

# The 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, NOVEMBER 18, 1893.

VOL. XVIII.—NO. 47.

## A WOMAN'S POCKET.

Just where it is one never knows. Beneath the folds it never shows. Above, below, before, behind. A puzzle to the human mind! Man never knows his helplessness. What he tries in woman's dress To find the pocket.

"I've never found in early days Before they had the pocket!" Dressmakers now are sore perplexed To know just where to hide it next! In these hard times of want and care 'Tis hard to find the dress—but worse To find the pocket.

A fact by husbands too well known. She finds his pocket; while her own is so concealed about her dress! He long since lost its usefulness. She bears her purse now in her hand Because she never can command That hidden pocket.

He's new to matrimonial cares Who volunteers to run upstairs And fetch a trifle, more or less. His bride left in some other dress! Believe me, nature ne'er designed That mortal man should ever find A woman's pocket.

He opens wide the closet door. Each hook so full of robes and gowns. That ere he finds the proper gown Each dress in turn has tumbled down. Into the placid hole at back. He thrusts his arm: alas! alack! 'Tis not the pocket.

He drags it out in his despair. And spreads it on an easy chair. He lifts up each sock and fold and seam. And looks around as in a dream. 'Tis much too good a man to swear. Yet undevoted wonders where She keeps that pocket.

He grabs it up, and rushing down Upon her lap he tosses the gown. "In truth you are the better half! If you can find—why do you laugh?" "I laugh because you've brought me here A petticoat my hobby dear. To find the pocket."

—Berkshire Courier.



THE MAN WITH THE COAL.

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However, Mrs. Grant had provided her daughters with evening dresses, and remembered how she had loved dancing in her youth. She would chaperone them and be very cautious about introductions. So their father reluctantly consented to their going, and their dresses next absorbed them. The night was perfect, and the ballroom at the Tremont presented a charming scene when they entered it.

The girls soon discovered friends in the many groups, and their cards rapidly filled. Both became interested in a tall, slight young man, who wore a badge and seemed quite ubiquitous, managing everything, and everybody. "He dances beautifully," said Belle Grant to her partner, who was decidedly awkward.

"No wonder. He has lots of practice," said Mr. Feltzer. "He really starts all these festivities for the sake of having a dance. Can't I present him? He is really charming; talks as well as he dances, and sings exquisitely."

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Several days afterward the coal supply problem had been solved, and a postal card order for several tons and shipped. It is the best, as the post office.

"That afternoon the girls were seated on the porch, waiting for the coal to be delivered. When they saw the driver, it was filled with coal and drawn by spirited horses. Their driver glanced up as he passed on the high road, and saw a man standing distinctly bowed to the sisters."

"What a queer fellow," said Belle. "I never saw him before. He looks like a coalman."

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## FARMER AND PLANTER.

### HEDGES IN THE SOUTH.

How to Grow Quickly a Well-Wish For.

A well-high perfect hedge can be quickly grown, and with but little skill, pains or labor, on nearly any sort of soil in the cotton latitude, by putting out alternately plants of the pyracantha and Macartney rose. Neither of these alone makes a very good hedge here; but the former does not hug the ground quite close enough, and the latter is rather too sprawling unless special attention is given to pruning and training. They, however, precisely supplement one another when planted alternately, say a foot apart, the pyracantha giving a sturdy support to the Macartney, which compactly fills all the gaps that the pyracantha growing alone would leave. The rose is a little liable to spread unduly by self-layering, but can be kept in bounds without much trouble. Pruning for any other purpose is scarcely ever required, if at all. Both of the above-named plants grow readily from cuttings, though it is better to plant either rooted layers from an old hedge, or one-year rooted plants started in nursery. Of course, good preparation of the ground for the hedgerow is advisable, and some cultivation and manuring will be required, not less than in the case of any of the other hedge plants. Perhaps the rhinoceros might attempt to second time to go through a well-planted hedge of the sort mentioned, but I hardly think anything would be heard of it. "That was a close call," the younger man't hurt?"

"Oh, no, thanks to you, Mr. Gordon." "Keep him in the house till I get through here. He started the horses with his pranks."

"You're not a bit nice, Fred." She shook her head at the little culprit, hugged him and led him into the house. The whole family had assembled, and Lillian, in her agitation, forgot her prudence.

"It is Mr. Gordon, Belle. I heard him speaking to you." "Mr. Gordon?" cried Mrs. Grant. "I didn't see Mr. Gordon."

"Well, you can see him now," said Belle, courteously. "He's putting the coal in."

"Oh, I thought you meant the young fellow that you met at the hop."

"No, I do, mother. He's a coal-man." "Nonsense!"

"And he kept the horses from crashing Fred's little head in the door!" "What are you all talking about?" asked Mr. Grant. So they all explained together.

"So you're here, are you?"

"I'm here, are you?"

## READERS AND NON-READERS.

### Right People of the World Who Have Very Little Book-Knowledge.

Certainly there are plenty of people, men and women, who are exceedingly intelligent, and this not in any limited direction, who never read, who know nothing about books, and who could not gain from them any appreciable addition to their brightness. They have thought, and they can talk. They observe, as a rule, much more closely than the readers, who are apt either to be preoccupied, or to be mentally "disconnected"—there is no other word—and think, when they think, in a more original way, or rather, as that word has now a conventional meaning, in a way which is less obscured by the influence of "the common-sense of most."

Their thoughts, poor or perfect, are at least their own, and are strong thoughts. They lack width usually, though not always; for intercourse with readers has much of the effect of reading; they have a certain directness and tenacity as to the point at issue. They are apt, too, to have humor, the incongruities of things striking them even more than they strike readers—how much had Burns read?—and humor of the peculiar kind which we define rather indefinitely by the word "raucous," that is, flavor, the trace of the onion which animates the salad. In talking, it is said, they are deficient, but that is often only because they are in possession of persons whose knowledge of books they dread, or because they belong to the classes or races—for there are both—to whom the privilege of talking easily has not been given. There are women among us who never read, and talk excellently well—there were scores of them in France just before the revolution—and who talk as only chiefs of professions can, but who have never seen a book since they were at college. Indeed, we believe that if the literary world would inquire, they would be rather startled at the number of the latter. There are not only the scores of able men who have no time for reading, but other scores in every profession to whom reading is very like an impossibility. They can not do it any more than a roving man can get through "Simpson" or "The Wanderer."

There is a literary assumption current, now indeed crystallizing into an axiom, that all able men with the time can read books, and that if they do not, it is the fault of the newspapers, or the novels, or congenial perusal; but the assumption is totally unfounded. Numbers of men of keen intelligence simply can not read, and never open a book, and neither suffer for the deficiency, nor are it suspected by the world. There was plenty of intelligence before printing, and before manuscripts became accessible to any but the wealthy. In Asia, outside theology, all ability is independent of book-knowledge; and the statesmen who never read are infinitely more intelligent than the Baboos who kill their original thinking-power by studying the books of a foreign people.—London Spectator.

When I first commenced farming on my own account I went heavily in debt \$4,000 for a farm. I had about thirty sheep. I lost eighty more for two years, giving one pound of wool per head and retaining the same number at the expiration of the lease. The sheep were fair-grade Merinos, yielding about five pounds wool per head. I bought a high-priced ram each of the two years. I raised about one hundred lambs. When they were shorn they gave me an average of over seven pounds of wool per head, the next cross gave me between eight and nine pounds per head. At the end of six years I had my farm paid for and had a flock of sheep that could carry off the lion's share of the prizes at our county fair. It was in 1862 when I first commenced.—Allegheny County, N. Y.

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## DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

### —Sauce for Fish: Scrape fine the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, add pepper, salt, mustard, three tablespoonfuls each of salad oil and of vinegar and one of tomato catsup.—Housekeeper.

—Chicken Mince Pie: Chop meat fine from boiled fowl. Put layer in dish, cover with sliced chicken liver. Add rest of fowl, with butter and seasoning, then rich broth and crust, and bake.—Good Housekeeping.

—Potatoes and Egg: Put slump of butter into a frying-pan; when it boils, brown in it a finely chopped small onion. Cut some cold boiled potatoes into slices, put them into the pan, pour over them the well-beaten yolks of two eggs, add pepper and salt; fry a golden brown on both sides.—N. Y. Times.

—Chopped Tomato Pile: Add to eight pounds of chopped green tomatoes, well drained, a scant half teacupful of salt and four pounds of brown sugar. Let this boil two hours, then add a quart of vinegar, half a tablespoonful of ground cloves, and one of ground cinnamon. Boil fifteen minutes, and can.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—Preserved Greenbeans: Allow one pound of sugar and a teacup of water to each pound of fruit, halved and sliced. Boil the syrup ten minutes before putting in the beans, skin and then boil all together till tender. Take from fire, and let stand overnight. The next day boil up again, adding a few of the blanched kernels taken from the cobs. Pack the fruit in cans, pour over the syrup, and seal.—Harper's Bazar.

—Fried Cucumbers: Cucumbers are good in any form, but they are particularly delicious prepared in the following manner. Pare and cut the cucumbers lengthwise in slices about one-quarter of an inch thick. Cut off the tough white part on the outside pieces, and soak in cold water, slightly salted, for one hour. Wipe dry, sprinkle each slice with a little salt and pepper, dust with flour and roll in sifted bread crumbs, or dip in beaten egg and then in crumbs. Fry in hot butter.—Boston Budget.

—Household News gives this recipe for French Crullers: Put a half pint of water and two ounces of flour on to boil. When boiling add steadily one cup or four ounces of flour. Beat a moment until like smooth dough. Stand aside to cool. When cool add three eggs, one at a time, submerge, beating each time until the egg is thoroughly blended. Roll out, cut same as doughnuts, and fry in smoking-hot fat, roll thin, using as little oil as possible. As soon as fried, roll each in powdered sugar. These are delicious when fresh.

—Allendale: Melt a good tablespoonful of butter with one of flour and add half a pint of white stock, salt, pepper, and a dash of grated lemon peel; simmer for ten minutes and stir meanwhile; add a half pint of milk or cream and the yolk of one egg. Do not boil after the egg has been added. Finish the seasoning with a little lemon juice. Many cooks use the yolks of three eggs for this quantity, but it is rich enough with one. The worth said by Miss from the merest trifles of chicken or veal bones or trimmings.—Country Gentleman.

—Cucumbers Stuffed: The ripe, ripe cucumbers need not be wasted. They make most delicious dishes if rightly cooked. Peel two or more, cut a slit in one side and scoop out the seeds with a small spoon, fill with any kind of bread or meat stuffing and tie about. Line a stewpan with slices of thin bacon and beef, lay on the cucumbers, cover with more meat and bacon and then with stock or water and simmer an hour or until all are tender. If water is used add two young carrots, one turnip, an onion and soup herbs.—American Agriculturist.

—FROCKS FOR SMALL GIRLS. Everything Rather Neatness Now, But Simplicity Prevails. Fashion for larger children follows the wake of their elders, and there is noticeable the same dearth of originality at the present time, both in wardrobe and in accessories. Among the prettiest things is a revival of the English fashion of low-cut necks and short sleeves. It is said to be more healthful and is certainly very sweet to look upon. Besides, so little variation is required, as a short waist and a full skirt comprise the entire frock. The little English dress in the illustrations of to-day has a draped effect in front and a bertha of lace drawn in with baby ribbon at the neck. The empire dress, which is going out of style just as everybody knows how to make it, is certainly very pretty for little girls from three to six years of age. Crew necks is nice material to use, with a bow of wide ribbon at the back of the yoke and ends falling to the hem. More becoming yet are the round-waisted frocks trimmed with a bertha or draped revers and a long sash. A pretty dress for a girl of twelve or thirteen is of narrow spotted cambric, trimmed with narrow white braid and a full vest of white watercolor tucked very finely at the neck and finished with straps and bows of ribbon.—Chicago Post.

—Giving Pleasure. A little thought will show how vastly your own happiness depends on the way other people bear themselves toward you. The looks and tone at your breakfast table, the conduct of your fellow-workers or employes, the faithful or unreliable men you deal with, what people say to you on the street, the way your cook and housemaid do their work, the letters you get, the friends or foes you meet—these things make up very much of the pleasure or misery of the day. Turn the idea around, and remember that just as much are you adding to the pleasure or misery of other people's days. And this is the half of the matter you can control. Whether any particular day shall bring to you more of happiness or of suffering is largely beyond your power to determine. Whether each day of your life shall give happiness or suffering rests with yourself.—N. Y. Weekly.

## PITH AND POINT.

—When the great tackled the end of dynamite, you ought to have seen the butte fly.

—Every time a wise man makes a mistake it teaches him something.—Bass's Hens.

—Do not put off upon others advice that you are unable to keep for your own use.—Galveston News.

—The individual who does things according to his own sweet will generally has a very sour won't.—Pack.

—The great difficulty about common sense is that it is so tremendously scarce that it isn't common.—Texas Siftings.

—If I should ask you to lend me five pounds, what would happen? Prospective Victim (terribly)—"O, nothing."—Tit-Bits.

—Men generally fall because he is an egotistical fool, and the woman who falls is the one that has believed in him.—East Islander.

—Perpetual pushing and assurance put a difficulty out of countenance, and make a seeming impossibility give way.—Jeremy Collier.

—He (from New York)—"Was it you I heard singing 'After the Ball' this evening?" She (from Philadelphia)—"After what ball?"—Life.

—There's a curious state of things in our church choir. "What is it?" "The members are all at peace with each other."—N. Y. Press.

—"Brown has the job he was after— plenty of light work." "What's he doing?" "Attending motors at the electric plant."—Atlanta Constitution.

—"Now, Walter, what did you say to Mr. Benton for the nice peaches he sent you?" Walter—"I said I wish he'd send free stones next time."—Inter-Ocean.

—You can't always tell by listening to a man while he prays at Friday evening meeting just what he will do in a horse trade Saturday afternoon.—Savannah Journal.

—The Debutante (aside)—"How many verses shall I sing?" The Professor—"Do you want an encore?" The Debutante—"Of course." The Professor—"One."—Boston Budget.

—Very Appropriate.—Willie—"You say you presented Squib, the humorist, with a cane?" Bill—"Yes." Will—"What kind of wood was it made of?" Bill—"Chestnut."—Yankee Blade.

—Double-Ended.—"You're a nice type of a man," said Jones, as he patted the burglar with a couple of balls. "Double-ended type," said the expiring thug.—Arkansas Traveler.

—Misses Kindness.—"Hello, old man! Awfully glad to see you. Here, take off that coat and put on this smoking-jacket and make yourself comfortable." Dick—"Dunce take it! Do you mean to insinuate that I don't feel comfortable in a dress suit?"—Truth.

—Mandy—"Here, Josiah, is a drug store; now let us go in and get them souvenir spoons we've read so much about." Josiah—"Geezooks, Mandy, you won't find 'em here, will you?" Mandy—"Josiah, I know what I'm a doin'; didn't I see in a paper that they was a drug in the market?"—Tommy.

—Articles Tommy.—Tommy—"Say, Mr. Tumbley, sister Laura said at the table this morning that she thought you had the prettiest mustache she ever saw." Tumbley—"You oughtn't to tell things you hear at the table, Tommy." Tommy—"But she is going to give me a dime for telling you."—Indianapolis Journal.

—The Finestest children were playing with their toys. "Johnny, you are spoiling the whole game. You are the biggest monkey I ever saw," said little Miss. Colonel Finestest (reprovingly)—"Why, Mamie, I am surprised." Mamie (indignantly)—"Why, pa, I didn't mean you. You ain't the biggest monkey I ever saw!"

—Lawyer—"And now please state the remainder of the conversation between you and the defendant." Witness—"I do not remember it, sir." The substance of it escapes me." Lawyer (with dignity)—"Never mind the substance of it. Tell us the words, and I fancy the jury will have the intelligence to get at the substance."—Harper's Bazar.

HAD A SHINE ALL AROUND.

A Bootblack Shows a Kind Man When He Sees One.

The Italian boys whose familiar cry of "shine, boss!" is heard on all the busy streets, are sometimes very clever in their methods of extending the trade. A well-dressed, middle-aged, prosperous-looking man boarded a South Brooklyn boat for New York one afternoon lately, his shoes displaying a variegated assemblage of Brooklyn dirt and dust. He nodded to a bootblack who regarded his customer's shoes critically, observed that the customer was a good-natured-looking man, and said persuasively: "Catch da plants mud, boss. Dis shine ten-cents, Eh?"

The customer said all right. A little boy, five or six years old, edged away from a sister twice his age, who had him in charge, and watched the shining operation with great interest. The man was evidently interested in the boy, and the bootblack noted that instantly. When the bootblack's first job was finished, the man and boy had formed a very friendly acquaintance.

"Let me give da boy da shine," said the bootblack.

This pleased the man and amused the boy.

"Now, who is your mother?" was one of the questions of the boy.

"His mother is dead, sir," said the sister.

"Ah, poor little chap!" exclaimed the man.

The bootblack regarded the girl out of the corners of his eyes, gave a glance at the man, smiled the boy's shine and said:

"Let me give da lady da shine, boss!"

"Certainly, certainly!" exclaimed the man, and the girl laughed so much over the operation that the man was too well pleased to remember that any change was due from the quarter he gave the bootblack.—N. Y. Sun.



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THE COW LOST HER CUD.

A few days ago a neighbor asked my advice as to the treatment of a favorite cow, which had lost her cud and had lost her cud. When asked to describe her symptoms he said she lay mooping around with her nose on the ground and her head down. I suggested the administration of a pint of raw linseed oil, or if that was not at hand, melted lard, as it was most probably a case of indigestion. But, he said, "she had lost her cud, and she must get another before she can get well." I agreed with him. "Then," he inquired, "how can I make her a cud and get it into her?" It then dawned upon me that my friend considered the cud a part of the cow's anatomy or working machinery, and it took some time to persuade him that such is not the case. Finally he went home, acted on my advice, and in a few hours found that the cow had got another cud. For the benefit of others I may state that she had a portion of food that has been swallowed and deposited in the first stomach. When the animal is resting it conveys this partially masticated food back to the mouth in small wads. This is called "the cud" and can be seen traveling up and down the gullet to and from the mouth. When the section of the stomach is suspended from want of food or indigestion, this passage of the cud is interrupted, and the animal is said to have "lost its cud." The trouble can generally be remedied by giving food or a little simple medicine.—Drovers' Journal.

An Experiment in Cotton.

A farmer should know what it costs to make a crop, and then he should know how much it is worth, and balance accounts, and if he finds he has gained he should still pursue his course of work; but if he has lost, he should surely change his plans. I am fifty-five years old and have been farming all my life except four years of war, and I have been successful, not as to wealth, but I have raised a large family and have made a fair living. I will give you a detail of the real experience of making one acre of cotton on the basis of a whole farm, and on the ordinary plan of farming, as I see there is a wide difference of opinion as to the cost of making cotton. Here it is:

Rest of land	2 31
Seed	20
Bed with three turkeys	25
Plant	20
Cost of seed	20
Cost of fertilizer	2 30
Cost of labor	4 30
Cost of irrigation	1 20
Cost of other	2 00
Total	25 00

I base the handling of cotton on a half bale per acre. If you sell 300