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, JUNE 22, 1895. VOL. XX.—NO. 26.

THE HEARTY LAUGH.

Long time ago, far, far away,
A jovial man did dwell
(The mother of my grandmother
Was young and knew him well).
A man who roared so rare a laugh,
Of rich and jocund tone,
That others laughed to hear him laugh
Who had not laughed alone.

The mother of my grandmother
(My grandma used to say)
Would laugh, remembering his laugh,
Until her dying day.
The mother of my mother, too,
Till her last year was spent,
Would shake her ample sides at thought
Of so much merriment.

'Twas thus my mother caught the mood
Of bygone days, and she
With blithesome pleasure spoke of it
And passed it on to me.
And I, when life was rather rough,
Have thought of him and smiled,
The story of whose ancient mirth
Shall hearten up my child.

Not learned, but wise—he faced his lot
And laughed away its ill;
Not life itself nor death itself
That sturdy laugh could still.
O, blest be he whose ringing laugh
Goes echoing through the years,
With brave delight of humble hopes
And hearty scorn of fears.
—The Lutheran.

STAKED ON A CARD.

A Poker Game in Which Two Revolvers Figured.

The major had just concluded his story wherein he figured as the hero of a mighty poker game and won thousands of dollars on a royal flush, which he held against another man's four jacks. Every time the circle of ancient and honorable recounters of adventures gathered in that corner of the club the major was sure to spring one of his marvelous poker tales upon the party, and on this occasion he had quite outdone himself and likewise undone himself, as was evident when the westerner asked:

"What kind of a deck were you using in that game, major?"

"Why, a regular deck, sir, a regular deck. Same as any other poker deck."

"Then either you or the other man must have had a jack up his sleeve," was the westerner's conclusion, "for there were evidently five jacks out in that hand."

A roar of laughter at the major's expense greeted this announcement, and it was redoubled when that veracious raconteur got rattled and endeavored to explain that he meant four tens. Perhaps it was with a view to covering the major's embarrassment that the westerner struck in, when the noise subsided, with a poker story of his own.

"I would venture to say," he began, "that no man living ever sat in a game when more was at a stake on the turn of a card than in a certain game which I once played in Frisco.

"Five of us sat in and we all had plenty of money to stake, but before the game was over money was a matter of secondary interest, for three of us had sat back and seen a card thrown on which the life of one man, and probably of two, depended.

"I say we all had plenty of money, but that isn't so, for young Harry Randall, who was then cashier of a bank, was, as I knew at the time, playing with money which meant ruin to him if he lost. Before the game began I tried to keep him out, but he said to me:

"I've got to make a heavy win tonight or—well, they'll have big headlines on me in to-morrow's papers."

"By that I knew that he was involved too deeply to stop there, and the game began. Next to Harry, on his left, sat Mort Henry, a man who should have been a professional gambler, for he played better poker than any man I ever had sat down to a table with before or since.

"He was a fanatic upon the subject, and any interruption or irregularity in the game made him furious and even dangerous, for Mort was, in a quiet way, a bad man, and more than one man had fallen before his revolver.

"He was clear nerve all the way through, and during the week in which the same five of us had played every night he was a big winner, taking chiefly from Harry Randall. I sat next to him on his left, and next to me was a mine owner named Smith, who would have lost thousands instead of hundreds but for his great caution in play.

"A wealthy, retired physician was the fifth member of the party. He and Smith were going east on the following day, so that night was our last play, and it started high.

"There was no limit, and, though I was pretty well fixed in those days, I began to get uneasy at the pace, but my cards kept me about even. Smith and Mort Henry were winning, the doctor was losing heavily, and Harry was petering out his chips little by little, the most maddening thing in poker, and getting up a very nasty temper over it.

"Whisky was going pretty lively and Harry was taking more than his share of it. This made me the more uneasy, because the more he drank the more ugly he became, his temper being directed toward Mort Henry, who was taking it good-naturedly.

"As time went on and Harry became more abusive, I saw an ugly look come into Mort's face, and once or twice I managed to slip in a word, quietly begging him to overlook the young fellow's remarks, for I was afraid of trouble.

"Well, the trouble came soon enough, and along with it the most stupendous and splendid bluff I have ever seen. Harry had lost quite a little money through the evening, and the play was steadily getting higher under the forcing tactics of Smith and Henry, who kept winning steadily.

"At length it came to a big jackpot, Mort Henry dealing. I opened it with three good ones, and was rather inclined to exult when Smith raised me, but rather less inclined when the doctor raised him, and positively doubtful when Harry lifted him with a good, big stack of chips.

"Mort dropped out, not feeling qualified in putting up so much on a medium-sized pair. I stayed, Smith stayed and the doctor raised, only to be hiked back by Randall, who was staking his all on a lucky chance, as we afterward saw.

"My three were too good to throw down, and I stayed until after the pot represented enough money to have made up all Harry had lost during the week, the final call was made by the doctor, and the draw came.

"Of course my draw was two cards. Mort dealt them out slowly, and they didn't help my hand any. It was Smith's draw, and I began wondering if my trio wasn't better than his.

"'I'll play these,' said the doctor, steadily, and I saw Harry's mouth which had become a little tremulous with drink, set firm as he called for one card. My estimate of his hand was that he held a bob-tailed straight flush open at both ends, for I reckoned that he wouldn't have raised on two pairs, as he had done, and it proved that I was right.

"For once in his life Mort dealt the cards high, and the first one off the pack fell face up. It was the eight of hearts.

"Never in my life have I seen emotions so portrayed in a man's face as in Harry Randall's. By the rules of the game he could not claim the fallen card, but was required to take the next one. Despair, doubt and a sudden resolve showed themselves in his face one after another, and then the young man's eyes were fixed on the pack from which Mort Henry had half pushed the next card.

"It seemed impossible that Harry could have seen it, yet I would have sworn that he did, as his face lighted up, and then would have sworn that he didn't, as it blazed forth in anger the next instant.

"'I take that card,' he said, pointing to the eight of hearts.

"'The card is out by the rules,' said the doctor.

"'Don't be a fool, Harry,' I put in quickly, for I could see danger in his expression.

"Mort Henry dealt the next card, which fell face down.

"'I beg your pardon for that slip,' he said, steadily. 'The second card is yours.'

"'What is it to you!' cried Harry, reaching for the eight. 'What have you to do with it? You're not in this hand,' and he put his hand out for it.

"'Rules,' said the other, briefly, settling his hand over the others. 'The heart is out of the deal.'

"The young man burst out: 'You've got all my money, and now, when you're not even in the game, you're trying to cheat me.'

"At the word 'cheat' I saw Mort's eyebrows come down to a straight line as he turned full face to the young man, still keeping his hand guarding the card. Then both men reached behind them, and the other three of us had risen and were standing with the prospect of murder before us. Harry spoke first. Have you ever listened through a telephone when the receiver was out of order and the voice clacked and rattled in your ear? That's the way Harry's voice sounded to me when he spoke:

"'Fair play. It's an even chance. Put down your gun.' He laid his on the table as he spoke. Mort did the same. I believe I tried to say something, but it wasn't a success.

"'You've ruined my hand and me,' said Harry, his voice steadying as he spoke, looking straight into Mort's eyes, which returned the gaze as straightly. 'It's a matter of life and death to me to win or lose that pot, and I'd shoot you like a dog for what you did.'

"He pulled his hand away from the card and Mort seized his own pistol, but dropped it again on seeing that the other made no movement to pick up his weapon.

"'Now,' continued the young man, 'there's the card. I've got a right to call for my card face up when it's dealt. If that card is a heart, as the other was, we'll play the hand out. If it's not, Mort Henry, it will be death for one of us.'

"'For God's sake, boys, don't do this,' the doctor found voice to say. 'I wouldn't turn that card for anything on earth.'

"'I'll turn it,' said Mort, without a tremor.

"There lay the two loaded pistols, and the two cards, one face down, the other face up. The only sounds I could hear were a drumming noise in my head, the short breathing of Smith and the doctor's foot shuffling on the floor. With his left hand Mort picked up the card and turned it, at the same instant seizing his pistol with the right. The card was the three of hearts.

"'Thank God!' said somebody. Perhaps it was my own voice I heard. I don't know. The first thing I remember distinctly is hearing Harry say:

"'Go on with the play, gentlemen,' and then I made a small bet mechanically, for I should have known better. Smith dropped, and the doctor, after a long hesitation owing to the fact that he had a good straight, saw me, but both of us dropped when Harry pushed his whole pile into the center.

"Three of a kind isn't much good against a flush, nor is a straight. Harry, with a long breath, scooped in the pot, and threw down four clubs—king, queen, jack and ten, and the three of hearts. He had bluffed.

"'That is the last game of poker I will ever play,' he said, rising. 'Mort, I ask your forgiveness. Will you shake hands with me?'

"'Yes,' said the other, after a moment's hesitation. 'I will, and congratulate you on the greatest bluff I ever saw made. Even if my life was involved in it,' he added, in an under tone, as he grasped Harry's hand.

"That ended the game. Afterward Harry Randall explained his play to me. He had sized up the doctor as holding a straight, and he wasn't much afraid of the threes that Smith and I held.

"Of course, he didn't want the heart that was turned up, as it would fill neither the flush nor the straight, but he caught a glimpse of the next card as Mort Henry half dealt it, and saw it was red.

"This meant the ruin of his hand, but in that moment the lightning flash of an idea came to him, and he resolved on his bluff that risked his life and Mort's. It was an even chance for him, for he knew only that the card was red, and if it had been a diamond there would have been a tragedy.

"'In spite of my coolness in thinking it all out,' he told me, 'I was furious, and would have shot without hesitation had the heart not turned. When it did turn, of course you fellows thought that I had filled. The bluff was safe to go unless the doctor had held a flush or a full. Any way, I had to take the chance, for if I had lost I would have gone home and shot myself.'

"That, gentlemen," concluded the westerner, "was what I called an exciting game. Ordinary poker for money hasn't interested me much since I saw that game for life."

There was a moment's silence around the circle and then the major said:

"What I want to know is, did Randall cheat or didn't he?"

But nobody could answer him.—N. Y. Sun.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

GOOD FARMING.

Six Fundamental Principles On Which Good Farming Is Based.

The farmer who has always in his mind the six principles or factors in plant growth should never be bothered about what work he should do every day in the year.

It is absolutely necessary to his success in crop raising that he should know not by name merely, but thoroughly understand the work and influence of every one of these principles. As they are all necessary factors or agents in the growth and maturity of a good crop of anything, it follows that if one is absent and neglected there will be a failure, sometimes more and sometimes less.

These principles are good seed, good seed-bed, fertility of soil, moisture, heat and sunshine. Ignorance of one or more of these in farming makes rote farming. This kind is frequently successful, but sometimes not; and when not, the rote farmer doesn't know the reason why, and can not correct his errors.

The object of this writing is to stimulate a study of all of these principles, because a knowledge of them will be a guide to the farmer, telling him every morning what work he should do that day, and how he should do it.

Good seed means a well-developed and matured seed of its kind free from the seed of every other growth. The largest is not always the best. It is important that it should have grown in a crop that was as pure of its kind, and as free from disease as possible.

The fall months is the best time to select seed corn. All through the winter while feeding stock is next best time. Just before planting is the worst time.

Much good work in the making of a good seed bed can be done in the fall, even for the next spring planting. January and February are generally wet months in my latitude (southern Kentucky), no profitable work can be done in or on ground when it is wet at any season of the year. By a good seed bed I mean a soil thoroughly pulverized before or at the time of planting and then packed if the ground is dry. Some work in the making of a poor soil richer can be done all the year round. The only rule I wish to advise at this time is that soluble manures put on land when wet, is more than one-half lost. Dry ground has a strong affinity for attracting and preserving liquid manure, but if it is already wet the fertility will pass off with the surplus water.

The meaning of moisture as here contemplated is that the soil in which the plant roots are feeding shall have just enough water in it to make the plant food soluble and the soil friable, but not sticky. Our crops don't wish to have their roots in either wet or dry ground.

The meaning of heat is that the soil shall have that degree of temperature most favorable to the germination and growth of the desired crop. In some, such as garden peas, Irish potatoes, rye, wheat and some other grains, a low temperature is best. But for beans, sweet potatoes, corn, cotton, tobacco, sorghum and southern stock pea the soil can hardly have too much warmth in it.

By sunshine is meant that every plant shall receive its share of the direct rays of the sun. Because it is solar light pulsating its etherial waves through soil and plants that creates vegetable life and stimulates growth. We may talk about artificial heat, light and electricity; but there would not be upon this globe either vegetable or animal life if it were not for the power, the agency and guardianship of the sun. The short-sighted farmer may say that he will make his land rich, that he will make a good seed bed, that he will plant good seed, that he will cultivate well, but for the matter of moisture, heat and sunshine, he will trust to Providence. He may quote Scripture and say that God said to Noah that, "While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease." This was a promise that is being fulfilled. But there came with that promise the command to live by the sweat of the face—to subdue the earth, and to possess it, and to be a co-laborer with nature. Where moisture and heat are deficient we can increase them. Where there is too much moisture, heat or sunshine we can diminish them, or which is the same thing, protect our crops from them. We can so cultivate as to intensify the influence of either of these on our crops when needed. I remember one late, wet spring while I was a young man I covered my corn from three to four inches deep, while my adjoining neighbor covered his one inch. His came up and did well, and mine rotted. His corn had around it proper amount of moisture; mine had too much. His corn had a temperature of 20 or 30 degrees of heat more than mine. A weak sunshine nursed his corn into a new life, while mine never felt its genial influence. I remember again that it was a very dry, hot spring and summer that I did not get all my land intended for tobacco set out, and it was on the 1st day of July I planted some of the ground in corn, covering it six inches deep, because I found a little moisture at that depth. The strong sunshine brought it up before the next rain. I remember another year when it was a cold, wet spring, and one of my neighbors and myself had each a field of corn that we had been cultivating on the level system because it was the time of the year to expect warm, dry weather. The corn had gotten to be about three inches high and seemed to stop growing for the reason that the season and cultivation did not favor corn-growth. My neighbor saw the dilemma and with a turning plow threw the dirt from the corn, leaving it standing in a narrow ridge. This took from the corn-roots the surplus water, increased the heat and power of the sunshine and made it out grow my corn that was left to its level culture. As soon as the weather changed to warmness and dryness he threw the dirt back to the corn and kept it growing ahead of mine.

I can remember a good many years in my long farming life when I would thin my corn early, and thin it by the best rule for field corn in this latitude—that is, one stalk for about six or eight feet of superficial measure of the ground. And remembering that in the same years that many of my neighbors would be later thinning their corn, and then leave from 50 to 75 per cent. too many stalks on the ground, and I remember to have seen their small stalks running to tallness—each stalk was trying to get its share of sunshine and dews. They made more provender and I made more grain.

While farming, as a whole, is not an exact science, there are many scientific problems connected with it. The more of these we understand the more our occupation will be pleasurable as well as profitable.—N. B. Dudley, in Farmers' Home Journal.

Inconsistency.

Farmers who claim that there is no overproduction of cotton, while they see two millions of bales piled up that nobody wants unless at their own figures, are the first to declare that fruit and forage crops and farm stock is sure to suffer from overproduction as soon as cotton crops are decreased. This is inconsistent. People must have food whether they have clothing or not. The back will take promises to pay, but the stomach must have spot cash. In speaking of these two great necessaries of life, no one ever transposes the words from their natural order to "clothing and food." It is always "food and clothing." Men have gone naked and lived—they do so now in the tropics—but the demand for food is as regular as the rising and the setting of the sun. The production of food is the especial province of agriculture. The production of clothing is merely an innovation and not an absolute necessity to life. The soil is the great fountain of the human food, and must always be so; and as population increases the food product must increase; so here is the demand. Now for the supply.—Farm and Ranch.

Don't Get Gay.

We desire to submit a very few words of warning and advice to southern cotton planters. Don't get gay because the price of cotton has gone up after you had sold the last bale you had. Don't get gay and imagine that the next crop is going to sell at ten cents a pound fast as it can be ginned. Don't get gay and plant every foot of ground, including the cabbage patch, your wife's flower bed and the calf lot in cotton. Don't you do it. We may theorize on the recent advance in the price of cotton, but all the chances are that the present spurt will not last. An increased acre of cotton will simply be calamity. The south must get out of the cotton habit, at least to the extent of planting something besides cotton. It must get into the corn and pork habit. Even if cotton should go up two cents on the pound, it would still be unprofitable to raise cotton to the exclusion of everything else, but the chances are that the present rise will come to an early end, and the next crop will sell as low as this one did. Wherefore we repeat our warning to the southern cotton planter—Don't Get Gay.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Things Are Different Now.

Just after the civil war that ended just thirty years ago, there was a reason for planting all cotton, and buying corn, hay and bread and meat, by the southern farmer. There was no money in the country and no work could be done without credit and no credit could be had without cotton, for cotton was scarce and high, and ready cash. The commission merchants favored the policy because it put into their hands a sword with a double edge, cutting both ways, catching the farmer agoin' and a comin'. It was for several years an easy going game, and the farmers rather liked it, and they have held on to the custom with characteristic tenacity, until they are afraid to let go. It is all right when you have a good thing to keep it; but when it becomes thoroughly rotten and smells bad, throw it away, or bury it out of sight.—Farm and Ranch.

GARDEN AND ORCHARD.

—Once a good start of small fruits is secured it is easy to grow an abundant supply.

—Pear trees are inclined to grow too close to the center and need careful trimming.

—See that the center of the apple tree is kept trimmed out, and that all dead limbs are cut off.

—Plum and cherry trees need little pruning, the latter the least of any variety of fruit.

—With the grape a few strong, vigorous canes will bear better and yield more fruit than a large number of weak ones.

—Trees will make growth of leaves and wood on a thin soil, but they require mineral manures to perfect good fruit.

—Implements used in the orchard should be those that will thoroughly stir the surface and mellow the soil.

—A safe rule in fruit growing is to grow few varieties and give such care as is necessary to grow them well.

—Thorough surface cultivation will prevent the growth of red raspberry suckers between the rows. Begin it before they get too good a start.

—Arrange so that the newly-planted orchards can be cultivated as thoroughly as the corn and potatoes. Then mulch before the hot, dry weather sets in.

—In using paris green for spraying, care must be taken not to make the solution too strong; there is danger of burning the foliage.

—An apple or cherry tree is more valuable if it shoots out low. By trimming from the top the lower branches will grow out.

—Wood ashes are are a better and more perfect fertilizer for a young orchard than stable manure. There is no advantage in forcing the growth of fruit trees too rapidly.

—It is important to see that the soil is made firm around the stems of newly-set trees. Otherwise hard winds will loosen the roots and often blow the trees over.

—In order to destroy the weeds easily in the garden cultivation must be commenced as soon as they get fairly above ground, and then be repeated as often as a new crop starts up.

—A small and frequently transplanted tree grows more readily than one never disturbed. Each time the roots are disturbed there is a tendency to form fresh fibrous roots at once.

—It is better to cut away the dead wood from trees, even if the tree is disfigured, than to allow it to remain. This is especially true of the peach, which thrives best with severe cutting back.

—One of the best implements with which to begin cultivation in the garden is a sharp steel rake, or a rake attachment to a garden cultivator. If rightly used either of these will destroy the weeds and fine the surface.—St. Louis Republic.

EASTER LILIES.

With Onions and Potatoes, a Leading Source of Income in Bermuda.

It is the popular impression that the production of lily blossoms for the Easter season in this country is an important industry in the Bermudas. The fact is that the blossoms are only a by-product, incidental to the growing of lily bulbs to be sent to Europe and America. The exportation of the blossoms is small except at the Easter season, and at any other time of year when the plants are blooming blossoms are given to visitors. The same is true of freesias, which are grown in great numbers.

The soil and climate of the Bermudas are especially favorable to the growing of the lily, and the bulbs are an important product, sharing with onions and potatoes the attention of cultivators. The lily grower separates the bulb into parts, and plants each part. The new bulbs are not exported the first year, but are the second. It takes four years to produce the great bulbs, three inches in diameter, from which spring the tall stalks crowned with many blossoms. The grower has boards with four holes of different sizes, and the bulbs are sorted by passing them through these holes. One sees in Bermuda lily fields covered with plants varying in height from a few inches to two or three feet. The small ones are the stalks from young bulbs. The tallest are the ones sent to this country at Easter. The bulbs are removed from the ground in summer and set out again in the autumn.

Bulb growing is profitable and certain. The grower can be reasonably sure of the price from year to year, and he usually hopes to make a profit of about two dollars per one thousand on lily bulbs sold in lots of one hundred thousand. Gen. Hastings, of this country, who finds the climate of the Bermudas peculiarly suitable to his constitution, has managed to evade the law forbidding alien ownership of land in the islands, and has become one of the most notable growers of lily bulbs.

Work in the lily fields is done largely by negroes, though whites, men, women and children, are also seen in the little patches. The Bermuda negroes are better educated and seemingly more intelligent than the negroes of this country, and their bearing is markedly different. The Bermuda negro has the broad British accent and rather less of what is supposed in this country to be the negro dialect. The ground for the lilies is broken first with the plow, and after that the cultivation is entirely with hand implements. A large matlock-like hoe is used. Although the snowy fields of lilies and freesias have often been described, no one quite realizes the abundance of these and other flowers in the Bermudas. Lilies are seen everywhere growing or cut and placed in water. Freesias are gathered and given away by the hundred. Children on the roads throw great bunches of blossoms into passing carriages. The number of lilies is almost cloying, and visitors tire of the ever-present odor.—N. Y. Sun.

A QUAINT INDIAN LEGEND.

Why the Indians Paint Their Faces When on the Warpath.

"'Why do Indians paint their faces?' I have asked that question of hundreds of red men and have received but one answer. Of all the tribes that I have visited, but one has a legend accounting for the hideous decorations that are to be seen on the faces of Indians under all ceremonial circumstances.

"I was sitting at a camp fire in a village of Jicarilla Apaches one night listening to the stories and legends that were being told, when I propounded the old question again, hardly expecting even the usual expression of ignorance that hides so many of the thoughts of the Indians. To my surprise, however, I received the answer that I least expected. An old fellow who had sat all evening listening to the stories without changing his attitude grunted and straightened up as he heard the question. Proceeding with all due solemnity he told the following legend:

"Years ago, when men were weak and animals were big and strong, a chief of the red men who lived in these mountains went out to get a deer, for his people were hungry. After walking all day he saw a deer and shot at it, but the arrow was turned aside and wounded a mountain lion, which was also after the deer. When the lion felt the sting of the arrow he jumped up and bounded after the man, who ran for his life. He was almost exhausted, and when he felt his strength giving way he fell to the ground, calling on the big bear, who, you know, is the grand father of men, to save him. The big bear heard the call and saw that to save the man he had to act quickly, so he scratched his foot and sprinkled his blood over the man.

"'Now, you know no animal will eat of the bear or taste of his blood, so when the lion reached the man he smelled the blood and turned away, but as he did so his foot scraped the face of the man, leaving the marks of his claws on the bloody face. When the man found that he was uninjured he was so thankful that he left the blood to dry on his face and never washed it at all, but left it until it peeled off. Where the claws of the lion scraped it off there were marks that turned brown in the sun, and where the blood staid on it was lighter. You know all men paint their faces that way with blood and scrape it off in streaks when they hunt or go to war.'"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HAD A NARROW ESCAPE.

A Tough Western Yarn in Which the Cowboy, as Usual, Comes Out Ahead.

A well-dressed man was waiting for the east-bound train, in a western station, not long ago. Reminiscences were being exchanged, for his particular benefit, by several cattle men, who eyed him closely.

Pony Wilson gave a startling description of the way in which he had killed two "greasers" a short time before.

"That reminds me," broke in the youngest member of the party, "of a tussle I had with Old Roman Nose, back in the seventies, when I was riding for Tim Peters, of the 'T bar C.' One day I was sent to hunt a bunch of steers that had disappeared about three days before.

"I went north about ten miles, without seeing any sign of them, and was about to turn back, when along came an Indian, making straight for me through the sage brush. I pulled my gun, 'cause in those days I never lost a chance to kill a redskin. But this one acted as though he had something to say, and I concluded not to kill him until he had had his say, because I thought he might know something about the cattle.

"Well, he had a new pair of buffalo hide gloves that he wanted to swap for terbaccer. I had more gloves than terbaccer, and I told him so. But he told me to try them on and see how they would fit. The left one went on as slick as a whistle, but before the right one was half way on I knew something was wrong. It stuck tight, and I couldn't get it on nor off.

"Before I knowed what was up that air Indian gave a yell, and jerked me off the horse by the leg, and tried to stick me in the ribs with a knife. I grabbed for my gun, but the measley glove was in the way, so I couldn't use it. I threw up my left hand to ward off the knife, and, would you believe it, that knife caught in the glove, jerked it off, and, before you could say 'Jack Robinson,' I had put a bullet through his bald pate with my left hand.

"I didn't have no time to monkey there, either, because there came a hundred red devils, riding like fun. I picked up the left glove, jumped on my horse, and never stopped till I reached Jim Peters' door. I have kept them gloves to this day, and here they be."—N. Y. Herald.

ARE THEY IDENTICAL?

It Is Now Said the Capacity to Smell and Taste Have the Same Origin.

The man who smoked in the dark one night and discovered that when he couldn't see the smoke all the pleasure of burning tobacco was lost is not more remarkable than the individual who has now discovered that the senses of taste and of smell are identical. This gentleman advances the theory that the sense of taste depends upon the number of minute tentacles which constitute the surface of the tongue and he says that some men have three times as many of these as others. The latter never become gourmands and their sense of smell is, says this observer, deficient.

In proof of these assertions it is said that when you have a bad cold you almost lose both these senses, that you can neither detect delicate odors, like that of perfume, otherwise so noticeable, nor identify the flavors of different kinds of foods and drinks. The smoker who has a severe cold finds that his cigar or cigarette yields but little pleasure, and he finds that his glass of claret or champagne at dinner is almost as flat to the taste as so much water.

Brillat-Savarin, who lifted cooking from the kitchen to the library, and made gastronomy a fine art, said that of all the senses in their natural state, taste procures us the greatest number of enjoyments. For this he gives six reasons, as follows:

Because the pleasure of eating, taken in moderation, is the only one that is not followed by fatigue.

Because it is common to every age, time and condition.

Because it must return once at least every day, and may during that space of time be easily repeated two or three times.

Because it can combine with all our other pleasures, and even console us for their absence.

Because its sensations are at once more lasting than others and more subject to our will.

Because we have a certain special but indefinable satisfaction, arising from the instinctive knowledge that, by the very act of eating, we are making good our losses and prolonging our existence.

These are the reasons advanced by this eminent writer to prove that taste is the most important of the senses. He was also one of the first to suspect the identity of the senses of taste and smell, and he said that of two guests seated at the same banquet one may have delicious sensations while the other seems to eat only because compelled, the reason being that the latter has tongue and nostrils only poorly furnished for enjoyment. It is thus that the empire of taste has its blind men and its deaf.—N. Y. World.

Heavily Handicapped.

A certain old Yankee had been hobnobbing with congenial companions at a favorite little bar-room during a blizzard, and the hour was late when he donned his wraps and started for home. His gait was unsteady, and he was scarcely well out of the door before he stumbled and fell on a pile of lumber in such a manner that, with the load liquor which burdened his powers, he could not get up. Jonathan Hardbutton—that is his name—succeeded in raising himself to a sitting posture, but could not regain his feet, in spite of every effort. Being at length exhausted, he sat still and waited until he should recover enough strength to extricate himself from his predicament. And while thus waiting, his trousers froze stiff and fast to the lumber. Then his trouble increased. But luckily a belated friend passing that way noticed him.

"Say, Jonathan, you old fool," he drawled out, "why don't you git up and go home? What are you sitting there for, sech a night as this?"

"Well, how be I goin' to git up," bawled Jonathan, "when all uv th' Lord's creation is frus fast to my pantaloons?"—Utica Observer.

History of the Barometer.

In the "Meteorologische Zeitschrift" Prof. G. Hellmann gives a very interesting account of the invention of the barometer, which has now been in use two hundred and fifty years. Torricelli, who died at the early age of thirty years, was too busily engaged in mathematical studies to publish an account of his discovery, but on June 11, 1644, he wrote a description of it to his friend Ricci. This letter, and Ricci's objections to the experiment, were published in 1663 by C. Dati, a friend of Torricelli, and, as this work is now exceedingly scarce, Prof. Hellman has reprinted the correspondence, in the original Italian, in the above-mentioned journal. Some of the paragraphs, says "Nature," are noteworthy, especially those in which Torricelli states that it was not merely a question of producing a vacuum, but of making an instrument which would indicate the changes of the atmosphere. The first continuous barometrical observations appear to have been made in France. In England they were first taken by Robert Boyle, about the year 1650, to whom we owe the invention of the word "barometer."—Scientific American.

—When the sewing machine was invented the prediction was made that it would lighten the labor of women; as a fact, it increased the number of frills.

RUSSIA'S SILVER.

The Mines Are Owned and Worked by the Government.

Although the first discovery of silver ores in the district of Nertchinsk, in eastern Siberia, was made in the early part of the second half of the seventeenth century, the actual smelting of this metal was not begun before 1704. Veins of silver ore were found at Smiainogorsk, in the Altai, by Akinfy Demidoff, in 1735, but it was only after ten years, in 1745, when they were taken over by the government, that the smelting of the ores was commenced. The production of silver at the Nertchinsk works attained its maximum during the '70s of last century, when it amounted to 600 poods, or 21,600 English pounds, and during the same period the production of the Altai works exceeded 1,100 poods, so that at the time these two works produced about 1,700 poods annually. During the present century the production of silver was greater in 1831, but even then it was only 1,318 poods, or not more than 76 per cent. of the yield at the close of the last century. During 1890, the last year for which there are available data, the silver product in different localities was: The Caucasus, 30 poods, 24¼ pounds; Altai, 681 poods, 8 pounds; Khirgis Steppe, 72 poods, 28½ pounds, Nertchinsk, 54 poods, 34¼ pounds; Finland, 49 poods, 36 pounds. Total, 889 poods and 11¼ pounds.

The Altai mining district of his majesty's cabinet continues to supply three-fourths of the entire production of silver in Russia. In 1860 the Altai district yielded 1,060 pooda, but 25 years later the production fell to less than a quarter of that amount. Since then it has revived and gone up to 681 poods in 1890. In the Nertchinsk mining district of his majesty's cabinet, where, up to 1863, the production of silver did not exceed 7.5 poods, the yield has steadily risen since 1866, and in 1881 it attained 55 poods, at which figure it also stood in 1890. In the Caucasus there is a single silver smelting establishment—the Alagirsk works—belonging to the state. The annual production of these works varies between 29 and 35 poods. The works on the Khirgiz Steppe are very primitive, and their production fluctuates considerably. In the Urals, where silver was first smelted in 1874, the production reached a maximum of 29 poods in 1880, but it subsequently fell rapidly and ceased entirely in 1884. In Finland there is also one establishment, the Pitkarand works, on the northern shore of Lake Ladoga, which has latterly produced from 20 to 50 poods yearly.

All the silver smelted in Russia is extracted from argentiferous lead ores, but besides this all the gold produced in Russia contains silver, the amount of which is determined by assays taken at the state smelting-houses. During 1890 Russia produced in silver ingots 826 poods, 13 pounds; and in gold ingots unrefined 165 poods, 25¾ pounds. The silver smelted by private individuals is subject to a tax, which was reduced in 1887 from 10 to 15 per cent. to 3 per cent. for freehold, and 4½ per cent. for leasehold works. The money coined in the empire during the last two years, for which statistics are given, was, in 1889, 28,150,000 rubles in gold, 76,760 rubles in silver bank money, 2,351,504 rubles in silver exchange money and 200,000 rubles in copper. In 1890 the gold coinage fell to 3,735,140 rubles, while silver bank money was coined to the amount of 500,021 rubles, silver exchange money to 2,351,504 rubles and copper 200,000 rubles.—St. Louis Republic.

EXPRESSIVE HUMAN HAND.

Length of the Fingers an Index to Mental Balance.

Much has been written about the hand. Artists have depicted its perfection, physiognomists have interpreted its shape and expression, chirologists and the gypsy queens have tried to prophesy from its markings. But a study of its peculiarities by the inductive methods takes one into entirely new fields, and shows that to interpret the significance of the hand one must start on quite new lines. There is something, perhaps, in the fact that the artistic hand has somewhat tapering fingers, but beyond this one deals with uncertainties; and I recollect an idiot youth whose extremities had the contour of a genius.

If one examines the hands of a large number of persons with a nervous endowment he will find curious defects in the length and relative proportions of the fingers. The length of the finger is determined by that of the middle one. If the index and medius are closed upon the palm, the ring and little finger being left extended, the middle finger will reach close to the place where the so-called life line runs down, between the ball of the thumb and that of the little finger. It will touch the palm just below the highest part of the ball of the thumb. The middle finger is taken as the standard of length by which to gauge that of the others. In a normal hand the forefinger reaches just to the root of the nail of the middle finger: the ring finger is longer, and should reach nearly to the middle of the nail of the medius, while the little finger should reach the last joint of the third finger. Now, in inebriates, epileptics, neurotics, and the degenerate generally, these proportions are often not observed. The most common defect is shortness, especially of the third and little fingers, though sometimes a disproportionate length occurs. Sometimes these fingers are unnaturally slender, or the little finger is slightly bent. The most common abnormality of the thumb is excessive shortness, with a defective mobility. These peculiarities, well accentuated, form what we may call the "decadent hand"—the hand that writes our sensuous novels, the Hauptmann drama, paints symbolic pictures and exploits pure atheism. Such hands may be well formed to the ordinary eye, and may be attached to slender and graceful limbs. But this kind of beautiful hand and arm is found quite as often among the children of alcoholics and among those highly cultivated families which have become degenerated by vices and vicious crossing.—Dr. C. L. Dana, in Medical Record.

And This Also?

Mrs. Newera (waking suddenly in the night)—"What noise is that? Is it you, Cyrus?

Mr. Newera—"Y-yes, my dear."

Mrs. Newera (composing herself to slumber again)—"You won't find anything in my pockets.

Cyrus—I put it all in the bank this afternoon."—Chicago Tribune.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

—Chopped Potatoes Fried: Chop cold boiled potatoes and season them with a little pepper. Fry a slice or two of pork crisp in a spider, then take it out and put in the potato and brown it."—Boston Budget.

—Scalloped Apples: Butter a pudding dish and put a layer of peeled sliced apples in the bottom. Sprinkle with sugar, a very little flour and cinnamon and some bits of butter. Fill the dish in this manner and bake one hour, covering the dish to prevent burning on the top. Serve cold or hot.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Sweet Roll: Dry a tablespoonful of flour, and mix it into the same quantity of castor sugar, add a teaspoonful of baking powder. Break two eggs into this, and beat all well together. Spread on a flat tin, and bake in a quick oven for five or seven minutes. Turn out on a paper, spread with lemon and curd roll. When cold cut in slices.—Leed's Mercury.

—Pudding Sauce: One pint water made into a smooth starch with a heaping tablespoon of flour. Cook ten minutes, strain if necessary, sweeten to taste, and pour on it one tablespoon butter and juice of a lemon or other flavoring. If lemon is not used, add one tablespoon vinegar. This can be made richer by using more butter and sugar: stir them to a cream with the flavoring, then add the starch. These recipes are given by Mrs. Mary Hinman Aber and may therefore be relied on.—Western Rural.

—Cooking Cabbages: A great many people with weak digestion are afraid to eat cabbages of any description. This is a simple means of remedying the matter. Put about the size of an egg of bread crumbs, tied in a fine cloth, in with the cabbages when cooking. Cabbages cooked like this can be used in any possible way, the bread having absorbed all bitter juices, they can not harm, while they are digested quite easily. Another advantage of this style of cooking is that the bread crumbs absorb almost all the smell which usually accompanies the cooking of cabbages.—Leed's Mercury.

—A Veal Pot Pie with Dumplings: Take a scrag of breast neck of veal and cut it into slices an inch thick. Fry out several slices of salt pork in a kettle. Remove the pork, flour the veal and brown it on both sides in the fat. Add hot water just enough to cover the meat. Let it simmer about half an hour, then season it with pepper and salt and dredge in a little flour. Let it cook gently till tender. Dumplings: One cup of flour, one even teaspoonful of baking powder, half a teaspoonful of salt and sweet milk to make a batter stiff enough to drop from a spoon. Drop by the spoonful into the boiling stew. Cover closely to keep in the steam, and cook fifteen minutes without lifting the cover. Take out the dumplings, put the meat into the center of a hot platter and the dumplings around the edge.—Boston Budget.

A WORD OF CAUTION.

Never Recommend Your Dressmaker to a Friend If You Are Wise.

Unless you are willing to run to the risk of breaking the cordial relations that exist between you and another woman, don't recommend a dressmaker to her notice, for it isn't woman nature to forget the origin of a botched gown, despite protestations to the contrary. It will be readily admitted that a dressmaker who suits one woman to a T, and who has always proved satisfactory to one patron may do nothing to please another. It is always more or less of an experiment, as any woman knows, to try a new hand at one's gowns. The best of dressmakers often fail, just as very often one-dollar-a-day seamstresses turn out very creditable pieces of work, and when one entrusts a dress pattern to hands unknown its ultimate fate is a lottery. Enter that lottery unadvised—if you would have no gnawing regrets—let your friends try their luck with no encouragement from you, if you wish to preserve peace of mind and continued friendship.

The whole question of gown-making is a vexatious one to the one who can not afford to place it in the hands of an unquestioned authority and pay the bills that follow. The woman who knows that it is a necessity for her to employ cheap dressmakers, to be her own designer, to wear bodices with unbound seams and to put on the skirt facings herself in order to save the time of hired hands, a new dress presents direful possibilities that bring wrinkles and nerves in their train. There are women who have settled the matter by patronizing the really excellent ready-made garments now to be had at any of the larger stores, but when one is under five feet in height, and every skirt is designed for a woman five feet five inches, or when one is blessed with abnormally long arms attached to a narrow chest, and even the sleeves of to-day, big as they are, do no cover the bony wrist, the dressmaker is the only avenue to approach when a new gown is in contemplation. And those of the short stature or the long arms know to a certainty that when they try new pastures there are sleepless nights and hours of worry and bother in store for them.—N. Y. Telegram.

To Relieve That Cough.

One's doctor will encouragingly inform one, when struggling back to strength from an attack of grippe: "That cough of yours will have to wear out. You can scarcely expect to rid yourself of it before warmer weather." If this is true the least that one can do is to mitigate, so far as is possible, the virulence of the throat affection. Glycerine is excellent as part of a mixture for moistening the dry feeling there. Either with water or with whisky it is beneficial, but the latter dose is rather sickishly sweet for one already nauseated by the influenza. Equal parts of glycerine and lemon-juice make a compound which is not unlike strong lemonade in taste, is refreshing to take after severe coughing and is highly recommended by physicians.—Philadelphia Press.

Some Spring Styles.

Fly-front coats with box back of covert mixtures.

Separate skirts made of crepon, cheviots and fancy silks in black.

Misses' checked coats in different colors, showing velvet inlaid collars.

Silk waists of Rob Roy plaid made on the bias, with blouse fronts and elbow sleeves.

Children's reefers in navy blue, red and tan, trimmed with tinsel braid and brass buttons.

Perforated velvet waists in gold.—Boston Globe.