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, SEPTEMBER 7, 1895. VOL. XX.—NO. 37.

A HOLIDAY.

Come early, friends, and yet not oversoon;
Early, the sun just finished climbing up;
At that bright hour when daylight's golden cup
Is quivering full, nor yet a trickling tune
Of amber rill sets toward the afternoon;
That hour when lilies doze and wild doves meet
And in the babbling waves cool their pink feet.
Learning, meanwhile, the idle eddy's croon:
Ere yet a leaf has aged—a wind blown wrong—
A half-tone crept into the bluebird's song.
Oh, may it be in the summer of the year:
In summer, when the light is white and strong—
At noontide when the day is crystal clear—
You will step early down and meet me here!

Stop at a hillside flushed with westering gold,
Among bee-balm and banks of dark-veined fern,
And I shall want, sweet friends, no storied urn,
Only a hollow stump filled with black mold,
Where periwinkles, balm and purple pease
Creep round the rim on vines of twisted silk;
Where wild white morning-glories drip like milk
Down through the ragged, splintered crevices,
Where children come and sit beside my bed
And smooth its coverlet of grass and say—
Oh, if but one should wish I were not dead,
I think I should be glad there all alone,
With a little cross above a low white stone,
And on the stone: "Off for a holiday."

—Agnes E. Mitchell in Chicago Record.

MAJ. GWYNNE'S SISTER.

"It's quite useless waiting for me, Fred. It will take at least an hour to overhaul my machine and adjust those confounded bearings. You'd better run on to St. Albans and order a rattling good dinner for two at the George. By the time it's ready I shall be with you again."

"It will be better than hanging about here when I can do no good," I agreed. "It was a nasty spill, and you may think yourself lucky to have got off with nothing worse than a few bruises and a little delay. 'Pon my word, I was afraid our tour was already at an end. Trust me, Harry, old fellow, to have all ready for the inner man."

"Aye, I'll trust you for that," retorted my cyclist chum, Harry Holmes, as I gripped the handle-bar of my machine and vaulted into the saddle. "And not having to listen to your edifying remarks concerning my appearance, I shan't, perhaps, be so long repairing damages as you think."

With this friendly piece of parting banter to spur me on, I pressed the pedals in earnest, and the next moment was speeding along the high road to St. Albans, some six miles.

It was a bright, bracing morning, and a sharp spin at my own pace was undoubtedly preferable to sitting smoking on a bank, watching my unlucky friend tinkering with a spanner, and listening to alternate growls at treacherous roads and all such misfortunes as side slips.

I had traversed half the distance, when rounding a curve in the road I observed a lady cyclist a short distance ahead. Apparently something had gone wrong with her mount, for she was standing with it propped up by the side of the road, and was viewing surrounding objects with an air of evident dejection.

True to the spirit which prompts every cyclist to help another in distress, I slackened speed, and as I drew nearer noticed that the lady was both young and pretty—a discovery which at once made my impressionable heart hope that she might be glad to avail herself of my services in some way or other.

My wishes in this respect were speedily gratified, for as I dismounted and politely inquired if anything had gone wrong with her machine, the young lady's face became suffused with the most winning of smiles.

"Oh, thank you, so very much, sir," was the response, spoken without the slightest trace of frigidity. "I must confess that I'm in a wretched fix. The handle-bar of my machine has become loose, and I haven't a tool of any description that will tighten up the nut. And to make matters worse, my brother, Maj. Gwynne, has lost me—or, I suppose, I have lost him; and I'm afraid he hasn't the least idea that my plight is such a bad one."

"Oh, we'll very soon set things right," I said, reassuringly, and the look of gratitude bestowed upon me made me think that I had never before met with so charming or so handsome a girl as this Miss Gwynne.

Whipping out my spanner, I adjusted it and proceeded to tighten up the loose nut of the steering bar. I noticed that the young lady's machine was anything but a good one. In fact, I was quietly telling myself what an inferior and old-fashioned mount it was for so winsome and apparently well-to-do a rider, when, to my dismay, the screw broke short off and the nut attached to it rolled in the road.

"Now, here's a pretty go!" I blurted out, reddening with mingled confusion and vexation. "Whatever shall we do now, Miss Gwynne?"

"Oh, I'm sure I don't know," was the reply, uttered in tones of consternation which almost overwhelmed me and made me call myself everything the reverse of complimentary. "And it must be at least twenty miles from home, too; and my brother will, I am quite certain, never trouble himself to turn back to look for me. He'll simply keep on driving ahead. But, there, I suppose he is just like other brothers—quite useless as escorts."

For my own part I felt decidedly pleased at the prospect of the brother's continued absence.

"Well, I've landed you in this scrape, and you must allow me to see you out of it, that's all."

Secretly I began to feel rather glad, as I perceived what a very pleasant duty had suddenly devolved upon me, and for the time, at all events, my chum Holmes was forgotten.

"I can only suggest," I added, "that as you are so far from home, you will allow me to see you to some hotel while I try to get a new bolt and nut. Possibly you can tell me of a likely place to put up at for an hour or two, as I am a stranger about here. I can easily manage to wheel your machine and my own along."

Somewhat to my surpise, however, Miss Gwynne was visibly embarrassed by my proposition.

"There's one great objection to such a thing," she said, after a pause. "The fact is, Dick—I mean my brother, Maj. Gwynne—has left me without a penny in my pocket." She colored up charmingly at the confession, and went on: "Of course he doesn't know that, and it's my own fault. I often go out without bringing my purse, but I declare I never will again."

She gave a little laugh, as if to conceal her vexation, and added: "And so I can't accept your kind suggestion."

"On the contrary," I returned, more eagerly still, "it's the greater reason wyh I shouldn't desert you, especially as your predicament is entirely due to my carelessness. You don't know how annoyed I am at having rendered your machine useless, and, under the circumstances, I feel in honor bound to repair the mischief; and if you will afford me the happiness of seeing you made comfortable, I can, no doubt, very soon get your mount put right."

Miss Gwynne hesitated, and I flattered myself that she seemed in no way averse to my company. Certainly I was making a very favorable impression upon her.

"Oh, but if I allow you to spend anything upon me it must only be as a loan. No, please don't interrupt—that must be distinctly understood. My brother must, and will, be only too happy to settle with you. Besides," the girl continued, with a smile, "whatever would he say to me if I allowed a perfect stranger to spend money upon me?"

"He'd say it served me right for my carelessness. But you will allow me, then, to see you made comfortable somewhere while I try to repair damages?"

"Really, I don't see what else I can do, under the circumstances," was the answer, with a little sigh, as of regret. Then, with a light laugh and in a mock-menacing tone, she added: "Oh, but won't I make it warm for Brother Dick when we meet! A deal he cares about me. You see, he hasn't even troubled to run back to find out whether I've broken my neck or not—and, between you and me, he hates the idea of lost ground. But let us be moving, Mr.—Mr.—"

A little hesitation, some apparent embarrassment, one half-shy glance at me, and my heart was no longer my own. I knew I was, even already, madly in love with pretty Miss Gwynne.

"Fred Brandon—quite at your service."

"Well, Mr. Brandon, there's a turning half a mile down the road which will take us to just the place we want. Then you will be able to run on to St. Albans, to get what you need for my machine. There's no place nearer, and I'm afraid you will be very glad when you have done with such a very troublesome companion as I am proving."

"On the contrary, quite a pleasant interruption to my journey," I gallantly ventured, and I really thought that Miss Gwynne was the most charming and unconventional girl I had ever met. In fact, we presently reached the inn she had spoken of all too soon to suit my newly awakened emotions.

I found, on inquiry, that I could reach St. Albans quicker by taking some short cuts across the fields than by riding round the road, and so I determined to leave my machine at the inn. As for poor Harry, I was by this time utterly oblivious of his existence.

Looking in upon Miss Gwynne before leaving the house, I found her already enjoying an appetizing repast—a sight which momentarily gave me some qualms of conscience concerning the dinner I had promised my chum should be ready for him by the time he reached the George.

"Pardon me, Miss Gwynne," said I, "I haven't had a chance to settle with the landlord yet, and he may look for payment before I can return. Except for a few coppers, this note, as it happens, is the smallest amount I have about me; so pray accept it as the loan which you say you will insist upon your brother, Maj. Gwynne, returning."

I delicately placed a five-pound note upon the table, and then, blushing furiously at the rather curious look accorded me—which I recalled soon afterward—I hastened from the room.

Having procured what I wanted in St. Albans, I was back well under the two hours Of Miss Gwynne, however, I could see no trace.

"Oh, the lady went soon after you left, sir," said the landlord, in answer to my interrogations. "She said you'd know which way she'd gone, and she would take her brother's bicycle, as you'd arranged to come back for hers and to settle up with me."

"What!" I fairly gasped, "gone off on my machine—said I was her brother? And left me to settle up? Why, what on earth are you raving about, man?"

"Ain't raving at all," snapped the landlord, eying me suspiciously. "But—but—I hope it's all right. She—"

"Hope it's all right!" I interrupted, furiously. "It's all wrong. If she said I was her brother—and gone off with my almost new twenty-guinea mount, and my five-pound note, too! Oh, yes, it is all right for her, no doubt, and a very clever swindler that girl must be. That machine she's left behind isn't worth the price of old iron. And you let her slip away under your very nose!"

I could hardly repress a groan as I saw how neatly I had been deceived, for I felt very hard hit both in pocket and vanity—especially the latter. My mortification, moreover, was no doubt commensurate with the knowledge of what a thorough fool I should appear to everybody.

"Well, it's your own fault, sir," the landlord retorted, gruffly. "If you let the girl soft-soap you down, like she seems to have done, you've got no one but yourself to blame. And it's my belief that she ain't no girl at all, but a chap dressed up as such, so as to swindle gents easier. I had my doubts when she left, but now I'm sure.

"Ten to one you've been done by a young fellow called Dan Ford, a clever bicycle thief, much wanted by the police in these parts. He's better known as Dolly Ford, because he makes such a good-looking girl when he dresses up. You ain't the first gent as he's swindled in just this same way. I dare say he'd no sooner got out of sight of this place than he assumed his true character, and by this time your bicycle has put him miles out of reach, and maybe it's already sold."

To learn that I had been ignobly duped by a common bicycle thief maddened me still more; but the only consolation I had was in wishing all sorts of dreadful things toward the pseudo-Maj. Gwynne's sister.—Tit-Bits.

—At the last census there were 2,503 woolen mills in this country. Ten years earlier there were 2,689, while on the other hand the capital invested had increased from $159,000,000 in 1880 to $299,000,000 in 1890, thus showing a larger concentration of business.

—A cock, having found a pearl, said that a grain of corn would be of more value to him.—Laroux.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

COTTON CULTURE.

Some Aids to Improvement in Its Production in the South.

In a former article I have shown that what the south needs is not an abandonment of her great staple, but a system of culture that will increase the crop per acre, so that the crop can be grown at less expense and on a reduced acreage. This is to be done only by an abandonment of the old method of planting cotton year after year on the same land, by the aid of expensive fertilizers, and the substitution for it of systematic farming methods, in which a rotation of crops shall be devised, all suited to the southern conditions, and which shall all tend to the increase of the yield per acre of the cotton crop, through a systematic building up of the fertility of the soil.

It is now a well-settled fact that economical soil improvement in any part of the country must be accomplished through the aid of the plants known to botanists as the leguminosæ, or the pea family. It has been demonstrated that this family of plants all have the power to get and fix in the soil from the air the element nitrogen, which is one of the essential elements of plant food, without which no green plant can grow, and which is the most costly part of our fertilizers when purchased in the market. In the northern and middle states, and in the upper Piedmont part of the south Atlantic states, the ordinary red clover is the best legume for general farm purposes, making, as it does, excellent hay, and rapidly adding humus to the soil, as well as gathering the nitrogen for the succeeding crop. But in all of the sandy plain of the south the red clover will not thrive through the long summers, and it becomes necessary to resort to some other plant to take its place. Fortunately, we are not without one eminently adapted to the wants of the south, and one that will do more in the same length of time for the improvement of our southern lands than red clover could if it were a perfect success. This has been well termed "the clover of the south," the cow pea. Years ago those planters who wished to do something for their land and not crop it incessantly, were in the habit of "resting" it in alternate years; that is, they allowed it to lie idle a whole season, and gather a coat of weeds and grass to be plowed under for the next crop. This, of course, was to some extent better than the constant cultivation and the use of fertilizers merely to force a sale crop. But it involved the keeping of half the land continually producing nothing of value, and, worse than this, it brought in weeds and grass to make the labor of the next year's cultivation more costly and difficult. It was only one phase of planting, and was not farming as a business-like man should. We know now that the best way to rest land is to keep it at work growing something that will be of advantage to the soil, and at the same time bring money to the farmer's purse, between every sale crop of cotton or grain. In the effort now being made in many places to diversify our crops, there is too little notion that the crops used to make the diversity can not only be made to serve the purpose of food for the farmer, and his stock, but that they can also be made subsidiary sale crops to the staple crop of cotton. We hear of farmers who have grown a crop of corn, congratulating themselves that they have corn enough for two or more years, totally ignoring the market value of the corn, or its value to put into stock for immediate sale, and forgetting that hoarded grain is worse than hoarded money in its rapid depreciation by reason of shrinkage and insect depredations. The effort should be made to make the most profitable use of the diversifying crops to increase the profit of the farm. In getting away from the bondage of the one crop of cotton we should endeavor to get as money producers as many other products as is consistent with the proper carrying out of the rotation adopted. Even the recuperative crops of peas, grown while the land is "resting," should be used as forage for live stock, and while improving the land should at the same time be made to improve the pocket book as well. The corn crop, unless the market is too good for the grain, should, with its fodder, be made to promote the same purpose either in feeding beef and pork or for the dairy. The straw of the oat crop comes in play for the same purpose, and all enter into the improvement of the manure pile, and consequently of the soil. Wether the cotton farmer should sell the grain he grows in rotation with cotton will depend almost entirely upon his location. If he is where he can sell the products of the dairy to advantage, it may be better for him to use the grain mainly in that way. But if he has a good market for grain, he had better usually sell his surplus and sell it before it has depreciated by the myraids of weevils and other insects that prey so rapidly on grain stored in southern climate. He will start usually on a soil that has been badly depleted of plant food, and the greatest problem that usually comfronts him is, how can I get my land into a productive condition, so that I can adopt and maintain a regular rotation of crops? By the culture of peas and clover I can secure all the needed nitrogen from the air, but where am I to get the food for plants there that will enable me to get the best crops of peas and clover? Our sandy soils are usually deficient in both phosphoric acid and potash, particularly in potash. These are mineral matters that we can not get from the air by any process. Fortunately they are the cheapest forms of plant food, and unlike nitrogen are not all the time getting away from us before we can get the plants to use them. One of the most important steps then in the improvement of the soil for a rotation is a restoration of these lacking elements. The only available sources of phosphoric acid and potash in the south are dissolved phosphatic rock (acid phosphate), and the various salts of potash that are imported from Germany. By the use of these cheap forms of plant food we can secure a luxuriant growth of the legumes, and by their aid can build up our soil, either by plowing under the mature pea vines, or what is better, curing them for hay for stock, and the making of manure. The most important step then in the improvement of land for cotton growing is to get it to grow a heavy crop of peas.—W. F. Massey, in Texas Farm and Ranch.

—The truly great man is as apt to forgive as his power is able to revenge.

CRAB GRASS.

Better a Naked, Exposed Soil Than a Covering of Crab Grass.

It is fashionable for agricultural writers and editors to advise farmers to grow crab grass for hay. In the light of our own experience and observation, we consider this very bad advice. As injurious as entire nakedness during summer is to our soil, we would prefer nakedness and exposure to our summer sun to a covering of crab grass. We admit that it makes a cheap hay, which is relished by all kinds of stock, but not so nutritious as hay from pea vines, and but little cheaper, when the heavier yield of pea vines per acre is considered. There are three serious objections to growing crab grass upon our cultivated lands, viz.:

1. It stocks the soil with seed, which will greatly increase the cost of cultivating the crop which is to follow, and if any of the seed are ripe when the hay is harvested, the manure from the animals fed will contain the seed, which pass through undigested and with their vitality unimpaired on account of their small size, and consequently escape from mastication.

2. It leaves the land full of tussocks of roots and gives much trouble in the preparation of the land for the next crop. In fact, we rarely see land upon which a crop of crab grass grew the previous year half prepared for the next crop. If it is put in good condition, the additional labor necessitated by the presence of the crab grass roots increases the cost of producing the next crop.

3. It impoverishes the soil more than any crop we have ever grown. German millet is generally considered an exhaustive crop, but the facts which we give below show that crab grass is far more exhaustive than millet. It, being a true grass, is a nitrogen consumer. Its multitude of fibrous roots, parmeating every particle of the soil, furnishing the means of effecting a thorough robbery.

While director of the Alabama experiment station, we decided to compare German millet and crab grass as hay producers. We selected two measured acres, which previous cropping had shown to be of equal fetility; prepared them alike and applied equal quantities of the same brand of commercial manure to the two acres. The only difference in the treatment of the two was that German millet seed was sown upon one and the crab grass allowed to grow upon the other.

The yield of hay upon the two acres varied only 200 pounds in favor of the crab grass, which was cut twice, the millet once. The next year both acres were planted to cotton and treated alike in every respect.

From the germination of the seed to the maturity of the crop, the crab grass acre presented the appearance of an unfertilized plot. The yield of cotton was reduced one-half as the effect of the crop of crab grass the previous year. In our opinion the injury which a crop of crab grass causes is not compensated for by the value of the crop of hay grown.

Every farmer is familiar with the injurious effects of this grass upon growing crops. If they fully appreciated its effects upon the subsequent productiveness of the soil, they would put forth more strenuous efforts to exterminate it.—Cor. Agricultural South.

Habits of the Apple Moth.

The apple moth, or the codlin moth, is a pretty insect, with brownish wings, shaded like watered silk, and is numerous in midsummer, when it flies into open windows of houses in the evening. It lays its eggs in the blossom end of the fruit at this time, and the worms, hatching out, eat their way into the core of the fruit, where they are so often found. The worms leave the trees in the fall and crawl into the crevices of the bark or other hiding places, and there form their light brown cocoons, in which they spend the winter, maturing into moths in the early summer. To destroy them, the trees may be scraped or washed with hot lime wash on the trunks to the first limb. To wrap some loose cloth, as a strip of bagging around the tree, will entice the moths to make their cocoons under it when they may be most easily taken and destroyed.—American Farmer.

HERE AND THERE.

—There are only four days each year in which the sun and clock time exactly correspond—April 15, June 14, September 1 and December 24.

—The isolated life of the farmer has its disadvantages, but this very isolation enables him to live nearer home and farther from the evil influences that in cities cause the ruin of thousands every year.

—It is estimated that three thousand carloads of peaches will be shipped from Georgia this season. The bulk of this wonderful fruit crop were sent to market during the first, second and third weeks of July.

—Prof. Stewart says that lime is the most important part of the mineral elements of nearly every plant. The ash of a plant is made up of these mineral elements, and by examining the ash, he says, we may discover what kinds add quantities of mineral matters the plant requires.

—When prices of stock are good the best animals bring the most money and the largest profit, and when the bottom falls out of the market nothing but good stock will save us from loss. Good stock, continually becoming better, regardless of the markets, is the only salvation for the raiser.

—Always burn the refuse materials taken from the nests. The real breeding places for lice are the nests, which are kept at an even temperature by sitting hens, and the hens hatch out more lice than chicks. All nests should be cleaned at least once a week, and every portion of refuse should be consumed by fire.

—In making gilt-edge butter it is highly important that the churn be stopped at the right moment. This is clearly indicated by the change in the sound when the butter comes. When the granules reach about the size of wheat grains butter is in the best condition for washing out the buttermilk and distributing the salt.

—Rice is being recommended as a food for stock. The average price of raising this grain is about a half a cent per pound, and it is said to be even now in demand for feeding purposes at one cent per pound. There is a large amount of badly-cleaned and broken rice that always sells far below the price of staple grain that might be utilized for stock feed, and thus reserve for human food only the better grades.

VIOLIN STRINGS.

How They Are Made Abroad and Why They Can Not Be Manufactured Here.

The violin, it is said, is the only musical instrument that possesses a soul. But the quality of its harmonies depends as much upon its strings as upon its body. The manufacture of these threads of catgut, from which a master of the art is able to draw such exquisite strains, is an important industry. It is not carried on in this country to any extent—at all events, the finer qualities of strings are not made here, because American sheep do not have the right sort of intestines. Catgut, contrary to the popular notion, is not derived from the back-fence tabby, but from lambs.

A manufacturing center for violin strings is the town of Markneukirchen, in Saxony. The business there is a very old one, and is believed to have been started originally by immigrating Protestant Bohemians during or soon after the Thirty Years' war. The processes employed have always been kept secret, being handed down from father to son, generation after generation. However, the methods in a general way are sufficiently well known for purposes of description. In 1777 a union of string-makers was founded, and a law was passed forbidding anyone not a member of this organization from plying the craft, penalties of fine and imprisonment being established.

The secret held most important was the composition of the lye mixture employed to bleach the strings. In old days likewise every maker of violins had his own peculiar varnish. He was perpetually seeking to discover the philosopher's stone of his trade—namely, a varnish such as that used by Stradivarius, Guarnerius and Amati, which should impart to his instruments an imperishable beauty, while revealing the satin-like finish of the wood beneath. But since the days of those celebrated and unequaled manufacturers of fiddles the production of such a varnish has been a lost art.

The facts are summed up by Oscar Gottschalk, United States consular agent at Markneukirchen, in a communication just received by the state department at Washington. He says that the makers of the strings at Markneukirchen formerly got their raw material in Germany. But in 1840 the whole town was burned up, and one manufacturer went away in search of a livelihood, finally reaching Copenhagen. Noticing large flocks of sheep in Denmark, he bought some of the guts and made strings of them, which were found to be of better quality than the home brand. This discovery resulted in large importations of the article into Markneukirchen, and at about the same time the first strings were exported thence to the United States. Since then the industry has depended largely upon American buyers.

The supply of material for the finest strings has at no time equaled the demand and half the world has been ransacked for sheep-gut possessing the requisite qualities. In 1861 another enterprising citizen of Markneukirchen crossed Russia—at that time a venture of no small peril—and bought quantities of the intestines of the steppe sheep of that country. These were found to be superior to anything previously obtained, and to the present day manufacturers at Markneukirchen get the bulk of their sheep-gut from Russia, amounting annualy to about two hundred thousand dollars' worth. Other material is imported from England, Denmark, Spain, Bulgaria, Turkey, Java and Palestine. Unfortunately, the Russian gut has deteriorated since the flock owners have crossed the breeds of the steppe sheep and the Spanish sheep for the sake of improving the wool.

The qualities desired in catgut for violin strings are a symmetrically cylindrical form combined with a transparent whiteness. Ordinarily the purchaser contracts with the breeder for all of his gut for at least one year. He has his own cleaning establishment annexed to the slaughter-house, and in person supervises the processes. Immediately after the animal is killed all grease and foreign matter must be removed from the intestines, else the latter will become discolored. Then they are wound on frames and left to dry in the open air. The gut for a musical string must be from a lamb born in spring and slaughtered not later than October or November of the same year; those from older sheep can be used only for bass strings or for minor purposes. The best quality is termed "summer gut," being from a lamb killed in summer. It is chiefly employed to make E strings, which are the most important. "Spring gut" is second quality; though lacking tenacity, it is good enough for G, D and A strings.

The dried intestines, when they reach the manufacturer, are placed in earthen vats containing lye. After soaking for twenty-four hours they are unraveled. Again they are put in lye, being subjected to repeated baths in this substance. Meanwhile they are manipulated again and again for cleansing, the external membranes being removed, so as to leave only the fibrous material. They are bleached in a sulphur bath and exposed to the sun. The next process is to rub each string with pumice stone, to remove any inequalities and to bring it down to the requisite diameter. A polish is applied by frequent wiping with olive oil. Before shipment, the strings are dried, cut, rolled and assorted according to color. They will retain their quality for an indefinite period if inclosed in hermetically-sealed boxes.

The best violin strings are of Italian manufacture. The demand for them is so large that ten times as many Italian strings are sold as Italy is able to produce. Markneukirchen turns out large quantities of so-called Italian strings. Special care is taken to make them equal to the best. They are put up in Italian fashion, and sometimes are disposed of as "Padua" strings—Padua being the Italian city where musical strings are chiefly made. An expert string-maker in Germany earns from three dollars and fifty-seven cents to five dollars a week.

As has been stated, only musical strings of interior qualities are made in the United States. The intestine of the American sheep is not suitable material, because from the spring lamb it is too weak, and from the summer sheep it has a wart-like growth every three or four feet, which unfits it for use. The climate of this country is also too hot, causing the gut to ferment before it has been through the requisite number of lye baths. Experts from Markneukirchen have come to the United States for the purpose of practicing their craft here, but for the reasons mentioned they have not succeeded very well.—St. Louis Republic.

DECAY OF BOHEMIANISM.

Practically Dead, Though Some People Make a Fad of It.

Bohemianism is dead, and those who call themselves bohemians at the present day wear their rue with a difference. Sometimes they mistake the attendant circumstances for the cause, and think themselves entitled to a reputation for ability, merely because they refuse to go to bed at the same time as ordinary humanity. Such men, of course, have no right to call themselves after a distinguished and not unhonorable name; the mere habit of large suppers and late hours and loose ways of life generally has nothing which associates itself with that ready aptitude for all kinds of work, and that disciplined though somewhat fitful activity, marks of the bohemian.

There is no more significant proof of the change that has come over the artistic and literary world than the fact that every attempt to revive the old bohemianism in its former shape has invariably resulted in failure. The demand for the "good old" sanded floor and clay pipe of the past is limited to an undistinguished few, and the supply of these obsolete luxuries when granted, meets with no general appreciation. In like manner eccentricities of conduct which were once regarded as virtues rather than vices are no longer tolerated, and the so-called Bohemian of these days is expected to pay, and does pay, his club subscription and his just debts. He is not so picturesque as he was, but he is much more punctual.

The cause of these changes is not far to seek. Nowadays the standard of life has risen in all the social spheres, and while the British workman demands his higher wages and more ample leisure the artist world clothes itself in purple and fine linen, and requires to be surrounded with all the comforts and extravagances of palatial clubs. Only there is no eight-hour limit for the contemporary inhabitant of this nondescript region, nor does he enroll himself into unions to extort terms from hard-hearted proprietors and managers. Although his dinners and his suppers are much more costly than they used to be in the old days, he does not work less hard, nor is his labor less worthy of ungrudging praise.

Meanwhile both actors and journalists have transformed the whole misenscene of their lives; there is no more sackcloth nor locusts and wild honey for them; they are clad in the broadcloth of the ordinary world, and have soared into a social sphere which their predecessor neither knew nor cared about. Possibly this may be the effect of that general equalization of conditions which accompanies the whole course of our modern democracy. We all dress alike, live alike, acknowledge the same social rules, adopt the same luxurious or extravagant tastes. The point to notice, however, is that the worth of the individual has not grown less, despite this democratic tendency. On the contrary his value both to himself and to others has enormously increased. The modern dramatist makes, if he be not maligned, an extremely respectable fortune, and Mr. Gosse has informed us recently—and has, of course, suffered for his rashness—that the profits of certain of our more popular authors have gone up by leaps and bounds.—London Telegraph.

STUDIED MODESTY.

He Played a Shrewd Part on His Return From Italy.

On Bonaparte's passage through Chambery, he had been visibly affected by a shout from the multitude hailing him as the father of his soldiers. There were countless homes in France into which the letters of absent sons had sent the same epithet, and the nation at large thought of him in that part as a simple, benevolent man, devoted to his country and to her liberties. His histrionic talents, like his other gifts, were of the highest order, and for the moment this ideal must not be shattered. He therefore appeared to the French public as a devotee to the principle of equality, which the revolution considered the corner-stone of free institutions. In the Moniteur, the official journal of the time, may be read every detail of his conduct. Instead of waiting for visits from those in place, he made the advances. His clothes were plain, his manners were simple, his dignity was moderated to a proper respect for himself and others. The carriage in which he drove had but two horses, and there was no suite in attendance, either abroad or at home. Often the passers-by saw him walking alone in the small garden of his unostentatious dwelling, apparently resting from the fatigues of his campaigns. In short, there was nothing recognizable of the conquering potentate who had kept such state at Milan, except the affected simplicity of his personal life and conduct.

"At first sight," wrote Talleyrand, whose acquaintance Bonaparte sought immediately on reaching Paris, "he struck me as a charming figure; the laurels of twenty victories are so becoming to youth, a handsome eye, a pale complexion and a certain tired look." There were a few proper assumptions of great dignity, as for instance when, on December 10, 1797, a great festival was organized in the classic style for the formal reception by the directory of the treaty of Campo Formio from the hands of its maker. Talleyrand pronounced a glowing eulogium. Bonaparte, with impressive mien, replied in a few short, terse sentences, which closed with the significant utterance: "When the happiness of the French people shall rest upon the best organic laws, all Europe will become free." Barras closed with a long, dreary tribute to the directory, and at the end imprinted the kiss of fraternity on the young general's brow. The other members of the executive hurried to display a feigned cordiality in following his example.

The two councils united in a great dinner to the hero of the hour. The public was overpowered by the harmony among their rulers. Bonaparte's studied modesty might have shown the directors how false was their position with reference to him. As had been said long before to Pepin, the title of king belongs to him who has the power. In private the skilful minister of foreign affairs was no less adroit than the young conqueror, and lavished his courtier arts in the preservation of apparent unity.—Prof. W. M. Sloane, in Century.

PITY THE ABSENT-MINDED.

For These Are Some of the Accidents Which Daily Befall Them.

"It is a great misfortune to be absent-minded," remarked the young woman in gray.

"Indeed it is," groaned the girl with pompadoured hair, "and I know all about it if anybody does. I went shopping with Ida the other day and we must have exchanged parasols in the first shop we entered. She found she had mine when she got home and brought it over to me, and—would you believe it?—the one I had wasn't hers at all, and, as I may have exchanged it half a dozen times for all I know, her prospect of getting it back is not at all bright."

"I should think not," said the young woman in gray. "But my latest exploit is equally bad. I came up from Hyde Park the other day to go to a luncheon on the north side, stopping on the way for a pair of gloves. When I came out of the store I found I had only twenty minutes, so I took a cab. What was my surprise to find myself at home when we stopped, and yet I must have given the man my own address or he couldn't possibly have known it."

"Very true. I did a funny thing not long ago, myself," said the young woman in green. "I paid a lot of calls and I noticed that everyone looked queer, but I couldn't think why until I found that I had been leaving the cards I had left over when I was married. And now everybody is asking Harry when we were divorced."

"My goodness, that was awful!" said the young woman in gray. "Now, I often forget the name of the woman I'm calling on—it slips right out of my head when I ascend the front steps—and am reduced to asking for the lady of the house. It sometimes gives rise to complications, too," she added, "where people have moved away and given place to total strangers."

"I should think so," said the girl with pompodoured hair, "but I can't sit in the seat of the scornful myself. The other day I wrote Mattie all about the breaking of Prue's engagement. My mind was so full of her that I actually addressed the envelope to Prue herself. She sent it back without a word, and now I'm busy dodging into stores and up alleyways to avoid meeting her."

"No wonder," observed the young woman in green, 'but I'm just as bad. The other day Clara and I were out together and on the way home I gave the conductor two nickels. 'What's this one for?' he asked. 'Why, for the other lady,' I answered. Then I suddenly remembered that she had left me before I got in the car."

"Yes; it is a real misfortune to be absent-minded," said the girl with pompadoured hair. "The other day I told Evelyn an awful funny story, and couldn't imagine why she was so stiff about it until I remembered that it was about an accident which had befallen her own husband."

"You poor thing," said the young woman in gray. "But just listen what I did last week! I went to the milliners and tried on a lot of hats. None of them just suited me and I was preparing to go when the saleswoman handed me another. 'Oh, it's no use to try that one on,' I said. 'It's a perfect fright.' 'It is the one you were wearing when you came in,' she replied politely, and my feelings may be better imagined than described."

"I should think so," said the young woman in green. "My goodness! What shall I do? I left my husband in the waiting-room at the Babel while I went to buy a veil, then I met you and forgot all about him. Do you suppose he is there yet?"

"If he is I shouldn't advise you to go after him," remarked the young woman in gray, "because our meeting happened a matter of four hours ago."—Chicago Times-Herald.

HE WOUND THE WATCH.

Practical Joke on One of the North Side Street Railway's Minions.

"Say, friend, can I trouble you to wind my watch for me? I mashed my thumb in a folding-bed and it bothers me badly," said a sedate old gentleman to the conductor of a north-bound limits car to-day, as the grip ducked down into the tunnel.

The neat rubber cot on the gentleman's thumb confirmed his story and his benign dignity did not seem to admit of a refusal. Consequently, the conductor took the silver chronometer, grasped the stem and began to wind with cheerful alacrity. By the time the train had reached the dividing wall in the tunnel the "short-horse-soon-curried" expression vanished from the face of the conductor.

"Guess this must be a Waterbury?" he grumbled.

"Waterbury? Well, I guess not!" was the short and dignified response.

The passengers had gradually become interested in the proceeding, until everyone in the car was watching the performance. The conductor evidently made up his mind that he was in for a job and determined to make the best of it, so he continued to wind and wind. The train pulled up into daylight and he had not taken a single fare. Things were getting desperate, but he had no notion of quitting until the watch was wound to a standstill. The passengers were beginning to laugh, and this made him still more determined.

The train whipped around the corner toward Clark street. Then the old gentleman smiled knowingly as he said:

"Thank you very kindly, sir. I always wind that watch in installments, and I think the little start you have given it will do very nicely until I can get home."

A male passenger jeered at the conductor and several ladies giggled behind their handkerchiefs. To fully expose his joke, the dignified old man slipped off the rubber cot and exposed as healthy a thumb as ever turned the stem of a watch. He is well known as one of the most inveterate practical jokers in the city. The next time that conductor winds a watch for a passenger the company will know it!—Chicago Post.

Literary Item.

Manager (of book store)—That new clerk won't do.

Proprietor—Why not?

Manager—A lady called for a scrap book this morning and he showed her the "Life of John L. Sullivan."—Texas Siftings.

—In almost all Indian languages the word meaning "men," or "brave men," was used as a tribal name. This is the significance of Onkwe Onwe, used by the Iroquois; of Lenni, Illiniwek and other names of Algonquin tribes, and also of Apache.

WHY SHE LOVES A WHEEL.

It Is Never Cross or Jealous and Cures the Gossipping Habit.

It is interesting to note the care and consideration that wheelwomen bestow on their machines. "I just love mine," said a girl in one of the academies yesterday, "and it nearly breaks my heart to lend it."

"Lend it!" fairly screamed a bloomer girl who thinks nothing of riding sixty miles a day. "Why, I wouldn't lend my wheel to the dearest friend I have. It gives me infinitely more pleasure, and it is never cross, ugly, mean or jealous. I really think I'm a better woman since I took to wheeling. It seems to have strengthened by character as well as my muscles, and after you've ridden as much as I have you'll understand what I mean."

"What do you mean?" inquired an elderly, grave-looking woman.

"I mean simply this: Often things come up to worry me, and I feel myself giving way to my temper. The time was when I couldn't resist this feeling, but would raise Cain, as the saying goes. Now I bite my lips, jump into my bloomers, mount, and am off like the wind. If I haven't much time, I ride three or four miles out from home, which means an hour of fresh air, wholesome exercise, and a complete change of scene. I return in perfectly good humor, and with that satisfaction which comes with the conquering of the spirit."

"Since you've made that admission," said a meek little mother, "I'd like to make one—mine is more of a confession. I never was one of the advanced women, and used to be perfectly content to talk of nothing but my neighbors and their clothes, and I really enjoyed a tiny bit of gossip if it wasn't too wicked, but——"

"Who'd ever have thought that of you, you innocent-looking little thing!" interrupted another bloomer girl.

"You wouldn't let me finish," continued the little mother. "I was about to tell you that since I've become a devotee to cycling I don't care anything about my neighbors or their clothes. Why, only yesterday, when one of them dropped in just for a minute to tell me something in strict confidence about another, I hadn't the slightest desire to hear it, so excused myself, telling her that I had engagement to go on the road."

"Good for you!" cried a beginner who is sixty-three years old and has children and grandchildren riding with her.

"Yes, I love my wheel almost as much as I do one of babies."

"Speaking of that," put in a buxom matron, "the head instructor here told me that he was desperately ill six weeks with fever, and while he was delirious nothing would do but that he must have that wheel in the room. His mother would bring it to the bed, and then he would order his nurse to oil it and rub it up, and even went so far as to have the tires inflated. Then he would beg to get on. He said he had the feeling that a spin would cure him, and he craved it just as a toper does rum. When able to sit up, he mounted the wheel, made his brother lead him a block or two, and in a few days he could ride a short distance by himself, though he would return utterly exhausted. He claims that the exercise infused new life into him with lightning-like rapidity, and that he simply couldn't stay off the machine. When he was too tired to mount it, he sat by it and stroked it as a woman would a pet cat."—N. Y. Sun.

GLASS PAPER.

That Would Be a More Accurate Designation Nowadays than Sandpaper.

Sandpaper as now made is false to its name, for it has no sand about it, the place of that material being now taken usually by powdered glass, which does its work with vastly greater effect.

One of the most important operations in the fabrication of sandpaper is the pulverization of the glass into powder of the different grades of fineness. Commonly an iron mortar is used for this purpose, a heavy iron pestle being the crushing instrument. Stamping machinery is better. It consists of a stout box, whose iron side walls serve as a base for the stamping machinery. In the box, which can be closed by a wooden door to prevent waste of material and also injury to the workman, are two iron cylinders in which play the stamps. These crush the glass, turning on their own axles as they work.

For grading the powder several shifting cylinders are necessary, covered with gauze of different mesh. Beginning with the coarsest the workingman proceeds gradually to the finest, resifting each time that which passes through the net work.

The paper is cut into large sheets, spread on work tables, fastened down, and then painted, by means of a large brush, with a thin, even coat of hot glue. If the glue is too thin and the paper of bad quality, the glue soaks into the paper, so that which remains is not of sufficient consistency to hold the glass. Thus results a sandpaper from which the glass easily rubs off, or which, in places, has no glass at all, or not enough. This is notably the case with the coarser varieties, in which the layer of glue must be put on with exceeding care that the relatively large fragments of glass, which can in no manner be soaked with the binding material, may be held fast in it. On the other hand, if the layer of glue is too thick or the consistence too viscous, the outer part hardens too quickly, so that the glass powder can not embed itself in it.

When the glue has been spread on the paper the powdered glass must be sifted on through an appropriate sieve. This operation also requires considerable skill, though not so much as the spreading of the glue. For the glass must not be sifted merely in such a manner as to use a given quantity to a sheet, but so that each sheet may be covered evenly. Even then all the powder will not stick, and some of the particles lie upon others without touching the glue; these can be shaken off by a slight movement of the paper. When the superfluous glass powder has been removed a wooden roller is passed lightly over the paper to press the particles of glass as firmly as possible into the glue, and to form a perfectly even surface.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Bad Risk.

Applicant—I want a policy of life insurance for ten thousand dollars.

Agent—Certainly, with pleasure, sir. What's your business?

"Umpire."

"Well, I guess not. Good-morning."—Detroit Free Press.