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, JULY 6, 1895. VOL. XX.—NO. 28.

MY MOTHER'S SONG.

When the thrushes cease their singing and the wild bees leave the clover;
When the glory of the sunset fades, and leaves the heavens pale;
When above the hill and mountains misty shades of twilight hover,
And the discords of the daytime far away in distance fail;

When the rath wheat gently rustles, and the timid aspens shiver,
And the west winds sighing softly scent from sleeping flowers bring;
When the peewits cry together plaintively by brook and river—
Then it is that I hear the old song that my mother used to sing.

Round my neck I feel the pressure of her fingers warm and slender,
And in sleeping dreams and waking I have felt it many times,
Just as when of old I listened to that ditty, quaint and tender,
Till the boughs that waved above us caught the cadence of the rhymes;

And my heart throbs loud and quickly as I hear it rising clearer,
Youth is mine, its hopes and visions, dreams and plans are mine again;
Earth is fairer, life is sweeter—ay, and heaven itself seems nearer
To me as I list in fancy to that ne'er forgotten strain.

—Chambers' Journal.

CLOWN AND CHILD.

A Tender Story of a Sick Room Beautifully Told.

The child was lying stretched out in his little white bed, and his eyes, grown large through fever, looked straight before him, always with the strange fixity of the sick who already perceive what the living do not see.

The mother, at the foot of the bed, torn by suffering and wringing her hands to keep herself from crying, anxiously followed the progress of the disease on the poor, emaciated face of the little being. The father, an honest workman, kept back the tears which burned his eyelids.

The June day broke clear and mild, and lighted up the narrow room in the street of the Abbesses where little Francois, the child of Jacques and Madeleine Legrand, lay dying. He was seven years old, and was very fair, very rosy, very lively. Not three weeks ago he was gay as a sparrow; but a fever had seized him, and they had brought him home one evening from the public school with his head heavy and his hands very hot. From that time he had been here in this bed, and sometimes in his delirium when he looked at his well-blackened shoes, which his father had placed in a corner on a board, he said:

"You can throw them away now, little Francois' shoes! Little Francois will not put them on any more! Little Francois will not go to school any more—never, never!"

Then the father cried out and said: "Wilt thou be still!" And the mother, very pale, buried her blonde head on his pillow, so that little Francois could not hear her weep.

This night the child had been delirious, but for the two days past the doctor had been uneasy over an odd sort of prostration that had seized him; it was as if in seven years he already felt the weariness of life. He was tired, silent, sad, and tossed his little head about on the bolster. He had no longer a smile on his poor, thin lips, and with haggard eye he seemed to look at, they knew not what, something beyond them—very far off.

"In Heaven, perhaps," thought Madeleine, trembling.

When they wished him to take medicine, sirup or a little soup, he refused. He refused everything.

"Dost thou wish anything, Francois?"

"No, I wish nothing."

"We must draw him out of this," the doctor said. "This torpor frightens me! You are the father and mother, you know the child well. Seek for something to reanimate his little body. Recall to earth the spirit which runs after the clouds."

Then he went away.

"Seek!"

Yes, without doubt they knew him well, their Francois, these worthy people! They knew how it amused him to plunder the hedges on Sunday and to come back to Paris on his father's shoulders laden with hawthorn. Jacques Legrand had bought some images, some gilded soldiers and some Chinese shadows for Francois; he cut them out, put them on the child's bed and made them dance before the bewildered eyes of the little one, and with a desire to weep himself he tried to make him laugh.

"Dost thou see, it is the broken bridge. Tire, tire, tire. And this is the general! Thou remembered we saw one general, once, in the Bois de Boulogne? If thou takest thy medicine well I will buy thee a real one, with a cloth tunic and gold epaulettes. Dost thou wish for him, the general, say?"

"No," replied the child, in the dry voice which fever gives.

"But what dost thou wish, my Francois?" asked the mother. "Let us see, there is certainly something thou wouldst like to have. Tell it, tell it to me! to me! thy mother!" And she laid her cheek on the pillow of the sick boy, and whispered this softly in his ear, as if it were a secret. Then the child, with an odd accent, straightening himself up in his bed and stretching out his hand eagerly toward some invisible thing, replied suddenly in an ardent tone, at the same time supplicating and imperative:

"I want Boum-Boum!"

Poor Madeleine threw a frightened look toward her husband. What did the little one say? Was it the delirium, the frightful delirium, which had come back again?

Boum-Boum!

She did not know what that meant, and she was afraid of these singular words which the child repeated with a sickly persistence, as if, not having dared until now to formulate his dream, he grasped the present time with invincible obstinacy:

"Yes, Boum-Boum! Boum-Boum! I want Boum-Boum!"

The mother had seized Jacques' hand and spoke very low, and as if demented.

"What does that mean, Jacques? He is lost!"

But the father had on his rough, workingman's face a smile almost happy, but astonished, too; the smile of a condemned man who foresees a possibility of liberty.

Boum-Boum! He remembered well the morning of Easter Monday, when he had taken Francois to the circus. He had still in his ears the child's outbursts of joy, the happy laugh of the astonished boy, when the clown, the beautiful clown, all spangled with gold and with a great gilded, many-colored butterfly sparkling on the back of his black costume, skipped across the track, gave the trip to a rider or held himself motionless and stiff on the sand, his head down and his feet in the air. Or again he tossed up to the chandelier some soft, felt hats which he caught adroitly on his head, where they formed, one by one, a pyramid; and at each jest, like a refrain brightening up his droll and intelligent face, he uttered the same cry, repeated the same word, accompanied now and then by a burst from the orchestra: "Boum-Boum!"

Ah! if Jacques could have wrapped him up in his blankets, could have carried him to the circus, could have shown him the clown dancing under the lighted chandelier, and have said to him: "Look!" He did better, Jacques, he went to the circus, demanded the address of the clown, and, timidly, his legs shaking with fear, he climbed, one by one, the steps which led to the apartment of the artist, at Montmartre. It was very bold, this that Jacques was going to do. But, after all, the comedians go to sing and recite their monologues in drawing-rooms at the houses of the great lords. Perhaps the clown—oh, if he only would!—would consent to come and say good-by to Francois. How would they receive him, Jacques Legrand, here at Boum-Boum's house?

He was no longer Boum-Boum! He was Monsieur Moreno, and, in the artistic dwelling, the books, the engravings, the elegance, were like choice decorations around the charming man who received Jacques in an office like that of a doctor.

Jacques looked but did not recognize the clown, and turned and twisted his felt hat between his fingers. The other waited. Then the father excused himself. "It was astonishing what he came there to ask, it could not be—pardon, excuse. But, in short, it was concerning a little one—a nice little one, monsieur. And so intelligent! Always the first at school, except in arithmetic, which he did not understand. A dreamer, this little one, do you see? Yes, a dreamer. And the proof—wait—the proof—"

Jacques now hesitated, stammered; but he gathered up his courage and said, brusquely:

"The proof is that he wishes to see you, that he thinks only of you, and that you are there before him like a star, which he would like to have, and that he looks—"

When he had finished the father was deadly pale and he had great drops on his forehead. He dared not look at the clown, who remained with his eyes fixed on the workman. And what was he going to say, this Boum-Boum? Was he going to dismiss him, take him for a fool and put him out the door?

"You live?"

"Oh, very near! Street of the Abbesses."

"Come!" said the other. "Your boy wants to see Boum-Boum? Ah, well, he is going to see Boum-Boum."

When the door opened and showed the clown, Jacques Legrand cried out joyfully to his son:

"Francois, be happy, child! See, here he is, Boum-Boum!"

A look of great joy come over the child's face. He raised himself on his mother's arm, and turned his head toward the two men who approached, questioning, for a moment, who it was by the side of his father; this gentleman in an overcoat, whose good, pleasant face he did not know. When they said to him: "It is Boum-Boum!" he slowly fell back on the pillow and remained there, his eyes fixed, his beautiful large, blue eyes, which looked beyond the walls of the little room and were always seeking the spangles and the butterfly of Boum-Boum, like a lover who pursues his dream.

"No," replied the child with a voice which was no longer dry, but full of despair, "no, it is not Boum-Boum."

The clown, standing near the little bed, threw upon the child an earnest look, very grave, but of inexpressible sweetness.

He shook his head, looked at the anxious father, the grief-stricken mothe, and said smiling. "He is right, this is not Boum-Boum!" and then he went out.

"I cannot see him, I shall never see Boum-Boum any more!" repeated the child, whose little voice spoke to the angels. "Boum-Boum is perhaps there, there where little Francois will soon go."

But suddenly—it was only half an hour since the clown had disappeared—the door opened quickly, and in his black, spangled clothes, his yellow cap on his head, the gilded butterfly on his breast and on his back, with a smile as big as the mouth of a money-box, and a powdered face, Boum-Boum, the true Boum-Boum, the Boum-Boum of the circus, the Boum-Boum of the popular neighborhood, the Boum-Boum of little Francois—Boum-Boum appeared.

Lying on his little white bed, the child clapped his thin little hands, laughing, crying, happy, saved, with a joy of life in his eyes, and cried "bravo" with his seven-year gayety, which all at once kindled up like a match.

"Boum-Boum! It is he, it is he, this time! Here is Boum-Boum! Long live Boum-Boum! Good-day, Boum-Boum."

And when the doctor came back, he found, seated by little Francois' bedside, a clown with a pale face, who made the little one laugh again and again, and who said to the child, while he was stirring a piece of sugar into a cup of medicine:

"Thou knowest, if thou dost not drink, little Francois, Boum-Boum will not come back any more."

So the child drank.

"Is it not good?"

"Very good! Thanks, Boum-Boum!"

Until little Francois was on his feet again, a carriage stopped every day before the dwelling of a workman in the street of the Abbesses, at Montmartre, and a man got out with a gay, powdered face; he was enveloped in an overcoat, with the collar turned back, and underneath it one could see a clown's costume.

"What do I owe you, monsieur?" said Jacques, at last, to the master-clown when the child took his first walk. "I must owe you a great deal."

The clown stretched out his two soft but Herculean hands to the parents.

"A shake of the hand!" said he.

Then placing two great kisses on the once more rosy cheeks of the child:

"And," laughing, "permission to put on my visiting card;

"BOUM-BOUM,

"Acrobatic Doctor and Physician in Ordinary to Little Francois!"

—Jules Claretie, in Albany Journal.

WHY FOOD IS CHEWED.

Facts Bearing on Digestion and Habits that Disturb It.

The necessity of carefully chewing the food is popularly considered to rest upon the advisability of separating it into small portions so that, when it reaches the stomach, it may be better acted upon by the gastric juice. But important as this is, there is another reason, namely, the necessity of mixing the food well with the saliva, which has its own part to play in the digestive organs. It is just as necessary, therefore, to chew foods that are already minced or pulverized as those that require separation with the teeth, and failure to do so properly results in indigestion. In "Modern Medicine," an interesting article deals with the evils resulting from imperfect mastication, which it calls "Salivary Indigestion."

At the outset our attention is called to the fact that accurate knowledge on the subject was for a time actually observed by an important discovery. Leuchs, about sixty years ago, found that saliva converts starch into sugar. To this fact, indeed, its value is due, since the gastric juice will not digest starch directly. But since the saliva will not act upon starch thus when rendered acid, it was at once concluded that it could have no useful digestive qualities, since the food remained such a short time in the mouth and the gastric juice of the stomach is powerfully acid. Recent investigations have shown, however, that at the beginning of digestion the fluid contains no free acid, and that the digestive power of saliva goes on increasing till its alkaline qualities are actually neutralized. Hence it has half an hour or so to act—ample time for its purpose. The article goes on to say:

"During the half or three-quarters of an hour which intervenes between the swallowing of the food and the production of a degree of acidity sufficient to prevent the action upon the starch through the appearance of free hydrochloric acid, very active conversion of starch is taking place. If the food has been thoroughly masticated, so that it is broken up into fine particles, thus also insuring an admixture of an abundant quantity of saliva, the great share of the starch elements of the food will be rendered soluble by conversion into dextrin, even if not completely converted into sugar, thus setting free the nitrogenous elements which may be acted upon by the gastric juice in their turn.

"It must not be forgotten, also, that the saliva is the most active peptogen; that is, the presence of saliva in the stomach, in connection with the food, stimulates glandular activity on the part of the stomach, whereby an active and abundant supply of gastric juice is produced.

"Another cause of salivary indigestion which we should mention is the abundant use of sweets. In order that the saliva shall exercise its properties efficiently it is necessary that it should act in a suitable medium. A temperature of one hundred degrees and an alkaline or neutral reaction are necessary for prompt and vigorous action on the part of the saliva upon the farinaceous elements of food. A low temperature hinders this action and acidity stops it altogether. The presence of a large amount of sugar also hinders the action of the saliva.

"It is thus evident that the copious drinking of cold water, or the taking of iced foods in connection with meals, is a means of producing salivary indigestion. The free use of strong acids, such as vinegar, in connection with cereal foods, is equally objectionable. Nothing could be more absurd than the combination of strong acids with vegetable elements, as in pickles. This is probably the reason why so many persons find themselves unable to use acid fruits without fermentation. The acidity may be sufficient to neutralize the action of the saliva upon the starch.

"Evidently it is not only psychologically absurd to add sugar to farinaceous foods, since the starch, which composes one-half the weight of these foods, is all converted into sugar in the process of digestion, but the practice is also highly injurious, since in prevents the normal action of the saliva upon the starch. In this way sugar, preserves, sweet sauces, confectionery, ice-cream, cakes and other sweets are in the highest degree conducive to salivary indigestion. The consequences of salivary indigestion are: Acid fermentations, heartburn, stomach and intestinal colic, dilatation of the stomach, catarrh of the stomach and many evil effects arising from these conditions.

"The remedy for salivary indigestion consists in prohibiting sweets, ices and soft foods, and requiring patients to masticate thoroughly every particle of food swallowed. In many cases it is well to aid the process of salivary digestion by exposing the cereal food substances to the prolonged action of heat, thereby converting the starch into dextrin, rendering it more readily soluble, and hence more readily acted upon by the saliva. Granola and swieback are invaluable articles of food for use in cases of this sort. The malt preparations are useful as palliatives in some cases, but it should be remembered that it is wrong to become dependent upon any artificial digestive agent.—Literary Digest.

THE WEAR ON PAVEMENTS.

Effect of Millions of Feet on Stone in a Large City.

New York furnishes a curious example of the effect of time, traffic and weather upon stones.

In the crush of people turning out from and into Broadway in the neighborhood of the City Hall park, it has been the habit to step upon the marble step and platform of the Stewart building, using it as a part of that thoroughfare. The step and platform are of white marble, and such has been the extraordinary attrition of the millions of feet that a long shallow trough has been worn away in the stones throughout their entire length.

A noteworthy example of the relative durability of black and white marble is to be found in the southern corridor of the post office, which is laid in a checker-board pattern of these two stones. The white marble has been worn away by a traffic which has apparently made no impression upon the black marble squares, until there is a difference in the level of the two slabs sometimes amounting to as much as half an inch. A similar instance of the relative durability of the black and white marble is to be found at the state capitol at Albany, the white stone used there being such a very soft material that it is worn away into depressions deep enough to cause a stubbing of the toe against the projecting black slab.

The effect of New York's climate on brown sandstone has been a subject of remark, but nowhere can the stone's destruction by disintegration and scaling be seen to such an extent as in Trinity churchyard. All the headstones of this destructible material show the effect of time and exposure in the loss of surface and angles, and in some cases the entire stone has disappeared, or at any rate has been resolved into a little heap of sandy debris. The white sandstone has not fared much better; the marble splits and cracks under the rending strain of severe frost. The stone that seems to be the most enduring is the fine-grained, blue-black slate which is found over some graves. The same comparative qualities of resistance are found in the tombstones of the Long Island cemeteries. The inscriptions on those which were set up in colonial days are almost undecipherable if the stone is sandstone or marble, but are quite sharp if the stone be of slate.

A very curious example of the effect of New York weather upon white sandstone is to be found in the old graveyard which lies between Eleventh and Twelfth streets and Avenue A and First avenue. The tombstones in this half-forgotten cemetery are nearly all of white sandstone, which was doubtless very easy to quarry and engrave, but it has shown itself anything but a lasting monument to the wisdom of the stonemason. It has not split under stress of the weather, but has literally bent under it. The plane of inclination is almost invariably toward the east, and some of the stones are so bowed that they are humpbacked and round-shouldered. In several cases the inclination has been so great that the stones have given way and broken in two.

Although slate for gravestones shows itself peculiarly durable in New York, it has not proved itself so when used as flagstones for our pavement. Any inequality of the foundation has resulted most disastrously to the integrity of the stone, and it has been followed by a fracture of the slab, and this has gone on until on the old sidewalks from which the broken flags have not been removed the original single stone is represented by a score or more of small fragments. A very good example of this process of reduction may be seen on University place, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets.

Granite seems entirely unaffected by the weather, but under the terrific wear to which it is subjected on our thoroughfares, it soon gets polished to the smoothness of glass, and has to be constantly roughened.

In the early days bricks did yeoman's service as a paving material for sidewalks, but in the increasing traffic they wore into holes and lumps that made walking over them a good deal like a trip across a lava bed. For building purposes, however, good brick to-day, as in the days of the Assyrian kilns, is practically indestructible.—N. Y. Sun.

TEDDY TODDLETON'S TAILOR.

The Troubles of a Small Londoner and His Ultimate Triumph.

Teddy Toddleton was born in London, had gone to school in London, and all his days and nights had been days and nights of London. Teddy's London origin and London manner of speech and London clothes were so plainly and without exception of, from, and by London that even strangers used to say to him: "How's things in London?"

Teddy liked Kansas City immensely, but contact with the western air and western friends and western girls could not give him even a shade of the style American, and he was simply a little Londoner from his boots up.

One evening Teddy was in the center of a group of western girls—sparkling, daring, vivacious, and chattering—and, egged on by their interest in the prince and dukes and viscounts and all that, he talked of fashionable life in London until he worked himself into a flow of thick muggy London eloquence that no mimic could reproduce or no Anglomaniac copy.

"The fashions ye fawncy as the newest London modes are all a foolery," he was saying, "because London gentlemen have their clothes made by the dozens at a time and in their own private styles. That's the way with boots and hats and scarfs——"

"O, Mr. Toddleton, I think you are joking us!" interjected Miss Pert Highcolor, with one of her dazzling smiles.

"Yes, you are, you Munchausen!" cried Nellie Fashionplate. "You are so fresh from London—I don't think!"

"I believe he's from Tonganoxie, girls!" added Kitty Uptodate, joining in the sport.

Teddy was speechless with amazement for some moments. "You—don't—believe—I'm—from London!" he gasped.

"London! Sni Hills!" chorused the girls, "or may be New London, Conn.!"

Leaping to his feet in a high state of excitement, Teddy seized his coat collar with both hands, and, bending over backward, capered about wildly. He was trying to show the tailor's name on the inside of his coat collar!

"Look at the chap's mark in me coat!" he shouted.

"'Pickle, the tailor,' 400 Grassy avenue, Hoppodunk, Maine!" one of the mischievous girls pretended to read.

Poor Teddy was thunderstruck. It should have read: "Tailor to H. R. H. the prince of Wales."

"What Blooming enchantment is this?" he cried, almost beside himself, and whipped off his coat and glared at the tag.

The shrieks of laughter from the girls brought everyone to the room and there stood poor little Teddy Toddleton in his pink shirt sleeves, holding his coat in his hand.

"London forever!" shouted Teddy, comprehending the cruel joke, game to the last.

"What magnificent courage!" cried the girls, and thus Teddy wrung victory from the jaws of ignominous rout. And none of the other men could trot in the same race with Teddy that evening.—Kansas City Star.

Giving Early Promise.

"That boy," said Mr. Tupman, gloomily, as the heir went out of the room, "is going to be a railroad conductor when he grows up."

"How can you tell?" his wife wondered.

"By the way he slams the doors," Mr. Tupman explained. — Rockland Tribune.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—A body of "Sahara troops" is to be raised by France in her arid African possessions, where the heat is fatal to French soldiers. They are to consist mainly of natives of those regions, but the officers will be Frenchmen.

—An Australian native belle was courted by being knocked down with a club and dragged off to her future husband's home in the brush. The early travelers tell many stories of the scars borne by the women, received during their courtship.

—The botanic garden of the Jardin des Plantes includes about seventy acres. The plants are all labeled with red labels, medicinal, green for alimentary, yellow for ornamental purposes, blue for art and black for poisonous plants.

—A Chinaman, be he king or coolie, is devoted to his father and mother. When either parent dies custom ordains that the son shall resign all honors and employments to repair to the ancestral tomb and mourn there for a long period.

—It is certain that the big shops have revolutionized all the habits of buying and selling in France. Up to 1830 everything went by barter, and there was no fixed price. Traces of this practice are still found in the small shops around Paris, where the price first asked has very little to do with what will be accepted.

—Mr. Asquith proposes to abolish the office of the queen's remembrancer, "which has become absolete." He is the last revenue officer of the ancient exchequer left, dating back to 1826 at least. His duty was to remind the lord treasurer and the barons of the exchequer "of such things as are to be done for the king's benefit." For nearly forty years the office has been practically a sinecure.

—It is reported that 36 tons of caterpillars and a large number of cocoons—in all 35,000,000 insects—were destroyed in the effort to drive the pest from the young plantations of trees on Hong Kong island. They appeared on the fine trees with which the government is trying to reafforest the island, and lasted for two months. Stations were established where the caterpillars were received and paid for by weight, and this method appears to have proved as effective as could be desired.

—At Prague a man called Proschaska was arrested some time ago for selling to a Hamburg firm a number of children whose growth had been checked by a peculiar diet, that they might be exhibited as liliputians; for every child three hundred florins were paid. The inventors of the system and the parents of the children as well have been punished by the courts. Two years ago a regular manufactory of distortions and monstrous shapes in young children for begging purposes was discovered and suppressed in Croatia.

—An extraordinary collection of books, the library of Mr. Gendadius, late Greek minister to England, is about to be brought under the hammer in London. It consists of the first and rarest editions of the Greek classics in unusually good copies, Aldines, Juntas, Stephanuses. Of Homer there are 130 copies, of Anacreon 40, of Longus 60, of Theocritus 50, and so on. Among the books are Racine's Plutarch, Henri Estienne's Demosthenes, all with manuscript notes of their possessors. Besides these there are 154 lots of Byroniana, including the original manuscript of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

LENT OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

It Differed in Kind and Degree From That of the Present Day.

From forty hours Constantine the Great made the Lenten period last seven weeks, although fasting was not compulsory on Thursdays and Sundays in the Latin church and on Thursday, Saturday and Sunday in the Greek church. There were various fluctuations in the length of time after this until the council of Toledo in 653 decreed that one tithe of each year—thirty-six days—should be dedicated to God, thus going back to the Bible regulation. How and why the four days were added which fill out our forty days is a question. Some writers ascribe it Gregory II. and some to his predecessor, Gregory the Great. It was at this time that dry food became the proper Lenten diet, and the eighth council of Toledo strictly forbade the use of flesh meat in 646. In the Greek church it was expressly stated that no wine, oil or animal food should be used, and in the western church in the eleventh century the good fathers went still further and prohibited the use of eggs, cheese, flesh and wine. Afterward flesh was exempted from the list, but only for a time did the monks enjoy this most generous fare.

Some old manuscripts of the thirteenth century state pathetically that on fast days during Lent it was decreed that a cold luncheon might be served at midday, but even that was denied them later.

By the modern law of the Roman Catholic church one meal is allowed on fast days and in addition only two ounces can be eaten in the morning and eight ounces in the evening.

During the time of the crusades against the Moors, the Spanish kings, in order to encourage the wars, allowed all crusaders the privilege of eating any food on fast days. The prerogative was called "cruzada," and it was afterward sold to anyone who paid the trifling sum of money required.

The old books of the middle ages are filled with quaint references to lenten fare. In one of them, which is called "Quadrigesimale Spirituale," occurs the following passage: "After the salled we eat fried beanes, by which we understand confession. When we would have beanes well sooden, we lay them in steep, for otherwise they will never see the kindly. Therefore, if we propose to mend our faults it is not sufficient barely to confess them at all adventure, but we must let our confession be in steepe, in the water of meditation." That was written by a godly French priest in 1565.

That the English did not take so kindly to "beanes" is shown by a few lines from Skelton's "Colin Clout:"

In holy Lentten season
Ye will neither beanes ne peesen,
But ye look to be let loose
To a pigge or a goose.

The name of the Lenten season in the Latin church of early times was jejunium quadrigesimale, meaning forty days' fast. Ash Wednesday was called caput jejuni, beginning of fast. The word in use to-day comes from an Anglo-Saxon word, lencten; German, lenzand, means spring.

The Lent of our time differs in kind as well as in degree from the same period in mediaeval times. Then there were pilgrimages to the shrines of different saints, and penitents were expected to fast with exceeding rigor. At one period, when Theodosius the Great ruled, corporal punishment and imprisonment were forbidden by royal edict, and later the council of Clermont, at the close of the eleventh century, decreed that there should be observed a peace of God from Ash Wednesday to Whitsuntide. Some of the noblest passages of the literature of the middle ages describe the pilgrimages and penitential procession of Lenten time, and one of the favored books of this day, "John Inglesant," devotes its finest imagery and word-painting to the description of a Lenten procession in Rome in the seventeenth century. The fourth Sunday in Lent, called Passion Sunday now, was then given the name of "Carl Sunday," from a custom of eating and giving away peas and beans—called "carlings"—on that day.—Chicago Record.

BAPTIZING A BABY KING.

The Imposing Ceremony that Napoleon Ordered for His Son.

The month of June in the year 1811 seemed the crowning point of all the magnificence of the First empire. It was a month of display—one continued fete—in honor of the little king's baptism.

Philip had been one of the retinue that had escorted the imperial family from St. Cloud to the Tuileries on the afternoon of the sixth of June. With the other pages he had hung upon the backboard of the imperial coach, as on the next day—Sunday the 7th of June—it was driven through a living lane of glittering helmets and nodding plumes, where a double row of the troops of the line and of the Imperial guard stretched from the palace of the Tuileries to the cathedral of Notre Dame. Under the garlanded portal and into the brilliantly-lighted church he had passed as one of the glittering procession. And there, in sight of a throng of princes and peers, of great officials of the crown, of cardinals and bishops and archbishops, of the senate, the court, and the mayors of the great cities of the empire, regal in a coat of silver tissue embroidered with ermine, and with its train upheld by a marshal of the empire; with his mother, the empress, walking in imperial state under the gorgeous canopy, and his famous father, the emperor, under another gorgeous canopy; with a princess bearing his baptismal candle, a princess holding his chrismcloth, a countess carrying his salt-cellar, and all about him princes and dukes, chamberlains and marshals, grand "eagles," grand equerries, grand masters, and grand—lots of other things! With ushers and heralds and orderlies and pages; supported by his nurses and governesses; with an emperor for a godfather and a queen for a godmother—this one little baby, Francis Charles Joseph Napoleon Bonaparte, king of Rome and heir to France, was presented for baptism at the high altar of the grand old church which had been the scene of so many great and marvelous and curious ceremonials, but never of one more magnificent than this.

So the baby was baptized. Then, in sight of the whole assembly, while the organ pealed out the "Jubilate," and the first herald at arms, standing in the choir, cried out: "Long live the king of Rome!" the baby's proud father held his son aloft where, all might see his little magnificence. Then all the crowded church, all the packed square without, and all the listening city raised a mighty shout: "Long live the king of Rome! Long live the emperor!"—Elbridge S. Brooks, in St. Nicholas.

PAINTED LADIES.

How the Women of Japan Decorate Their Faces.

Among our ladies the custom of "painting" themselves is not uncommon, but it is not practiced by most sensible women; in Japan it forms part of the ordinary woman's daily toilet. This is the way in which it is done: A thick layer of white chalk is first smeared with a soft brush over the face, neck, shoulders, arms and hands; then the pretty mouseme, dipping her first finger in red paint, gently rubs this on her cheeks, her temples and over the upper eyelids. The middle finger is the "black brush," and adds sentiment to the expression by a blackening under the eyes; and sometimes, when the eyebrows are not shaved, it is also used to accentuate them. A piece of burned cork is often used as a substitute for black paint. The fourth finger has no occupation that I know of, but the little one gives the finishing touches, brightening up the mouth with carmine and adding a bit of gold on the lower lip.

Most well-to-do women undergo this process daily. The Gueschas, or singers and dancers, paint themselves to a much greater extent than the generality of women, and also use much brighter colors. The Guecha in Japan is a curious institution. Her moral qualities, as a rule, do not bear very close examination, but she is usually not immoral enough to be called "fast," though too "fast" to be classed as "moral." Their music and posturing have a great charm for the Japanese, and large sums of money are spent in keeping up these feminine musicians and their establishments.

A Guecha is a singer or dancer (posturer), or both. A dinner party or a festivity of any kind is seldom given in Japan without one or more of them attending the entertainment. Some sing with self-accompaniment of the shamesen, others display their wonderful powers of mimicking and posturing, in which I must confess grace is never lacking.—Fortnightly Review.

A Sign of Contempt.

When Panurge meets the Englishman, we are told that he, Panurge—perhaps out of delicate compliment to our insular manners and customs—"suddenly lifted up in the air his right hand, and put the thumb thereof into the nostril of the same side, holding his four fingers straight out, and closed orderly in a parallel line to the point of his nose, shutting the left eye wholly, and making the other wink with profound depression of the eyebrows and eyelids." The left hand is then brought into line much as in the more modern process. The performance thus described by Rabelais is somewhat more elaborate than that in favor with the London street urchin of to-day, but was probably effective enough.—All the Year Round.

—There can be no high civility without a deep morality.—Emerson.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

ABOUT THE BANANA.

The Possibilities of This Exceedingly Popular Fruit.

It is possible that in a few years the American people will be feeding on banana flour, as they now do on the flour of the wheat, rye and maize. It is claimed that the flour will keep as long as wheat flour, and is as nutritious as meat. Also that the banana is forty-four times as productive as the potato, and that an area which would grow enough wheat to support one man would produce bananas enough to support 133 men.

It was the opinion of Alexander von Humboldt, after estimating the capabilities of the banana, that a single section of Central America could produce enough to feed the world. The meal or flour is made from the unripe banana, and the cheapness and plentifulness of the commodity, when once the industry is established, will most certainly be of interest to the poor, for this will in turn lower the price of the loaf. The manufacture of a banana sausage is said to be perfectly feasible. In this case the ripe banana is used and charged with condensed milk, and then put up in tins. Already some of the largest canning factories have begun to make this a feature of their business. The sausage is even more nutritious than the meal, and is so easily transportable, that on a campaign it will be almost invaluable.

It has also been learned, without a doubt, that the banana meal can be used most successfully and economically in manufacture of beer.

So much for the fruit of the banana. It has lately been discovered that the skin of the fruit is also valuable. First of all, it gives a beautiful fiber, from which a durable and fine cloth can be manufactured. The juice of the skin also gives an idelible ink, and can be fermented into good vinegar. In fact, it rivals the cocoanut as being "the most useful tree to man."

If the "everlasting imported banana" can be converted into bread, sausages and beer, it will come into competition with the products of the great and powerful states of the north and west, which are able to stand the rivalry, while at the same time it will be withdrawn from competition with the other fruits of Florida by reason of the very small area to which it can be adapted.

There is still plenty of suitable land, however, and the man who feels like investing and engaging in banana culture, "has money in the bank," for a great company has already been established, and is now in working order, to develop the banana industry in Florida.

Every banana raised in Florida now finds a ready market, for it can all be used, meat, skin, juice and fiber, and the far-seeing man can sight profit ahead.—Cor. Florida Fruit Grower.

Do Old Men Plant Trees.

It has been said by some wise man—Emerson, I believe—that only old men plant trees. This may be the rule—but my earliest recollections were connected with tree planting. My mother, father and maternal grand-mother were all ardent lovers of horticulture, and I inherited this love in an increased degree.

While I was in attendance at Tulane university, in the city of New Orleans, I was struck by the high price charged for the extra grade of Louisiana soft-shell pecans. The medium grades sold on Canal street for from twenty to fifty cents a pound, while the finest sold for one dollar. These latter, of course, were used for seed and for ornamenting cakes for Christmas for rich people. It was a source of wonder to me why some one did not buy a large amount of these extra-grade nuts, and plant a grove, for I knew by experience that they would come into bearing in nine years, and would bear a remunerative crop at fifteen, growing more valuable each year till they become a hundred years old. I bought me a quantity of the best seed, and in spite of opposition (for I was a young man then) and ridicule, I planted a large grove in northern Louisiana, not far from the banks of the Mississippi river. Ten years have passed since then, and as I look from my window I see the finest pecan grove in the south, which has just come into bearing, and which is now one of the most valuable pieces of agricultural property in the south. It contains about a hundred acres and over a thousand trees. The Rural New Yorker gave a lengthy article about this grove last April, and has another now in press, so I shall say nothing more about it here. I have also large orchards of plum, peach, apple and pear trees, which add much to our living, and now that there is no longer any profit in cotton growing, they promise to be remunerative in themselves.—Fruit Grower.

Knowing the Soil.

Few farmers know the amount of actual fertility in their land. The writer must confess to having been rudely awakened a few years ago to this fact, when Sir J. B. Lawes asserted that a very poor field on his farm, on which corn (wheat, oats or barley, they grew no maize in England) could not be induced to grow six inches high without very liberal fertilizing, doubtless contained not less than 2,000 pounds of nitrogen on each acre of it. But a little study and consideration confirmed this statement, and later experience proved it. The trouble was that the nitrogen was inert and unavailable, locked up in insoluble form, so that the roots of the plants could not make use of it.

It was the same with the other elements of plant food, mere elements of it, and not the food itself, and as much unavailable as so much earth, which contains elements of the food of plants, is for the support of animals. Food must be digestible or it is as useless for the nutriment of an animal or a plant as mere air or solid rock will be. Thus the soil may contain a vast quantity of the elements—the raw material—of food for crops, and yet be as infertile as the great African desert of Sahara. Indeed, this barren desert is actually filled with fertility, and blossoms as the garden when it is watered and in the same way there may be an abundance or a great surplus of plant food in a soil, and yet it may be wholly unable to yield a crop. We have this same experience on this continent, where there are deserts as barren as that of Africa, and yet when the overflowing plant foot in it is made available by irrigation the soil yields enormous crops.—Rural World.

Southern Hogs in the West.

The year 1895 may see a remarkable reversal of existing trade conditions between the south and west. Accustomed as we have been to the shipment of western hog products and provisions into the south, on an extensive scale, it will seem to most people absurd to think of the south shipping hogs and corn to the west. This may be done before the end of the present year, according to Mr. W. H. Baldwin, vice-president of the Southern Railway Co., who believes that the failure of the corn crop in the west, concurrent with the extraordinarily bountiful crop in the south, will result in the phenomenon of the south shipping hogs to the west. Already purchases of corn have been made in Alabama and elsewhere for shipment to Illinois and other western states.

An expert estimate of the cost of corn production in Texas, Mississippi, Arkansas and North Carolina places the overage figures at thirty cents, and at the present good market prices the profit will be large. Besides this, some of the planters have entered into the raising of cattle on a scale never before even contemplated. The failure of the pasturage in the west through the hot weather and the consequent decrease in the herds of live stock in those sections is likely to impart a great stimulus to the stock-raising industry in the south for next year, and it would not be astonishing if southern beef, other than that from Texas, might be in the western markets in 1895.—Farm News.

Founding a Flock.

To establish a flock from common ewes, secure the help of a pure-bred ram of any of the mutton breeds that have qualities suitable for your conditions. In a ram for this purpose, mutton form is demanded. He should be heavy headed, thick necked, broad chested, but nowhere coarse. Over the shoulder should be full and broad. The back should be straight and the loin wide and thick. The ribs should spring out strongly from the center of the body. Such a sheep is thriftier than one that is flat-sided. It is very desirable in a mutton ram to be deep and broad between the hind legs or twist, so as to furnish a plump leg of mutton. The legs should be short, the bone clean, and the hair upon them fine. A ram, to get good lambs, must have a strong constitution. The evidence of this, besides the points of form before mentioned, are activity, a pink-tinted skin and a sound lustrous fleece covering the belly as thickly as the back. The fleece should be dense and even, and made of fibers that have a good length, fineness and strength. The best ewe for mutton breeding is strong in frame and of fine quality. A ewe that has a distinct feminine appearance is kindest to her lambs and makes the best breeder. She should be close to the ground, with straight back, well-arched ribs, and broad loin and strong square-shaped hind quarters. Uniformity in the ewes of a flock is desirable, for it is a profitable quality of lambs and wethers, as those that are uniform please the butcher best.—Rural World.

More Stock in the South.

The new south is developing new life and vigor, and attracting immigration by the thousands. King Cotton is dethroned for mixed farming and stock growing. The diversified farming has always brought increased prosperity to the south, and with the great abundance of cheap, rich cotton-seed meal and the production of grain, forage and grass, the south is destined to become one of the greatest live-stock-producing countries in the world, with grass the year round, and no winters to provide against.

Cattle, sheep and hogs are becoming more universal upon the southern farms; the home demand is fast increasing in the growth of the southern cities and towns, and the great manufacturing interest extends all over the south.

The dairy interest, too, is fast developing with the better farming, fruit growing and gardening to supply the northern markets. Improved horse breeding, too, is adding to the new prosperity. Instead of buying cheap mules from the west they are raising good draft and coach horses, saddle and light-harness horses, and mules for all uses on the plantation and in cities and manufacturing centers.

With such diversified home markets, stock raising is destined to become the leading agricultural interest in the south as it has been for years in the west.—Western Agriculturist.

The Southern Corn Crop.

The corn crop in the southern states last year, while showing some increase over 1893, was far from reaching a satisfactory figure. In fact, official statistics prove that the south in 1894 produced less corn by 52,519,000 bushels than in 1891, while its cotton crop was slightly larger in 1894 than in 1891, the figures being 9,035,379 bales in 1891, and 9,088,000 in 1894. The south has lost 1,026,180 in cattle, or about 10 per cent. since 1890, though there has been a considerable increase in hogs. If the south had raised last year as much corn as in 1891, it would be better off by over $30,000,000. These figures from official