

The Farming 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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THE LITTLE BOY WHO DIED.

Not more or less than I loved so well,
Nor yet afar from either did I dwell,
But for another's grief the Master sighed,
So let me mourn the little boy who died.

I knew a little child and loved him well,
More than a father could love any child,
And deep in grief I mourned him well,
When I was told the little boy who died.

A sunny face, blue eyes and flaxen hair,
A pleasant voice and a kind heart,
Winning and joyful play and side,
How dear to all the little boy who died.

He loved the flowers that blossomed on the lawn,
The fields and woods, the sunset sky at dawn,
The evening hour, the summer glories,
To love to live—the little boy who died.

If you should live to great old age,
With all its joys and sorrows,
When children's voices ring at evening,
How would you miss the little boy who died?

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,"
Altho' our natures, eyes and ears are all,
Altho' the lips are one, the Crucified,
For us and him—the little boy who died.

—A. C. Carter, in "The Ocean."

BASHFUL DICK.

The Difficulties That Beset Him in His Wooing.

Dick was prepared for a dull morning. Driving your sister is not the most exciting occupation imaginable, and when that sister and her betrothed occupy the best seat and are totally absorbed in each other the situation is almost dreary. Dick was feeling gloomy.

If Jim Gardner and Carrie were a pretty picture, a devoted happiness, Dick was no less pleased as a sample of sturdy young manhood—sturdy and yet shy.

Dick was a bashful fellow, but he was handsome and his eyes and fair-haired and sun-burned, that he modestly was only an added charm.

"Drive into Mrs. Ransom's," Dick said. "Mother wants me to get her special-pickles."

"Something like and white was visible in a hamper in Mrs. Ransom's rear yard."

"Oh," Carrie murmured, "it's Mrs. Ransom's niece, Miss Faulkner, from the city—somebody she's been telling about her. She says she's awfully rich and stylish; says she's been here before, but she never dared call on her. She says she's been to Europe twice, and she's got the most stylish frock in the city," Carrie ended, hurriedly.

Jim gave a decisive laugh, but Dick set painfully shaking. To be forced to encounter such a creature! He preferred being followed by an earthquake.

Cordial Mrs. Ransom came out at sight of the buggy.

"Come here, Maggie," she called. "My niece, Miss Faulkner, from the city—somebody she's been telling about her. She says she's awfully rich and stylish; says she's been here before, but she never dared call on her. She says she's been to Europe twice, and she's got the most stylish frock in the city," Carrie ended, hurriedly.

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WHAT A CYCLONE DID.

Some in a five-story in North Carolina during a storm.

A straggling crowd of men and women gathered on the railroad depot in a North Carolina town. All along the front of the depot were pictures of fat women, called men, non-contractors, living skeletons, and other choice spring and summer fashions, and business promises to be good. Just before noon a queer-looking cloud came up in the southwest. There was a roar and a growl, and young cyclone came tearing along. It blew down an old mill and a bridge two to three times the length of the town. When it passed on there wasn't any left. There wasn't any showman there. There wasn't any showman there. There wasn't any showman there. There wasn't any showman there.

"Oh, yes," Miss Faulkner cried, and took the lines from Dick.

"You shall have all I can get," he murmured, anxiously.

Jim followed him, and Carrie followed Jim.

"I know they'll overlook that pretentious spray. Just for a minute, Miss Faulkner," she said.

It was far more than a minute. The horse gave a sudden plunge; though eighteen years old and soberness itself, he clung to the handle of the reins, and white paper was driven under his soiled nose by the wind, and the frightened animal gave a snort and galloped down the road at high speed. There was a turn to the right, and Dick had not recovered his breath before he saw the last flicker of Miss Faulkner's blue dress in a cloud of dust. The old horse few round the corner.

"That was killed!" shrieked Carrie, while Jim stood petrified.

But Dick swung into the road and ran. He had not been aware that such powers of swiftness lay in him. The object was to get to the corner as fast as possible, and he was not a recumbent person, either. It was Miss Faulkner hurrying toward him.

"Mr. Corwin," she panted. "Oh, did you think I was killed? How absurd! There was nothing but a hat and a necktie. But how you look! You've run all the way!" She dropped down on the grass and pulled him down beside her. "I'm afraid you've almost killed yourself. How could you do that? You've run all the way!" She dropped down on the grass and pulled him down beside her. "I'm afraid you've almost killed yourself. How could you do that? You've run all the way!" She dropped down on the grass and pulled him down beside her.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

—Breakfast Paraphrase: If there were any parrots left over, smash them with a fork, form into small cakes, roll in flour, fry in a high oven and eat with the table very hot.—Household.

—Lemon Cream (for company tea): Take one lemon and grate, add one cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, boil with the lemon, beat three eggs and stir in. Let thicken and set on ice.

—Cottage Pudding: One-half cup butter, one cup sugar, one egg, one cup milk, two cups flour, one-half teaspoon soda, one teaspoon cream tartar, one teaspoon lemon. Mix in the order given, and bake in small tin cups, or bake in a cake-pan, and cut in squares. Serve with liquid sauce.—Boston Budget.

—Lobster Cakes: Any nice scraps of lobster will do for these; left-over rice may even be used. Mince it fine and mix with it an even quantity of cold mashed potatoes and grated bread crumbs. Add a little parsley and as much seasoning as one likes. Make into a stiff paste with a little water and milk. Form into cakes and stir-fry in bread-crumbs over them; fry in hot lard to a nice brown.—Housekeeper.

—Celery Soup: Cook in a double boiler a cupful of cracked wheat in three pints of water for three or four hours. Rub the wheat through a colander and add a cup of cream, and if needed, a little boiling water, and a small head of celery cut into finger lengths. Boil all together for fifteen or twenty minutes, season with salt and pepper, and strain. Add a little cream and a little butter, and serve with a fork, and add salt, and serve with the hard-boiled yolk of an egg in each soup plate.—Good House.

—Beef Stewed with Onions: Cut two pounds of tender beef into small pieces, season with salt and pepper, and add one or two onions, and add to it, with water enough in a stew-pan to make a gravy. Let it stew slowly till the beef is thoroughly cooked, then add some pieces of butter rolled in flour, enough to make a rich gravy. Cold beef may be cooked in the same way, but the onions must then be cooked before adding them to the meat. Add more water if it dries too fast, but let it be boiling when poured in.—Chicago Herald.

—Potato Salad: If you have any of the boiled potatoes left over, peel and together with a nice white onion, chop fine in a wooden bowl. Into hot spider place a couple of tablespoons of butter, and when it is bubbling hot, pour into it half a cup of cold vinegar. As this seethes add your onion and potato, and set the spider on the back of the range where it will simply keep hot, but not boil. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, and add a little cream, and a little butter, and serve with a fork, and add salt, and serve with the hard-boiled yolk of an egg in each soup plate.—Good House.

THE PALACE-CAR PORTER.

An Old-time Individual With an Eye to the Future.

I quite agree with the writer that it is a necessary evil, but I can not quite see why the servants of a great corporation should be allowed to fleece the public. Either the whole-broom and shoe-shining departments of a sleeping-car should be conducted on the same business principles that the barber shop and boot-black employ, or they should be privileges for which the fee of two dollars for a bed and one dollar for a bath and one dollar for a shower should be paid. But there is no standard price, and a man who does not pay extra for these privileges is made to feel that life is a burden.

It is much harder for a woman to get through a journey without a maid than the man always pays it, even if she has to mortgage her subsoil at the end of the journey.

I was taking a night trip to a distant city when I found that the berth was closed down, but I did not complain. Calling the porter, I said: "Put that up until it is needed, won't you?"

"Can't do it, miss, it's again the rule of the road."

I sat up, nearly training myself in the process.

"Do you mean to say that the closed objects to my having that berth closed down?"

"Zactly, miss. I'd lose my place if I was to close it."

"Look here," I said confidentially to the colored porter who was my valet de chambre. "If you have that berth closed down, I'll remember you when we reach the city."

He did not hesitate a moment, but closed it. And now began a harrowing episode of torture which did not relax until I was on the train. He seemed to be in a hurry to get me out of the car window. "Did you call me, miss?" I heard at regular intervals during the night like the firing of a gun. My shoes were carried down to the car, but I did not get them until I was dressed next morning. My watch was locked up in the car cupboard. He brushed my garments severely and collectively, my bonnet half a dozen times. At last we were in the depot, and the car stopped. He asked my baggage and carried it to the transfer car, and when I was seated, he jumped up behind, and stood on the steps with a "where-there-goes-it-is-going, air of proprietorship. Then I said wearily: "If I should report you to the company, I fear you would lose your place."

He turned almost white with terror, but still kept his bulgy and begrudged air.

"But I haven't time this trip," I said. "But your well earned quarter, and I dropped the money into his hand. He looked angry, and probably expected twice as much. He did not thank me, but took himself off, and I was left with a list of grievances.—M. M. L. Rayne, in Detroit Free Press.

The Watch on the Shoulder.

Where do you think the fashionable young woman is wearing her watch just now? On her shoulder, not on top of it to be sure, but just in front of the arm. The fashionable attachment which used to fasten it to her belt is gone, and the watch is held in place by a brooch made for that purpose in the form of a true lover's knot or the fleur-de-lis, and pinned up conspicuously on her shoulder. Inside her wraps on her own person, a bit of it outside, where any passer-by can see the time of day, and where it may be snatched by the skillful fingers of thieves.—J. F. Cox.

THE FARMING WORLD.

THE CARE OF HIDES.

How to Take Them Off Without Damaging Their Commercial Value.

At this time of the year farmers kill more or less hogs for home use or to sell in their nearest town or city or to send to the market. It is a good idea to have a few hogs to keep for the purpose of making a few extra dollars. It is a good idea to have a few hogs to keep for the purpose of making a few extra dollars. It is a good idea to have a few hogs to keep for the purpose of making a few extra dollars.

If a hide is taken off a properly skinned hog it will often bring a fifth or fourth as much as the dressed carcass.

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FEEDING OF SWINE.

They Need an Extra Care and Feed in Any Good Year.

So long as corn and other crops are in this country, the farmer will find it profitable to keep a few hogs. It is a good idea to have a few hogs to keep for the purpose of making a few extra dollars. It is a good idea to have a few hogs to keep for the purpose of making a few extra dollars. It is a good idea to have a few hogs to keep for the purpose of making a few extra dollars.

AMONG THE POULTRY.

POULTRY have to be taught to eat snow.

One rooster and ten hens are enough for a large family. It is a good idea to have a few hogs to keep for the purpose of making a few extra dollars. It is a good idea to have a few hogs to keep for the purpose of making a few extra dollars. It is a good idea to have a few hogs to keep for the purpose of making a few extra dollars.

GRAINS IN FARMING.

Learned from the Farmers' Association.

Grains are the backbone of the farmer's business. It is a good idea to have a few hogs to keep for the purpose of making a few extra dollars. It is a good idea to have a few hogs to keep for the purpose of making a few extra dollars. It is a good idea to have a few hogs to keep for the purpose of making a few extra dollars.

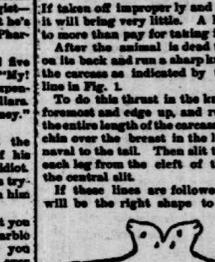


FIG. 1.

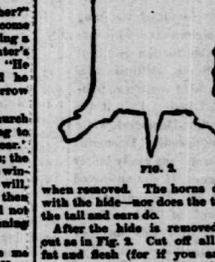


FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.

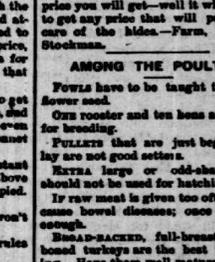


FIG. 4.

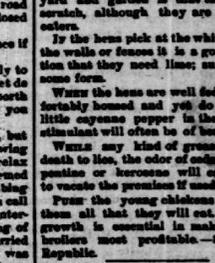


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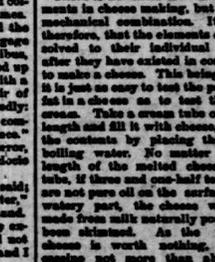


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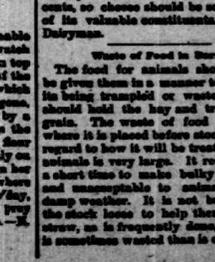


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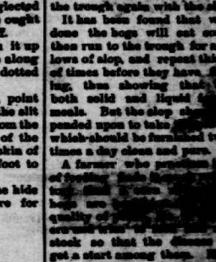


FIG. 8.



FIG. 9.

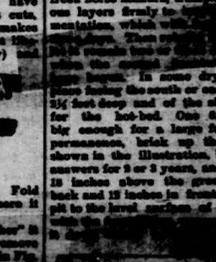


FIG. 10.

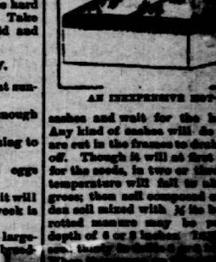


FIG. 11.

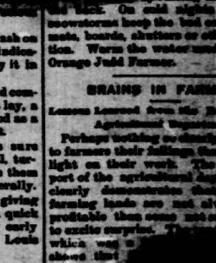


FIG. 12.

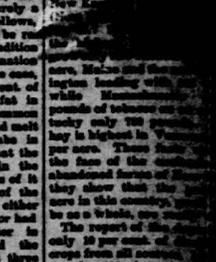


FIG. 13.



FIG. 14.