

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.

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FAIRY TALES OF CHILDHOOD.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood.
With fairies and giants and wonderment fraught.
How often I wept for the babes in the wood.
Covered over with leaves which the little birds brought.
And sweet Cinderella, whose slippers would whip her.
Till the fairy god-mother sent her to the ball.
When Hop and she stood the little glass slipper.
And married the good, handsome prince after all.
My light, it would stand right up straight from my forehead.
When Bluebeard found blood on the key which his wife had used to peek into that chamber so horrid.
But wasn't I glad when they took Bluebeard's life.
Dear little Red Riding Hood! Who could be sweeter.
When she thro' the woods to her grandmother's door.
How frightened I felt lest the big wolf would eat her.
When showing his teeth while she lay on the floor.
And Hop's-my-thumb! What a smart little fellow.
He was to strew pebbles to find his way home.
I grieved his bad uncle felt awfully mellow.
When Hop and his brothers would back again come.
Bold Jack and Beanstalk! I shivered whenever.
The giant said: "Pe-fo-to-um! I smell blood."
And held in my breath till Jack's hatchet could sever.
The stalk so the giant fell down with a thud.
And Jack, Giant Killer, so brave and defiant!
He wasn't afraid of ogres a bit.
He shook his fist at that two-headed giant who, running to catch him, fell into Jack's pit.
Puss in Boots! How I listened in awe to that rhymer.
And wondered if cats long ago were so wise.
And that nice Beauty—who slept in her glory.
Until the sleep prince came to open her eyes.
And tiny Tom Thumb, on his mouse-horse a rider.
With his little sword needled O, wasn't he cute!
How bravely he vanquished that terrible spider.
A hero he was of most noble repute.
Beauty and the beast! also gave me a pleasure.
And Simbad, the Sailor, and Jory-whereva, too.
And Aladdin, whose wonderful lamp was a blue.
And the Wooden Horse flying aloft in the air.
Enchantment and fairies and magic and witch.
Hobgoblins and dwarfs, gnomes and giants and elves.
Kings, princesses, princes and queens and such riches.
These story books mustn't be closed on the shelves.
—H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Son.

A SMART CRIMINAL.

Why He Secured an Easy Job in the Warden's Office.

The train stopped for a few moments at a small town and a young girl got in. She was tall, slender and pretty, a true village lass, dressed in a neat gown, but one which, nevertheless, bore evidence of home manufacture. The coach was rather crowded and she took this way and that for a seat. Then her bright glance rested upon two men seated in the rear of the coach, and she gave an exclamation as she came toward them.
"Why, George Coomer," she said, as she stopped near the younger of the two men and extended her hand cordially.
He was a good-looking young fellow, dressed with great taste, and was evidently a friend of said lass, and he was seated by her side. He was a hard expression resting upon his face. He wore a slouch hat. He was powerfully built and would evidently be a hard man to handle were physical force was called for.
"Why, little Grace Shaw," exclaimed the young man. "But he did not rise, nor did he extend his hand. He reached over with his left hand and turned over a seat.
"Won't you sit down here?" he asked.
"With pleasure. It is so long since I have seen you, George."
"Yes, about ten years." Then alluding to his companion, he said: "This is—this is my friend, Mr. Charles Grove."
The young woman bowed stiffly, but she made up her mind that she would not like the companion of her old friend. There was something forbidding about him to her.
"What have you been doing, George, since you left town?"
"Oh, a little of everything and a good deal of nothing."
"It was unkind not to have let any of your old friends hear from you all this time."
"Well, a man is so busy, or rather so occupied in town with doing what little he has to do, that he—"
"Forgetts old friends," she added, reproachfully.
"Well, not exactly. But tell me about yourself."
"There is nothing to tell. I am teaching school. But you, how are you getting on. Some of us said that you were always so smart that you would do very well in New York. Have you done well?"
"The young man laughed.
"Ask my friend here," he said.
"He has done very well," said the gruff man. "Very well, indeed. He is going to retire from business for a few weeks just now and rest up a bit."
"How lovely! Have you made your fortune then, George?"
"Well, I am on the road."
"He is going to live in one of the biggest houses in the state," said the gruff man.
"How fine!"
"Smart boy is George," chuckled the other man.
Suddenly there was a jolt as the train stopped, and a newspaper which had been carelessly spread over the knees of the two men fell to the floor. The young girl gave an exclamation of terror, for there sat the men handcuffed together.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

RETROSPECTIVE.

Looking Backward Over a Gloomy Year with Suggestions for the Future.

The farmers of the southern country began the past year full of hope and energy. In looking back upon its gloomy close, they find it equal to none in its record of disaster and blighted hopes.

With the experience so fresh and terrible in its results before them, will they persist in planting cotton at a price now far below the cost of production, and which will go still lower under the financial pressure which is upon the country and the evident increase of the western states in its production? The impoverished cotton lands present a distressing appearance when, within reasonable calculation, we can expect still lower prices during the coming fall for the staple. Many articles have been printed on the necessity of every farmer producing his supplies. The acreage of cotton planted does not decrease, and as the lands become worn, a greater number of acres are planted to produce a certain amount of cotton. The close of each year finds the cotton planter deeper in debt than the preceding one. The cost of production is not considered and the losses are laid to the over-production. When the cost of production is greater than the actual market value the inevitable is before the producer, i. e., he will have the assistance of the sheriff of his county in winding up his business.

The following questions should present themselves to the cotton planter: Can I lessen the cost of production to such an extent as to admit a reasonable profit? Is the present situation such as that there is a chance of escape for a cotton planter, not too heavily involved with debt? The last question is not hard to answer. "There is hope for him who will turn from the folly of his ways." Let him make his supplies at home, raise thoroughbred cattle and hogs; the very best always pay. If he is not able to begin with purebred stock, let him start with a purebred male on his common stock. The male is considered by the best breeders at least one-half of the herd. Let him select a breed of cattle that will be sale for. But little is known at present to the south in Georgia will be profitable there is in breeding Guernsey cattle, either for sale or for domestic use. They are handsome and easily milked, and are, beyond doubt, the cows for profit and for the family. Their flow of milk is generous and the cream thick, abundant, very rich and quick rising. They are good feeders and not inclined to take on flesh while milking, and as a natural result will convert all their feed into milk and cream. The butter is golden, and holds its color through the entire winter. The bulls are gentle and handsome; their calves are large and hardy from birth, mature rapidly and are fast breeders.

The progressive farmer will improve his stock, and breed those classes that will be most profitable to him. He will plant as much grain as he can prepare the land to sow, and when he does so—produces his necessary supplies at home and plants cotton only as a surplus crop, he will be free from much of the drudgery that the farmer now has to undergo, and will once more see pleasure in life on the farm. Heavy grain crops mean more cattle and hogs, and the successful handling of them means improved land and successful farming. Heavy planting of cotton will never enable a man to pay his debts. It means in the end financial ruin, a short road to poverty. Let us begin during the present year, clear of the error of the past, and plant that only which we know there is profit in producing.—Dixie Farmer.

SENSIBLE SUGGESTIONS.

To the Farmer of the South (Retreated as of Importance).

In 1883 the leading cotton factors of St. Louis issued an address to the cotton growers of the south, in which they discussed the matter in a sensible and practical manner. We refer to them now for the purpose of reiterating the same, as the subject is one of vital importance.

"Your section," they remark, "possesses the finest farming lands and the most salubrious climate in the world, and should be to day financially independent. Instead of having to borrow on a crop before it is made, should have her corn bins and larders filled before commencing a crop.

"With all your fertile soil and economy, you are neither so thriving or prosperous as you should be.

"There is a cause for these troubles, and we offer, without presuming, the following suggestions:

"1. The credit system, as it is now in vogue in the south, is disastrous to the planters and tenants, forcing them to pay extravagant prices for supplies, causing their crops to be forced into market with such rapidity and in such quantities as to break prices almost invariably below the cost of production.

"2. After noting for years the effect of large crops of cotton, we find that the overproduction of the staple is the key-note to the situation, and we strongly advise all parties interested in the prosperity of the south to discourage the planting of large acreage this year, and devote their labors first to the raising of grain, cattle and hogs, and give the balance of their time to the culture of hogs.

"This policy will bring good results in many ways. For instance, many small farmers—and large ones also—are so heavily in debt when their cotton is ready for sale that they are compelled to let it go, even though its price is below its intrinsic worth, while if they had supplies at home, produced, and not bought on a credit, they could afford to hold their cotton until they felt justified in selling.

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HE HAD TO MOVE.

His Only Source of Income Felled Him and Made It Necessary.

"Have you always lived in this city?" inquired the man who was smoking the cheap cigar.
"O, no," answered the lantern-jawed man. "I was a lawyer in a little town down in the country till about six years ago."
"Did you outgrow the town?" asked the man in the mackintosh.
"Not exactly," was the reply. "But it didn't outgrow me, either. I lived there twenty-seven years. It was a fine town, and during that time it never grew at all."
"Any other lawyers there?" said the man in the slouch hat.
"None that could be called lawyers. There were two or three shysters that picked up a living by stirring up lawsuits among the farmers, trading jack knives and picking cherries on the shares."
"And the people didn't appreciate your abilities?" queried the man who had his feet on the table.
"They did, sir. For seven years I was the village attorney. It wasn't a very high office, but it was the best they could give a lawyer."
"Big salary?"
"Why, no, there wasn't any regular salary attached to it, but there were fees—there were fees. It was a strong temptation town, and it was my business to prosecute anybody that sold whisky the sly. Whenever I secured a conviction my fee was five dollars."
"Business lively?"
"Not always. There was one man, though, that just would run a boot-leg saloon in spite of everything. I suppose I must have prosecuted that man fifty times while I was the town attorney, and I always proved the charge against him. Many a time when I needed a five dollar bill to pay the rent with, I have gone out and had that man arrested, proved a clear case against him, had him fined, and got my fee. Poor fellow. He was a tough citizen, and made lots of trouble, but I don't hold any grudge against him."
"I should think not. But how was it you came to leave the place?"
"Why, that fellow finally got tired and moved form town," said the lantern-jawed man, with a deep sigh, "and there wasn't anything else for me to do but move away too."—Chicago Tribune.

A GOOD ONE ON HIM.

The Shark Enjoyed the Sober's Little Job.

"Well, judge," said the man with the bristly mustache, who was up for sentence. "It was dis here way; I played de joy for a sucker an' I ketcht him. See? I jist 'trowed him a few lines 'bout green goods an' he answered de letter like it brung him news of a forchen. I goddim t' cum here, and jollied him along, and we was 'bout t' do bizness. We went out t' de meeting place set for us, an' I showed him how d'ol' ting worked. He wuz to gimme his dough and I wuz to ship him d' green stuff by express. See? I flasht d' roll on 'im, an' it made his eyes stick out like dey wuz hen eggs. Den day wuz more talk, an' I tol' 'im green stuff give 'im a 'lousan' uv 'de green stuff fer two-fifty uv 'd' dough dat wuz straight goods, an' he bid, I counted out d' stuff, and he bid, 'I deal all made in me min' de 'day ses t' me.'"
Here the man with the bristly mustache began to laugh.
"Well," said the judge, "what did he say to you?"
"He sez t' you," continued the man with the bristly mustache, "I would—but he began to laugh again."
"Stop that laughing, and go on with your story," said the judge, sternly.
The man with the bristly mustache threw back his shoulders and took a long breath. "He sez t' me," he began again, "would I take confidit' in money, an' I soaked 'im."—Buffalo Express.

HERE AND THERE.

The worst form of grippe is the mortgage.
The farmer can not run his farm successfully without plans.
Farming requires as much brain power to insure success as any other business.
The high price of the hog product in 1893 may prove a blessing in disguise to the people of the south.
No statistics will convince the farmer or anybody else that he is prosperous when his income is small and his outgo large.
On many farms it would be wise to turn one-half the land to grass and put all the work on the other half. Land in grass is worth as much per acre as it could be rented for.
The only practical way to reduce the amount and increase the price of the cotton crop of the south is to more generally adopt diversified farming. This is a practical "double-headed," a rule that works both ways, the diversified products being more profitable than cotton, and making a smaller amount of cotton bring more money.
The late Hiram Smith was once asked in a meeting of the Wisconsin Dairymen's association to state the first step to be taken in starting a dairy, and his prompt answer was: "Buy a bull." The bull is always the most important half of the herd, and the more inferior the cows the more important it is that the bull should be of super-excellent dairy merit.
The worm which attacks the tomato is the same as that which later attacks cotton. The best preventive for its attack upon the tomato consists in planting corn with the tomatoes. Plant the corn early and the first brood of the worms will breed upon it rather than upon the tomatoes. They are often called the bud worms. It is doubtful whether the application of insecticides to the tomatoes for the destruction of the worm will pay.

NOVEL SINGING SCHOOL.

Where Little Bullfinches Are Taught the Vocal Art.

One of the best songsters that comes to us from across the water is the little bullfinch, a small shy bird which inhabits the well-wooded districts of Asia, central and southern Europe, and parts of England. It is found in this country only as a captive. At home the bullfinch attacks the young buds of fruit-trees, and incurs the enmity of the gardeners all through Europe; but the bird is such a sweet singer and whistler that his fault in this respect is overcome by his excess of good qualities. In Germany thousands of bullfinches are bred and trained for the market every year, and many are imported to this country as cage-birds.

At Hesse and Fulda are several celebrated singing-schools where these singers have their voices and ears trained almost to perfection. Germany has supplied to the world some of the greatest human musicians; and she excels as well in cultivating and training the little bird-musicians sent forth to all parts of the world.

The little bullfinches are raised in confinement, and when very young they are divided into classes of six each. Each class has a separate room, where the six little birds are shut up in darkness, with plenty of food near them. This is before they have yet learned to whistle and imitate the songs of other birds. Suddenly the sweet notes of an organ startle the birds, and cause them to hop around in their dark prison. As the music continues, their spirits become enlivened. Soon they pick up some of the food and chirp forth a few crude notes in imitation of the music. Light is then gradually allowed to enter the room, thus increasing the happiness of the singers, and they break forth into ecstatic songs. The music is continued all day, and the enthusiastic birds try to follow and imitate it until fairly exhausted by their efforts.

This is the preparatory school; and after each class of six has spent some time here, the several birds are handed over to training-boys whose business it is to continue their instruction. The advanced pupils are taken to separate rooms where organs are played from early morning till late at night. The organs used are ordinary organs that have soft, pure, flute-like notes, with nothing harsh or disagreeable in the sound. Some birds are trained by means of the flute, but in the larger establishments small organs are commonly used.

Everything is done for the birds' happiness, and the little creatures are kept in the best of spirits. The owner comes around every day or two to examine his pupils. So well does he understand the nature of the little singers that he reproves or praises the various ones in a manner that they perfectly understand. This training goes on for eight or nine months, when the birds are ready for their diplomas. If their voices have acquired firmness, and they do not forget or leave out passages in their songs, they pass examination, and are permitted to leave the singing school. There are different grades of pupils in these bird seminaries, as in every other large school, and while the majority can remember only a simple air with a short prelude, there are some intelligent ones that can be taught to whistle as many as three different airs, without spilling or confusing the organs. Such bright birds are often kept longer in the seminary, and a postgraduate course is given them.

In this course they are taught to imitate the songs of other birds, which they do to perfection; but care is taken to preserve their memory of the early education. They are also taught amusing tricks, which increase their value as performed by the organs. The birds from these German seminaries are distributed all over the country, and are sold for good prices. Sometimes on first being taken from their seminary home the bullfinch becomes gloomy and quiet, and refuses to sing. This is an important period in his life, and the new owner should at first occasionally play the air that the bird has been accustomed to hear on the organ. This will cheer the captive's drooping courage, and start it into song once more.

These bullfinches begin their training about four days after they are out of the shell, and are not dismissed until nearly a year's instruction has perfected their voices. Like the parrot, they are very attentive, and they will learn some of the harsh notes of their parents if allowed to remain with them many days. They never pipe until they can feed themselves, and then they are given, correct piping to imitate. A high, pure, manly whistle will be responded to by them in a full, round, flute-like tone. Bullfinches brought up carelessly soon acquire bad habits in their singing, but those sent from the German singing schools very rarely offend in this way. They carry their diplomas with them, and they do credit to their instructors. George Ethelbert Walsh, in St. Nicholas.

SOME SAGE ADVICE.

The Weedy Westerner Gives the Eastern Man Points on His Business.

A Post reporter made the acquaintance the other day of a hale and vigorous old gentleman who was visiting Washington from the "rowdy west," as the old fellow himself delightedly styled his home in a little western town. "You fellows," he remarked, "who work on mornin' papers have to be out considerably late at night, don't you?"
The Post man replied affirmatively.
"Well, I've had to be out pretty late myself many a time in my career, and have had all sorts of experiences in the dark," said the old veteran. "Spose you go home often when the moon ought to have shown, but didn't; no gas light; every door barred against you, and night's sabbath curtain sabbath than Tophet, haven't you?"
The reporter acquiesced.
"Fear all sorts of strange sounds; signs crackling; cats caterwauling; dogs howling; no place to run in even if Julius Caesar's ghost should appear. Isn't that so?" went on the cheerful old gentleman.
These conditions were also admitted by the reporter.
"Yes, I know," he continued. "Been there myself. 'Course you've been wlaylaid in the dark; sandbagged; held up by thugs occasionally?" he asserted.
The Post man drew the line at this, and denied ever having had such an experience.
"Well, you will be, sure as shootin'," went on the aged man from the west. "Men who are out late at night—regularly every night—and especially reporters, must expect it. I've been there myself. I'll give you a pointer, which don't forget, my son. Never holler murder, as most people do when the midnight assassin steals upon you; worst thing in the world you can do. Nobody'll come; people in bed will cover up their heads and crouch low, and even the constable will have business in another direction. Murder's a scary word. Just holler fire. That'll fetch 'em; every window within the sound will be hoisted, and everybody will tumble out in a jiffy. When you're assaulted, as you're bound to be some mornings, yell up a confagration, that'll bring a crowd; holler murder, and you're a goner."—Washington Post.

VILLAGE LIFE IN FRANCE.

The Happy and Unsuccessful Careers of the Peasantry.

The villages get up their small economies; they do not seem to be dwindling away or passing out of existence under the sweeping winds of centralization and industrial progress. No, far from it; they boldly hold their own with the prudence and thrift for the good of the nation. Of course, no one can quite predict what the distant future holds in store, or say accurately in what manner the modern run of things may effect the many hamlets of France. Modern means of carrying on agriculture are likely to operate great changes in small farms, and to favor work on a larger scale. But the times are yet to come when these changes take place. The towns where markets are held still present a glowing aspect, when the peasants of the neighboring villages assemble on market days, bringing in their carts and baskets the various products and exhibits of their humble farmyards. The ways are thrily indicated. The business is tried on amid bustle and clamor on the stone pavement of the market place. Often the tall gray steeples of some old Gothic cathedral are looking down on all this traffic and mingle their hourly chimes with the noise below in quaint and curious harmony. And when night sets in, and the bargains and sales are at an end, before returning home, the peasant folk, into the different cafes of the neighborhood for refreshments. They then jokin' and talk in small groups over the business of the day, smoking their pipes and slowly sipping their cups of coffee and small glasses of cider brandy.

These are the principal events of the French peasant's life; a life of toil, to be sure, but it is also a life of health and meritorious exertion, in which work finds its yearly reward with the abundant harvest of autumn, when the glowing meadows see the men and women in the fields gathering up the fruit of their labor. It is therefore a life which numbers happy days among its privations and hardships.—Marquis de Chamburan, in Chateaubain.

The expulsion of Hubert H. Bancroft, the historian of the Pacific states, by the society of California Pioneers, is for his plain-speaking comment on Fremont, Butler and other men whom the pioneers held in high honor. Bancroft gathered evidence showing that Fremont never received instructions from the government which he claimed to receive. He also proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that Sutter had no claim to the military title he used, and on very small capital he bought an enormous property from the Russians for which he never could have paid. Bancroft didn't mince words in discussing the acts of Fremont and Sutter; but he was not half so bitter in his comment as Prof. Josiah Royce in his history of California.

"Mamma"—I noticed that you paid very close attention to the minister, Robbie. Were you interested, dear? Robbie—"Yes sircs. I kep' wonderin' how long it would be before he found out that his necktie was way above his collar."—L'Inter-Ocean.

A Booby—"Why, the fellow kept asking me, his host, if my vitticisms were original. What does that show?"
"It shows he is a man who has read very little."—Truth.

Columella says that Roman peasants leveled their grounds with a roller made of the trunk of a tree.

The same kind of plows are used in Ceylon to-day that were employed there 4,000 years ago.

SOME SAGE ADVICE.

The Weedy Westerner Gives the Eastern Man Points on His Business.

A Post reporter made the acquaintance the other day of a hale and vigorous old gentleman who was visiting Washington from the "rowdy west," as the old fellow himself delightedly styled his home in a little western town. "You fellows," he remarked, "who work on mornin' papers have to be out considerably late at night, don't you?"
The Post man replied affirmatively.
"Well, I've had to be out pretty late myself many a time in my career, and have had all sorts of experiences in the dark," said the old veteran. "Spose you go home often when the moon ought to have shown, but didn't; no gas light; every door barred against you, and night's sabbath curtain sabbath than Tophet, haven't you?"
The reporter acquiesced.
"Fear all sorts of strange sounds; signs crackling; cats caterwauling; dogs howling; no place to run in even if Julius Caesar's ghost should appear. Isn't that so?" went on the cheerful old gentleman.
These conditions were also admitted by the reporter.
"Yes, I know," he continued. "Been there myself. 'Course you've been wlaylaid in the dark; sandbagged; held up by thugs occasionally?" he asserted.
The Post man drew the line at this, and denied ever having had such an experience.
"Well, you will be, sure as shootin'," went on the aged man from the west. "Men who are out late at night—regularly every night—and especially reporters, must expect it. I've been there myself. I'll give you a pointer, which don't forget, my son. Never holler murder, as most people do when the midnight assassin steals upon you; worst thing in the world you can do. Nobody'll come; people in bed will cover up their heads and crouch low, and even the constable will have business in another direction. Murder's a scary word. Just holler fire. That'll fetch 'em; every window within the sound will be hoisted, and everybody will tumble out in a jiffy. When you're assaulted, as you're bound to be some mornings, yell up a confagration, that'll bring a crowd; holler murder, and you're a goner."—Washington Post.

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