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, JANUARY 5, 1895. VOL. XX.—NO. 2.

DESTINY AND VICTUALS.

Fair woman, could your soul but view
The intimate relation
Twixt food and fate, there'd be a new
And higher dispensation:
Could you but see, for "destiny,"
A synonym in "dinners,"
And what the kitchen's alchemy
Could make of mortal sinners,
You'd leave odd fads and learn to bake
A loaf and cook a "tater,"
To roast a joint or broil a steak,
Than which no art is greater.

What deeds of fame are left undone,
What thoughts are left unspoken,
What waiting laurels ne'er are won,
What grand resolves are broken,
Because of soggy bread and pies,
And viands spoiled in broiling,
Of sickly tarts and greasy fries,
And coffee left a-boiling!

For, though with fortitude he brave
The terrors dread of battle,
While, proud, aloft his standard waves
And 'round him bullets rattle,
Man often fails of noblest aims,
Unconscious of his power,
When pills and potions press their claims
In some dyspeptic hour.

"Man cannot live by bread alone,"
'Tis well and wisely spoken;
But make that bad, he'll die unknown
And give the world no token
Of high ambition's potencies
Or genius' slumb'ring fires
Inbred in him through galaxies
Of grand illustrious sires.

Then all ye dames and maidens fair
Who burn with high ambition,
Who crave to nobly do your share
To better man's condition,
You'd give us, could your soul but view
The intimate relation
'Twixt food and fate, ere long, a new
And higher dispensation.

—Emile Pickhardt, in Household.

IN A QUARANTINED CITY.

DECATUR, Ala., is in the extreme northern part of the state. The Tennessee river winds its way lazily at the foot of this town, and back in the distance the big black mountain, full to overflowing with coal and iron, looks down upon it with its many foundries and factories.

Twenty-five miles east of Decatur is the mountain of Monte Sano, on the summit of which is the Hotel Monte Sano, one of the most delightful summer resorts of the south. You can sit on the hotel piazza and look down a distance of three miles on the city of Huntsville. Away beyond Huntsville one can again be seen the Tennessee river twisting itself around and around like a silver snake.

In 1885 the natural advantages of this section of the state became known to the northern capitalists and in years the sleepy little village of Decatur, with its six hundred inhabitants, had grown to be a city of ten thousand.

In the month of July, 1888, I was called to Decatur on business, and expecting to remain some time I took my wife with me. The weather being exceptionally warm, I sent her to the hotel at Monte Sano. Toward the end of September, the gay crowd began saying good-by and leaving for their homes. My wife, with a party of friends, decided to spend the winter in New York. I, not being able to go with them at the time, promised to join them later. On the twelfth of September I saw them board the train at Huntsville, and returned the next morning to Decatur, the doomed city. Upon my arrival at the depot I handed my satchel to Andy, my colored driver, and told him to drive me to my office. His reply to my greeting showed me that something was dreadfully wrong, for he said: "Bless yor life, 'tain't gud mornin', boss, dis is dee wus mornin' dis yer town eber did see. Der is Yellow Jack yere. De man dat brought it from Florida died las' night, and de news is a spreadin' like wil' fire."

It did not take me a moment to see that he was correct, for looking about I saw fear and panic depicted upon every face. Families were packing what things they could carry and hurrying to every train. In many homes the half-cooked breakfast was left on the stove. Their only thought and desire was to get away at once. By ten o'clock long lines of wagons, carriages and improvised conveyances of all sorts passed up and down the street, loaded with families and household goods, driving they knew not where, with fear and horror stamped upon every face, and even death upon some. At the end of a few days, out of the population of ten thousand less than a thousand remained, and nearly half of these were down with the dreadful disease.

The news spread to the surrounding towns and the outside world. Those of us who remained knew it would only be a matter of a few hours when the city would be quarantined. Our predictions came sooner than was expected. Orders were sent from headquarters that "all trains should pass through Decatur at not less than thirty miles an hour." The surrounding country established a shotgun quarantine. Each man volunteered to help form a cordon around the city, and an oath was taken, that any man, woman or child attempting to cross a given line must be shot.

I was the only person in the city who had passed through an epidemic of yellow fever, so had no fear of it. The one doctor who remained (for as yet no help had arrived from the outside world) was taken with the fever while talking to me.

All places of business were, of course, closed and deserted. The mail bags were thrown each day from the train, taken to the post office, where the few remaining people helped themselves to their mail. The banks were closed. There was not a penny of currency in the town except that held by individuals.

Through the thoughtfulness of friends in New York, who kept the papers from my wife, she was in ignorance of the condition of affairs. I hoped each day would open up some avenue of escape for me.

At last a small party of us determined to try to get to the next railroad station. At midnight we went to a livery stable and helped ourselves to the best team of four horses and a light cart (the owner having fled), and drove for the woods. We had not driven more than ten miles, and were beginning to feel that there was some chance of escape, when we were confronted with a desperate set of men, who commanded us to return or take the consequences. Money or persuasion would not make them let us through the line, so there was nothing left but to turn the horses' heads.

The next morning we held a meeting and determined to make one last effort to get away; so a telegram was sent to the superintendent of the L. & N. railroad at Louisville, demanding a train to take us out of the fever district. Our ultimatum was that unless it was sent without delay, we would open the drawbridge that spans the Tennessee river at Decatur and stop all through trains. The reply came saying that he would send a train at six o'clock that evening. We immediately posted a bulletin at the town hall stating that anyone wishing to leave Decatur, irrespective of color or finance, could do so at six o'clock. Long before the stated hour of departure, the few survivors were pacing the platform at the depot anxiously awaiting the promised train. That day my wife had discovered the condition of affairs at Decatur, and while at the depot ready to depart at any moment, the telegraph operator came downstairs from his office and handed me a message, remarking as he did so: "I guess this is the last message I shall ever take over the wire, for I have the fever." The telegram was from my wife, saying that if I did not leave Decatur at once, she would take the next train and come to me. I told the operator he must send one more message. He said it was impossible, as he did not have strength enough to get upstairs to the instrument. I told him I would carry him up if he would only consent to send a reply, and showed him how important it was. He said: "I will do it, if only to save one more human creature from coming to this hell on earth." He sent the message, and it was his last, for that night, poor boy, he passed away.

The anxiously-watched-for train did not arrive until four o'clock in the morning, and consisted of an engine and three very old day coaches. The windows were nailed down, doors locked, and only enough water was on board to last an hour or so. With nothing to eat, and our destination, Louisville, a twenty-hours trip, you can well imagine our condition the next morning when we arrived at Nashville. Here the train stopped for a short time. Hundreds were at the depot to look at us like so many caged

MONEY OR PERSUASION WAS OF NO AVAIL.

animals. A cordon of police was drawn up on both sides of the track to keep the crowd away from the car, for many had friends and relatives down with the fever and were most anxious for the latest news. We were told that if any one of us attempted to open a window or try to get out, they would be shot at sight. We pleaded for water by signs, but the engine was the only one of the party who was permitted to indulge in that luxury. After detaining us longer than necessary we again started. Nothing important happened, except at Bowling Green, Ky., when a second of our party died, the fever having developed after we had started.

That evening at six o'clock we reached Louisville, the only city in the south to throw open its doors to the fever refugees. We found a large crowd ready to greet us, with food and coffee, many of them being reporters. Our baggage was taken out of the city and fumigated. As soon as possible I got away from my fellow travelers, and, after a night's rest, proceeded to Cincinnati. My first duty, after arriving, was to rid myself of the clothes I wore. I went to an outfitter's and made a complete change, leaving behind the old ones, much to the surprise and suspicion of the shopkeeper. Three days later my trunks were forwarded from Louisville, and I started for New York. —Illustrated American.

English as She Is Spoke.

A correspondent in Battersea who has made a collection of the gems of oratory used by some of the vestrymen in his neighborhood, writes: "Most parishes can boast of supplying some fine specimens of 'English as she is spoke' by vestrymen, but in this respect Battersea can 'take the cake.' In a recent discussion on sanitary matters a vestryman talked about tubular diseases and 'tripod fever,' and he wanted 'a crematoria' in every parish. Another member would not accept a statement upon the 'hipset dixter' of the chairman. At this same vestry a member declared the chairman ought to be 'like Potiphar's wife, above suspicion.' When it was proposed to give a deserving official 'an honorarium' a member wanted to know whether it would not be an inducement to the official to waste his time. 'If he attends to his duty he won't have much time to play the honorarium.'"—London Telegraph.

St. Denis Has His Head Again.

The patron saint of France, St. Denis, is generally represented with his head under his arm, in allusion to the martyr's decapitation. Curiously enough, the figure of the saint surmounting the famous royal burying place, the cathedral of St. Denis, at Paris, has been headless for the last twenty-four years, the head having been shot off by a German shell during the siege of Paris. Only the other day an amatuer art collector was hunting through the Parisian antiquity shops when he came upon the missing head of St. Denis stowed away in a box. He at once bought it for presentation to the cathedral, where the statue will now be restored to its original condition.—London Graphic.

—The catacombs of Naples are in a hill behind the town, and form an extensive series of excavations. They are in three tiers or stories, which communicate with each other by flights of steps.

FARMER AND PLANTER

THE IRISH POTATO.

Its Value as a Money Crop in the Southern States—The Best Kinds to Raise.

In the southern states interest in the Irish potato has been constantly on the increase since the great discovery that second-crop potatoes, even if not half grown at digging time, make the best of seed. When the south was dependent on the north for seed potatoes, good seed potatoes could not be procured, and when this could be done they were expensive. Now, it is possible for every farmer in the south to raise his own seed potatoes, and better seed than he could get from the far north. The result of this is, more land in every part of the south is devoted to the Irish potato, and the acreage is increasing from year to year. The north, the only part of our country before 1860 we thought could raise potatoes, is now dependent for many months in the year on the south for potatoes. Wherever there are good shipping facilities in the south, potato raising is profitable.

We are asked to tell the best kind of potato to plant in the south, and we regret we can answer only in a general way. The kind of potato best for a certain locality in the south is to be determined only by actual experiment. In the north the variety of Irish potato that is suited to one section can be recommended for any locality in the north where it has not been tried, with a feeling of confidence that it will do well. But this we can not do so far as the south is concerned. The potato that does well in Louisiana may be unsuited to the climate and soil of Tennessee. What is called a late potato in Kentucky and Tennessee and other southern states in the same latitude would not do to plant for an early crop in those states; but, it seems from the testimony of many correspondents and potatoes shipped north early in the season, as far south as Mobile, owing to some peculiarity of climate or soil, there is not as much difference in late and early kinds of potatoes as in Tennessee and states north of Tennessee. The Peerless, that would not do in Tennessee to plant for an early crop, answers every purpose of an early potato in the southern part of Alabama.

In Kentucky the Puritan, Early Rose, Beauty of Hebron and Thorburn are all favorites, and they are found to do well in the south. Of this number the Early Rose is the favorite. With many potato raisers in the south, from Tennessee to Texas, the Triumph is preferred to all other kinds. It is productive, extra early and grows well for second crop. The Triumph seems to do well in all parts of the south. The only objection we have to it is that it is not a good potato to ship to the north, on account of its quality not suiting everybody.

Raising second-crop potatoes for seed or winter use is attended with considerable difficulty when the planter is without experience and whose neighbors are as inexperienced as himself.

We have frequently stated that a potato after maturing is not in condition to grow for several weeks. Its sprouting capacity is developed by time. Potatoes intended to plant for second crop should be dug as soon as matured. Put in barrels as soon as they come from the ground, and if any are rejected let it be the small ones, as they are less apt to grow; the largest tubers show sprouts first. After placed in barrels they should be put in a shady place out of the reach of rain. At planting time, which must be determined by the planter, or some one in the neighborhood who knows from experience, they should be cut and immediately planted. Every potato should be cut, little and big. The time of planting varies in different states. The further south we go the later potatoes can we planted. In Tennessee the first of August is the usual time to plant second crops. In Alabama September is the proper time.

When there is any trouble about potatoes sprouting readily when planted, to make sure of a crop, the seed should be sprouted before planted. There are various methods of sprouting, but the most approved plan is to cut the tubers, put them in a cold frame six or seven inches deep, dampen well with water, cover with straw and keep well dampened. As soon as the potatoes show signs of growth plant.

The preparation of the soil before planting second crop is an important item. Many fail to get a stand because the soil was not properly prepared. The soil should be fine, free from all trash, and damp or moist. If the potatoes are slow in coming up, harrow the land frequently and growth will be hastened. If, when the vines are killed by frost, the tubers are only half or three-quarters grown, do not be afraid they will not make good seed. Potatoes dug in an unripe condition make better seed than those fully matured.

The gardeners around Louisville can not always be sure of a second crop of potatoes and they have found a good substitute in a late or fall crop, grown from seed selected from a previous year's crop. Early in the spring good seed potatoes are barrelled and placed in a cold storage warehouse, where, under a low temperature (one or two degrees above freezing), they remain in an unsprouted condition until they are wanted to plant, which is the last of July or first of August.

Thousands of barrels of potatoes are put in the cooling houses every spring, and the gardeners find that a late crop of potatoes raised in this way is quite profitable.

As we have frequently said, while we do not believe potatoes raised in this way are as good as real second crop, they answer the purpose and give general satisfaction. But there is no use of cold storage warehouses for potatoes in the south. The first crop matures so early and the second crop is planted so late, there is plenty of time between the two for the potatoes of the first crop to get in a condition to grow.—A. P. Farmsley, in Southern Farm.

INVENTIONS NEEDED

To Bring About the Best Results of Some Southern Products.

The common field pea, whether the cow pea, clay pea, the Unknown pea, or other variety, is the clover of the south. It will grow when clover will not. It will furnish more forage than clover and will improve land more rapidly. It can be sown, when desired, in a crop of corn, and thus improve land without losing a year's use of it for cultivation. At the north the pea is coming into wider use in lieu of clover for forage and as a land improver. This will furnish a growing market for our peas, as they will not mature seed there. The great drawback in the raising of peas for seed is the great cost of harvesting and beating them out. At the north where beans are largely raised they have satisfactory bean harvesters and threshers. Southern inventive genius has always been equal to the demands upon it. If someone will invent a satisfactory pea harvester and a good pea thresher he will not only make a fortune for himself, but he will bring back fertility to the south. It will increase tenfold the growing of field peas, besides making a new crop for us to ship to the north. These inventions will stimulate the growing of field peas, just as the invention of the cotton gin stimulated the increased crop of cotton.

Then, too, a good peanut thresher is badly needed for the peanut crop. Picking off by hand is slow and expensive, and none of the peanut threshers invented so far are satisfactory. They break and shatter too many peanuts.

The price of cotton does not bid fair to go up. The new area added every year in Texas will continually overbalance the world's increased consumption. Then there is the steadily increasing production in India, Egypt and Brazil. In Mexico the cotton plant lives eight years and produces two crops a year. Production there has heretofore been small, owing to lack of railroads and reliable labor. This is being remedied. To compete with a country which can produce sixteen crops of cotton from one planting is like using a muzzle loader against a sixteen shooter. Besides, all countries south of us, irrespective of fertility, and no matter how rich we shall make our lands, have the advantage of us in the length of the season. We can not overcome the disadvantage of our short seasons for cotton. In North Carolina it is doomed, sooner or later, to disappear as a market crop. We can substitute many things. Grass is very profitable if the land is made rich enough, because it takes so little labor. Two weeks out of the fifty-two—one week in June to mow and one week later to bale up, is enough—while cotton or tobacco require the year round. The field pea offers the advantage of abundant forage, a steady improver of our lands, a good fattener for cattle and hogs, and a crop to ship north. The drawback in the great expense of harvesting and preparing for market should be overcome. The south will reward with wealth and honor the man who will furnish the harvester and thresher that will enable us to increase ten-fold this crop. — Walter Clark, in Southern Cultivator.

Rules for Rotation.

Enough has been stated to show the necessity of a change of crops, and the following are found to be the best rules to observe in practice:

1. Crops of the same species, and even of the same natural order, should not succeed each other.

2. Plants with perpendicular roots should succeed those with spreading and superficial roots, and vice versa.

3. Crops which occupy the soil for several years (like asparagus, rhubarb, etc.) should be followed by those of short duration.

4. Two crops alike favorable to the growth of weeds should not occupy the soil in succession.

5. Crops abstracting largely from the soil the sulphates, phosphates and nitrogenous principles should not follow each other immediately, but be succeeded by those which draw less from soil and more from the atmosphere. These exhausting crops should follow and be followed by those which bear and will profit by heavy manuring.

6. Plants grown for their roots or bulbs should not follow those grown for the same purpose; and still less should plants grown for their seeds follow each other directly in succession.—Florida Times-Union.

Seasonable Duties.

Give attention to all barns, stables and sheds, and have them thoroughly cleaned and repaired and given a coat of lime-inside wash and out. The nights will soon be cold enough to call for the housing of milch cows and feeding stock, and the buildings ought to be waiting for them rather than the stock waiting for the buildings.

HERE AND THERE.

—Whatever you do do not let your hogs sleep in a dusty place. So sure as you do disease is almost certain to result.

—It is much easier to keep hogs, poultry and other animals in a state of health than it is to cure them after once they are afflicted with disease.

—"Improve the mind and the soil," should be the motto of every farmer in the land. Let him read good papers and books, and thus become well informed and prosperous.

—Gather together and put under shelter all tools not now needed. In the cold, rainy days, when outside work is not going on, these can be repaired and made ready for use in another crop.

—Farmers are apt to put off too many things to be done in the spring. Necessary work at that period is so varied and pressing, that nothing should be left to be done then which can be done as well in the fall and winter.

—Keep the stable well supplied with bedding, which should be removed as often as needed and stored under shelter if possible, or in well-built compost heaps; lacking these, it is well to haul and spread on the land at once.

—Employ every opportunity now to gather up material for the compost heap. Leaves—oak and pine—should be placed in pens with ashes or lime, or a combination of the two, to rot them, preparatory to their being used in the general compost.

—The longer the fattening hogs are kept after they are in condition for pork, the greater the loss. The plan is to push them now to be ready for the first cold spell in this month or December, which is considered the best time for killing and curing.

—On most lands there is an abundant growth of vegetation. Don't wait for the frosts to destroy its most valuable constituents, but turn it under. Treated thus it will not only decompose, but will prevent washing by keeping the soil open and porous to stir up moisture.

—The south has always had advantages over all other sections, but just at this time they begin to attract greater attention. Floods, destructive forest fires, strikes and bloodshed, epidemics and woeful want in other sections have served to emphasize the advantages of the south in climate, diversity of soil and capacities.

CARE OF SHOES.

How to Repair Run-Down Heels and Remove Unpleasant Odors.

There is hardly a woman but laments over the rather perverse way in which her shoes lose their shape. It matters little whether they be cheap or expensive, soles will return, heels run down, vamp wrinkle and the toes turn up. This condition is the despair of neat and dainty women who wish their belongings to signify the fact.

For "run-down heels" dealers say no remedy exists but to have them built up. This is not only good, but necessary for the preservation of the shoe's correct shape. One should be as watchful of this as of a rip in a glove, and as quickly careful to remedy it.

When the least wearing shows on the bottom or side of the heel, take the boot immediately to the shop and have a new layer put on. It is a good plan never to allow the defect to reach a stage when two layers must be renewed. This watchfulness unquestionably is the stitch in time that saves nine.

The reason for this is apparent. When the heel runs down the weight comes on the ball of the foot, there is no steadiness, the shoe rocks and the sides of the soles go. The under curve of the instep is turned into an ungainly line, and the shoe is out of form.

Women who walk on one side of the foot quickly wear away the leather and sole where they meet; they should have their bootmaker put on an extra sixteenth of an inch depth in the sole on that side. This throws the weight equally on both sides of the shoe, and prevents the one part giving away before the other.

For wrinkling that disfigures the vamp, nothing serves the purpose so well as the use of "trees." These cost from two dollars and a half to five dollars a pair. Each shoe should be placed over one as soon as taken off. The shape is entirely preserved by this method. These trees are as expensive as a pair of shoes, but one pair lasts forever. They are one of the necessary luxuries for every neat woman.

Some bootmakers suggest that the reason of patent-leather vamps wrinkling so pronouncedly on women's shoes is because the leather is taken from the neck of the calf where the skin is thinner, while that of men is taken from the back and sides.

After the shoes are removed it is nice to dip a sponge in a weak solution of ammonia and pass it over the inside of the shoes, then when it dries, put them in the sun for awhile. This removes all the unpleasant odor that attaches to the inside of one's shoes.

Evening slippers should be stuffed with tissue-paper and rolled in it after being worn. The correct mode in winter shoes are russet calfskin tops on heavy leather bottoms, with a straight tip of patent leather. Five large flat buttons fasten it.

This is the only deviation from last season's styles.—Boston Globe.

KEEP A STIFF LOWER LIP.

It Is the Tell-Tale One, and the Upper Lip Can Take Care of Itself.

I can't understand, said a young lady of observation to a reporter, I can't understand for the life of me why young men, who see so much and know so much, persist in the phrase "Keep a stiff upper lip." You use it as a sort of picturesque synonym for firmness of purpose and demeanor, but it has no value as such. The upper lip is not the weak member of the two; it is the under lip that wants stiffening. The upper lip is practically expressionless. It usually lies flat on the teeth, it is nearly always covered with a mustache—I refer, of course, to the male upper lip—and in conversation, especially in correctly languid conversation, it does not move at all. Like the Chinese joss, it's a harmless creature and can be safely let alone.

It is the nether lip that has to be watched and controled. I can always tell when a man is going to propose to me by the way in which he wets his under lip and presses it against the upper for companionship and support—just the very things he is seeking for. And I can always tell if a man is lying by a peculiar fluctuation and pulsation in the same lower lip. He will look you right straight in the eye, grow fierce, and drop his voice into his boots through the weight of his emotion, but if there is that twitch about the lower lip I don't believe him—and I've never been wrong yet. If a man feels deeply—I mean feels sorrow, not affects it—it is in the tremulousness of the under lip that he shows it. The sensitive man's lower lip is seldom still, and there is sometimes about it a positive pulsation that takes in the whole curve of the chin. The pout begins in the lower lip, and is really confined to it, for the upper lip is only pushed out by pressure from below. You can't pout with your upper lip alone.

In fact, you can't assume or affect any expression with the upper lip alone. Just try it. Hold the lower lip firm with the finger and look in the glass there. The mouth has become simply a hole in the face, you see, and so far as the expressionful character of the lips goes it is as if you had lost a feature.

If you want to keep back a smile it's the lower lip that you want to look after. Weakness begins there, whether of character, health or age. It is not the weak upper lip that tells of downfall; it is the drooping, pendulous lower lip that shows it.

And let me tell you something, please, for the benefit of my sisters who have not had the advan—I mean the experience that I have. Tell them that whenever they see the lower lip of their male companions turn out and over thickly that it's a danger signal. It's the red flag of mischief, and they had better say good-by. Keep a stiff lower lip, young man.—N. Y. Sun.

Making the Best of It.

"Go into the room and bring that cake on the table," said a Dallas mother to her son.

"It's too dark; I'm afraid to go into the room."

"Go right into that room this instant or I'll go in and bring out the strap."

"If-you-bring-out-the-strap," replied the boy, sobbing, "bring-the-cake-along, too."—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

—The Rocky mountains were first called Montagues de Pierres Brillantes, "Mountains of Sparkling Stones;" then came Montagnes Rocheuses, and finally the designation now in common use. The Indians called them "The Crest of the World."

—The Missisquoi, in Vermont, took its name from the abundance of waterfowl. The word means "many ducks."

FIRST FIRE ON THE HEARTH.

Sacredness in the Blaze That Is the Seal and Sign of Home.

What a joy we all find it! How we like to collect the sticks for that fire, if we are where sticks are to be collected; how we like to oversee its building; how all of us have advice to offer and instruction to give; how we must all lay on our especial contribution; how favored is the one who may touch off the flame at last! If we are by the sea we have gathered driftwood for it this many a day and have dried it in the hot noon suns for this very evening's blaze, when it shall fill the room with flames of emerald and ruby, sapphire and Spanish topaz, and we shall hear in its singing over dropping coal and ash, in its roaring up the chimney, the sound of storm and rushing wave in the midst of safety, and point our pleasure with the tragedy of the last sigh and smothered cry of drowning sailors. And we sit and tell tales of horror and shipwreck and ghostly visitant till the flame falls and leaves us chill as the ghosts that have trailed their garments by. And if it is in the countryside we sojourn, then what equal wonders we see in the dear blaze, as it sends out its warmth and cheer on the cool morning air, or on the evening gloom when the heavy dews warn us all in-doors! For there are burning all the spices and fragrances and sunshine and colors condensed from the hot months.

We look at its lusters much as those old voyagers might have looked at the splendid conflagration when the ships were burning behind them; we well might wonder at ourselves that we can look at it so lightly, for here are our oars and sails and paddles burning, our alpenstocks and buckboards, our long evening strolls, our days in the heart of the wood, our double-handed abundance of flowers. But we know it is only because we know we are going forward to new pleasures that we can feed and face the flames so gladly. And if we have gone back to the city, and it is there that we have put the blaze together on the little hearth in the back parlor, or on the big one in the big hall, then it is like kindling a fire upon an altar, it is the recognition of home; on the shrine of domestic life we offer to our lares and penates a sacrifice of all the joys of summer—perhaps with a half-conscious prayer that the hearth may not be bare in any other home in all the cold months to come. And as we watch the flames shine and soar and flash up the chimney and disappear among the eternal stars, we know it is all a mirror of the transformations of life and death, and so find a new sacredness in the blaze that is the seal and sign of home.—Harper's Bazar.

ALL RIGHT AFTER ALL.

Man of Moderate Means Manages With His Old Underclothing.

"When I got my summer underclothing out of the camphor chest last spring," said a man of moderate means, "and looked it over with a view to wearing it in the summer then approaching, I found that it wouldn't do; that is, it wouldn't have done under ordinary circumstances, but when I came to take the financial cyclone into account I thought that possibly I might make it do for just one more summer with a little patching; so I started in with it.

"Well, as the summer waned the patches grew until—but I anticipate.

"Day before yesterday I unshackled the cedar chest and got out my winter underclothing. Humph! Well, plainly that's what I should have worn last summer.

"I said to myself that it certainly wouldn't do for next winter, but here my old and esteemed friend, Mr. F. Cyclone, looks in and says: 'What?' and I know it's still his say; but observe: I turn now to my summer wear, and find that it has come gradually to betwixe its original thickness and is now entirely suitable to the winter season.

"I don't need any new winter wear, I am already supplied. So I look at my old and esteemed friend and say to him: 'Cyc, old boy, you're not in it any more, and you might just as well go and pack your dress-suit case.'"—N. Y. Sun.

DON'T DYE YOUR HAIR.

How It Should Be Treated When Turning Gray.

Concerning gray hair, there seems to be no rational theory for change in the color of the hair, except that of loss of pigment, color and presence of gaseous matter in the hair shaft. This may be the result of natural or artificial causes. Probably among Americans the early stage at which the hair blanches is due largely to nervous conditions. Mental and physical disturbances undoubtedly often affect the secreting apparatus of the hair, destroying coloring matter, for history records instances of the change of hair from dark to white in a single night through the cerebral excitement of some great loss, bodily or mental anguish; neither can coloring matter once entirely destroyed be restored.

Do not believe the quacks who pretend to restore gray hair to the youthful color in any other way than by dyeing, for science has not yet discovered a method by which pigment, once entirely exhausted, can be renewed. Dark hair may be bleached, but no sane person could be deceived by the dull, lusterless yellow of hair so treated, neither does dye deceive anyone, and a woman who would look charming with a head of white hair kept perfectly clean and fluffy with legitimate treatment, becomes disgusting when she resorts to such flagrantly artificial means for keeping the hair dark or blonde.

When one's hair turns gray attention should be directed towards keeping it scrupulously clean; toward keeping the complexion delicate and fine with color, the eyes bright and the expression animated, for a brilliant face, framed by snowy hair, has a peculiar charm, if the hair be abundant and becomingly arranged. — Detroit Free Press.

Mechanly Solicitude.

Willie—Maw, we're going to have a little masquerade party over at Tom Stapleford's. How'd I better fix up so they won't know me?

His Mother—Wash your face, dear.—Chicago Tribune.

Accounted For.

Teacher—There are only two genders in French, masculine and feminine. Who can tell me why the French have no neuter gender?

Tommy Traddles—It's cos they don't have no [illegible] in France.—N. Y. World.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

—Boiled Apple Dumpling: One quart flour, one measure each acid and soda, one teaspoonful salt. Rub into flour a piece of butter or nice lard size of an egg and two quarts finely chopped apple. Make into dough with sweet milk. Boil in a bag one hour and ten minutes. Slice and serve with cream sauce. The water must be boiling when the dumpling is put in and not allowed to stop boiling an instant.—Farm and Home.

—Snow Custard: Dissolve half a box of gelatine in a cup of cold water; add one pint of boiling water, two cups of sugar and the juice of a lemon. Stir until the sugar is dissolved. Beat the whites of three eggs; add to the mixture when cold, a spoonful at a time. Mix carefully until thick, and pour in small cups to mold. When firm, turn out on a large dish, and pour custard flavored with vanilla around it. Serve with white cake.—Western Rural.

—Cranberry Sauce: Wash one quart of cranberries in warm water and pick them over carefully. Put them in a porcelain-lined kettle, with one pint of sugar, and cook without stirring for half an hour, turning them into molds. This is the simplest method. They can be strained through a sieve and put in bowls, forming a marmalade, which can be cut in slices when cold; or the berries can be crushed with a spoon while boiling, but left unstrained.—Farmer's Voice.

—Compote of Oranges: Boil a pound of sugar in one and one-half pints of water with the peel of eight oranges cut very thin for nearly twenty minutes, removing scum as it rises. After the oranges are peeled, remove all the white pith without breaking the inner skin, divide them into quarters, and put them into the sirup and let them simmer for five or six minutes. Then take them out carefully with a skimmer or spoon and arrange them in the center of a glass dish, piled one on the other with the skin side downward. Boil the sirup until thick, and when cool pour carefully over the orange quarters, and set them in a cold place until ready to serve.—Boston Budget.

—Mustard Pickle: One quart each of small, whole cucumbers, large cucumbers sliced, green tomatoes sliced and small button onions, one large cauliflower divided into flowerets and four green peppers cut fine. Make a brine of four quarts of water and one pint of salt, pour it over the mixture of vegetables and let it soak twenty-four hours. Heat just enough to scald it and turn into a colander to drain. Mix one cup of flour, six tablespoonfuls of ground mustard and one tablespoonful of turmeric with enough cold vinegar to make a smooth passe, then add one cup of sugar and sufficient vinegar to make two quarts in all. Boil this mixture until it thickens and is smooth, stirring all the time, then add the vegetables and cook until well heated through.—Orange Judd Farmer.

BRAID FOR TRIMMING.

Stylish Women Will Make Use of It to a Large Extent.

There is every prospect that braid will be very largely used during this season, both on dresses and on coats. The plain skirts will be trimmed with either one very wide braid or three, or, perhaps, five narrower, and for this purpose military braid will be very much in request. There are several new makes of this, and one which is made in imitation of lattice work is rather a favorite. Sometimes the braid will be carried up to the waist on either side of the front, and the intervening space filled in with a double row of enormous buttons, a trimming which generally comes in with braid. It is a senseless kind of ornamentation, and one which occasionally is extremely noisy, as, for instance, in church, when the buttons are apt to rattle against the front of the pew. A new bodice lately turned out by a French originator of modes has a double row of tiny buttons laid as a trimming on the edges of the revers, on the borders of the long, drooping epaulets, and all round the basque; in fact, used in exactly the same way that sequins have been utilized of late. The dress itself was in a sort of yellowish gray, and the buttons were in a tone of terra cotta. All tastes have to be entered for, an axiom to which we find ourselves reverting in endeavor to account for some of the eccentric forms and peculiar trimming devised for the wear of those to whom nature has withheld a sense of the artistic.—N. Y. Advertiser.

Raw Oysters.

Raw oysters are the most refreshing and quickly digested of foods, but they must be served in such a manner as to tempt the patient's feeble desire for nourishment. A lot of big, limp bivalves floating helplessly about in a warm plate is about as repulsive to a dainty taste as anything that can well be imagined. The oysters must be small and as fresh as can be procured. Fill a soup plate full of fine cracked ice; lay over this a small fringed doily. Clean the shells of the oysters, open them carefully, taking pains not to lose their juice, set the half shell firmly into the doily-covered ice, cut a lemon in four, lay one-quarter in the middle of the circle of oysters, set the salt cellar on the tray beside the soup plate, add a Bent's biscuit which has been split and slightly toasted, and the whole will make a much relished little meal.—St. Louis Republic.

A New Material.

Wood-stone, or xylolith, is a manufactured material that is believed to have very many uses. It is made of calcined magnesite and fine sawdust and treated with chemicals. When first mixed, and before the paste has had time to set, it is made into sheets and put under a pressure of one thousand pounds to the square inch. It is saturated with linseed oil and dried, thus making it more impervious to moisture. It is used as a building material and bears a pressure of about three hundred pounds to the square inch. It is made in sheets from one-quarter of an inch to an inch and a half in thickness. As a flooring material it is very highly spoken of.—N. Y. Ledger.

Chocolate Macaroons.

Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth and stir gently into them the following ingredients, which must be previously well mixed by sifting them together: Two ounces of grated chocolate, four ounces powdered sugar and one ounce of flour. Drop the mixture by the teaspoonful on buttered pans or on paper, and bake the macaroons slowly for about twenty minutes in a rather cool oven; sift the macaroons with powdered sugar while warm and cool them before using.—N. Y. Ledger.

A NEW MAIL BOX.

A Gentleman from the Country, a Letter and a Hot Tamale Box.

He was from the country. This was evident. He had a cowboy hat and a pair of stove pantaloons, creased in front, and a weak mustache, rather on the blonde order, and an honest, sunburned face. He was new to the city, and as his folks were likely to be uneasy about him, he had written them a letter and was looking about for a place to mail it. The hour was late, but the street was full of people, for it was fair week, the weather was pleasant and many were out of doors. He stood on one of the corners near the post office and wondered how he was to get his letter mailed. If it had been at home he would have taken it to the corner store and given it to the storekeeper, who was also the druggist and the postmaster, and filled other places of little honor and less profit, and the store-keeper would have taken it, and read the address before putting it in the box, and he would have explained how he came to write it, but in the city it was different.

But the letter had to be mailed somehow, and so, plucking up his courage, he asked a passer-by where he could attend to this piece of business.

"Mail a letter?" said the man. "Oh, in that box over there," pointing with his finger across the street, and on he went.

Here was some light on the subject at least, and across the street with his letter went the horny-handed, and straight up to the box that stood on the stone wall that surrounded the post office area. It was a curious box. It was white, and a strap fastened at each end and dangled down behind. It was lettered, too, but he paid no attention to that; he was too glad at finding a place to put his letter. It was different from any letter box he had ever seen, but then maybe he had not seen all the kinds of letter boxes in the city, and this might be a new one. He peered first at one side of the box and then at the other, but no slit appeared in which the letter could be placed. He caught sight of a handle in front that looked as though it raised the lid. That was certainly, to his mind, the solution of the difficulty; he would raise the lid and put the letter inside.

He placed his hand on the cover and was just lifting it, when a harsh voice smote upon his ear, commanding him to desist, or, to use the exact language: "Say, young feller, let them tamales be!"

He looked round, hastily dropping the lid of the letter box, and he beheld a wrathful individual, clad mostly, so far as outward appearance went, in a white apron. He hastily protested that he only wanted to mail a letter, but the man with the white apron profanely characterized the statement as altogether too thin for any substantial use, and loudly announced his intention of handing the offender over to the police.

"I didn't do nothing! I only wanted to mail my letter," protested the poor young fellow, looking [illegible] another in the crowd [illegible] gathered.

"Now, whoonell ever heard of mailing a letter in a hot tamale box?" shouted the aproned man, and the crowd gathered the situation at once and grinned accordingly. "I can always get onto the likes of yous," continued the irate man with the apron. "You pay me for them tamales you stole or I git you pulled," he roared.

The letter mailer protested, and the crowd grinned and laughed, and the tamale man stamped and shouted, until a tardy guardian of the peace appeared, to whom the situation was explained. The man with the letter was cross-examined, and not even the smell of a tamale was found upon his garments; the tamale man could not swear that he had seen any of his goods disappear into the pockets of the rustic, while the letter spoke for itself. Sweet peace soon reigned in the vicinity of the post office. The gentleman from the interior was shown where letters could be mailed without disturbing the peace of the whole neighborhood, and particularly of the tamale vendors. The man with the apron was pacified and finally was induced to see the humorous phase of the case by the liberal offer of the letter writer to invest a nickel in what was to him a new article of diet. The policeman disappeared into the nearest saloon to tell the story, the merry crowd melted away in the neighboring streets, and the countryman, too, melted, munching as he did so the remains of his tamale. He has probably gone home, and ere this his folks have doubtless heard of the terrible time he had trying to mail a letter in a hot tamale box.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Chinese Man-o'-War's Men's Dress.

The dress of the sailors of the Chinese navy has been a matter of considerable speculation among the American readers of the Japan-China war reports. It is a curious compromise between the flowing robes of the Chinese coolies and the blue jacket and bell-bottomed trousers of the British man-o'-war's man. The blouse fits high up about the neck like the blue shirt of the American navy sailor. The trousers are loose and, like those of all their countrymen, hang down below their bodies at the back between the legs. The bottoms of the trousers are shoved into the legs of high felt, thick-soled boots. Around the waist they wear a belt of turkey red or blue or black stuff several yards in length neatly fastened at the side by shoving the end under the fold. The color of the uniform is invariably a dark blue, the material being of thin cotton in the summer and heavier stuff in the winter, the warmth being added to by padded or cotton wool-lined garments underneath, which give them a peculiarly rotund and overfed appearance, much after the fashion of the Chinese residents of Mott street. They present a picturesque appearance