to the marriage for fear he would wound her. He commanded the Englishman to stop. The chief ordered his daughter to give up her white lover. She clung to him, and the sailor who wanted peace, promised to return her if the chief would consent to their marriage. That worthy hesitated. It was against the law of the island for a "maid of the village" to marry a white man, and he feared the vengeance of the other chiefs. The girl added her pleadings to the lover's, but the old chief would not give in.

All this parleying had taken place with a shining stretch of water between them, and as the decision was announced the sailors picked up the oars, the natives jumped into the water to retrieve them, and the old chief waved his arms after the manner of Lord Ullan in the ballad. Love won, and in a few hours the Englishman and Samoan maid were united by the chaplain. The old chief made a great show of anger. There was a council of all the rulers, and they finally agreed to accept the white man if he would enter his wife's tribe and promise never to return to England—in short, to become a Samoan. Negotiations were opened, the lover consented, and in three days there was a wedding-dinner and all the ceremonies belonging to the marriage of two of their own people. The Englishman has kept his word; he has never left the island, and this all happened seven years ago.—C. B. Pepper, in Wide Awake.

—Necessity is the mother of invention and likewise the father of lies.—Puck.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—In mailing the first half of his manuscript of "Darkest Africa" from Cairo to the North, Stanley wrote: "When it is done, not Vanderbilt's wealth would induce me to write upon the subject at length again."

—The literary production of Mexico is quite wonderful. One of her latest bibliographical lists mentions no less than 13,000 volumes by 3,000 active Mexican authors. The first book printed on this continent was published in Mexico.

—Count Mather, the present German Ambassador at Paris, is the author of one of the best cook books of the day. A sarcastic colleague once said of him: "He is the best cook among the diplomats, and the best diplomatist among the cooks."

—It is reported in Boston that Edward Bellamy wrote "Looking Backward" as a satire on Socialism, and was the most astounded man in the country when thousands of people took it seriously and set him up on a pedestal as the prophet of a new era.

—Rose Hartwick Thorpe says that her earliest recollections are of writing little rhymes on scraps of ribbon paper. When she was a little older she hoarded every penny in order to buy sheets of foolscap, on which to write her effusions.

—Miss May Rogers, of Dubuque, Ia., is the author of a "Waverly Dictionary," in which the 1,300 or more characters in Sir Walter Scott's novels are all described, with illustrative extracts from the text. The book is said to be a complete key to Scott's works.

—The only unutilized copy of the Century that gets into Russia is the one the Czar personally reads each month. In all other Kennan's articles are secured over by the Russian postal authorities with some black stuff of a very penetrating nature which it is quite impossible to remove, even through a chemical process, without destroying the printing. Even where only Kennan's name appears the same smearing tactics are applied.

—Miss Blanche Willis Howard, the novelist, lives in Stuttgart, and receives and chapbooks young ladies studying music, languages and the like. One of the girls under her care says: "She is a practical manager, housekeeper and accountant. She teaches us cooking and French. Besides all this she is a half-doctor. She takes excellent care of the health of the girls, and tries to make them reasonable in caring for themselves."

—The first almanacs were of Arabian origin, and reflected the local genius of the people in a very striking way. They served as models in other countries for hundreds of years. The oldest known copy of such a work is preserved in the British Museum and dates back to the time of Ramses the Great of Egypt, who lived 1,500 years before the birth of Christ. It is written on papyrus in red ink, and covers a period of six years. The entries relate to religious ceremonies, to the fates of children born on given days and to the regulation of business enterprises in accordance with planetary influences.—Boston Transcript.

HUMOROUS.

—Policeman—"How does my new club strike you?" Vagrant—"It's new."

—"Maria, dear," said the fond mother, "the postman asked me to-day whether you wouldn't see some other perfume on your letters. Violet doesn't agree with him."—Barry's Bazaar.

—Lady—"I don't need any of your vulgar alarms." Agent—"Your next neighbor said 'twas no use for me to call here, as you had nothing to be stolen."

—Lady—"Put in three."

—Bobby—"Don't be scared, Johnnie. Perhaps your father didn't mean it when he said he would lick you." Little Johnnie—"Yes, he did. It wasn't as if he had promised to bring me home a silver whistle."

—There are grave fears of an insurrection in Spain owing to the King having reached the age at which his majesty strikes his subjects as worthy of repetition. The strain upon the loyal subjects is said to be too great for them to bear.—Life.

—Mrs. Chaffer—"What twenty cents apiece for those small cabbage-stuffs? That's a pretty high price." Grocer—"Yes, ma'am, but cabbage are scarce and dear. You see there are several large cigar factories right near here."

—Grateful Citizen—"I am delighted to read in the paper that you had refused to raise the price of loaf."

—Mrs. Wickwire—"You know very well that your cigar bill for one day amounts to more than all my incidental expenses for a week." Mr. Wickwire—"Yes; that's just a woman's luck. I wish I could get along as cheaply as you can."—Terre Haute Express.

—Guest (attempting to carve)—"What kind of a chicken is