

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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"IF I WERE FAIR."

If I were fair, I'd have little hands, and slender feet; I'd have the color rich and sweet, I'd have the curls of burnish'd brown; I'd have the eyes of azure blue, and I'd have the hair of golden brown; I'd have the nose of Roman nose, and I'd have the lips of coral red; I'd have the teeth of ivory white, and I'd have the skin of alabaster white; I'd have the hair of golden brown, and I'd have the eyes of azure blue; I'd have the nose of Roman nose, and I'd have the lips of coral red; I'd have the teeth of ivory white, and I'd have the skin of alabaster white.

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THE SPECTER WEDDING.

A Curious But All-Sufficient Ceremony.

Mr. Martin Dupont was a justice of the peace in the little town of Marlburg. He had been elected to office at the close of the war of 1812, and had acted in his present capacity for nearly nine years. Men of Mr. Dupont's type were very common in those days, and even now one does not have to search far to find one of these self-complacent, pompous gentlemen, who delight in winning admiration from their associates. He was always haughty, and his tongue's end a great many stories in which he played the leading part, but who are, nevertheless, very superstitious, so much so, indeed, that a glimpse of the moon over the left shoulder, or a howling dog, has power to make them melancholy for a week.

Having failed to secure for himself as large a share of this world's goods as he had wished, Mr. Dupont was fully resolved that his two children, Henry and Margaret, should not be lacking in wealth. As for his son, he very wisely concluded that a good education, added to his natural abilities, would secure for him a place in the world; and accordingly Henry was showing the wisdom of the plan, and by his rapid advancement in business was more than fulfilling his father's expectations. It had always been Mr. Dupont's desire that his daughter should marry some rich man, but Margaret had fallen in love, very foolishly, according to her father's idea, with the principal of the Marlburg high school.

Charles Foster had several times pleaded his suit in vain before Mr. Dupont. There was no fault in the young man. Mr. D. rather grudgingly admitted, except that all he had to depend upon was his salary, but still no man should presume to become his son-in-law who had not money enough to support his daughter in better style than that in which she was then living. He liked the school-teacher very well as a friend, but as a son-in-law—that was quite another matter.

Nevertheless Charles and Margaret did not despair of their cause, although Mr. Dupont was seemingly immovable. The thought of an elopement was banished by them both as being dishonorable, and as no other plan seemed practicable as they very wisely resolved to wait until some kind fate should come to their aid. This, then, was the condition of affairs when our story begins.

Mr. Dupont's duties as justice of the peace did not confine his law practice to Marlburg, but very frequently he was called away to attend various lawsuits in neighboring towns and hamlets; and it so happened that at this particular time he was engaged in a case of some considerable importance in an adjoining town. On account of the nearness of the place it was Mr. Dupont's custom to drive his own horse back and forth and to spend his nights at home.

One night, on account of an unusual press of business, he was obliged to remain beyond his ordinary time of leaving, and after the work was completed he yielded to the urgent invitation of his client to chat for a few moments. As they puffed away at the choice Havana, they began to tell each other of various exciting adventures and wonderful experiences. Time slipped away so rapidly that it was after ten o'clock before Mr. Dupont suddenly remembered that a seven-mile drive lay between him and his home. Hastily bidding his friend good-by, he started for the hotel stable to get his horse.

DAINTY COOKERY.

A Housewife's Own Suggestions For the Farm Table. Fancy cookery can in a measure quicken the appetite; but why may not possess a fairly good article which will sit down with us to our meals? There should be only two exceptions, a positive invalid and a dyspeptic. For the first it is not "fancy cookery" that is needed, but "cookery for the sick room"; for the second the less he eats the better, and fancy cooking would only aggravate the evil. At our house nothing is eaten between meals, even by the younger portion of the family, except fruit, and that in small quantities, such as an apple, etc. We keep canies on hand, but they are doled out (using the word "doled" advisedly) directly after meals and do not cloy the appetite. Sunday afternoon is the time when these wise rules are cast aside, and when the most tempting of fancy cookery could hardly give us a zest for supper.

The only time I delve into the mysteries of the fancy in cooking is when I give my household a treat, and then it generally takes the place of more substantial stuff. Thus "good digestion waits on appetite." For instance, instead of having meat, potatoes, and other kind of vegetables and pickles for dinner, I sometimes have macaroni and cheese. Just this, and a dish of canned fruit, with bread, butter and water, completes the meal; but, remember, the main dish is deliciously cooked (so my husband says); the water does not stand on the table, but is cold in the ice chest, and the bread, butter and fruit are the best of their kind.

We are very fond of good soup, but, having a moderate-sized family, we cannot make stock. So, because we cannot afford both time and money for soup, then the meat course, then dessert, we make a dinner of soup, the dessert. A can of salmon, heated by being plunged into a stew-pan of boiling water, while in the tin (a hole being previously punched in the top to allow the steam to escape), and kept there half an hour, then turned out on a platter, nicely garnished with hard-boiled eggs and served with egg sauce, makes a welcome change from meat. Another use for a can of salmon is as croquette. These make a can go twice as far and are twice as nice as the plain salmon, of which we are very tired.

The English are noted for requiring a particular kind of vegetable on the table with each kind of meat, and they are quite right. Turnips should be served for roast goose, duck and mutton, the flavor blends so well. With a roast of beef they do not go badly, but to dish them up with fish or chicken, as I have seen at some houses; Lamb, although such a near relation of mutton, quite turns its back on turnips, and seems to prefer like lamb only when served with green peas, beans, or a cool lettuce salad. Baked parsnips and turkey, or corn, seen Monsieur Durkin's right-hand men, and so on through the long list of vegetables and meats.

The Chief Cook is right in crying out for variety, but it seems to me that the changing seasons of the year, and the variety, there is so many ways of cooking each vegetable, fruit and meat. If this is called fancy cookery, then I say it does not add to the burdens of the busy housewife; outside of this, speaking from my own experience, the busy housewife cannot afford the time, unless she adopts my plan and shunts off for a meal to a fancy restaurant, back again to the standard meat and vegetables.

A most important point is to put our whole culinary talent into everyday dishes; the kettle should stand empty till time to make the tea, and the tea must be made just as soon as the water comes to its first hard boil. I prefer soft water for coffee, and like tea made from hard water. We want our coffee so extra rigidly made that, out of consideration for the family purse, I have it only for Sunday morning's breakfast. When boiling potatoes I put as much thought into them as if they were a pate de foie gras, and feel quite a sad failure as a cook, if they do not come to the table each a ball of foam. As for increasing the expenses, fancy cookery does not do so of necessity. Even to make our plain, everyday dishes tasty, butter must be put on with a generous hand. Nothing improves vegetables like butter; it is the making of stewed tomatoes.—Rural New Yorker.

LIFE IN THE HEN YARD.

It is Just as Full of Fun as Life Anywhere. "The incident of my life which impressed my mind most deeply was a calamity that befell my immediate family during my early boyhood," said a government official recently. "My father was a farmer. We kept chickens, about two hundred in number, the eggs and tender progeny of which were sent to market and furnished a not inconsiderable fraction of the family income."

"One summer, at the season when the fruit was ripe, my mother made a great quantity of 'cherry-bounce,' for the brewing of which she was famous. After completing the process, she directed me to throw the refuse of the fermented cherries away and I did so. I threw the stuff near the chicken-house, thinking that the fowls might relish it. Later on we heard a great deal of excited squawking from that direction, but paid no particular attention to it. After supper I went out, as was my custom, to see that the poultry had gone to roost as right for the night. You can imagine my astonishment and dismay when I found all of the chickens—hens, roosters, pullets and cockrels—scattered in and around the chicken-house, every one of them dead.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—Santa Barbara island, off the coast of Tennessee county, Cal., is uninhabited save by cats, and millions of them are said to thrive there. The island is entirely given over to them, and how they exist is somewhat of a mystery. It is thought, however, that these cats live upon fish.

—A recent patent by a woman will be especially grateful to many men. It is a carrying machine and is a small instrument in silver that is fastened to the side of the platter, to which an adjustable fork is attached. On this the food is spitted, and warranted not to be lodged on the tablecloth or in a guest's lap, no matter what the wild attempts of the carrier.

—Ereless needles, ready threaded, grow in northern Mexico and southern Arizona. The needles plant furnishes long leaves with sharp-pointed, wiry ends, and when the soft part of the plant is removed, and the fiber stretched out to any desired degree of fineness and dried in the sun, the lucky Mexican or Arizonian has no trouble about threading her needles.

—One of the novel exhibits in machinery hall at the world's fair will be a model paper mill. It will be in active operation and will show all the processes of paper-making from the pulp to the finished card, which will be in the form of a world's fair souvenir. Secretary Agnew, of the Paper Trade club of Chicago, accompanied by several leading manufacturers, have recently made arrangements with Chief Robinson for the exhibit.

—The umbrella is of high antiquity appearing in various forms upon the sculptured monuments of Egypt, Assyria, Greece and Rome, and in hot countries it has been used since the dawn of history as a sunshade—a use signified by its name derived from the Latin *umbra*, meaning a shade. In the Orient the umbrella has been a symbol of power and royalty, and in many countries it has become a part of a religious as well as a royal symbolism.

—More than one thousand men are now at work on the mammoth manufacturing building for the world's fair. The force was recently doubled by order of the exposition authorities, who concluded that the contractor was not making as rapid progress as was desirable. The authorities are determined that all of the buildings shall be completed in time for dedication in October and the public may be assured that this will be done. The total number of workmen at Jackson park now exceeds 7,000. It will probably be increased to 10,000 or more.

—"A Sweet Palace" is the latest and the sweetest thing promised by the ladies' management of the world's fair. It will be erected by the ladies of California, of stained glass, and the framework will be encircled by strings of crystal. Mrs. Frona Wait, one of the California managers, has originated a plan for a state banquet, to be spread in the state building and to be made up entirely of California products. Silver, glass, porcelain, table-linen and the table as well as to be of California manufacture, and fresh fruits and food will be constantly received from across the continent, sent by the cold-storage transit.

HONEY MADE BY INSECTS.

Not By Bees Alone, But By Wasps, Ants and Other Bugs. "Did you ever consider how many flowers are required to supply one pound of honey?" said a naturalist. "About two and a half millions is a fair estimate. Think what a vast amount of flowers are required to produce a single ounce! However, there are other creatures besides bees that gather honey. For example, there is the 'honey-wasp' of tropical America and the honey-making ant of Texas and New Mexico. The latter is very abundant in the neighborhood of Santa Fe, and the sweets it collects are highly esteemed by the Mexicans, not only as a food, but for medicinal purposes. There is an insect called the 'tanna' in Ethiopia which deposits its stores of honey without wax. It looks like a giant mosquito, and its product, which it hides away in holes under the ground, is eagerly sought by the natives as a remedy for diseases of the throat.

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—To keep black ants from any dish or part draw a circle of chalk around it. This remedy has been proved.

—Boston Cream.—Make a sirap of two pounds of white sugar with two quarts of water; boil, and when cold, add two ounces of tartaric acid, three-fourths of an ounce of essence of lemon and the frothed whites of two eggs. Bottle tightly. Take of the cream thus made a wineglassful to a tumbler of water, with sufficient carbonate of soda to make it effervescent.—Detroit Free Press.

—Nesselrode Pudding.—Beat up yolk of four eggs, one-half pound sugar and one ounce powdered sweet almonds, and add to it a quart of milk and cream mixed; boil until thick. Remove from the fire, and when cold, freeze. When frozen, remove dashes and stir in one ounce cherries, one ounce currants and one pound preserved peaches. Mix well and let stand for two hours.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Vermicelli Soup.—For eight persons take a quarter of a pound of vermicelli, which blanch in boiling water to take off the taste of dust. Strain it, and throw it into some broth that is boiling, otherwise the vermicelli will stick together and cannot be separated. The vermicelli must be boiled in broth before you mix it with any of the sauce, and take care to break the vermicelli before you blanch it in the water, otherwise it will be in long pieces and unpleasant to serve up.—Boston Budget.

—Sandwiches.—Cut bread in thin, even slices with a sharp knife, butter lightly and spread with chopped ham, tongue, veal, chicken or lamb, that has been mixed with a dressing. Cut in small, fancy shapes, and wrap in a wet towel to prevent their drying. Many enjoy sweet sandwiches, which are made by spreading with raspberry, strawberry, currant or grape jelly or jam. Put sandwiches on particularly nice and are extremely simple. Chop very fine any nice fresh nuts and add enough melted butter or sweet cream to make them spread easily over the buttered bread.—N. Y. Observer.

—Beefsteak Fingers.—Take two pounds of tender steak, cook it with equal parts of vinegar and water, and when tender, chop very finely, and cover it very closely, and let it cook gently for an hour; then remove the meat from the liquor and let it become cold, when cut it into strips about three inches long; dip this into beaten egg, then roll in cracker crumbs that are seasoned with salt and celery; cover the meat well with the crumbs and fry in hot fat until nicely browned; place in a hot dish garnished with parsley, serve with mashed potatoes and gravy made from liquor in which the meat was cooked.—Boston Herald.

THE SLING.

Notions That Have Been Thought of From Time to Time. The sling was one of the earliest inventions in the way of a weapon, and was an improvement on the stone thrown by hand, which was the rudest and most primitive method of fighting. The sling is a weapon made of cord or of hide, at the end of which a stone more or less heavy is placed to be thrown to a distance. It is unnecessary to describe an instrument which is in the hands of every school boy, but it may be stated that its principle is the bringing into play the law of centrifugal force. The stone, swung round in the sling, tends to fly off at a tangent, and the slight tension of the cord, which is proportionate to the centrifugal force, but is held back by the hand, while, while whirling the sling around, restrains the flight of the charge it contains. The stone escapes at a tangent the instant the hand ceases to set.

The inhabitants of Palestine use in very ancient times of this dangerous weapon, the most skillful in its use being the tribe of Benjamin, whose best it was never to miss their aim. What makes their skill more surprising was that they managed the sling with the left hand. The men who came to David's help at Ziklag were no less skilful. They used it with either the right hand or the left. The sling was also the favorite weapon of shepherds, who with it drove away wild beasts preying on their flocks. This makes David's victory over the giant less surprising, as he had, no doubt, great practice in the use of this instrument while guarding his father's sheep. It has been said that the Arabian warriors excelled others in the use of the sling, and the "slingers" of an ancient army used their little weapons with terrible effect. These natives have such skill," says an old historian, "that they very rarely happens that they miss their aim. What makes them so great in the use of the sling is the training given them from their earliest years by their mothers, who set up a piece of bread hung at the end of a rod for a target, and let their children remain without food until they have hit it, when the child who is the victor receives the bread as the reward of his skill and patience.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—A Frenchman recently brought 400 parrots from Brazil to dispose of in Paris. An epidemic broke out among the birds, from which all but two died. The survivors were sent to the persons who kept them and several have succumbed to an infectious pneumonia.

—Arthur Bloch, a value of the French swiss diamonds and his expert on the subject of gems, states that it is impossible to find a twelve and a half carat stone of pure water and a half carat held at \$200,000. This must be the pearl of great price that is sometimes alluded to.

—The emperor of Germany, immediately after reviewing some troops in the Tempelhofes Field a fortnight ago, discovered that his brown leather purse, with a hundred-dollar note, some keys, and a gold ring, was missing from his pockets. The most elaborate search of the premises failed to find them up.

—A Harrisburg, Pa., boy sent up in a balloon, on the Fourth of July last year, a bottle with his name and address in it, requesting the finder to return it to him. Recently the bottle was picked up by a gentleman on the coast of Lake Superior, near Duluth, Minn., who immediately forwarded it to the lad.

—Five pounds of candied violets were the stakes for which a young New York man made and lost a bet with a young lady of his acquaintance. The girl knew and the young man discovered too late that candied violets, at a first-class Broadway store, cost four dollars a pound, and hereafter some other stake will be chosen when he makes a bet.

—Er-Senator George W. Jones, of Iowa, to whom a pension is likely to be granted by the government for services in the war of 1812 and in the Black Hawk war, is an interesting survivor of the old-time politicians. He is now eighty-eight years old, but remarkably well preserved, and noted still for the courtesy of manner that has always distinguished him.

—Prince Massimo, of Rome, whose palace was picked out as a good one to blow up with an anarchist bomb, does not claim to be a descendant of Fabius Maximus. The family sentiment on this subject was expressed by Prince Massimo when he was asked by the first Napoleon whether that was the family origin and who answered: "I do not know. All I know about it is that that tradition has been handed down in the family for twenty centuries."

—"I bought a typewriter," says a literary woman, "to find that I could not learn to compose upon it. Then I got an operator and tried dictating to her, but that was an unhandy fellow. The workings of my muse as to work the machine myself. Then I had an idea. I sold the typewriter and learned stenography. Now I compose in shorthand with ease and rapidity, and send my notes to a typewriting office and have them copied out. This may be a suggestion to other women steeped in spite like myself."

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—A certain married pair, each blessed with a strength of will that would call obstinacy, found themselves the happy parents about a year ago of a beautiful baby boy. In due time a christening was decided upon, but, alas, it was impossible to agree upon the name. The mother was anxious to call the boy Percy, while the father favored the name of Neddy. The father yielded nor permit a double name, and after a spirited discussion at the last moment, with no result, the clergyman, who was an old friend of the family, began the service. When the place was reached where the name should be repeated, instead, the minister went on: "Child of the covenant, I baptize thee," etc. The baby is still named, except to a few circle of relatives, who call him "Covey."

—"A LITTLE NONSENSE." —Mrs. Plankinton—"Is your little boy going to have a new white fannel suit this year?" Mr. Bilderwick—"Not exactly new. It's the one his father had last year."—Clothes and Fashions.

—Sybil—"Who is that playing the piano?" Yerk—"Prof. von Thump. He's just going to give the 'Mister-singers.'" Sybil—"Is that all? I thought he was going through the piano."

—Tommy—"Uncle Jack, I often hear 'em talkin' about safe burglars; what do they mean by that kind of a burglar?" Uncle Jack—"There is only one kind of a safe burglar, and that is one that's in jail."—Boston Courier.

—"Well, I hear that that stingy old Grubold has really married a shop girl." Griggs—"Yes, but everybody knows that he would never have fallen in love with her if he hadn't found her at the five-cent counter."—Inter Ocean.

—"What Did She Mean?"—She (to Constance George, who has just returned from the tropics)—"Oh, George, dear, how little you know of me! You bring me this dear little monkey! How thoughtful you are! But—but—let's just kiss you!"—Funny Folks.

—First Girl Graduate—"What did you think of my essay?" Second Girl Graduate—"Why, Margie, you looked just too sweet for anything." First Girl Graduate—"Oh, you dear! They came on the spot."—Chicago News Record.

—"A Very Curious Boy."—First Boy—"Don't you want some of these apples, kid?" The New Boy—"Your daddy's the doctor in this neighborhood, ain't he?" "Yep." "Guess I don't want 'em. They look too green."—Indianaapolis Journal.

—Excited Lady (on the beach)—"Why isn't something done for that ship in distress? Why don't some of you—?" Coastguard (hurriedly)—"We have sent the cutter. It is on its way. What are you waiting for a tropical vacation?"—N. Y. Herald.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—"How did you like the Boston girl that was visiting my aunt?" said one young man to another. "Very much." "The used some pretty long words, didn't she?" "Yes; I think she used the longest word I ever heard when I proposed to her." "What was that?" "Soveer."—Washington Star.

—"I bought a typewriter," says a literary woman, "to find that I could not learn to compose upon it. Then I got an operator and tried dictating to her, but that was an unhandy fellow. The workings of my muse as to work the machine myself. Then I had an idea. I sold the typewriter and learned stenography. Now I compose in shorthand with ease and rapidity, and send my notes to a typewriting office and have them copied out. This may be a suggestion to other women steeped in spite like myself."

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