

# The 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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made the engagement to meet them at dinner, I could hold my tongue no longer, but communicated my reflections to Jacques, saying that our poor friend must have a tremendous dose of philosophy, or a stoicism too affected to be sincere.

Translated from the French.  
OR half an hour, Jacques de Lancia and I had silently leaned on the balcony of the terrace, at the Hotel Beau-Kivage, Geneva. Directly opposite, isolated in its dazzling whiteness, standing out against the horizon like a gigantic iceberg, Mont Blanc emerged from the crowd of alpine rocks, proudly spreading its snowy mass, which the oblique rays of the setting sun made descend with myriads of small morning rainbows.

Over the lake companies of the familiar swans circled round and about the boats fastened to the quay, then successively alighted on the water with long slides and rapid wing-beats; the gulls called to each other in hoarse tones in a last lull before going to rest on the waves. In the distance were visible the great birds of prey, who, after the day spent in the chase, were returning to the inviolate peaks of the Valais mountains.

Fascinated by the majestic spectacle and the mysterious attraction of space, I dreamed of a fantastic ride, a wild flight in a balloon to those heights well-nigh inaccessible to human beings. I would have soared in immaterial ether, above the confusion of peaks and rocks which from below appear gigantic, and are in proportion to terrestrial immensity, so say the scientists, but as the irregularities on the skin of an orange—I was far from Geneva and its lake and know not when I would have returned to earth had not Jacques' voice suddenly scattered my day dreams.

"Why, M. de Latrieville?" cried he. "You know her?" asked I, mechanically, in the tone of a man who has just awakened, but does not wish to seem to have slept.

"Certainly, so do you! You surely remember Latrieville, our promotion; he who was so terribly wounded at Langon?"

"Latrieville, yes! but I did not know that he had been wounded, nor that he was married."

"Ah! and Jacques quickly left me to greet the new arrivals. Below the terrace, before the hotel door, a carriage laden with trunks and packages had just stopped. A valet descended from the box, while at the carriage door appeared a man, tall, slender, still young, whose distinguished soldierly bearing was marred by some thing uneasy, anxious. I recognized my comrade Latrieville, but it seemed to me that his look was dull, fixed, and his wide open eyes were sightless. He left the carriage with the help of his servant, took the valet's arm, and went toward the terrace, his hands stretched out before him, as though to feel his way.

"Why, no, my dear fellow," answered Jacques. "I assure you that Latrieville is not as unhappy as you think. To begin with, he is getting accustomed to his infirmity, and you know that time and habit smooth things down wonderfully. Then, he finds in the devotion and affection of his wife a consolation that many possessing both their eyes might envy him."

"Granted; still, without being blind he might have a wife quite as charming, quite as devoted."

"No, since it was on account of his blindness that she married him."

"How so?"

"Well, you know how his marriage took place, and it is one of the facts which best prove my theory of the law of compensation. I have always held that there does not exist on earth a happy always happy, or always unhappy, and that, early or late, we expiate in some degree the excess of our good fortune, just as an unscrupulous man brings reparation early or late. It is like bacarra, in which every player has his lucky day. Latrieville is a living proof of the truth of my system."

"Oh! see here," I interrupted, "I have no doubt of the truth of your philosophy, but I want some explanation of Latrieville's case. As I told you, I lost sight of him long ago, and am quite ignorant as to how his story can help out your ingenious, or at any rate, consoling theory."

"True! true! Then listen and you shall judge for yourself. When our friend left for Tonkin with his regiment he had just become engaged to Mlle. Jeanne d'Espars."

## FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The New South Wales World's fair commission is contemplating sending by exhibit to the exposition of the noted aboriginal cave inscriptions of northern Queensland, and also a whole tribe of aborigines.

Catarth and lung troubles make the residence of apes in northern Europe only a brief pathway to the grave. Edgar Aka, the noted Paris chimpanzee, has recently died of consumption, and the successor to "Sally" in the London zoological garden has a cough which is almost human.

The Japanese are unsusceptible to scarlet fever, and small-pox, which was at one time rife among them, has been checked and almost exterminated by voluntary vaccination. The mortality of Tokio, a vast city which covers 100 square miles of ground, is only 20 per cent.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

In the snowy regions of the Himalaya little smoking tunnels are made in the frozen snow, at one end of which is placed some tobacco, along with a piece of burning charcoal, while to the other the mountaineers place their mouths and, lying flat on their stomachs, inhale the smoke of the glowing weed.

The suggestion is made in Queensland to encourage the breeding of marsupials, and not to exterminate them. A sheep ranch that will carry 30,000 sheep would carry 30,000 kangaroos, and there would be no deaths from cold or loss of mothers as in lambing. American buyers pay \$30 per dozen for kangaroo skins delivered in Australia.

The Japanese believe in more mythical creatures than any other people on the globe, civilized or savage. Among them are mythical animals without any remarkable peculiarities of conformation, but gifted with supernatural attributes; such as a tiger which is said to live to be one thousand years old, and to turn as white as a polar bear.

Ten years ago the ice scenery of the New Zealand Alps was almost unknown, even to the colonists. But in 1882 Rev. W. S. Green, with two first-class guides, explored the glacier region beneath the highest peak—Aorangi, or Mount Cook—and arrived, after a long, difficult and dangerous climb, on the summit of that mountain. Since then the "Britannia of the South" has become proud of possessing the "playground of Australasia."

A London paper states that a pneumatic inner sole, or sock, for boots and shoes, has been brought out by a firm in that city, the design of the article being to benefit the large number of people who are troubled with tender feet, etc. It is a simple contrivance, made of hollow India rubber, inflated with air or gas under pressure, the external protective covering being canvas, linen, skin, or some other suitable material, to enable it to withstand the internal pressure of the compressed air or gas.

## SOCIETY PAUL PRYS.

Like most other things, curiosity may be either a virtue or a vice. With its proper use we have no present concern. We are only to consider one of its most disagreeable manifestations.

There is an old proverb to the effect that those who ask no questions will be told no lies. It would be well to bear this surly old proverb in mind when tempted to make idle inquiries. There are so many reasons why reticence is wise and right, and the knowledge of the truth might be harmful, that the temptation to evade or deny the truth is very strong for those whose politeness makes it difficult for them to refuse to answer even an impertinent question.

We may have had no motive when asking Mrs. A. how she became acquainted with Mrs. B.; we may not, in fact, care much about the matter; but it has occurred to us to wonder how, why and where a lady of such elegance and fashion as Mrs. B. should have become so intimate with the humble and unattractive Mrs. A. that the one can rarely be met without the other.

Everyone detests the scandal-monger, but his occupation would be gone without the aid of the questioner. The latter's motives may be innocent, but the results of his vulgar impertinence are often disastrous. Everyone who feels in himself a rising inquiry in regard to the private affairs of others should crush it. Parents should use every effort to divert the natural curiosity of their children into useful and elevating channels.

A little girl of eight years stood squarely before a visitor of her mother's, her large blue eyes staring unflinchingly, while she asked, as if the answer were her due: "You were away from home last week, Mrs. M. Where did you go? Whom did you go to see? What did you go for? Did Mr. M. go with you? Why didn't he go? Why did you stay so long?"

And so on and so on. The visitor, meanwhile, making frantic efforts to maintain a conversation with the child's mother, who herself had a most painful time of it, divided as she was between her own curiosity, which was keen as that of her child, and a half perception of the impoliteness of the interrogatory. As soon as possible the call was brought to a close, and the visitor escaped, congratulating herself on her skill in avoiding a direct answer to the one telling question: "What did you go to—?" which had been repeated again and again.

Having returned to her own home, Mrs. M. began examining herself in regard to her own methods with her children.

"Have I ever suffered them," she demanded of herself, "to ask questions in regard to matters which do not concern them?" A low voice sounded in her heart with painful clearness: "Yes, I have, and worse. I have myself in their presence often made inquiries, more or less direct, about things which I had no personal interest, and I have many times expressed an idle curiosity about the action and affairs of my neighbors. There is hardly a day in which I have not asked useless and sometimes even impertinent questions of my own family and intimate friends, even if I have not been thus impolite to chance acquaintances."

## DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

To make a mustard plaster for young children, mix one teaspoonful of mustard and three of wheat flour with water to the consistency of a stiff batter, and apply between soft, muslin cloths. For adults: one part of mustard and two of flour.

Cocunut Pudding: Swell in two teacups full of boiling water one teacupful of sago, and add one teacupful of sugar, one and one-half teacupfuls of grated cocunut; mix the whole thoroughly with one-fourth of a peck of tart, juicy apples chopped fine, and bake for one hour in a slow oven.—Detroit Free Press.

Han Toast: Slices of toasted bread with the crust cut off, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of butter, some gold ham or tongue grated. Put the yolks and whites, well beaten, into a stew-pan, with the butter, stir them two minutes over the fire, spread them over the toast and lay over them a sufficient quantity of cold ham or tongue.—Boston Budget.

Whipped Cream Pudding: Cover half an ounce of gelatine with cold water and let it stand an hour. Whip a pint of cream. Put a pint of milk on to boil, to which add the gelatine, and strain. Beat the yolks of four eggs and a cupful of sugar together; stir in the boiling milk. Remove from the fire and flavor. When cool, place on ice and stir until thick, then add the whipped cream, mix, and set on ice to harden. Serve with whipped cream.—Housekeeper.

Lober Curry: Open a can of lobster and pour the contents into a bowl; break the meat into small pieces. Put a tablespoonful of butter over the fire, and when melted add an onion cut in fine pieces. When the onion is tender add a tablespoonful of flour and half a pint of stock; season with a dash of cayenne, salt, a teaspoonful of curry powder and the juice of half a lemon. Cook a few minutes, add the lobster meat and liquor; cook five minutes.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Cooking Cabbage: Almost every one likes cauliflower if it is properly cooked, while few admit a fondness for cabbage. Yet it belongs to the same family, and can be made to taste much like cauliflower. It should be first par-boiled for ten minutes, in a kettle of salted water; then drained and cooled, and again put in fresh water and cooked until tender. Served with a cream sauce in the same way that we have cauliflower or asparagus sent to the table. It is delicious. We can not free ourselves too soon of the idea that this vegetable must be boiled with corned-beef and eaten with vinegar.—Food.

Apple Pudding: Pare and core six apples, steam until tender, boil half a cupful of sugar, a tablespoonful of water and the juice of one orange together for five minutes; when the apples are done place them in the bottom of a baking-dish, pour over them the boiling sirup and stand aside to cool. Put a pint of milk on to boil; beat half a cupful of sugar and the yolks of three eggs together and add the boiling milk. Take from the fire and flavor with vanilla. Fill the spaces from which the cores were taken with preserves, pour the custard over the apples, and bake fifteen minutes. Beat the whites of the eggs with three tablespoonfuls of sugar and heap over the top, and set in the oven one minute. Serve very cold.—Home.

COOKING EGGS.  
Simple as it may seem, it is something of an art.  
In omelet making do not use more than four or five eggs, as a larger omelet is difficult to roll or to dish without breaking. It is better to make two omelets of this size when a greater quantity is necessary than one large one. While making the second set the first over a saucpan containing hot water to keep warm. A plain omelet should consist of layer upon layer, and be creamy.  
In beating and stirring eggs or in making other dishes, keep the arm in motion from the elbow, not from the shoulder; the process will be found much less tiresome.  
In clarifying coffee with eggs do not use too much of the white or albumen, as it often forms a network or coating about the coffee that keeps the water from penetrating and drying out its full strength.  
Coffee may be nicely clarified by washing the shells of the eggs used in cooking, adding a little salt to keep them from spoiling, and adding them crushed to the coffee when it is put into the pot. For a delicate person who cares for little but a cup of coffee in the morning, a fresh egg beater with coffee poured over it is nutritious. Good tea and coffee need never be expected if made from a teakettle kept boiling upon the stove. The water must be drawn from the cold water faucet, brought to the boiling point and used at once.—Boston Budget.

## PITH AND POINT.

In giving the devil his due you are able to give yourself away.—Athenian Globe.

Some men will do you a favor and then bore you an hour talking about it.—Athenian Globe.

Even the definition of the phrase "good weather" depends entirely on the point of view, remarked the man who has umbrellas to hire.—Washington Star.

Pulverized—Curses—"I thought you were let in on the ground floor in that stock deal." Fangle—"I was, and was ground fine, too."—Detroit Free Press.

An English lady has introduced sewing into boys' schools. She knows that the man who marries the modern girl ought to be proficient in it.—Texas Siftings.

Commissioner—"Did you ever see this officer when he wasn't on the beat?" Antonio Llanos—"No; I never saw any policeman who was not on de beat."—N. Y. Herald.

A Tip to Borrow—"Why don't you fight Drayton?" Borrowe (pompously)—"I kill, sir, only a man who is my equal." Reporter—"So? Then you'll have to commit suicide."—Detroit Free Press.

Pointing the Distinction—"Is this song popular?" she asked of the music-store clerk. "Well," he answered, "lots of people sing it, but as yet, no one is sufficiently tired of it for it to be what you'd call a popular song."—Washington Star.

A newspaper writer asks the question: "Why is it that a young man will sit beside a young lady for hours and yet say hardly anything to her all the time?" We venture the suggestion that perhaps he is too polite to interrupt her.—Boston Transcript.

"And when you have finished your lecture," said the professor of elocution and deportment to young Dulle, "how gracefully and leave the platform on tiptoes." "Why on tiptoes?" queried Dulle. "So as not to wake the audience," replied the professor.

A Case of Necessity.—Von Bloomer—"I understand that you have bought a cottage at the seaside for this summer." De Tooville—"I bought two, side by side." Von Bloomer—"What do you want two for, with your small family?" De Tooville—"One is for my wife's trunks.—Cloak Barrow.

Contradictory. "Can I keep my lips from chapping?" Queried Marion, young and gay. "Tops says I can, if only I will keep the chaps away." "But," she smiled, and blushed in smiling. "If the chaps can not come near them, what's the use of six red lips?" —Pharmaceutical Era.

A DAKOTA PIONEER.  
He Was Not From Bad Luck, But Was Well Disappointed.  
"Winter pretty cold?"  
"Winter? Don't have any winter here, stranger."  
"How's that?"  
"Only have three seasons—spring, summer and early fall."  
He was a Dakota pioneer and lived, as he said, "fifty miles from any place."

"What do you do for a doctor when you're sick?"  
"Never get sick."  
"But you can't help it sometimes, can you?"  
"Certainly. 'Taint possible. We won't get sick and there's no two ways about it."  
"How far is it to your nearest neighbors?"  
"Fifty miles."  
"You don't have much society, then, do you?"  
"Don't need it. There's five of us—mother's me 'n' the kids. That's society enough, ain't it?"  
"How far must you go to church?"  
"Have it right in the shack every Sunday. Got an organette, Joe has, and he turns a crank and jinks out any hymn you ever heard tell of just as nice as you please. Then Marthy and all the rest of us sing, then I read something from the Bible, then we sing again, an' pray—an' church is out."

There was something pathetic in this, and it went to his heart.  
"How about crops?"  
"They're big, I tell ye—that is, when we get 'em. Three years ago I had every promise of a splendid crop. Had lots of snow that winter—ground was plenty wet an' the wheat was lookin' fine whe, all at once, we had a hot sun wind that burnt ever'inkin' up sick 'an clean."  
"And the next year?"  
"Things looked just as promising. Wheat was waist high, yellor as gold, an' I was goin' to cut it in a few days when along came a hail-storm and beat the whole field down."  
"Then the next year?"  
"Got nipped by the frost."  
"And the next?"  
"That's this year, stranger, and just look at the wheat around ye. Nothing could be finer than the outlook. Guess I'll have a good crop this year, but if I don't—" He paused.

"Well, if I don't," he said with a quiet smile. "I'll mortgage my horses to get seed and try again. It'll be hard pinchin', but I didn't have anything when I came here and I'll stick to the country as long as I can live in it. A man can't have hard luck always, you know. Things are bound to turn. It's a long lane that hasn't a crook somewhere."  
I wrung his hand warmly and rode away.—Detroit Free Press.

A Sure Cure.  
Tommy Caneucher—They do say, grandma, that you can cure almost any thing with this faith cure.  
Grandma—Is that so? Well, Tommy, next time you pass a drug-store get me a bottle if it doesn't cost more than fifty cents. I feel as if I was needing some spring medicine.—Texas Siftings.



"I AM BLIND!"

forced to leave without delay, his heart full of sadness at the indefinite postponement of the realization of his desires.

"In Tonkin he behaved gallantly, like the brave fellow he is, and was promoted for heroic conduct during the retreat of Langson. This satisfaction was certainly due him, as was the cross which soon followed it. It was on the same day Latrieville received in the head one of the last of the Chinese missiles; he was picked up in a dreadful condition, lay for months between life and death, finally remaining blind, without any hope of ever recovering his sight. While the surgeons were fighting for his life out yonder, his fiancée was taken ill with typhoid fever, and died almost suddenly, going to her last sleep in the family tomb of the d'Espars in her winding-sheet of virginal white.

"They dare not tell Latrieville of her death, he would not have survived the shock; so by each mail went a letter, to be read at his bedside by a gentle sister of mercy, which spoke of the dear fiancée who was waiting for the poor invalid and loved him still. In point of fact, it was not all falsehood, for the admirable woman you saw just now, who was then Louise d'Espars, had taken his sister's place, had offered to be, without the knowledge of the wounded man, the comforter that Jeanne could no longer be.

Yes, it is now two years since Latrieville's return and marriage; as yet no one has betrayed the subterfuge; he believes that he has the one whom he had chosen, the thought of whom gave him strength in his sufferings. For him it is Louise who is dead, Jeanne who lives. So the sharp sorrow that awaited him was conjured away; his wife is full of the deepest, almost maternal tenderness for him; his days are full of joy and happiness. Now is the situation so dreadful?"

## ANCIENT MANNERS.

Old Customs That Seem Strange to Us Now.  
From the days when our ancestors took their food, their hands and ate it with a little ceremony as of dog gnaws a bone to the present time of elaborate dinners is a long step, but a gradual one. It was a number of centuries before dishes of any kind were used, and knives and forks as adjuncts to eating were later still.

The fear of poison, which haunted the "old of every person of quality during the middle ages, gave rise to certain curious customs, and even to certain superstitions. When dishes are now served covered it is understood that it is merely for the purpose of keeping them warm. This was not, however, the principal reason why they were not served covered during the dark ages. It was the fear that poison might be introduced into them surreptitiously between the kitchen and the table, where they were to be served to the kings or the lords, or even to persons of inferior rank.

The covers were not removed till the master of the house had taken his place. All dishes afterward served were brought on the table in the same manner. It was the custom originally, when the dishes were uncovered, for some of the servants to first partake of them, but this custom was afterward in part replaced by the servants touching the food with one of several objects which were regarded as infallible preservatives against poison.

## THE WEST INDIES.

A Pleasant Place in Which to Spend the Winter.  
Americans can have no idea of this island, the people here call "Little England," and it is well named, too. The enterprise of the place is remarkable, and at times can hardly realize that I am so far from home. And as for the comforts and luxuries of life, they are not lacking. Many things are much cheaper than they are in America. The island is about twenty-four by sixteen, but densely populated. The last census showed twenty thousand, but there is not much doubt but what the next will be thirty thousand. A large proportion of the people are colored, but are of high order of intelligence. The houses are nearly all built of limestone (perhaps I ought to say of the better class), but times I have seen each have their own home, and you would be surprised to see how clean they are kept.

The streets are clean and watered every day, and it is not only necessary from a sanitary standpoint, but for the comfort of the foot passengers, as we have no sidewalks. I suppose we have not seen the people here, as they are of limestone, and are as smooth and nice as any floor.

They don't raise a great many fruits, although the markets are well supplied from other islands. The chief production is the sugar-cane, and it is a pretty sight to ride either by train or tram (horse-cars) through waving fields of cane. Several times I have gone off into the country to feast my eyes with beauty of the landscape, and it is so hard to think of you all at home shivering with the cold, while here it now seems like our June weather. From now until February is our coolest weather, then the hot times begin again. The thermometer averages about eighty-five degrees now.

## KNOW HOW IT WORKED.

The Boy Understood the Law of Retaliation.  
"So you're the boy who wants to go to work here, are you?" asked the senior clerk.  
"I'm de kid," replied the boy.  
"You can read and write, of course?"  
"Sure."  
"And you're not afraid of work?"  
"I'm a sleep with it without bein' cared a bit."  
"Are you lively in getting around?"  
"Quicker'n a compressed air ordinance."  
The senior clerk looked over the boy's recommendations and decided that he would do.

"Now, hold on," said the boy. "Does the boss kick much?"  
"Who do you mean?"  
"The boss—the main guy."  
"What's that to you?" asked the clerk sharply. "You have nothing to do with him."  
"Dat's all right," returned the boy. "But I has with the fellers as gets his kicks, and after he jumps on them they catches me by the collar and bangs me up agin' the wall and calls me names. Every time the boss gets mad I gets jumped on by every feller he jumps on. No, sirree! I gets all the worst of it 'n' there ain't even a cat around for me to kick. If the boss kicks, cully, I looks for another job. See? I knows all about these places where the boss kicks."—Chicago Tribune.

No Attraction.  
Sour-faced Woman—You get right out of here or I'll call my husband?  
Tramp—'Tis husband ain't at home.  
Sour-faced Woman—How do you know he ain't?  
Tramp—I've allers noticed, mum, that w'en a man is married to a woman who looks like you he never is at home except at meal-times.—Demorest.

## ORNAMENTAL AND USEFUL.

Pretty and Artistic Ways to Beautify the Home.  
Vases of pink glass rising from spreading vases to three feet in height are new.  
Royal Bonn ware is seen in ever-shaded vases, with dull-leaden colors and floral borders.  
Vases and baskets of German faience have bunches of the scarlet Japanese quince so natural as to look real.  
Faience fern baskets for the table have raised continuous designs in color. Many people prefer these to all-overs.  
Lamp globes of red amber and blue glass ornamented with childish scenes in raised white designs, have been brought out.

Pitchers of clear blue and red Bohemian glass are ornamented by a hand of three lines of gilt in the most effective manner.  
Rustic scenes in Germanware are among the new importations. Swains on bits of ruined walls or the designs. The imitations of the parks, Hicens and time stains are excellent.—Jewellers' Circular.

A Disappointment.  
She—Will you take a part in our theatricals?  
He—Aw—well—I—aw—should be like to. What shall I take?  
She—Tickets.—Judge.

ALMA LE DUC.