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, AUGUST 29, 1896. VOL. XXI.—NO. 35.

DAWN.

Dawn came into the drowsy world,
The curtains of night she softly furled

She sang to the world austere and gray:
"Get ready—get ready to meet the day."

She put the sleepy stars to bed,
And tinted the fleecy clouds with red;

She gilded the tops of the tallest trees,
And freed the freshest morning breeze.

Evil shades and the sins of night
Fled away from her honest sight.

The sick man turned his weary eyes
To greet her coming in the skies.

"Would God," she cried, to souls in grief,
"I would to God I could bring relief."

She roused the farmer's wife: "Get up,
Prepare the platter, prepare the cup;

"Out in the barn the cows are lowing,
And clover heads await their mowing."

She roused the birds to life and song,
And opened buds as she passed along.

Oh! the smell of the woods was sweet,
When wildflowers bloomed beneath her feet.

But when she saw the Lord of Day,
Modest Dawn slipped out of the way.

—Blanche Nevin, in N. Y. Independent.

A SUMMER NIGHT.

The hot summer sun was beating down on the long white streets and making the flowers on the balconies droop, and even the leaves of the lime trees hung listless and motionless in the great heat. Not a single soul was to be seen in the usually crowded Andrassy street in Buda-Pesth, and the old porter of the Hotel Esterhazy sat half asleep, his chair well drawn back into the shade; he knew very well that no one would disturb him at that hour.

Esme St. Maur lay down on the sofa, lamenting that her fate had made her spend this grilling afternoon in Buda-Pesth. "However shall I stand three week of it? At any rate, I shall not be in town after to-day, and I hope the country house of the embassy is cooler. What time is it, Klimja?"

"Half past four, milady; but the gentleman mademoiselle expected is waiting downstairs, and wants to know if you will receive him."

"Certainly," said Esme, lazily, fastening a pink rose into her belt; "bring some more tea, Klimja, and take those cigarettes away; I shall not want them now."

A few minutes later a tall, sunburnt man came into the room.

"So sorry, Arthur," said the lady; "I'm positively too tired to move; this heat is killing! I'm so glad to see you," she went on, looking up at him. "Let me see, it is nearly three years since we saw each other; what are you doing here?"

The man hesitated a moment and then became pale, and his mouth twitched.

"I was hurrying to England, Esme," he said, "because I heard a report about you that I could not credit; that you were going to be married."

"Well," said the girl, nervously picking off the leaves of her rose, "it is quite true. No, no, Arthur, it's no use," she continued, sitting up and putting her hand on his arm; "sit where you are and listen. You see, dear, it had to come to this some day, and I may as well tell you here as anywhere else; we cannot fight against fate, and the fates are against us. Look! It would be ten years at least before you could marry me, and then I would be a middle-aged woman. And even if I could wait, what am I to do during those ten years? Grandmamma, you know," she went on, turning her face, now appalling in its pallor, toward him, "and left me £50 a year, and since her death I have been living, yes, living on my sister's husband! Think! The proud Esme St. Maur actually living on charity!"

"But surely," Arthur broke in, "surely—"

"Of course they don't say so, but I know, I know. They have three children to educate, and look at the position they have to keep up! I know Frank's income is by no means large, and I feel I've no right to be a burden to them when I've a good offer."

"Who is the man?" he said, dryly.

"Lord Hillborough," she answered, her eyes down.

"A man almost old enough to be your grandfather!" he said, getting up and standing beside her. "Do you care for him?"

"No," she answered, lowering her eyelids wearily; "no, but I respect him more than—than anyone but you."

"Esme," said Arthur, hotly, "how different you are! How calculating and worldly you have become! I remember my little Esme holding forth fiercely that love was the one thing in all the world, that to marry a man without love was the greatest wrong a woman could do him; that—"

"Arthur," she said, "what can I do? I intend, if I marry Lord Hillborough, to be a good wife to him; I cannot be that if I have another man's image in my heart. I must live it down; I must force myself to forget it."

Arthur walked away to the balcony.

"Do not make it harder for me," said Esme, her voice full of sobs. "What am I to do? I cannot do anything to earn my own living. Look at me," she said, bitterly, drawing herself up to her full height; "a perfect woman, strong and healthy, with a small fortune spent on education; and yet, now that I am thrown on my own resources, why, a shop girl could make a better living than I could! Bear it, dear!" she said, going over to him. "You know this must be the end."

"Dearest," he said, in a broken voice, "it is only the beginning. You love me, and yet you marry this man! It is the beginning of wretchedness for you and him and me, for all our lives!"

"Arthur," she said, slowly, "you know me. I have made up my mind, and I will carry it through. There is no other course for me. I cannot do anything for myself and I will not live on charity."

"You never really loved, if you can sacrifice your love to your pride, if you can let your head govern your heart."

"I cannot help it, Arthur; I am engaged to Lord Hillborough, and shall marry him in October. I cannot bear another scene like this. Bid me good-by and go now—forever," she added, shivering slightly.

The man looked at her for a second and then took both her hands in his. "Yes, sweetheart, I will bid you good-by and leave you forever. But let me come and spend this last evening with you. It is not much to ask, and I promise not to speak one word you would not like. We will have our coffee on this balcony among the flowers with the lights opposite, as in those dear old days when we first met at Ostend. Say I may come, Esme, for auld lang syne—the last evening I shall ever spend with you."

Three hours after the witchery of the summer night had fallen upon the city. Esme, sitting on her balcony, moved to and fro and let the mystic beauty of the night steep itself into her feelings. "On such a night as this," she thought, as the old words of the immortal dramatist came into her mind, "I wonder if such a night as this has played as weighty a part in anyone's love story as in mine, and this is to be the last—ah!" as a shiver of remembrance came over her, "how I shall hate the summer nights after this."

"All in the dark," said a voice at Esme's elbow and Arthur sat down at the other side of the tiny table, where the waiter was putting down the coffee tray.

"Why not, Arthur?" she said. "Who could be barbarian enough to have lights brought now? Look at that queen up there!" pointing to the moon. The man opened his lips, as though to speak, but shut them determinedly again. He looked across at her steadily. Heavens! What a magnificent woman she was, with her tawny hair that gleamed like burnished gold in the moonlight — her great gray eyes and the vivid scarlet lips and cheeks that had before been so pale!

"I do not give allegiance to two queens," he said.

"Don't you?" she said, laughingly, as she handed him a cup of coffee, "but you are a faithful soldier all the same, I hope."

"It pleases you to be merry to-night," he answered, quietly.

"Have you ever read Mrs. Browning's 'Mask,' Arthur?" she said, "How little men understood women, after all! You should know that the thing we seem to be is only a cloak to hide what we are really feeling. But there—we tabooed feelings for to-night."

"Did we? I only remember promising to say nothing to reproach you, and I shall certainly keep my word. Indeed, I will praise you. It was awfully good of you to let me come—and have one evening like those in Ostend. Do you remember?" He leaned back, and went on dreamily: "I suppose every man has some particular way in which he pictures the woman he loves. I always thought of you on a balcony, in a white dress, surrounded by flowers, looking—well—as you look to-night. I shall remember you always so."

Esme looked up in surprise. There seemed a resignation in his tone which had not been there three hours before.

"Arthur, your experience as a man of the world must tell you that in a few years your feelings will calm down; you will come to London and we shall meet as friends."

He looked across at her curiously.

"You speak to me as a man of the world. I know I am speaking to a woman of the world. Not to the Esme of three years ago. But even from your calm standpoint of a woman of the world you are wrong. I admit that a man's love might 'calm down,' as you say, even were it as strong as mine, if he reaches his goal, but the removal of the prize beyond his reach makes him long for it more fiercely. Such, at least, is my case. You see, dearest, we feel so differently. I could never bear to see you another man's wife, and therefore I shall never come near you again. You believe that my love will cool down; I know now that it never will, and I prefer to end it at its height, not to see it die a slow death by the stages of affection — regard—indifference."

"End it?" said Esme; "what do you mean?"

"I mean that after to-night I shall never see you again—according to your own wish—"

"Arthur," she broke in, "you misunderstand me. I meant only until you could see me without—without loving me."

"That will never be, dear," he said, "and as I am never to see you again I am glad to have seen you for the last time as I liked to see you best—as I have always pictured you in my heart."

"You are getting sentimental," she said, with a forced laugh. "Your coffee will be cold."

Arthur took the cup and poured a few drops from a small green bottle into it. "Excuse me," he said. "I had a nasty touch of fever a few weeks ago, and take my drops in my tea or coffee, like an old woman."

"Fever, Arthur?" She bent forward and looked at him. "Yes, you look haggard and ill. I did not notice it this afternoon. I wish you would not go back to that horrid India! Why don't you take more care of yourself? Are you going to London now?"

"Oh, do not talk to me," the man said, hurriedly; "tell me about yourself. What have you been doing all these years? Have you been in Ostend again?"

"No," she answered gently; "I have never cared to go back there."

"Then you really remembered and cared, Esme?" The pain in his voice was terrible to hear, but he suddenly recovered himself. "This is quite like one of those evenings. We only want the music," he added, in a different tone.

A silence fell between them for a few minutes. They seemed unable to talk except on the subject they both wished to avoid. Suddenly, as though in answer to Arthur's wish for music, the curtain on the lower balcony was again drawn back and Paul De Jaerschky stepped out.

"Ah," he said, gently, "on such a night there is but one song, mia cara," and his glorious voice burst forth with passionate feeling into that song—the wonderful love song that has touched so many hearts.

Eme bent forward with a sudden expression of agony and buried her face in her hands. "My God, not that—not that!" she murmured. A great trembling shook the man opposite her, but he restrained himself, and, drinking down his coffee with one gulp, he leaned back in his chair with closed eyes. Meanwhile the great singer went on.

"Arthur! Arthur!" cried Esme, kneeling down beside him. "I have been mad! I have been selfish! I cannot forget! Love is the one thing in this world! Rank—money are nothing! I do love you. I will wait! Why do you not speak, love?" she cried, as the man sat motionless. "Will you not take me in your arms, kiss me, say you forgive me?" His hand fell from her grasp. The truth dawned upon her.

—St. Louis Republic.

"SPREADIN THE NEWS."

That Plain Old "Female Lady" from Down on Panther Creek.

Our Aunt Nancy Newton's Talkin Machinery in Good Runnin Order—A "Tremendius Big Scandalation"—"Seein Things at Night."

Hit is so monstrous seldom like and rare in this present day and generation of American people that you can meet up with one of these plain old flint-and-steel women—with a head as long as a flour barrel and as level as a squash—"16 hand high, and heavy as buckshot"—till it raley looks to me like everybody and everything on the place, even to the cats and the dogs, was glad when Aunt Nancy Newton come up from Panther Creek and showed down at the appointed time one day last week. I do believe in my soul that Aunt Nancy—whilst she calls herself nothin more and nothin less than a "everyday, she woman"—would fight her weight in wildcats in case of a pushency. And yet she has got the softest and most handiest way of any woman I have ever saw to make you laugh and forget—to let the sunshine in and shut the shadows out and wipe the tears away.

There Will Be a Funeral Then.

She is so bright, and so newsy, and so fresh; and when she turns her mouth loose in a runnin conversation she can spit out more good sense to the square minit than three or four common women. With only two eyes and two ears, it is one of the most strangest things in this green old world to me how Aunt Nancy can keep the general run of things for miles and miles around, and pick up so much news "comin and a-goin," as she is so wont to say.

But that dear, delightful old soul don't give out no news on her own hook, only that which she has seen with her own eyes. It mought be that she will sometimes deal in secont-hand news, but in that case she takes particular pains to tell you where she got the goods, so you can pay your money and take your choice.

"The Lord knows I do raley love to talk, Rufus," says Aunt Nancy to me that night when we went out on the back porch to take a social family smoke. "And jest as long as I can keep my talkin machinery in good runnin order you are more than probable to hear from me oncst in awhile. If it ever comes to pass that you mought hear the news that Nancy Newton has quit talkin, you better saddle your horse or hitch up your mules and come on down to the Panther Creek settlement. The funeral will come off at the usual hour, with your Aunt Nancy ridin feet foremost at the head of the procession.

"But in the main time I never was no hand to go trapsin around through the country tellin some tremendius big news to bring on trouble and scandalation amongst the neighbors. Some folks won't have it that way—and you maybe mought not think it, Rufus, on the first flush—but there are more good people than bad ones in this country by a whole lot. And if I don't know nothin but what is bad about a man or woman it suits me mighty well to drap the subject and talk about the weather and the crops. No doubts but there are a few scatterin men and women in this country which it would be powerful hard for me to tell somethin good about, but I don't have to meddle and mix myself up with none sich. They didn't grow up on the same side of the fence with me nohow, and we don't have to travel the same fork of the road.

"I know you have lived a good long whet and learnt a whole passle in your day, Rufus, but if you don't know it already, by the time you have lived as long and looked upon as many sights and scenes as your Aunt Nancy, you will find out that it don't pay to talk outside of the family touchin the things that belong to the family. You can make a great big rucus out of little more than nothin if you only tell the news and heat it hot and keep it goin and growin. It mought be a little fresh cut, or it mought be a rale bad old sore, but many a time it would heal over and the people in general would forget it if you didn't keep on pickin at it and foolin with it.

Two Women in the Case.

"Now, that puts me in mind of the roarin big confusionment which come to pass down in the old settlement last week," Aunt Nancy went on, toreetly. "Big meetin was goin on over at old Elam church. There was two or three new preachers on hand, and with two sermonts every day—one in the mornin and one at first candlelight. They had a great outpourin and a blessed good meetin.

"Over there on the other side of the creek—a mile and a half, or maybe a leetle better from the church—Joe Blevins and Lit Garvin live on joinin farms. Their families are thick and neighborly as you please, and they have got along together smooth and pleasant like white people ought to do. But one night in durin of the meetin at old Elam Mises Blevins she was ruther poorly to be out and one of the Garvin children was sick abed of a slow fever. Now, Lit Garvin is a shoutin Methodist and never did blow in much time over at old Elam, where they stick to all over baptism as the right and proper way. Anyhow, Joe Blevins was goin to church that night, and it would seem like Mises Garvin she was likewise also most crazy to turn out and hear the 'gospel dispensed with' by the new preachers.

"So it suited all around for Mises Garvin to go to church that night with Joe Blevins, and she went with him. So far all right. I couldn't see nothin wrong about that. I wouldn't say for certain how much religion they have got, but, at any rates, Joe Blevins and Mises Garvin have both got their names on the church books over at old Elam. Consequentially it was plum natural for both of them to want to turn out to meetin, and if it come handy and convenient for them to go together, that was all right. If it suited them, and suited Lit Garvin and suited Mises Blevins, to be certainly it ought to of suited other people.

"But it would seem like it didn't suit everybody. It didn't suit Mises Huggins, the wife of Nick Huggins. She was powerful bad pestered about it. To hear her tell the news, it took Joe Blevins and Lit Garvin's wife sich a terrific long time to walk from home to the church and vicery versary. She had come over the same road, and she would give her testimony on a stack of Bibles as big as the meetin house that it took them two mortal hours to walk a mile and a half. She told the news free and promiscus to the sisters, and naturally of course it then leaked out amongst the men folks. By the next day it broke out in the general crowd and was spreadin like a prairie fire on a windy day in March.

"Now, in the name of free grace and common sense, what was the use of that? It was a pure family question, Rufus, and if Lit was willin, and Mises Blevins was willin, I was more than willin. But Mises Huggins she lowed it took 'em sich a terrific l—o—n—g time to go and come from church. But what of that? The weather hit was meltin hot, and they didn't have to burn the wind and make a race track out of the big road.

"When meetin turned out the next day Mises Garvin she had heard the news and went pizen mad. She got right out in the midst of the crowd, she did, and helt up Mises Huggins and pitched in and naturally het the air sizzlin hot all around. She would give Mises Huggins to understand that she was a lady, and she wanted everybody to know for certain—onest and forever—that she was a lady, herself.

"And if your Aunt Nancy ain't all sorts of a fool, Rufus, right along there is where Mises Garvin dropped the jug and spilt her molasses. If a lady is a lady I never could see no reason for her to climb up on a high fence and tell everybody the news. People are more than probable to know the truth in regards to that without any loud talk about it.

"But there they had it—Mises Garvin and Mises Huggins—up and down and over and under—till they brung on a pluperfect big scandalation in the settlement, and all because they didn't have no better sense than to turn their tongues loose in regards to things which the general public didn't have a blessed thing to do with.

"Finally at last, Rufus, you can take out your little notebook and set you down this: For the general run of family trials and troubles and scandalations fresh air and sunshine is mighty sorry medicine, whilst graveyard silence is a dead-shot cure ninety-nine times in the hundred.

Seein Things at Night.

"In my heart and general feelins I am still as fresh and sprightly as a right young girl, Rufus, but here lately I got into a strange and pecurious way of seein things at night," the old lady went on as she knocked the ashes out of her pipe and changed the subject all of a suddent like. "You never would of thought of it, and I don't reckon anybody else could make you believe it, but I woke up one night last week and found a strange man in the house.

"Andrew Jim he had went off that night to some sort of political rallification and left me and the children there at home to sink or surrender as best we could. Way long in the night I woke up and bless the heavens there was a man standin right there by the dinin room door. The general shape was ruther dim at first, but the longer I looked the plainer I could see the man. I could see the hat on his head, and for a little more I do believe I would of saw a gun in his hand. On the first flush I thought it mought be Andrew Jim prankin around tryin to make me act a fool. But I didn't move. I could feel the cold chills chasin up and down my back, and I was sweatin great drops of perspiration as big as horse apples. The silence was so tremendius thick and heavy till bless gracious it seems to me like you mought slice it up with your pocketknife. I couldn't stand it no longer. Somethin had to come.

"In the main time I had cut a new bresh broom that evenin, and I remembered me now that I had put the hatchet under the bed. So I went down soft and easy as I could after my hatchet, and then opened up on the man.

"'Who's that?' says I, in a strong and manly voice, tryin' to make out like Andrew Jim was at home. But the man he didn't move.

"'Who's that, I say?' I went on, talkin loud and mad and angry as I could. But the man he didn't move.

"'You are playin with death and diggin your grave now,' seys I, as I riz from the bed, and waved the hatchet in the air. But the man he didn't move.

"'Funerals are all the go in this settlement now and you will soon be in the fashion,' says I, as I started across the floor with my hatchet drawn back. But the man he didn't move. And by this time I was standin in three feet of him.

"'If you don't talk out I will split you wide open!' says I, and let drive with the hatchet as hard as the Lord would let me.

"But I didn't kill the man, Rufus. So far as I know the hatchet didn't hit in three miles of a man. There want no man there. There want a man on the place, in the house, or anywheres around there except in my mind. Unbeknowance to me Andrew Jim had hung his Sunday clothes on a peg there by the dinin room door, and then hung his hat on a nail right over the clothes. And out of them harmless old duds I had made me a man and then got skeered of him.

"I didn't mean to give out the facts away from home, Rufus, but in the general hurry and darkness and confusionment that night I had took the hatchet and cut a hole in Andrew Jim's Sunday coat as big as your hand, and he is now spreadin of the news far and wide.

"Somethin marvelous has come over the general spirit of things when Nancy Newton can look at a few old clothes till they take the shape of a man, and then get skeered of him. Old age must be creepin up, Rufus. Leastwise I don't like this strange and pecurious way of seein things at night."

But old age or what not Aunt Nancy Newton ain't gone nowheres. And I would love to hear her tell the news and give in her opinions for a hundred years to come.

RUFUS SANDERS.

A Great Traveler.

Mr. Plaintalk—Have you traveled much, Miss Elderly?

Miss Elderly—Indeed I have. Every summer since my 16th year dear papa has taken me off for a trip abroad.

"Is that so? Well, I don't suppose that there is any country that you have not visited."—Texas Sifter.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

CULTIVATION OF CORN.

A Farmer's Talk to His Brother Farmers on Raising the Cereal.

It is evident to the casual observer that the manner of corn cultivation is fast getting away from the old style of work. Farmers are beginning to realize that they must get their fields into the best shape for rapid work; that, if they in the older states would compete with the western states, their work must go farther than it did in the olden times. In other words, more must be done in a day, and done in a better manner.

They are learning that machinery and horse power must count for more, and that brain work must count for more than muscular force. After these things are accepted as facts, many other points come up for the most serious consideration. How much culture is necessary for the best results, and then the kind of culture? Shallow and deep cultivation are now engrossing topics with thinking farmers.

There is still another matter which requires diligent thought. How to cultivate the soil to best retain the moisture. Whether it is possible to secure an average crop of corn with the rainfall much below the average. The first step in the cultivation of corn is to put the land in the best possible condition before planting. The rush of the mass of farmers to get their corn planted the last of April and the first of May this year caused many to plant land but poorly prepared, all hoping and promising themselves to put in proper condition after the corn came. Many are doubtless the gainers by having to plant over, for, as a rule, they have worked their land again, before planting over. A great many have run their disc harrow or cultivator in front of planter to kill all weeds in the row. The planter following the cultivator placed the corn deep down in the furrow where moisture sufficient was assured to sprout the corn, a precaution that promises to be well taken. However, there is a serious objection to this, in case there is a rain and a crust forms, it is difficult to break it, that the corn may come through.

We are satisfied that in the cultivation of corn, farmers follow, too much, customs common to all. If deep culture is the custom of the community, every farmer practices it without thought as to whether it is best for all or not. There should be no ironclad rule for any farmer, or community of farmers. But each man should know for himself what kind of cultivation is best for his soil; how much is necessary; or whether the more the better when done at the proper time and under proper conditians.

Some careful experiments go to show that excessive cultivation is unnecessary for the production of a maximum corn crop. Still, leading farmers claim that the soil should be stirred often till the corn has reached tasseling. It must be admitted that there is a weakness in the claims of the latter, because they have not reached their conclusions by comparison of plats under less and more continuous cultivation, and the use of the scale. They start out on a theory that they put in practice for the whole crop, and if they succeed, they assume that theirs is the only proper and successful cultivation, when a little experiment by way of comparison would probably have demonstrated that less cultivation would have given equally as good results as far as the corn crop was concerned. But it is hardly expected by the leading corn growers of the present day that they can get a maximum or old-time corn crop by three cultivations. The cream of the soil has gone to previous corn crops, and the land is infested with weeds that take moisture according to their properties equal to the corn. It is our custom to begin cultivation as soon after the corn is planted as possible, often harrowing before the corn is up, and we are not satisfied with less than four time working after the corn is above the surface.

In the dryest weather soil stirring will destroy some weed seeds that germinate. It is dry weather that the corn most needs all the moisture in the soil, for every weed destroyed, we save the moisture that it would use for the corn plant. The cultivation should at least be so frequent as to prevent weed growth, often when the greater part of the fields are clean of weeds, the cultivation is not given because the small weedy plants are not considered of much consequence. These weedy plats are usually found in the best soil in the field, and if kept clean, would give much the best grain in the field, increasing the average yield of the field, but by letting the weeds run riot, the corn often does not yield above many thinner parts that are free from weeds. And, besides the rank, thoroughbred weeds that grow in the best land, seed the remainder of the field with vigorous seeds that are sure to germinate when proper conditions surround them.

As to shallow and deep cultivation, there is much disputing among farmers. Continued deep cultivation changes the natural root growth tendencies of the plant. Carefully-conducted experiments show that when the roots are not disturbed the greater part of them grow near the surface. But when cut or broken by cultivation they—for self-protection—strike deep into the soil. If shallow work gives best returns put it in practice.—John M. Jamison, in Farmers' Home.

The Hen's Victuals.

Some people decline to eat chickens on account of the disregard they have for the selection of their food. Manufacturers of chicken food lay great stress upon the quality of its effect upon the egg production. The chicken's stomach, or rather its gizzard, is a sort of Pasteur filter, which converts a good deal of very foul material into choice human food, and in the egg, one of the most delicate, easily digested and nutritious foods, and the one most generally desired in our hotels and boarding houses, as well as the home.

Experience and observation seem to teach that the quantity of tainted food hens and chickens pick up when at large, or even in yards, coops and runs, does not hurt them at all, or affect egg production unfavorably. They eat and enjoy a great deal of food we do not covet—for instance, crushed bones, putrid meat, insects, winged and crawling, flies, angle worms, most kinds of larvae (otherwise "maggots"), mice as large they can gulp down, blood, grass-hoppers, undigested grain mixed with excrements, read-headed grubs, pin feathers from each other's bodies and flesh along with them, and all the while seem to thrive and wax fat. M. D. says, "it is well known that the egg of the fowl is affected by the condition of the food;" but there he probably generalizes too much. No breeder ever limits the feed of his stock to such stuff alone, and mixed with clean grain and grain products, and sent to the all-powerful gizzard as fast as nature requires, it is metamorphosed into flesh, eggs, feathers, bone, beak, toes and toe-nails for scratching in the garden, and various other parts and purposes in the hen economy that need repair or recuperation. The wonderful apparatus known as the gizzard does it all, and whatever is sent from it into the system has, without doubt, the brand of "O. K." upon it. Why not? That is what the gizzard is made for.

Doubtless it may be conceded that an exclusive diet of nastiness for weeks or months would injuriously effect the quality of eggs and flesh; but the hen has sense enough not to confine herself to such food. Not much comes amiss to her, and this wide and judicious variation is the egg consumer's insurance of quality. Let her eat what she will; her well-equipped chemical laboratory is a guarantee that what passes that organ is as clean and as pure as gold bearing the refiner's stamp."

The laboratory of a hen's stomach bears an analogy to the transforming power of the bud in the sour orange or the apple.—Country Gentleman.

A Subsoil and Harrow Plow.

It is stated by the Scientific American that a patent has been granted a Texas inventor for a subsoil plow with harrow attachment. The share and handles are of ordinary construction. The beam is extended to the rear and bolted to the left handle, where it is provided with a vertically depending portion, at the bottom of which is firmly fixed a laterally projecting wing. From the point of its attachments to the vertical bar, the wing projects across the furrow at right angles to the same, and it is then inclined rearwardly. The beam with its horizontal and vertical extensions and the projecting wing are made in separate parts or integrally, as desired. The wing is slotted to receive six teeth. Two of these, which are intended for subsoiling, are made of extra length and are arranged immediately behind the share and next to the vertical extension of the beam. They are flattened out at the toe, so that they may better loosen up the deeper soil and tend to create underground drains in which the surplus water may collect and be carried off. In dry weather the loosening up of the subsoil will enable it to retain the moisture for a longer period. The harrow teeth are made of different length, gradually decreasing toward the outer end of the wing. The object of the invention is to secure the advantages of plowing, subsoiling and harrowing in one machine. It is claimed that the three operations are thrown into one and the draft upon the plow is but slightly increased as compared with the great gain in time and labor. It is to be hoped that this plow is all that is claimed for it. The progressive farmer who is seeking to reduce the cost of production needs the practical economy of time and labor which it is claimed that this secures. With further improvements in its construction and operated by electricity, its effect upon the progress of agriculture can not now be foreshadowed.—Southern Farm.

A Profitable Fad.

There may be many such, but this writer knows but one such farmer. One of his fads is to pick up every scrap of iron, chain, rod, bar, bolt, nut, ring, hook, screw—anything that he might possibly find a use for in the days to come. All these he keeps in a large dry goods box, divided into compartments, and the articles classified and sorted to save time when he wants something that may be in the collection. This habit has saved him hundreds of dollars and many weeks of time, and the collection continues to grow. This box is literally a place for everything made of metal, and almost everything is in its place. If he wants a nut, or bolt, or snap, or clevis, or band or rod, he is almost sure to have it. Some articles remain in stock for several years before it comes in demand, but when it does, as it surely will in time, why there it is.—Farm and Ranch.

HERE AND THERE.

—A large part of the farmer's profit from his cows is consumed by the calves. At present prices for butter and milk it will hardly pay to divide with calves.

—It is claimed that the prices of breeding swine are too high for a time when the pork hog only brings three cents a pound. And it does look that way to a man on level ground.

—A California fruit grower reports successful hog raising in a vineyard, supplemented with more or less of other fruits. Grapes, he says, give September pigs a good start, and they are unusually healthy.

—Dehorned cattle are preferred for all purposes. Feeders will pay 25 cents per 100 pounds more for them than for horned stock. Horns are a relic of barbarism and must go. There will be few horns seen 20 years from now, except in collection of antiquities.

—In the north and northwest milk costs about an average of seven cents a gallon to produce it. In the southwest it can be produced at half that price, but it requires good management to do it. Perpetual pasturage is at the bottom of this possibility.

—Charbon is playing havoc with cattle in southwestern Louisiana. There have been quite a number of cases among the people where the disease prevails. Efforts are being made to stamp out the disease, but with little effect at last accounts.

—Wool buyers protest against the use of sisal twine for tying wool, because the manufacturers claim that the fibers get into the wool, and into the fabric, impairing its quality and injuring its sale. A small, hard twine is recommended. Something that will not frazzle or shed its fibers.

—England, with more sheep than people, imports mutton. The United States, with only half as many sheep as people, exports mutton. The average Englishman loves good meat and eats a great deal of it. We eat more than the English or any other civilized nation. But with us anything goes. That's the difference.

FOR SUMMER DECORATION.

A Season of Simplicity and Light in the Home.

Decorations for this summer will be even more simple than before. Gilding and multiplication of ornaments have given place to cooler effects. Friezes, fringes and other trimmings, being voted heavy, have gone out of fashion. Even moldings are left plain and as nearly like the rest of the woodwork as possible. Good harmony in color is obtained at any cost.

French and English wall papers are now in most general use. They come without friezes. This detracts somewhat from the apparent breadth of a room, but is a distinct gain in the matter of brightness. Sprawling patterns characterize the newest papers for halls and bedrooms. Yellow is a favorite color. It appears in roses, with huge, straggling leaves. Giant cactus blossoms, poppies and hibiscus are all shown.

For drawing-rooms the effect is exactly reversed. The papering and appointments are of the most dainty description. A beautiful wall is of a green so delicate that it suggests the first upshooting grass of spring or a mat of natural moss about a fountain. Other designs show just a hint of rose color, a wavy light of blue or the faintest possible ecru. Some summer walls are draped with silk, the finest, lightest, most shimmering qualities being used.

Canvas tapestry, which closely resembles coffee-sacking in mesh and color, gives an admirable tone to the cottage library. This tapestry comes in oriental colors and flower designs, some conventional and some like the palm leaves, showing considerable artistic touch. The patterns are large.

A wall paper has recently been brought out which exactly imitates old Dutch tiling in design and appearance. Nothing more appropriate for a dining-room could be invented. Portieres and curtains should be made of blue denim. The blue harmonizes exactly with the delft tiles and plaques. Shields of white bolting cloth may be appliqued on the denim and embroidered and outlined in blue cotton. The chairs, divans and cushions should be covered plainly with the denim, bound at the edges with blue and white gimp. A mantelpiece in white, with a goodly expanse of mirror, is most effective. Odd-shaped jars of blue and white may ornament the shelves. This combination is singularly cool.

Chamois cloths, which are made of the weight and substance of a skin, make pleasing draperies for summer homes furnished in French style. They are costly, however. For simple country rooms chintz is quite as effective. The designs are novel and beautiful, offering ample variety for selection. Outdoor hangings for yachts or piazzas are made of Cairo lattice nets. These are woven with an open mesh, which permits the air to circulate freely while excluding the light.

The piazza decoration and furnishing should be as carefully considered as those of parlor or bedroom. A piazza without a hammock would be incomplete. If room permits two, or even three, of the lazy nets may be provided. An attempt has been made in the last few years to improve on the hammock by introducing the Indian swing. This hangs from metal chains and has a sofa-like seat. It is not as comfortable as the hammock, but is more manageable.

Awnings are almost a fad among summer cottagers. The most popular are those gayest in design. The hideousness of the combined colors seem to matter little. The awning beneath which women appear to best advantage is marked with alternate strips of red and white. This canvas does not give as soft a light, however, as one of blue and white or green and white. One of the most startling awnings shown at Narraganset last year was a yellow, red and green affair. Under its trying shade the most beautiful woman looked hideous.—N. Y. Herald.

IN THE TRACK OF THE STORM.

When the Doctors Were Puzzled She Showed She Was Bostonese.

The terrible whirlwind had done its worst.

Stately monarchs of the forest lay prostrate. Ruin and desolation marked the path of the funnel-shaped monster that had swept with resistless fury over the land, destroying everything that stood in its way.

Here and there were the scattered fragments of many a dwelling that had been the abode of peace, happiness and prosperity.

Desolate, despairing men and women wandered among the ruins. Now and then there was one who bewailed his fate with loud lamentations or bitter curse, but for the most part the victims bore their sorrow in sullen silence, and there were not wanting those who found consolation and even cause for gratitude in the fact that their lives had been spared.

In an upper room of a house that had escaped the storm lay one of the injured.

"How long has she been unconscious?" inquired the physician.

"Ever since she was picked up and brought here," replied one of the watchers.

"There seems to be no bones broken," he rejoined, "but the shock has been severe. We can only hope for the best. I have witnessed the effects of many cyclones, but this one—"

The young woman on the couch opened her eyes.

"A cyclone," she muttered, feebly, "is a rotary storm of widely extended circuit, its center frequently being many miles from its outer limit or circumference. This was a tornado. It was not a cyclone. This misuse of the term is, however, almost universal, except among educated persons."

"From Boston?" said the doctor, in a low tone.

And the watchers silently nodded.—Chicago Tribune.

Hot Water for Neuralgia.

The most stubborn cases of neuralgia are apt to yield to a hot water treatment. Wherever the pain is located there a hot water bag should be applied. The suffering part should be wrapped in a blanket, and the unfortunate patient should be put to bed and covered with more blankets, and induced to drink at least three cups of water as hot as the palate can stand. This treatment may seem severe, but it is sure to bring relief.—American.

—Fortitude is the marshal of thought, the armor of the will and the fort of reason.—Bacon.

BERLIN'S NEW SEWAGE SYSTEM.

The City Runs Seven Large Sewage Farms at a Profit.

Berlin has dealt successfully with the drainage question. Until about a quarter of a century ago the disposal of sewage was effected in primitive fashion; open drain courses, badly built and with inadequate fall, ran through many of the streets, discharging finally into the River Spree, for whose condition contamination would be far too mild a word. A commission was appointed, which, after visiting various countries, especially England, with the view of practically studying different systems, reported in favor of sewage irrigation on land at a distance from the city. The flatness of the plain on which Berlin is built would not allow of any gravitation scheme, and consequently it was found necessary to adopt steam pumping. For the same reason the sewage could not all be collected at one spot, and it was therefore decided to divide the city into 12 drainage areas. The ground at the seven sewage farms was well suited for the purpose, consisting only of sandy wastes, then growing only stunted firs and birches, but now converted into fertile fields. The total area of the land which could be devoted to sewage irrigation is 22,500 acres; only about 11,000 acres are at present needed. The following extract is from Dr. Legge's account of these Berlin farms: "No deleterious effect has been noticed on the health of those living on the sewage farms, and, indeed, at some of them, as at Blankenburg and Malchow, the city has built various hospitals for convalescents, for consumptives, and for women recovering after child-bed, and the patients seem to thrive in them as well as they would anywhere else."

The question whether the germs of typhoid fever and cholera pass through the soil into the drainage water has naturally formed a subject of inquiry, but many bacteriological examinations conducted specially with the view of clearing up this point, have answered the question in the negative. Until 1892 the laborers working on the sewage farms were remarkably free from typhoid fever, although in 1889 Berlin itself was visited by a severe epidemic; in 1892 a few cases occurred among some farm workers, who were alleged to have drunk largely of the effluent from the farm, but in these instances other possible sources of infection could not be excluded. It is satisfactory to note that, notwithstanding the enormous cost of working these Berlin sewage farms, the expenses have, in most years, been covered by the sale of the produce, and in one year (1889) the surplus amounted to £11,511.—London Health News.

THE HONG KONG PLAGUE.

Chinamen Resist the Efforts of Europeans to Save Them.

European physicians who have had experience in China during epidemics have been obliged to combat many stubborn prejudices of the natives. In 1894 the plague attacked Hongkong about the middle of May. From 80 to 100 deaths occurred daily. From the first the Chinese strongly objected to the removal of their sick to European hospitals. They did not understand the necessity of segregation. They preferred to die in their unclean surroundings among friends than to accept the chance of a lonely recovery at a hospital.

The devices to which the Chinese resorted to conceal the sick from searching parties were many and ingenious. A system of house-to-house visitation had to be organized to overcome the dangerous secretiveness of the Chinese. The efforts of the cleansing and disinfecting staff were rendered almost futile by the dislike of the natives to sanitary precautions. The epidemic caused 2,550 deaths before it ceased in early September.

The necessity of burying the dead in common graves was a great shock to the feelings of the natives, and finally led to open rebellion. Concessions had to be made to the ignorant and desperate celestials, and the presence of Chinese medical attendants in the European hospital was permitted. Chinese to the number of 100,000 left Hongkong while the plague was raging. Their demand that their plague-stricken relatives be allowed to accompany them was, of course, not granted. Of the Chinese patients who were attacked by the epidemic only 18 per cent. recovered, while 82 per cent. of the Europeans afflicted were restored to health.—N. Y. World.

Fallacies About Noses.

In spite of the important places given to the nose as an index of character, there is but little to be learned from it in estimating the causes of an innate bond between the mind and the features. Most of the correspondence which have been remarked appear to be of a radical order, but why a Roman nose first became associated with a warlike and domineering disposition, or how a long and thin nose became linked with a business prudence, is more than I can say. If we omit the changes which take place in a nose during the lifetime of its possessor, there is scarcely a nasal peculiarity of value to the physiognomist which at the same time is cosmopolitan. No Tartar or Hottentot, however warlike, could give proof of it in this way. Japan has shown that she possesses plenty of men with military aptitude, but no Washingtonian nose can be found within her borders. Again, no Chinese nose long and thin, yet "John" is not without a certain aptitude at driving bargains.—Blackwood's Magazine.

The First Horses in Alaska.

Dr. Walker, a prospector in Alaska, took some horses up with him. At the first Indian village the sight of the horses drove all the dogs howling into the woods. The children dropped their rude playthings and fled crying into the huts. The men and women stood their ground, although in open-eyed wonder. After much inducement they were finally prevailed upon to approach the horses, and their wonder knew no bounds. No amount of persuasion would induce them to mount. They were the first horses they had ever seen.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Chestnut.

Much Bewildered Lady Landholder (who has been struggling for quite an hour with a land-tax form, to elderly, stand-on-my-dignity landlady) — Can you tell me, Mrs. Neall, how many perches go to a rood?

Mrs. N—— (with severity)—No, I cannot; but I can tell you it's not original, for I've heard it [illegible].—Sydney Bulletin.