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, MARCH 21, 1896. VOL. XXI.—NO. 13.

LEGAL MEDITATIONS.

What use to me is "Byles on Bills?"
For "Jarman on the Law of Wills"
I wouldn't give a jackstone.
Nor would I give another for
"Juries and Jury Trials," nor
Coke, Bacon, Parsons, Story, or
Ferne, Chitty, Kent or Blackstone.

Will Byles help me to pay the bill
I owe for flowers? Can her will
Be changed by reading Jarman?
What's "Greenleaf's Evidence" to me?—
Or Littleton? or Parker?—he
Is dryer than theosophy—
Yes, worse than any Brahmin!

And "Kneeland on Attachments," too,
Has nothing in it that will do—
The title is misleading.
And though through dusty books I read,
Alas! I ne'er can learn to plead
In Cupid's court, so she will heed,
From "Stephen's Rules of Pleading."

"Collyer on Partnership" I've read,
And vainly, too, "Contracts to Wed,"
By some one named Fitzsimmon.
Nor does it seem to help me on,
That "Marriage Settlements" I con,
Or Schouler's learned book upon
"The Law of Married Women."

There is no statute I can find
Will make a maiden change her mind;
Nor know I where the place is
To find a law to help me win
A suit like mine—or I'd begin
To search it out. It isn't in
My set of "Leading Cases."

But—"Baylies on Appeals!" Ah! there
Is just the answer to my prayer!
I know now how to do it.
From her decision—by the seal
Of all the courts—I will appeal;
And that will make the verdict nil
Until I can review it.
—James G. Burnett, in Love and Laughter.

THE DRUMMER'S MISTAKE

BY A. CRESSY MORRISON.

"I stopped during one of my trips," said the drug drummer, "at one of the oldest hotels in New England, for several days. I have often flattered myself that, backed as I am by constantly meeting new faces and the opportunities for reading character, which it is necessary for a fellow on the road to improve, there are few persons who can size a man up more quickly than I. I had noticed several times, during my stay at the hotel, a fine-looking man, who always came into the dining-room just at the close of the dinner hour. He was about 45, with iron-gray hair, dark complexion and very quick and piercing black eyes. He had a queer scar on one cheek; the flesh was torn in three parallel lines, and in healing had left three white marks about half an inch apart and two inches long. I never saw him tip the waiters, nor did I ever see a man receive more obsequious attention from them. He had but to turn his eyes on one of those darkies, and they would fairly jump to show their alert devotion. He had rare taste in the selection of his repast, and when that was chosen and placed before him it always looked as if it had been guided by intuition, for it was invariably the best there was in the house.

"[illegible] morning I sat opposite [illegible] struggling with a very tough piece of steak, when, with a kindly smile, he said:

"'Will you permit me to send for a better steak for you? You notice, perhaps, that I have had some success in obtaining a good one for myself,' and he pointed to his juicy bit of tenderloin.

"'You may,' said I, 'for you always have better luck than anyone else.'

"He looked up—every waiter was in an instant ready for instructions. Selecting one with his eyes, he simply pointed to my much-mangled steak and quietly resumed his breakfast. He had scarcely done so, when the darky returned, bringing the most delicious piece of meat I have ever seen before or since.

"The next day was Sunday, and after dinner I was wandering aimlessly about, when I espied my friend in the reading room alone. His feet were on a low window-sill, and, with his chair tipped back, he was looking thoughtfully into the street. I entered, and taking a seat beside him, fell into conversation. We had chatted some time, when I said:

"'You will pardon me, sir. I have some reputation as a physiognomist, and, having noticed your marvelous control over the waiters, I have formed an opinion of your character and vocation which is very complimentary.'

"'Indeed?'

"'Yes,' I replied, 'and with your permission I will tell you what it is, for I am curious to know if I have reached the right conclusion.'

"'I would like you tell me very much,' he replied, 'for I am always curious to know how I impress strangers.'

"'Well,' said I, 'your quick, quiet step, your absolute coolness, your power of enforcing obedience and the strong outline of your nose would indicate the 'general,' but your eye is too quick, and your mouth, with the corners indicating curiosity, tempt me to believe that you are a great traveler. I will even venture to say you are a hunter who has sought the largest game. Shall I call you an 'Allan Quartermain,' or an explorer who has striven to benefit the world by discovery in Africa?'

"'Well done,' he answered. 'I am neither an 'Allan Quartermain' nor an explorer, but I have been to Africa. I did not go to hunt or find anything more attractive than dyewood. Of course, I met with some animals and became a good shot, but not a hunter, by any means. Stanley told me once that he could trust me alone with a gun if it wasn't loaded, which was his quaint way of admitting that I could defend myself.'

"'Come,' said I, 'do you not think that my remarkable guess is worthy of a story of some adventures?'

"'I will tell you one.

"'Before I begin I want to say that I am much amused at the lion stories I read in the papers. The writers have never seen a tropical landscape, a Zulu, or a wild lion, and yet they describe them all at great length, and the papers devote their space to them. I admit they are sometimes very cleverly written, and will do very well for those who do not know where they are at [illegible], but how can they describe correctly what they have never experienced? I give those writers credit for marvelously vivid imagination. I will [illegible] you one of my experiences, and you will see that it takes a man who has 'been there' to get the true ring out of even a slight adventure.

"'I had penetrated farther than [illegible] that year, and having met with [illegible] success was on my way to the [illegible] when one day we came unexpectedly upon a Zulu village. The people were in great excitement, and impelled by curiosity,' (indicated by the turned corner of his mouth, thought I), 'I moved my boats under a bluff and sent one of my men to ascertain the cause. I learned that this community was about to go to war with a neighboring tribe, and were making ready to sacrifice two children to some spirit whom they wished to aid them in the conquest. Two lions had been prowling around for a day or so, and the chiefs declared that they had been sent to receive the sacrifice as a token of the loyalty of the tribe to their god of war. I determined to prevent such a horrible proceeding if possible. I decided to act alone. I ordered my men to hold the boats in readiness to move at any moment, and at dusk set out on my perilous expedition.

"'The Zulus had formed a sort of procession, and were marching toward a clump of trees about 500 yards inland, where they proposed to leave the children to be devoured. I was armed with my repeating rifle, a very fine weapon of 48 caliber, a cutlass, and a very long and strong Zulu spear. Skirting the wood with great caution, I was rapidly approaching the trees where the procession had now arrived, when I found I must make a long detour to avoid a swampy mud hole, into which I came very near falling. When I succeeded in reaching the spot where the children had been left it was very dark, and the Zulus had gone. The poor little things were tied to a tree, which stood apart from the clump about 25 feet. They were a boy and a girl. The boy was gagged, and the poor little girl was in a dead faint from fright. I was about to cut them loose, when a thundering roar, so near that the ground trembled, made me clutch my spear in horrified surprise. I dared not fire my heavy rifle, except as a last resort, for the report would surely bring the Zulus. I looked toward the brush and saw two eyes, which glowed ominously in the darkness. I placed my spear against the tree, and holding the point in the direction from which the lion must spring, I awaited the attack.

"'He evidently saw the point of the spear, for he moved uneasily from side to side, as if seeking a chance to jump by it. I followed his motions, till, with an angry snarl, he sat upon his haunches, thus showing his intention to jump over it. For a moment he was motionless, and then, good heaven! he came. As he went into the air, I moved the spear quickly under him. He came down upon it, breaking it in an instant. His great paw struck me'—he put his finger on the queer scar on his cheek—'and I fell with awful force against the little girl. The lion lay motionless, for the spear had entered his heart.

"'I, with some difficulty, extricated myself from under his heavy body, which lay across my legs. I found the girl stone dead, but the boy was unhurt, and I could see by his staring eyes, which showed white even in that darkness, that he appreciated his terrible position.

"'I cut him loose, but left the gag in his mouth, for fear he might cry out. I placed the little fellow on my back and set out for the boats. When I reached the edge of the mud hole, I heard the bushes crackling and knew at once I must face a new danger, and a second growl told me it was the other lion. I hastened on, and had just reached a narrow strip of dry clay between the bushes and the mud hole, when I saw the tell-tale eyes. I got as near the edge of the slimy swamp as possible, and began to have some hopes of escape, when she sprang at me with terrific force. I sprang down and towards her, hoping she would jump over me. She did, and not striking me as she expected, she hit her nose on the hard clay, and turning a completed somersault fell upon her back into the mud hole. In an instant I dealt her a blow with my cutlass, which added to her confusion. I struck her again, but she dashed the weapon from my hand, and turning over, began to struggle through the soft mud. I knew she would be out and upon me in an instant. I had no recourse but to use my rifle. I took a quick aim, fired, and she fell dead, but whether from the shot or the tremendous blow I had dealt her with the cutlass, I could not say.

"'I picked up the boy, who had fallen in the struggle, and fairly ran toward the boats. I could, however, make but slow progress in the darkness, and besides my wounded face caused me great agony. I had almost reached them, when a tall Zulu loomed up in my path, and the moment he saw the boy he sprang before me. There was no time for hesitation now. I raised my rifle and fired. He gave a frightful yell, and in a moment I found I was pursued. I rushed on and down the bank, just as the foremost Zulu reached the top. I sprang into the boat, which was pushed off at once, and amid a shower of spears we made our escape. I left the boy at a villager's where I knew he would be well treated, and soon returned to America.'

"Having finished his remarkable story, my friend excused himself and went upstairs.

"I went to the hotel clerk and asked:

"'What is that gentleman's name?'

"'Smith,' he replied.

"'Who is he?'

"'He is the steward of the house,' was the answer.

"'But he has been a great traveler, has he not?' I asked.

"'Oh, no, he came here a green country boy 25 years ago and has not been away a week since.'

"'How did he get that scar?' I queried.

"'Had a "scrapping match" with a cook, and the fellow up with a three-tined meat fork and hit him a clip. He is a queer genius,' the clerk continued; 'people always try to size him up, and no matter what they guess he is, he gives them some yarn to fit the occasion.'

"'Give me the key to 66 and send up two pitchers of ice water at once, please.'

"'Look here,' said the clerk, 'what do you want with two pitchers of ice water at four o'clock in the afternoon?'

"'I am going upstairs to soak my head,' I growled; and up I went, madder than a hornet, with the clerk's merry laugh jangling in my ears."—N. Y. Ledger.

—When suffering has broken up the soil and made the furrows soft, then can be implanted the hardy [illegible] which outbrave the storm.—Pansies.

THE WRECKER AT HIS WORK.

Big Prices Paid for Raising Ships—The Pontoon Method Frequently Used.

The wreckers are busy these days. Three large craft recently went ashore in the vicinity of New York, requiring all the skill and energy of the wrecking crews to get them off. Very large prices are paid to wrecking companies and they have to keep in commission great flotillas of derricks, tugboats and small steamers, besides carrying scores of men on their pay-rolls.

But on the other side of the ledger the receipts are large. Thirty thousand dollars is not an unusual sum to be paid for raising a vessel. As high as $50,000 is known to have been paid. In the case of one of the recent disasters the estimated cost of dragging the vessel off the shoals is said to have been $40,000, for many engineering difficulties stood in the way. Even at such a price saving a vessel is fully worth the while of the owner or underwriters, for otherwise the craft would be a total loss. As high as 75 per cent. of a vessel's value is known to have been paid for saving her.

The old method of raising was by derricks and chains alone. Now pontoons are used to a great extent. The pontoon that has lately been pressed into service is about 30 feet long, and has a lifting power of 50 tons. Divers sink the pontoons around the hull of the sunken ship, surrounding her completely and fastening them securely to her. These pontoons are afterwards pumped full of air and readily lift the vessel. If the craft is a large one the pontoons are supplemented by derricks and chains. There are several derricks in New York that have a lifting capacity of 50 tons and many smaller ones. One of these is placed on each side of the ship to be raised.

If the vessel is heavily loaded much of the cargo is first taken out. This is done by a steam lighter, divers going down and attaching chains to the merchandise. Frequently, however, suction pumps can be brought into play to raise cargo. Only a short time ago 300 tons of coal were taken out of a ship's hold by this method. A cargo of potatoes has been brought to the surface in this way. Lifting a cargo out of a sunken ship, however, increases the expense, because of the time and force of men it takes.

By the derrick and chain method divers grope around beneath the ship to find a place where a chain can be passed beneath the keel. In many cases an opening has to be dug out by an iron bar. A very small chain is first passed under, to which a still larger one is attached and finally the great chain which is to stand the strain of raising the ship. Ships are pulled off nowadays by means of an anchor, a great cable and a tackle block.

An experienced diver can make $14 a day on a first-class job. The men get a guarantee of from [illegible] a month whether they work or not. Whenever they go out on a job they are paid extra, and it is seldom that a man's wages fall below $175 a month. The diver who can work more than 60 feet below the surface receives the highest wages.—N. Y. World.

BOTHERS THE YANKEES.

Spanish Pronunciation Proves Puzzling to a Party of Chicagoans.

Five Chicagoans arrived at Albuquerque, N. M., one day late in August. They were taken in charge by Frank Blake, a Chicago boy, who has lived in the west for some years, and were soon shown all the sights of the quaint old town. As they walked along the principal street Mr. Jamison looked up at a building and remarked: "El Jornado hotel; nice building."

"Yes," said Blake. "But you must pronounce it right. It is El Hornada in the Spanish tongue. J is always H out here."

"That so?" answered Jamison. "Funny custom. What's this church here?—the Cathedral of San Juan!" "San Huan," corrected Blake. Mr. Jamison looked pained, but accepted the correction. A moment later he broke out again. "What's this? La Jolla?" "La Holla," spoke the ready mentor by his side, and Jamison's eyes began to roll. So it went through the whole town. Blake corrected Jamison at every turn. When they all got back to the hotel Jamison had a strange, drawn expression on his face, but nobody paid much attention to him. He went into the dining-room and called a waiter.

"Bring me," said Mr. Jamison, in slow, measured accents, "some fricasseed hack-rabbit, with apple helly, and let me have a mint hulep before the meat, please."

The waiter stared at him and somebody at the next table snickered. That was the last straw. The Chicago man sprang to his feet ablaze with indignation. "By hingo," he thundered, "what infernal hackass dares criticize my Spanish hargon? By the great humping Hudas, I'm Him Hamison of Hackson boulevard, and I'll give some of you fellows a swift holt in the haw in about four seconds! Oh, yes, I suppose you think this is a higantic hoke, but I hon't. You're having lots of hoy with me, but I'll come over there and hoin in this hovial hamboree in about half a hiffy if you don't quit your hoshin! I'm no hay, and I don't come from New Hersey. If my friend Horge Henny, of the Marquette club, was here we'd do some huggling with you hackals, and hon't you forget it—"

Here the waiters and the rest of the Chicago delegation dragged Mr. Jamison away. He recovered under careful nursing, but made all haste to get out of New Mexico as soon as he could catch a train.—Albuquerque (N. M.) News.

His Exercise.

Mrs. Jolliboy—My husband takes regular exercise at the club gymnasium now and I judge from what he says he is getting on finely.

Mrs. Kingley—Has he become expert enough to do anything?

Mrs. Jolliboy—He tells me that he has learned how to crook his elbow, though I don't know what that means exactly.—Detroit Free Press.

A Change in the Title.

Maud (smilingly)—So you saw the profound bow I got from handsome Harry Brown? He's just graduated from college with high honors as a veterinary surgeon.

Ethel—Yes; so Gladys told me. It's a secret, but she's engaged to be married to him.

Maud (with sudden asperity)—Huh! A horse doctor!—Puck.

VENEZUELA'S MINERAL WEALTH

An Abundance of Gold Exists in the Territory Now in Dispute.

The region which is attracting the attention in Venezuela, owing to the disputed boundary question between that country and England, involving the principle of the Monroe doctrine, is, with the exception of the Yuruan river country, almost unknown, owing to the difficulty of communication. The districts of the Yuruan, Supamo, Akreka, Cuyuni and Mazaruni are inhabited by Indian tribes, in their primitive and savage condition.

Count di Mombello, who knows the country well, says great natural riches abound. Gold is found in quartz veins and mixed with the sand in the beds of the streams; also on their banks, a few feet below the soil. The famous El Callao mine, in this district, was discovered by a washerwoman. On the Yuruan she found a lump of quartz containing gold. The mine gave to its stockholders an annual dividend of $200,000 per share. There were 36 shares of stock, two of which were bought by the Rothschilds at $700,000 a share. There are many other mines near these, but on account of the expense and the difficulty of communication they have not been developed. What is required is a railroad, which, as there are no engineering difficulties, could be constructed for $15,000,000. Twenty mining companies would at once go to work, which would insure an annual profit of not less than $3,000,000. The Venezuelan government has given a concession for railroads to several European bankers, but the English government has always interposed in some way. The railroad ought to be constructed by American capitalists. It would be 150 miles in length and should run from the Orinoco to the Cuyuni river.

Certainly this region is El Dorado. Gold is found in every part of it. One rich mine was discovered through a cow digging up a piece of ore. Another was found by a man who noticed that the walls of his hut sparkled in many places. The brilliancy was owing to the presence of gold in the clay. Notwithstanding the difficulty of communication there are at least a dozen villages in the district, with about 15,000 inhabitants, who obtain a livelihood by washing the gold from the sand. The valleys of the Yuruan and Cuyuni rivers are covered with virgin forests, which abound with rubber trees. If this product were gathered here the profit would be large, especially with the great demand for the article in the United States for the tires of bicycles alone. This fact should certainly attract the attention of American capitalists. Gum arabic, cinnamon, quinine and other valuable drugs and spices grow here, which only require the iron horse to bring them to market from these unexplored wilds.—N. Y. Herald.

A MISSIONARY ON A BICYCLE.

He Astonished the Natives and Sometimes Ran Great Risks.

The following extract is from a letter recently received by Rev. H. A. Schauffler from his daughter, who is a missionary in Persia:

"Mr. Allen, the superintendent of the industrial department, has gone to America to learn something more of the iron trade, as an iron department is to be added to the shop. He started off on his bicycle, and expected to ride to Batoum, on the Black sea, stop at Samsoon, and run up to Marsovan on his wheel to see the training school there and take the steamer to Marseilles, and run across France, making the journey as cheap as possible.

"In August he took a tour to the southern part of our field on his wheel. He would leave the horsemen who accompanied him away behind, and rode most of the way alone. Everywhere he was an object of the greatest wonder and excitement. Some said that it was the cholera come again.

"He would get to a village, and the whole place would gather to see him. He would have to give an exhibition, and finally end up in some open place, where the native helper who accompanied him would be ready to hold a service. The congregation was there, with no ringing of bells, except the bicycle bell.

"Mr. Allen says that in this way villages were opened up where never before had the Gospel message been allowed to enter. But sometimes he got into trouble, and at one place such a mob surrounded him that he had to get out of that village at the very earliest opportunity.

"One day he was riding along alone when he saw a horseman ahead of him, who stopped and stared with all his might at this strange apparition. Then the man drew out a cartridge and slipped it into his gun, at which Mr. Allen jumped off his wheel with the greatest alacrity and called out: 'Don't shoot—I'm a man!'"—Chicago News.

He Drew Interest.

"You should put your nickels and dimes in a savings bank and let them draw interest," said an indulgent father to his little boy out northeast, who was continually calling for nickels and pennies to buy soda water and candy along in the early summer.

"What's interest?" questioned the little fellow.

The subject was fully explained to him by the father, and the boy was made to understand that with the interest he could in time buy all the sweetmeats he wanted. His mother bought him a toy savings bank and he commenced business, demanding a dime or a nickel from his father every night on his return from the office. One day, out of curiosity, the father examined into the little one's financial affairs and found just 13 cents.

"Why, George, where is all the money I gave you?" he asked the youngster.

"Been drawin' interest," meekly replied the young hopeful.—Washington Star.

Sensitiveness.

Just as a stylishly dressed woman, particularly inclined to embonpoint, was about to step foot on a Chestnut street car at Ninth street yesterday the conductor bawled out a mighty: "Move up front, please!"

The woman took this as a deliberate insult, meaning that room would be necessary on account of her bulk.

"I won't get on your car now," she cried. "I've got your number, and you'll learn not to insult ladies."—Philadelphia Call.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

—A little butter rubbed on fingers and knife when stoning raisins will do away with the stickiness which so tries the patience of the cook.

—Potato Balls.—Mash boiled potatoes, add a little butter and milk, salt and pepper, form into balls, dip into beaten egg, then into cracker crumbs. Bake a delicate brown. — Farmer's Voice.

—Chocolate Caramels.—Three cupfuls of brown sugar, one cupful of cream or milk, butter the size of an egg, a pinch of soda and half a cake of chocolate. Boil till thick, pour into a buttered pan and when nearly cold cut into squares.—Housekeeper.

—Tripe, with Mustard Sauce.—Fry some cooked tripe, cut into squares in lard, and at the same time a dozen small onions. Season well with salt and pepper, add enough water or broth to form a sauce, and when ready to serve stir in a teaspoonful of mustard. —Chicago Chronicle.

—Egg Puffs.—White of an egg beaten to a perfectly stiff froth; add an ounce and a half of powdered sugar and beat again until perfectly stiff. Take a very coarse rag, say, cheesecloth, and strain this preparation through. Use your ingenuity and vary the design occasionally. Set the pan in a cold oven. Let these puffs naturally dry out. Try these delicious pastries.—Farm and Fireside.

—Amber Pudding.—Line a pie dish with good puff paste and pour in a mixture made in the following manner: Peel and core eight apples and stew them with a quarter of a pound of moist sugar and three ounces of butter. Squeeze the juice of a lemon and grate the rind, and add, rubbing all through a sieve, and adding the yolks of four eggs. Bake for 25 minutes. Just before it is done beat the whites of the eggs to a froth and spread on the top of the pudding; sift with sugar and brown in the oven. — Prairie Farmer.

—Delicious Apple Dumplings.—Make a sauce of one teacupful of boiling water, one of sugar, one tablespoonful butter and two of corn starch. Stir constantly until it boils smooth. Season with nutmeg or lemon peel. Pare, quarter and core tart apples. Make a dough as for baking powder biscuit and fashion the dumplings as if they were to be steamed. Butter a pudding mold, arrange the dumplings over the bottom, leaving room for them to rise, pour the sauce over, cover closely and bake until the apples are tender. Serve hot in the sauce.—Orange Judd Farmer.

WARNING TO FAT WOMEN.

Their Great Danger When the Flat Takes Fire.

Large, lumpy ladies who dwell next to the roof in five-story buildings are beset with dangers of which the narrow-waisted female knows nothing. One of these perils is fire and the other is policemen. On a recent stormy midnight an officer patrolling his beat saw smoke curling over the shingles of a tall house. Knowing that a large lady lived on the fifth floor he hastened to notify her without stopping to turn in an alarm. At the fourth landing the brave man discovered that further progress was barred by a burning stairway, but he managed to reach the boudoir of the large lady by means of the fire escape.

She weighed 240 pounds dressed, but they did not wait for that ceremony. Time was too precious. Seizing the lady, who was rendered helpless from fear, the gallant officer shoved her through the window and out upon the little front platform. Then occurred a thrilling aerial act without the aid of a net or calcium light effects.

It was the fault of no one that the lady happened to be larger than the openings in the fire-escape platforms. To pass her dead weight over the edge and lower it to the next landing was a feat beyond the power of one man. Even a policeman, clothed in full authority, balked in the face of this proposition.

There was only one thing to be done, and the officer did it. First he pushed what he could of the lady through the hole, like a man stuffing a bed quilt into a hand valise, after which he swung himself below and pulled the rest of her through. It was a herculean job, but the red flames roaring above gave the rescuer renewed strength.

Down the perpendicular ladder he backed, with the limp form resting on his head and shoulders. The thin iron rungs cut into his hands and the smoke almost stifled him, but the noble man struggled on. At the next landing the large lady was again squeezed through the hole by the heroic policeman, and so on until the ground was reached.

Meanwhile an alarm had been sounded and the usual helping throng was on hand. Some Good Samaritan gave the exhausted large lady a drink of brandy to brace her up, while the noble policeman went on about his business. There are others, however, who bear the shield and helmet. One of them happened along and heard about the drink of brandy and saw the efforts of the unfortunate woman to save some of her property. Not to be outdone in gallantry by any policeman living, the second officer dragged the hapless creature off to jail and charged her with being drunk.

This pathetic incident should warn large ladies to either live on the ground floor or stick to the policeman who saves them from the lurid flames.—N. Y. Journal.

Death of a Famous Railway Dog.

Probably one of the most intelligent of railway dogs has just been poisoned at Luton. "Jack," as he was called, was of the fox-terrier breed, and had for three years made his home at the railway station. Almost daily he visited the various departments, occasionally calling at the signal-boxes. Sometimes he would accompany one of the engine-drivers for an outing, while with the passenger guards he made journeys to Hatfield, alighted at the intermediate stations, and each time the train resumed its journey he would immediately jump into the brake.—Westminster Budget.

An Occasion for Wonder.

Miss Doverspike—I was never so surprised in my life as when he proposed to me on the very day after we had been introduced.

Miss Timberwheel—The surprise would have been much greater if he had proposed after a year's acquaintance.—Bay City Chat.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Among the Greeks, after the time of Alexander the Great, the portrait of that monarch set in a ring was supposed to bring the warrior good luck.

—Roman dandies in the first, second and third centuries of our era wore heavy rings in winter, which they exchanged for others of lighter weight during the summer.

—A Turkish outrage has been committed on Bielitz, in Austrian Silesia. Kiamil Pasha, the new vali of Smyrna, having forbidden the use of woolen breeches in his vilayat, has suddenly cut off the chief market of the Bielitz manufacturers, who are left with large stocks of unsalable garments on hand, and see no way to avoid ruin but the repeal of the order.

—Herr Gatrio, a German pastor, declares that there exists in Alsace two miniatures of Joan of Arc which are undoubtedly the work of a contemporary artist. If the German pastor's claim be correct these will be the only authentic portraits of the Maid of Orleans that have yet been found, since all the representations of her are of a much more later date than the epoch in which she lived.

—Rice-throwing broke up a wedding feast at Preston, England, recently. The party was leaving the house in a carriage when the rice-thrower frightened the horses, who ran away. The best man was pitched out, landing on his head, which was badly cut. The carriage was stopped by the horses running against a wall, when the bride was taken out with a bruised leg and very much shocked.

—On leaving Copenhagen for St. Petersburg the dowager czaritsa gave her father, King Christian, a diamond ring which was worn by Alexander II. when he was assassinated. The ring was on the little finger of the right hand, which remained intact when the arm and the other fingers were shattered by the bomb. As the czar was dying he gave the ring to his son, and on his deathbed Alexander III. gave the ring to his wife. She probably thinks it has been connected with too many misfortunes of the Romanoffs.

—A potato tercentenary is proposed in England. In 1596 the first potato was planted in England, in Holborn, about the time that Sir Walter Raleigh was planting the first Irish potato at Youghal, near Cork. For two centuries the potato continued as a botanical curiosity. When first eaten it was a delicacy, sometimes roasted and steeped in sack, or baked with marrow and spices or preserved and candied. When Parmentier developed the plant in France Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette wore the flowers as ornaments. Frederick the Great had to force the Pomeranian farmers to plant potatoes by the fear of his soldiers. It was the famine of 1771-72 in Germany that first demonstrated the value of the tubers.

DELAWARE SHAD.

Some of the Big Ones That Have Been Caught in Former Years.

The reader who is interested in fish and fisheries can find in a report of the Pennsylvania fish commission, recently issued, a deal of matter about old and new methods of taking fish, stories (authentic) of big catches and big fish, and descriptions of the methods adopted by the pirates who deplete the waters regardless of the rights of others.

In the early days of the Delaware settlements, neither the Dutch, German nor English settlers on the lower part of the stream cared enough for shad to use nets of any kind in taking them. It was not the proper thing socially to eat shad. If anyone of social distinction was led by a liking for the flavor of the fish into eating it, he had to cook it and eat it on the sly.

And there is the story of the use of shad in Philadelphia. The low prices tempted many master mechanics to keep their apprentices almost altogether on fish diet. The apprentices objected to shad, and a bitter, wordy strife ensued. No strike followed, but the youngsters triumphed so far that the law relating to indentures was changed so that the boys were not to be fed on fish more than twice a week. The exclusion of the shad from the bill of fare was followed by an evil they knew not of. What was known as the Merino sheep craze swept over the country about that time; sheep became cheaper than fish, and the boys got mutton and molasses in generous quantities instead of shad.

If it was not in good form socially to eat shad on the lower Delaware, it was nevertheless quite the proper thing to do so on the upper waters of both the Delaware and Susquehanna. "Country folks from a radius of 50 miles came to the Susquehanna to get their winter supply."

The record for a day's catch belongs to Tullytown creek, in Hadley, Pa., for "on the first day of May, 1833, 30,000 shad were taken."

"The fish also ran very large in my young days," said one of the veracious old inhabitants. "Eight-pound fish were very common, and often they ran larger."

One story is related of a man who traded 20 barrels of shad for "a good Durham cow." But sometimes so many of the fish were taken out that the price went to three and four cents each, and one case is noted of a great catch that brought but one cent each.

It is worth nothing that in describing the size of the fish three are referred to that weighed 13 pounds. The very largest of all was taken by Charles Vansciver, at Badger's island, in the Delaware. It weighed 13¾ pounds, and "was purchased by Christian Larzelere, Esq., a judge in Burlington county."—Philadelphia Times.

Know What Was Coming.

Mr. Tiptop—As you are a fluent linguist, you would probably enjoy the French comedy by the French company at the theater. Will you accept me as an escort?

Miss Westend—Er—I am not feeling very well this afternoon. You understand French, I suppose, Mr. Tiptop.

"Dear me, no. I don't know a word of it."

"Oh! Thank you, Mr. Tiptop, I will accompany you with pleasure."—N. Y Weekly.

—Both Love the Kitty.—"Harold," said Mrs. Pulsiver, "when you talk in your sleep about the kitty it always wakes baby up. She just dotes on a kitty." "So do I," answered Mr. P——, grateful for his escape.—Detroit Free Press.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

COTTON PLANTING.

An Industry That is of Constantly Increasing Importance, Which Must be Met by Intelligent Effort.

With each recurring year the cotton plant increases in value. The thoughtful farmer is casting about for the best plan to reduce the cost of its production county. One of the most effective plans is the intensive system of farming. Under this system, well authenticated yields per acre in Georgia of seed-cotton are reported, of 6,917 pounds in Washington; 4,594 pounds in Troup; 4,500 pounds in Burke and Carroll; 4,000 pounds in Crawford; 3,500 pounds in Bulloch; 2,700 pounds in Brooks and Clay; 2,200 pounds in Coweta and DeKalb, ranging from one and a half bales to five bales, of 450 pounds each, per acre.

There are other possible lines of improvement in reducing the cost of growing cotton and getting it ready for market. We avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded at a time between the season for picking and the season for planting cotton to suggest that much time may be economized in the picking of cotton by arranging for its being done rapidly and skillfully. Plant with an eye to this end. David Dickson, of Hancock county, Ga., a successful farmer, regarded cotton picking as an art. In his "System of Farming" he remarks:

"No system can prosper without teaching all the operatives and laborers to be experts, whether agricultural or manufacturing, or anything that is done requiring labor. The first thing to do, in regard to any of the operations of labor, is to teach the laborers how to do it; the next thing, to do it with more ease and efficiency, and to learn to do better and better work every day. For instance, take a boll of cotton. They must be taught, with the greatest speed, how to throw the hand into the boll and pull out all of the cotton with one lick, not waiting to see whether any was left in the boll or not, always having in mind to strike but one lick at the boll, and as soon as that is done to strike at another boll. I have, in five minutes, taught a hand to pick 100 pounds more of cotton per day than he had picked on the previous day, and from that point he will continue to improve. The greatest efficiency I have obtained in hands picking cotton was 700 pounds—equal to three good bags a week.

"Some men are generals, some mechanics, some orators, some farmers; some adapted to one profession and some to another; but the great mass of men have to read, study and practice to become efficient in any calling they may select; and if they apply themselves faithfully, and do not rise above mediocrity, they should quit that business and try some other. Whatever has been accomplished by man, can be done again, and ought to be done better, with all the accumulated knowledge of the past before us.

"What is a book-farming? It does not mean to take a book in your hand and go to the field; but it means you should read and study everything that you can possibly bring to bear on farming, and store it away in your head. But be sure to master the subect, and learn the true plan. This is the science of agriculture. Study bad practice as well as good, and learn of the latter the errors, that you may avoid them. Read books until you become so perfect in theory and the use of tools and manure, that you will have confidence and the nerve to act, and at once, not lose time running about to your neighbors to see when to do a thing and how to do it.

"Book-farming means for the farmer just what book-learning does for the physician. The medical student must read all the books and attend all the lectures and the dissecting room until he can pass, then take his medicine and instruments, go out to practice and test his knowledge. So with book-farming. You must read and study not only agricultural books, but all books that would apply in any way to that profession."—Southern Cultivator.

ROTATION OF CROPS.

The Course Successfully Pursued at the Georgia Experiment Station.

At the Georgia experiment station the following system has been pursued with substantially beneficial results: The corn land of the previous year is sown in oats, fertiling with a highly-ammoniated fertilizer. The oats, when cut, are followed immediately by cow peas, in the drill or broadcast, giving about 200 pounds acid phosphate and 100 pounds kainit to the acre. The peas are cut for hay, or a part may be picked, or, if preferred, all pastured. Just before, or soon after, a killing frost, the pea stubble is turned under with a two-horse plow. In the spring, this is fertilized and planted in cotton, and the following year this cotton land should be put in corn. By this plan one-third of the land for the main crops is each year devoted to small grain and peas, one-third to cotton, one-third to corn. The smaller crops—that is, potatoes, forage crops, vegetables, melons, orchards, etc.—should together occupy a space about equal to one of the main crops. Practically a farm of 100 acres should be divided about as follows: Small grain and peas, 20 acres; cotton, 20 acres; corn, 20 acres; permanent pasture, 20 acres; minor crops, that is, orchards, vineyards, truck, garden and forage, peanuts, potatoes, melons, chufas, etc., 20 acres.

Immediately connected with the proper order in which the different crops should follow each other, is the area to be allotted to each. The prosperity and comparative independence of the generality of farmers at this date, is largely due to their conservative stand on this question the past year. Throughout the south, except rare instances, barns and storehouses are well filled, and though the price of cotton has been somewhat disappointing, considering the short crop, the majority of farmers are in condition to start out on another year's work with the sinews of war well supplied. —Dixie Farmer.

THE DRUGGIST'S SIDE.

His Business is Not So Profitable as Supposed.

The druggist came back of the screen to the prescription counter with a sigh.

"Did you hear that kick?" he asked, relighting the cigar he had placed on the counter when the customer came in. "He said 60 cents was too much to charge for that prescription. Told me it was all profit. Now, what in thunder does he know about it? His doctor wrote out a prescription, and I made it up and charged him 60 cents for it. As a matter of fact, there was just 15 cents gross profit in that prescription. But, great Scott! there is something else than medicine to be considered. There is the rent of the store, the gas and electric light bills, the clerk hire and all the other expenses. A druggist has got to mix heaps of medicines to pay the expenses of running a drug store, for the average cost of a prescription is about 40 cents. There are lots of 10, 20 and 30-cent prescriptions compounded.

"A man comes in and buys a bottle of patent medicine," continued the druggist. "He pays $1 for it and I make gross just 25 cents. He kicks because the medicine cost $1. Well, it will last him perhaps two months or maybe a year. He pays $1 for a roast of beef and eats it up in two meals, yet he doesn't kick. He pays $1.50 for a theater seat and sits there two hours, but he has no kick coming. There is a woman now who buys postage stamps, cost price and no profit; hear her kick."

"And, sure enough, she did. She wanted four one cent stamps, and the druggist only had the two cent brand.

"I don't see why you can't buy some one cent stamps," said she in a tone which betrayed a sense of injustice. "I have been here several times for one cent stamps, and you never have them."

"I've lost one customer," said the druggist, cheerfully, after the woman had gone.—Chicago Record.

NEW ORLEANS' DANGER.

The Bottom of the Gulf of Mexico Thought to Be Sinking.

Within the last few months there has come to the notice of Maj. Quinn, in charge of the lighthouse district, a condition which, in the course of 200 years, if continued, would result in the complete wiping out of the city of New Orleans. This scientific fact is simply that the bottom of the gulf is slowly sinking and the level of the gulf is rising higher each year. The tide gauges and observations show that within twelve years the level of the gulf has risen one foot. When the Eads jetties were built it was decided to establish a tide guage and a level, and to keep a daily record of the tides. During the month of July, 1894, and last July, Maj. Quinn suspected that the delta was gradually subsiding, and during these two months tide guages were placed in deep water. From the continuous record kept on these observations he was able to make comparisons, and thus discovered that since 1875, when the levels were made, the delta had subsided exactly one foot. The guages and the tide levels were placed in position in 1875 and verified in 1877. Between that date and 1890 the level went down one foot; but within the last five years the tides have been stationary or nearly so. The sinking of the bottom of the rising of the gulf has been a gradual affair, and is spasmodic, as it were. Some years there would be no change, and, again, there was a very great change. The effect of this decline will be to prolong the deep water channel and drive the bar farther out to sea. The city of New Orleans is about sixteen feet above the level of the gulf, and should the gradual sinking of the land continue at its established rate of speed it would take about two hundred years to completely wipe off the map the land which now supports the city.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Hopeful Sign.

A hopeful sign of the times is seen in the tendency manifested by large land owners to cut up their broad areas into small farms. Large plantations have not of late years proven satisfactory, as from the nature of the case staple crops must be grown and the low prices prevailing for staples has made them unprofitable compared with the well-cultivated small farms with diversified products. The mistake of paying taxes on hundreds of acres of idle and unproductive land is being remedied by the common sense method of selling the surplus and concentrating the capital and labor upon an area that can be handled, and every acre utilized. The influx of farmers from other states is putting small farms into active demand and filling the country with a most desirable class of people, and yet, at present rates of rent, farm property is a far better investment than city property. Farming land can be purchased almost anywhere in Texas for $25 per acre that will bring $4.50 per acre. This is 18 per cent. against 10 per cent. for city property, which is above the average profit from rents. And when the farm is rented for a part of the crop to good tenants from 20 to 25 per cent. is often secured. But we advise as a general policy home building as best for all concerned. We would be glad to see tenant farmers a little more eager to own homes, for it would be better for the farmers and better for the state, for it may be taken as true that any man is a better citizen after than before he has a home of his own.—Texas Farm and Ranch.

HERE AND THERE.

—The southern planter, by diversified crops, can control the cotton markets of the world. A less cotton crop means more profit and more money.

—Wood ashes and ground bones applied as a top dressing to orchards develop the fruit buds and growth of fruit. Stable manure promotes the growth of the tree.

—The health of the herd and the quality of the pork are two factors in the business of pork making that the intelligent feeder never overlooks. The day has passed and gone for attempting to grow and fatten hogs on corn alone.

—To have eggs in winter, feed animal and vegetable matter and some grain. A pound of meat a day is sufficient for a dozen hens, any kind, rabbits, squirrels, etc. Give them a soft, warm mess in the morning, whole grain at noon and in the evening.

—A mature sow in good condition will raise a litter of pigs, five or six in number, that will be worth more to feed or breed than two large litters from a young, lean, half starved sow. Therefore do not ask her to suckle a litter until she is at least sixteen months old.

—Sweet milk is a complete ration for egg production, and should be given daily. To have well-flavored eggs, the hens must have clean food, pure water and be kept clean. A warm, dry house, exercise, clean food, pure water, sharp grit and cleanliness will increase the egg production and give healthy fowls.