

St. Tammany Farmer.

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

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THE "DARNDES" GAL.

Darnes gal I ever knowed,
Nestor gal I ever seen,
Just below the county road,
Gone like the wind was she,
Soppy was her name, an' she
Was as cute as a cat's paw,
When she'd go to town I bring
Her the biggest lot of stuff,
Popovers, lie'ries an' enough
Candy fer to fill a crock,
Once she hit me with a broom
Cuz I kissed her on the cheek,
An' the midge didn't speak,
To me fer praps a week.

When I'd raise my eyes to her,
Jimmie! My cheeks 'ud burn,
An' get redder 'n a beet,
Oh, she was just power'ful good,
Way I felt so durned queer
When I tried to call her "Nestor"
That I'd lost 'er in the fence
'Zif I didn't have no sense,
Twist the buttons on my vest,
Ask her who she liked the best,
An' he'd be it was me, I tell,
An' old Jones who ran the mill,
Keep a-hintin' 'round, you see,
Till she'd up an' say "I wuz me."

I was jellus of Jim Pike—
Jellus as the very deuce—
Though there didn't seem much use,
Fer his hair wuz red as brick,
An' his freckles wuz so thick,
That a feller one day said
You could toast a bit of bread
If you'd hold it nigh his head,
He wuz aw'warder an' shyer
Never fished along the creek,
But he'd be a tumble in
Soppy thought to pity Jim,
Soppy thought if I wuz him
I'd go out an' hide an' seek,
Else put plaster on my hair,
But, his homely, lantern-jawed
Lookin' cuss stood 'round 'n' chawed
On a plug of tobacco,
All the time, an' talked to her
Of his love till I just told
Him to monkey, an' he rolled
Up his sleeve an' batted me
Plump between the eyes. Then he
Went to Soppy, an' she,
Married him—the pretty maid,
I wuz just totally blowed—
Darnes gal I ever knowed,
Nestor gal, in West Shore.

A MAINE ADVENTURE.

Two Boys' Narrow Escape from the Ravonous Wolves.

THE big piazza of the hotel at Moosehead lake sat a dozen or more jolly persons, all seeking with pleasure the old lake might afford during the heated term. "Moosehead" said a Boston alderman, when asked if he had ever seen a specimen of the creature after which this lake was named. "Well, I should say so," he replied, "for the benefit of the assembled audience an adventure of young Tom Barclay and an Indian lad commonly called "Nac" for short, although Nacola was the full name.

These youngsters, said the story teller, were out trapping one winter day when, having crossed on the ice to an island in the lake, they were startled by harsh cries and howls in the woods. "What noise is that, Nac?" asked young Barclay.

"Wolves," said Nacola. "Call 'em one to another."

The boys hid, but the wolves scented them and soon began to howl around. Nacola shot one wolf and the pack soon tore the poor beast into bits.

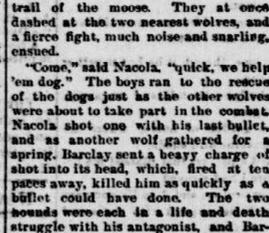
"Do you think they mean to attack us, Nac?" said Tom, as looking behind him he saw that all these quarters at least a dozen wolves were now in sight.

"Um, no, not," said the Indian; "time by, praps, when sun goes down."

sped in single file, with their noses in the air and antlers thrown back against their shoulders. The wind blew from the shore, so that these animals, trusting wholly to their scent to indicate the presence of danger, were in the midst of twelve before they discovered their presence or that of the boys.

When the foremost moose perceived his natural enemies about him, he charged them at once. The wolves yelped, started, snapped and got out of the way the best they could as the moose rushed this way and that way at the nearest ones, trying to toss them with his horns, and striking savagely with his fore feet. The two younger bulls turned to right and left facing the wolves, while the cow and her calf passed into the center, protected by the three male animals. The wolves did not attempt to approach the moose, but drew back and ranged themselves in a wide circle on the crust at a safe distance away.

A new sound mingled with the noise of the fray, as there came baying and bounding out from the woods two large hounds, which were evidently on the



"QUICK, WE HELP 'EM DOG."

trail of the moose. They at once dashed at the two nearest wolves, and a fierce fight, much noise and snarling, ensued.

"Come," said Nacola, "quick, we help 'em dog." The boys ran to the rescue of the dogs just as the other wolves were about to take part in the combat. Nacola shot one with his last bullet, and as another wolf gathered for a spring, Barclay sent a heavy charge of shot into its head, which, fired at ten paces away, killed him as quickly as a bullet could have done. The two hounds were each in a life and death struggle with his antagonist, and Barclay with his gun-stock and Nacola with his axe lent them help that settled the fight in short order. But the wolves still hung about as if ready to renew the combat if the slightest chance offered in their favor.

Crack! crack! came two shots from the woods, and two wolves fell struggling. The shuffling of snow-shoes upon the crust had not been heard by the boys, as there came out of the woods two men who looked for a moment in astonishment on the scene and then fired at once. At the sight of this reinforcement the discomfiture of the wolves was complete; they scattered in all directions, and in a minute or two none were to be seen. When the moose hunters came, but upon the ice, and saw the crust torn up and trodden by the moose, and the bodies of eight dead wolves lying about, they were too much astonished to think of the game they had been pursuing, or do any thing else, than question the boys and hear from them the story of their long fight and battle.

"Where are the moose we were chasing?" cried one of the men presently. For the first time since they came on the ice the hunters thought of the moose, which had taken advantage of the first lull in the combat to continue their flight, and now had disappeared in the dusk and laid out upon the lake. The animals were deemed to be too far away to admit of successful pursuit in the darkness, although the dogs, with all their wounds, were, like true bred hounds, ready to resume the chase. "No use following them at this hour," he added. "Here, help hold the dogs. They ain't fit to go further to-night, and besides, if they get out of our sight the wolves 'll kill 'em sure. We'd better skin those dead wolves right away, before they freeze."

HYPNOTIZING ANIMALS.

How Lobsters, Crabs, Fish and Birds Are Put to Sleep.

"Can animals be hypnotized?" was the question put recently to a physician who is more or less interested in this mysterious subject. "Certainly," was the answer, and the doctor proceeded to tell the host, why and wherefore, citing the experience of an eminent Russian man of science, Prof. Danilewsky, of Kharkoff. The professor has made a special study of hypnotism in animals, and has embodied his observations in a paper read before the international congress of experimental psychology, which met in Paris last fall. Prof. Danilewsky stated that he had obtained hypnotic results in a long list of animals, going upward from the shrimp, the crab and the lobster to several fishes (among them the cod and the torpedo fish), the tadpole, the frog, the lizard, the crocodile, the serpent, the tortoise, several birds, the guinea pig and the rabbit—truly a representative and varied collection from the brute creation. As to the method of inducing the hypnotic state, he says he had generally found it sufficient to place the animal in the same abnormal position, for example, on its back, and to keep it quiet with a slight continuous pressure. Under these conditions the animal soon fell into a condition in which a loss of voluntary movement was noticeable, followed by anesthesia, or a loss of feeling in the skin and mucous membrane, so that after a time the artificial stoppage of the means of respiration did not arouse any appropriate reactions, while at the same time the appearance of some spasms and convulsive movements gave the action of the animal the character of an emotional struggle. By repeated hypnotization the resistance of the animals became less and less, while their susceptibility became increased. This external restraint or pressure to which the animals were subjected is one of the means of bringing on the hypnotic condition, and in the animal a feeling of inability to exert its natural means and resources for defending itself, and a paralysis of the will followed. That was the first condition, according to the professor, for inducing the phenomena of hypnotism, as well as in men.

Prof. Bernheim, a recognized authority in all matters pertaining to the phenomena of hypnotism, says that a state produced in animals which Prof. Danilewsky ascribes to hypnotism is nothing other than a cataleptic condition, similar to the condition of men occasionally seen in exhausting diseases, such as typhoid fever. The Russian professor, after distinguishing between catalepsy, a condition of arrest of voluntary movement and of anesthesia, which is generally brought on by strong and painful external stimuli, and hypnotism, which in the case of the animals with which he experimented was induced, he declares, without violent stimuli, stoutly maintains that the effects he produced with and upon the animals were due, not to catalepsy, but to hypnotism.—N. Y. Tribune.

ABOUT THE HOLLYHOCK.

This beautiful and interesting flower has been known since 1573. Of all our summer flowers none can compare in statelyness with the hollyhock. If the rose is queen, then this dignified and commanding plant is her chief marshal in the border. Rising each year from its green base, it attains early in July a height of from six to eight feet, and begins to open along its line roseate stem the beautiful flowers which add so much to the brightness of our gardens. Their colors are very pure, ranging all the way from white to the darkest crimson, and including some fine shades of yellow. On the whole the single and half-double ones are the most picturesque as they are the most delicate, though the massive blossoms of the very double ones convey more fully the idea of masculine strength. When full grown, in strong soil, the plant will reach a height of eight or nine feet, and is of royal appearance indeed.

The hollyhock, as every one knows, is one of the oldest inhabitants—our grandmothers know it well. It has, in fact, been in use in Europe since 1573, when it was introduced into Occidental gardens from its old home in China. Though, strictly speaking, a biennial, the hollyhock (*Alcea rosea*) may, by attention to drainage, winter covering, etc., and especially by the division of the root, be made to continue indefinitely. It needs deep soil, and does not mind all the manure you can give it, so long as you keep its feet cool and moist. The greatest enjoyment of the flower comes probably to those who raise it from the seed of blooms fertilized and crossed by the bees in their own gardens.

The hollyhock is a source of interest to those who have not tried the experiment. Those who have tried it should lay the foundation by sowing the best seed possible in a light single and double. Chatter's strain of the latter is still unrivaled. Sow in a garden, in March or April, the young plants will be large enough to transplant into permanent positions by September. A thoughtful hand placed around them before winter closes in is of great benefit, preventing a tendency to rot about the stem in early spring. The plants will flower the second year from seed. The seeds from these first blooms, being carefully ripened and planted in the same way, will afford a great many novelties if the collection is not at all unskilful.—Boston Transcript.

Senator Davis, of Minnesota, was one of the first telegraph operators. Recently he narrated with every evidence of pleasure in the recollection his experiences in the office at Washkesh and along the line for a distance of twenty-four miles, which was under his charge. He was, he said, one of the first to use the telegraph in the country to read telegrams by sound.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—America has 300,000 telephones, more than the rest of the world combined.

—It is said that the postage stamps of half the nations of the world are engraved and printed in New York.

—The first locomotive was built by Richard Trevithick in 1804, but the first locomotive after the modern idea was built by George Stephenson in 1825; the idea of the construction of a locomotive was given to the world by James Watt in 1769, and patented by him in 1784.

—Beaver lake, in Yellowstone park, has been created by the industrious little animal after which it is named. A colony have here built a series of thirty dams, thus forming a sheet of water half a mile in width and two miles in length. The dams have falls of from three to six feet each.

—A dumb woman at Martha's Vineyard owns and manages a small schooner, living in it with a kitten and a huge Newfoundland dog for company. She supports herself by fishing and her lobster-pots, and by peddling thread and buttons and such small wares along the coast when the fishing season is over.

—Prof. Gee, of Paris, is now more to be known from physiological experiments that the nutritive value of coffee in fact amounts to nothing, that it is merely a stimulant, in that it acts on the human system as a blower on a fire, to increase the rate of activity of vital functions, and the remaining energy and heat dissipation. To use it, in short, to dissipate, to put on unnatural steam pressure and wear out the vital machinery too fast.—Foot's Health Monthly.

—It is a most peculiar sight to see the canal boats which are burdened with ice coming down the river. There are hundreds upon hundreds of them now being hurried to the metropolis. The whole deck of the boats is covered with several inches in thickness to protect, as far as possible, the precious commodity from the ravages of the sun. On several of the boats which passed this city a few days ago grass was luxuriantly growing from the earth which covered the docks.—Albany Argus.

—The low language of a parrot in Kansas City led to the arrest of the bird and its owner. The parrot belongs to a barber, and it singled out, as an especial object of his enmity, a certain Mr. J. Nelson, whose office is across the street. For several days, as the journalist entered or left his office, he heard from the bird expressions like these:—"Look at old paste-pot!" "Soak his head!" "Get your hair cut!" When the bird was brought into court, it abused the spectators by screeching: "Johnny, get you gun!"

THE KING OF LILIES.

My Stagnant Majesty Must Be Sober to Be Fully Realized.

I am not aware that the great Himalayan lily—*Lilium giganteum*—has been previously grown in the open air in this State; it is a stranger to Western New York, I have reason to believe, until this season.

My first experience with this lily dates back to the autumn of 1885, when several flowering bulbs were sent me from England. The gigantic conical bulbs were watered and housed in a cool house over winter and planted in the open in the spring, only to be cut down and killed by an unexpected sharp frost during early May. The following autumn a dozen small bulbs were sent me by a friend in North Wales. These, likewise, were potted and housed over winter, with the exception of three, which were planted late in November in the hardy fernery. The latter all put forth leaves the following spring, showing conclusively that the species is hardy in this climate. The remaining bulbs were also placed in the fernery and the shaded portion of the rock-garden. Of eight of the dozen bulbs which survived, four have already flowered, and the remaining four being strong plants which, unquestionably, will produce flower-stalks next season.

The plants have all received a slight winter protection of leaves, and every spring the early projecting crown has been protected by pots or other covering whenever any danger from frost appeared, this lily being one of the very first plants to show above ground in spring, and being extremely sensitive to sudden cold. The stem begins its ascent early in the season, throwing out the large, heart-shaped leaves, which diminish in size as they advance upon the stem, the flowers forming in a great raceme at the extremity of the stalk. Even as a foliage plant, independent of its stately flower-stalk, this lily, with its huge, glossy leaves, is strikingly attractive, and the remaining four being strong plants which, unquestionably, will produce flower-stalks next season.

The strange beauty and majesty of the great Himalayan lily must be seen, however, to be fully realized; and it is to direct the attention of all flower-lovers to one of the grandest of hardy plants that I am prompted to refer to it. Its beauty could only be fully portrayed by a poet. If any flower may be termed royal, this term applies to *Lilium giganteum*. It looks like the inhabitant of a tropical jungle—a sacred flower of the far East, supreme in its statelyness and its grace. Its suave, haunting odor sets one dreaming. Fragrances as of jasmine, Japanese honeysuckles and gardenias; perfume as of cassia and mandarin; spices as of saffron and clove-carnation cling to its long, chaste chalice and scent the entire garden in the evening. Then from the coronas point of its great flower cluster, peering from the tall, tapering stalk above the majestic leaves, and the refinement and beauty of the long, trumpet-shaped bloom! A distinct feature of the six-petaled blossom is the penciling of the inner petals, these being exquisitely shaded with purple merging to deep lake from the extremity of the flower to the flange of the chalice.

The height of the bamboo-like stalk in the four specimens referred to varies from eight feet three inches to nine feet, the diameter of the thickest stalk exceeding two and a quarter inches. The flowers number from ten to twelve, while the individual blooms measure from eight to nine inches in length. After flowering, the stalk dies down, and the old bulb shrivels and dies. Each bulb has thrown out from two to four offsets, which will be lifted and placed where desired in the autumn. George H. Ellwanger, in Garden and Forest.

ORIENTAL TRIUMPHS.

A Most Beautiful Fabric Miss Blaised Brought From Japan.

Miss Elizabeth Blaised, during her trip round the world last spring, picked up in Japan one of the most exquisite fabrics ever brought to this country. The Oriental call it rainbow crepe, and surely never was a name more aptly given. The silky, daintily woven stuff is of silver white, having a sheen as of moonlight overlying its minute crepe twill. Then running in diagonal fashion across the narrow breadth are faint illustrative colors of pale rose, light gold, the blue of early dawn, a dim green tint and shadowy lilac. These ravishing hues, that are rather suggestive than defined, seem to glimmer through warf and wool of the lustrous silk, one minute burning in flames of color, to be lost the next in vague, melting light.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—M. Zola permits an interested world to know that he takes a cold bath every morning.

—The Marquis de Louville bears a striking resemblance to Colonel Elliott F. Shepard.

—The two daughters of the Spanish Queen are nine and eleven years old respectively. They talk Spanish, French, German and English fluently, and are strong, healthy looking children.

—The man who invented the thermometer is responsible for most of the hot-weather suffering in this world. If it hadn't been for him a good many people would never know how badly off they are.—Somerville Journal.

—The earliest mention of garters as connected with male attire is that made by Boccaccio, who in the second novel of the second day tells us that Rinaldo, who has been robbed and stripped of all his apparel, even to his shoes, gets back every thing but his garters, *un paio di calze*.

—For fifteen years a Portland business man has received from the florist's every other morning a fresh bunch of flowers—roses, lilies, forget-me-nots and the like—and placed it directly in front of him upon his desk. By thus looking upon the bright side of life he has undoubtedly added to his happiness.

—A young woman in Parkerburg, W. Va., recently advertised for a husband and received numerous answers, to the writer of one of which, a St. Louis man, she became engaged. A time was set for the wedding, but before it arrived the groom met with an accident by which he lost a leg. But she was a woman of her word, and after his recovery they were married. She recently wrote home that her husband was engaged in steady employment and was a good man.

—Mrs. John G. Curtis, of New York, is the founder of one of the most remarkable orchestras in existence. It is composed of men and women, girls and boys, gathered from poor families. The few who can afford it pay a small fee, while the rest receive instruction free. Mr. Theodore John, formerly conductor of the City orchestra of Freiburg, has trained the performers so thoroughly that at the end of three years many of his pupils are fitted to take places as professional performers. Mrs. Curtis' drawing-room is their practicing hall, and at her desire they play occasionally in public for charities.

A EUROPEAN TRIP.

A Little City Girl Tells a Little Country Boy

Little city girl—Do you call this a big pond?
Little country boy—Yes; don't you?
Little girl—No; but I've been across the ocean, you know.
Little boy—Yes, I know; it's blue on the map.
Little girl—It's lots of fun.
Little boy—How?
Little girl—Well, you go on a big ship, and then you get awfully sick.

Little boy—That's no fun.
Little girl—Yes; but I got better and mamma kept sick.
Little boy—That's not so bad.
Little girl—And then papa and I stayed down in the smoking room, and I watched him play with the chips.
Little boy—Oh, pooh! Men don't play with chips.
Little girl—Yes, they do on board ships; red and blue and white chips and when papa had lots of them he was good as any thing, and he'd stroke my hair and call me his mascot.

Little boy—What's that?
Little girl—I don't quite know; but it was something nice. Then when he hadn't so many he'd say: "Run away, don't bother."
Little boy—Well, and then we got to London, and papa and I didn't like it a bit, but about the time we were good for her complexion and brother Tom got a pair of trousers like a horse blanket.
Little boy—Oh, my!
Little girl—Yes; and mamma said they were "very English," and Nell said they were "awfully swell."
Little boy—And what did your papa say?
Little girl—Oh, he said they were loud enough to be heard a block away.
Little boy—How funny!
Little girl—Yes, rather; but it wasn't funny the night papa and mamma had such a dreadful row.
Little boy—When?
Little girl—You see mamma wanted papa to go to a place called the legation, and get somebody there to have Nell presented. I don't know what that means, but it was something Nell wanted awfully.

Little boy—And wouldn't he do it?
Little girl—No; he said he'd be dogged if he would; and mamma cried and papa put his hands in his pockets and walked up and down, and said he was a free-born American citizen, and no man, or woman either, was his bettor, and he didn't propose to buckle to royalty, or have his family, either; and he said he was ashamed of mamma and Nell, who were a perfect pair of toads; only he didn't want to be rude, you know, and he said "toadies."
Little boy—T'd like to be there.
Little girl—Yes; and then papa went down and quarreled with the hotel man, and we came away.
Little boy—What was that for?
Little girl—Oh, you always have to quarrel with the hotel man in Europe, to save your teeth, you know.
Little boy—What?
Little girl—Yes; papa said if you didn't fight them on every turn they'd cheat you out of your eye-teeth. I know they didn't get his, though, for he never forgot.

Little boy—And was that all?
Little girl—No, my, no! We went to lots more places where there were pictures and churches, and mamma and Nell went to every one, and said it was all very dull and fatiguing, but it was the thing. You have to do that in Europe.
Little boy—What?
Little girl (severely)—The thing, always. And by and by we came home, and papa played with the chips some more, and mamma and Nell talked all the time about getting things through.

Little boy—What was that?
Little girl—Well, I don't know, but I think it meant sewing a lace inside the lining of your corset, and trying on kid gloves.
Little boy—Oh!
Little girl—Yes; and just before we got to New York all the gentlemen came on deck and watched for the pilot boat, and some of them said "hurrah!" when they saw it, but papa didn't; he said: "Just my confounded luck," and looked awfully cross.
Little boy—Why?
Little girl—Oh, I don't know. And then we landed, and mamma let me wear a lot of pretty rings and bracelets to come off the ship, and papa told her and sister Nell that he hoped they hadn't been up to any women's tricks about smuggling; and then he got awfully red in the face when a man asked him if he generally wore his diamond studs screwed into his top coat.

Little boy—What was that?
Little girl—Nothing much; only next day sister Nell said she was glad she'd been aboard, because she'd got such a stock of small talk laid in; and papa said he'd paid a large price for it; and mamma said she'd economize and send me up here to Aunt Judith, where schooling is cheap, and I wouldn't need any new clothes.—Pack.