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, JUNE 13, 1896. | VOL. XXI.—NO. 24.

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

If you were toiling up a weary hill
 Bearing a load beyond your strength to bear,
Straining each nerve untiringly, and still
 Stumbling and losing foothold here and there,
And each one passing by would do so much
 As give one upward lift and go their way,
Would not the slightest reiterated touch
 Of help and kindness lighten all the day?

If you were breasting a keen wind, which tossed
 And buffeted and chilled you as you strove,
Till, baffled and bewildered quite, you lost
 The power to see the way, and aim and move,
And one, if only for a moment's space,
 Gave you shelter from the bitter blast,
Would you not find it easier to face
 The storm again when the brief rest was past?

There is no little and there is no much;
 We weigh and measure and define in vain.
A look, a word, a light responsive touch
 Can be the ministers of joy to pain.
A man can die of hunger, walled in gold,
 A crumb may quicken hope to stronger breath,
And every day we give or we withhold
 Some little thing which tells for life or death.

—Susan Coolidge.

BREAKING A RECORD.

BY ROBERT BARR.

The manager of the London & Glasgow air line railway, Mr. Swipes, sent me an invitation marked "private," saying that he was bound to beat the record made by the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railroad now that they had come out in print about it. He added that he thought record breaking in the night time all right enough, if the record breaker did not say anything about it in public, but if newspaper accounts were to be written then the race should be open to outside parties who might wish to know the time without asking a policeman. He added that when the New York Central broke the English record they did so with their Empire State express, which anyone could have traveled on who had the money to pay his fare. This, he claimed, was the right way of breaking a record if you are going to write about it afterward. Nevertheless he was going to follow the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern fashion, just to see what his railroad could do, and he invited me, as a person owning an American watch, to come upon the trip, but begged me to say nothing whatever about it, for, he said, instead of breaking the record, we might perhaps break our necks. He added that he regretted that he owned only an old silver turnip of a watch himself which wouldn't split the minutes, let alone the seconds, and so he would like to have a really good watch with which to keep the time. I was to meet him at the London terminus of the London & Glasgow air line at exactly 12, midnight, three weeks ago. There was some little risk in going out at that hour, for it is well known that one of the most obnoxious and oppressive laws made by Queen Victoria herself is that every man in London must be in his own house at 8:40 o'clock, and have lights out and be in bed at nine. Anyone out after that hour is liable to arrest, so I stole up and down through by streets and dodged the policemen until I came to the terminus. Here I was amazed to find an immense locomotive and one flat car, with two camp stools on it.

"What's this for?" I said to Swipes.

"We're going to break the record with this train," he replied. "I want to have it as light as possible, for an ordinary carriage meets with such resistance in passing so quickly through the atmosphere that I concluded to take a freight car, and if we have a smash-up it won't be so expensive."

"But you don't expect me to sit on one of those stools in the open air from here to Glasgow?" I cried, aghast.

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "The stools are fastened to the floor of the car, and I have shawl straps with which you can fasten yourself to the stool. There won't be any trouble on that score."

"Where are the other fellows?" I asked.

"There aren't any," he answered. "When you are going to break a record the fewer you have on board the better; watches differ, and it would be bad if there was a quarrel about time; your watch shall be the only official time piece in the company; mine, as I think I told you in the letter, generally loses two hours out of the 24, so I think we had better not trust to it."

I strapped myself to one stool and Swipes strapped himself to the other and at 12:15 we pulled out of Marylebone terminus. It was agreed that we were not to begin the record until we had passed Highgate, and were thus safely out of the influence of London.

The distance from London to Glasgow is 401.5 miles. We had for engineer Peter McGump, who was a Scotchman, and therefore knew the road to Glasgow well, and Billy Jones, of Whitechapel, did the firing. We had no brakeman, because, as Swipes said, it was not on the brakes we were going to depend for breaking the record.

The engine was known as the Mary Jane, and familiar to all the operators on the road as "Her Golden Hair Is Hangin' Down 'er Back." She gets this nickname from her great speed, and from the fact that the smoke with the sparks in it trails out behind like a great banner.

After leaving Highgate Peter gave her more steam, and the speed began to be something appalling.

"Oh, it's nothing to what we'll have by and by," said Swipes, as he watched me making an ineffectual grab at my hat, which disappeared in the darkness. Swipes counted the mile-stones while I ticked off the seconds on my watch, and before long we were going 70 miles an hour. We had the advantage over the American road in the fact that there are rarely any level road crossings in England, and that one railway is never allowed to cross another on the level. By the time we passed Toad-in-the-Hole we were doing 85 miles an hour, but as the Lake Shore train has attained a speed of 92.3, Swipes yelled to Peter as well as he could to give her more speed, because if she didn't put in her best licks now, what could we expect when we came to the high grounds and the stiff grades of the midlands? This shouting of Swipes, however, had no effect, because we were going so fast that his words never reached Peter, who stood with his hand on the lever, watching grimly the track in front. As Swipes continued to shout out the mile posts, I cried:

"Hold on, it's the telegraph poles you are counting."

"No, it isn't," he replied, "it's the mile posts."

"Nonsense," I cried. "At that rate we are going at the rate of 108 miles an hour."

"A hundred and eight it is then," he said. "Stoke her up, Peter."

I then called the general manager's attention to the fact that it was not etiquette to tell an engine driver to "stoke up," as that duty was performed by Billy Jones. He apparently learned for the first time that engineers do not do their own stoking, and he thanked me for the information. At last the mile stones passed so rapidly that Swipes could not keep track of them, so we abandoned the attempt to count them and took only the stations, as we had a record of the distance between them. I saw now by making a calculation between two stations that we were going at the rate of 160.45 an hour, and my hair would have stood on end were it not for the fact that it was standing straight out behind. The oscillation was somewhat dreadful, and once I realized with horror as we swung around a curve that all four wheels were off the track, and that we were flying in mid-air; luckily, however, the wheels came down on the rails and all was well once more. By this time the stations passed us in one continuous streak, as if we were running through the suburbs of a big city, and I was wondering all the time when we would come to the town, but finally I realized that it was impossible to keep time with my excellent watch, and so we would have to lump the thing by calculating how long it took us to come from London to Glasgow. The lid of my watch, which I now inadvertently exposed to the breeze, snapped and blew away, and I saw that the gold of the hunting case was beginning to flake off, so I put it in my pocket to save the rest of it. I knew it was not yet two hours since we left London, and to my amazement I spied the spires of Glasgow. I recognized the place because I was born there.

"That can't be Glasgow," I shouted to Swipes. "If it is we have traveled something like 200 miles in an hour, and the Lord only knows what speed we attained in making up for the time when we were crawling on at 70 and 80."

"That's Glasgow all right enough," said Swipes. Then he yelled to Peter: "For heaven's sake, shut off steam! Don't you see where we are?"

But Peter was struggling with his engine, and all at once he yelled back at us:

"I can't stop her, sir!"

"Heavens and earth," said I. "What is to be done?"

"I don't know," said Swipes. "It's my own fault. I told Peter in the hearing of the engine, and she is one of the cutest engines on the road, that we were bound to break the American record, which is 510 miles. You see, it's only 401.5 miles to Glasgow, and I'll bet you that brute is bound to do the other 109 miles to-night, even if she has to do it on the highway. The railway stops at Glasgow, and I don't know what's going to happen."

As he concluded the sentence there was a crash and a bang, and the next moment we were in the principal street of Glasgow tearing along the rails of the street car line. Luckily, the same law being in force as was in London, nobody was out on the streets, and so we went at the rate of 84.75 miles an hour up the main thoroughfare of Glasgow and finally struck the north road for the Highlands. Peter was struggling all the time with his engine, but could not make any progress in his endeavor to stop her.

When we got about 50 miles on the main road from Glasgow, sometimes slowing down to 63 miles an hour, on the hills, Peter with a white face turned toward us and shouting:

"My God, sir, we're on the Craigneputtoch Loch road, and the Craigneputtoch Loch is at the end of it about 50 miles ahead."

"How far is it from London?" yelled Swipes, putting his hands beside his mouth to make the sound carry.

"The middle of Craigneputtoch Loch is just 510 miles from London, and it is over 1,000 feet deep in the middle," shouted Peter.

"There's where she's making for," cried Swipes, unbuckling the straps and clinging to the stool.

The hills now rose grandly around us in the darkness and we saw the black water of the loch.

"Jump, Peter, jump!" cried Swipes, as he threw off the straps.

Peter did so, and I cut the strap that held me. Instantly we were all—Peter, the stoker, Swipes and myself—lying on the hillside on the heather. The doomed train had plunged right into the center of the lake. It had completed its 510-mile race and used up the fraction by sinking 1,000 feet to the bottom.

Luckily, none of us were hurt in the slightest, with the exception that Swipes sustained a compound fracture of the thigh, Peter had both arms broken, Jones had all his ribs and one ankle smashed, while I had my veracity sprained so badly that no one has ever been able to believe a word I have uttered since.—Detroit Free Press.

THE UNDER EARTH.

Man's Dependence Upon Products Beneath the Surface.

So slow was the advance in the utilization of the earth's products that when our ancestors first came to this country there were not more than about 20 substances other than building stones or gems which were won to commerce from the under earth. These were scantily used; the amount of iron required per capita each year probably did not exceed five pounds, and the amount of coal consumed was even less. At present the annual consumption of iron in this country amounts to about 250 pounds, and of coal to more than 1½ tons per head. The number of earth materials and their immediate products which enter into the arts is to be reckoned by the hundreds; each year the number augments with surprising rapidity. Measured by the quantity of the materials won from the depths, the civilized man to-day, as compared with his ancestors in the time of Queen Elizabeth, has increased his dependence on the under earth by not less than 50 fold.—Prof. N. S. Shaler, Sc. D., in Chautauquan.

—A house is never perfectly furnished for enjoyment unless there is a child in it rising three years old, and a kitten rising six weeks.—Southey.

RUFUS SANDERS.

Two Homely Stories from the Forks of the Creek.

Old Mises Watson and Her "Little Steve" —Jeems W. Stagger Went a-Fishin and Got Snake Bit—Essay on Man.

White people, do you know what it means and how it feels to be a country boy, and the onlyest boy on the place at that? If you don't know, all the preachers and poets and philosophers and politicians in the whole discovered world can't tell you. But I remember—by jingo, I remember like it was yesterday—how infernal handy a cotton-headed, hatchet-faceted, shirt-tail boy is around a farm.

Little Steve Was Dead.

It takes a whole passle—of one stuff and another—to make me sorry about anything. I am so tremendius glad and light an trashy in the general surroundins of my natural-born self, till it is mighty hard for me to find anything in this green and bloomin old world to feel sorry for.

But the old lady Watson—which the Watsons they have been livin down there in the forks of Long Creek for years and years—she come by our house one day last week and made me sorry. I was sorry when she come, and sorry when she went away, and I am sorry till yet. I doubt mighty serious if I could tell you what I am sorry about and who I am sorry for. But, at any rates, I am sorry.

"A pore old broken-hearted, God-forsaken woman, with her gray head bowed down in sackcloth and ashes, has come to mix her tears and share her sorrers with you," says Mises Watson when she first driv up to the horserack, and hit a rainin. Then me and mother we went out and told the old lady to light and come in and take a chair and make herself at home till the shower passed over. And she went with us.

"Little Steve is gone, Rufus," she went on to say between her sobs and tears. "Little Steve is dead and gone," and with that she broke down and turned loose and cried and cried as if her heart was split wide open. By this time mother she had been hit in a soft spot, and the tears rolled down her pretty cheeks as fast and free as the rain drops from that April shower. But she braced herself up as best she could and put her arms around the tremblin and troubled old soul—soft and tender like and soothin as she could—and quoted some familious Scripture and told her it would all turn out for the best somewheres down the line. It maybe mought not look that way at onct, but some of these days she could, see, wherein it was all for the right and all for the best.

Finally at last, in her nervious, jerky way, the old lady told us about the sad and suddent death of her little Steve, and the general facts of which we had heard before.

So Handy and So Peart.

"He was so handy and so peart, Rufus —but you all knowed little Steve," says she, and then it seems like she broke out in a fresh place and would jest naturally weep herself away. "It never was so late or so soon, so hot or so cold but what I could call on little Steve and he was right there," she went on, wringin her hands and rockin to and fro. He was sich a help and comfort and blessin to his poor old widdered mother.

"My other boy Bob—he is still with me in the flesh. But even when he was the right size Bob was never so peart and handy and ready and willin as little Steve. And then as to Bob—he has now come up to that pint in life where he aint fitten for nothin much but to loafer and swell and swash around durin the day and go gallin every night the good Lord sends. If Bob aint a man—with a few scatterin whiskers on his face and woman on his brain, he is fool enough to feel like one, which amounts to the same thing with his old mother.

"But little Steve—he was so nimble and so quick, so handy and so peart, Rufus. He could stay up later and git up sooner, and go faster and come quicker, and turn off more odds and jobs in less time than any boy that ever come to light amongst the Watsons. If in his love and wisdom the good Lord had but only took Bob I could stand it a whole heap better. But to see little Steve—my onlyest little Steve—put in his coffn and toted out and hauled off and laid away to rest—it was too much for his pore old widdered mother to bear."

And with that the old lady let loose onct more, and wept and went on at such a tremendius rate till I thought in my soul she would faint on the spot. But mother she made a rush for the camphor bottle and her last year's turkey tail fan, and between the two we brung the old soul to her senses.

"How can I forget my little Steve, and how can I ever give him up? He was so handy and so peart. In summer heat or winter cold he could git up at the break of day and split the kindlin and fetch in the wood and make the fires and feed the stock, and draw the water and tote out the slops and drive up the cows and rope off the calves and churn the milk, and sweep the yard and hoe the garden and tend to the chickens and rock the cradle and nurse the baby. I reckon no doubts ouf little Steve is better off where he is—beyond this vale of sufferin and of sin. But he was the apple of his pore old widdered mother's heart, and I will never see the like of him no more. He was so handy, Rufus—so handy and so peart."

By this time that April shower had passed over. Then presently old Mises Watson she braced up sufficient to say good-by and driv on back home. And from that sad day till this blessed hour I have been rale sorry about some this or other. To save my life I couldn't tell you for certain what I am sorry about or who I am sorry for. But I am sorry.

A Stranger to the Lord.

In the springtime, gentle Annie, when the dogwood blooms are bloomin —when you think about them old times, and the golden days you went through round about the old log schoolhouse— in them plain old days when people want so consounded particlar as to keep two schools a runnin, one for the males and one for the females—when the boys made flyin Jennies, grapevine swings, seesaws and sich like—when you boys and girls went rovin after chinkypins and chestnuts, after heart leaves, after sweet shrubs—when the sap is bilin upards and the bark slips on the hickory, and you feel like you would love to make some whips and flutes and whistles—anything to please the children—when you feel too dadburn lazy to do anything to speak of—

Well, that's the time for fishin.

So it come to pass one day last week —the weather was so warm and dreamy like and pleasant—that Bunk Weatherford and old man Jeems W. Staggers they took their hooks and lines and bait gourds and went down on Murder creek a fishin.

Maybe you would love to know who in the thunderations is Jeems W. Staggers? You ask me rather quick and suddent, but I will tell you all I know. He is a son of old Mises Staggers. In his own wild and wicked way, he is a right tolerable good man. But so far as I know, the pulpit and the amen corner never have been seriously threatened with his manly presence. As to religion, Jeems W. Staggers never did even sorter make out like he had got any, and I reckon Aunt Nancy Newton was right when she put him down as "about the most wickedest man in this wide and wicked world." But the good Lord never blowed the breath of life into a better soul than old man Ebenezer Staggers, which he was a preacher of the word in his day and generation and the father of Jeems W.

No more of that. It leaks out now that Bunk and old man Jeems W. didn't have no tremendius big run of luck in regards to fish. But a man by the name of Jeems W. Staggers got snake bit, and that is what makes me tell you what I do.

"You see, Rufe, I had went down the creek, whilst Bunk he took up the creek," says old man Jeems W., in giving out the facts to me. "I was so scandlous bad off for one good mess of fish till I could smell the gravy, you understand, and consequentially I didn't go down there lookin for snakes. But, by thunder, I found one, Rufe, and he found me. All of a suddent I stumbled over one of these big old rusty moccasins, and he nailed me on the calf of my left leg. Naturally, of course, I jumped up and down right there in the same place till the snake turned loose and I had stomped him to death. Then I laid down and hollored for Bunk, and him a mile up the creek. So there I was, Rufe, way down there in Murder creek swamp snake bit, three miles from home, ten miles from the doctor, with my old leg swellin to beat six bits, and narry drap of sperits. Somethin had to be done, Rufe, right away immediately, and for the first time in my life I felt like I would love to pray. But, to be plum honest with you, I didn't know how. Up to then, you understand, I never had scraped up any acquaintance with the Lord, and I felt like I was a rank stranger to Him. In the main time the hurtin and the swellin went on, with Bunk Weatherford a mile up the creek. So at last I pitched in and told the Lord who I was and where I come from, and then prayed to the best of my feeble ability."

A Sad and Funny Sight.

From the way in which Bunk Weatherford tells the news, it must of been a sad and funny sight to see old man Jeems W. Staggers sayin his prayers for the first time down there in Murder Creek swamp.

"When I come up to where I could see Jeems W.," says Bunk, "he was layin there on the ground flat of his back, wavin his hands on high and gesturin at a fast and furious lick. And to the best of my recollection, this is what I heard him say in a loud voice:

"'Oh Lord, I reckon you don't know me. But I am snake bit. My name is Jeems W. Staggers. I am the wild and wicked son of old Parson Ebenezer Staggers, which I reckon you knowed him. He was a preacher of the Word accordin to the old school Baptists and a mighty good man. I am his onlyest son, and snake bit at that. Oh, Lord, have mercy on my lost and ruint soul. Yours truly, Jeems W Staggers.'"

That was a day of terror and of trouble, and no doubt Jeems W thought his time had come. But by the blessins of Him with whom a thousand years are as a watch in the night the old man still lingers yet a little while in the border land. The doctors say he will recover and git well, and I do hope he will. Sometimes it takes a heap to bring a man to his senses, but it really looks to me like Jeems W. Staggers has now come up to the forks of the road.

For why? Well, the other day on my return back home from a trip down in the stump hill country I rid around by there to see how Jeems W. was comin on. In the general confabulation which followed, he went on to tell me how thankful he ought to be, and how he loved the name and recollections of his good, old father.

"And I never will feel plum natural," he went on, lookin lovinly down upon his snakebit leg. "I never will feel plum natural and right, Rufe, till I can git up from here and slip off down to the lot and sing a few stanzas from that good and familiar old song;

"'Amazin grace! how sweet the sound,
Which saved a wretch like me.'"

Man, born of woman, is of few days and sorry teeth, and full of fool notions.

But yesterday he was too big for his breeches. To-day he is small potatoes and few in the hill, with the rows six feet wide. To-morrow—the good Lord knows what not.

Some people have sense, and some people have fits. RUFUS SANDERS.

Love's Young Dream.

Little Girl (at school)—What did the teacher send you here for?

Little Boy—She said I was bad, and must come over and sit with the girls.

"I like you. Can you stay long?"

"Guess not. I wasn't very bad."

"Well, you be badder next time."—N. Y. Weekly.

Literary Note.

Mrs. Brown—You dress is a perfect poem.

Mrs. Jones—My husband used blank verse when he saw the bill.—Town Topics.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

HEAVY COTTON YIELD.

A Georgia Planter Tells How He Made 7,089 Pounds of Seed Cotton on One Acre.

How did I make 7,089 pounds of seed cotton on one acre?

The prize acre of cotton made by me is a part of a field of eight acres, and has heretofore produced two and one-half bales to the acre, and the eight acres one year made a yield of three bales of cotton per acre. It is upland; the original growth oak and hickory, was cleared some fifty or sixty years ago; soil, a red, sandy loam and clay subsoil; was in corn in 1893 and oats in 1894. I prepared the acre by breaking deep early in January with a two-horse Dixie plow. First of April I cross plowed with Boy Dixie plow; opened furrows across the acre about two feet apart and about eight inches deep, and in those furrows I distributed 1,800 pounds of compost; listed on this compost with a long steel scooter; then broke it deep running diagonally across those lists. Run off rows four feet apart, opening wide furrows about eight inches deep, and put 800 pounds of compost in these rows or furrows. Run a long scooter in those furrows as deep as it could be plowed, mixing the compost with the soil; bedded on those furrows with Boy Dixie plow, small mould board, and planted the acre on the 20th of April.

When the cotton first came up, the plant did not look as strong and healthy as I thought it should, owing to the cool weather, but when the weather became warmer, the cotton grew off rapidly. It was plowed four times, using short scooter and heel scrape 22 inches long. The plowings were at intervals of about fifteen days. Was hoed twice, chopping to a stand two to two and a half feet apart, making stand four feet rows and two or two and a half in the drill, and plant in a place or hill. Good seasons prevailed until the 30th of June, drought from 30th of June until 4th of August. This acre of cotton did not seem to suffer very materially during the drought. From August 4th too much rain for cotton until September 12th, causing the cotton to shed or throw off some of its squares. From the 12th of September, the balance of the seasons were good for cotton, giving time for maturity of the young fruit.

The compost used was made by this formula: 2,100 pounds cotton seed and 1,000 pound acid phosphate and 100 pounds muriate of potash. This was manipulated or mixed with hose, and I put layers of this compost about eight inches in thickness, and layers of well decomposed stable manure about six or eight inches thick; put this away in pens. In hauling out to the field, had dug square down, mixing ingredients thoroughly.

The cotton seed used or planted I saved or improved by having careful hands go over the cotton fields and select the cotton from large and well-developed bolls and bolls having five locks. Planted the seed from this selection in a plat of ground apart from the other cotton, and selected again from this plat, and planted again the next year, and so on for five years. Now the seed I have from these selections are very fine and prolific. I have none for sale this year. I expect to select my seed again this year, and will grow enough to spare my farming friends.—W. G. Cross, in Southern Cultivator.

CULTIVATING ORCHARDS.

An Old Fruit Grower Lays Out the Safest Plan.

An old fruit grower says it is the safest plan to cultivate an orchard at least five years after it is planted. "But," says the general farmer, whose main interests are in other crops, "I do not raise fruit for sale except incidentally, and I can not afford the time from my more important money crops to regularly cultivate my orchard, unless there is some crop besides the fruit, which will pay me for the time and labor." While cultivating the orchard per se, is the ideal plan, there are certain minor crops, which might be denominated orchard crops, whose cultivation does not interfere with the development of the trees, and under the above conditions, which the farmer urges, it is highly advisable to plant them between the tree rows rather than leave the orchard entirely without cultivation. Deep plowing too near the tree should be avoided, but, until they attain their full development, there is ample space in the middle of the rows for corn, cotton, ground peas, sweet or Irish potatoes, melons—any crop, in fact, which requires constant cultivation. Grain of any kind should never be sown in an orchard, on penalty of permanent injury to the trees, not only because these crops prevent cultivation just at the season the trees need it most, but because they take from the soil the very elements most needed for their proper development. Any of the crops named may be cultivated without injury to the trees, provided always that the young tree roots are protected against injury from deep plowing; the plowing near the trees should always be shallow, and the limbs protected as far as possible from mutilation or other injury. After the trees have attained their growth a crop of late cow peas is an excellent enricher of the soil. When the trees reach the bearing stage, the orchard may be sown in grass or clover, if the sod is not allowed to stand more than three or four years. Hogs and poultry are good scavengers in an orchard, as they destroy many of the insect enemies, and also the fallen fruit, which is often a harbor for protecting and developing myriads of these pests. Cattle and horses should never be allowed to run in an orchard. We have seen one horse destroy in a few moments enough in value to pay for his food for a month.—Southern Cultivator.

BREEDING ANIMALS.

Careful Selection of Vital Importance to the Farmer.

Experience in swine breeding has taught the vital importance of carefully selected breeding stock. The following has been said by a writer. "Not only should the individual animal be healthy, thrifty, of constitutional vigor and have the desirable points of conformity, but the family whence it came particularly its ancestral line on the dam's side should be noted for the same characteristics. Unless we diligently look into this matter of heredity, we may purchase an animal, the good qualities of which are the results of accidental variation, and which has little power to transmit its desirable characteristics to its progeny. For this reason it is always best to buy from a reputable breeder who has demonstrated his skill and ability to maintain his herd in the highest condition of health and constitutional vigor for a considerable number of generations." The foregoing are some of the results achieved by our neighbor and brother breeder, Mr. J. L. Patton, who, no doubt, has forgotten more than some professional breeders ever knew of the business, and whom we will no doubt, have the pleasure of hearing from. Breeding animals should be carefully selected, equally, if not more so, than selecting your seed corn. They must have healthful surroundings and fed with an object in view—i. e., to give the most vigor and to necessitate health and growth, and by all means use mature animals, or largely so at least. By this rule, you will lessen greatly the chances of cholera striking your herd. It is no doubt largely due to this cause—breeding immature animals—that we have so much sickness in swine throughout the country; this, in addition to the niggardly way of keeping swine by many farmers, could we expect anything else?—Southern Cultivator.

For Beginners in Tobacco Culture.

A small crop well cultivated and cured will pay better than a large one half done.

A canvas-covered bed is the safest. The cloth costs very little and will doubly repay the cost of purchase.

Do not place the cloth too low over the plant bed; four or five inches above the plants is a good distance. Stretch it tight all around and do not let it sag in any place.

In making plant beds, while it must be well pulverized, do not bring the soil underneath on top. Dig straight down and chop up finely. The subsoil injures the plant if brought on top.

A deep, rich soil, overlaying a red clay subsoil, is best suited for dark, heavy shipping tobaccos. A gray, sandy or slaty top soil, with a yellow, porous subsoil, is best for yellow wrappers and smokers; these grades are in great demand and command better prices than any other.

In building houses, do not place them too near each other. Where you have plenty of room, put them from 40 to 60 feet apart. The danger from burning them is less.

Build your barns when you have nothing else to do. Make them good and tight, as you will save fuel and time by so doing.' Ventilation is needed, but you must have it so you can control it at will.

In order to make a success of tobacco culture, you must pay attention to every detail of cultivation. Remember that unless you give tobacco the attention it requires, you will not succeed. In fine tobacco there is good money, but of all crops tobacco requires the closest attention. If you do this, you will be rewarded for your labor and time in receiving good prices for your tobacco when it is put upon the market.—Dixie Farmer.

FORAGE CROPS.

They Are an Important Factor in Farm Economy.

Provide amply for all drafts on our food supplies by crops of millet, sorghum, forage corn, soja beans and peas. In our annual drought, which is to be expected and should be provided against, our pastures become more or less parched, and those succulent crops fill in a period when our stock might otherwise be deprived of green food, which contributes largely to their health and of which they are very fond. Besides feeding the stock, the peas and soja beans also feed the land, and if an extra area is planted, the hay or silage will be found a valuable addition to the winter ration for all farm animals. Sorghum has a three-fold value—as a green food, to furnish sirup and to aid in filling the silo. These crops may be planted at odd times from early spring until the middle of summer. Sorghum should be planted like corn, only closer in the drill. The rows for soja beans should be about two and one-half feet apart, the seed planted about twelve or fifteen inches in the drill. Broadcast the millet seed, about a bushel to the acre. Cow peas may be sown in the middle furrow at the last working of the corn, or broadcast; they may also be planted broadcast as a separate crop, and even if we fail to harvest them, the work and expense of their planting will be fully returned in their improvement of the land. We would not advise, however, and do not advocate the later plan. Cut the peas for hay or silage, or pasture them and turn under the roots stubble, which will furnish food for a succeeding crop. In feeding these green crops, care should be taken to limit the ration at first, or the animals may suffer from over-eating. Some dry food should be given with the green stuff.—Dixie Farmer.

HERE AND THERE.

—W. J. Joiner, near Tennille, Ga., last year, on a two-horse farm, made 20 bales of cotton from 24 acres, and 700 bushels of corn; 380 gallons of sirup; 5,00 pounds of meat, and peas and ground peas and chufas in great abundance.

—Northern men and corporations are interested in southern pine to a considerable extent. In Louisiana and Mississippi the pine land owned by them occupies 3,100 square miles, a total of 1,984,000 acres, of which 1,637,300 acres are in Louisiana and 351,700 acres in Mississippi.

—It will cost a little more to keep the hens upon a variety than to keep them wholly upon wheat or corn, but it will pay far better in the end, as it will keep them in better health and make them much more productive than they could be upon a continuous sameness of diet.

—Be easy with the growing colt and the growing boy. They can be made to do a full day's hard, exhausting work for awhile, but it doesn't pay. Overstrained boys make stunted, round-shouldered, listless, stupid men. Don't do it, even if the work does crowd a little in the busy season.

—Pullets are usually unreliable not only as sitters, but as mothers in caring for the brood, and while it is of course necessary to bring in some young pullets every year, yet it is not a good plan to place too much dependence upon them, and the safest plan is to keep really good mother hens as long as they prove themselves valuable.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—"Oh, you are not so hot," said the snow. To which the sun merely deigned to answer: "Come off the roof!"

—Gen. Pompuss—"I am to speak at a banquet to-night, and I want you to write my speech for me." Scribble—"What do you take me for—a gas-fitter?"—Truth.

—Theodora—"They say Miss B. celebrated her 16th birthday by attending the Leap Year ball." Priscilla—"What? A female medical student so young?" Theodora—"The ball was held on February 29, you know."—Wrinkle.

—Mr. Crimsonbeak—"The time for a person to learn is when he is young. As a proof of this, remember that a man never forgets his letters." Mrs. Crimsonbeak—"He may not forget his own, but I take notice he often forgets those of his wife."—Yonkers Statesman.

—Brown—"Just had a talk with Thumpmann, the pianist. He says that in the early part of his career the critics assailed him without mercy." Robinson—"Must have been discouraging." Brown—"It was. At one time he was on the point of having his hair cut."—Brooklyn Life.

—"Charley is so tender-hearted," said young Mrs. Torkins to her husband's friend." "Is he?" "Yes. Last night, when he came home late, I heard him tell somebody who had walked that far with him that the kitty was doing well. Just think of a man as busy as he is taking so much interest in a poor dumb animal!"

—Mr. Crusht—"This is the anniversary of our wedding day, love. To-day we have been married a year." Mrs. Crusht—"That's right, dearest; and what do you think of married life in the light of the year's experience?" Mr. Crusht—"I don't think at all, love; you have relieved me of all necessity for that."—Richmond Dispatch.

—Diamonds Innumerable.—"Excuse me, Mr. Barnothing," said the London lady to her very wealthy acquaintance, "but isn't mining very interesting?" "Very, ma'am." "I am very ignorant on that score. Tell me, do diamonds come in quartz?" "Oh, I suppose some people that work on a small scale get 'em that way; but I had 'em comin' in gallons, ma'am."—Washington Star.

HUNTING DOWN A BANDIT.

A Story That Illustrates Some Phases of Life in Corsica.

The other day I told your readers the story of Bonelli, who secured the price put on the head of a well-known brigand by murdering an old pilgrim and palming off his body as that of the brigand. An even stranger story remains to be told about the brigand himself. Casanova, commonly called Cappa, was already dead when Bonelli was beheaded. The story of his death is picturesque, and it breathes the ancient faithfulness and honor of the Corsican character.

"An Ajaccian friend," writes a correspondent in the island, "tells me that Cappa was horrified by the conduct of Bonelli, and, none the less, much affected by the news of the murderer's arrest. Cappa felt himself hemmed in on all sides, and fled to the mountains of Prunelli-di-Sium-Orbo. This district has been long famous for the courage and hardiness of its sons. In Louis XVIII.'s reign a few of its hillsmen kept 5,000 soldiers at bay. Here Cappa withdrew and hid himself in a lonely valley, watched over by shepherd friends, and here the hunted outlaw fell sick. The mountaineers tended him as well as they were able. An old priest also ministered to his comfort, and, while succoring the needy body, tried as well to play the 'soul friend' to the bandit. He influenced Cappa sufficiently to make him promise never again to use gun or knife in killing a fellow man.

"Cappa was still ill when the annual festa of a distant village came around. The shepherds had no fears for their guest. They did not know that spies were set to watch him. The men of the valley were seen leaving the place, and information was sent to the nearest gendarmerie. The sick man had with him only a few children, some of whom kept a look-out.

"The police, who were not in strong force, ventured with grave misgivings into the dangerous, scarcely known region. On perceiving them the youngsters gave the alarm, and the weak and ailing bandit seized his gun, making down a narrow path for a wall, beyond which was the Magnis—the outlaws' asylum, 'the heather' of the Scottish royalists, otherwise dear life, safety! When he had all but gained the wall he saw a single gendarme close to him.

"Cappa was a dead shot. In an instant he had covered his enemy. But he remembered his solemn promise to the old priest. He dropped his weapon and let the gendarme go free. The police are under orders to shoot down bandits as a keeper shoots down vermin. This fellow, of course, fired. Cappa was hard hit, but he dragged himself across the fence and into the thick covert—far he could not go. On his knees, clasping his gun with one arm, and with the other grasping a tree bole, his pursuers found him some hours afterward, stark and cold, quite dead."—Westminster Gazette.

Cats That Love Oysters.

"The greatest epicures in the matter of oysters that I ever knew of," said Jack, the oysterman, "are a coup' of cats, pets about the house here. They're passionately fond of oysters, and I guess each one of them could eat a couple of dozen a day if they got the chance. A peculiar thing about them is that they wouldn't think of eating an oyster unless they got it on the half shell. I might offer them a hundred shelled in a dish, but they'd turn up their noses and walk away. It's funny, but here's another thing that shows the sagacity of an oyster-eating cat; and cats, by the way, when they take to oysters at all, simply go wild over them. A friend of mine has a young Maltese cat that eats oysters like a fiend. Once a week the family has oysters, and that cat seems to know just when the oysters are coming, for it goes across the street to the market and watches for the oysterman to start out with the oysters for its master's house. Then the cat runs along after him, jumping up at the kettle and going through all sorts of crazy antics until the house is reached. The servant girl has to give the cat a dozen or more oysters before it is satisfied." — Philadelphia Record.

FATE THAT BEFALLS BIRDS.

Some of Them Commit Suicide and Others Die by Accident.

Many strange accidents have occurred to birds while feeding. An Irish naturalist once observed a dunlin behaving very curiously on the seashore. The bird rose in the air and flew for a short distance, then alighted and shook its head violently in a vain endeavor to detach a round lump observable upon its bill. The incumbrance proved to be a cockle which the dunlin had found open, and, innocently attempting to negotiate, had been trapped by it. This kind of bivalve accomplishment no less an authority than Mr. Tegetmier declares to be not at all uncommon on our shores. A Whitstable cockle recently bore testimony to the veteran naturalist's assertion by capturing a green linnet by one of its toes.

A poor little chaffinch was found dead in the neighborhood of Epsom a short time ago with its lower mandible firmly imbedded in the shell of a beech nut, that had become so inextricably fixed that the bird had died from starvation. A hen pheasant was not long since observed by a sportsman flying round and round in the most unaccountable fashion, and on being shot was discovered to have a large oak leaf impaled upon its beak so as to completely obscure its vision.

Herons sometimes choke themselves by attempting to swallow large trout, how large may be judged to some extent from the fact that I recently dissected a bird of this species in whose maw was a large water rat in a perfect state of preservation. An eider duck has been killed through attempting to swallow a toad, and a bullhead or "miller's thumb" has proved too much for a water rail, a little grebe, and a kingfisher. A member of the last named species was discovered a season or two back in a Cambridgeshire ditch by some sportsmen, unable to fly except for a short distance, and upon being caught and examined it was found that the bird had a young pike protruding from its gullet. As soon as the fish, which measured no less than four and three-quarters inches, was removed the kingfisher flew away, apparently none the worse for its experience.

Birds that employ hair in the building of their nests sometimes come to grief by hanging, but I should say very seldom indeed in the following singular manner. A gentleman who had a number of colts upon his farm one day noticed a small bird entangled in the long hair of the tail of one of them. The little creature had evidently been in search of material wherewith to line its nest and by some unaccountable accident had become entangled in the unkempt hair of the colt's tail. Cases of birds getting their feet entangled in bits of yarn or string are not at all uncommon, especially in the breeding season, and whenever the victim of this kind of mishap happens to get the impediment fastened in a tree or among stones death is pretty sure to be the result, unless prompt human aid is forthcoming. In the spring of the year, as everybody knows, the dead leaves of pampas grass fall to the ground and curl up like the shavings from a carpenter's bench. A correspondent mentions finding a poor robin which had accidentally got one of these pieces coiled around its neck so tightly that it was unable to feed and died of starvation.—Cornhill Magazine.

OLD CUSTOMS AT THE CAPITAL.

Hospitality Was One of the Chief Characteristics of the Residents.

Said a gentleman who has been a frequent sojourner at Washington during the last 40 years: "People nowadays have a distorted idea of the hospitality of ante-bellum times. The truth is that the customary hospitality of the national capital was southern hospitality and it was vastly different from the society and social customs of the present day. At that time if any man had expended $500 or $1,000 or $5,000 upon an entertainment of one evening he would have been regarded as unfit for association with leading men and women of that day. The mere expenditure of large sums of money would have savored too much of the shop and of the salesman. Senator Douglas was one of the most charming entertainers I have ever known. In common with other prominent men of the day he had his regular servants and they served refreshments such as were in those days to be found in the homes of the plain people and of the leading people of the country. No one ever heard of set dinners with regular decorations in a stilted manner, such as prevail at the present time. The entertainments were of a primitive nature, that is to say, they were of a homelike nature.

"Another thing that appears to me as remarkable is the change which has occurred in official life in the national capital. In the days before the war it was customary for gentlemen from the south who came to Washington as members of the house of representatives or as senators each to bring with him a young man, who was to act as private secretary, for the purpose of being trained in politics, because politics was the gentlemanly profession of the southern people at that time. The private secretary of a representative or of a senator was regarded as a student of politics and his standing was such as a student of Yale or Harvard might obtain in the cities where those institutions are. According to his family history and ancestry and his own personal merit, the private secretary of a senator or representative was received in society and he was regarded as a highly favored gentleman. Nearly all of these young men attained or achieved distinction as officers or soldiers in the confederate army during the civil war and a number of them have become members of congress since the conflict closed." — Washington Cor. Philadelphia Times.

Concessions in Japan.

The Japanese government is very much opposed to granting concessions for public improvements or conveniences to foreigners, and will soon pass laws similar to those in the United States governing industries, as telegraph, telephone, street car, electric light and railway companies. Stock may be held by foreigners, but the management must be retained in native hands. —Chicago Chronicle.

A Teacher Without Self-Restraint.

Belle—I understand that Ned Harding is teaching you to whistle. How are you getting on?

Nell—Oh, well, I can't whistle much as yet. You see, Ned always interrupts just as soon as I have puckered up my lips.—Somerville Journal.