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 19, 1895. VOL. XX.—NO. 4.

HER LETTER.

Ah! Here's the answer to my note
In which I asked her to be mine,
If she but favor what I wrote
I'll kneel forever at her shrine.

I wish she wrote more plainly. What?
Oh, yes!—"I got your note to-day,
And hasten to—to—say—" Great Scott!
What *is* it that she hastes to say?

"That though we were dear friends"—Of course,
I might have known 'twould end like this—
"I never thought of love."—I'll force
Behind me this short dream of bliss.

"So that your declaration quite
Surprises me, I must confess,
I'll think about it over night."
Well, that means "No," then.—"P. S.—Yes."
—James G. Burnett, in Puck.

A CONQUEST.

T. E. DESCOURS.

"MY DEAR little Stephanie, I am so delighted that you have come! I wish I could have been here when you arrived, but George promised to look after you, and see that everything was comfortable for you."

"Your husband has been a perfect angel, Beatrice! I don't know what I should have done without him; these people in Brittany are delightfully picturesque and all that, but somehow my French does not seem to penetrate beneath their caps! I can hardly make them understand a thing I want."

Mrs. Merydith laughed.

"I don't think George has ever been credited with celestial qualities before; but now tell me, how do you like this place?"

"Charming! Exquisite, and so romantic!"

"What enthusiasm! I hardly expected such raptures, though to be sure they are well-deserved," and Mrs. Merydith glanced appreciatively round the long, low, oak-paneled room, with its old-fashioned *bahut*, its quaint pictures, and heavily-carved chairs.

"The whole adventure is so delightful! Fancy Aunt Felicia leaving me a sweet, little old-fashioned house in Brittany all to myself, on condition that I lived in it for three months every year. There is something so charmingly unreasonable about it all! Anyhow, here I am, ready to fulfill everything to the letter. What a lovely coincidence that you and your husband should be settled here too!"

"We have spent several springs at Marvaux. George likes the scenery, and he finds he can work better here than anywhere."

"Yes—it must be very nice to be married to some one clever and learned and all that; only if my husband wrote novels and plays, I should always be afraid he'd put me in one of them! There's no fear of that with poor Leslie, however—"

"Mr. Travers will join you here, of course," asked Mrs. Merydith.

"Leslie? Certainly not! My dear Beatrice, everybody can't go in for the ultra-matrimonial like you and George! My husband and I are the best of friends; and we think the less wear and tear we give our conjugal bliss the longer it is likely to last; so while I am fulfilling the conditions of my aunt's will and cultivating my complexion at Marvaux, my lord and master is devoting himself to *rouge et noir* at Monte Carlo."

Mrs. Merydith knew her friend too well to be astonished at this *sortie*; from her earliest youth Stephanie had, in virtue of a pair of innocent blue eyes and a quantity of rebellious bright hair, been allowed a certain irresponsibility of speech and manner. Few people—herself included—had ever dreamt of taking little Mrs. Travers seriously. Perhaps mothers with marriageable daughters, and elderly wives with volatile husbands, were the only ones who regarded her otherwise than indulgently.

"You'll have some tea, Beatrice?" asked Stephanie, as she moved towards the old-fashioned bell-rope.

"Tea? You don't mean to say you have made them get you tea here?"

"Certainly, my dear; I imported the teapot and the tea, and your good husband made them realize the hot water and the tray."

"You're a marvel!" laughed Mrs. Merydith, as she pulled off her gloves and drew one of the heavy oaken chairs up to the small table which stood by the couch on which her friend had seated herself.

"Not at all, only I understand the art of living, my dear."

Meantime a neat tea-tray had made its appearance, and Mrs. Travers cast a triumphant glance at her companion.

"Not bad after a ten-days' stay, is it?"

"You've done wonders, Stephie! It's quite like being at home. Have you made friends with anyone here yet?"

"I haven't spoken to a soul but your husband and the old women in the market."

"I only hope you won't find the place terribly dull."

Stephanie gave her pretty head a toss.

"I don't think so."

"There are not many people here you would care about, I'm afraid. I go out very little even among the few English who are here."

"My dear Beatrice, we all know that so long as you can cut your husband's quills and keep his ink-wells filled, you are happy; if you hadn't been my friend, I'm not sure I shouldn't have volunteered to take your place while you were in England." Mrs. Merydith laughed indulgently. "Only, as I say, I'm afraid of clever men. Your husband always seems to be trying to find one out, to dissect one's moral nature. No, you needn't be afraid, Beatrice. I shall not flirt with George—"

"My poor Stephie, I'm afraid you won't find anybody else to flirt with."

"Oh, really."

There was a world of meaning in the two words, and Mrs. Merydith's eyes lighted with curiosity.

"What do you mean, Stephie?"

"Nothing—except that the evenings here are very warm, and that it is very pleasant to sit in the twilight with the windows open—"

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"I've made a conquest, dear."

"Nonsense! I mean how is it possible? You say you haven't been anywhere, that you haven't spoken to anybody—"

"Oh, but *cela n'empeche pas les sentiments!* Wouldn't you adore a man who called you his star and his queen?"

"What *do* you mean?"

"Listen. I had been here about three days, when one evening, about this time, I threw the window open and was standing looking out over the trees, when suddenly I heard a man's voice speaking very softly; everything was so still that I couldn't help hearing."

"Well—?"

"I never was made love to so beautifully before, Beatrice. I didn't think it was meant for me at first, until I heard him talking about 'golden hair shining aureole-like round my fair face'—wasn't that lovely?"

"But who is the man? What did you do?"

"I didn't do anything at all. I was rather startled, and shut the window very softly. The next night, though, exactly the same thing happened."

"Did you tell George?"

"Certainly not—men are so absurd; and I didn't want my Romeo interfered with. No, he comes every evening; he is awfully in love with me, Beatrice; says that he can't live without my love, that I must speak to him, and all that sort of thing. Last night he got so terribly excited that he almost shrieked to me to answer him. I was quite frightened."

"How consumedly impertinent. Of course you haven't spoken to the creature?"

"I haven't seen him, except very dimly. I only stand at the window and smile down at him pityingly."

Mrs. Merydith laughed outright.

"You are too absurd, Stephanie. It's lucky I came back. George must get rid of this romantic young gentleman for you."

"I don't want him to be got rid of, thank you. He interests me."

"But Leslie—"

"My dear Beatrice, Leslie has nothing to do with the matter. He is only my husband—not my keeper. Besides, I am so sorry for my poor lover; I want to be an 'aching void' in his life, as somebody says, somewhere. I think it must be rather nice—"

"Do be serious, Stephanie! The whole affair is simply ridiculous; but you must promise me not to go to the window again."

Mrs. Travers sprang up with a merry ripple of laughter and softly unlatched the long window, stepping on to the small balcony. Her friend followed her quickly and tried to draw her back.

"Hush!" whispered Stephanie, craning her neck forward, and then from among the darkening trees, still

"I'VE MADE A CONQUEST, DEAR."

flushing from the rays of the dying sunset, rose a passionate, thrilling voice:

"Love you? Could a man see you and not be your slave? Having seen you, could he live without your love? Sweetheart! darling! Speak to me, answer me—oh, answer—"

A woman's laugh rang sharply through the silance, and Mrs. Merydith sank against the open window, quivering with mirth. Stephanie, aghast and amazed, stared at her friend.

"Beatrice, what is the matter?"

"Your lover, oh, Stephie!—how absurd, how ridiculous!" And she made her way back to the room, still shaking with merriment.

"My dear child," she continued, recovering herself, "your Romeo is rehearsing the love scene in my husband's new play; he is staying with us and that is the grand tirade! Oh, Stephie, Stephie—how absurd!"

Mrs. Travers drew herself up a little stiffly, but the comedy of the situation was too much for her, and through the pauses of the women's laughter came still the passionate "Answer—oh, answer me!"—Black and White.

Timely Warning.

The attitude of England toward the fox is a very serious one; that animal, sacred to the chase, must be killed in the regulation manner or not at all. A little lesson on the subject was given, in his youth, to Sir Robert Adair, a once famous diplomatist.

He had been educated in the University of Gottingen, and on returning to England visited his uncle, Lord Keppel, at Euston. On one occasion he went to shoot pheasants in Fakenham wood, and there he became acquainted with his celebrated cousin, Charles James Fox.

Mr. Fox, the best-natured of men, seeing that he was a shy youth, did everything in his power to set him at ease.

"Well, youngun," said he, "where do you spring from?"

"From Gottingen."

"Not much shooting there, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, we used to shoot foxes," replied the lad, innocently.

"Hush!" said Fox; "never pronounce that word again, at least in this house, for if the duke were to hear you had killed one of my namesakes, he would swear it belonged to Fakenham wood!"—Youth's Companion.

—What, then, is the death of man according to the common meaning of the word death? I answer: It is the withdrawal of the man himself from the material body. He casts the body aside. He deserts it. And by this act he steps out of this world into the spiritual world. By this simple act no change is effected in the man himself, in form, organization, or character. He is no better and no worse; he knows no more and no less; he has not lost or gained a single feature or faculty. He has only gained more favorable conditions for the attainment of his ends.—Henry Giles.

FARMER AND PLANTER

FEEDING SWINE.

The Old and the New Methods of Producing Pork.

As much interest is manifested in discovering the most economical and safe plan for raising pork in Texas, I thought your many readers would be glad to have anything that might throw additional light upon the subject. I am aware leading members of the Swine Breeders' association have, through your paper, given much valuable information, yet I contend the subject is one of so great magnitude as to be practically beyond the capacity of any set of men to fully explore. We live in a progressive age, and we must study and practice those economies in our business which will best protect our interest. We must learn to appropriate the scientific knowledge of others. The point I wish to advance is, that there is a choice of foods for feeding swine, and we should try to learn which kinds are the best, for, considering the margin of profit is so small that great economy and skill in every direction are required. It is a mistaken notion that swine are grain eaters only, and that what may be termed "roughness" is unfit for them. They are omniverous animals to some extent, and will subsist on a great variety of foods. They are more naturally grass eaters, and vary their diet by digging roots, worms and insects out of the soil. Doubtless they are provided with their singular snout—which is so wisely and ingeniously constructed, with a flat cartilaginous disk, moved by strong tendons and muscles—for rooting down deep in the hard soil in search of their food. And we must observe that this kind of food is not so heating and deleterious as the grain upon which they are mostly overfed.

It unquestionably is an error to suppose that because they are easily taught to eat the concentrated grain foods, that they will subsist and thrive solely upon such without a great risk of producing inflammatory diseases. Then the question arises, can not swine be more cheaply and healthfully fed on mixed diet instead of all grain foods? Successful northwestern pork raisers say, emphatically, it can be. Hitherto corn has been so much cheaper than any of the other cereals that it was the principal food used, not only in the fattening process, but in the growth as well. Now the low price of wheat has brought it into use as the best grain for feeding swine.

It is true that the pig is an omniverous animal, but it will live and thrive on grass, clover or oat pastures, or other similar foods without any grain. The use of grain in feeding is for the purpose of producing a layer of fat under the skin. And as this grain food is sure to produce an excess of fat, it is thought rather a dangerous plan to feed it exclusively to the pig in the growing period. It is believed by competent pork raisers that such feeding has been the prime cause of producing an inflammatory condition of the digestive organs, ending in that dreaded disease, hog cholera. Then we see the necessity of avoiding such diseases by feeding swine on coarser foods—clover, or oat pastures, or other green crops, artichokes, potatoes and sorghum cane. Extensive swine feeders have been very successful in this way, and have raised pork cheaper than by mere grain feeding.

Of course it would be unwise too feed too much of this bulky food, because the pig's stomach is small compared to the sheep or cow, and its digestive organs will not stand a like crowding. Mr. Henry Stewart, a man who is considered good authority on feeding swine, says that "the more nitrogenous foods, such as cotton seed, or any of the other oil meals, are unfit, and should be wholly discarded from the lists of foods for swine." Then when we consider the choice of the concentrated foods, we may safely put down corn, wheat barley, oats and wheat as the most valuable. In days past corn was the staple food for fattening swine, but since wheat has become so cheap, those who have tried it have found that it is better food than corn, making meat more cheaply and of better quality, suiting the change in the tastes of customers for more lean and less fat. When wheat is one cent a pound and oats one and on-quarter cents, the latter is less valuable for feeding than the former, owing to the greater amount of husk, and higher price for weight. The most economical way of feeding wheat is to steep it in either cold or hot water, and barley is a fine food for fattening swine when fed in the same way.—Cor. Farm and Ranch.

COTTON SEED NOTES.

A Little Concentrated Information Concerning a Valuable Product.

The following figures are given in response to the inquiry of a "Young Farmer:"

66⅔ bushels cotton seed equals	2,000 lbs.
2,000 pounds cotton seed yields when ground	750 lbs. meal
and	250 lbs. oil.
and	975 lbs. hulls
and	25 lbs. loss
A ton (2,000 pounds) of cotton seed contains of nitrogen	51 lbs.
Phosphoric acid	20 lbs.
Potash	23 lbs.
A ton of cotton-seed meal contains—	
Nitrogen	163 lbs.
Phosphoric acid	65 lbs.
Potash	46 lbs.

Allowing that a farmer carries his seed to the mill and gives the oil as toll he should carry back with him the 750 pounds of meal and 975 pounds of hulls. It is a common question whether this is a profitable exchange for the farmer. Of course it is a debatable question.

While cotton seed can be fed with safety to cattle, still we believe if the truth were known a great many deaths have been caused indirectly from cattle eating the lint that remains attached to the seed. Admitting that in no instance has a single head of stock been injured in the least by the oil in the seed, it is an accepted fact that the oil has no value as food. It is pure carbon and beyond supplying a little temporary heat has no other effect.

Undoubtedly a farmer can feed more economically in using meal and hulls than in feeding merely the raw seeds.

In exchanging the seeds for the meal, the farmer does not dispose of any of the valuable elements—nitrogen, potash and phosphoric acid. The 750 pounds of meal contain within a small fraction all the nitrogen that was in the ton of seed.

What price should cotton seed command when cotton-seed meal is held at $22 per ton? We find that at 15 cents per bushel and a ton of seed costs at the mill just $10.

The 750 pounds of meal out of this ton of seed at $1.10 per hundred ($22 per ton) equals $8.25. The 975 pounds of hulls sell at the mill at an average price of $3.50 per ton. This would make nearly $1.75. The two added together make exactly $10—the cost of the seed at 15 cents per bushel.

At these relative values the mill would get the 250 pounds of oil (30 gallons, about) to pay the cost of grinding, not taking into consideration the few pounds of lint that is taken from the seed. At 20 cents a gallon for the crude oil, this would give the mill $6 per ton profit on working up 66⅔ bushels of seed, nearly 10 cents profit on each bushel.

Whether that is too much profit for the mill to make is a question we can not answer. If called upon for a simple expression of opinion we would say that it was not and from the fact that we would rather have the 750 pounds of meal and 975 pounds of hulls, either for the purpose of feeding or fertilizing, than the original 66 2-3 bushels of seed. It is easier to adjust a ration with the separate materials.

* * *

What is a proper and safe ration of cotton-seed meal for milch cows?

It depends upon the size of the animal to some extent.

At some of the experiment stations as much as six or seven pounds per day has been fed to cows without any perceptible bad effects.

But it is substance that should not be fed for any length of time by itself even to the half of that quantity. Not over two and a half or three pounds should be fed to any cow, however large, and this quantity should be fed in connection with something that is poor in nitrogen. A mixture of cotton seed meal, corn meal and wheat bran makes a more desirable ration than the meal by itself.

If any of our readers have had an extended experience in feeding cotton seed meal and the hulls we should be glad to have them give their conclusions.

* * *

Is there any country or section of country anywhere more abundantly supplied with all the requisite for successful stock raising than this southland country of ours. If there is we would be glad to have it named to us. The time is certainly coming when these old hills of the south will bloom in almost perpetual grass and clover through which will graze the fattest cattle, hogs, sheep and horses, etc., that has ever been seen. We assume that electricity will not entirely supplant our four-footed beasts of burden and that there will be henceforth at least a reasonable demand for horses and mules of the best quality.—Southern Farm.

Rules of 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 and phosphates and nitrogenous principles should not follow each other immediately, but be succeeded by those which draw less from the 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.

HERE AND THERE.

—Plant a lot of nice shade trees around your house, and then make them grow.

—The farmer who works sixteen hours a day, and saves all his money, "gets there," but on crutches and with the scent of arnica on his person.—Farm and Ranch.

—The cool weather common at this season of the year is the very best kind during which to repaint the buildings, fences and implements. By a very little outlay for ready-mixed paints, the salable value of every home can be greatly increased and comfort assured.

—Florida fruit growers are beginning to raise the cry of overproduction in oranges. One prominent horticultural writer declares he will no longer encourage further development of the industry, as only evil will result therefrom.

—This is a time when we should make our poultry do full duty. Cotton and wheat may be a little off, but the hen furnishes a product that we can dispose of well. Try feeding the hens some of that 50-cent wheat. It is better than either corn or oats.

—Kindness is never wasted on our domestic animals. Love begets love, even when applied to our horses and cattle. Besides, it is much more gentlemanly to treat a beast kindly than cruelly. The dispenser of kindness receives more benefit, usually than the recipient.

—Keep your land, as nearly as you can, in its virgin condition by adding humus to it every fall. This can be done with stable manure compost; or by plowing under nitrogenous crops, preferably pea vines for the south. Any or all of these methods will greatly increase the productive capacity of your soil.

—The tobacco crop of Virginia has been one this season in which quantity and quality have been combined. This is particularly true of the crop in the vicinity of Danville, which is the center of the bright tobacco producing region of the state.

—Let every farmer increase the egg production of the flock, by adding a pure-bred male of any of the best-laying breds. A flock of layers will be more profitable to the farmer than a flock suitable for raising broilers only. A flock of March or April-hatched Mediterraneans should be laying well by November.

—As a profession, there is need of more thorough study on the part of the farmer than ever before. Views must be compared, and advantage of the experience of others must be taken, if we are to keep abreast of the progress that is being made in the other professions.

ARP EXPLAINS.

He Sets Himself Right With His Presbyterian Friends for the Present.

But Soon He Goes to Florida—Then He Will Spin None of His Fish Yarns. He Is Sorry He Has So Little of This World's Goods.

My Presbyterian friends are not happy because the printer made me say there were only 300 Presbyterians in Georgia. They flood me with postal cards to inform me that there are 13,000. I wrote very plainly that there were 3,000 voters in that church—three thousand—not three hunired—and that is about right. The typesetters will make some blunders and they are sometimes very exasperating to the author. If a man writes a bad, perplexing hand like Horace Greeley or Alex Stephens or Sunset Cox, the typo is excusable for mistakes. When Cox was invited by Henry Grady to come to Atlanta and lecture he accepted. Grady then wrote him to learn what his subject would be and he answered something that looked like "Just Human." And so it was advertised and placarded all over town. "Just Human" was on every wall and corner. Nobody was very much surprised, for they knew that Cox was a wit and a wag and that he could make that subject fit almost any kind of a discourse. When Mr. Cox arrived and saw the posters he was greatly amused. "Why, whoever heard of such a subject?" said he to Grady. "I wrote you that my subject would be "Irish Humor." The best way to decipher a bad handwrite is to read it with the double wabbles like the fellow who shot out the bull's eye in Longstreet's "Georgia Scenes." Don't look at any particular word, but let the sight wabble all along the line. Take it all in at a glace. Sometimes I find no difficulty in reading a letter, but am perplexed over the signature. More than once I have cut it off and pasted it on the envelope containing my reply. His own postmaster will recognize it if I can't. Sometimes a lady correspondent fails to indicate whether she is a maid or a madam, and so we do not know whether to address her as Miss or Mrs. But the most amusing letters that literary men receive are from schoolboys and girls who beg for original speeches or compositions. Years ago I tried to oblige them, but soon found it would take all my time and was forced to decline them. It grieved me to do this, for I remember what an anxious, depressing task it was to me to write an original speech or composition when I was a schoolboy. Some of the boys who write to me for help have an idea that I can roll off speeches like rain runs from a roof and that I love to do it. But this is a great mistake. Not long ago a boy wrote to me for a very, very humorous speech—one that would bring down the house and create a sensation—and hoped I would send it right away. He added a postscript as follows: "While you are about it, I wish you would write me two, so that I can take choice."

As these letters very seldom have a stamp enclosed, the boys should not be surprised at receiving no reply. Another class of letters are more pardonable, but they always grieve me. I mean letters asking for charity or for a donation to some church. They are always reasonable and make a deserving case and it grieves me that I cannot respond to their wishes and expectations. The writers have an idea that I am rich and have a great big heart. I wish they knew how poor I am and how small is my income. They would be astonished. It is a great misfortune to have a rich man's ways and a poor man's purse. The results of the war placed a great many of us in that condition. We were reared to live free and easy and we kept an open house. It was a pleasure to be generous and hospitable. It was a special pleasure of our wives and mothers to feast their visitors, and the servants took pride in it, too. Aunt Ann, our old-fashioned cook, has not gotten over it and had rather show off to company with a fine dinner than to do less work on a common one. She says: "I was raised where dar was bundance of everything and I likes to see bundance yit. Quality folks can't git along without bundance." Old fashioned darkies still call the aristocracy "quality folks." Aunt Ann is in trouble now. The city marshal has levied on her house and lot for taxes. It is only seven dollars, but she can't pay it. She thinks it an outrage on freedom. Her old man voted for the Populars because they promised to take off taxes and give them free schoolbooks. It is the same old story of forty acres and a mule. And now the legislature is fixing to add to our burdens of taxation. The educational bill and pension bill will take nearly a million of dollars, but they will pass the bills. The reign of the demagogue is stlil upon us.

But we are off to Florida now, and before this goes to press we will be basking in the sunshine and breathing the balmy air of the gulf coast. My daughter's house is ready, her furniture gone down, the fish are waiting, the sailboats sporting on the bay. I see the surf rolling and flashing through the island passes and I hear the murmur of the waters. I see long rows of pelicans like sentinels standing in the sand the tide has left. I see the whitewinged gulls floating in the air and the black, ugly porpoises turning somersaults in the water. We will soon be in lovely communion with tropical nature in all her beauty, but we all are sad at the idea of leaving our pleasant home among the hills of dear old Georgia. Some of our dearest kindred cannot go, and dear friends will miss us and we will miss them. It was sad to see the old mare put out for her feed—sad to see the little Jersey go, and sadder still to leave the faithful dogs behind. But we have to bear these things. Next spring when we return we will rejoice all the more for having been away during the winter. There is not only health and comfort and pleasure in wintering in Florida, but to us it is economy. My wife and I will pay board, of course, but that will not amount to half as much as coal and wood and water and gas and horse feed and winter clothing and servants' hire and "bundance of company." Just think what a little child can do. For her sake her mother had to go to Florida—and took her sister with her. For all their sakes my wife and I have followed on—the same old story of parents growing old and running after their children.

I shall return home about Christmas for a week or two, but until then my address will be Clear Water Fla. The postal name is Clear Water Harbor, but that doesn't matter. BILL ARP.

AS A SUSPECT.

Peculiar Experience of Edwin M. Stanton at Newark, O.

The arrest of a member of the cabinet of the president of the United States as a suspect is not of frequent occurrence. In fact, only one case approaching such a sensational incident has ever been known, and the officer concerned was Chief of Police Griffith of Newark, O., and the member of the cabinet in question was Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, secretary of war under President Lincoln.

Not long after the assassination of Lincoln, Stanton came to Ohio on a visit to his aged mother, who resided at Gambier, in Knox county. The secretary's war measures had caused him to be hated in the south, and had engendered no kindly feeling toward him among a great number of alleged southern sympathizers residing in the north. The murder of Lincoln and the attempt made upon the life of Secretary of State Seward caused Stanton also to fear assassination, and he consequently took great precaution when traveling to keep his identity a secret. Upon the occasion alluded to he was particularly careful in this respect. Arriving at Newark about dusk he was compeled to wait for a train north on the old Newark, Mansfield & Sandusky railroad, until the next afternoon. Alighting from the train at the depot, instead of mingling with the crowd on the sidewalk, he took the middle of the street on his way to the American house. This peculiar action on the part of the distinguished stranger was quickly noticed by Officer Griffith, who thought it well to keep an eye on him. This he did, and the longer he looked at the stranger the more impressed he became with the idea that he was in town for no good purpose. Stanton had no sooner reached the public square than Griffith approached him and placed him under arrest as a suspect. An embarrassing explanation followed, and the secretary was permitted to proceed to his hotel. He went to the American house, but would not register. The next day he sent his card around to Gen. Geo. B. Smythe, but as the latter had become embittered against Stanton, he did not call on the secretary. They had for a long period of years been the closest of personal friends up to the time of the war.—Ohio State Journal.

ABOUT FRUIT STAINS.

Some That Will Come Out and Others That Won't.

As the fruit season waxes it becomes burdensome to keep napery spotless. Who has not beheld with dismay one's favorite damask hopelessly discolored with peach, cherry and berry stains? Some suggestions may be of assistance remedying the mishap. In the first place, do not wash the linen before applying other remedies. To do so sets the stain almost indelibly, and it then has to pass through all stages until time and the laundry leave but a pale, yellow reminder, which consummation does not follow easily until the fabric is threadbare. For berry stains, have some one hold the cloth so that it sags a little, and pour absolutely boiling water through the spot; rub well. If this fails, light a bit of sulphur and hold under the wet spot—a lighted match will answer; the sulphurous gas usually does the work, the stain gradually disappearing. But there are some that will not "out"—peach stains, for example. Then you must have recourse to salts of lemon, which is good, but apt to leave a hole in lieu of the stain. By extreme carefulness in its use, however, it will not do such dire damage. Take a sunny day for the task; first moisten the spot and then rub on a very little of the salts of lemon; lay the linen in the sun for two or three minutes, and then wash thoroughly with soap and warm water. Success nearly always follows. Other stains, like iron rust, are more easily removed. After washing the article squeeze lemon juice on the spots and then cover thickly with salt. Lay in the sun all day, wash and if the rust is not removed repeat the application. This is equally good for ink stains.—Philadelphia Times.

Gulls Perched on Cedars.

The captain of a steamer that plies along the New England coast and that was passing one of the rugged, lonely islands off the Maine shore pointed to an enormous flock of gulls that whitened the rocks, the surface of the sea and the branches of the cedars that cling to the hard soil. "There," said he, "what do you think of that? And yet if you turn to a book on natural history they'll tell you that gulls won't perch on trees. Some fool sailors believe that the petrels, or Mother Carey's chickens, never alight, even on the water, but are always on the wing. They don't use their eyes. And some of these scientific fellows are as bad as the sailors.—Lewistown (Me.) Journal.

Changed His Mind.

Tom de Witt—There's an awfully good-looking girl.

Reggy Westend (dubiously)—U'm; I don't think so.

Tom de Witt—By Jove! She's smiling at you. You've made an impression, old man!

Reggy Westend—Think so? Oh! I say; she's deuced pretty, isn't she? —Puck.

—Faith in the dictionary created a disturbance on the Strand recently. A draughtsman needed some thumbtacks, and ordered a young French clerk to run out and get "some of these," holding one up. The French for thumb tack is punaise. On looking the word up in the dictionary the only meaning the Frenchman found was bedbug; so he rushed into a stationer's store and asked for sixpenny worth of bugs. The stationer said he did not keep them, the Frenchman insisted that he must have them right away, and at last, sure that he was dealing with a lunatic, the stationer called in the police.

—But forth one wavelet, then another, curled, till the whole sunrise not to be suppressed, rose, reddened, and its seething breast flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world. —Browning.

—Untrained monkeys brought ten dollars each in Venice in the sixteenth century; if trained, they were much more expensive, the price depending on the amount of the training.

—No heart is empty of the humor of curiosity, the beggar being as attentive in his station, to an increase of knowledge, as the prince.—Osborn.

—There are some people who are ravens at home who pass for doves at camp-meeting.—Ram's Horn.

A HARD CUSTOMER.

How a Sagacious Turtle Got Away With a Wiley Blacksnake.

An old New Jersey woodman lately saw a combat between a large blacksnake and a land turtle. The turtle, since its race with the rabbit in the fables of Æsop, has been accredited with much sagacity, and this tale fully proves it. When the combat was first noticed the turtle lay in the middle of a sandy road, his box-like shell tightly closed, while the blacksnake with his head was pounding it upon the back with the hammer-like blows that he can give so forcibly.

When the snake grew tired of pounding the turtle would unclose his "box" and poke out his head, then the blacksnake would begin again. This was kept up till the weary snake was no longer noticed when the turtle's head came out. Then the turtle started crawling along by the side of the snake toward its head. Again the snake renewed its attack, and after several trials, each time tiring out the snake, the turtle reached a point by the snake's side about six inches from his head. Here it reached out its paw and scratched the snake. His snakeship started up to deliver another blow, but not calculating upon the changed location of the turtle, his neck instead of his head struck the now open "box" of the turtle.

Quicker than a flash the shells shut tightly together, and the snake's neck was a prisoner. Wildly the snake tore about the soft sand of the road, tossing the turtle hither and thither, but still the turtle held fast, and the snake's struggles became weaker and weaker, then ceased altogether. When the snake had lain quiet a few moments the shell of the turtle opened slightly and its bright, bead-like eyes peered out. Then he turned around and looked at the snake's tail, but even that ceased to move. Dropping the neck of his antagonist, the turtle then walked around his prostrate foe with triumph in his every motion. An examination of the snake showed that his neck was completely flattened out where it had been shut between the turtle's shell.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A SNAP SHOT.

How an Amateur Photographer Didn't Take Ruth's Picture.

Among the visitors to Washington last spring was a kodaker from the west, who announced to his friends his intention of securing snaps at the White House children before he left the city. One day he spent the morning loitering about the rear groundsuntil about two o'clock when his patience was rewarded by seeing the little ones come down the south portico steps, accompanied by their nurse. The photographer had, in the meantime, scraped acquaintance with the policeman on guard, and having flattered his vanity by taking him in several attitudes, he was prepared to wink at the theft of the faces. The children came nearer, probably on account of that mysterious attraction which always exists between nurses and guardians of the peace, and while the usual flirtations were being conducted Ruth proceeded to peep between the gratings at the stranger. Everything was propitious. The maid's attention was distracted, the child in a most bewitching attitude, while in the carriage near by slumbered the latest scion of the house of Cleveland.

"Snap" went the button, and the deed was done, and not till then did the maid turn around and find the evil that had been accomplished, for she had been warned against that very thing, "the amateur photographer," under pain of dismissal. Grasping the baby carriage by the handle and seizing Ruth by the hand she started off toward the house with a great shaking of her head at the naughty child, who hung back and wanted to see more of the man with "black box." Meanwhile the much-delighted pilgrim had walked off with his treasure with visions of the fame that should be his among his far-off friends, and not until he got back to his hotel did he realize that the whole scheme had miscarried owing to a very reasonable cause—he had forgotten to take the cap off when he took the picture.—Washington Post.

FAITHFUL TO HIS TRUST.

The Remarkable Story of an Indiana Husband's Devotion to His Domestic Duty.

Into the city dispensary recently was brought a man on a stretcher. He was battered and bruised and unconscious. He had been kicked from a bridge to the ground below. He was a strong, rugged looking man. The doctors laid him on the operating table to examine him. They felt his chest and his ribs, his arms and legs, and carefully went over his head, taking stock, as it were, of the broken bones. He was seriously injured, and it was a question in the minds of the doctors as to whether he could recover. When he began to come to his senses he grasped for breath and coughed in a dry, hard way that made the doctors fear an internal hemorrhage. They would not have been surprised to see him give up the struggle.

"He's trying to say something," said one of the physicians. They gathered around him, propped him up slightly and watched him, waiting. The expression on the wounded man's face was full of anxiety, and he seemed to be trying hard to say something important.

"Give him a stimulant," suggested one of the doctors. A glass of whisky was brought and placed to his lips. He drank it all with an evident effort, and between the coughs he gasped out: "I wish—you'd—tell—my—wife—that—the—meat—for dinner's—in—my—coat—pocket." Then he fell back on the table and was carried in an unconscious state to his home.

"Faithful to his wife's last commission," was the doctor's tender comment.—Indianapolis News.

Asleep on the Bottom of a River.

A strange incident in connection with the work of clearing away the debris of the recently wrecked bridge at Louisville is related of the submarine diver whose duty it is to descend to the bottom of the river and fasten chains about the heavy iron work, besides placing dynamite charges in spots where the most desirable results may be had. Yesterday he remained beneath the surface for more than an hour. There was no response when signals were made, and there was uneasiness felt. At length the diver who goes on a relief reported for duty, and he was at once sent down to ascertain what was wrong. In a few minutes both men came up. The diver was found seated on a pile of iron fast asleep.—Marine Journal.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

—Creamed Dried Beef: One tablespoonful of butter browned in a frying-pan. Put in about half a pound of chipped beef and let it get thoroughly hot. Pour in about one cup of milk and thicken with a little flour and water. Scrambled eggs put around the beef are a nice addition to it.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Oyster Toast: Scald a quart of oysters in their own liquor; take them out and pound them in a mortar; when they form a paste add a little cream and season with pepper and salt; have ready some nice pieces of toast, spread the oyster paste upon them in the oven for a few minutes to heat.—St. Louis Republic.

—Coffee stains, even when there is cream in the coffee, can be removed from the most delicate silk or woolen fabrics by brushing the spots with pure glycerine; rinse in lukewarm water and press on the wrong side with a warm iron. The glycerine absorbs both the coloring matter and the grease.—Leeds Mercury.

—Egg-Balls: Boil four eggs ten minutes. Drop into cold water, and when cool remove the yolks. Pound these in a mortar until reduced to a paste and then beat them with a teaspoonful of salt, a speck of pepper and the white of one raw egg. Form the balls about the size of a walnut. Roll in flour and fry brown in butter or chicken-fat, being careful not to burn.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Rebel Corn Cake: Take two cups of hominy boiled soft; while hot mix in a large spoonful of butter. Beat four eggs very light and stir into the hominy when cold, and add gradually one pint of milk. Lastly add half a pint of corn meal. The batter should be of the consistency of a rich-boiled custard. Bake in a deep pan.—Boston Budget.

—Angel Cake: Directions have been given many times for this cake, but in order to have perfect success, the greatest care must be exercised both as to the quality of the ingredients and in putting them together; the measuring must also be done with great exactness. Take five ounces of flour, one-half pound powdered sugar, one pint whites of eggs, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one teaspoonful extract vanilla. Put the flour, sugar and cream tartar together and sift twice; beat up the whites of eggs dry and stiff, and a teaspoonful powdered sugar. Do not beat too much. Now combine together carefully, put the vanilla in when you are stirring in the ingredients, but don't stir too much. Put the mixture in a square pan and bake in a moderate oven about twenty-five minutes. Take from the oven and turn bottom up immediately to cool. When cool, pass a small knife around the sides of the pan to loosen the cake and it will drop out. —Western Rural.

THE NEW SKIRTS.

Variety in Gowns and Much of Their Chic Will Lie in Them.

The variety in new gowns, and also much of their chic, lie in the skirt. No one style is preferred above all others. There are seldom two skirts precisely alike, yet all are very plain. All are made full at the foot and scant at the top, but they are of most various widths. Each famous Paris house has its own models, differing from those of its neighbors in many ways, particularly in the number of breadths and in the way of supporting them, whether by steels, hair-cloth, canvas or crinoline, or by omitting all interlining in favor of very soft folds. New fabrics require different treatment, and the cut varies as the skirts are meant for the house or the street, for driving or walking, for general use or for dress or evening wear. There are skirts appropriate for the short or the tall, the stout or the slender figure, and thus something satisfactory to all tastes is found, and there is fair promise of much individuality in dress when the new gowns are worn.

The lining of taffeta or of percaline is first fitted on the wearer, and with as much care as is waist lining. If darts are necessary to fit the hips they are now often in the lining only. All the breadths of the lining are sewed together, and ecru canvas or gray haircloth is basted smoothly on the seam side, extending to the top of the four back breadths, and about ten inches deep across the front and sides. The woolen outside breadths having been sewed together, the skirt and its lining are joined by a seam around the foot, then turned with all seams inside, and tacked occasionally in the seams with blind stitches. When a bias seam comes directly down the middle of the back it is sometimes thought best to sew the outside and lining together down this seam, pressing it open flatly and binding each edge. This, however, is more seldom done at present than formerly. A wide wool braid is stitched twice around the foot of the skirt next the lining, or else an inch-wide bias band of velveteen covers the seam and protects the edge by extending slightly below it. There is a tendency to do away with the balayeuse or dust ruffle on street gowns, as the silk of which it is made soon wears shabby, and must be often renewed. The flat belt should be of silk belting an inch wide, stitched on a silk lining. A single rubber strap, or else a strong ribbon, is placed quite high across the godet folds to hold the curves in shape, and it is said a wire is to cross near the plaited top of these folds to make them project slightly.—Harper's Bazar.

Fur-Lined Garments.

For midwinter are graceful long Russian coats of cloth, in golden-brown, reddish-brown, black, or gray cloths, covering the costume entirely, lapped to the left side with a huge shawl-collar of fur, the sleeves very large, and the lining throughout of a warm fur such as jeannet, the dark whole-gray squirrel lining, or else the lighter squirrel linings.

There are also tailor-made coats of Oxford-gray, beige, or black cloth in three-quarter length with strapped seams, and lined throughout with squirrel-back skins, giving a whole-gray surface. These have large revers and collar of Persian-lamb fur, and cost from seventy-five dollars to one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Fur-lined circulars are of two lengths, one reaching just below the knee, the other covering the dress skirt entirely. —Harper's Bazar.

—Lake George was called after the second English king of that name. It was also designated: Lac St. Sacrement, by Pere Isaac Jaques, while the Mohicans called it Andiatarocte, "Place Where the Lake Closes."