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 26, 1895. VOL. XX.—NO. 5.

GOD'S CARE.

But the hairs of your head are all numbered.
—Matt. 10:30.

My mother's hand was often laid
Upon my head in fond caress,
And often has she paused to braid
In smoother form the loosened tress;
Again, with careful hands she wrought
The satin sheen upon my hair,
Or laid, with loving mother-thought,
The rose 'gainst brown to make it fair.

If, tossing on a bed of pain
Through long and weary days, the strands
Like sadly-tangled web became,
What tender touch was in her hands,
As part by part she straightened it
And smoothed it o'er, the while she gave,
With cheering voice and face love-lit,
Some word to make the heart more brave.

Her loving watch-care o'er my head
Was constant as the vital breath;
But never yet hath it been said:
"Thy very hairs she numbereth."
Oh, Father's love, unfathomed yet!
Like voice when mother comforteth,
Close to our need this word is set:
"Thy very hairs He numbereth."
—Fannie L. Hall, in Chicago Advance.

A FALSE MASCOT.

BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

King was giving a dinner in honor of his promotion. He was first lieutenant now, and had a fair chance of paying off some of his debts. Not that he was a young man of particularly extravagant habits; but a second lieutenant, be he married or single, is always more or less in debt. He is expected and forced by an unwritten law to make quite as good a showing as his colonel and to keep up quite as much of an appearance.

The dinner was a little unique. All the officers were to leave at one o'clock that morning on a scout. They were in their field clothes, at King's request, and had already the rough, unshaven look of men able and willing to do or dare anything. In the hall of King's bachelor quarters their felt scouting hats hung on the rack; on the porches of their own houses their mess-kits, ready packed, stood waiting to be strapped upon the mules; their clothing and bedding, wrapped in shelter-tents and ponchos, were beside the chests.

Here in the dining-room—lighted by a lamp which King had admired while on leave, and had gone a month into debt to buy, and another which, in a fit of economy, he had obtained from the quartermaster, and which hung in uncompromising ugliness over the table—sat a company of twelve. Women in evening-gowns, strangely beautiful and modish in contrast to their surroundings, and men in uniforms very shiny at the seams, blue flannel shirts and top-boots; they were cavalrymen, and belonged to King's regiment. Their gayety was not that of prisoners just before execution, although there was the chance that any-one, or possibly all, of them might never come back alive; but when one has become used to going off every spring, and sometimes every autumn, to chase—how often in vain!—the wily red man, one ceases to consider the possibilities of the outcome, and besides it is not often that officers are killed in Indian fights: there is frequently a pretty animated exchange of bullets, but the death list is not heavy.

Howbeit, there are exceptions to the rule. So these men, each one under a possible sentence of death, and these women, each one, perchance, to say good-by forever to the man at her side, talked and laughed in utter carelessness, finding only an added zest in the rough clothing of the men, and a little deeper interest in the plans they were laying for their camps and their discussions of the contents of the mess-chests.

The dinner did not go off without a hitch; that was hardly to be expected in this far-off part of the world, a hundred or more miles from the nearest railroad, dependent on a commissary department and a sutler's for its supplies; but nothing mattered and nothing was noticed.

After a time they all rose and went out on the porch, where the men smoked their cigars. They had not stayed at the table and sent the women into the parlor this time. They were army officers and preferred their feminine friends to their tobacco, and each one was glad to ignore a custom which made it the proper thing to deprive himself of the women for even so short a time; they were glad of the excuse which the coming parting gave them of making the most of the few remaining hours.

The night was dully dark, the outlines of the foothills and the mountains beyond them could not be seen, but a flicker of light in the distance, from some Indian signal fires, told where they were. Coyotes were howling up by the graveyard, there was a sound of preparation in the barracks and occasionally the neigh of a horse at the stables.

The sergeant of the guard called out "ten o'clock," and the officers made a movement to get their hats; there was still much to be done before the night march commenced. King sat on the railing of the porch, talking to a woman leaning against a post. He could not see her, but knew that her beautiful face was there close to his.

That was enough. He was asking for a promise before he should start off into the heavy darkness across the plains. But the woman had no wish to promise; she enjoyed King's uncertainty far too much; it would have been commonplace to have been engaged—she had discovered that on previous occasions—but to have him for a suitor would not be so bad; he was handsome, manly, brave and her abject slave. Besides, if she were to bind herself she felt that this time, with this man, she would have to keep her word.

She laughed slowly as he continued to beg the promise. "I'll tell you what I'll do; I will give you the next best thing to me—a picture of myself. I am always a mascot; my picture will be more of one. I will give it to you when you start; of course, we'll all be there to see you off. Now, remember," she went on, waxing eloquent as the charm of her idea grew upon her, and speaking with conviction—"remember that wherever you may go, in whatever peril you may be, whoever shall threaten or warn you, you need have no fear; if I were there in person I would be exempt from danger; so my picture—my other me—will also be, and if it is with you no harm can come near."

And King had to be content. There was no time for any more, for the men were leaving and orderlies passing backward and forward.

Through the sightless darkness King walked home with the girl and caught no glimpse of the face he kissed so tenderly at parting. Out of the blackness a hand he could not see rested on his; up from the gulf of the night two lips were raised to his; then he turned and walked back to his quarters, lit a cigar, and gave his striker orders concerning the disposal of his scouting outfit.

In the silence of midnight the troops rode away. The tramp of their horses, the muffled clanking of their accoutrements could be heard, but not a thing seen save the burning points of light from the officers' cigarettes. The signal fires of the Indians flashed and went out on the mountains. There were no bugle calls, no loud orders even, for the enemy had its spies lurking behind every mes quite-bush, gliding beside every trail.

In front of the commanding officer's, the officers halted before they started off; the women, still in their evening gowns, crowded around them to say good-by. They could recognize faces only when the light from the commandant's windows fell upon them, beyond that all was dark.

King waited for the mascot that had been promised him, and was despairing, when he felt something hard slipped between his fingers and heard a voice, which seemed to come out of the inky air, murmur: "Adios."

"Adios," he answered, and followed the sound of the hoofs of his captain's horse.

In the midst of the chaparral, trotting slowly along with the column, he struck a match and looked at the bit of pasteboard in his hand. The light was uncertain, but he could make out a head and neck, and the eyes seemed to glitter. Then a gust of wind blew out the match, and a coyote yelped near by.

The rations were almost out, and orders were to return to the post for fresh supplies. King was happy at the prospect, naturally. He drew out his mascot from time to time and looked at the beautiful face thereon, the lips half parted, the eyes glancing from under heavy lids; it was only a head, with masses of fluffy hair fading into the shaded background, but it was beautiful, perfect.

The twilight came on. They had marched all the afternoon; they were weary of chasing phantoms, of following useless trails. They passed through a pine forest and the darkness deepened.

A creek at the bottom of a gully flowed along in the shadow of the pines. The column went down to it, listening to the sound of the rippling water. All else was quiet. Suddenly no one spoke. The black wings of the pines, like a shadow of doom, lay over the troops.

A crack, a hiss, a bullet striking through flesh, a startled murmur, orders ringing on the air in the midst of the shots, then the soldiers returned the fire of their unseen foes. On all sides they were surrounded, but the gully was wide enough for a little maneuvering; the men got under the shelter of an abrupt rising of the bank, and had only to defend themselves from three sides.

They were badly frightened—not as cowards, but as men who are fond of life and mean to sell it dearly. It was an ugly position, and not a few fell face downward in the dancing mountain stream. The only person who seemed completely to ignore the danger was King. A cigarette between his teeth, he strolled, with apparently utter carelessness, up and down under cover of the bullets of his men and in full range of the Indians hidden up above behind the tree trunks.

Some way the thought of the mascot under his coat gave him a sense of security. He heard again the sound of the voice which said to him from the darkness: "If my picture is with you, no harm can come near." He felt again the touch of the phantom-like hand, the warmth of the lips he could not see.

There was a sharp pain in his breast. He gave a little cry and fell, his fair head half buried in the pine-needles.

The girl, when she heard of it from the dust-stained courier, grew uneasy. She was afraid that her picture might be found on the body, and that the man she had promised to marry—the middle-aged colonel, who had great ideas of her constancy—might hear of it.

But he did not. There was a photograph found in King's pocket, but the bullet had plowed right through the face, and it was so smeared with blood as to be unrecognizable. It was sent back east to his family.—San Francisco Argonaut.

THE MOORISH MERCHANT.

He Plays a Little Trick on His Mercenary Relatives.

A merchant sailed over the sea to a distant country, where he made a large fortune by his industry and cleverness.

Many years after he returned home.

When he landed he heard that his relations had met to dine at a neighboring country house. He hurried there, and did not even wait to change his clothes, which had got somewhat damaged on the voyage.

When he entered the room where his relations were assempled they did not seem very glad to see him, because they thought that his shabby clothes proved that he was not very rich. A young Moor, whom he brought with him, was angry at their want of feeling, and said: "Those are bad men, for they do not rejoice at seeing their relation, after his long absence."

"Wait a moment," said the merchant in a whisper, "they will soon change their manner."

He put a ring which he had in his pocket on his finger, and behold all the faces brightened, and they pressed round dear Cousin William. Some shook hands with him, others embraced him, and all contended for the honor of taking him home.

"Has the ring bewitched them?" asked the Moor.

"Oh, no," said the merchant, "but they guess by it that I am rich, and that has more power over them than anything else."

"Oh, you blind men!" then exclaimed the Moor, it is not the ring that bewiched you, but the love of money. How is it possible that you can value yellow metal and transparent stones more highly than my master, who is such a noble man?"

"Wealth maketh many friends, but the poor is separated from his neighbor."—Philadelphia Press.

—Green River, Ky., was named after Gen. Nathaniel Greene, of the revolution.

FARMER AND PLANTER

HOG FEEDING.

The Advantages of Feeding Slop to Fattening Animals.

I find it profitable to feed slop of some kind to hogs a good part of the time, not only during growth, but in finishing for market. Good slop fed to the brood sow gives her good material with which to manufacture milk for her pigs. Fed to growing pigs it supplies the material needed for a good growth, and development of bone and muscle. In finishing for market it adds to the variety, lessens the cost, keeps with a better appetite, and secures better results at a lower cost.

With fattening hogs one of the best plans of management is to have the slop all mixed up ready, and then feed them a liberal quantity before feeding them their grain. This will, in nearly all cases, secure a better digestion and assimilation of the food. It will be an advantage to give them some slop with their grain. That they will relish it can be easily seen by the fact that when it is given them in this way they will eat a part of their grain and then go to the trough and eat more or less slop, and keep this up all of the time that they are eating.

With growing pigs slop is much the one-part feed. Even when deemed to feed considerable corn, in a majority of cases it will pay to grind. Mix with bran or middling and make into a slop, and feed in this way rather than to feed whole. Corn is one of the best, if not the best feeding material that can be supplied when it is desired to fatten rapidly, yet better results at a less cost can be secured if this is fed in connection with something else.

The fact has been stated time and again that no one material supplies all of the elements needed, either for growth or fattening, in just the right proportion to secure the best results at the lowest cost, and it is upon this basis that a variety is needed if the feeding is done most economically. Then when fed for any time upon any one article of feed it is but natural that the animals would tire of it, at least to some extent, and will not do as well as if a variety is given.

In order to maintain a thrifty gain it is very important to keep the hogs with a good appetite. They must eat well if they gain well, and slop given with the feed will help to keep with a good appetite.

In very many cases it will pay to purchase bran, middling and oil meal to feed to the growing and fattening hogs, rather than to be obliged to depend upon corn, as in fact any other kind of grain alone, or at least, this has been my experience, and I feed more or less slop to my hogs every day in the year.—Cor. Farm and Ranch.

VALUABLE HINTS.

Protection of Fruit and Vegetables in Transit.

A bulletin which has just been sent out by Prof. Mark W. Harrington, chief of the weather bureau, gives the opinions gathered from many shippers of perishable products throughout the country in relation to the proper protection of fruits and vegetables by heat and cold during transportation. These men generally concur in the statement that the danger in transportation from freezing has been eliminated by modern methods. The so-called lined car, which has a partition of tongued and grooved boards at the sides and ends, placed so as to leave an air space of about four inches, answers for spring and autumn and during most winter weather, while the Eastman heating car in extreme weather has proved a perfect protection. Perishable goods can be shipped with safety in ordinary freight cars when the outside temperature is 20 degrees Fahrenheit, and in refrigerator cars when it is 10 degrees. Fruit wrapped in heavy brown paper will endure 15 degrees more cold than if it is not so wrapped. Dampness is very injurious, and products which are shipped in a dry condition can endure a much lower degree of temperature without injury than under moist conditions. It should always be remembered that the kind of packing which keeps out the cold will keep in the heat, so that there is often more danger from heating by process of decomposition than from injury by the cold. When a north wind is blowing on the prairie, cars which contain fruit are often covered with canvas on the north side. Oranges that have been frozen may be thawed without injury by putting them in cold water or in tight barrels immediately after arriving, allowing them to thaw out gradually. These are some of the points picked almost at random from what is altogether a most instructive circular.

A FEW HINTS

On How to Become a Poor and Unsuccessful Farmer.

Sleep in the morning just as late as possible. Sleep until mother or wife or sister have gotten up, made the fires, drawn the wather, cooked the breakfast. Devour as much as possible of the unrelished breakfast, and grumble all the time because it is unrelished.

If the morning is damp, or the work isn't pushing, or you don't feel like pushing it, just flop yourself down with a newspaper and enjoy the news in the freshness of the morning while your mind is freest of care. Or if you do not read, saunter off to a neighbor's house and steal as much of his time as you can, talking about "hard times." By all means, idle away the snowy months of winter. Do not think of repairing fences, clearing new ground, making compost, etc., until you are ready to use them and the crop is all in a push. Then hire hands to do this work, and pay them in cash that should be used to improve the farm.

Do not think of such a thing as keeping a set of farm books. Book-keeping is for town folks who work for success. Never calculate, never count the cost, never look ahead. "Sufficient unto the day," is your motto. Mustn't broaden your ideas on Bible doctrine, but clinch them down narrow with hide-bound, old-time, "Hardshell" principles.

Be sure to leave your plows, tools, harness, etc., where you last used them, to take all the sunshine and fresh air, and next year you'll be surprised to know that what ain't rusted and rotted is stolen, and you are left to console yourself with a bran new outfit, on a credit.

If the day should be rainy, don't pretend to work; it might give you and the hands cold. Though the stables and cow-stalls need cleaning badly and the crib is all in a muss, just leave them for a sunshiny day, when you are needed in the field—to feel you are needed spurs you up and makes you work better.

Never economize time: you might be a success if you did, but howl at your "old woman" every time she wants a new dress or a pair of shoes, or craves a ham or has a biscuit left over. And always wear a long face.—Bessie Lackey Stapleton, in Dixie Farmer.

OPERATING INCUBATORS.

Some Practical Hints From the Standard American Poultry Book.

The Standard American Poultry Book gives the following condensed rules for successfully operating incubators:

1. Keep the temperature as near 103 degrees as possible.
2. Turn the eggs twice a day.
3. Cool them well once a day.
4. Place wet sponges in the egg drawer, from which to impart moisture.
5. Avoid handling the eggs, using gloves if necessary.
6. Allow plenty of ventilation in the room where the machine is operated.
7. When the chicks are coming out do not open the drawer, as cool air then is injurious.
8. Let the chicks dry well before removing them to the brooder.
9. Select eggs only from strong, healthy stock, rejecting those that are very small, very large, misshapen or otherwise imperfect.
10. Keep strangers away, especially if they wish to inspect the egg drawer.
11. Have regular hours for doing all the work.
12. Do not believe that a child can manage it. Persons beginning with incubators will probably have little success in operating it at first, but should not become discouraged. No one can take a new machine and run it successfully until he has learned to manage it. Regulating the heat and amount of moisture can only be learned by experience.—Farmers' Home Journal.

Treatment of Dry Cows.

A cow that is dry should be fed with such food as will furnish an abundance of nutrition without largely increasing the proportion of fat. It is the poorest kind of economy to let a dry cow run down in flesh, and it is almost as bad to make her fat. She should be kept in a good thrifty condition and in as perfect health as possible, for not only the health of her offspring and its future value for beef or milk depends on these things, but the value of the cow as a milker is affected for good or bad by her condition during the period of gestation. If a cow is skin poor at the time the calf is dropped she will not give as much milk as she would if in good condition, nor can she be fed so as to cause her to increase her flow to what it would have been if she had been properly cared for. It is quite a common thing to have cows come in in the fall for winter milkers, and these are dry during that part of the year when pasturage is at its poorest and insects are most numerous, and from these two causes dairy cattle are likely to become reduced in flesh. If dry cows are not attended to at this time and given a supplementary ration they often become thin and out of condition, and when once this happens it is hard to bring them back. It follows that the best course is to prevent this from occurring, for upon attention to this matter depends the profit from keeping the cow.—American Farmer.

To Increase Cotton Production.

The best method of increasing the cotton preduction is that of sowing in small grain each year one-half of the tillable land, being careful not to cultivate the same field in cotton two years in succession. The cotton crop, like that of corn, flourishes best when there is sufficient decaying vegetable matter in the soil to retain moisture enough, added by constant cultivation of the surfact, to counteract the hot, dry weather which occurs during the period of its growth.

HERE AND THERE.

—Oats and bran are better feed for sheep than corn.

—Sixty thousand acres are devoted to celery growing in America.

—Cheaply bred stock usually brings cheap prices. Raise good stock—the best you possibly can, for in the end it is the most profitable.

—A pig is an an animal with a robust appetite if he is healty; and if you want to make him profitable, you must feed him bountiful. See how much he can eat; not how little.

—The orchard needs as much attention as any other crop. We can not get something from nothing in the orchard any more than we can in the corn field.

—Farmers, you who are in the habit of buying your farm animals, stop! You can raise them much more economically than you can buy them. The man who sells them to you makes a profit that you could make.

—"Variety is the spice of life." It is also the spice of good living. Plant plenty of turnips, pumpkins, sorghum, fodder, corn, etc., for your stock. Horses, hogs and cattle love variety as well as you do, and it pays to let them have it.

—It will cost no more to raise a good horse than a plug or a scrub if you are a humane man and feed as you should. Have none but good mares and breed them to none but good draft stallions with good pedigrees, if you want to raise stock that will pay you.

—A male of any of the improved varieties will quickly make a marked impression on a flock of mongrel hens. Half-bred Leghorn pullets next winter will add 50 per cent. to the amount of eggs you may receive from your common stock of hens on hand now.

—A week or ten days of heavy feeding will materially add to the condition of ducks and chickens, and procure better prices. Turkeys and geese require longer, but, if thrifty, can usually be well fatted for market with two weeks of liberal feeding on a fattening rations.

—If instead of selling your surplus oats, corn, hay, etc., you will raise enough cattle, hogs and poultry to consume it, you will find that both your purse and your farm are getting richer. By feeding it to your own stock you make two profits on your own produce besides the value of the manure you thus get.

—The farmer never gets out of a job; there are no strikes. He who has a family to support is saved a great deal of worry and anxiety because his income, even if small, is sure. There should be self-congratulation on the farm these hard times, when so many of our fellows throughout the world are out of employment.

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—Pumpkin Bread.—Sift one quart of corn meal, add a teacup of stewed pumpkin and a teaspoonful of salt. Make up with warm water; bake in pones and send to the table hot.

—Squash Pie.—A cupful of cold squash is sufficient for one pie. Beat into it half a cupful of sugar and two eggs and add enough rich milk to fill the pie plate. Flavor with a dusting of nutmeg on top. If the squash has not been salted add a pinch of salt. Bake in one crust until the egg is fully set.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Salted Almonds.—Shell, blanch and dry half a pound of almonds. Lay them in a clean tin pan with a couple of teaspoonfuls of butter and put them in a rather hot oven. Shake the pan frequently that the almonds may color equally. When of a uniform light brown take them out, drain them in a colander on brown paper and sprinkle them lightly with salt.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Stewed Shoulder of Mutton.—Bone a nice shoulder of foreign mutton and lay it flat on a board. Flatten it with a knife and lay a layer of veal stuffing over. Roll round and round, and bind into place with wide tape. Stew it slowly till tender in good stock, flavored with an onion stuck with cloves and two or three long peppers. After about two hours' careful stewing, or longer, if it is a large joint, wipe it carefully, brush over with well-beaten egg, scatter crumbs over and brown it nicely in the oven. Serve with a good gravy and red currant jelly. This joint goes much further than an ordinary roast shoulder of mutton and is far more delicately flavored.—Leeds Mercury.

—Oyster Salad.—To a two-pound can of cove oysters beat with four eggs half a teacup of cream, rather more of vinegar, a piece of butter larger than an egg, one tablespoonful of celery seed, half a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, one tablespoonful of Coleman's mustard, some salt, black pepper and a suspicion of sugar. Put all on the fire in a saucepan over a vessel of boiling water. Stir constantly until the consistency of thick cream, then add a dozen rolled and sifted crackers, drain the oysters, place in a dish layers of oysters and dressing; garnish with parsley and sliced eggs hard-boiled. Warm the vinegar before adding it, as it will otherwise curdle the dressing.—St. Louis Republic.

—Stewed Calf's Liver.—Choose a nice fat one, rather white in color, lard it through with bacon in a pan. Fry a quarter of a pound of bacon in a pan, when crisp add a tablespoonful of flour, keep stirring until a nice, yellow color, then put in the liver whole, turn around now and then until it is a little firm, then add a pint of broth or water, a bouquet of parsley, thyme and bay leaves, a little salt, pepper and an onion chopped. Simmer one hour. Take off the fat, remove the bouquet, dish the liver. If the gravy is not thick enough add a little cornstarch mixed smooth in a very little cold water, let it boil up for a few minutes, pour over the liver and serve. If a little gelatine is added to the sauce, and the liver with the sauce strained, put into a round basin and pressed down and left until cold, it will make a nice dish for supper or luncheon. If required to be rewarmed cut into slices, put it in a sauce pan with a drop or two of water added to the gravy.—Boston Budget.

HORSES IN ARGENTINA.

Efforts to Improve the Native Breed by Crossing with Imported Stock.

The Argentine Republic has lately issued a pamphlet entitled "The Horse, the Ass, and the Mule." It contains a great deal of information about the horse of that country. The Argentine Republic occupies the third place in the world so far as the breeding of horses is concerned. Russia comes first, while the United States holds second place.

The horse has been an important factor in the civilization of the South American people, as it formerly constituted their chief means of transportation. All journeys were made on horseback, several remounts being made by each rider. Only when heavy and bulky merchandise had to be carried did the people use carts drawn by oxen. They also used pack mules.

Fifty years ago horses lived in a wild state and managed to draw away to their wild life small herds of domesticated animals. They had increased in a most extraordinary manner. The country was not very prosperous at that time, whole ranches were abandoned by their owners and on some deserted cattle farms there were as many as fifty thousand wild horses. At present most of the herds are domesticated.

The common breed of horses in the republic are crivollos. They were the original breed, but of late years breeders have been crossing them with imported stock from England and this country. The horses are of fair size, fourteen to fifteen hands high. They are strong and healthy animals possessing great power of endurance. They don't require much feed, as they are content with the pasture they find in the fields. In the country districts owing to the sandy nature of the soil the horses are never shod.

In the province of Montes Grandes, the horses are famous for their size. They are bigger and stronger than the ordinary crivollos. By the last census there were four million, two hundred and sixty-two thousand, nine hundred and seventeen horses in the Argentine Republic.—N. Y. Sun.

Drapery Ties.

A pretty device for catching up the drapery over a low and arched doorway was seen the other day. the drapery itself was one long breadth of very short-napped plush of an ashes-of-roses shade. In the center it was carried through a large brass ring, held in the mouth of a lion's head. This head, about the size of an orange, was also of brass. At the sides the drapery was caught up by several rings, without the head. Novel curtain ties from the East Indies are of clear beads about the size and shape of a pecan nut. These ties are of pale and dark green, of sapphire blue and dark red alternating, or all of one color. A pale-green curtain embroidered in gold thread and looped back with one of these necklaces in emerald green is a happy combination.—N. Y. Post.

Acids and the Teeth.

It is always a safe measure after eating anything acid to brush the teeth as soon as possible. Limes or lemons are bad for them, and it may be doubted if tomatoes are not hurtful. Certainly it is best to be on the sure side and avoid any harm by going to one's toothbrush after any meal which has contained vinegar, lemon juice or any solid sour substance. — Philadelphia Press.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—Along with the Napoleonic revival has come an interest in the furniture of the first empire. The dealers in old furniture have never of recent years despised this cumbrous and ornate style but they are now giving it special consideration. Vastly uglier things in veneer sell well, perhaps because they have the heaviness of the other.

—The United States has not a particularly large military establishment—in fact, it is regarded as meager for such an extensive territory, neither has it many posts from which the sun is saluted at morning and evening. Still it costs the government twenty thousand dollars annually for ammunition for the morning and evening gun, which figures out the expense at fifty-four dollars and seventy-nine cents for each of the three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.

—One manufacturer in New York makes wedding cake boxes in fifteen styles of eight sizes, which are sold at from \$3.75 to \$36 a hundred; a box at \$4.50 a hundred is one of which the greatest number are sold. Sometimes boxes of one style and another are made more expensive by greater elaborateness of finish, perhaps by hand painting, by the stamping of a monogram, and so on. For one wedding in another city there were sold 600 satin boxes at \$30 a hundred, all of which were hand painted.

—It looks as if watch-case engraving might afford occupation to some of the engravers driven out of their trade by one or another photo-engraving process. Some good and interesting work of the kind is now done upon watch cases, and elaborate designs are executed upon gold and silver. Sometimes a design upon gold is set into the back of a silver watch. This is a very delicate and pretty device, and after the watch has been carried a few years even a crudely executed bit of engraving wears down to a pleasing delicacy.

—A great town meeting was held in Dorchester, Mass., on May 23, 1776, to decide what stand should be taken in supporting the actions of the continental congress. This was at best a mere formality, as Dorchester had made it evident that any measure which tended toward liberty would receive its unqualified support. However, the sentiment of the meeting, "that if the continental congress should think it best to declare an independency with Great Britain, we will support them with our lives and fortunes," settled any doubts which might have existed. When the declaration of independence was made, six weeks later, it was transcribed in full on the town records.

—Two relics of Abraham Lincoln of very exceptional interest have just been added to the museum at the house in which he died, 516 Tenth street, Washington, D. C. The first is the Lincoln family Bible, owned by the president's parents, and having his name on the inside of the cover in a childish, scrawling hand. It is of a rare edition of 1799. From this book Mr. Lincoln derived that wide and accurate knowledge of the Scriptures that marks all his speeches and state papers to an extent unequaled by any other American public man. The book bears the evidence of much use, but it is in a good state of preservation. The second relic is a deed, all in Mr. Lincoln's hand, bearing date the 25th of October, 1841, and in a perfect condition as to legibility. This is one of the most interesting autographs of Mr. Lincoln in existence. These articles have become the property of the Memorial Association of the District of Columbia, through the generosity of one of its members, Mr. Gardiner G. Hubbard.

THE SILENCE CURE.

A Physician Who Says Women Hurt Their Nerves by Talking Too Much.

I have two or three patients who are ill with nervous prostration and who could be cured if they would stop talking, said a nerve specialist the other day. They waste their nerve tissue as fast as I can supply it, and they are on the verge of hysterics and acute nervous pain all the time. A woman, if she be inclined to talk too much, should time herself just as she would take medicine, and allow herself only just so many minutes of talk.

Now, the other day a woman who is troubled with insomnia came in my office for treatment. She had been taking drugs. She told me about her troubles and her tongue rang like the clapper of a farmhouse bell at dinner time. I thought she never would let up. Finally I stopped her.

"Do you talk as much as that very often, madam?" I asked.

She drew herself up and said in an offended tone, "This is no laughing matter, doctor, I assure you. I am worn out from lack of sleep; and though my family do all things possible to divert my mind, and I make calls and see people all the time I get steadily worse. I am worn to a shadow. Why last summer——"

And so her tongue rattled on, until I again had to stop her.

"Now listen to my prescription," I said. "Go home and keep still. Don't talk. Time your tongue waggings. At breakfast allow your husband to read the newspaper without interruption. After breakfast sew a little in your own room. Read as much as you please. Walk long distances if you are strong enough. Do not make many calls. At dinner talk all you please, but spend a quiet evening. If you go to the theater do not talk much during play. Exercise a little self-denial. It will be hard at first, for you are a chatterer, but if you persevere you will succeed, and your nervous system will get rest."

What did she say to that? Well, I do not think she liked it. But if she took me seriously I think I can cure her in a month.

Do I have many such cases? Well, I should say I did! It is almost safe to declare that there never is a case of real acute nervousness unless the woman is a talker. With a man it is different. He may worry himself into insanity, or complete loss of brain power, if his business goes wrong. But the very nervous woman is seldom a worrier. She is the woman of leisure with a small family—few in numbers I mean—to direct. She buys their food, their clothing, hires the servants and "keeps house." She has no real worries. But does she think she has? Oh, dear, yes! She thinks she has more to do than any other woman of her acquaintance.

"Keep quiet a few hours every day and you will be a well woman," is what I tell half my woman patients. When I can persuade them to try it they come back and say: "Why, doctor, I haven't been nervous enough to fly since I began to try your queer prescription."—N. Y. Sun.

LESSONS IN FACE READING

According to the Modified Theory of Phrenologists.

The human character is divided into two parts, the animal and the intellectual. I say animal first, because the propensities are always the strongest, the intellect located in the brain having to keep in subjection to the requirements of the whole body. The three principal features are the eyes, the nose and the mouth, and each of these features has its part to play in forming the part of the individual. The eyes, being located directly under the brain, are the feature of intellect and intelligent emotions; the nose, being formed of bone and cartilage, shows, according to its height and prominence, the executive power of the individual; the greater the height and prominence of the bone the more executiveness; and the mouth, which is composed of blood, tissue, nerves and muscles, is the feature which interprets the quality of the passions and senses. Thus the forehead and eyes are the intellectual, the nose and cheek bones the executive, and the mouth and chin the animal features, each defined according to its degree of development. The top of the eye-sockets in the region of the perceptive faculties, which are located in the brain at the back of the frontal sinus, and the faculties are estimated in value according to their external prominence.

The organs which are most discernible may be mentioned as follows: Form, color, order, calculation, time, tune, constructiveness, causality, comparison, memory and congruity; but to be able to define them accurately you must learn their exact location, and also be very practiced in noting their gradations at a glance. The eyes being the feature of intellect, we will commence by explaining their characteristics. Note particularly the manner in which they are placed in their sockets. There is more shrewdness with deep-set eyes than with prominent ones. The deeper the eyes are set in the head the greater their proximity to the brain. Dr. Stretch-Dowse, in writing of the nerve agent's velocity of transmission, says:

This estimation of velocity varies in regard to different individuals. In fact, we know from daily observation how variable in different individuals is the rapidity of the sensitive and sensorial excitations, and that of the consecutive motor reactions. How common the remark that such a person's understanding is lively and active, or slow and dull. The difficulty which some persons have in catching a joke, which at once makes other people laugh, is a striking example of inequality of perception. To be shrewd the brow must overhang the eyes; when the eyes are level with the forehead it then denotes a lack of perception, and such people are dull and wanting in grasp. A projecting eye more readily receives impressions from surrounding objects, it indicates ready and universal observations, but a lack of close scrutiny and perception of individual things. Deep-set eyes receive more definite and accurate impressions, but their possessors are less readily impressive and less discursive in their views. Round-eyed persons see much and live much in the senses, but think less. Narrow-eyed persons see less, but think more and feel more intensely. The larger the pupil of the eye, the clearer the intellect and the quicker the powers of comprehension. People who show the whites above and below the pupil are generally very restless and half simple; you will seldom find this kind of eye in clever or sensible people; it is generally known as the stupid eye.

The color of the eyes is caused by fluids of various tints and shades, the darker the more condensed in quality. Thus dark eyes indicate power, and light one's delicacy. There are no such things as black eyes, though they are often written and spoken about. The darkness is caused simply by a condensation of the pigment which, if dissolved in spirit or acid, would be of the palest yellow tint. There are many characteristics applied to the color of the eyes, but I fear there is no anatomical basis for them. There is certainly more passion and intensity in dark eyes, whereas gray and light eyes are calculating, cool and precise. One generally hears of gray-eyed people being greedy; but this greed seems to me to be more the outcome of calculation and anxiety for gain than for the satisfaction or gratification of the physical senses. Prominence or fullness under the eyes indicates large language, and persons with prominent eyes are ready speakers and writers.

The organ of language, or eloquence, as it ought more properly to be called, lies in the brain behind the ball of the eye, at the top; and, when large, it pushes the eye outward and downward, causing prominence or anterior projection. Prof. Ferrier and other anatomists have localized this organ in the same position as the phrenologists—namely, the third frontal convolution of the brain, but they term it speech, which is a more correct interpretation, as people are apt to imagine that the word language means the faculty to learn or speak foreign languages. That would be quickness of learning, and is called application. Language in this sense means eloquence, and great speakers and writers have this particular fullness under the eyes. You must be careful not to confound this fullness with "bagginess," the result generally of ill-health or dissipation.

The eyes of Charles Dickens, Disraeli, Gladstone, Shakespeare, Byron and many other great writers and speakers illustrate the organ of language. Musicians are generally fully developed under the eyes, but that is due to the development of the organs of time and tune, which lie at the top of the eyeball. Music is the language of the soul, and expresses itself in sound, as ideas would in speech. There is a great deal of character in the eyes, and their fleeting expressions alone show all the mental emotions of mirth, fear, anger, horror, love and astonishment.—N. Y. Advertiser.

The Modern Style.

The prospective purchaser of a city house built to sell was consulting with a real estate agent.

"I think I have a house to suit you," said the agent. "It is a good neighborhood and has all the modern conveniences."

"I'd expect that," replied the purchaser. "What I didn't want was one with all the modern inconveniences."—Detroit Free Press.

—In contemplation, if a man begins with certainties he shall end in doubts; but if he be content to begin with doubts, he shall end in certainties.—Bacon.

A BIT OF EVIDENCE.

It Caused the Crook to Make a Hurried Departure.

The drummer had for some time been watching a flashy-looking city crook playing a game of cards with a man on the sleeper, who might have been a farmer, and then again who might have been something else. All of a sudden, as the train pulled up at the station, the sharper made a wild break and rushed out of the car and off the platform, leaving everything. The other man simply smiled and looked over at the drummer.

"What the mischief was the matter with that party?" asked the drummer, taking a seat with the smiler.

"There's a story goes with that," replied the smiler quietly. "Want to hear it?"

"Indeed I do."

"Here she goes then. About five years ago, I had some cattle to deliver in Chicago and when I got there I stopped out by the stock yards in a hotel I found convenient. It wasn't in a very good neighborhood, but I wasn't looking for society fixings, so I didn't care much. I had some money and a fine watch, and once or twice during the evening, as I sat around the barroom, I noticed I was being watched by several of the loafers about the place. When I went up to my room I locked the door and bolted it and took a look out of the window to see what was outside. I found it opened out onto a sort of shed about eight feet below, and that ran down to within climbing distance of the ground. I took this observation so as to know where I was going to be at in case of fire. Then I went to bed, leaving the window up, as it was a hot night. I don't know how long it was after I had been asleep, that some noise wakened me. At first I thought I was dreaming, but just as I tried to go to sleep again, I heard the noise once more, and this time I didn't try to go to sleep. I got up and went over toward the window with a six-inch knife in my hand that I thought would come handy in case I found at the window what I thought I would. It was quite dark on that side of the house, and when I got up close I could hear two men whispering on the shed roof. I listened and heard one tell the other to stoop down and he would climb on his shoulders and from there pull himself up into my window. By this time I was standing by one side of the window ready to meet my visitor as soon as he came. While I was thinking whether to kill him or not, I saw his fingers slide up over the window sill seeking for a good grip. Then they stretched down tight as if the man were testing his strength for the final pull. At this moment I reached forward, and with a swish, I whacked two of those fingers off with my knife. I kept very quiet about it, too, but my visitors didn't, and they rolled and tumbled off that roof in a manner worth coming all that way to see. Then I went back to bed, but I fastened down the window. Next morning when I got up, which was just at daybreak, for I had my cattle to look after, I went to the window to see what was left of the wreck, and I saw two fingers on the sill. The owner had forgotten them in his hurry the night before, and it struck me then for the first time, that I ought to take charge of them so that if they were ever called for I could return them. Well, I took them along with me, and as soon as I could get into a drug store, I got a bottle filled with spirits and put them into it. Until to-day I have not been able to find anybody that I thought might want them, though I have carried them ever since when I go anywhere, and while that duffer you saw trying to work me, first shuffled his cards, I noticed that he was short two fingers. About the time he thought he had me, I pulled the bottle out of my pocket, and sticking it right at him, I asked him if he didn't think he had better see if he couldn't fit them on to the stumps he had. It took him about a minute to catch on, but when he did—well, you know the rest. I guess he must have been the chap that tried to climb in my window that night," and as the man smiled the drummer wondered how it was that truth was often-times stranger than fiction, and handed the bottle with its two ghastly and silent witnesses back to the owner.—Detroit Free Press.

COSSACKS IN RUSSIAN ARMY.

The Number in Time of Peace Less Than Sixty Thousand.

The war against Turkey in 1877 laid bare most completely the incapacity of the Cossack armies to meet the demands made upon them by the government. Their strength had been mostly upon paper, and for the most part they completely failed to bring to the front the proportion of men and horses demanded of them. In the event of the next war it may be safely reckoned that, beyond the Cossacks now actually in the field on a peace footing, Russia will be unable to bring more than 10 per cent. of the vast hordes which figure in her statistics and our geographies.

The nominal strength of a Cossack regiment in a time of peace is 1,000 men—the regiment consifting of six sotnias, or squadrons. According to the official statement of 1892, the six Cossack armies or communities of European Russia are expected in time of war to furnish the following fighting force of men, these figures furnishing pretty well the relative strength of the different bodies:

	Total Officers and Men
Don	64,030
Kuban	44,806
Orenburg	18,868
Terek	11,519
Ural	8,352
Astrakhan	1,950

This makes a total war strength for the European Cossack armies of, roughly, 150,000 men.

The Cossacks of the Asiatic armies, to-wit: the Transbalkan, Siberian, Semirijetschensk, Amoor and Ussuri, to which may be added a couple of independent squadrons of Irkutsk and Krassnoy—all these together constitute less than 24,000 men and need not be considered, in connection with a European war. They will operate as a menace along the British-Indian frontier, however, thus affecting the issue to some extent indirectly. The Cossacks include in their organization twenty-two batteries of horse artillery, the Kubans five, Orenburg six and Terek two, these being the only artillery furnished by the European Cossacks. In time of peace all the Cossacks of the empire in active service number barely 59,000 men—a number which in time of war is presumed to rise to three times that figure, or, to quote official figures, 172,100.—Poultney Bigelow, in Harper's Magazine.