St. Tammany Farmer.

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

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor. COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1891. VOL. XVI.—NO. 8.

THE OLD CLERK.

As he bends o'er the ledger that shining old head,
Which reflects every mood of the sky,
While he stealthily blackens the figures in red
(The mistake of an age bedimmed eye).
Oft I wonder how time will effect his release,
What he'll do when we vote him "too slow;"
When the days that his use and his heart beatings cease
Where will the old clerk go?

One can learn of the temperate days that are gone
From the rollingpin rule and quill pen;
And he answers to "Toby" at 71
As he answered to "Toby" at 10.
From its first infant struggles, to credit and wealth,
He has watched the great enterprise grow;
But his hand trembles now—he is broken in health;
Yet—where can the old clerk go?

At each pound of success had but left him a grain
What a nugget of rest he might own;
But a lonely old heart and a weary old brain
Are his meed for the years that have flown.
Every blossom he loved in the heyday of life
Has been withered and lies 'neath the snow;
And even memory's barred from this bustle and strife
Then where should the old clerk go?

That the world has a heart none will seek to deny,
And it softens, 'tis said, year by year;
At the end of full many a walk we espy
Golden promise of comfort and cheer.
"There's a sweet little cherub" that steers poor, old Jack
To a "harbor" where storms cease to blow;
But when drops for the last time the pen on its rack
Where can the old clerk go?

—Thomas Frost, in N. Y. Herald.

LUCY'S POCKET.

What Its Contents Disclosed, and the Vow She Made.

"Now, Lucy," admonished a sweet-faced woman, sitting idly by the window and watching her daughter as she put the finishing touches to a most bewitching toilet, "I trust you will give heed to my counsel, and not excite jealousy in the hearts of your companions to-day. Be circumspect; and don't, I pray, give any encouragement to Bob Lester, unless you mean to marry him. Your flirting proclivities, I am sorry to say, are alarmingly developed. I wish—"

"Yes, yes, mamma," broke in the girl, impatiently, adjusting the rose-colored knot of ribbon more satisfactorily at her white throat; "I know what you wish, so don't draw such a despairing breath, for I promise I'll attend to your advice and behave as circumspectly as ever Rose Martin, the ugliest girl in Rosedale, could do. You needn't apprehend any thing unpleasant. I dislike Bob Lester intensely, and I only consented to accompany him to the picnic because he is the son of the richest man in the town—or county, too, for that matter. Besides, I have a penchant for—"

She paused abruptly, with the name of some one warm upon her lips, and a blush mantled her piquant blonde face.

She was a lovely girl, slender, petite and graceful as one of the sweet-brier branches that clambered over the garden wall. She had mischievous gray eyes, a superabundance of red-gold hair, allowed to fall in two massive strands to-day, a rosebud of a mouth, and the cunningest hands and feet imaginable.

As her mother regarded her intently, she bit her lip and turned aside, as if in quest of something.

"What are you searching for now, Lucy?" inquired Mrs. Sherwood. "Your toilet seems complete."

"Not quite, mamma; you forget my charming pocket. All the girls will wear one to-day. We are to bring home our trophies in it, you know."

"Nonsense, Lucy! I would not wear it if I were you. It is absurd for a young lady to have one of those useless appendages dangling at her side."

But Lucy persistently shook her head.

"Sorry, but I really can't relinquish the charming accessory to my toilet, mamma. Why, it is out of the question altogether. Each of the girls is to wear one, I tell you."

Mrs. Sherwood said no more, and Lucy began to fasten her pocket by its tasseled cord to the rose-colored belt at her waist.

Just now the girls of Rosedale had a mania for wearing pockets of the most fanciful description, not to deposit any thing therein, but merely as a matter of show. Lucy's was heart-shaped, of wine-hued velvet, and artistically adorned with gold cord, lying against the soft background of her dress, it had a very pretty effect, and Lucy regarded it admiringly as she turned away from the long mirror.

At this juncture a man reined in two spirited black steeds in front of "The Maples," as Widow Sherwood's cozy place was appropriately called.

"There is Mr. Lester now, mamma," cried Lucy, who was slyly peeping at the showy turnout from behind the lace drapery at the window. "My! won't I be the envy of every girl at the picnic? What lovely horses! Their tails nearly sweep the ground, and just look at the silver-plated harness! Dear me! if Bob Lester didn't have such fiery-red hair and was a bit more polished, and— Yes, yes, mamma, I am ready, and will not keep my cavalier waiting. There goes Jane with the big frosted cake and the basket of sandwiches. Oh, I anticipate a splendid time!"

And, putting on her wide gypsy, the girl tripped merrily down the steps, was assisted into the carriage by Mr. Lester, and away they sped in the direction of the pine woods, some two or three miles away.

Bob Lester, a man of twenty-eight, compactly built, with flaming red hair and beard, did his best to make himself agreeable. Lucy laughed at his rough sallies, and flashed back witty repartees; but all the while she was wondering what girl had been brought there by Ross Wilde—a strikingly intelligent but rather impecunious young lawyer whose offer to escort her to the picnic out of caprice or a desire, perhaps, to try her power over him, she had coolly rejected.

The pine woods were alive with happy people when Bob and Lucy arrived; much merriment was going on, and a string band was discoursing a most jubilant air.

Lucy closely scanned the motley crowd. There, underneath one of the million-fingered pines, she beheld the man who had solicited the favor of being her escort assiduously paying his *devoirs* to a gazelle-eyed brunette in a costume of crimson and gold. Yes, she might have known he would bring Squire Rogers' daughter. He would be sure to be entangled in the meshes of the web she was weaving to insnare him, and propose, for her father was a moneyed man, and— Well, Madame Rumor did assert that he cared a very great deal for money. The girl was unquestionably lovely, and— No matter; she would show Ross Wilde that his attentions were disagreeable to her. So she forgot her mother's warning and flirted outrageously with Bob Lester, and unmercifully snubbed the poor lawyer when he addressed her, and felt wretched all the while.

It was late in the afternoon, when, longing to be alone, she broke away from the groups scattered here and there under the funereal pine-plumes, and found a secluded spot on the bank of a rivulet that wound its way noisily through a chasm of jagged, sharp-toothed rocks, and sat down on a moss-covered bowlder to rest.

The play of the cool water, the sighing of the wind among the jungles of tall brakes, soothed her. She partially closed her eyes, when—

She started to her feet, a startled exclamation dropping from her lips. She had just discovered that the ruby velvet pocket that had swayed from her belt a short time before was missing. Where had she lost it? And, oh, what if it had fallen into some one's hands, especially Bob Lester's or Ross Wilde's?

She remembered that her little blue-and-gold diary reposed in its depths, and she had been foolish enough to jot down some thoughts concerning the rivals, never believing it would fall into the possession of either.

What if Bob or Ross had picked it up, and— No, no; both of the gentlemen were honorable, and would not try to pry into another's affairs. Still, reason as she would, she did not feel quite easy about Mr. Lester. He might not, but—

A heavy footstep crunching the pine cones that littered the ground fell upon her ear, and raising her eyes she encountered the malignant glance of Bob Lester. What had brought that angry frown to his face? Had he found the pocket, extracted from its depths the diary, which she had not been wise enough to remove, and gleaned the truth of her feelings for him?

He had, indeed. Some perverse fate had led him to the spot where it lay gleaming in its brown bed like some brilliantly tinted bird of paradise. He recognized it at once, and, stooping down, he picked it up, with the intention of restoring it to its owner, when from its mouth the tiny blue-and-gold book slipped out.

"Lucy's diary, by Jove!" he ejaculated. "I'll see what she has jotted therein."

With no compunction whatever he opened it, admired the Italian, spidery-like caligraphy, and then read the items it contained.

His brow grew dark as a thunder-cloud; furious feelings raged and seethed within him. He knew that she despised him and loved his rival. He felt like rending the tell-tale pages in pieces, but he controlled himself, and thrusting the diary back in its receptacle—the pocket he had recently thought so pretty—he hurled it into the nest of underbrush from which he had taken it.

"Let the accursed thing lie there," he hissed; "I'll confront my lady and accuse her of her treachery."

Lucy's face blanched white as death as Bob Lester, like some raging demon, halted in her path.

"Grow white, faint if you can, you treacherous creature!" he hissed, with all the venom of a serpent. "I have found you out. You flirted with me, led me on, and confided to your diary that if I were the last man on the face of the earth, you would not marry me. More, you vowed you loved Rose Wilde. Shameless creature, I scorn you! I hate you! I've half a mind to toss you down among those sharp-toothed rocks! You deserve such a fate. No. You need not shrink from me; I'll not lay hands on you, but I shall try to turn the heart of my rival against you."

He was gone, and Lucy sank shivering to the earth.

"Why did I ever flirt with him?" she wailed. "It was heartless, I know, but I never meant him any harm. I will never coquette again with any man."

She covered her face with her hands and wept bitterly.

"Miss Sherwood—Lucy!"

At the sound of a familiar voice she raised her tear-wet face. This time Ross Wilde stood before her, and in his hand she saw the ruby pocket. She began to hate it.

He extended it toward her.

"Your property, I believe? I found it probably where you lost it."

She took it, and drawing forth the diary, said:

"And was there Paul Pry enough about you to make yourself master of the contents of this journal?"

He regarded her haughtily.

"You are unjust, Miss Sherwood; I am an honorable man. But," lowering his voice, "let me congratulate you. I met Mr. Lester, who informed me that you had just consented to be his wife. I wish you all possible happiness. I trust he will be as kind to you as I should have been had you given me the right. Oh, Lucy, you know my secret. Think of me as kindly as you can."

He started to leave, but Lucy called him back.

"Mr. Lester spoke falsely, Ross. If you had read the diary, as he was mean enough to do, you would have learned that I love you—only you."

It matters not what followed; suffice it to say that Lucy was blissfully happy, and vowed that she would never again wear that pocket, keep a diary, or flirt with any man.—John A. Peters, in N. Y. Weekly.

—Father—"Didn't I hear high words between you and your brother just now, Henry?" Henry—"Very likely, father; but surely you wouldn't wish me to mew low language."—Journal of Education.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—A sister-in-law of one of the best known and distinguished members of Parliament keeps a fashionable lodging house in London, where in the season a majority of the patrons are Americans.

—Among the unpublished Thackeray manuscripts now offered for sale in London are a note-book containing 1,200 fragments of unpublished verses, a scrap-book with 400 tracings and sketchings, and an album of sketches.

—Lady Martin (Miss Helen Faucit,) in whose pew Browning used to sit when visiting the little church at Llanbysilio, Wales, when he spent the autumn of 1886 at that place, has had a memorial tablet put on the church with the inscription: "In memory of Robert Browning, poet, born 1812, died 1889, who worshiped in this church ten weeks in autumn, 1886, by his friend Helen Faucit Martin."

—Jo Howard says of Henry Ward Beecher: "I have seen him hundreds of times take his letters from the post-of fice, open them as he walked along the street, continue opening them in houses where he called, and, in other words, attend to his own business. That Mrs. Beecher opened some of his letters is quite likely, but to say that it was the regular procedure, she determining what to answer and what to throw away, is simply silly."

—A selection from the correspondence of the late Queen Elizabeth of Prussia, wife of King Frederick William IV., is to be published toward the end of next year. It will be edited by Empress Frederick. A large collection of the accomplished Queen's letters was made by Emperor Frederick, who intended to publish a number of them. He had also proposed to write a short biography of his aunt, for whose intellectual qualities he had the greatest admiration.

—The London Literary World says that during one of his recent sailing trips a fire broke out in Mr. R. L. Stevenson's cabin, and the burning things were hurriedly carried on deck or flung into the sea. Suddenly Mrs. Stevenson saw two of the crew with a burning box which they were about to cast overboard. Fortunately she was in time to save it, or all Mr. Stevenson's literary notes for many months past, including the greater part of a story being written under contract for £4,000, and much of the history of the island which is for the future to be his home, would have been irrecoverably lost.

—While Evangelist Moody was thundering strong truths into the hearts of his hearers at Buffalo, N. Y., recently, an aged deacon who sat near him on the platform kept interjecting audible and fervent "Amens" and "Goods." "A man with principle is a man to be admired above many others," roared out Mr. Moody. "That's true," mumbled out the deacon in tones of rapture. The evangelist turned around instanter and shouted in his mellow voice: "True, of course it's true. What do you suppose I'm telling here to-night, lies?" The poor little deacon subsided.

—Dr. Holmes tells in the Atlantic that he has "just cleared the eight-barred gate" and taken a step into a field which few come within sight of and still fewer enter. The genial doctor says women grow old easier than men, and this is a strain from his "De Senectute:" "O, if we could all go out of flower as gracefully, as pleasingly, as we come into blossom! I always think of the morning glory as the loveliest example of a graceful yielding to the inevitable. It is beautiful before its twisted corolla opens; it is comely as it folds its petals inward, when its brief hours of perfection are over."

HUMOROUS.

—Tommy—"Paw, what is pig lead?" Mr. Figg—"There is no pig led. He has to be tolled."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Jones—(at the fair)—"Pretty girls at that cigar booth, eh!" Brown (cynically)—"They can't have 'em too pretty for the kind of cigars they're dispensing."—Cincinnati Commercial.

—"You shouldn't judge a man by his clothes," said a seedy man who was hauled up for robbing a tailor shop. "I am not," said the court, "I am judging you by another man's clothes."—Texas Siftings.

—The Lover's Prayer.—

In the gloaming, oh, my darling,
When I come thine eyes to see,
Tie the dog up, tie him tightly,
Then I'll feel it's safe for me.

—Exchange.

—They were roasting chestnuts in the fire. "I am going to call that big one by your name," she said. "Why?" asked he. "Because it seems to be cracked and won't pop." But he did.—Boston Traveller.

—A Pity.—Husband (at the seashore) —"Well, my dear, how do you feel since we are here?" "Quite well already." "What a shame! Here we have gone and engaged our rooms for four weeks and you are now well, and we have been here only three days."—Fliegende Blatter.

—A New Brand—"You have fish!" she queried as she looked at the display in the window. "Certainly." "Well, I'll take one." "What kind, ma'am?" "Oh, it doesn't make very much difference. A leghorn will probably do as well as any."—Detroit Free Press.

—A Timely Suggestion.—Mr. Lingerlaight—"I believe, Miss Nora, that in the profession I was speaking of I could achieve great results." Miss Nora—"But, my dear friend, you have had no experience, have you?" Mr. L.—"Very true, but a man never knows what he can do until he lets himself out." Voice from the Hallway—"The proper thing for a man to do when he lets himself out is to make tracks for home."—Boston Courier.

—The Ceaseless Coil of Worry.—Pessonby—"A load seems to be on your mind, Popinjay. What's up?" Popinjay—"I am disturbed by an article I have just read. The writer proves that in 100 years the earth will be so overpopulated that there will not be enough food for people to eat." Pessonby—"Why should that worry you? You'll be dead by that time." Popinjay—"But how about my great-great-grandchildren?"—Jeweler's Circular.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Cut a piece from the top of an old kid shoes and insert it inside the ironing holder you are going to make.

—Farmers' Cream: Take one teacup of currant or grape jelly, mix with one teacup of thick cream, beat together until stiff, pour in a mold and set in a cool place.—Farm and Fireside.

—Baked Squash: Cut in pieces, scrape well, bake from one to one and a half hours, according to the thickness of the squash; to be eaten with salt and butter as sweet potatoes.—Yankee Blade.

—If you want to make squash pies and eggs are scarce and dear, substitute rolled soda crackers for the eggs, say one to each pie. Season particularly well, don't forget the salt, and if not just as good as the original, it is excellent, nevertheless.

—Camphor Ice: Oil almond, sweet, one-half pound; purified lard, one fourth pound; wax (white), spermaceti camphor, each one ounce. Mix, with a water bath. Beat up the ingredients before cooling, and then pour out.—Boston Globe.

—Apple and Tapioca Pudding: To a teacupful of tapioca use a quart of boiling water; let stand awhile and soften; sweeten a little, add a lump of butter the size of a walnut, then slice in tart apples, sufficient to make a layer over the top. Bake until the apples are tender. Eat with sweetened cream.—Boston Budget.

—Oyster Pie: Line a baking-dish with puff paste. Put in the oysters and season with bits of butter, salt and pepper. Pour on some of the liquor, sprinkle flour over the top and cover with a sheet of puff paste. Perforate the top crust and bake thoroughly.—N. Y. World.

—Veal Loaf: Boil a knuckle of veal until tender with just water enough to keep from browning; take out the bones; chop fine, add a large tablespoonful of butter and one beaten egg, pepper and salt to taste; line an oval dish with slices of hard-boiled eggs, put in the hot meat, cover and press; when ready to serve turn out on a platter and garnish with myrtle.—Detroit Free Press.

—Parker House Muffins: Boil one quart of new milk. Let cool and stir in one quart of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of salt with half a teacup of yeast. Beat well and add three well-beaten eggs. Set in a warm place to rise. When light, stir in one large tablespoonful of melted butter and bake quickly in muffin-rings.—Ladies' Home Companion.

—Rice: Wash one cupful of good rice, and sprinkle it carefully into a kettle full of boiling water; cover and boil rapidly, without stirring, for twenty minutes. Drain and throw into a bowl of cold water to blanch for ten minutes. Drain again, and stand in the colander over boiling water to steam, or stand it in the oven, leaving the door open. Sprinkle with salt and serve.—Good Housekeeping.

—Roast Duck: Singe, draw and truss fowl; if an old one, parboil it; best stuffing for a goose is sage and onions; if a strong flavor of onion is liked, chop them raw, if not they should be boiled; then cut in small pieces, and a little grated nutmeg added before adding them to a light cracker stuffing, and seasoned with sage; salt and pepper; fill the bird with this, sew up with coarse thread; baste frequently while cooking with butter, and dredge flour; serve with with a little brown gravy poured round, not over, it, and serve a little gravy from a tureen.—Boston Herald.

GOOD FOR LUNCHEON.

A Practical Housekeeper Tells How to Make Catsup.

Pickles, sauces, catsups and other sundry piquant trivialities play a prominent part in the domestic economy of the American household. A bit of cold meat, with its accompaniment of catsup or pickle and some thin slices of "butter-brod," make a delicious luncheon, especially with the addition of a salad. Nothing can be nicer with cold chicken than cucumber catsup, and nothing is more easily made.

Pare seven large ripe cucumbers, grate them, together with two onions. Stir in two tablespoonfuls of black pepper, three of salt and one pint of vinegar. Mix thoroughly and bottle, corking tightly.

Another kind, equally nice, is tomato catsup. For that take a good bushel of ripe tomatoes—full ones, not watery—and boil them until they are a soft, thick pulp. Press that through a fine wire sieve and add a scant pint of salt and half a gallon of cider vinegar. Tie up in a piece of cotton cloth a quarter of a pound of whole allspice, three ounces whole black pepper, two ounces of cayenne pepper and five heads of garlic, skinned and separated.

For those who like it very highly seasoned a couple of small whole red peppers may be added, and it will be found to greatly improve it. Let it all simmer slowly for seven hours, and when cold bottle and cork tightly. A little melted wax should be poured over the cork. Keep in a cold, dark place.—N. Y. Sunday Journal.

DRESS COMBINATIONS.

Contrast in Colors the Thing to be Desired.

Black and white is at all times a fashionable combination, and a striking one. When the dress fabric is black Lyons velvet with white ostrich feathers for garniture, this is particularly the case. The skirt, which merely sweeps the floor, is plaited full at the back in single plaits; is slightly draped in front by tiny plaits, laid at the waist line. An elaborate panel of cut jet embroidery done on white satin decorates one side. The front breadth is trimmed with a deep jetted fringe, falling over a band of white satin. An additional skirt trimming is a band of feathers which extend from side to side. The decollete bodice is cut pointed back and front, and trimmed with jet pieces, V shaped, made of the feathers. Loops of black velvet ribbon and feather tips ornament the shoulders. An aigrette of tips and jet corsage makes suitable decoration for the hair. Long white gloves and feather fan complete the toilet.—Chicago Mail.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Teachers' salaries in the United States annually amount to more than $60,000,000.

—The number of confirmations in the Church of England last year was 220,000 against 144,000 in 1876.

—During the past two years Minnesota and Wisconsin have established more than 1,200 school libraries, which are virtually libraries for the districts where the schools are located.

—The Salvation Army has property in various countries to the amount of $4,250,000. More than one-half of this is credited to Great Britain. In the United States the value of its property is less than $35,000.

—A. H. Quint, D. D., of Boston, is to take charge of the classes in the Auburn Theological Seminary in the Departments of Sacred Rhetoric and Practical Pastoral Work, for the remainder of the seminary year.

—Intelligence such as is begotten in our common schools becomes a reorganizing germ among the people, which lays a new and indestructible foundation for social and political progress, always giving the people more power.

—Our churches overflow with members who are mere consumers. Their interest in religion is purely parasitic. Their only spiritual exercise is the automatic one of imbibition, the clergyman being the faithful hermit-crab who is to be depended on every Sunday for at least a week's supply.—Prof. Drummond.

—Even monarchical Europe may teach us some useful lesson with regard to promoting the interests of "the sovereign people." Austria, for example, ruled by a Hapsburg, has gardens attached to many of the public and private schools for the practical instruction of the pupils in raising flowers, fruits, vegetables and trees.

—Africa has now at work within her borders ten American, twelve British and twelve continental missionary societies. There are more than 700 ordained missionaries and more than 7,000 native preachers. It is estimated that there are, both white and native, about 176,000 communicants and 800,000 adherents.

—Princeton University has received from Mrs. Harriet Crocker Alexander, daughter of the late Charles Crocker, of California, a valuable gift consisting of a fine building to be erected upon the Princeton campus. The structure, which will be the most costly and best-equipped of its kind in the country, will be used for commencement exercises and all the higher functions of university life.

—The French authorities over public instruction have decreed that candidates of both sexes for diplomas shall have the literature of the nineteenth century substituted in their curriculum in place of Montaigne and Chateaubriand. Thiers, Michelet and Victor Hugo are to be taken up, and even Alfred de Musset, which latter introduction has given rise to considerable discussion. Professors who have to instruct candidates for educational appointments will "exclude from their classes every thing in contemporary literature which savors of seeking after effect, sophistry and feeble and unhealthy pretentiousness. They will banish all books of a tendency toward sarcasm or skepticism."

RECENT INVENTIONS.

A Few Odd Articles of Convenience Lately Contrived.

An inventor has just patented a paper rest. Paper, as is well known, is a non-conductor of heat, and the new waistcoat is said to be an excelent thing to wear when the thermometer is below zero. One of the most singular of recent patents is a rocking-chair washing machine. The rocking-chair, which is placed in a tub in which are water, soap and the clothes to be washed, has a rack on its rockers provided with a grooved roller. The wash-tub has projections on its vertical ends, and allows of the full play of the rocker of the chair. The result of this arrangement is that the mother of the family can rock her child to sleep in her arms and at the same time be washing the family linen. Persons traveling by rail can now make themselves very comfortable by the use of a patented portable elbow frame. These can be fixed so as to give the effect of the most cosy arm-chair, and the fatigue of a long journey is thus materially diminished. These elbows can be folded when not in use and weigh under three pounds. A new device, which is adapted either for a bed or bath-room, is a portable shampooing apparatus. This patent applies to a reservoir to hold either hot or cold water, and fitted with a spray fixed on an arm projecting from the reservoir. The arm is movable, so that it can be turned down, leaving a mirror, which is fitted on the reservoir, clear for shaving purposes or for general use. This handy shampoo is made entirely of metal. The spray is easily adjusted by a tap, leaving both hands free for use, and the reservoir being so constructed that it can be moved to any desired height any force required can be obtained.—Chicago Daily News.

She Hurried.

A colored domestic in one of the families of this city is a wonder of obedience and good nature. She was up stairs and her mistress called to her:

"Aunt Mary, come here; I want you to hurry, too."

Aunt Mary started with more effort at haste than actual success. She had left a bit of soap on one of the higher steps, and it sent her bumping down the stairs in a most startling manner. When she struck the hall floor she picked herself up and answered all the excited inquiries as to her condition with the mere remark, accompanied by a grin:

"I reckon yer tole me ter hurry down, didn't yer?"—Washington Post.

—They were at the base-ball game, and he was trying to explain it to her when the men came in at the close of the inning. "Oh yes," she cried, joyfully, "I see, now—those men are out on a strike now, and have quit playing."—Harper's Bazar.

FARM AND GARDEN.

A NOVEL WIND-MILL.

For Simplicity and Cheapness It Can Not Be Surpassed.

To make a wind-mill that will carry a 1½-inch pump having a six-inch stroke, 30 revolutions per minute in an ordinary wind, let the reader follow my directions. My wind-mill will go as high as 50 revolutions per minute. A 30-foot tower is built and arranged as the engraving shows. Eight sticks each 15 feet long and 4x4 inches are needed for posts. Two of these are fastened together end to end to make the total height. This is easily accomplished by nailing 4 foot boards on two sides of the joint, the boards to go inside the tower when it is put up. Three hundred and forty running feet of one-inch boards 4 inches wide are required for bands and braces. These are nailed on as shown in the cut. A band must be nailed around the top of the posts and a two-inch platform placed over this. The platform is best made of one-inch boards, one layer placed crosswise of the other. For the mill use three pieces 2x3 inches, and 12 feet long for the lowest set of arms. This must be sharpened to a knife edge on one side nearly one-half the length, to face the wind, and be left at its full width on the opposite side. These pieces are then halved together at the center. Make of tin six cone-shaped buckets 24 inches in diameter and fasten them strongly to the ends of the arms with the points on the sharp edge side of the arm. The other sets of arms and buckets are made in the same way, excepting that the central set is 3 feet shorter than the lower set, with buckets 4 inches less in diameter, and the top arms 6 feet shorter, with buckets 8 inches less in diameter. For the shaft use gas pipe one inch through. Bore holes in blocks and put them between the sets of arms. These blocks must be 2 feet long. For the pump pole use a strong, sound stick 2x3 inches square. The triangle, which changes the crank motion given by the arms to up and down motion for pumping, is 11x3 inches and the pitman 2 inches square and 2 feet long, or just right to correspond with the spread of the tower. To make a knuckle joint for the triangle, use any old nut about 1½ inches square and drill a shallow hole in each of its four sides to work on the points of the bolts or set screws. By studying the picture attentively a few minutes, the movement can be plainly seen. For simplicity, cheapness and durability this mill cannot be surpassed and is noiseless. It will do the work of a $100 mill. If the pump holds half a pint per stroke and makes 30 strokes per minute, 525 gallons of water will have been raised in a day of seven hours.—J. O. Rathbun, in Farm and Home.

AMONG THE POULTRY.

Often poultry suffers for the want of water.

Fowls will fatten faster, if they are confined than if allowed to run at large.

Leaves or chaff make an excellent litter for the floor in the poultry houses.

In sending eggs to market a better price can be realized if they are washed clean.

There are some breeds that will not thrive on a damp clay soil; a dry sandy loam is best.

Fattening fowls should be fed at least five times a day all that they will eat up clean.

Poultry will be more comfortable in a house of their own than in the stables and granaries.

In fattening poultry many persons neglect to feed often enough to secure the best results.

If the quarters are so cold that water freezes readily the hens can hardly be expected to lay eggs regularly.

By scattering leaves over the floor and scattering small grain among them a good opportunity for exercise will be afforded the hens.

At the first sign of disease all of the sick fowls should be separated from the well ones and be put into a warm, dry place to themselves.

The best plan of supplying charcoal to the poultry is to burn corn, not black but nicely browned; give them all that they will eat up clean.

The advantage in securing a good home market for your poultry and eggs is that you save transportation and commission charges at least.

In nearly all cases it is best to have two rooms to the poultry house, one for nests and the other for roosts. Have the roosting place well lighted.

One of the cheapest and best plans of fumigating the poultry house is by burning sulphur in it and keeping it shut up tight two or three hours.

One of the principal advantages with guineas is that they are great insect and worm destroyers if allowed a free range where poultry are kept, more especially for eggs. It will usually be best to select some of the non-sitting breeds.

Potatoes, beets, carrots or turnips will all be relished by the poultry during the winter. They can be fed whole, sliced and with bran or oil meal sprinkled over them, or they can be boiled and mashed.

If oil-meal is to be fed to poultry the better plan is to mix it with bran, feeding a small quantity at first and gradually increasing; too much given at once before they get accustomed to it often induces diarrhœa.

If an incubator is to be used, and especially if very early broilers are to be raised, arrangements should be made as soon as possible so as to secure both the incubator and brooder and have on hand ready for use.

APPLYING MANURE.

How to Secure the Best Possible Results with Fertilizers.

In applying manure, in order to secure the best possible results, the kind of manure, as well as the variety of crops to be planted, must be considered.

Generally the manure that consists largely of the droppings of animals should be applied to the soil as soon as possible, and to lessen the waste it should be incorporated with the soil, either by harrowing or cultivating, as soon as possible after applying.

Coarse, straw manure, or that composed of a considerable per cent. of corn stalks or other litter, should be at least partially rotted before scattering in the field, especially if it is to be left on the surface, and the crop that is to be planted is one that will require more or less cultivation.

With commercial fertilizers, or such special manures as salt, lime, plaster, bone meal or what is generally termed general commercial fertilizers, for all sown crops a good plan is to prepare the soil in a good tilth ready for the seed and then scatter the fertilizer broadcast over the surface and then work into the soil with a harrow. For nearly or quite all straw crops, like grass or hay, oats, wheat, barley or rye, the manure or fertilizer should be near the surface and should as a rule be applied after the soil is plowed, and in many cases it will be best, and especially so with commercial fertilizers, to harrow and work the soil into a good tilth for the seed before applying. With corn, potatoes or other cultivated or hoed crops the manure or fertilizer should be worked a little deeper into the soil. A good plan of applying commercial manures is to mark out the rows ready for planting and then drop the fertilizer where the seed is to be planted, stirring well into the soil, and then planting the seed on this. With barnyard manure a good plan is to scatter broadcast after plowing, and then thoroughly stir the soil with the cultivator to work well into the soil.

With fall wheat or hay, or with meadows and pasture lands, with either animal manures made on the farm or commercial or special fertilizers, a good plan is to top dress, hoeing reasonably fine and scattering as evenly as possible over the surface. Salt can be applied in this way to wheat, and ashes to meadows. Lime, plaster or other materials, if applied as a top dressing late in the winter or early spring, will be readily dissolved by the rain and snow, and will be taken up and retained by the soil for the use of the growing plants. As a rule, the best results with all manures can be secured by incorporating well with the soil, as this lessens materially the loss by leaching or evaporating.—St. Louis Republic.

BREEDING LADYBIRDS.

How the Useful Little Beetles Are Propagated in California.

This is what the California State Board of Agriculture proposes to carry on. The "factories" are shown in the picture. They are simply glass houses built over large orange trees where the destructive cottony cushion scale (Icerya purchasi) can be thickly colonized, and at the approach of inclement weather a few of the Vedalia cardinalis or ladybird, an imported insect that preys upon the troublesome scale insect, will be placed in the houses, too. It is hoped in this way to keep the valuable little foreigner through the winter that he may be prepared to clear the orchards next year. The dimensions of each are sixteen feet in diameter by eighteen feet in elevation; every part is well fitted and the ventilation is protected by very fine brass-wire mesh to guard against the entry of any ladybirds before the cold weather sets in, otherwise the scales would be destroyed by them early in the season; and also to prevent the ladybirds from escaping during the time they are being colonized for distribution in the spring.

GLASS HOUSE FOR BREEDING BUGS.

Food for Young Colts.

E. W. Stewart, in the Country Gentleman, says that colts six months old, properly weaned, may be fed on a mixture of one pint oats, one and one-half quarts bran and four ounces linseed meal, all well mixed together as a day's feed of grain given in two feeds with what hay they will eat. This ration may be gradually increased as the colt grows older. A colt one year old may be fed the following mixture: one quart oats, four quarts bran and one pound linseed meal (as a day's ration of grain given in two feeds, dry) with what hay it will eat. A colt two years old may have the following mixture: two quarts oats, six quarts bran and one pound linseed meal, as a day's ration, mixed with two pounds of cut hay, dry, given in two feeds, with what other long hay it will eat afterwards. When the feed can be properly given dry more saliva will flow to moisten during mastication. Bran and oats mix well together, and the small quantity of cut hay mixed with it will make it still more palatable to the stomach.

While corn makes a good feed at night it will aid materially to maintain animal heat when the weather is cold. Feed just before they go to roost all that they will eat up clean.