// The St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

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The St. Tammany Farmer.

A LITTLE CLOVER BLOSSOM.

It sleeps within a casket rare;
'Tis twined about with ribbon fair,
And just one strand of shining hair—
That little clover blossom.
One solace sweet remains a gleam
From youthful pleasure's withered beam;
It wakes again love's early dream—
That little clover blossom.

A little clover blossom!
'Tis naught at all to you,
But more than gold
Or gems untold
I prize its faded hue.

It breathes of morn and mountain brooks,
Of birds and bees and flowing nooks;
'Tis worth a world of musty books—
That little clover blossom.
I prize it most of all I see,
Because it brings in girlish glee
The bonnie lass who gave it me—
That little clover blossom.

A little clover blossom!
It wields a wondrous power;
No words can tell
Its sacred spell—
That little faded flower.
—Samuel M. Peck, in Atlanta Journal.

CONKY STILES.

He Was a Veritable Concordance of the Holy Scriptures.

As near as I could find out nobody ever knew how Conky Stiles came to know so much of the Bible as he did. Thirty years ago people as a class were much better acquainted with the Bible than folk are nowadays, and there wasn't another one of 'em in the whole Connecticut valley from the Canada line to the sound that could stand up 'longside of Conky Stiles and quote Scripture. Well, he knew the whole thing by heart, from Genesis, chapter one, to the amen at the end of the Revelation of St. John the Divine; that's the whole business in a nutshell!

His name wasn't Conky; we called him Conky for short. His real name was Silas Stiles, but one time at a Sunday school convention Mr. Hubbell, the minister, spoke of him as a "veritable concordance of the Holy Scriptures," and so we boys undertook to call him Concordance, but bimeby that name got whittled down to Conky, and Conky stuck to him all the rest of his life; not a bad name for him, neither, as names go; heap more dignified than Si!

My father always insisted that Conky got his start in the Scriptures in this way: Conky's folks lived for about five years (while Conky was a boy) in the old Ransom house. Their next neighbors were the Cooleys, and just over across the road lived the Kelseys. Maybe you've heard of the Cooley-Kelsey debate? No? Funny, isn't it, how soon folks forget events and epochs and things! Fifty years ago nothin' else but the Cooley-Kelsey debate was talked of in Hampshire county, and yet here we are livin' in this intelligent state of Illinois, and it's dollars to doughnuts that half our people never heard of Lawyer Kelsey or of Deacon Cooley!

You see, the deacon was high up in the Congregational church, and he believed in "baptyzo," which is the Greek for the Congregational doctrine of sprinkling. Lawyer Kelsey had never been converted and had never made a profession, but, having a brother who was a Baptist minister in Pennsylvania, he was counted with the Baptists, too, and I guess he was a Baptist if he was anything, although, like as not, he'd have said he was a heathen if he thought he could get up an argument by sayin' it, for of all the folks you ever saw Lawyer Kelsey was the worst for keepin' things stirred up. One time Deacon Cooley and Lawyer Kelsey come together an' locked horns on that word "baptyzo," Lawyer Kelsey maintainin' that the word wasn't or shouldn't be "baptyzo," but "baptidzo," and, as you know, of course, there is as much difference between "baptyzo" and "baptidzo" as there is between a fog and a thunder shower.

Well, for about six months they had it up hill and down dale, in all the meetin' houses, and schoolhouses, and vestry-rooms, and town halls in the country, and it did beat all how much learnin' they got out of the books and dictionaries, and what long sermons they made, and what a sensation there was among the unbelievers as well as the elect! I guess they'd have been arguin' yet if the freshet hadn't come and distracted public attention by carryin' away the Northampton bridge and the Holyoke dam.

It happened that while this theological cataclysm was at its height Conky Stiles, being six years old, was born again, and, repentin' of his sins, made a profession of faith. And from that time he never lapsed or backslided, but was always a conscientious and devout follower, illustrating in his daily walks (as Mr. Hubbell, the minister, said) those priceless virtues which had illuminated the career of his Grandmother Cowles, a lady esteemed not more by the elders for her piety than by the younger folks for her cookies and squash pies.

When Conky was eight years old he got the prize at our Sunday school for having committed to memory the most Bible verses in the year, and that same spring he got up and recited every line of the Acts of the Apostles without having to be prompted once. By the time he was twelve years old he knew the whole Bible by heart, and most of the hymn book, too; although, as I have said, the Bible was his specialty. Yet he wasn't one of your pale-faced, studious boys; no, sir, not a bit of it! He took just as much consolation in playin' three-old-cat and barn ball and hockey, as any of the rest of us boys, and he could beat us all fishin', although perhaps that was because he learnt a new way of spittin' on his bait from his Uncle Lute Mason, who was considerable of a sport in those days.

Conky was always hearty and cheery; we all felt good when he was around. We never minded that way he had of quotin' things from the Bible; we'd got used to it, and maybe it was a desirable influence. At any rate we all liked Conky.

But perhaps you don't understand what I mean when I refer to his way of quotin' the Bible. It was like this: Conky, we'll say, would be goin' down the road, and I'd come out of the house and holler: "Hello, there, Conky! Where be you goin'?"

Then he'd say, "John 21:3"—that would be all he'd say, and that would be enough; for it gave us to understand that he was goin' a-fishin'.

Conky never made a mistake; his quotations were always right; he always hit the chapter and the verse sure pop the first time.

The habit grew on him as he got older. Associating with Conky for fifteen or twenty minutes wasn't much different from readin' the Bible for a [illegible] except that there wasn't any manual labor about it. I guess he'd have been a minister if the war hadn't come along and spoiled it all.

In the fall of 1862 there was a war meetin' in the town hall, and Elijah Cutler make a speech urgin' the men folks to come forward and contribute their services—their lives, if need be—to the cause of freedom and right. We were all keyed up with excitement, for next to Wendell Phillips and Henry Ward Beecher, I guess Elijah Cutler was the greatest orator that ever lived. While we were shiverin' and waitin' for somebody to lead off, Conky Stiles rose up and says: "First Kings, 19:20," says he, and with that he put on his cap and walked out of the meetin.

"Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father and my mother, and then I will follow thee."

That's what Conky said—or as good as said—and that's what he meant, too.

He didn't put off his religion when he put on his uniform. Conky Stiles, soldier or civilian, was always a-livin', walkin' encyclopedy of the Bible, a human compendium of psalms and proverbs and texts; and I had that confidence in him that I'd have bet he wrote the Bible himself if I hadn't known better, and to the contrary.

We were with McClellan a long spell. There was a heap of sickness among the boys, for we weren't used to the climate, and most of us pined for the comforts of home. Looking back over the thirty years that lie between this time and that I see one figure loomin' up, calm and bright and beautiful in the midst of fever and sufferin' and privation and death. I see a homely, earnest face radiant with sympathy and love and hope, and I hear Conky Stiles' voice again speakin' comfort and cheer to all about him. We all loved him; he stood next to Mr. Lincoln and Gen. McClellan in the hearts of everybody in the regiment.

They sent a committee down from our town one Thanksgiving time to bring a lot of good things and to see how soon we were going to capture Richmond. Mr. Hubbell, the minister, was one of them. Deacon Cooley was another. There was talk one time that Conky had a soft spot in his heart for the deacon's eldest girl, Tryphena, but I always allowed that he paid as much attention to the other daughter, Tryphosa, as he did to her eldest sister, and I guess he hadn't any more hankerin' for one than he had for the other, for when the committee come to go home Conky says to Deacon Cooley: "Well, good-by deacon," says he, "Romans, 16:12."

We had to look it up in the Bible before we knew what he meant. "Salute Tryphena and Tryphosa, who labor in the Lord"—that was Conky's message to the Cooley girls.

He wrote a letter once to Mr. Carter, who was one of the selectmen, and he put this postscript to it: "Romans, 16:6." You see Mr. Carser's wife had been Conky's Sunday school teacher, and Conky did not forget to "greet Mary, who bestowed much labor on us."

Down at Elnathan Jones' general store the other day I heard Elnathan tell how Conky clerked it for him a spell and how one day he says to Conky: "That Baker bill has been runnin' on for more'n six weeks. We can't do business unless we get our money. Conky, I wish you'd just kind o' spur Mr. Baker up a little."

So Conky sat down on the stool at the desk and dropped Mr. Baker a short epistle to this effect: "Romans 1:14; Psalm 22:11; Psalm 142:6." Next day who should come in but Mr. Baker, and he allowed that that letter had gone straighter to his conscience than any sermon would have gone, and he paid up his bill and bought a kit of salt mackerel into the bargain, so Elnathan Jones says.

I could keep on tellin' things like this, day in and night out, for lots of just such stories are told about Conky all over Hampshire county now; some of 'em doubtless are true and some of 'em doubtless ain't; there's no tellin'; but it can't be denied that most of 'em have the genuine Conky flavor.

The histories don't say anything about the skirmish we had with the rebels at Churchill's bridge along in May of '64, but we boys who were there remember it as the toughest fight in all our experience. They were just desperate, the rebels were, and—well, we were mighty glad when night came, for a soldier can retreat in the dark with fewer chances of interruption. Out of our company of one hundred and fifty men, only sixty were left! You can judge from that of what the fighting was at Churchill's bridge. When they called the roll in camp next day, Conky Stiles wasn't there.

Had we left him dead at the bridge, or was he wounded, dying the more awful death of hunger, thirst and neglect?

"By ——!" says Lew Bassett, "let's go back for Conky!"

That was the only time I ever heard an oath without a feelin' of regret.

A detachment of cavalry went out to reconnoiter. Only the ruin of the preceding day remained where the boys had stood and stood and stood—only to be repulsed at last. Bluecoats and graycoats lay side by side and over against one another in the reconciling peace of death. Occasionally a maimed body containing just a remnant of life was found, and one of those crippled bodies was what was left of Conky.

When the surgeon saw the minie hole here in his thigh, and the saber gash here in the temple, he shook his head, and we knew what that meant.

Lew Bassett, a man who had never been to meetin' in all his life, and who could swear a new and awful [illegible] every time—Lew Bassett says: [illegible] Conky Stiles ain't goin' to die, [illegible] shan't let him!" and he bent over [illegible] left up Conky's head and held it, [illegible] and wiped away the trickles of blood and his big hard hands had the tenderness of a gentle, lovin' woman's.

We heard Conky's voice once, [illegible] only once, again. For when, just [illegible] the last, he opened his eyes and saw that we were there, he smiled feebly like, and the grace of the Book triumphed once more within him, and he says—it seemed almost like a whisper, he spoke so faint and low: "Good-by, boys; Second Timothy, 4:7."

And then, though his light went out, the sublime truth of his last words shone from his white, peaceful face:

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."—Eugene Field, in Chicago Record.

—Men of great parts are often unfortunate in the management of public business, because they are not apt to go out of the common road by the quickness of their imagination.—[illegible]

FARMER AND PLANTER

A VITAL QUESTION.

Shall the South Abandon the Culture of Cotton, or How Can Farming be Made Remunerative.

Owing to the peculiar conditions which have surrounded southern agriculture from its early history to the pesent time it has always been, and still remains an unsolved problem. It is a fact that the advance made in scientific agriculture has been greater in the last quarter century than ever before. This seeming want of interest by those who were directly interested in farming was caused mostly by the fact that the country was new, with a very fertile soil, and the finest labor system the world has ever seen; all of which was owned and controled in most part by southern gentlemen of culture and refinement. These circumstances with the fact that cotton has always been a ready money crop and paid satisfactory returns to the farmer for the time and money expended on its production. All these conditions have combined to make "cotton culture" our most inviting field, and until recent years nothing better was sought for or desired. However, it is a well-known fact that very little skill is required to make and prepare a cotton crop for the market, and of late years the unskilled colored laborer has become a strong competitor in its production with the best farmers of the country. In this way overproduction has been brought about, and the crop is steadily increasing in magnitude and the price at which it can be sold getting less and less each year, the selling price now being less than the cost of making with the present method of culture and handling. When the price was forced below ten cents per pound, in our home markets, the thinking white farmer knew the profits on the money crop of the south would be small to the producer, which fact caused him to look for some other crop to mix with his cotton.

I do not believe the southern farmer will ever abandon the culture of cotton entirely. It is especially adapted to our southern conditions. We all like to cultivate it and to see it grow; we understand how to work and handle it. Our climate and soil are both well suited to the tropical nature of the plant, and the perfect development of both plant and fiber. For these and other reasons I think the south will continue to raise cotton as long as it is needed. However, the method which we have pursued in its culture will have to be changed.

The questions which confront us today, as a farming class, are the most serious any people have ever been called on to meet. We all appreciate the fact that the necessaries of life were never cheaper than they are at the present time; and no one can complain at the price for which they can be bought. How to get the dollar with which to buy is the trouble. The farmer can't obtain many of them by growing cotton, which brings only five cents per pound. Then, what are we to do? I can only suggest mixed farming to overcome in a measure these difficulties. Such a system will make cotton more of a surplus crop, and place the price of it, to a certain extent, in the hands of the producer. This can be done by giving more attention to the production of grain crops and the grasses, the culture of sugar cane for sirup, sorghum for soiling, ensilage and hay, field peas, soja beans, Spanish peanuts, sweet and Irish potatoes, turnips, melons, vegetables and fruits.

The farmer who produces all of these crops can care for and raise more horses, mules, cattle, hogs, sheep and poultry.

I have seen Texas strawberry fields which made a net profit of two hundred and fifty dollars per acre, and they had to be shipped to Chicago and other distant cities for a market. Large profits can be made from grapes, apples, peaches, pears, watermelons, cabbage, tomatoes, onions, Irish and sweet potatoes. Of course one must be near a market or railroad station to profitably grow small fruits or vegetables, both of which pay handsome profits to the producer. Such crops as the sweet potato, Spanish ground pea, common field pea and soja beans, are easily grown on almost any soil, and the farmer who produces them is independent of local markets or railroads, as these are products which can readily be converted into good butter, beef, pork and mutton, all of which are articles of food the southern markets are not likely to be overstocked with.

In mixed husbandry a man can be a real farmer, and have many comforts and pleasures the cotton man knows nothing of; and if a certain crop fails to bring the cash, he has another, and possibly another, to put on the market, all of which go to make his home more comfortable and attractive and add something to his bank account. With such a system, I am sure we would hear less of hard times, and see less of our young people leaving the farm and seeking employment in our already-overcrowded cites.

I do not believe truer happiness can be found anywhere than on a well-managed farm. To get this a man must be his own master, responsible to his Creator for all good things intrusted to him. We want money, and work for it, that with it we may supply our needs and make our homes comfortable and attractive, which is natural and commendable, though I take it to be misplaced energy and a want of the knowledge of business principles for a man to confine himself to the production of cotton at present prices. We will be forced sooner or later into a broader field of husbandry, which I believe will prove a greater blessing to the southern farmer than the continued production of cotton, even at remunerative prices.

The old idea that any fool can farm has long since become obsolete, and we, of to-day, know that the same general laws which govern all successful business are also applicable to farming, and that it is just as necessary for a man to have ability, energy and some money to farm successfully, as it is for him to have these things to attain success in any other calling. To such men the field of mixed husbandry in the south, offers rare inducements. Our natural advantages of climatic conditions, rainfall, soil and variety of crops and subjects from which to select are unsurpassed by any other country on the face of the globe.

If one's taste should lead him toward stock raising and dairying, no [illegible] is better suited for this work. [illegible] supply is at the present from springs and streams that never fail. Food is also abundant and cheap, consisting of all kinds of gran, cotton seed meal and hulls, blue grass, Bermuda, Johnson grass, and many other crops which can be used for pasturage, soiling, ensilage or hay. Our winters are short and mild, and the soft-eyed Jersey and the Essex hog are at home in our beautiful southland.

If horticulture or truck farming is desired, the fields are here waiting for the skilled hands of the husbandman to develop them. The fine products from the orchards, vineyards and truck farms in Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas will all bear me out, when I say we can successfully grow fruits of almost every conceivable kind, and vegetables without number, of the best quality. One would naturally expect to find our markets furnished at all seasons of the year with fresh fruits and vegetables, which is true only to a limited extent.

The culture of tobacco as a market crop is a new industry for the gulf states, and from what I have seen I am satisfied that cigar tobacco of a superior quality can be grown on any of the sandy soils of the coast region.

The culture of rice as a market crop is also a new industry for the gulf states. It has been demonstrated in southwest Louisiana, in the last few years that it can be successfully grown there, and pays large profits to the producer.

The large sugar interest of the rich and beautiful Bayou Tesche country, which Longfellow has immortalized in "Evangeline." And the finer sugar lands of the Brazos river country of south Texas, all bear witness to the fact that money can be made clear each year from the production of this crop.

A number of these interests can be successfully worked together, and will certainly give large returns to the right man. The wonder is that so few men are alive to the work which can be accomplished, and made to yield them a competency, and so many waste their energies on a system of farming where an educated man is forced to compete with ignorant, unskilled labor, and find himself discouraged, in debt, and possibly financially ruined.—James Clayton, Texas Experiment Station.

Cut Straw and Eggs.

An old farmer who secures eggs all through the winter, when asked for his secret, replied that he gave his hens plenty of cut straw. For awhile there was much unbelief in the reply, as it was supposed that the farmer was feeding cut straw to his hens (according to his statement); but when the facts came out it appeared that the cut straw was really the secret, but it was used, four inches deep, on the floor of the poultry-house, in which millet seed and wheat were scattered, the hens thereby being provided with a warm place to work. The cut straw gave them a scratching-bed, and it kept them in exercise, prevented disease, and promoted the appetite.

It will pay better, if the matter of profit from returns is considered, to use straw in the poultry-house than in the cow-stalls. Many cold poultry-houses can be rendered comfortable with straw, cut to three-inch lengths, on the floor; and if the hens are warm and can exercise, the cost will be less and the number of eggs greater.—Southern Farmer.

To Eradicate Nutgrass.

Probably the best practical remedy for eradicating one of the worst pests of southern agriculture, the nutgrass, is the following one: On every twenty or twenty-five acres keep not less than fifty sheep and seventy-five head of hogs, or a proportionate number on a smaller or larger tract. The keeping of both kinds of stock is necessary. The hogs root up the nuts and expose them to the sun, and the sheep keep the growth, whenever it occurs, continually cropped, so that this troublesome pest is soon entirely eradicated. For the above amount of stock, additional feed obtained on adjoining land, or furnished otherwise, will be necessary.—Farm and Fireside.

HERE AND THERE.

—The market gardeners in the vicinity of Charleston, S. C., are rapidly increasing the acreage of late seed potatoes for northern planting. This seed is now acknowledged to be the best for early planting in the north.

—Now that common stock horses are so low that in places they are being killed for their hides, it is a good time to consider the subject of mule breeding. The bicycle may run much horseflesh out of business, but the mule is in no danger from the pneumatic wheel.

—What the farmer of moderate means needs is a small farm, all of which is under fence and in actual use. The desire to possess a large landed estate so as to show up well on the tax rolls, is very handsome in theory, but it is bad in practice.

—No doubt the open winter weather in the cotton-growing states constitutes an inducement for the working farmer of the south to keep so constantly at work with his hands, that he reads too little, especially one or more good agricultural papers. He ought to work more with the head.

—The unification of the work of the experiment stations in testing new fruits in the fruit-growing states, so that each year's experience can be summarized and the information disseminated, is likely to prove of inestimable value to the horticultural interests of the nation.

—Must southern farmers continue to grow unprofitable crops of cotton simply because other nations may do the same foolish thing if we curtail production? We can reasonably be held to account for our own sins. Must we of the south ruin ourselves financially through fear that foreign countries can raise cotton cheaper than we can?

—Stock raising in South Carolina, especially in the Piedmont or the northwestern section, ought to be profitable, owing to the luxuriant growth of clover and many grasses common to much colder climates. Stock growing, when successfully conducted in the locality indicated, invariably results in an increase of capital at a very little appreciable expense.

—Pure bred fowls bring the best results when the attention of a pure-bred poultryman is given them, but when this attention is withheld the beautiful symmetry and uniformity and consequently attractiveness, declines to a semblance of the dilapidated and threadbare appearance of the [illegible] tourist who "has seen better days." In such case it is better to have only full-blood animals.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Municipal ownership of street railways is making progress in London, England, and the London county council is now advertising for proposals for a lease of certain lines, about four and one-fourth miles long, from Holloway road to the St. Pancras railway station, which are about to be taken over by the council under the provision of the tramway acts.

—Belgian rails to the amount of 4,300 tons have been bought by the Dominion government for use on the Intercolonial, Prince Edward Island, Windsor and other government railways. The contract was made with the John Cockerill company, of Belgium, for delivery at Halifax before June, 1895. The price paid is said to have been about $20 per ton.

—Six poor travelers, "not being rogues or proctors," were entertained at Rochester on Christmas day at Watt's Rest, as Dickens describes. They received lodging and a dinner, with pipes and tobacco, and on the next morning after breakfast were sent on their way with four pence each, according to the terms of the bequest made centuries ago.

—The new volume of "Debrett's Peerage for 1895" contains in the preface a quotation from a letter addressed to the editor by a well-known countess, who informs him that "as long as you put the date of the births of ladies in your 'Peerage' I will never allow a copy of your work in my house." This sensitive peeress apparently does not realize that the reason which induces her to taboo the book is one which leads a great many others to purchase it.

—The largest gas engine in the world, according to the Revue Technique, is the 320 indicated horse-power, simplex engine driving flour mills at Pantin, France, and taking its fuel supply from a special producer gas plant forming part of the mill equipment. With regular city illuminating gas the engine would be capable of indicating about 450 horse-power, but even as it is the load upon the engine is now not more than 280 indicated horse-power, representing actually 220 horse-power delivered.

—The Prix de Rome, once the object of the ambition of every art student in Paris, has declined so much in value that it is proposed to abolish it. It carries with it a travelling scholarship in Italy, and the plea of those who attack it is that a student possessing it wastes his talent in slavish imitation of the Italian masters, rather than developing it by the interpretation of nature. The sculptor Rodin, the leader of the antagonists, maintains that this prize has only retarded the progress of the great men who have obtained it in the past.

—Glass windows are known to have existed at Pompeii, as early as A. D. 79. In the third century the windows of royal houses throughout Europe were glazed; windows of colored glass were placed in many Italian and French churches in 674, and the use of glass became general in private houses during the twelfth century. The panes, however, were only three or four inches square, and the material was so inferior that while a room was lighted it was often a matter of some difficulty to discern objects on the outside through the glass. For a long time windows, in England were a subject of taxation.

NAPOLEON'S OPPORTUNITIES.

The Times Were Ripening For His Rise to Power.

It was rare good fortune that Buonaparte was not yet to be cast into the seething caldron of French politics. The time was not yet ripe for the exercise of his powers. The storming of the Bastille had symbolized the overthrow of privilege and absolute monarchy; the flight of the king meant the overthrow of monarchy, absolute or otherwise. The executive gone, the legislature popular and democratic, but ignorant how to administer or conduct affairs, the judiciary equally disorganized, and the army transforming itself into a patriotic organization—was there more to come? Yes. Thus far, in spite of well-meant attempts to substitute new constructions for the old, all had been disintegration. French society was to be reorganized only after further pulverizing; cohesion would begin only under pressure from without—a pressure applied by the threats of erratic royalists that they would bring in the foreign powers to coerce and arbitrate, by the active demonstrations of the emigrants, by the outbreak of foreign wars.

These were the events about to take place; they would in the end evolve from the chaos of mob-rule first the irregular and temporary dictatorship of the convention, then the tyranny of the directory; at the same time they would infuse a fervor of patriotism into the whole mass of the French nation, stunned, helpless, and leaderless, but loyal, brave, and vigorous. In such a crisis the people would tolerate if not demand a man strong to command respect for France and to enforce his commands, would prefer the vigorous mastery of one to the feeble misrule of the many or the few. Still further, the man was as unready as the time; for it was, in all probability, not as a Frenchman, but as an ever-true Corsican patriot that Buonaparte wished to "show himself, overcome obstacles" at this conjuncture.

On July 22, 1791, the national assembly at last decided to form a paid volunteer national guard of a hundred thousand men. The term of enlistment was a year. Four battalions were to be raised in Corsica; Buonaparte thought the hour for realizing his long-cherished aspirations had finally struck. He could certainly have done much in Paris to secure office in a French-Corsican national guard, and on receipt of the news he immediately wrote a memorandum on the armament of the new force, and with characteristic assurance addressed it to the minister of war.

When, however, three weeks later (August 30, 1791), his leave of absence arrived, he had abandoned all idea of service under France in the Corsican guard. The disorder of the times was such that while retaining office in the French army he could test in an independent Corsican command the possibility of climbing to leadership there before abandoning his present subordinate place in France. Full of the new adventure, he had for some time been taking advances on his pay from the regimental quartermaster, until he had now in hand a considerable sum—two hundred and ninety livres (francs). A formal announcement to the authorities might have elicited embarrassing questions from them, so he and Louis quietly stole away without explanations, leaving for the second time unpaid debts of considerable amount, and arriving in Ajaccio on September 6, 1791. Napoleon was not yet a deserter, but he had taken another step toward the defiance of French military authority.—Prof. Sloane, in Century.

TRAPPING SALMON IN NORWAY.

The Peasant Farmers Eke Out a Hard Subsistence from the Fjords.

There is a very singular way of trapping salmon on the Norwegian fjords. Here and there, as you pass along those great, magnificent fjords, which cut deep into the heart of Norway, you may see a solitary figure perched upon a sort of spidery, fragile-looking timber lookout, overhanging the fjord. A week later, or a month, as you pass again, you may see that lonely figure, his eyes always bent upon the fjord beneath him, still keeping his watch.

The man is a salmon catcher; in his hands are a couple of long ropes, connected with a net in the water below him, and day after day he sits up there intently watching until he sees a salmon pass into his net. The instant this great event happens he hauls sharply upon the ropes, closes the mouth of the net, and then, getting into his boat, proceeds to pick up the salmon at his leisure.

The salmon thus caught are sold to some hotel upon the fjord, or sent with others in ice to Bergen by the next steamer. The fisherman gets from three pence to six pence per pound for his catch—four pence is an average price—and even the hard-earned capture of three or four salmon a week, procured at the expense of long, weary days of watching, means a good deal to these poor peasant farmers with whom ready money is a scarce commodity.

The Norwegian peasant farmer is a poor man indeed, or he would not beake himself to so precarious and so monotenous a method of adding to his scanty means. Usually he has a small patch of land, a few acres only—a mere garden spot—where a little soil lies at the foot of the rocky mountains that inclose the fjord, or (where the soil is always the richest), upon some old moraine or in some open valley formed by glaziers in ages of the past. Here he sows and reaps his tiny crops, and cuts his grass in August, making hay of it by hanging it upon tall hurdles. His few cows and goats are in the byres during the long winter—half-starved, poor creatures!—and fed, more often than not, upon dried boughs of the abundant birch tree. In June the little flocks and herds emerge and are driven up to the Saeters (mountain pastures), where the girls of the tiny hamlet settle down in rude huts quite alone, make cheeses and live an idyllic, pastoral life until September. The farmer always makes his own boats—you can buy in Norway a good, roomy, pine-built boat for thirty-five shillings, or two pounds—and is as much a fisherman and boatman as a farmer, as, indeed, are all his family.

The farmers eat little or no meat; floatbrod (a sort of very inferior, coarse oatcake, made of grain and potatoes), milk, cheese and fish suffice for the Norwegian and his family throughout the year. The catching of a few salmon each week, therefore, during the summer is a matter of much importance to the poorer of the peasant proprietors of this picturesque but excessively barren country. Norway, indeed, is nothing but a country of great mountains, pierced by the vast seawater fjords, and one exhibiting a few scanty patches of good land. Its natives, perhaps the hardiest, simplest, kindliest and most honest folk now in Europe, fare hard, indeed, and their wants are few and scanty.—Pall Mall Gazette.

JAPAN A RICH NATION.

Living Is Cheap and She Has a Surplus Every Year.

There is a general belief that Japan is a poor country; that a long war would exhaust her more than many other countries—China for example. Probably the idea originated in the extreme lowness of prices in Japan, but that is no criterion. Living is cheaper in London than in Hong Kong, but nobody calls London a poor place on that account. As a matter of fact Japan is now rapidly becoming self-supporting, and therefore need have little fear of exhaustion. She has money enough for all requirements; her taxation is very high, yet her revenue leave a surplus over expenditure every year, her imports almost balance her exports, and both are increasing yearly, and are not suffering in the least from the war. When the accumulated surplus (about 40,000,000 yen) had all been voted away in war expenses, a war loan of 30,000,000 yen, and now another of 150,000,000, have been readily raised without causing any appreciable dislocation. Government bonds were about 6 per cent. premium in the beginning of the year, when there was a distinct boom in the market; now, when the war has gone on three months, the surplus been spent, and the loans been raised, they are still at 2 per cent. premium, with an upward tendency. The country is not poor in any sense of the word. The land, though of hardly larger extent than England, and in some parts too mountainous for cultivation, supports a population of 40,000,000, and produces a rice crop which is usually larger than the whole grain crop of Russia.—London Times.

A Travelers' Experience.

Once in a country hotel, said a traveler, as I looked around in the dark in my room after I had gone to bed, I saw over on the bureau a curious little luminous face. It was rather startling at first, but then I knew that it must be the match box. I remembered the match box, for I had never seen one like it before. It was like a little pumpkin, and it had painted upon one side of it eyes, nose and mouth so that it resembled a little jack-o-lantern; and these had been painted with luminous paint so as to make it easy to find the matches in the night. I felt, however, that the location of the match box had now been sufficiently impressed upon my mind, so I got up and turned the shining face to the wall.—N. Y. Sun.

Comparative Chronology.

Westerly—New York is fifty years behind the age.

Lakeside—Yes; and a hundred years behind Chicago!—Puck.

—Ireland was originally Ierne, or the "Western Isle." It was called the "Emerald Isle" because of the brilliant color of its vesture, which throughout the year is a lively green.

DR. HOLMES' THEOLOGY.

For Him the Sun Always Shone Without and Within.

I soon found—or at least I received the impression—that he was not going to waste his sweetness, nor let himself go till he had plumbed the visitor's mind far enough to guess whether I could follow him. This is an excellent plan, such as should be followed by all the wise and great who are in the habit of receiving strangers.

Apparently he satisfied himself that I was not wholly sterile soil, for he soon let himself go with a vengeance. It was as if he had just thought out a great problem and must ease his bosom of its perilous stuff. "The popular religion," he said in substance, "is based on the assumption that the creature is under infinite obligations to the creator, and he under none at all. But consider. Begin with the relationship between earthly parent and child. Who ordains that, and the child's existence, too? The child? No: the parent. Then is not the burden of responsibility and duty heaviest on the father's side?"

There was nothing to say to this, and he went on, growing so earnest and eloquent that the words burned themselves into my memory. His premises—for the moment—seemed orthodox enough, whatever heresy might lurk in his conclusion. "Pass from the human to the heavenly relation, and it seems to me the argument is not weakened, but vastly strengthened. When I remember that we are infinitely weak, and He is infinitely strong, that He is infinitely wise and we are infinitely ignorant and foolish, that we are infinitely sinful, and He is infinitely holy, I think that, whatever our obligations to Him, His to us are infinitely greater."

This rather took my breath away. Had I been older and wiser I might have suggested that his argument knocked the underpinning from all the received systems. He would probably have answered that that was what he meant it to do, and that Christianity was old enough to walk without crutches. If I had asked him to go a step further and solve the terrible question he had led up to, I think he would have said: "Certainly. His obligations to us are infinite, and—He discharges them." Under all his surface radicalism, the Autocrat's faith was as sound as his heart. For him the sun always shone without and within. He had an assured income, a charming domestic circle, a temper as happy as his wit was nimble, early and abundant recognition—"love, honor, troops of friends. To such trust in the Power that shapes our ends is easy and speculation safe. The problems that are so terrifying for many existed for him only on their intellectual side.—F. M. B., in Lippincott's.

SHE HAD A LOVELY TIME.

The Recreation of a Stout Lady with a Flow of Language.

When the stout lady entered the elevated at Fourteenth street she sat down on the left-hand seat facing the engine. There were little touches of finery about her dress, whose presence was explained when she caught sight of an acquaintance on the other side of the car and immediately plunged across the aisle and sat down beside her.

"I've just been up calling on Lucy Powers," she began at once. "She used to live over near us you know, and I promised that as soon as she got back from her tower I'd run across and see her, and this morning Mrs. Ebler told me she'd seen her on Broadway over here, and so I just ragged out and came over right away."

She had a large, limp mouth, and when she spoke her lips moved flutteringly like the leaves of a poplar tree in a breeze. Punctuation was a useless arrangement of the grammarian so far as she was concerned, while her idea of conversation evidently was that it was a form of social entertainment in which one person did all the talking.

"I was surprised to find," she ran on, "how cozily Lucy is fixed she has a real sweet little flat with real nice furniture and lots of dainty things scattered about you know and though it wasn't her calling day there were quite a number of people very nice people too looking at the things she had picked up in their tower curiosities and such things you know and I got a real nice cup of chocolate though I can't say I like chocolate in the afternoon I prefer tea don't you I do."

When she did stop it was for absolute want of breath, her method of reinflation being to draw in a long, deep draught of breath through the open mouth. Being once more charged she dashed in again.

"I told William I'd call in for him when I left Lucy's as he wants me to look at some underclothing with him and he never so much as buys a pair of socks now without first consulting me which is very complimentary you know though somewhat trying when you have so many other things to look after I declare these cars do make such a row you can scarcely hear what anyone is saying this is Franklin street isn't it well good-by dear I'm so glad to have seen you come over right soon now won't you I've had such a lovely time good-by."

And with this she drove her way into the string of incoming passengers, leaving her friend with a feeble, imploring look in her eyes, her mouth partly open, as though grasping for breath, and her hands feebly clutching at the air like one faintly fighting against suffocation.—N. Y. Sun.

One of Darwin's Errors.

The Indians of the immediate vicinity of Cape Horn are called Yahgans. Darwin summed up the descriptions of all previous observers of this race when he called them "savages of the lowest grade." So they have seemed to be to all other casual observers, who have followed him. But when, in 1870, an English missionary came to live among them permanently, the facts which he learned about them were found so astonishing as to almost pass belief. When he had completed a lexicon of the language, he found it contained forty thousand items, or 10,000 more than the highest estimate of the number in any Iroquois tongue. They had orators, historians, poets, and novelists, in spite of their lack of a written language. Their folklore was of the greatest interest, and their poetry was delightful, but the most remarkable part of their literature was in their tales, of which the joint was found in what the listener was pretty sure to think of, and not directly in what the speaker said.—Scribner's.

PITH AND POINT.

—The inference of modern experience is to the effect that there is nothing calls more earnestly for reform than reform itself.—Richmond Dispatch.

—"Ah!" said the statesman, "government trying my plan at last——." Wife — "What's that?" Statesman—"Borrowing money!"—Cleveland Plaindealer.

—"Where in thunder are you going with that stove and all those overcoats?" "I am going, my friend, to spend the winter in Florida."—Atlanta Constitution.

—A Slander Refuted.—Wife (who is very homely)—"You never did a kindly act in your life." Sarcastic Husband—"What! Not even when I married you, eh?"—Texas Siftings.

—"There is one good thing to be said about Thompkins. He is perfectly truthful." "Of course he is. He is too stingy to make an extravagant statement."—Iowa Falls Citizen.

—Watts—"What do you think of this idea that there are medicinal virtues in music?" Potts—"I believe it. Lots of these new popular airs make me sick."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Watts—"Isn't there a play called the 'Kentucky Colonel?'" Potts—believe there is. I think it is some sort of a tank drama, though I am not sure."—Indianapolis Journal.

—He—"What allowance do you think your father ought to make us when we are married?" She—"Well, if he makes ample allowance for your faults, I think he will be doing all that can be expected of him."—Tit-Bits.

—The Wrong Place.—Spencer—"It's all nonsense saying that if you wink at the girl who runs the soda fountain she'll put a stick in your drink." Ferguson—"Did you try it?" Spencer—"I did. I got the stick, but not in my drink."—N. Y. World.

—Strong Man.—Bacon—"That man Black, who plays the heavy villian in the new drama, must have a wonderful constitution." Egbert—"Why?" Bacon—"He smokes an entire box of cigarettes in the first act and doesn't die until the last act."—Yonkers Statesman.

—Mrs. Sassiety—"Did you say that quite a sum was netted at the church fair last week?" Rector—"Yes, indeed; two candy girls and a Rebecca at the Well netted over three millions." "Impossible!" "Fact. I have been called on to perform the ceremony in each case.—Town Topics.

COULDN'T FOOL HIM.

Your Uncle William Knew All About These Little Games.

"I'm on to 'em bigger'n a house," he chuckled as he halted at the front door of the Fort street depot the other afternoon.

His remark was directed to a policeman, and the officer looked him over and found him to be a gray-haired old man with two satchels and a look of triumph.

"You bet they don't gum-game your Uncle William with his eyes wide open," continued the man as a grin covered his face.

"They might a-did it thirty years ago, but not to-day, thank ye!"

"What's the matter?" asked the officer.

"Feller tried to hornswaggle your Uncle William up the street. Sized up fur a hayseed and worked a racket fifty years old. Thought all he had to do was to throw out his hook and catch a sucker."

"What was the racket?"

"Why, as I was walkin' along a feller overtakes men and sez I dropped my wallet. I winks at him, but he sez he saw me drop it. I winks agin and tells him to keep it fur his honesty. The game is as old as the hills, you know. Feller expects you are going to pocket the calf-skin and hand him over a ten-dollar bill. Can't fool your Uncle William on gum-games!"

"Have you felt to see if your wallet is all safe?" asked the officer.

"Of course its safe," replied the old man as he dropped his satchel to search his pockets. "I'm not one of the kind who goes around losin' ——"

"What's the matter?"

"She's gone!"

"Your wallet?"

"Yes—and over forty dollars in it. I had it in my hind-pocket, and it must hev dropped out. By gum, but that critter found it sure's shootin'!"

"And you told him to keep it for his honesty!"

"Dum my shucks, but I did! Your Uncle William has went and gone and gumgamed himself out of forty big dollars, and a lot of papers worth half a thousand more! Watch them satchels! I'm off to look fur that man, and if I don't come back tell any inquirin' friends to look for me in the idiot asylum!"—Detroit Free Press.

REAL CRANBERRY JELLY.

Here Is a Recipe That Has Been Tried and Not Found Wanting.

"I have been trying for years," said a bright little housekeeper the other day, "to make cranberry jelly that would 'jell' with some degree of certainty. I did learn the secret at last, and found it, like many another long-sought for thing, the easiest thing in the world."

"Tell us about it then," said the very young matron eagerly," for I must confess that I haven't found it the very easiest thing in the world. As a matter of fact, all my attempts so far have proved dismal failures."

"Well, you put the berries on to boil with as little water as will cover them. This is really the secret of success—use as little water as possible. When the berries are soft mash them through a sieve, and for each cup of the juice, which will be very thick, allow a cup of granulated sugar. Put them on the stove again and let it cook for three minutes. Then put in molds which have been rinsed out with very cold water. If you make more than you will use at one time it is better to use several small molds than one large one. For a company dinner the tiny individual molds are very pretty."

"Did you ever try the old-fashioned cranberry sauce?" asked another of the group. "New England sauce some people call it, and while it doesn't look quite so pretty as the jelly, somehow I think it tastes better. To make it you must use the light-colored, oval berries. Just put them on to boil with a little water, and sugar to taste. When they are soft mash them a little, but leave the skins in."

"But the main thing about cranberries," said the first speaker, "is not to stint the sugar. If they are the least bit in the world bitter they are spoiled for all gastronomic purposes. Such cooking also draws out the bitterness."—N. Y. Sun.