The St. Tammany Farmer.

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

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor. COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1896. VOL. XXI.—NO. 3.

THOU AND I.

I dwell on the sorrowful star,
And thou in the Eden of light,
Yet sometimes thy voice from afar
Calls in the dreams of the night;
In the silence I know thou art near,
Compassionate, tender, divine,
Like psalmody clear, soft voices I hear,
And know the dear voice that is thine.

I dwell on the sorrowful star,
And thou in the City of God,
And those mystical gates to unbar
There waits the long pathway untrod;
But to win thee away from the ecstacies there
Where the glories of Paradise beam,
Forgive me—self spoke, if I called thee in prayer,
And won thee to earth in a dream.

I dwell on the sorrowful star,
And thou with the souls of the blest,
And not by a sigh would I mar
The peace of that Heavenly rest.
Be glad in the sunlight of Heaven
Where spirits celestial may roam!
Sing on!—in the dusk of the even,
I may hear thee and follow thee Home.
—Laura F. Hinsdale, in N. O. Times-Democrat.

BLISS BOUGHT AT AUCTION.

"Come, Courtney, lend me your ears for half an hour, for I am in a pickle!" exclaimed Fred Sawyer to his friend. "Come up to my quarters. I have something to show you, and—no joking—I need your advice."

"If you take it, it will be for the first time," laughed good-natured Courtney. "Lead on, and don't lose any time in relieving this suspense. I'm not fond of riddles, you know."

"Why, yesterday I dropped into the salesroom at a London station. You know, they sell off the uncalled-for luggage at intervals, and a sale was just going on. A number of the boys were there, and we each commenced to bid for a trunk. I selected a rather small one, and— Here we are! Come right in and view the burden of my woes."

He led the way into a pleasant apartment and pointed to a small leather trunk which stood in the middle of the room.

"Open it, if you want to," he said. "I've had enough of the confounded thing. It's full of woman's stuff, and what do you suppose I can do with it? I haven't an aunt or a cousin in the wide world."

"Keep it till you're married, Fred. These seem to be good clothes," said Courtney, peeping into the box and lifting dainty garments with a half-reverent touch, in spite of his laughing face.

"Humph! The idea of such advice from you! Why, old boy, I shall not marry for ten years—five, anyway—and I'm not going to risk keeping these things here and being taken for a lady burglar. Mrs. McGaffrey would find them in spite of everything—smell murder in the air, and hunt around for the skull bones. No, I'll dump the trunk in the river; that's what I'll do."

"Pshaw! You're too sensible for that. These things cost money—lots of it, I imagine—and you paid something for them in the bargain. You might sell them to the second-hand—No, I've a better scheme than that. Why not go through the trunk systematically, find out the owner's name and address—there are surely letters or something—and write to her, offering her the whole thing for a reasonable sum?"

"Do an act of charity, and yet turn an honest penny. Anyone would know you are Scotch. But I must go back to the store, and— Here! you have all the time there is; suppose you go through it for me? All I ask is that you will keep Mrs. McGaffrey out. Fare-dieu!" And off he went.

Courtney laughingly locked the door; but the smiles soon left his face as he proceeded with his task. He wondered if the little battered trunk had been lost in some of the dreadful catastrophes he had read of; he imagined the owner killed and her body as well as luggage unidentified in the horrible excitement.

They were girlish things—dainty veils and ribbons, ginghams, silks and snowy linen. He lingered over a small, worn slipper, and felt a thrill akin to that awakened in Cinderella's prince.

"No clew yet," he murmured. "Perhaps there are letters in this box."

Its catch was bent, but he wrenched it open and out flew—his own photograph!

He sat down plump in a box of laces and stared. On the other side were his initials and a date he had been trying for three years to forget: "June 22, 1890."

"Nell Burr's trunk!" he exclaimed. "Oh, my little girl, what has happened to you? Maybe some one—. No, here are your initials on this belt buckle, and your gloves were number six, and this slipper would just fit your dear little foot."

The young man grew excited and rapturous over each article; presently he lifted a package of letters from one corner.

"My own—and they express the greatest happiness life ever brought me. They are like the leaves that flutter down in the November rain. I wonder why she kept them. How many there are!"

Unfastening the cord, he turned the letters over and found many of the envelopes scribbled upon by a familiar hand. There were items jotted down to be remembered in answering, and scraps of poetry which had not long since reached his eye, and been ever since cherished in his memory. Upon the last one—for they were all numbered—was written in ink this girlish confession: "Al Courtney, I love you, but will never marry anyone so inconstant."

Resting his head on the empty tray in silence, he exclaimed:

"I was a fool—a consummate fool—and now, perhaps, she is dead."

A noise outside aroused him, and in a bewildered way he surveyed the garments strewed on every side, and gazed mournfully at the beautiful hat through which he had run one foot, and the box of laces he had unconsciously used for a cushion. Fred would be coming in a few minutes. He began repacking the things with ruthless haste, and, stowing the letters in his own pockets, was lying lazily on the couch reading the paper when his chum entered.

"Well," he cried, "what mystery did you unearth?"

"No mystery at all," was the deliberate answer; "but the 'stuff,' as you call it, is worth something, and would be a regular gold mine to a girl. I've a notion to buy it from you and present it to my sisters. What will you take?"

"Oh, come! You're just doing that to help me out. [illegible] your benevolent old heart. No, I'll follow your advice, and hunt up the owner. It would be quite romantic, and, besides, you hinted that I might make a shilling or two by it. You found her name and address there, didn't you?"

"Yes," Al reluctantly answered; "I found her name and an address, but it is hardly likely that you could find her after so many years. You know, they keep luggage a long time before it is sold."

"I'm not sure about that," said Fred. "I've thought about it all the morning and the idea grows on me. It will be rare fun to try, anyway. What did you say the name was?"

"But no doubt this girl was killed—luggage is seldom lost except by some such accident, and maybe she is an old woman."

Fred laughed immoderately.

"Just as if that would make an act of charity less meritorious. Old women don't usually wear white lace hats, though. You must have found something precious in there—jewelry, or something—which makes you anxious to martyrize yourself. It's mine, however, and I'm not as anxious to part with it as I was—not till I've looked through it, anyway."

As he turned the key Al remembered that his own photograph was lying in a conspicuous box, and exclaimed:

"Wait until after dinner, then; I'm a half starved."

"Perhaps it would be better," was the answer, and they passed out together.

When fairly downstairs Al said he had forgotten his handkerchief, and flew back three steps at a time to get it. Securing the picture and placing it in an inside pocket, he said to himself:

"Surely there's nothing else to give me away. But I must wheedle him out of the trunk."

After dinner Fred "went through" the contents of the trunk, making boyish remarks concerning each article as he threw it aside. Al inwardly winced at these remarks, and could scarcely restrain himself from knocking him over on the spot.

"What makes you so crusty?" queried Fred, suddenly, as one of his choicest jokes was met by a gruff "H'm!" "There's no fun in you, and why you want this stuff beats me. Your sisters would turn up their noses at second-hand clothing, if it is pretty. But it isn't worth fussing over, so take it along. No doubt it would prove a white elephant on my hands sooner or later."

Not until the trunk was safely in his room could Al breathe freely; even then it was no easy matter to keep it out of his sisters' sight. They both made a pet and confidant of their one brother, and had a fashion of dropping into his room at all hours to tell him of their schemes and woes. He had pushed the trunk under a mahogany table in the corner, the old-fashioned cover of which reached almost to the floor.

When he told them he was going away for a little business "trip," they beset him with questions and petitions to be taken with him, finally declaring that they would clean house while he was gone, and "sort out his trash."

So behold him, in the dead of night, carrying the "white elephant" up the narrow attic stairs, bumping his head on every rafter and getting cobwebs on his mustache. He covered it with old clothing, pushed a big box in front of it and then crept downstairs, feeling as guilty as if he had been concealing some crime. At breakfast the girls both talked at once about the burglar who tried to get in, and how they pounded on Al's door and could not even get an answer.

At noon he was off, and as the train whirled onward he became possessed with fears. She might not be at Hastings; she might not care for him after these three years; she might even be married or dead.

Arriving at his destination at last, he only stopped to leave his bag at the hotel, and walked rapidly to a familiar house in the suburbs. Ringing the bell he inquired for Miss Burr in a matter-of-fact way, as if he had seen her the day before. He watched the girl's face as he spoke, and saw no trace of surprise. She simply said:

"Miss Burr may not be able to see you, but come in, and I will ask."

Presently he was shown into a small, sunny room, where, on a couch, lay the one girl he had ever loved. He meant to explain at once the cause of his foolish going and eager coming, all of which he had framed into frank, beautiful sentences; but somehow they forsook him, and he fell back on the commonplace. She received him with quiet words of welcome, and then said:

"Pardon my position, but I am such an invalid that it is a trial to sit up."

"An invalid!" he echoed, faintly.

"Yes," she answered. "Did you not hear of my accident several months ago? On coming home from a visit I stopped for a day or so in a London hotel. The building caught fire a few hours after I entered it. The horror of the scene is so stamped — branded would be a more appropriate word—on my memory that I cannot bear to talk of it. I lost everything except the ulster which was wrapped about me, and would have lost my life but for the brave fireman who broke my fall. Oh, no, I am not seriously injured," she continued, in answer to his half-spoken question, "though I have been ill ever since. It was such a shock, you know."

By deft questioning he succeeded in making her say:

"Yes, I lost my trunk. It was left at the station (I expected to go in a day or two), and the deposit ticket was destroyed with my pocketbook. Railway people are necessarily particular about identifying luggage, and for weeks I was too ill to even remember it. Besides, I had only gone for a short outing, and it held nothing of much value, except some keepsakes that were dear to me."

A deep flush stole over her face at these words; he watched it for a delicious moment, and then gathered her up in his arms, exclaiming:

"I will bring them back, if you will pay the reward I want."

Then—or, rather, after he had tortured her impatience mercilessly—he told her of Fred's "bargain" bought at auction. She begged for it, coaxed, pleaded, all in vain. He declared that she could only have the little leather trunk as a wedding present. And a very happy wedding party it was, too. —Tit-Bits.

—The first machines for the manufacture of gold pens are said to have been made by John Rendill, of New York.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—With the early penmakers the problem of a point was the most serious, and a long time elapsed before it was definitely solved.

—Common rot in wood is caused by bad piling or exposure, and the infallible signs of this disease in wood are yellowish patches on the ends of the pieces or yellowish dust in the cracks.

—The sheets of steel for pen-making are, in their original condition, eight feet long and three feet wide. From these strips are cut wide enough to permit of the cutting of three or four pens.

—A hat is "pounced" or smoothed by means of a machine which polishes the whole surface smoothly with emery paper. Formerly this process was done by hand, the workmen using pumice stone for that purpose.

—A peculiar Puritan-like sentence was imposed on three offenders in Norristown, Pa., a few days ago. They were accused of assault and battery, and were released on their promise to accompany their accuser to church on each of the twelve next succeeding Sundays.

—Though contrary to the usual practice, night air will ventilate a cellar more thoroughly and cause less humidity than the hot air of midday. Open the cellar windows at sunset and leave them open until six in the morning, and the air will be cooler and dryer than if the cellar is closed at night and open during the day. The screens or gratings should be so arranged that the windows can be opened and closed without moving them.

—M. Moissan recently exhibited the largest black diamond ever found to the Academie des Sciences. It weighs three thousand seven hundred and sixty-six carats, is apparently without flaw and is the size of a large pear. It came from Bahia, in Brazil, where it was found last July. The largest black diamonds previously known weighed six hundred and twenty, eight hundred and ten and one thousand seven hundred carats and were not free from flaws.

—Among an interesting collection of relics brought from Russia for the Memorial museum at San Francisco recently were two guns that were on the ship commanded by Behring, after whom Behring sea was named. The guns were hauled overland from Cronstadt, two centuries ago, through Russia and Siberia, nine thousand miles, to the Pacific. The vessel sank in the Okhotsk sea, and the guns remained under water for one hundred and fifty years, and until about a year ago.

—"Jotham's fable of the trees (Judges ix., about 1209 B. C.) is the oldest extant, and as beautiful as any made since." Nathan's fable of the poor man, (II. Sam. xii., about 1034 B. C.) is next in antiquity. The earliest collection of fables extant is of eastern origin, and preserved in the Sanscrit. The fables of Vishnoo Sarma, or Pilpay, are the most beautiful, if not the most ancient, in the world. Prof. Max Muller traced La Fontaine's fable of the Milkmaid to a very early Sanscrit collection. Æsop's fables, supposed to have been written about 565 or 620 B. C., were versified by Babrius, a Greek poet, about 130 B. C., and turned into prose by Maximus Planudes, a Greek monk, about 1320.

THE CAST OF A BELL.

Interesting Process Which Few Founders Have Been Able to Master.

The operation of casting a bell is a most interesting one. The flask wherein and whereon the mold is made consists of two parts, constructed of boiler iron, of a general bell form, and plentifully perforated with holes for escaping gas while casting, one being so much less in size than its fellow as to give space for the loam forming the mold between the two. The "pattern," as the term is generally used, is provided. The two parts of the mold are "swept" by "formers," accurately finished from thin iron to the form intended for the inner and outer surfaces of the bell. These "formers" are mounted and rotated over the applied loam. Five courses of loam and clay are successively applied, "swept" and baked, to complete each mold. Before this work is done, however, the inner flask is wound near the top with a rope made of hay. As the shrinkage is very great as the castings cool, difficulty would be met with in getting the flask and loam out of the nearly parallel inside top; this "pinch" is obviated by using this destructable base, which permits the collapse of the loam after the heat of the metal has consumed the hay.

The five courses laid on the flasks are. Loam, a mixture of loam, fire clay and manure; two successive coatings of powdered fire clay, and, lastly, a thin coating of brick and fire clay combined with foundry facing. Each of these coatings is baked in an oven before the succeeding one is applied. The coatings are "swept" by the formers, as applied, both in the inner and outer flasks, by careful adjustments as to thickness of materials, so that when the exterior mold is placed over the interior, a space corresponding to the intended thickness and shape of the bell shall exist. Inscriptions of embellishments to be made upon the bell are provided for with the last coating by means of a "knurl" or wheel, having the desired motto raised upon its periphery, the wheel being carefully rolled around the soft surface and leaving its imprint in the clay. Other designs are impressed from dies of the required ornament, and the usual "beading" is accomplished by notches in the edge of the sweep.

The two parts of the flask being placed together are firmly held in position by many clamps, the tendency of hot bell metal to squeeze through and force a separation of flasks being very great. As the mold nears completion a fire is started in a near-by reverberatory furnace, in which is placed the desired charge of copper, and when the copper is melted the tin is added in its proportion. The melted metal being ready, the furnace is tapped, the bright stream caught in a huge ladle swung over the mold by a crane and poured into the open mouth of the mold until it is filled. After cooling and removal from the mold the bell is usually polished with sand and water in special revolving grinding machines. The tongue and clapper, the yoke and wheel are now attached and the whole suspended in its frame. In making a chime the bells are, after completion, temporarily set up and regularly tested by skilled bell ringers, from the permanent chiming stand of the foundry.

A bell of such proportions as the large one proposed for Milwaukee's city hall has to be molded and cast in a pit.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

EXACT SHAPE OF THE EARTH.

Scientists May Now Determine It from This New Government Survey.

The scientific measurement by the United States coast and geodetic survey of the distance from the Golden Gate of San Francisco, Cal., to the mouth of the Chesapeake, along the thirty-ninth parallel, has been completed. The news that the last line of the last triangle had been taken in this great work has been received by Gen. Duffield, the superintendent of the survey, in a dispatch from Mr. William Einbeck, who has been in charge of the undertaking since its inception in 1873. Every scientist in the world has been waiting anxiously for this news. Its importance may be judged from the fact that upon this east and west line depends the determination of the precise shape of the earth and the accurate laying of lines of longitude, instead of the approximate ones that are now in use. This line will be the basis for a revision of all astronomical work in which accuracy is desired.

Gen. Duffield said the other day to the World correspondent: "Twelve years ago a party of surveyors began measuring triangles at the same time at each side of the continent. One started from the mouth of the Chesapeake bay and worked westward; the other started at the Golden Gate, in California, and came eastward. They met among the Colorado mountains, at a designated spot, a few days ago, and the geodetic survey was concluded. As soon as the party reached a telegraphic station they sent me the news, which the International Geodetic association, now in session in Europe, has been awaiting so anxiously.

"It will take you a year, in all probability, to make the computations from the survey and such verifications of portions of the work as may be necessary. The figures have to be reduced to the mean sea level. When this is done we will be able to determine the distance between San Francisco and the mouth of Chesapeake bay within a few yards of absolute accuracy.

"The work has cost something over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. One of the most practical advantages will be that it will enable the determination of distances between cities and the heights above the sea level of all points along the thirty-ninth parallel. In fact, this work may be taken as the greatest contribution ever made to science by a government.

"The chief object of the work is to determine the precise figure of the earth. It has already been determined by north and south lines, but this one which we have completed is the only one of any extent running east and west. There are two or three of the north and south lines. Russia has the longest meridian line ever run, going from the Black sea up to the northern limits of her territory. There is one in India, run by England, that is next in length, while the third was run by England and France in conjunction, from the most northern point of Scotland down to the Balearic islands. From these lines the shape of the earth has been determined north and south, but it has been necessary, in order to ascertain the exact shape, to run a similar line east and west. The United States is the only country which has enough territory east and west to accomplish this, which will be the greatest geodetic line ever measured in the world.

"Mathematicians have figured out what the shape of the earth ought to be. They have worked on the basis of the earth in a molten condition. Knowing the number of revolutions and the centrifugal force, they could calculate about what the earth's figure should be. But the earth cooled more quickly at the poles than at the equator, and did not take the shape that the mathematicians had figured on. In order to determine what its actual shape was, therefore, a perfect triangulated survey was necessary.

"While the present lines of longitude are close enough for the ordinary use of sailors, they are not sufficiently accurate for scientific work. To determine any astronomical observation it is necessary to have a vertical line in order to obtain the zenith. That verticle line is at right angles to the tangent to the curve of the earth at that point. The plumb line does not give a true vertical line. It is affected by outside influences; at the sea shore by the fact that the lighter water is on one side of it and the heavier land on the other, and in the interior of the country by the mountain masses on the one side and the plains on the other. The correction of a plumb line is therefore one of the most difficult tasks in physics, instead of the simplest, as an ordinary observer might think. With this transcontinental geodetic work completed we will be able to supply that vertical line, so necessary to all exact astronomical work.

"The whole scientific world will owe a debt of gratitude to the United States government for the energy and skill with which it has accomplished this great and important undertaking.—N. Y. World.

Belts and Buckles.

Belts become daily more popular, owing to the continued use of the round waist. Quite an innovation in these is being shown by some leading dry goods houses. This is made of rings about an inch in diameter crocheted with silk, and through these rings satin ribbon is run, making a very solid belt, as well as an ornamental one. Large buckles of gold, silver and steel are used on plain belts. —N. Y. Recorder.

Petticoat Flounces.

The latest fancy in petticoat trimming is to have flounce upon flounce trimmed with insertion and edged with lace, and all white skirts have a narrow lace edged ruffle on the bottom instead of a hem. These beruffled petticoats are extremely pretty, but they are only possible for those who can afford a big laundry bill.—N. Y. World.

A Society Event.

"Yes," observed the master of ceremonies, "you weep to the jury beautifully, but let us again rehearse your glare at the defendant."

By dint of much drilling the affair passed off very creditably, and was described as one of the prettiest home divorces of the season.—Detroit Tribune.

—The first gold pens made in this country were manufactured by hand, the gold being cut from strips of the metal by scissors, and every subsequent operation being performed by hand. These hand-made gold pens cost from $5 to $30, and were far inferior to the machine-made article of the present day.

SAGACITY OF SNAKES.

They Know How to Prepare for the Advent of Cold Weather.

The student of animal life at the zoological gardens is startled frequently by the remarkable display of sagacity that is sometimes made by the inmates of that interesting place. What, for instance, could be more clever, more thoughtful or more amazing than the action of the indigo snake when cold weather comes on. It was illustrated yesterday. The first breath of cool air that was wafted across the gardens informed the indigo snakes that a cold wave was at hand. They could not hide their heads under their wings like the robin of the nursery book. They could not take violent exercise and warm up their blood, for their blood will not warm. So they settle the problem by swallowing each other in turn. One indigo snake will swallow his better half, for example, until she becomes thoroughly warmed up, and then she will swallow him until he feels comfortable.

It is a very clever action on the part of these snakes. It vindicates their character. The fact that they swallow one another is usually put down by unthinking people as ignorance. They say that the indigo snake will swallow anything, even its friends. Perhaps that is the reason the snake story fiend always stations himself in front of the indigo snake's cage. He knows that no matter how big a lie he tells the snake will swallow it as nonchalantly as though it were a piece of garden hose or some such luxury. But more remarkable in sagacity than the indigo snake are the tropical birds in the aviary. They are probably the most wonderful geniuses ever seen in the "zoo." Coming as they did from India's coral strand and other places where thermometers die of the fever and the iceberg is unknown, they find themselves unprepared for the rigor of the climate here. Such was the condition of the number of the new bird arrivals from India recently. They had nothing but their light summer pajamas with them, and when the biting winds came whistling into their cottage they were chilled to the bone. Their bills chattered like a telegraph instrument on the night of a prize fight, and they shivered terribly.

Then their sagacity came to their rescue. They noticed that as the cooler weather drew near a large crop of down appeared on some of the other birds, who were more accustomed to the change of temperature. They wondered whether a similar growth would make its appearance on them, but, like the youth who watches for his first mustache, they were disappointed. The down did not come. They consulted their tropical friends who had been at the "zoo" for more than a year. The latter winked and whispered a few words to them which raised hope in their troubled breasts. That night at twelve minutes past twelve these tropical birds went out in a body and attacked the other birds who had more down than they. With sharp bills the tropical birds plucked the down from their sleeping roommates. Little by little they pulled forth the feathers, until they had stolen all they possessed. Taking the down they interwove it so cleverly in their own feathers that it looked perfectly natural. This kept them nice and warm. Of course it made other birds down on them, but they didn't care so long as they had warm friends among each other.—Philadelphia Press.

AMERICAN DIAMONDS.

A Few Choice Specimens Found Here—One Owned by the Late John Morrissey.

Diamonds have been found occasionally at different places in the United States, but never in sufficient quantities to render systematic mining profitable. The largest authenticated diamond ever found in this country was picked up by a laborer engaged in grading the streets of Manchester, Va. Its original weight was about twenty-four carats, and after cutting, a twelve-carat stone resulted. On this stone, called by Capt. Dewey, its owner, the Oninoor, John Morrissey once loaned six thousand dollars, but Mr. Kunz, the diamond expert, appraised its value at less than a thousand dollars, as it is poorly colored and imperfect.

Next to this stone comes a sixteen-carat diamond found in 1884 at Waukesha, Wis. A stone over four carats came from Dysartville, N. C., in 1886, and one weighing just a little less was found in Dane county, Wis., in 1893. In Georgia and North Carolina, itacolumite or flexible sandstone is found. This stone, so elastic that a slab of it can readily be bent into a curve by the fingers, is found associated with diamonds in Brazil, and this fact led to a search for the gems in these southern states. Quite a number of small stones were consequently found there, mostly in the gold washings of Hall county, Ga.

In California's gold diggings, diamonds have also been found in some numbers. About seventy stones have been obtained from one locality at Cherokee Flat, the largest weighing about two and one-half carats, and the colors varying from rose through various shades of yellow to pure white. The largest price ever paid for a California diamond in the rough was some six hundred dollars. There are twenty diamond-cutting establishments now in this country, handling during each year about one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of stones.—N. Y. World.

Finances Very Low.

Wife—I hear that the last number of the Weekly Humor has a lot of jokes about donation parties. I think it would please the congregation if you should write the editor an indignant letter on the subject.

Struggling minister—I can't afford the stamp, my dear. You forget that we have just been through a donation party ourselves.—N. Y. Weekly.

Wanted to Be Sure.

"Well, sir," said the physician, after examining his patient, "you have a very serious complaint, but I cure it two cases out of five."

"But, doctor," replied the sick man, "have you lost the two out of the class I'd go in?"—Judge.

—Misery assails riches as lightning does the highest towers; or, as a tree that is heavy laden with fruit breaks its own boughs, so do riches destroy the virtue of their possessors.—Burton.

—To engage in war without a clear necessity is a crime of the blackest dye. When the necessity is clear, it then becomes a crime to shrink from it.—Southey.

—Charles VIII., of France, was surnamed the Affable. He always removed his hat in answer to a salutation, even if the greeting came from a peasant.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—It is not generally known but it is a fact that the prince of Wales is very fond of modern English poetry. Sir Edwin Arnold and Algernon Charles Swinburne are his especial favorites, and he never travels without copies of their works. The prince is not what would be called a literateur, but he is well read, especially in English fiction and poetry.

—An effort is being made in Japan, backed up by certain newspapers, to persuade the emperor to visit Europe and America with a large suite, including a military staff. The emperor has never been outside of Japan, and there are those among his subjects who feel that a little globe-trotting on his part would be of advantage to his country and himself.

—Prince George of Greece is the handsomest and most agreeable young prince in Europe. He is tall, square-shouldered and athletic, with short-cropped golden hair, blue eyes, and the pleasantest possible expression. He is bright and full of fun and is altogether a brave and manly young fellow. He is a sailor, commanding a corvette in the Danish navy.

—Pope Leo XIII., who now is in his eighty-sixth year, is described by Cardinal Gibbons as pale and emaciated, "with a pallor almost of death upon him," and this is heightened by the white ecclesiastical garments he habitually wears. And though his body is considerably bent with age, his eye is bright, his mind clear and luminous, and his capacity for physical endurance remarkable.

—The young king of Spain has just witnessed his first bull fight. His mother, who has a horror of the Spanish national sport, had the fatal moment postponed as long as possible, but after his tenth birthday she could not prevent him from seeing a festa according to precedent. The little king viewed the fight quite stoically, and as he departed without rewarding the successful matador, the Spaniards are not pleased.

—Lady Henry Somerset must continue to draw part of her income from the sale of liquor. She has only a life interest in the property of her husband, and undertook to refuse to renew the leases of the public houses on it unless an agreement was made that no intoxicating liquors should be sold. The chancery court has just decided that she has no right to make the stipulation, even for the term of her own life, as it would diminish the value of the property which she holds in trust, and would also be detrimental to the interests of the public.

—Duluth has two of the tallest policemen in the country. Patrolman Royal McKenzie is 6 feet 10½ inches high and still growing. He is only 26 years old and weighs 257 pounds. He can reach a point 10 feet from the ground. Detective Thomas Hayden, also of Duluth, is 6 feet 7 inches tall. The two make a great team, and the rough woodsmen of the vicinity are not inclined to be boisterous when either is around. Superior, Wis., claims to have a policeman a trifle taller than McKenzie, but he is past growing age, and McKenzie hopes to beat him before the year is out.

—Mrs. F. W. Vanderbilt has contributed five thousand dollars, in addition to three thousand dollars given by her some time since, for an operating room at the Newport hospital. This amount practically covers the cost of the new operating room, now nearly ready for occupancy. Mrs. Vanderbilt has at various times given several fine ambulances to the different New York hospitals. A good ambulance will cost nearly a thousand dollars, but with the springs, mattrasses, and other complete equipments with which Mrs. Vanderbilt fits the vehicles, their cost is not under two thousand dollars each.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Snooper—"A grave injustice was done to Doverspike." Skidmore—"What?" Snooper—"He was buried alive."—N. Y. World.

—Lady (in a bookstore)—"I want a classical author." Clerk—"Certainly; what shall I give you?" Lady—"One bound in red."—Fliegende Blatter.

—Mr. Klock—"Did you find that alarm clock I sold you useful?" Mr. Shotwell—"Indeed, I do. I killed a cat with it last night."—Yonkers Statesman.

—Bass—"Did you hear what old Sinikus said about you?" Cass—"No, and I don't know as I care to hear it." Bass—"Possibly not; but then think what a pleasure it would be to me to tell it!"—Boston Transcript.

—"Miranda," said the new woman to her junior companion, "I am afraid you are forgetting yourself." "Why?" was the startled inquiry. "You do not remove your bonnet when you go up in the elevator with that young man."—Harrisburg Telegram.

—Judge (gravely)—"The prosecutor swears that you hit him twice upon the nose. Have you any denial to make?" Defendant (stoutly)—"Yis, yer honer, it's false; oi hit him but wanst upon th' nose. Th' siconed toime oi hit him where his nose hod bin."—Tit-Bits.

—English Tourist (wild-eyed and frantic)—"Hi, there, guard! I've lost me box—me luggage. Cawn't find it anywhere." American Railway Official—"Any trousers in it like the pair you've got on? Yes? Then why don't you go into the baggage room and listen?"—London Wonder.

—A Texas merchant is always a little hard of hearing when it suits his purpose. "I want to get a day off," said a clerk. "Eh?" said the merchant, holding his hand to his ear. "I want to get three days off." "I heard you very distinctly the first time, sir. You can have one day off."—Texas Siftings.

—At the Theater: Youngster—"What beautiful heads of hair these ladies in front have!" Oldster—"If the lady whose switch has dropped off——" All six of the ladies bring their hands to the back of their heads spasmodically, and Oldster grins and chuckles as though he had done a bright thing.—Boston Transcript.

—One of the clerks of the water bureau is fond of telling a story of what, he says, was an actual occurrence. A stranger walked into the office one day and waited his turn in line to reach the desk. "I want to make complaint about the water pipes in my cellar," he said. "I keep chickens, and as the pipes are leaking badly, they're drowning them all." "Keep chickens, do you?" asked the next in line, abruptly. "Yes, why do you ask?" "Well, I think it would be a good idea in your case to keep ducks."—Philadelphia Call.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

FARMING VS. PLANTING.

Fallacy of the Notion That Cotton Can Not be Rotated with Other Crops.

It has been said that the nature of the cotton crop forbids its being grown in a regular farm rotation as is practiced among good farmers in sections where the money crops are grain and stock. The utter fallacy of the notion that this can be the case with any annual crop has been repeatedly shown from the experience of those who have broken away from the old-time methods of cotton growing, and have shown that cotton fits as well into an improving rotation of crops as any other of our hoed crops. It is true that its use in a rotation necessitates a rather longer rotation than where there is but one hoed crop in the rotation, for where cotton is grown there corn must almost of necessity be grown also, and to properly locate two hoed crops in a rotation, so that both can have a fair chance for success, involves a lengthening of the series of the crops. This is a matter of no disadvantage, however, as it gives more diversity to the farming, and opens up more opportunities for the profitable keeping of stock on the cotton farm. We would lay it down as a rule that no progressive farmer in the south should disregard, that two clean-cultivated crops should never follow each other in successive seasons on the same land, unless a leguminous crop can be gotten in between them. We will suppose that the farmer in the coast plain, the true cotton belt, will adopt for his crops cotton, corn and winter oats. Now, the true idea in a rotation of crops is to so manage his rotation and fertilization as to get the largest amount of the money crop, cotton, per acre, while steadily increasing the fertility of his soil. He will study the art of using fertilizers so that he can get, by means of the rotation he uses, not only without cost but at an actual profit, the most expensive portion of a high-grade fertilizer, the nitrogen, which, when purchased in the market, costs more than three times as much per pound what the potash and phosphoric acid cost. If he farms without such a well-devised rotation, in the old one-crop plan, he must buy the nitrogen, and must thus be handicapped in growing cotton in competition with a neighbor who farms while he plants. With the added cost in the crop of the nitrogen his neighbor makes a profit in getting from the air while he pays a heavy price for it on the market. It is easy to see then that while his neighbor may find a margin of profit in the cotton crop, he may at the same price lose money in the culture, and not only lose money on the crop, but find that his land is growing poorer and poorer at the same time. And this is to-day the condition of the great mass of the cotton growers of the South Atlantic cotton country. Now let us assume that the farmer is going to get out of this destructive system, or rather lack of any system, and that he is going to grow something else besides cotton. And he is going to do this, not because of some misty notion that he has that he should diversify his crops, and grow some other things besides cotton, just in the same way that he has been growing cotton, but that he has determined to use these other crops as a means toward the development of his land for the more profitable culture of cotton. He is not going to grow a lot of corn this year so as to be able to say that he has grown enough to last for several years while he grows cotton, but he is going to use these extra crops as any business man would use the stock he has for sale, to help pay his expenses. He will get rid forever of the idea that his cotton is the only thing to get money out of, but will turn all his surplus of any kind into money, and thus tend toward the making of the cotton crop a surplus crop for profit. The change from a plantation which has been run for years in the single crop of cotton until it will only bring cotton by the application of a complete fertilizer, to a farm where a variety of crops are grown in a systematic manner, can not be done all at once, unless the owner has a surplus cash capital. But it can be done gradually by any man of industry and perseverance. The one thing which our people need to learn is the value of concentration in farming, and to realize that a few acres heavily fertilized and well cultivated will give more profit than many lightly dressed and scratched over. If, therefore, the man who wishes to change his practice will drop off about half the area he usually cultivates in the cotton crop and use on the remainder all the fertilizer he has been accustomed to use on the whole, he will have a fair chance to make more clear money than he would on the whole, for the extra dose of fertilizer will not only give him a better crop of the staple, but will help in the adoption of the rotation we propose. We will suppose that he does so, and in August, on his well-cultivated and enriched acres he sows all among his cotton seed of crimson clover at the rate of fifteen pounds per acre, and if by any means he can afford to buy a few hundred pounds of acid phosphate and potash for a top dressing on the clover in the fall he will be that much further ahead, and the money will be invested where it will pay a better percentage than in bank stocks. We will assume that he is going to keep some stock to add to the profits of his farming and to furnish manure to lessen the need of purchased fertilizers. The clover will give him, if treated as we suggest, a fine crop of hay in April or May, which he will, of course, save for stock feeding. He can then plow the stubble at once and sow the cow peas broadcast, and as soon as well filled with mature pods turn in the hogs, for you will surely want to raise pork as a matter of food and profit in farming, and the hogs will use the peas as profitably as they can be used in any other way. After the hogs have reveled and grown fat on the peas, take them off to finish on corn and plow the land for winter oats, using on the oats about 400 lbs. per acre of the acid phosphate and potash, mixed, say 400 lbs. of acid phosphate to 100 lbs. of muriate of potash, the previous crops of peas and clover having put an abundance of ammonia in the soil, and paid for the doing of it in fattening the hogs, so that you are now saved the cost in the fertilizer. The chances are that you will at once get a heavy crop of oats. As soon as the oats are off sow another crop of peas on the broken stubble, to be cut later for hay, and in August all among the peas sow crimson clover again, to be pastured in the fall and winter after the pea vine hay is saved, and kept closely pastured whenever the weather will permit until time to prepare it for the cotton crop. By this time there will be a little excess of nitrogen for the cotton crop, and the potash and acid phosphate should be used to balance the ration for the cotton and to insure again a good stand of clover in the cotton. In August all among the cotton sow crimson clover again, and in winter haul all the home-made manure on the clover, and in early spring, as soon as the clover is in bloom, mow it for hay and at once plow the land for corn, and do not be afraid to put the plow point down deep if your subsoil is clay. Cultivate the corn well, but shallow, and do not hill it. After the last working sow crimson clover seed again, to be cut for hay the following spring, and to be followed by peas for cow hay, and then to be put in order for oats in the fall and thus repeat the rotation from year to year. By the time you have gotten around to the cotton on the second rotation you will find that you can grow the crop without buying any fertilizers, and thereafter if you add a fair supply of acid phosphate and potash to your peas and clover, and lime the soil when it comes in corn you can keep up the soil to a high state of productiveness of the sale crops without direct fertilization, and if you need all the forage grown, you will have enough home-made manure to cover the corn-field every year. Then when you find that your soil is improving fast, do not be tempted to put it all in cotton, but stick to your text and keep up the land.

W. F. MASSEY,
North Carolina Experiment Station.

Egg Inspection.

By holding an egg up between the eye and the light an expert can at once tell the purpose for which it is particularly adapted and promptly pronounced as to its destiny.

There is the egg which exhibits a small cloud floating in an orange sea. This egg finds its way to a humble saloon and is beaten up into a "golden fizz" to soothe the weary palate of the retired politician.

A gain there is the egg which shows a galaxy of crimson stars, intimating that the industrious hen that laid it is suffering from the heat and needs rest. This egg finds its way to the quiet restaurant, whither the sign, "Meals, five cents," beguiles the hungry wanderer.

A third egg shows a dark, solid body surrounded by vapory liquid. It abounds in the generous barrel houses, whose motto is, "An egg or a clam with every drink," and where the gay and careless reveler says, "You spoke late," when the hapless chicken squeaks at the moment of deglutition.

A fourth egg, light in weight and of a sickly green complexion, sprinkled with dark blotches, is popular at political meetings where the audience is not quite in harmony with the speaker.

But above all there is the honest, flawless, unexceptionable egg proudly laid upon fresh straw by a kind and wholesome hen. This is the legitimate egg of commerce that makes the whole world happy every morning.—Southern Farm.

Better Farming.

Relatively speaking, small farms pay better than large ones, acre per acre. The agricultural prosperity of the south will be greater when the farms average a smaller acreage. It is an exception when we find a man that can cultivate and manage a large farm as well as a small one. It requires no mean order of executive ability to cultivate a thousand-acre farm with hired labor, and to make a good profit on the crops after expenses are paid, and at the same time manage the farm so that its fertility is maintained. Of course we can not call anyone a good farmer who robs the soil of its fertility year by year, paying back nothing. Good farming means raising crops that net a fair profit after expenses are paid, and at least maintaining the fertility of the land.

But the best order of farming is not only to maintain fertility, but to increase it year by year. How is this to be done? On small farms where a good deal of stock is kept, stable manure may materially aid. But for large acres of land, we must necessarily depend on a wise rotation and diversity of crops, and upon [illegible] for [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] cial fertilizers [illegible] mineral matters, [illegible] ing in this kind of [illegible] Farm.

HERE AND THERE.

—At Southern Pines, N. C., forty-four persons have planted 900,000 fruit trees and vines on 1,6?3 acres. In 1894, 125 tons of grapes were shipped; in 1895, 400 tons.

—The tobacco planter, like any other farmer or business man, must possess a practical knowledge of his business. He must not only understand the soil and its cultivation, but must be a good accountant.

—The primitive method of curing tobacco with wood and charcoal, has given place to the system known as flue curing. By this method, the smoke and dust, with which the tobacco becomes filled, is avoided.

—The hen that sits during the fore part of the summer runs with her chickens until autumn and then weans them, and that is that she makes a good fall layer, and will even lay while moulting if fed highly.

—Farmers are showing a strong disposition again this year to want to make use of the best blood obtainable in their herds. They are constant to this principle because they well know that their profits in the growing and marketing of all kinds of live stock hinge upon it.

—A life shut out from intellectual enjoyment and advantages, is but little more than the life of a brute. The farmer who contents himself with such living, under opportunities for improvement, mistakes the great aim of his being, and disappoints the ends of his God ordained pursuit.

—Pasture your hogs as long as possible. Give them the use of such as you have—clover, rye, wheat, or Bermuda—any and all will do them good. One farmer says an acre of clover will make as much pork as an acre of corn. Another says his rye pasture was worth $30 an acre to him [illegible] season.