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 20, 1896. VOL. XXI.—NO. 25.

THE LAST.

When the shadows steal o'er hill and sea,
A voice should softly whisper unto me:
To-day has been thy last of grief and tears,
To-day has brought thy last of doubts and fears—
The last of trials and deep agony—
Before the morrow's sun He calleth thee"—

I wonder would my heart-throbs almost cease,
Awed into stillness, and a glad, sweet peace,
That soon the King's own voice would call to me,
That soon His wondrous beauty I should see—
That ere the morning's glow was in the sky,
To life and love my lips would smile "good bye?"

I wonder would I cry unto the past
Me eagerly and yearningly to cast
The moments back again, down at my feet,
That I might fill them all with blessings sweet—
That of the hearts I caused one bitter pain,
My heart might plead forgiveness o'er again?

Would there be time for willful thoughts of wrong,
Would not my soul breathe out a trusting song,
That till the King His messenger should send,
His love would guard me, keep me till the end?
Would I not plead once more to be forgiven,
That I might find a jar the gates of Heaven?

For some one, ere shall close the sunset gates
Of this glad day, the King's own glory waits,
For some one, ere the stars their vigils keep,
Waileth the dreaming of that long, long sleep.
Ah, may we live, that when this day is past,
We could smile gladly, though it were our last.

—Alice J. Cleator, in Ladies' World.

A FREIGHT CAR INCIDENT.

BY STEPHEN CRANE.

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"Remember that time, major?" said the railroad man.

"You bet I do," rejoined the major.

"Go ahead and tell it," said the others.

The major lifted his glass and carefully scrutinized the bright liquid. "Well, Tom's line, you see, was just being put through the interior of the state at that time, and one day he asked me to go out with him to some little town which he was going to open with an auction sale of lots and free beer and sandwiches for the people, and all that, you know. Well, I went along, and there was a big freight car loaded down with kegs and provisions. Everybody was having a great time. Tom got ill during the sale, so he went into a little shanty to lie down, while I went over to the freight car to get some ice to put on his head. I was in the car scouting around after ice when, all of a sudden, some one slammed the door to, and made the inside of the car as dark as pitch. Then somebody in the darkness began to swear like a pirate, and I heard him swing his revolver loose. I began to see the game then. It seems that there was a fellow around there that a good many people

"WHO'S THE FELLER THAT SHET ME IN THAT CAR?"

wanted to kill, and they said they were going to kill him that day at the sale, too. Somebody had pointed him out to me during the morning, and I had heard him brag, so I recognized this voice in the darkness. I think he decided that they had slammed the door on him so that when he opened it to come out they could get a good fair chance to make a sieve of him. The way that man swore was positively frightful.

"He wasn't very good company, either. I stood still so long that I felt the bones in my legs creak like old timbers, and I didn't breathe any harder than a canary bird. He went on swearing at a great rate.

"I began to think of Tom and his pain, wishing he had died rather than I had come for that ice.

"At last I found that I had got to move. There was no help for it. My legs refused to support me in this position any longer. My head was growing dizzy, and if I didn't change my attitude I would fall down. I hadn't remained motionless for so very long, either, but in a darkness where a man can't tell whether he is standing on his feet or his ears, the faculty of balance isn't much to be counted on. My heart stopped short when I felt myself sway, but I shifted one foot quickly, and there I was again. But that accursed foot had made a squeak.

"The fellow listened for a moment, and then he yelled: 'Who's in here?'

"I didn't say a word, but just dropped down to the floor as easy as a sack of grain.

"He listened for a time, and then bellowed out again: 'Who's in here?' I reckon he figured that it wasn't one of his enemies, or they would have got him while he was swearing to himself over in the corner.

"'Who's in here! Come along now, whoever, and speak up or I'll begin t' bore holes in yeh! Who er yeh, anyway? Whistle some now, er I'll fair think yer is.'

"I was beginning to get mad as a hornet. I could fairly hear that fellow backing himself into a rage and getting more crazy every minute. All the cars were up in one corner, and when I was around with one hand I couldn't see a thing to get behind. Every second I expected to hear him begin to work his gun, and if you have ever lain in the darkness and wondered at what precise spot the impending bullet would strike, you know how I felt. So when he yelled out again: 'Who er you?' I spoke up and said: 'It's only me.'

"'Thunder,' cried he, in a roar like a bull. 'Who's me! Give yer hull name an' pedigree, mister, if yeh ain't fond of reg'lar howling row!'

"'I'm from Houston,' said I.

"'Houston,' said he, with a snort. 'An' what er yeh doin' here, stranger?'

"'I came to the sale,' I told him.

"'Hum,' said he; and then he remained still for some time over in his end of the car.

"I was congratulating myself that I ran no more chance of trouble with this fiend, and that the whole thing was now a mere matter of waiting for some merciful fate to let me out, when suddenly the fellow said: 'Mister!'

"'Sir?' said I.

"'Open that there door!'

"'Er—what?'

"'Open that there door!'

"'Er—the door to the car?'

"He began to froth at the mouth, I think. 'Sure,' he roared. 'Th' doot t' th' car! There haint 50 doors here, be ther! Slid er open, or else, mister, you be a goner sure!' And then he cursed my ancestors for 15 generations.

"'Well—but—look here,' said I. 'Ain't—look here—ain't they going to shoot as soon as anybody opens that door. It—'

"'None of your business, stranger,' the fellow howled. 'Open that there door, er I'll everlastin'ly make er ventilator of yeh. Come on, now! Step up!' He began to prowl over in my direction. 'Where are yeh? Come on now, galoot! Where are yeh? Oh, jest lemme lay my ol' gun agin yeh an' I'll fin' out! Step up!'

"This cat-like approach in the darkness was too much for me. 'Hold on,' said I, 'I'll open the door.'

"He gave a grunt and paused. I got up and went over to the door.

"'Now, stranger,' the fellow said. 'Es soon as yeh open th' door, jest step enside an' watch Luke Burnham peel th' skin off er them skunks.'

"'But, look here'—said I.

"'Stranger, this hain't no time t' arger! Open th' door.'

"I put my hand on the door and prepared to slide my body along with it. I had hoped to find it locked, but unfortunately it was not. When I gave it a preliminary shake, it rattled easily, and I could see that there was going to be no trouble in opening the door.

"I turned toward the interior of the car for one last remonstrance. 'Say, I haven't got anything to do with this thing. I'm just up here from Houston to go to the sale—'

"But the fellow howled again: 'Stranger, er you makin' a fool 'a me?'

"'Hold on,' said I. 'I'll open the door.'

"I got all prepared, and then turned my head. 'Are you ready?'

"'Let 'er go!'

"He was standing back in the car. I could see the dull glint of the revolvers in each hand.

"'Let 'er go!' he said again.

"I braced myself, and put one hand out to reach the end of the door, then with a groan, I pulled. The door slid open, and I fell on my hands and knees in the end of the car.

"'Well,' said the fellow. I turned my head. There was nothing to be seen but blue sky and green prairie, and the little group of yellow board shanties with a red auction flag and a crowd of people in front of one of them.

"The fellow swore and flung himself out of the car. He went prowling off toward the crowd with his guns held barrels down and with his nervous fingers on the triggers. I followed him at a respectful distance,

"As he came near to them he began to walk like a cat on wet pavements, lifting each leg away up. 'Where is he? Where is th' white-livered skunk what slammed thet door on me? Where is he? Where is he? Let, 'im show hisself! He dassent! Where is he? Where is he?'

"He went among them bellowing in his bull fashion, and not a man moved. 'Where's all the galoots what was goin' t' shoot at me? Where be they? Let 'em come! Let 'em show theirselves! Let 'em come at me! Oh, there's them here as has got guns hangin' to 'em, but let 'em pull 'em! Let 'em pull 'em onct! Jest let 'em tap 'em with their fingers, an' I'll drive a stove hole through every last one's their low-down hides! Lessee a man pull a gun! Lessee! An' lessee th' man what slammed th' door on me. Let him projuce himself, th'—' and he cursed this unknown individual in language that was like black smoke.

"But the men with guns remained silent and grave. The crowd for the most part gave him room enough to pitch a circus tent. When the train left he was still roaring around after the man who had slammed the door."

"And so they didn't kill him after all," said some one at the end of the narrative.

"Oh, yes, they got him that night," said the major. "In a saloon somewhere. They got him all right."

Easily Done.

Ticket Agent (at railroad station)—I wish some way could be invented to keep men away from the ladies' window.

Bystander—Easy enough. Put the sign "For Ladies Only" on the other window.—N. Y. Weekly.

HE TALKS TO HIMSELF.

The Sage of Rocky Creek Gets Into a Contemplative Mood.

Fool Politics Make Fool People—Looking Backward—The Man and the Boy—At Peace with the General Government.

Hit was on a raw and gusty day in the windy month of March, and says I to myself, fool politics makes fool people. Down there on the old Jackson Trail road the other side of Panther Creek bridge I met up with old man Tobe Murray. He was drivin a yoke of oxen to a covered wagon. He had one cow and three dogs and all the rest of his family along with him. After passin the reglar compliments in regards to the weather and the crops, I wanted to know if they were runnin away, or movin out west, or travelin around or jest naturally goin somewheres.

A Joyful Old Candidate.

"We have forever shook the sands of Panther creek from our unhallowed feet, Rufe, and we are now movin up to town," old man Tobe come back at me. "I have sold out in the old settlement, lock, stock and barrel. I have rented a fine house in town with green bay windows and lightnin rods on it, and henceforwards from now on old man Murray and his folks will keep company with the highristocracy.

"You must recollect, Rufe, that I am the next high sheriff of the county," old man Tobe went on, waxin warm and joyful as he went, "and I thought I mought as well to move up to town and git ready for the business—git familious with the documents before I go up agin the game, as it were.

"Of course the election aint come off as yet, Rufe, but Tobe Murray aint nobody's natural-born blame fool, and I don't have to wait forever to see which way the cat will jump. I have done been the rounds and counted the noses, and the people are most all for me. In all the rounds I didn't meet up with but a few scatterin votes that aint flat-footed for Tobe Murray for high sheriff. By gollys, Rufe, I have got the thing in a sack and gone with it. All I have got to do is to wait till the returns come in and then proceed with the proceedins."

With that old man Tobe laughed and laughed till he laughed all over himself, so to speak, and then him and his folks driv on towards town.

"Foggy Up the Creek."

Now then. The primary election come to pass as usual one day last week. The weather was clear as a bell on election day, but as the returns came in and before the sun went down it was lookin tremendius foggy up the creek for old man Tobe. And when finally at last they swung down under the wire it was plain to a man on the grand stand that the candidate from Panther Creek was the hindmost horse in the race.

Old man Tobe he got left. He likewise also got foamin mad. But the other fellow got the votes.

The very next day old man Tobe lit out for the Panther Creek settlement. He wouldn't take a meal of victuals nor hit a lick of sleep till he rued the trade and got holt of his farm and farmin fixments oncst more. He is now ready to give up his town house and return back to the old lick log, where he belongs.

"I am plum satisfied with the way in which the democrats run, and I am more than willin to quit the game as it now stands," says old man Tobe to me right after the storm. "But it really hurts me, Rufe, when I think about how many of my horny-handed fellow citizens are silver-tongued liars. Dad blame 'em, the woods are full of 'em!"

And that's what makes me say to myself, says I:

Fool politics makes fool people.

Never count your chickens till the old hen comes off.

The mainest thing is the votes.

Looking Backward.

I do reckon about the most lonesomest thing in this world is a rale lonesome man. And as for me, when I git one these big lonesome spells on me I will stoop mighty low down for company. I have seen the time when I was so hard run for company till I would talk in my sleep. Sometimes I go out and talk to the horses and the dogs. And then sometimes, when I can't do no better, I pitch in and talk to myself.

So the other day I was down in the orchard sunnin my old clothes, and watchin the bees hum and hustle, and listenin at the birds, and smellin of the apple blossoms, when presently I got to talkin and argifyin with myself at a scandalous rate. When I got back to the house mother lowed I must be practicin for a stump speech or goin crazy. But I was neither.

Rufus Sanders, says I to myself, these fine spring mornins are pleasant to look upon, but they have got a mighty fetchin way of startin a man's thinkin machinery off on the back trail, now ain't that so? We can swell up and talk big about bein a man amongst men and havin a head as big as a hamper basket and the like of that. But, by jingo, when the apple blossoms bloom, and the birds sing sweet and constant, and it seems like everything is breakin out in a fresh place—then your mind turns backwards and goes plungin off towards the old home down there in the old settlement. You couldn't catch by the tail with a steel trap big enough for bear and hold it back. Say, Rufe, how would you like it if we could call back these many years and be a boy oncst more? How would it suit you to dig some grub worms this mornin and go fishin over on Caney branch? The sap is up now—how would you like to run away and go swimmin in the old mill pond, or cut some hickory sprouts and make whips and whistles? Wouldn't it be bully times if a whole passle of us boys and girls could fling in together and hunt for honeysuckles and sweet violets, or play mumble peg, or build flying Jennies?

But honest Injun, Rufe, comin right down to business and rock bottom, would the grown man love to swap places with the boy? Do we raley want to throw down the hand we now hold, and draw to others which we know not of? We haven't got so very high up I know, climbin as best we could, but would it suit us to turn loose and drap back down the ladder and take another pull from the first round? Would it pay to spit on the old slate and spile out and start over? Take a good look at all the surroundin circumference, Rufe, and see what a general, all-around spile out would mean for you and me. We have come over a long and rough and dusty road—sometimes up and sometimes down—and by now we ought to know that the time to count the costs is before you take the trip. We will stop right now and count up the costs of this business, and then I reckon we will turn around and come back before we start.

Stacking Up "The Costs."

Now, what would it cost the old man to spile out and swap places with the boys? You would then have a home with the old folks, but you wouldn't have a foot of land, nor a horse, nor a cow, nor a pig—nothin which you could call your own in your full and proper name. You could play a little around the edges, as it were, but you would have to work a whole tremendius big lot. You would have to take holt and turn off all the various and sundry odds and ends and jobs that mought naturally fall to a peart and handy boy. And that wouldn't be so very infernal nice and pleasant, would it? Blamed if the very thoughts don't make me tired and hungry and sleepy.

But that aint all, by a whole lot. If we was to take and spile out for a new deal you wouldn't have mother and the babies. How in the round created world could you put up with that, you blasted old idiot? You mought maybe come over the old trail and fall in love with the same girl and git married to the same. But there aint no tellin. Men aint quite altogether as skeerce around Rocky Creek as they use to be. Some other youngster mought pull in ahead and turn up Jack and block your game next time. Then you mought have to wiggle and worry through without mother and the babies. Nobody to smooth down the wrinkles, and pull out the silver threads, and let in the sunshine, and brush away the tears, and sew on the buttons, and darn the socks, and patch your Sunday breeches. Nobody to pout and cry for dolls, and picture books, and new shoes, and bear stories, and swings and playhouses and rocky horses, and the good Lord knows what not.

No more of that, Rufe, says I to myself. The spile out don't go. It would cost too outrageous much.

You are a bloomin, beautiful old rooster to be raisin a rumpus with fate anyhow, I went on with myself. This world has been monstrous kind and good with you, Rufus Sanders. You have been young oncst, and now you are old, but we have never yet seen the righteous man around at the kitchen window beggin cold grub. You raley ought to spend half of your time readin the Scriptures and sayin Amazin Grace. We have been wild and wayward in our generation, and in spite of all that could be said or done our wanderin feet have sometimes straggled out of the good and narrow way. But so far as the record runs we have never run up the white feather in a fight or took up with anything that didn't belong to us. We have met the enemy at the dead line, and no man ever come around by our house spillin for a fight but what he got accommodations. We have helt up the good name and standin of the Sanders generation, and we have never yet got called when we couldn't show down. We have got a pleasant place to live, with clothes to wear and plenty to eat.

The time has now come, Rufus, when about the last thing we can do is to let the checkrein down and take a good, safe, steady gait. The faster a man goes and the higher up he climbs the worse it will be for everybody if somethin happens to slip and break his holt. Sometimes, if you notice, the good Lord lifts a man way up yonder in orderment to show he can fall the further and hit the harder when the grand smashup comes. It won't do to git too allfired peart and proud and prosperous in your old age. Set the back band right. Take your time.

Me and the Government.

There is another thing, Rufe, for me and you to shake hands over and be glad about, says I to myself. We are movin along smooth and easy without kickin up any big dust to speak of with the general government. If the shebang aint agin us we are not agin the shebang. All we want is an open field and a fair fight—then let the best man win. Blessed be God, we are sprung from the aristocracy of simple homes and honest hearts and hard knuckles, and if we can't swim without a full set of government gourds around us, by jings we can stay out of the water.

No doubts you have heard tell of the big scheme some of the candidates are fixin up so a man can borrow all the money he wants by puttin his farm producements in soak with the general government. We will be agin that move on general principles. They say Dunk Strickland has got a little one-eyed, slab-sided, wobbledy-legged, razor-back steer, which he wants to put in soak for $50. He maintains if other people can soak their lands and their crops he can soak his steer, cause he aint got nothin else, and every man is free and equal in this great country. That would be a big thing for Dunk, you understand, but if we start the soakin business with the government nobody knows for certain where it would stop. As for us, we couldn't soak our corn and cotton and seed potatoes if we had done been and run heels over appetite in debt, and so long as we don't owe nothin we can keep the stuff here at home, or sell it and put the money away in the family chist.

Consequentially, says I to myself, if it ever comes to that pass where we can't make tongue and buckle meet without soakin somethin with the government, then I will move that we go and put our blame fool head in soak.

RUFUS SANDERS.

Parliamentary Compliments.

Talking of parliamentary success, there is a story that Mr. Disraeli once said to Sir William Harcourt: "He has the three essential qualifications for success in politics—a fine person, a loud voice, and no principles." This saying was repeated to Sir William Harcourt, who observed that, "leaving out the first two qualifications, it might almost be applied to 'Dizzy' himself."—London Saturday Review.

Texas raised last year 150,000,000 bushels of corn, which is an increase of 30 per cent. over any preceding year.

WOMAN AND HOME.

DRAWING-ROOM SCREEN.

Although Rather Elaborate, One Can Be Made at Moderate Expense.

There is no minor article of furniture perhaps that is more useful in a house than a pretty screen. Every drawing-room should possess one, for it contributes largely to its coziness, especially in the winter months. To purchase a really nice screen, ready-made, a good round sum must be expended, and even then the article purchased may not prove satisfactory. I am giving, therefore, a practical suggestion for a home-made screen, which, if properly carried out, will result in a charming and useful addition to the drawing-room.

For the framework of my screen, an ordinary two-leaf clothes-horse will answer admirably; but if a particular size and width be desired, a working carpenter will knock you up what you require for a trifle.

Having your framework ready, cover it with a strong unbleached calico. This will be best done by using small black brads, and covering each leaf separately. The calico should be strained very tightly from side to side, and plenty of brads used in the nailing. When these preliminaries are accomplished the frame is ready for its ornamental covering.

The materials required will be as follows: Fine olive-green cloth to cover the screen quite plainly on the outside, a yard of lemon-colored velveteen, and sufficient eau-de-Nil pongee silk to line the inside of the screen, and to cover half of the front. I am unable to give quantities of material in this instance, as I have not suggested any particular size for the screen, which may vary with the tastes of the reader, and the actual making is what I wish to make clear to you.

It will be seen by the sketch that the ornamentation of the screen consists of a flight of butterflies upon one leaf and the lower half of the second. These are fashioned from the lemon-colored velveteen, and should be cut out from a paper pattern, which may be varied in various positions according to the ingenuity of the worker, and it is a pretty idea to have the butterflies graduating in size from large to very small.

These, when cut out, can be fixed on to the cloth in two or three ways;

THE SCREEN.

if needlework is not cared for the pretty insects can be fastened to the cloth with good and clear liquid glue, gilding the edges of the wings afterwards with a little paint applied with a camel-hair brush. The other method is to applique the butterflies on, using a fine gold thread for the purpose; in both cases the effect will be very pretty.

When this ornamentation is complete, and a glance at the sketch will give an idea of the arrangement, the cloth must be tightly strained over the frame, each leaf separate, using small fancy nails for the purpose of fixing, and being very careful to turn in all edges quite neatly. It will be found best to cut a narrow strip of cloth with which to cover the screen where the two leaves join, and this should be nailed tightly and smoothly as a last item.

Having then covered the screen, the upper half of one leaf should be further adorned by a full gathered piece of the eau-de-Nil silk, as seen by the sketch. We then come to the inside of the screen, and this is lined entirely with the eau-de-Nil silk, slightly gathered from top to bottom. A small light photographic shelf can be, if liked, fixed across the top of each leaf, and a few pretty fancy brass hooks screwed in the spar that goes across the center will be found most useful for hanging the work bag, etc., upon. Your screen is now complete, and all that is required for a finishing touch are a few yards of gold tinsel lace insertion with which to edge the screen top and bottom. My design is, perhaps, a little elaborate, but it would not prove expensive.—Madame.

Cooking Cabbage Without Odor.

Many housekeepers decline to have cabbage cooked in their kitchens because of the disagreeable odor with which the vegetable fills the house. If the servant would but obey the following directions this objection would be reduced to a minimum. In the first place the saucepan should be the largest the menage affords, and must contain enough water to entirely cover the cabbage. This saucepan must be placed on the hottest part of the range and the water be at a galloping boil before the cabbage is put in, and must be kept at a boil until the vegetable is done. Last of all the lid must not be put on the saucepan during the whole process of cooking.

Salad Served in Red Apples.

At a recent luncheon the salad, which was the now extremely popular one of apples and celery with a mayonnaise, was served in bright red apples. The top of the apple was taken off neatly, the meat scooped out till the walls were about half an inch thick, and the shell filled with the salad. Every apple rested on a bed of green cress. The apples want to be prepared as near the time of serving as possible, to prevent the resting of the edges. Served in this way the course is a pretty novelty, though on the same lines as tomato shells, or those of green pepper for the meat or fish salad of a green and white luncheon.

Potato Souffle.

Add to two pounds of mashed potatoes a little butter, seasoning to taste, and a gill of milk. Into a stewpan put half a pint of milk and four tablespoonfuls of butter; let boil together one minute, then stir in three ounces of flour, and continue stirring until a smooth, thick paste; then stir in the potatoes and the well-beaten yolks of four eggs, work well together, and then add the whites of the eggs, beaten to a firm froth. Pour the mixture into a souffle basin and bake in a moderate oven for one hour. When done, serve immediately.—Good Housekeeping.

NEW THINGS IN LAMPS.

How Many Familiar Bits of Bric-a-Brac Are Utilized Nowadays.

In these days, when everything from an ink bottle to a tea caddy is utilized for a lamp foundation, with, too, it must be admitted, varying success, a really graceful novelty is not to be overlooked. Such a one, seen recently, was a lamp evolved from an Italian wine bottle. Into the long, slender neck of a large wicker-bodied Chianti flask was inserted one of the delicate glass lamp bulbs to be found in the leading shops. The shade, a most harmonious accompaniment to this effective conceit, was of fine sprigged muslin gathered very full over a lining of white silk. The gay red and blue silk pompoms which the Italian manu-

CHIANTI BOTTLE LAMP.

facturer, with his native love of color, never fails to fasten to the wicker casing of his wine bottle, were left, and afforded the only brilliant tones in the dainty novelty.

Another lamp to be desired, seen in a studio noted for its fascinating collection of old brasses and glass, was fashioned of one of the brass milk cans which are among the finds of Holland. The can had been slightly beaten and highly polished, and into its four-inch neck was fitted a lamp fount. A yellow silk shade added the finishing touch.

In the den of a bachelor a foundation for a lamp has been laid with three Turkish daggers. Their handles, resting on the table, the curved blades hold the fount. The original thought which designed this unique ornament has carried out the oriental scheme in the shade, which is made of a brightly striped silk scarf of Turkey.

The fortunate possessor of two tall, single candelabra of the Empire period has, with the aid of a pale yellow and a turquoise blue lamp bulb and shade to match, added two of the most charming illuminating vehicles imaginable to her artistic menage. The same little housewife has supplied a much-desired blue and white lamp for a white dining-room by purchasing for a mere song a tall candlestick of imitation Delft and supplying it with a white porcelain bulb and a shade made of blue and white Japanese crepe.

An inexpensive and in every way satisfactory toilet lamp is easily evolved from any one of the pretty porcelain candlesticks picked up occasionally, at a very small investment, in the leading crockery houses. The simple old brass and silver candlesticks that are a heritage from our grandmothers will also be found very available for the same purpose.—N. Y. Times.

HOW TO REGAIN YOUTH.

Busy Women Should Rest at Least One Hour Every Day.

Busy women continually resolve to "take things easier," "to rest on their oars for a season," and drift on the river of indolence, if only one hour a day. We embark on the daily voyage fully intending to do this, but before nightfall realize that we have been shipwrecked on the Scylla of duties, real or imaginary, or engulfed in the Charybdis of social hurry.

Why not really make up our minds that one hour daily should be devoted to recreation or resting in some manner? Either we will walk an hour, lie down an hour, read an hour, sew, knit, do fancy work, visit or chat with a congenial friend for an hour. In short, we will overturn our common methods for one brief space daily. The result of a month's fair trial of this plan will encourage to further effort in the same direction, and in faithful observance of some such system we shall renew our "youth like the eagles," while many of the worn and toilsome places will take on new beauties "and blossom as the rose."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Red Manicure Salve Is Vulgar.

Women never cared more carefully for their nails than now, but the woman of taste avoids extremes in this as in all things. Pink nails are admired because a perfect nail should be thin enough to show the rosy blood beneath, but a nail glowing with the red salve of the toilet table is no better liked than lips and cheeks which owe their brilliancy to the rouge pot. Nor is an artificial polish to be recommended; the natural gloss should be maintained and heightened. The best authorities forbid the use of the nail-brush. Any dust or soil may be removed with a bit of cotton wound around a wooden toothpick or bit of orange wood; the small emery boards which are sold everywhere for the purpose keep the under surface of the nail so smooth that little or nothing can adhere.

Round and Oblong Table Cloths.

Round and oblong cloths with circular borders come in various sizes for dining tables so shaped. Floral designs predominate largely in these, the clover leaf, pansy and chrysanthemum taking the lead as favorites. The handsomest ones, however, of this kind are of plain linen, known as butcher's linen, these decorated by a three-inch insertion of renaissance lace and a hemstitched strip and edging corresponding in design with the lace.

Cloth to Spare.

"I thought your father refused to buy you any bloomers?"

"He did."

"Or even any cloth from which to make them?"

"He did."

"But you have a pair?"

"I made them out of one of the sleeves of an old gown."—Chicago Evening Post.

Doing His Best.

The orator means well, no doubt,
For ruthlessly his brain he'll rack,
To compensate in quantity
For what the quality may lack.

—Washington Star.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

A JERSEY HERD.

Some Hints in Regard to Its Management by a Mississippi Farmer.

The following is an extract from a paper read before the Mississippi Stock-Breeders' association by J. W. Wright, of Meridian, Miss.:

Starting with the only sure foundation, of good blood, good individuals, the intelligent breeder should steadily elevate the charcter of his stock.

Good management must include wise selection of the herd; and in this business it is always wise to see the sires and dams of the animals with which you propose to found your herd, or else rely upon a breeder of reputation. Too much care can not be used in the selection of the bull to head your herd. His majesty appears in the pedigree of your younger herd as often as all your cows together. Look closely to the qualities of his dam great sons have strong mothers in the lower animals as in man. I; would rather use a bull, a son of a real dairy queen, be she as old-fashioned as a crinoline, than to use a son of a weedy cow with the most fashionable pedigree, and no she values the great excellence of pedigree more than I. I simply mean the cow must be a great individual. So far as practicable this same care should be used in the selection of the females. Look at colors last. All colors are good in good cows. As the witty editor of the Jersey Bulletin has said: "White hairs do not harm so long as they are kept out of the butter." Breed for a type. Fix in your mind what you want. Then select and mate for those results.

As to mating, avoid like unfavorable characteristics in the pair. If your cow is inferior in any particular mate her with a bull whose dam was full in that particular, and so avoid intensifying the weakness but hope to breed it out. Breed only when both are in a thrifty condition. The age matters less. After one year old, size, thriftiness and vigor should determine. And in these words lies half the secret of successful breeding. Keep your animals thrifty. From the day they are born feed them enough to keep them growing, not fat, but strong and hearty. As to what shall be fed let each breeder determine for himself, as circumstances may effect him. Of course it is desirable to use the most economical food that will produce the desired results, but the results must be attained at any cost. I suppose it is needless to suggest to this body the necessity of good shelter from wind and rain. However, there are stockowners outside this body who never think of providing shelter for their stock. At calving time provide the cow a separate box stall. There is nothing better for bedding for cows about to calve than yellow pine shavings or sawdust. The turpentine in the wood furnishes, I believe, a disinfectant, so that the chances of loss by absorption of poisonous matter through the navil is reduced to a minimum. At any rate, since I began using it my losses of calves have been few. Except in bare cases the cow will take care of herself and her calf. It is well to have a nursing bottle handy. It sometimes happens that a good calf is weak at birth. If in such cases the calf does not rise in a reasonable length of time a half pint of milk drawn from its mother into the nursing bottle and fed to the youngster will work wonders. In cases of retention of afterbirth, do not attempt removal unless a qualified veternarian be present. Content yourself with the injection of a solution of bi-chloride of mercury in the proportion of one part of bi-chloride to 2,000 of warm water. The placenta will be discharged in a day or two, and no bad results like blood poisoning will follow. After the first day or two the calf should be taken away from its mother. It seems needless to say that a calf should not be allowed to suck a dairy cow. Test your cows either with the Babcock or the churn. Find out which are the paying ones, and make records for them. And, finally, know that they are properly milked. A poor milker can destroy the usefulness of a good cow in a short time, whilst he can never develop her to her full capacity. There is no feature of the entire business of running a herd more necessary to success than skillful milking.

When it comes to placing them on the market, sell them for what they are. If you have an inferior animal and desire to sell it rather than butcher it, sell it as a cull and take a corresponding price. It is not only honesty but good policy to do so. Values represented in Jersey cattle are as staple to-day as in any class of property, and it promises to so continue. And why should it not be so? The renowned representatives of these beautiful animals of our affectionate admiration won every point except beef weight at the Columbian Exposition in a series of contests, the like of which the world never saw before, extending over several months. The Jersey cow is the dairy breed par excellence. The Jersey cow is the practical money maker, the ornament of the lawn, the friend of man.

The Cow Pea.

The following is a summary from Stubb's Bulletin, on the cow pea, Louisiana Experiment station:

1. The origin of the cow pea was doubtless India, where to-day many related species are grown.

2. All the varieties of the cow pea now cultivated in the United States are believed to have originated from one ancestor, "Vigna sinensis," and that the numerous so-called varieties can be greatly reduced in number.

3. The best varieties of peas for vines and green manuring are the Unknown, Black Clay, Red, etc., while the strictly bunch varieties, Whippoorwill, Blue, Black-Eye, etc., give larger returns in peas.

4. The composition of peas and pea vine hay exhibits large feeding values, as well as high fertilizing properties.

5. Cow pea vines can be converted into hay or preserved as silage, both of which are proven by repeated experiments to be palatable and nutritious food for farm stock.

6. The cow pea occupies the front rank among the leguminous plants as a soil renterer, enjoying largely the common property of this family of utilizing the free nitrogen of the air; an average pea crop accumulating over one hundred pounds of nitrogen per acre.

7. A rotation of crops is imperatively demanded by scientific agriculture, and any system of rotation in the south which omits the cow pea is an egregious blunder.

8. A three years' rotation with five crops, two of which are cow peas, especially with appropriate fertilizer for each crop, has been found most effective in building up worn soils.

9. The proper disposition to make of pea vines is to convert into hay or silage feed for stock, carefully returning the manure therefrom to the soil. The digestive co-efficients of peas and pea vine hay are high. In the absence of stock to consume the hay the vines should be turned under.

10. The proper time to turn under vines will depend largely on soil and exigencies of the farmer. True economy would dictate the turning under in early fall, and the sowing of the ground later in some winter crop, small grain, grass or clovers, and these in turn to be buried if a spring crop be desired.

Remedies to Poultry Raisers for Profit.

Always carefully look over your flock once a day, and if you see any birds mopy or drooping their wings, remove them then and there, as one ill bird may effect all the rest.

Always keep some Epsom salts and sweet oil by you, as you may want them at any moment.

Always give just enough food at one time that it will all be eaten up; none should be left lying around.

Always give as great a variety of food as possible; constant change of diet is the way to get the chickens on.

Always give your birds a little hempseed and cooked meat when moulting.

Always keep the floors of the houses and coops well covered with sand or ashes.

Always rake the droppings off every morning. Cleanliness is a great preventive of sickness.

Always keep a sharp look-out for vermin, and eradicate them as quickly as possible.

Always do little odd jobs that want doing at once. "Procrastination is the thief of time," and often a nail here or a tack there will save an hour's work.

Always buy your food in as large quantity as possible, as you will then generally be able to get it at a cheaper rate.

Always keep a strict account of all you buy or sell. By treating your hobby in a thoroughly business way you will derive a greater pleasure by seeing exactly how much profit you have earned.

Always be particular when writing a description of what you have to sell to an intending purchaser; this often saves a lot of unpleasantness.

Always remember that promptness in replying to letters is the way to secure customers.

Always remember that by continually advertising you bring your name before the public, and thereby build up a substantial business.—English Farmers' Gazette.

Raising the Calf.

It is of the utmost importance whether the calf is raised for the dairy or for the butcher that its digestion be kept in perfect condition the first year of its existence, so that it may become a profitable animal. To do this it necessary to feed carefully and keep the calf supplied with a sufficient quantity of food to make it quiet and satisfied. It is desirable, of course, to keep the calves, pushing ahead, but it is best to make haste slowly. In your eagerness to show growth, do not overfeed, or you will upset the digestive apparatus and check development for a time at least.

Determine the destiny of the calf, and feed accordingly. If a heifer, and you are raising it for dairy purposes, do not feed too much fattening food, says a writer. If the heifer once acquires the habit of putting everything on her back it is practically impossible to induce her to change in favor of the milk pail. Cows are just as much creatures of habit as men are, and we all know the difficulty of reforming our ways. Therefore, train the heifer in the way you wish her to go. Give her such food as will promote rapid growth. Bone and muscle are the points to be aimed at. A fat heifer is apt to divert into flesh the food intended for the production of milk. Therefore, corn meal, timothy hay and other carbonaceous foods are to be eschewed. Oats, clover hay, wheat bran, etc., will do much to stimulate milk production. A few barrels or other roots will give the occasional rest required by the appetite.—Farmers Voice.

Why Not Work Both Ends?

The average farmer wants corn to be worth more than 15 cents per bushel. The average hog raiser don't care if corn is only ten cents per bushel. To a farmer who combines the raising of hogs with the raising of corn, it is immaterial, for what he loses by the low price as a seller, he gains as a buyer, or user. With cheap corn a farmer can make cheap pork at a profit. Think of this before you finish planting cotton.—Farm and Ranch.

HERE AND THERE.

—Several of the state experiment stations have established poultry departments for the purpose of educating the people on breeds and methods.

—While pedigree is a good thing to have in a Jersey cow she must, at last, be rated at her churnable value. A 14-pound record is worth more than a long pedigree.

—The only remedy for black tooth is to pull them or break them off even with the jaw. More pigs die with black tooth than from any other diseases. Watch your pigs when they refuse to eat.

—The corn crop takes the place among vegetables that the hog does among animals; it will take all refuse, coarse manure, grass sod, etc., and make good use of them, when many other plants would starve.

—Early maturity is a prime necessity for pig raising, and it is folly to wait more than six months for the animal to show its potato. If not surpassed by that time they are too slow in development for future use in breeding.

—A carload of Shropshire lambs ten months old were recently sold in Chicago that weighed an average of 131 pounds. They were from Iowa. It is no trouble to sell that sort of goods. The southern farmers should take the hint.

—When plowing the garden, open wide the poultry gates and let the chickens in. If there is any tempting garden truck exposed, it will be safe while the plow is turning up bugs and worms. This will help both garden and fowls.