

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, SEPTEMBER 13, 1890.

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TOO UTTER TO UTTER

I walk the city streets
Where busy crowds go by
And watch the banana peels
That in my pathway lie.
As I rise and brush my clothes
How long in ghoulish gloom,
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

I sometimes bump my shins
On a rushing trolley car,
And the women all with a parasol
My optics wildly jar.
At the play I sit beside
A hat where I can not see,
—And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

I meet a charming miss
And long to gain her heart,
As I seek to win her love with
With my gold I flatter her,
Till finally she says
See will my sister be—
—And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

—Chicago Evening Post.

JESSIE'S OPPORTUNITY.

It Was Improved and Resulted Very Satisfactorily.

"Wickliffe" said Mr. Stone one morning as he looked up from the perusal of a note he had found on his breakfast table, and fixed his eyes sternly on the face of his only son—
"Miss Hall writes me that you are late at school so frequently that she considers it necessary to call my attention to the fact. There is no excuse whatever for such tardiness, and if it happens again I shall punish you severely. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," answered Wickliffe, meekly, his eyes on his plate, and his voice trembling a little. "I do try to get to school in time, father, but somehow or other—"

"You are generally late," finished his father, as the boy hesitated. "Well, this habit must be broken up, or it will be a hindrance to you all your life. I hope I shall not be called upon to punish you, but shall do it my duty to do so if occasion requires."

Poor Wick! He found it difficult to eat his breakfast with those ominous words ringing in his ears. He knew by past experience what was meant by punishment as interpreted by his father, and his appetite for the buckwheat cakes on his plate faded suddenly. He didn't look at his mother, for he knew he couldn't be very well, the loving sympathy he felt sure was in her eye. And he felt equally sure she would look of intense satisfaction.

He and Jessie had quarreled, and had not spoken to each other for two days. It was all about a blue silk umbrella with a gold knob on the handle, which had been a gift to Jessie from her father on her last birthday. Wick had borrowed it one rainy day without asking, and had lost it. Jessie, who had a very hot temper, was extremely angry when she heard her brother's confession, and the result was a quarrel, during which both had made some very unjust and unkind remarks.

They didn't often quarrel. Wick loved his sister dearly, and was slow to anger—slow about every thing, in fact. But Jessie's sharp tongue had stung him into saying a good deal that he afterwards regretted. But he wouldn't say so while she maintained that haughty manner and sullen silence. He knew that while she was in that state no apology, however humble, would be accepted.

Jessie had no desire to heal the breach. The loss of her umbrella rankled still, and her resentment had not received fresh fuel from the fact that she had to carry an old cotton umbrella when she went to visit the Art Gallery with Stina Ward, whose costume was perfect in every detail, and who smiled faintly—or so it seemed to sensitive Jessie—when the cotton streechy in all its faded ugliness was raised during a brief shower.

It generally hurt Jessie as much to have Wick repentant as to be reprimanded herself. But this morning she handed herself. But this morning she was not sorry for him at all, and thought her father ought to have said a great deal more.

"That clock in the hall is to blame for Wick's being late," said Mrs. Stone when breakfast was nearly over, and Wick was gathering up his books. "It is a little slow. I think I had better alter the pendulum a trifle. A trifle."

"Do not let him offer that as an excuse," said Mr. Stone. "I will not accept it. He can find out the time by some other clock if the one in the hall is not to be depended on."

"I think I can make it run correctly," said Mrs. Stone.

She went out into the hall, and Wick followed her to get his overcoat from the rack.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Joshua Hoop, one of the committee appointed to welcome General Lafayette during his visit to this country in 1824, died recently in Baltimore at the age of eighty-seven.

—The thickest octavo volume in the world known is the latest edition of Whittaker's "Reference Catalogue of English Literature." This book weighs twelve pounds, and is eleven inches in thickness.

—The late Prince Schwarzenberg, whose landed estates were so enormous as to be called the Schwarzenberg Empire, left a fortune of \$50,000,000, from which a sum of \$400 was bequeathed to the poor of Vienna. That was his sole charitable bequest.

—James Carlyle, brother of Thomas Carlyle, died recently in Scotland, at the age of eighty-five. He was ten years younger than Thomas, and is said to have resembled him greatly in appearance and manner.

—The Car of Russia is now the largest landlind in the world. Three weeks ago he purchased one single tract larger than the State of Texas. He has also bought in the lands of the Hohenzollern family, which they had inherited, but were not allowed to occupy in Russia.

—The best reporter at the Versailles Assembly was said to be the late Mme. Rouvier, who condensed the speeches as she heard them and wrote them in long hand for one of the great Brussels journals and posted them, without copying, immediately to the home office. There was no need of revising the proofs, for her hastily-done "copy" was so perfect and accurate.

—In order to give Jules Simon a pleasant recollection of his visit to Berlin while attending the recent Labor Congress, Kaiser William presented him with "a collection of the musical works of my ancestor, Frederick the Great."

—A historian who is compiling the letters, messages, speeches, etc., of President Lincoln for publication has finished a search of the records of the executive office of Ohio. But one autograph letter was found. It is dated April 23, 1864, and is addressed to the Governors of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin to furnish 50,000 troops for one hundred days' service.

—Stanley, who is a Welshman by birth, a United States citizen by affiliation, and an African by exploration, has as temptations to become an Englishman a handsome, clever, and wealthy fiancée, a public subscription, a knighthood, and much honor from all men. Less than this would surely have changed even the famous "ruler of the Queen's navy."

—"Uncle Tom" Hardin, a schoolmate of Thomas A. Hendricks, once a friend of Benjamin Harrison, and at one time one of the most brilliant lawyers in Indianapolis, died some time ago in Kansas City. Disipation had reduced him from an estate of \$250,000 to the necessity of dying in the haunts of his rowdy companions. One of them asked him, as the end drew near, if he felt like taking something. "Yes," he said, rather faintly; "a little whisky." His eyelids drooped;—there was a rattle in his throat as he continued: "A little strup in the glass, boys, if you please. But old Tom never took the drink, for when it was brought from the saloon below his life had ended."

—"What is the difference between a person being in 'danger of his life' and in 'danger of his death'?" "When a man is in 'danger of his life' he calls in a physician. Then, of course, the rest is understood."—Philadelphia Times.

—"How far back can you remember, Bobby?" asked his uncle. "Well," said Bob, "I can remember when I didn't play marbles." "No further back than that?" "Oh, yes; I can remember when I couldn't remember at all."

—"Uncle James (who is a trifle near-sighted and had given his niece a silver watch for a birthday present)—'I'd have made it a gold one my dear, but then how much greater the loss if he had been so unfortunate as to have it stolen.'"

—"The ocean steamers are having a hard time to keep out of ice this year." Mrs. Daly—"That's strange. The ice-men are giving such small pieces now that I'm all the time out of ice."—Light.

—"Horace (standing on the steps and looking out at the pitiless storm; time, 11 p. m.)—"How it comes down!" Penelope (absent-mindedly)—"I do hope you may be able to get home before it stops raining." Horace (stiffly)—"I think I can." (Rushes out into the storm.)—Chicago Tribune.

THE AROMATIC CLOVE.

—The man who goes out between Asia and comes back with a clove between his teeth should be interested in knowing where his disinctant comes from. Zanzibar and the neighboring island of Pemba furnish the world with the bulk of the supply, about 15,000,000 pounds a year. Consul Pratt, in a report just received at the State Department, says the clove tree was first introduced into Zanzibar by Sultan Seyid Said bin Sultan about the year 1820, since which time its cultivation has gradually extended, until it is now the chief industry of the islands.

The industry received a check in 1873, the date of the great hurricane. At least nine-tenths of the trees were destroyed at that time, so the larger part of those now standing are of new growth.

A peculiarity of the clove tree is that every part is aromatic, but the greatest strength is found in the bud, which is the "clove" of commerce. The finest quality of cloves are dark brown in color, with full, perfect heads, free from moisture.

In the cultivation of the clove the first thing to be done is the starting of the shoot. The seeds are planted in trenches, and are kept well watered until after sprouting. In the course of forty days the shoots appear above ground. They are carefully watered and looked after for the space of two years, when they should be about three feet in height. They are then transplanted, being set about thirty feet apart, and kept watered till they become well rooted. From this time on the young trees require only ordinary care, though the best results are obtained when the ground about the trees is well worked over and kept free from weeds.

The growth of the tree is very slow, and five or six years are required for it to come into bearing, at which time it is about the size of an ordinary pear tree, and is usually very shapely. It is a pretty sight to see a young plantation just coming into bearing. The leaves, of various shades of green tinged with red, serve to set off the clusters of dull red clove buds.

As soon as the buds are fully formed and the brown color of the harvest commences, and is prosecuted for fully six months at intervals, since the buds do not form simultaneously, but at odd times throughout the period. The limbs of the tree being very brittle, a peculiar four-sided ladder is brought into requisition, and the harvesting proceeds apace.

As fast as collected the buds are spread out in the sun, until they assume a brownish color, when they are put in the store-house and are ready for market.

A 10-year-old plantation should produce an average of 20 pounds of cloves to a tree. Trees of 20 years frequently produce upward of 100 pounds each, worth 10 cents a pound.

The Sultan does not inconsiderable portion of his revenue from this source, the duty levied placing to the Sultan's credit for the present year nearly, if not quite, \$400,000.

Beside the clove buds, the stems are also gathered, and form an article of commerce, commanding about one-fifth of the price of cloves and having about the same percentage of strength. To this circumstance is due the fact that the stems can frequently be purchased in the home market at a lower price than whole cloves.

For the past 15 years the cultivation of cloves has been the chief occupation of the Arab planters, and had always setted good returns. It seems probable that it will continue to be a profitable crop, since the consumption of the article appears to keep pace with the inevitable increase of production.

—Washington Letter.

—Empress Frederick's Misdeeds.

—The German Empress Frederick loves little every one she sees, and will often stop in her walks and speak to them. Even grubbiness will not deter her from taking a particularly fine baby in her arms, though, of course, she prefers them clean. In return, children, who always know their friends by instinct, are attracted to the Empress, and she is called "the little mother."

—Narrow Escapes of Great Men.

THE TEXAS VIGILANTES.

Remembrance of the Days When Crime Was Summarily Punished.

The halcyon days of the Vigilantes, when justice was swift, sure and poetic, are just now much hemoised by some of the old-timers. The spectacle of a man tried and sentenced to a term in the penitentiary because he killed a neighbor's steer in order to provide his starving family with meat fills them with such indignation as can only be relieved by a resurrection of old-tale tales, long since dead and buried. "Uncle" Middle Ackerman's memory is especially good. There is a tradition that in the old days no one was more deft with the noose than he.

"Did the man shoot the steer because he was hungry for meat? If so, all right. Did he shoot the steer and then sell the hide? If so, hang him!" And all the other old fellows nod willing assent.

"Remember the trouble we had with that low-down chap, Bill Spangle, in 1857? No? Well, it was this way: Bill and his wife and a big brood of young ones lived in a shanty about four miles out. Somebody was leaving the skinned carcasses of cattle around on the prairie. They were always shot in the head. None of the meat was ever taken, but their skins were always missing. We traced three of the skins to town, and then traced the shooting and skinning to Bill Spangle. Next day five vigilantes had him swinging from a limb in front of his house. On account of his family they let him down before he croaked, and warned him to pack up and get out before another sunrise. Bill failed to move, and they warned him again."

"He paid no attention, and the third day, just as the sun was coming up, the same five vigilantes rode up and hitched their horses to some trees fifty yards from Bill's front door. They all dismounted and one of them took off the belt containing his knife and revolver and threw it on the ground, stripped himself to his shirt, boots, trousers and sombrero, raised both hands above his head, and walked slowly toward Bill's door. Bill stood in the door with two revolvers cocked and aimed. Behind him stood his wife, with a rifle aimed over his shoulder. The unarmed man walked on slowly, with his hands high above his head. One of those who remained behind cocked his rifle and stood partly concealed behind his horse.

"For nearly half an hour this unarmed man stood and talked with Bill, while two revolvers and a rifle were still aimed at his heart. He was urging Bill to leave the country for the sake of his family. From what they could hear the others knew that Bill's answer was that this was his home and he would not leave it alive. Twice the unarmed man lowered his hand slowly to his brow, and each time he did so his comrade glanced along the barrel of his rifle at Bill from behind the horse. But twice the unarmed man raised his hand again and resumed the conversation.

"At last the unarmed man's left hand slowly wiped the perspiration from his brow, while with his right he deliberately removed his sombrero. At that instant a rifle rang out from among the trees, and Bill Spangle lay dead across his own threshold."—Brownsville (Tex.) Cor. N. Y. Press.

MONTANA CHIVALRY.

A Frontiersman Lets an Enemy Off With a Mild Punishment.

Now and then you will find a man who will bully and fight at the same time. Such a chap was "Lop-shouldered" Bill," as we called him in Montana. He was a big, burly fellow, and a braggart, but he would have fought ten men as soon as one. For two years he had a revolver where he could drop his hand on to it in a second, and the half dozen chaps who were looking to get the drop on him had to keep on waiting. One day, however, Bill's shooter got out of repair and he gave it to a minor to be fixed. Instead of waiting for it he wandered down to a saloon where the habit was congregated, and it wasn't a quarter of an hour before he set out to pick a fuss with an arrival. He just slobbered like a stranger into "talking back" he reached for his gun to pop him. His gun wasn't there. When Bill realized it he turned as white as snow, thinking his time had come. The stranger had drawn on him, you see, and he carried a wicked look in his eyes.

"Well," he asked, as Bill raised his hands.

"I haven't any gun."

"See. Leave it somewhere."

"Very careless in you. I've got the call."

"You are a bad man, and I ought to shoot you through the head, but I don't like this cold-blooded business. Hold up your right hand and spread out the fingers."

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Medical men are insisting on the necessity of better ventilation in churches.

—The Baptists of the "regular order" in the United States have passed the three million point.

—It is reported that the Scandinavians in Utah are deserting the Mormon hierarchy in great numbers.

—The total number of communicants in the Presbyterian church is 856,411, a not gain during the past year of 103,162.

—A Protestant Episcopal Church, costing \$400,000, is to be built at Philadelphia as a memorial of the late George W. South.

—At a special meeting of the overseers of Harvard College recently, the report refusing admission of women to the Divinity School was adopted.

—The income of the University of Oxford for the present year is about \$25,000. During the last year the university has increased its capital by nearly \$13,000.

—Princeton College is offered \$10,000 for the purpose of providing regular Bible study for students; \$10,000 for scholarships, and \$100,000 for a new dormitory.

—The Christians of Great Britain gave altogether to foreign missions last year \$6,673,453. Over one-third of the amount came from the Established church.

—Hon. Thomas Beaver is giving the Methodists of Lewisburg, Pa., a \$25,000 church in memory of his father, who was ordained by the apostolic Bishop Asbury.

—Yassar College celebrated its quarter-centennial anniversary recently. Benson J. Lossing was the historian, and George William Curtis the orator. The graduating class numbered forty-six.

—The annual meeting of the Congregational School and Publication Society was held in Boston recently. The report stated that 231 new Sunday-schools were organized during the year. The receipts for the year were larger by \$9,000 than in the preceding year.

—Rev. O. E. Bobb has discovered yellow and time-worn documents written by John Nitche, a member of the bar in New York, who died fifty years ago and whose portrait hangs in the managers' rooms at the Bible House, which disclose the interesting fact that as far back as January, 1813, a Chinaman by the name of John Lowe Ah Cooke was admitted to membership and communion in the "Old South Reformed Dutch Church in Garden street."

—The number of suicides by pupils of German gymnasia, especially in Berlin, on account of a failure to pass the examinations for an advanced class, has increased to such an alarming extent that the Prussian Cultus Minister, V. Gossler, has addressed a public letter to his teachers and parents on this subject. He urges them to a better education, morally and physically, of the pupils, and to a greater regard for the individual weaknesses and character of the different pupils. He appeals to both home and school to work together for this end.

—They Are the Strongest Female Workers in All Europe.

THE SULTAN'S HOUSEHOLD.

All Responsibilities Rest on the Shoulders of Two Officials.

It is estimated that over six thousand persons are fed daily at his Delma Bagiche Palace when the Sultan is there. One who is well informed gives a graphic picture of the Sultan's household. He admits that it is clear that there is good executive ability in the management of this enormous household, for there is scarcely ever a jar or a hitch, even under the impulse of the most untimely demands. Every different department is under the control of a person who is directly responsible for that, and he has a corps of servants and slaves under his orders, who obey him only, and he is subject to the Treasurer of the Household. Women have no voice whatever in the management of any thing in any department. Their sole occupation is to wait upon their respective mistresses, or to serve the Sultan in some specified capacity; and the labor about the palace is so divided that no one works very hard except the Lord High Chamberlain and Treasurer of the Household. The Chamberlain is mostly occupied in administering to the wants and caprices of the Sultan, and is in almost constant attendance upon him; so the Treasurer of the Household has the burden of the housekeeping on his burly shoulders.

He has an organized force of buyers, who are each charged with the purchase of certain supplies for their individual departments, each having his helpers, servants and slaves. One man is charged with the duty of supplying all the fish, and as to furnishing fish for at least six thousand persons is no light undertaking in a place where there are no great markets such as there are in all other large cities, he has to have about twenty men to scour the various small markets and buy of the fishermen, and each of these men has two others to carry the fish they buy. About ten tons of fish a week are required. There are nearly eighteen thousand pounds of bread eaten daily, for the Turks are large bread eaters, and this is all baked in the enormous ovens situated at some distance from the palace. The food for the Sultan is cooked by one man and his aids, and no others touch it. It is cooked in silver vessels, and when done each kettle is sealed by a slip of paper and a stamp, and this is broken in the presence of the Sultan by the High Chamberlain, who takes one spoonful of each separate kettle before the Sultan tastes it. This is to guard against poison. The food is almost always served up to the Sultan in the same vessels in which it was cooked, and these are often of gold, but when of base metal the kettle is set into a rich golden bell-shaped holder, the handle of which is held by a slave while the Sultan eats. Each kettle represents a course, and is served with bread and a kind of pancake, which is held on a golden tray by another slave.

The Sultan never uses a plate. He takes all the food direct from the kettles, and never uses a table and rarely a knife or fork—a spoon, his bread, a pancake, or fingers are found far handsier. It requires just twice as many slaves as there are courses to serve a dinner to him.—Leisure Hour.

AFRICA'S KOLA NUT.

A Blend of Tea and Coffee and a Substitute for Tea.

A paper by Mr. T. Christian was read at a meeting of the British Society, St. James Hall, on the African kola nut, concerning which many remarkable statements have recently been published. The kola nut is held in great respect by the natives of the western coast of Africa on account of its wonderful stimulating and sustaining powers. The nut is ground into a fine powder and carried about the person during long journeys, when often the only sustenance consists of a "chew" of this kola. Thanks to it, many have been able to stand off thirst and hunger, while others declare that after a severe day's work of marching nothing so revives the system as a kola nut. As a basis for a beverage, the analysis published comparing the nitrogenous principles, chemically defined and crystallizable, kola takes precedence over tea, coffee and cocoa, while, owing to the almost entire absence of tannin, it does not injure to impair the digestive organs. The stimulating tonic and sustaining powers of kola are mostly due to the caffeine, of which it contains over 3 1/2 per cent; and suffers from indigestion, nervous or bilious headaches will, the lecturer remarked, tell with satisfaction a beverage which they can drink as a substitute for tea, coffee, or cocoa. The lecturer pointed out the advantages of this nut to sportsmen, athletes, brain-workers, during long times when they are straining their powers of endurance. From the accounts given kola is likely to prove not only a great rival to tea and coffee, but also a substitute for the ordinary run of tonics and stimulants. Planters in the tropics having long-lying, marshy lands will find the kola tree a profitable product, yielding as it does, at full maturity, about a hundred weight of nut per annum. The flowering and fruiting take place simultaneously twice a year, so that there is presented the curious sight of a tree bearing fruit and flowers at the same moment.

An interesting letter was read at the Paris Academy of Medicine recently on the action of kola as nourishment and sustaining power for walkers, and especially for the army. Dr. Hecker, of Marcellin, the writer of the letter, argues that the fruit of the kola tree should be used as a part of the soldier's ration, inasmuch as it enabled men to make long marches without a corresponding fatigue. He gives various instances in support of his statement, and especially mentions a test made during a maneuver of the Sixth Army Corps.—Public Opinion.

—The Dids' Onset.

W. Childers Kydd (looking for board)

—Oh, I forgot to mention that two of my party of four are small children. I hope that will make \$5 difference.

—Mrs. Hudson (wearily)—"Oh, not all I shall just charge the same as if they were grown up."—Puck.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—The late Prince Schwarzenberg, whose landed estates were so enormous as to be called the Schwarzenberg Empire, left a fortune of \$50,000,000, from which a sum of \$400 was bequeathed to the poor of Vienna. That was his sole charitable bequest.

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