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 28, 1896. VOL. XXI.—NO. 14.

MY LITTLE DIMPLE CHEEK.

There are days of care and crosses
Mixed with ledgers, pens and ink,
Of profits and of losses
As the values rise and sink;
But when dusk and dew is stealing
O'er the mountain and the lea,
There's childish laughter pealing,
And a kiss that waits for me,
Till my burdened heart is beating
With a love it fain would speak,
In the clinging and the singing
Of my little Dimple Cheek.

There's a chain of childish troubles
Then unfolded in my ear,
Which to me doth seem as bubbles
On the sea of childhood clear.
But we share them, both together,
Till my troubles flit away,
And we never mind the weather,
Be it winter, be it May;
For I catch a glimpse of sunshine
That shall hallow all the week,
In the clinging and the singing
Of my little Dimple Cheek.

Tell me what of wealth's possessions,
And the gay attendant train,
What of honor's bright concessions,
Mingling pleasure up with pain,
What could they bring to bless me,
Realms below or realms above,
Like a dear one to caress me,
And to measure out her love?
For the Lord He doth reward us
In the ways diverse we seek,
In the clinging and the singing
Of a little Dimple Cheek.

—Roy F. Greene, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

LOVE'S SLAYER.

THERE lived a man who loved a woman passionately, but every time he approached her a great figure loomed up before him, hindering him. And on its brow was writ, in large letters, the word "Satiety." And the man, covering his face, fled from it.

But afar off, the ardor of his passion grew, and he raged exceedingly.

"Why should I thus dread a mere phantom?" he asked of himself. "I will go forth and do him battle."

But as he drew near to his love the ghostly thing was there, between them, looking with weary eyes into the depths of his soul. And ever the man fled, affrighted.

One day the woman came to him. Her face was radiant with love, and all his soul leaped within him at sight of her beauty.

"Why dost thou shun me thus?" she murmured, laying her arm about his throat. "Lo! I have waited for thy coming and hearkened for thy voice, but these things came not. Therefore am I here, for great love drew me."

And he, looking deep into her eyes, found delight there, and laughed aloud in his joy. "I was feared of a shape that ever came betwixt thee and me in the hour of my approach," he said to her.

And she laughed, asking: "What shape?"

"A giant figure," he made answer, "that loomed over thee, shadowing thy face, and upon its brow was writ the word 'Satiety.'"

"Then keep thee from me, since thou dreadst him, for he puts a mark on woman's beauty in men's eyes, they say," said the woman, gravely, "though methinks thou hadst little to fear from him, once thou hadst reached me," she added, proudly.

But she pondered.

And he, being mad with love and enthralled by her witchery, caressed her many times, praising her beauty, and he abode with her. And she grew even fairer in his sight, though in her mirror she sometimes saw weary eyes and a smile that was bitter, for his words about "Satiety" had sunk deep in her heart, and she was ever watching for the shape.

The days sped swiftly.

Once, in the dawn, he looked upon her and noted a mark upon her beauty. And waking her he asked:

"What is this?"

And she, rising, sought her mirror,

I SEE NOTHING.

and smiling—but bitterly—answered: "I see nothing."

But daily the mark grew, and daily he asked her: "What is this?" and she, gazing into her mirror, said: "I see naught."

"Then is thy mirror false!" he cried, in anger, "I will break it!"

And smiting it upon the ground, he broke it, and she wept, saying:

"Alack! Why is my lord angry?" But the sight of her tears maddened him, and he went abroad.

And she dried her eyes, sighing, and called her maidens about her, and as she sat among them, she sang a little song about the death of Love, nor hearkened to their mery chatter.

Now the man in his walk met a graybeard bearing a scythe upon his shoulder, and peering in hedge and byway, in ditch and tree.

"What seekest thou?" asked the man.

"I seek one of my brethren," the graybeard made answer. "Hast thou seen him?"

"How should I tell, not knowing him by name?" said the man. "Is he named like to thee?"

"Nay, I am called Time, but he is called Satiety," answered the other.

The man frowned.

"Your brother does not abide hereabouts," he said.

"Methought I saw him wander hither but a while since," mumbled the old man. "One with whom he hath enmity dwelleth here, and doubtless he hath come to seek him."

"And whom may that be?" inquired [illegible]

[illegible] Love," said Time, and his dry laugh rattled in his throat. "Satiety killeth Love when he gets entrance to where he abideth, and I bury the slain."

"And how doth he get entrance?" asked the man, thinking backward.

"By many ways," answered the Sage, leaning for a moment upon his scythe. "Sometimes through the eyes of a jealous woman, for she is a weariness unto the soul of man; sometimes through the foolish eyes of a man who, seeing much beauty, becometh blind to it; and oftenest through the heart of her who is faithful, but protesteth her love too greatly, for the great love of a woman is also a weariness unto the soul of man."

And the graybeard gazed piercingly upon the man, then, cackling in shrill laughter, he went on his way.

Then hurriedly the man sought the woman, but he found the house empty and her maidens running about in search of her. And she was nowhere to be found. When last seen, they told him, she was talking to a stranger who lately had lurked about the gates; a creature of vast stature, with weary eyes, and a giant frame, upon whose brow was writ the sign: "Satiety."

Then the man, clapping his hand to his head, fell upon the ground, crying out that she had found the curse, not he; that she had slain Love, not he; that she was false, not he.

"Get up, fool," quoth a graybeard in the crowd about, touching the stricken man contemptuously with his foot. "Get up and cease thy outcry. The woman was wise. Thou wouldst have gone had she not left thee. Here is a remedy I will leave with thee, which will cure thy hurt."

And, behold! he left him a year.

Then, following the woman in hot haste, he came up with her as she sat upon a stone by the wayside, weeping.

"For why didst thou leave him?" asked Time, gently.

"At the bidding of thy brother," she answered, "who came to me threatening that he would haunt my good lord, to my undoing, did I not leave him. 'Go, before Love be slain,' he said, 'thus

DAYS SPED SWIFTLY.

may'st thou hope one day to return.'"

Time smiled.

"Here is a remedy I will leave with thee for thy hurt," he said.

And, behold! he left her a year.

And at the end of that space, Time came unto the man, and lo! he found him feasting and rejoicing. And round about him were beatiful women, and one there was more beautiful than all the others who rested her head upon his shoulder and upon whom he gazed affectionately.

Time stooped to look at his hurt, and found it healed, not even a scar remaining.

Softly the graybeard sped in the night to the place where he had left the woman, but the stone by the wayside was bare. The Night Wind moaned down the road.

Spake the Wind:

"Whom seekest thou, O Time?" and Time made answer:

"A woman whom one year ago I left here weeping."

"Come with me," sighed the Night Wind. And he led him to a solemn place of yews, and, pointing to a gravestone, said, softly: "She lies there."

And Time, stooping, saw that of his gift she had taken but 30 days, for a mightier than he had come and comforted her—even Eternity.—N. Y. Truth.

The Intended Compliment.

In an old-fashioned home of New Orleans there was company at dinner, and the ladies were discussing the woman question. A gentleman present, after hearing all the pros and cons, facetiously remarked that two preachers were discussing the same problem, recently, in his hearing, and they both agreed that it portended evil, and "that women were responsible for most of the evil in the world—in fact, that women were worse than men." One of the ladies indignantly retorted: "Indeed they are not; women are the salt of the earth." "Dat's so, honey," put in old Aunt Susan from the kitchen; "dat's de Bible truf, for shore. Women is de salt ob de earth. Just think ob Lot's wife." And everybody laughed at the sudden and unexpected application of the old Bible story.—N. O. Picayune.

Took It.

Seldom do those engaged in the work of marrying indulge in a pun during the ceremony, however much they may be tempted by the names of the happy couple, but a Salt Lake justice of the peace could not lose an opportunity recently afforded him.

In a couple presenting themselves the name of the bridegroom was John Pill.

When the justice reached that part of the ceremony where the bride agrees to take the groom for better or worse, instead of the usual formula, he said:

"Clara, do you take this Pill?"

To which the bride was heard, by those round about her, to respond: "Yes," almost inaudibly.—Tit-Bits.

A Literary Center.

The New Yorker—It really seems as if your town would be a literary center.

The Pittsburgher—It always has been.

"How do you make that out?"

"Well, because even our smoke has always been issued in volumes."—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

—Great designs are not accomplished without enthusiasm of some sort. It is the inspiration of everything. Without it no man is to be feared, and with it none despised.—Bovee.

—The Euphrates is termed in the east "The Royal River," from the fact that 672 kings have reigned on its banks.

—The Seine is 470 miles in length, and during the lower part of its course frequently attains the width of a mile.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—D. Lapponi, physician to the pope, says: "If nothing unforeseen happens, the holy father's constitution is so sound that he may well attain his 100th year."

—Miss Frances Graham French, of Washington, has been detailed by the secretary of the interior to study the educational aspects of the manufacturing industries of the south.

—Dr. Herman Weber, of London, has given $12,500 to the Royal College of Physicians to found a prize to be offered every two or three years for the best essay on tuberculosis.

—Rev. Dr. John Wiley, professor of systematic theology in Drew theological seminary, Madison, N. J., died the other day at his home in Madison. Dr. Wiley was 82 years of age and held his place at Drew seminary since 1873.

—It seems to be a striking compliment to fervent eloquence, or some other peculiar power of persuasion, that among the conversions made by a revivalist at Tekonsah, Mich., recently, were two deaf and dumb persons, man and wife.

—A Capuchin friar in the south of France named Father Joseph has been in the habit of firing off a cannon to attract congregations. The cannon blew up recently, killing a man some distance off, and the friar was fined 200 francs for "homicide through imprudence."

—Mrs. Elizabeth G. Kelly, of Chicago, who has already endowed the University of Chicago with a woman's dormitory costing $60,000, has decided to erect on the university campus a chapel to cost $100,000, to be known as the Kelly memorial chapel, in memory of her brother. The university has no chapel building at present.

—A fierce but somewhat funny war is waging in Pontiac, Mich., where the Salvation Army has its headquarters in the same building with a saloon, the former upstairs and the latter on the ground floor. Every man who wants a drink has to run the gauntlet of a line of pickets set out by the salvationists, and the incidents of the skirmishes and hand-to-hand conflicts are highly interesting to onlookers.

—Rev. Minot J. Savage, since 1874 pastor of the Unitarian Church of the Unity, Boston, has been called to the Church of the Messiah, New York, as associate to the pastor, Rev. Robert Collyer, the salary to be $8,000 a year. Dr. Savage is a leading spirit in the progressive or radical body, and is president of its council. He has written many books.

BIRDS HAVE MEMORIES.

An Incident That Proves the Sagacity of Blackbirds.

Gen. Lew Wallace related an incident which shows to a remarkable extent the wonderful sagacity and memory of blackbirds.

"At my home over in Crawfordsville," said the general, "we have a large number of tall trees on the lawn, and in course of time these trees became the roosting place at certain times of the year of hundreds of thousands of blackbirds. They came in great, black clouds, and in spite of all I could do they refused to leave. Of course, they were a great nuisance, and I was in despair as to means of getting clear of them. I stood for days with my gun, firing into them of an evening and killing hundreds of them, but the rest did not seem to be sufficiently struck by fear or grief to want to part company with me and my hospitality. I then devised a new scheme.

"Procuring a number of Roman candles I lighted them one evening after dark, when the boughs of the trees were bent low with the weight of the croaking birds, and I poured the candles into the tops of the trees at a great rate. The sudden innovation startled the birds as nothing had ever done before, and they became panic-stricken. That night I was free of them.

"The next evening, however, the habit of returning to their roost was stronger than fear, and they began coming in by thousands as soon as the evening approached. After dark I began with another volley of candles, and the birds began to realize that there was a determined bombardment in progress. They fled precipitately and the third evening only a few returned. A few last shots put them to flight, and I was troubled no more.

"But what do you think those birds did? My dividing fence runs between the trees on my property and the trees on the property of my neighbor, which are equally high and equally suitable for a home for the blackbirds. When the birds were driven from my lot they flew over across the dividing fence to the trees of my neighbor and settled. There was no bombardment over there, and they have stayed there ever since.

"This was a long time ago, but never since the last Roman candle was fired into them has one of these birds settled on my trees. They are 'tabooed' as effectually as though they were on fire. The great cloud of birds each morning and evening fly directly over my trees, going and coming, but not a bird settles upon a tree that is on my side of the dividing fence.

"Another strange thing is that if anyone of an evening stands in my lawn and makes a slight noise, as slapping his hands, there will be the wildest commotion among the birds in the neighboring trees. They become restless and almost panic-stricken. If, however, the same person crosses the fence and stands directly under them and makes twice as much noise, they pay no attention whatever to him. He can even shoot up into them without driving them from their perches."—Philadelphia Item.

His Last Sausage.

"No, no, thanks; no sausage for me," said Bob Mitchell, the comedian.

He was taking supper at a San Jose restaurant after a recent minstrel performance.

"Don't you like sausage?" asked Cathcart.

"Not since my friend, the butcher, told me how he made it. I bought some sausage of him the other day, took it home and ate it, and I never tasted any finer sausage in my life. The next time I saw him I asked: 'Where did you get that sausage?' 'Made it,' said he. 'It was the finest I ever ate. How did you make it?' 'A friend gave me a pointer.'"—San Francisco Post.

—The mummies of the royal princesses of Egypt often had rings on their fingers. In one case 23 were found on the hands of one mummy.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

CARE OF YOUNG PIGS.

As a Preliminary Thereto the Sow Must be Well Housed and Properly Fed—Pure Air and Water and Plenty of Sunshine and Exercise Necessary.

The following is from a paper prepared by Chas. E. Barker and read at the meeting of the Kentucky Swine Breeders' association at Louisville:

The care of young gigs is the most important part of swine breeding, and unless the pig is properly managed the hog will never attain it best result. The first important step in this matter is a gentle sow; second, a clean, warm bed, entirely free of dust (the pig's worst enemy), in a place where the sow can be quiet and not annoyed by other hogs; third, feed for sow that will make the desired quantity (no more) of wholesome milk for the pigs, and fourth, plenty of well-prepared food for pigs, and with a lot where the sunshine and pure air and plenty of exercise will keep them in good health. I will say nothing about the breeding and previous treatment of the sow, though this is inseparably united with successful pig raising, for unless the sow is carefully bred and well provided for previous to farrowing the result will be disappointing. She must be gentle for reasons too obvious to mention here, one being sufficient. Should she need any help, you could render it. She should be put in her lot and become accustomed to her quarters ten days or two weeks before farrowing. Her bed should be plenty large, or roomy, dry, clean and warm. She should be as much by herself as possible so as not to be excited by any other stock at this time. Watch for the farrowing; but do not offer any assistance unless positively demanded—she will be best alone 99 out of 100 times. Only once in 15 years have I had occasion to render help, and now doubt that that was needed. When the pigs are born see that they all get to the teats, and let the whole business alone for 25 hours, only to see that the afterbirth is not in the way of the pigs and to remove it with a pitchfork if the dam does not eat it in an hour or so. The lot should have plenty of good drinking water, as the feverish dam will be thirsty. The sow will indicate at the end of 24 or 36 hours that she needs something to eat, and should be given a thin slop of warm bran or chopped wheat. Never give her all she wants. Don't encourage her to eat; over-feeding the sow at this time is sure to produce a crop of culls. Never let her have as much as she wants until the pigs commence to eat slop, and then never leave any in her lot. Try at all times to keep the sow just as quiet as possible; be on speaking terms with her, scratch her and the pigs and make them gentle, and you will find it a great pleasure, as well as profit, to look after them every day. I am sure we can not do better for two or three days after the birth of the pigs than to secure the greatest quiet and comfort for the sow and try and give only such attention as is positively required. I have known the squealing of a pig to arouse hogs in adjoining lot, and they would excite the sow, who would tramp on her pigs and do much damage. Keep her quiet by all means. When she comes out and wants exercise, have the warm slop (of ground wheat and bran made very thin) ready and let her have a little of it. Don't feed her in the bed nor too near it. Remember a sow over-fed will surely overlay her pigs, as she is too dull and sluggish to properly notice them. Gradually make the slop thick as pigs can stand it. I am aware I am saying a good deal about the care of the sow, but this is the only way to care for young pigs. Just so long as the sow is properly cared for, just so long and no longer will the pigs be cared for. If the sow is overfed the pigs will suffer the consequence—just here is the critical point. If you will manage the sow properly for two weeks after the birth of the pigs, the fight is half won, and the only way I can do it is by close personal attention to the sow. My friends, if you don't intend to do this, you had better stop and try something else, for you have missed your calling and your plan will not go. Feed the sow three times per day, or whenever she is up; don't arouse her to feed. Feed on not too rich food. Watch closely the pigs, for if the feed scours the pigs you have a bad job on hand and some culls. Change feed at once. Feed dry bran or wheat; a little skimmed sweet milk to sow is good, also a little charcoal and copperas put in the feed once per week all the year round is a fine preventive of disease—worth all the cholera cures in America. After the pigs commence to eat slop, have a pen where the sow can't get to the slop and feed the pigs a little slop or skimmed sweet milk warm. Gradually thicken it with shorts or ground wheat, keeping the pigs a little hungry all the time, and remembering that a hungry pig is much more desirable than one overfed. I only use corn or cornmeal for pigs after they are two or three months old, and then only in cold weather. Corn makes fat and heat but is too constipating, while wheat, bran and shorts make bone and muscle, and are more laxative. I have almost come to the conclusion that corn newly made into a slop is a poor hog feed. Plenty of sunshine and exercise is also needed and must be had.

This is a subject that has been much written and talked about by the best breeders in our great country, but the main points can not be worn threadbare nor too often repeated, and I hope your meeting will criticise these notes and discuss this subject fully, as there is none that will come before you of greater importance, and I am sure that the discussion will be of great value to all swine breeders.

COMPOST HEAPS.

A Few Words of Advice as to Their Management.

In managing the compost heaps, about which we have a good many inquiries at this season, it is most important to guard against the escape of the ammonia. They should be covered with earth packed down, and protected from the weather. Acid phosphate, if mixed with the compost, will be found to materially aid in conserving ammonia, but it can not be used if lime is present. The application of compost is found particularly beneficial where the land is heavy. On light soils, the advantage is not so marked. The necessity for the [illegible]

ing of all our crops, cotton more especially, is becoming more apparent each year, and mechanical thought and skill are being directed to perfecting the methods by which this may be attained. The roller cotton gin will, no doubt, in time entirely supercede the old-fashioned saw-cutting machinery, while the new process of packing the cotton in small, round bales, apparently as hard and compact as wood, will do away with much of the risk and waste of the present plan of packing and shipping. The danger from fire will be at a minimum, the labor of handling will be comparatively light, and the loss from waste, stealage, etc., will be so reduced as to almost pay the expenses of shipping, while our present reproach of sending out the most ragged and unsightly cotton bales received in the markets of the world will be entirely removed.—Dixie Farmer.

Exclusive Corn Feeding.

The low price of corn will be a strong temptation for the farmers to return to the old habit of using it as the exclusive grain food for the hogs on grass or in dry pens. "We have for years protested against it," says Wallace's Farmer; "believing it to be not the cause of cholera, but the means of weakening the constitution so that it is more liable to diseases which pass under the name, and which results in a lack of vitality which renders the animal more likely to succumb to whatever disease may come along. Corn itself does not contain all the elements needed for the growth of any kind of farm animal. It is a fattening food and fed alone it is not a proper food for growth. Oats are cheap now, potatoes are very cheap, beans and shorts are cheap, skim milk and buttermilk are cheap, and all of these, or any, will tend to balance up the ration and tend to make corn a fit food for growing stock. Corn can be fed to great advantage to balance up the skim milk, or, rather, the skim milk and buttermilk can be used to balance up the corn, these being albuminous or flesh-forming foods, while corn furnishes the carbohydrates and fat, or heat and fat formers. If these are lacking in quantity, or altogether, then we say feed oats, and by all means have a clover pasture. For the next month pumpkins will form an excellent variety. Do not hesitate to feed the hogs the small potatoes. If it is inconvenient to boil them, so much the better. Boiled potatoes and clover pasture will make an excellent change from the whole corn diet. If bran can be had, or better still, with shorts at $10 a ton, we would say buy it. If none of these can be had then we would say use oil meal which is cheaper now than it has been for a long time past. We would even risk cotton-seed meal, but would feed very sparingly, as for some reason, yet undiscovered, fed in any large amount it is death to the hog. What we are aiming at is to warn our readers against the danger of exclusive corn feeding, which, though it may not result in disease, will result in lack of constitution, small bones and a tendency to produce hogs that are mere gobs of fat, and not the healthy, firm meat that is so desirable in the markets.—American Corn and Hog Journal.

Keep the Breeding Sow in Good Condition.

Experienced swine breeders assert that spring pigs can be made to weigh over 250 pounds by fall, if the sow is kept in prime condition up to and after farrowing, in order to make her an excellent feeder, and afford an abundance of milk for the pigs. Feed her liberally, and put in the drinking water a little salt and a teaspoonful of saltpeter once a week. Wean the pigs when twelve weeks old, and continue the same treatment for the pigs.—Southern Cultivator.

Future of Horse Growing.

Notwithstanding the talk about the "horseless carriage," and the use of electricity reducing the demand for the employment of the horse, it will be many years before man, if he ever does, learns to do without the horse. There never has been enough first-class coach horses to supply the market. The farmer should confine himself to the heavy draft and omnibus or light draft horses. It will pay to buy good, sound, large, heavy draft colts, and raise horses capable of meeting the demands of the future.—Southern Cultivator.

HERE AND THERE.

—One can not expect to take off heavy crops for successive years without returning fertility of some sort to the soil.

—The statement will bear often repeating that warm stables save food, and as lumber is cheaper than fodder and hay, this warmth should be provided wherever animals are kept.

—The successful farmer is the man who has a good business education. He uses business-like methods in his daily practice only by force of discipline administered at some earlier period in his life.

—As every housewife knows, there are many other uses for ice on the farm than in the dairy. The time for filling the icehouse comes when the farm teams are idle, and when the time can be spared.

—Many beekeepers may profit in lessons of neatness and cleanliness from the bee, especially in marketing the products of the bees' labor. Care in placing products upon the market in a neat, cleanly shape insure better prices.

—Impure drinking-water causes disease among stock almost as generally as among human beings, and it is possible often to trace numerous animal complaints to the filthy ponds, lakes, streams and mud where they have been accustomed to get their daily drink.

—A sweet, mild, well-cured country ham can be as far superior to the best packers' brand as is the sweetest, mildest Alderney cream, fragrant with June grasses and clover bloom, to that questionable fluid carted in old cans from loathsome and disgusting stables in the city suburbs.

—The farmer of to-day concentrates the acreage of his grain crops, spreads out his fields to grass and covers them over with good stock; he feeds his grain on the farm where it is raised, sends nothing off the land but the finished product, and secures to himself the best form of rotation of crops.

—The farmer's table should not be without seasonable fruit a single day. Judicious planting will bring on a most desirable succession. Strawberries, currants, gooseberries, raspberries, blackberries, grapes, each one have a place, and overlapping these come in the cherries, peaches, apples and pears.

SOUTH AFRICAN WOMEN.

There Are Aristocrats There, Although They Don't Claim to Be.

Unquestionably white South Africa is the most aristocratic country in the world. There is not a white man or boy in it under the rank of "baas;" not "boss," remember. In South Africa the term "baas" has come to mean a sort of compound of master, sir and esquire. The barefooted, dirty, drunken, ragged white tramp in South Africa is asked by the prosperous native Kaffir or half-breed, at whose house or hut the tramp calls begging: "Does the baas want food?" The same native tells you that the little baas whom you hear cursing so stoutly is the son of the baas in the tent by the railway, meaning that the vicious little imp is the son of a navvy on a railway construction near by. He tells you also that all the land around as far as you can see "belongs to the baas who lives in that little house in the clump of trees close to the river." "Yes, baas," "no, baas," a native always answers to a white man or boy, whether he is rich or poor, dressed in rags or broadcloth.

Of all aristocrats in South Africa the Boer woman is the greatest. She would flatly deny it if you told her so. In truth, the world is really hateful to her, and ultra-democratic to her finger-tips she believes herself to be. The following facts will enable the American women to decide whether she is or not:

Take, for instance, Mrs. Van Armode as she sits sunning herself at the door of her tent or by the side of her wagon in the Karroo, Kalihari desert, or in the wilds of Swaziland, or maybe the German protectorate, or anywhere in South Africa, so that it is far from the haunts of all but a few civilized people, which few, as a rule, live many miles apart. Mrs. Van Armode's husband is the owner of 50 sheep, 100 goats and 12 draught oxen. The wagon or tent, or both, may not be his own. Most probably he has received them on credit, either in the South African or Orange Free States, or, perhaps, in Cape Colony or Natal, until he can pay for them. In one or another of these states Mr. and Mrs. Van Armode lived and were prosperous until recent years. When they wed they had between them 3,000 sheep, 100 head of draught oxen, 80 horses and goats innumerable, besides more than 12,000 acres of good land. Other thousands of acres they hired, their own being insufficient to pasture all their stock. Droughts, horse sickness, cattle disease, sheep and goat maladies reduced them to their present poverty. With their ten children they have traveled to wild regions, where pasture is practically free, and where they hope to regain prosperity.

Their food is composed of boiled mealler (Indian corn), ground or unground, and goat's milk. The tent or wagon is furnished with a large Bible, a big wooden chest, a brightly-polished copper kettle and a large wooden frame, across which and lengthwise are stretched leather thongs. This article is their one bedstead. In the tent it rests on stones or short posts. On it sleep Mr. and Mrs. Van Armode. Their children sleep on tanned goat skins, laid on the ground. Stowed away at the bottom of the big chest will be found a few ounces of coffee and the same amount of sugar, with possibly a little Cape brandy, all of which are religiously kept in case of the arrival of a white visitor. On such an occasion, should the visitor not arrive on foot, the bright, shining coffee kettle is at once called into useful requisition. Close at hand, whether in tent or wagon, is the ever-loaded rifle, ready at all times for immediate use. Two thong-bottomed low stools and a feather bed laid on the "riempye" (thonged frame), and the inventory of the Van Armode's household goods is almost complete. Most of the scanty wardrobe of the family is daily worn, and as it falls into complete ruin it is somehow renewed. Mr. Van Armode sees that he and his "vrouw" have "veldschoens" of his own manufacture to cover their feet, but as for the children's feet, nature's covering is quite sufficient.—Boston Transcript.

ABOUT TEXAS GEESE.

Remarkable Intelligence Displayed as Reported by a Citizen.

"I have been having a good deal of trouble lately with the birds on my goose ranch," said Col. Stitt-Floyd, of Wharton, Tex.

"I had an order for a thousand dozen goose eggs, and my troubles all arose in trying to fill that order. It is the first time I attempted to market any eggs, always heretofore relying on the sale of feathers and live birds for my profit.

"This is the laying and hatching season with us, and I thought I would have no trouble to get eggs enough to fill the order. Now, a hen, you know, will let you rob her nest right along, just so you leave one egg. It is supposed that a hen has no idea whatever of numbers. But this is not true of Madame Goose, as I found out to my sorrow.

"The first two or three days we secured a big batch of fresh eggs, but after that the 'find' began to dwindle down so fast that I determined to make a personal investigation. I went down to the river bottom next day and found that instead of being off attending to business all the geese which were not sitting had 'flocked' and were roving about feeding, just as if they never expected to lay another egg. When I approached them, instead of running away, they all sat down and began to hiss at me.

"It was a clear case of strike, and I was at a loss to know how to settle the trouble. I tried putting half a dozen porcelain eggs in each nest, but it would not work. The geese came up, eyed them solemnly and walked off. Then, in despair, I told the boys to put the eggs we had gathered back and see if that would break the strike.

"Well, sir, inside of two hours after the eggs were returned every goose was back on her nest, and for the next four or five days there were more eggs laid on the Floyd's ranch than there had been before in years; but I dare not undertake to fill the egg order."—Washington Star.

Sharpshooting.

"During the late war," he was saying, when Miss Passe interrupted him, with:

"That was before my time."

"Oh, I was not speaking of the revolutionary war," he added, thoughtlessly, and they now maintain an armed neutrality.—Detroit Free Press.

WOMAN AND HOME.

BOSTON'S LATEST CULT.

Its Motto Is "Love Is the Fulfilling of the Law"—The Church of the Higher Light and Its Pastor, Rev. Helen Van Anderson—Ordained by a Trio of Unitarian Church Leaders.

In the ordination of Rev. Helen Van Anderson to the ministry and the organization of the society of which she is now the pastor, Boston has added to its already large number of churches a new one, the Church of the Higher Life. It is a heterodox church, and its motto is "Love is the fulfilling of the law."

Mrs. D. H. Kirby, of the Procopeia club, is deeply interested in the work of the church of the Higher Life. This club is a newcomer among the transcendental cults of which Boston seems to be the center, and Mrs. Kirby is a woman venerated for the occult qualities which those who dabble in the mysterious believe her to possess. The name of the club, when first sprang on the public, precipitated a sudden rush for dictionaries and lexicons. It is Greek. It means advancement or progress, especially in things obscure. Anything just a yard or two beyond the frontier of natural knowledge finds its votaries in Boston. Helen Van Anderson has been lecturing in Boston for the past two years. Her themes were spiritualistic, but she was careful not to overstep the line of demarcation between the orthodox and heterodox. This judiciousness saved her from the fate of many who fail through the enemies they make. She is an entertaining speaker.

Her ordination was unique, in that she received the right hand of fellowship without ever having pursued a course in a school of theology. The ordination exercises were held in Allen hall, St. Botolph street. The space was not large enough to comfortably

REV. HELEN VAN ANDERSON.

accommodate all who wished to hear the ceremony. Dozens stood. The exercises opened at eight o'clock in the evening. Rev. Antoinette B. Blackwell delivered the invocation, and Rev. Florence E. Rollock read the Scripture lesson. The sermon was by Rev. Minor J. Savage, who took for his subject "The Work of a Modern Minister in Religion." At the close of Mr. Savage's sermon the ordination prayer was said by Rev. Florence E. Rollock, after which Rev. M. J. Savage and Rev. A. B. Blackwell laid their hands upon the new pastor's head.

Boston's new woman pastor, says the New York Sun, was born in Iowa. She is about 35 years old, fair of feature and modish. Her good taste in dress created a little feeling not long ago, some of her followers threatening to take offense unless she appeared in subdued garb. Hereafter she will appear in the pulpit gowned in a robe of sober hue. A good part of her years was spent in Chicago, and it was while there that she attracted attention with her pen, having written some readable short stories and one or two books. Her first book, "The Right Knock," has gone through as many as a half dozen editions. Mrs. Van Anderson lives at the Oxford, in the Back Bay district.

The Procopeia club and the Church of the Higher Life are supposed to be centers where living protests are made against the materialism of the age. Among the features, besides the regular preaching, are a healing service, an emersion club and a mothers' meeting.

Do Not Let Tea Stand.

If only one pot of tea can be made for a family taking their luncheon at different hours, every housewife should see to it that the tea does not stand with the teagrounds in it longer than from three to five or seven minutes. After that time pour the tea into another pot and throw the grounds away. If you have only one teapot, infuse the tea in some other vessel, pottery of some kind is best, and pour into the pot. In this way the injurious effects of the tannin which is drawn out of the leaves after a longer infusion is avoided, and you save yourself, your friends and family from becoming tea-maniacs.—N. Y. Evening Post.

How to Make the Hair Wave.

Soft, natural-looking waves of hair are made by rolling the hair over large, soft papers or kid curlers, rolling from the top of the curl towards the end. The hair should be wet and left on the rolls over night. If that is not done pinch the curls with a hot iron. If you wish to have the hair set out around the face turn the teeth of your side combs toward the face, not away from it. Catch them through the end of your waves and you can fluff the hair as little or as much as you choose.

Recipe for Spaghetti Timbale.

Spaghetti timbale makes a pretty dish. Cook long pieces of spaghetti in salted water until they are tender. Lay the pieces on a napkin to cool, being careful not to break them. Butter a dome-shaped mold. Wind the spaghetti around the mold, holding it in place with a layer of force meat. Fill the mold with boiled macaroni and cheese. Make a layer of force meat thick enough to give the timbale stability. Cover with greased paper, stand in a pan of hot water and poach in a slow oven for 30 minutes.

A Valuable Chicago Tiara.

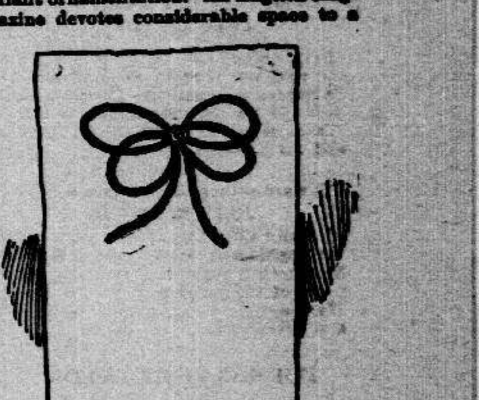
Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor, of Chicago, possesses a tiara like that of the princess of Wales. The center can be unhooked and hung as a diamond pendant and can be lengthened into [illegible] with gold chain loops between for a diamond necklace; or it can be taken apart for brooches. So useful and beautiful in all ways is this ornament that one forgives the extravagance which [illegible] fortune of [illegible].

SEQUIN EMBROIDERY.

Something for the Leisure Hours of Girls at School.

Your mother would call sequins spangles, and she will probably be able to show you how to do this fascinating kind of fancy work. It is always popular, because one "gets along so fast," and it is very effective. It can be used for many different purposes and will no doubt soon be employed by dressmakers and milliners.

Sequins combined with colored beads, those which resemble jewels, make brilliant ornamentation. An English magazine devotes considerable space to a



A BAND OF SEQUINS

description of the new embroidery, and from it the following directions are taken:

Sequins are most effective when massed, and one of the prettiest ways of doing this is by overlapping them. The little knot of ribbon shown in the illustration is adapted from an old French design and is a good example of a single line of overlapping sequins. It should be noted that certain loops of the bow pass under others, and that the center is formed by a moderately large sequin, in the middle of which is a small one, and a gilt bead on top of all.

To work this or any similar design stretch the material in a frame and lightly mark the desired outline. Bring a needleful of silk from the wrong to the right side of the work, lay a spangle with one edge touching the place where the needle came up, push the needle through the central hole of the sequin and thus to the wrong side of the work, bring it up again half a sequin's length from the lower edge of the former sequin, lay another spangle close above the thread and push needle again back through the center hole to the wrong side of the work. Repeat from all along the outline.

The bow in the illustration was worked on white satin and with the tiniest gilt sequins procurable.

NEAT LAUNDRY BAG.

The One Here Illustrated Is an Ornament If Properly Made.

Such a neat thing as a laundry bag should be in every house. If made prettily it is an ornament. There is nothing so untidy as soiled clothing lying about a room, and where a laundry bag is at hand, such a thing would never be. The one in our illustration is made of very light brown denim. The design, which anyone can draw, is worked in dark brown cotton, in

outline stitch. The bag measures a yard long and three-fourths of a yard wide. A heading finishes the top, and two drawing strings, one running each way, are run through, with which to hang by.—Prairie Farmer.

Dainty Stationery for Brides.

For the bride on her honeymoon there has recently been designed a special stationery put up in a white satin circular box. Within are 50 sheets of rather rough cream white paper showing a deep border in satin finish and prepared for stamping with one's newly acquired initial and the address of the house where the honeymoon is to be spent. Both envelopes and paper are tied up with a profusion of white ribbons, through the bows of which are thrust an ivory pen handle with gold point, a thin ivory paper knife, and two sticks of perfumed white wax complete the outfit.

Might Do Him Good.

She—I was afraid you were going to kiss me then, you pursed up your lips so.

He—Oh, no; I wouldn't dare do that. I merely had some sand in my mouth.

She (disgustedly)—Don't take it out. It may get into your system.—High School World.

Cold Comfort.

It was getting late and he had been talking to her for several hours, and she had shown very little interest. Finally he asked:

"Can't I say anything to cheer you up?"

"Suppose you say good-night."—Dallas (Tex.) Sifter.

He Was Hunting.

Mrs. Morse (running into neighbor's house)—I just thought I'd run over here, I—

Neighbor—What's it all about?

Mrs. Morse—Well, I left my husband hunting for his collar button, in a great hurry he was, and he—, well you know.—To Date.

A Sad Fate.

Maud—Whistling girls and crowing hens always come to some bad end. Do you remember how Clara De [illegible] used to whistle at school?

Edith—Yes, indeed. Poor child. What has happened to her?

"She has married a titled foreigner."—N. Y. Weekly.

Same Penalty.

[illegible]—Surely you do not regard poverty as a crime?

[illegible] [illegible]