The St. Tammany Farmer.

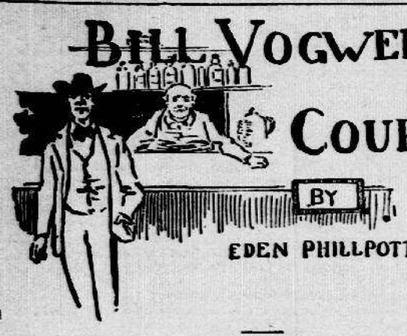
"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor. COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1896. VOL. XXI.—NO. 36.

BILL VOGWELL'S COURTIN'

BY

EDEN PHILLPOTTS



[COPYRIGHT, 1896.]

"As to tellin' a story of moor men an' sich-like, things happen out 'pon this auld gray an' brown world same as is ether places, but they bant o' much account 'cept to ourselves. I can call home wan tale, though as I'll tell 'e, if you mind to hear it. 'Tis 'bout the courtin' of a chap by the name o' Vogwell.

"Bill was a writer of signs an' sich-like, an' a chap of his hands most ways wi' a general sense in gwaine through the world which doan come to many as young as it comed to him. He was always surprisin' clever or else mazin fulish. Theer wern't no half measures 'bout un. He lived wi' his father in the last house o' Merivale, an' because sign-writin' wasn't enough to keep him, he built ten bee-butts, an' strawed 'em so clever as a reg'lar datcher an' sawled pure heather honey at a shillin' a pound an' did braave 'pon it. His father wcern't o' no account, though a gude man. Fuzz-cuttin' was his job—fuzz-cuttin' an' fern-cuttin' in autumn time.

"Then comed the matter o' paintin' that sign, an' Master Applebird, who could fling's money about like a duke when he'd a mind to, which was 'bout wance in a month o' Sundays, gived Billy the offer to paint a gert picter on wood, an' frame it an' hang it awyr the inn faace. I mind just what Applebird said for I was theer and' heard: 'I'll give 'e ten shillin' for the job, if 'tis done so as all folks can see what's meant by un.' Applebird done it really 'cause he knawed John Comer, of the 'Red Heifer' inn, Princeton, had just got a fine sign drawed by a Plymouth chap; an' Applebird would have sooner gived up business altogether than let Comer best him anywheer.

"So Bill Vogwell got his brushes an' paints an' 'iles together an' made a square o' boards, an' done out the huntsman, wi' a carpenter's pencil, copyin' the same from a butivul almanac what a grocer to Travistock had gived away to's customers the winter previous. Maaster Applebird ordained as the picter should be done in a tallet outside the inn; an' theer Bill worked day by day till the thing was done. An' Polly Applebird watched un' drawin' an' paintin'; which is wheer this tale starts proper. She was a maiden of sebenteen year old, so brown as the moor in autumn, wi' eyes wheer you cude 'ardly see the pupils separate from the blackness of the paart which is brown or blue or gray in different folks. Her hair was jack-daw color, if you knaws that. Ted'n zactly black, nor yet blue, but betwix' an' between, wi' a dancin' light as gaws from wan to 'tother. Her lips was red as a ripe quarrender apple an' allus just a thot open. You'd a swored she was a French furriner or some sich thing; but 'tweer't so at all.

"She an' Bill got so thick as thieves afore the picter was out o' hand, an' he dawdled that cunnin' an' craafty awver the paintin' that 'twas best part of a month 'fore he allowed the thing was done. An', poor fulcs, just 'cause auld Applebird weer mazin' pleased wi' the sign-board, they must think as he'd be mazin' pleased with the painter, tu; an' they kept comp'ny unbeknawnst to un for a matter o' three months or more. Then 'twas that bent, crooked limb o' Satan, by name Benjamin Yole, what spied theer little game, an' bro't the climax to the courtin'. Yole hadn't no business of his awn, being pensioned from the clay-works awin' to breakin' his legs in an accident. But he crept about Merivale wi' his wicked ears flappin' for every coorious thing as might happen. He knawed some harm 'bout every man, wummon, cheel an' cat in the village, an' hadn't no kind word to say for anybody on God's airth but hiaself. This here Yole soon spied how Polly Applebird an' Bill Vogwell would go out o' Merivale differn't ways, as innercent as bees, an' yet somehow get drawed together arter. Full of this noos he clattered, all crutches an' spite, into the 'Huntsman's Rest,' an' axed to see landlord theer an' then. Mind you, Applebird had thot kind enough of the young chap, for Bill was well set up an' gray in the eye, and looked folks straight in the faace; but when he heard there was courtin' gwaine betwem the two, an' as Yole hisself had seen 'em more'n wance together in the owl-light, then Applebird let go awful, an' Polly got a dreadin' down that night as made her creesm to think on for years arter. Then, when he knawed the cat was out the bag, Bill went straight 'long an'-[illegible] wi' the auld man, an' theere was ferocious words. Applebird had right on his side when he said 'no,' 'cause his gal was under age; but for all that, Bill stuck to it, an' swore he weren't gwaine to take 'no' for an answer.

"'If you marrieg her, you'll go to prison for't, though I pay every lawyer in Exeter to send 'e,' said the landlord o' the 'Huntsman's Rest,' dancin' wi' wrath. 'Tis against the law, an' you'll suffer for it; an' whiles you'm in clink, the gal shall starve for me; so now you knaws wheer you stand. An' never you darken my door agin, or I'll wring your damn neck myself.'

"But Bill didn't take much stock in him. 'I bant feared o' prison,' he sez, 'an' I'd gaw to-morrow an' do ten years for Polly so cheerful as a tadpole. Do 'e think us loves one another like two ornery folks? Why, she'd cut her hand off for me, an' I'd do no less for her. An' us be gwaine to marry, Maaster Applebird, sir, so wheer's the use o' talkin'?'

"Then the auld man, who'd never heard the likes o' sich sarce since his own son went soldierin', falled back be'ind the bar wheer he stood, an' 'peared doubtful whether he should let fly a pint pot at Bill, or keep hisself dignified.

"'You poor bee-keepin' twoad of a bwoy,' he says, scornful, 'you gert silly gaby, to dare an' think my darter gude enough for the likes of you.'

"'I never did think so, an' I doan't now, Maaster Applebird, but facts be facts; she'm gwaine to marry me, an' I'll bear the punishment like a man, an' so all's said.'

"In coourse all weern't said, by a darned long way, but the rest o' the discoourse fell 'pon the ears of them in the bar, for Bill he went off so haughty as a turkey cock wi' his nose tip-tilted an' his lips curlin' like a peel's.

"Not even that snake, Yole, though he limped many a gude mile for no other purpose, ever seed them two together again, but they met purty continuous for all that. An' Bill axed her if she'd judge it a terrible evil carcumstance if he done six weeks in clink (for six weeks it was, an' no more, as Blanchard, the policeman, tawld un), an' Polly said that so long as they was married fust, and she knawed she couldn't be tokened by her father to no other, she'd let him go and think it no shame.

"Meantime, arter the trouble wi' her faither an' before the final coorious happening, there was a fire in a croft of auld Applebird's, an' a linhay, as didn't matter, was burned down, and a huge gert wheat-stack, as did matter a lot, was saved by Bill Vogwell and two other chaps—chiefly through Bill's long-headedness. For Bill, though a hot-headed fule of a lad in some ways, yet had a braave sight o' common sense, with as gude a nerve in un as you might see 'teen Exeter an' Plymouth. Auld Applebird thanked Bill for what he'd done, wi' a face same as though he was chewin' of a lemon all the time. Then days passed an' 'twas known that Polly Applebird weer gwaine up to her aunt as lived to Exeter. An' so she weer; but theer was more in the trip than met the eye, 'cause Bill he'd ordained to meet her theer quiet and marry her 'fore the registrar. The plan was her'n, an' what was to follow comed out o' Bill's own noddle—a purty darned silly notion, tu, for Bill, you see, was half a janious and half a idiot, an' them two halves got mixed now an' again.

"Off went Polly, innercent seemin'ly as a gusechick; and Bill had a job that tuke him out o' Merivale same day.

"All went merry as need be. They met as planned the next day, an' off they traapsed, an' theer weern't no sort o' difficulty about the job, for marryin's easy as lyin' if you get two of a mind. Then comed the darn rum thing what Bill done. He and the gal, as was his lawful wife, walked straight away to the prison, an' as they went her grawed tearful an' cuddled of his arm closer'n closer, an' shivered all over when she seed the gart walls o' chink a-towerin' afore 'em.

"'They won't hurt 'e?' she said, sobbin' quiet.

"'Not them,' he said. 'The time'll pass like a dream along o' thinkin' you'm my awn wife by law, what none short o' God A'mighty couldn't take from me.'

"Wi' that he ringed the goal bell, an' a braave noise it made; an' a chap opes a little bit of a gate in the middle of a big wan, an' axes Bill his business.

"'I wants to see the head p'liceman,' sez Bill.

"'Well, you caan't, for he'm away to-day; but p'raps, when all's said, I might serve 'e?' sez the man.

"And Vogwell, seein' the chap was a officer of some sort, reckoned he would do, an' set out his business short and plain.

"''Tis like the 'ere,' he said. 'I be new come from marryin' this maiden against the wish of her lawful father, her bein' under age. The law be on her faither's side like, so to save trouble an' gete the job out o' hand, I've comed right along, an' if you'm ready for me, I'm ready for you. 'Tis a six weeks' job, an' the day bein' Monday, an' the hour noon, maybe you cude make a note of it in wan o' your prison books.'

"If Bill had axed the man to hang un he couldn't a looked more surprised.

"'I thot to come here quiet, an' do the time, an' then go home along, an' nobody any the worse,' he sez.

"'Caan't be,' sez the man. 'I wish I could take 'e in, for I'm sure you'd do us all a power o' good, but you must get the usual introductions. I daresay the maid's faither'll manage all that for 'e right an' reg'lar when you go home an' tell un what you've done.'

"'Ess, he will, sure 'nough,' answers Bill, 'awnly I'd hoped to save un the trouble. Us was gwaine to keep the weddin' secret till I'd took the punishment of the law on it. Then when th' auld man up an' said as he'd send me to clink, I should up and said back as I'd bin.'

"That was the end of Bill's notion. He tramped it home to Merivale, an' next day marched off to see the innkeeper an' tell un how matters stood. Applebird was in a sweet mood, luckily enough, for wi'in the hour he'd sawld the rick what Bill had saved for a fi'-pun note more'n he'd reckoned to gete for't. But it made it harder for Bill in a manner o' speakin', because before he'd got time to bring out his bit of noos, Applebird sez: 'Ah, Bill Vogwell, you've come at the right moment, my son. Here's five shillin' for 'e along o' savin the wheat-stack awhile since.'

"Bill, he spawk theer an' then, wi' out takin' the money:

"'What you sez be righter than you knaws, master. I be your son. Me an' Polly was of a mind, an' us married each other in Exeter essterday marnin'. Us bant in no hurry, as you'm so set again it; but us tho't as theer weern't no harm in makin' the future sartin, so us was married.'

"Auld Applebird sat back behind the bar, an' he was tu surprised to be angry for awhile. Then, arter he grasped hold o' what Bill had said, he sent a stable boy for a policeman an' tongued Bill proper.

"'Ess, fay, I knawed you'd do that,' sez Bill, while he waited an' Applebird drawed breath. 'I knawed you'd have the law o' me, an' when I was in Exeter arter we was married, Polly an' me went down to the gaol, an' I was for gwaine in theer an' then to save 'e trouble, but they wouldn't take me. You'd got to summons me furst, and then I'm brought up in due coourse afore a justice, an' he sentences me to six weeks for marryin' a gal under age. I tho't to have saved 'e all that confusion, but it can't be, they towld me. So you'll have to go through wi' it, an' I get six weeks.'

"'Six weeks, you damn young rip,' bust out Applebird, sweatin' wi' range. 'I'll have 'e theer for six years hard labor, if lawyers can work it.'

"'They can't,' sez Bill. 'Six weeks I'll get—then I'll come back to Merivale.'

"It happened that the p'liceman couldn't be found just then, an' Bill, sayin' as he would be at his faither's house, went off. He waited till evening, but no p'liceman comed. Next day he went to see Maaster Applebird again; an' the auld man tawld un to get out the bar, but he said nothin' 'bout the p'liceman. An' four followin' marnins he went to knaw when the p'liceman was comin'. Then Polly comed home an' faced the moosic; but you see, Polly was wound too tight around her father's heart for un to cast her off or anythin' outrageous like that. Then in the spring Bill's father died, an' 'twas found he'd saved a matter of eighty-three pounds in silver, which had took fifty year o' fuzz-cuttin to do. But theer it was, an' when auld Applebird heard as Bill meant buyin' fraish paper for the cottage walls an' improvin' the plaace general he was interested; an' when he heard Bill was 'specially axed to paint a gert elephant on a sign at Travistock for two pounds ten he was 'mazed with wonder.

"Eighteen months dawdled by, an' then comed the tail to the story, as I said. Wan day Applebird sees his darter helpin' the servant gal downstairs with two boxes, an' he also sees a bwoy wi' a barrow 'fore the inn door, waitin'.

"'Wheer be gwaine?' he sez to Polly.

"'Down long to my husband, Bill Vogwell's house,' sez Polly.

"'Never—not while I can stop 'e,' he answers back, but rather tame like, for theer was many things in his mind by that time.

"'God bless 'e, faither,' she sez, 'God bless 'e, but you caan't stop me. Do 'e knaw the day?' she sez.

"'No,' he sez.

"'My birthday,' she sez. 'I be comed of age, an' I loves 'e so dear as ever, an' Bill no less than I did when us was married. 'Tis my bounden dooty, dear faither,' she sez.

"The auld man answered never a word, but he stood at the door with his gert double chins all rumpled up as he put his head down like a bull snortin' an' puffin'. So he watched her go, an' then went in the door. Nobody seed un all that arternoon, but when evenin' came an' the lights twinkled out o' Merivale, like a row o' glow-worms climbin' the black hill, Applebird he put on the velveteen coat he used for rabbit shootin', an' brushed his white hair till it shone, an' counted out a tidy little pile of sovereigns from a bag, an' took his stick, an' tawld the stable-boy, as also served in the bar, he'd be back in an hour or less. Then he sneaked down the hill as though he was gwaine poachin'; but he stopped at the last cot, an' looked at a light in the kitchen winder' an' seed two heads close together eatin' supper at a little noo table. Then he tramped up the pathway soft, but Polly heard an' knawed the step; an' 'fore he reached the door 'twas open."

"SHE AN' BILL GOT AS THICK AS THIEVES AFORE THE PICTURE WAS OUT O' HAND."

A Woman the Cause of It.

Mrs. Chaffie—Johnnie, your teacher writes that you don't study at home, and that you didn't know your lesson yesterday. What were you doing yesterday afternoon?

Johnnie—I was writing love letters for the cook. She wouldn't give me any cake unless I did.—Texas Sifter.

—The "great fire" of London in 1666 destroyed property estimated to exceed $53,000,000 in value. At that time a large portion of London consisted of frame buildings, or buildings whose wall beams were filled in with brick, and the structures went down before the fire like houses of cards. The course of the fire was only stayed by tearing down buildings in the direction taken by the flames.

THE SKIN AND ITS CHILDREN.

A Man Who Has Counted the Hairs of the Human Head.

There are 334,000 hairs on the human body. Prof. Charles Stewart, who deposed to this at the Royal institution recently, has counted them. He would not, of course, be particular to a hair or two one way or the other, but this on the average is the result. The skin has, therefore, a very respectable family of offsprings, for the biologists can show us beyond all doubt that hairs are after all only special parts of the skin that nature has modified in this way in order to better protect and keep warm her highly important works within. The human skin is a much more complex sort of fabric than is properly imagined. The true skin is right underneath. You can make its acquaintance with the aid of a file or the sharp corner of a door lock. The outer skin or cuticle is really a continually-renewed shield of horny scales, which are the cast-off dead cells of the living layer below. The under skin is the real business article, full of cunning little "touch nerves," blood vessels, lymphatics, sweat glands, fat glands, hair follicles and what not.

The follicles are the pits in which the hairs are grown, something like celery, and nature has expended apparently a quite ridiculous amount of care on these structures. The hair in each cell is a direct growth of the skin. It grows at the rate of half an inch a month. The coloring matter, as we know, is apt to fade and leave us at the mercy of those who commend fluids which "are not dyes." Prof. Stewart thinks it quite possible that sudden fright may blanch the pigment "in a single night," but how it is done, since this pigment in most cases is far away from any visible nervous control, he fails to see. Some people have a peculiar sparkling look about their sandy hair. The professor traces this to alternations of white and colored growth, which he finds correspond with alternate periods of 12 hours' normal growth. The pigment is, perhaps, not deposited during the night, but is during the day, or vice versa.

"Each particular hair" stands up "like quills upon the fretful porcupine" (which, by the way, are also hairs) by virtue of an erector muscle, one end of which is fastened to the bulb of the hair and the other to the point near the surface of the skin. When the muscle contracts under nervous excitement the hair is pulled up vertically (it usually lies a little slantingwise). The "pull" on the muscles is also seen at the point of attachment in the skin, giving rise to the little dimples which, in conjunction with the erect hairs, produce the appearance known as "gooseflesh."

Other children of the skin, but only 20 in number, are the nails. These arise out of sharp folds in the skin, and are essentially very tough, horny material built up from the living skin cells, much in the same way as hairs are built up. The growth is at the rate of about the thirty-secondth of an inch a week. The nail is fastened to the under skin by a peculiar system of locking teeth. While talking about the skin Prof. Stewart did not overlook the "sweat glands," which lie buried in the under skin, extracting from the blood some 50 ounces of watery waste products a day. These pass out through corkscrew passages in the outer skin, emerging in the shape of the myriad little pores, which we can just make out by the aid of an ordinary pocket lens. There are about 76,000 of such openings on the palm of one's hand. Prof. Stewart has counted them, but again he will not risk his reputation for strict veracity on the question of a single pore one way or another. It is averages he deals in, feeling, of course, that the public are not exacting in such matters.—London Graphic.

FEEDING THE LONDON ZOO.

Variety and Quantity of the Provisions Required by Its Denizens Annually.

The London Zoo is, perhaps, the most popular scientific institution in Europe, and its expenses are heavy. A recent report says that the death rate of its denizens is high, about 379 per 1,000, and about 1,200 animals are added every year, of which one-sixth are purchased. The provision bill comes to over £4,000 a year, which means that it costs only a little more than a penny a day per capita to feed 2,500 animals.

The flesh-eating animals are not supplied with prime joints of beef at this rate. Their fare is horseflesh and goat-flesh. Hay, clover, bran, oats, maize, wheat and barley for grass and grain eaters form a large item, and 244 bushels of canary, hemp and millet seed are demanded by the birds. The fish-eaters consume 17 tons of fish annually. There are some odd items in the commissariat. One can understand the 15 tons of biscuits, the four tons of rice, and the three tons of potatoes, but the 3,400 bunches of watercress, the 1,200 quarts of shrimp, the 7,500 fowls' heads are among the unexpected. Carrots and greens are popular. The latter include 500 dozen of cabbages. And there are epicures who demand 24,000 eggs. The nuts dispensed by visitors are far from supplying the needs of the animals, 429 cwt. of monkey nuts figure in the annual consumption. Dates, grapes and raisins have a place in the menu. Oranges are eaten to the tune of 17,000, to say nothing of 14,000 bananas. The children's buns are cloying, but they are supplemented officially by 5,500 quartern loaves and 5,100 quarts of milk. There is also the hideous item of the living food of the snakes, who are not held by ancient wisdom to be symbols of evil for nothing.—N. Y. Sun.

Immense Fortunes in Trees.

The timber wealth of the United States gives a yearly product of over $1,000,000,000, or twice the value of the entire output of all the mines put together—gold, silver, coal, iron, copper, zinc and the rest. This is a resource worth keeping, and yet we are cutting into our capital at the fearful rate of 75 per cent. each year, as only about 25 per cent. of the timber market is represented by new growth. As for losses from the fires that are started by locomotives, cattlemen, berry pickers, hunters and incendiaries, it gives a sufficient idea of what they cost us to be told by the forestry commissioner of Pennsylvania that his state alone probably suffers to the extent of $20,000,000 annually from this one cause. Not only the trees are lost in these mighty conflagrations; the vegetable mold which would supply fertility to the soil for future agricultural purposes or food for the roots of the second growth of forest is burnt, and the first step is taken on that easy descent to a landslide or flood bed.—Farmer.

THE SENSATIONS.

Attending a Surgical Operation as Described by a Patient.

A gentleman who has recently successfully passed through a most dangerous operation has written a description of the proceeding from his standpoint, from the time he was placed on the operating table to the day he walked out of the hospital a well man. He relates it as follows:

"'Feel a bit shaky, eh?' asked the surgeon. 'A tablespoonful of brandy, please, sister. Now, that's better.'

"'We will proceed with the chloroform, Mr. Richardson,' the great man said:

"At these words a young doctor standing at my head bent over me, holding a towel in his hands. He managed to raise my lower jaw, and also to place the chloroform-saturated towel over my mouth and nostrils at the same time. A sweet, burning, half-pleasant, half-sickly odor was emitted as I breathed.

"'Breathe away quietly, and begin to count slowly up to a hundred.'

"'One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,' I murmured, and then, somehow, a confusion of thought came upon me.

"Where had I got to? It didn't in the least matter, I knew, but still it worried me. But yet while even in the act of deciding to go on counting again, to begin at the beginning, I found that I was being suffocated, but still it was pleasant suffocation. I was uncertain as to whether I should struggle or not. That also didn't seem to be of much consequence. Queer throbbing sounds seemed to be acting on the depths of my brain—I can give no clearer description. There was a heavy, steady, but mighty loud, beating of my heart, each beat of which appeared to churn up my brain.

"And now I was hearing music—the divinest of music. The bass notes were supplied by the throbbing, heavy sound in my brain, but around me—just as though thousands of tiny fairies were playing the very sweetest airs on thousands of most delicately-tuned harps, and the sweetest of little tinkling gold and silver bells—the treble portion of the melody was being enchantingly played. I thought I was in a sunny garden, gorgeous with the fairest flowers and scented with their perfumes. I was free from all disease, was deliriously happy and contented; the Elysian fields were around me; I wanted for nothing but to be left there and to lie and laze for millions of years.

"But then suddenly the gardens became dark as night; a rushing, roaring wind swept over them; a crash, as of all this world's artillery being discharged at once, seemed to annihilate me and everything else, almost before I could realize any change from the gloriousness of my previous sensations! Then came nothingness.

"Coming to earth again, I found myself in my bed in the ward. The house surgeon was feeling my pulse. I just noticed that there were screens across the bed, and that I felt comparatively sleepy, but a trifle sickly. Surely nothing could have happened since I fell into the chloroformed sleep.

"'Why, didn't they do the operation, after all?' I asked. The doctor smiled. 'My dear fellow,' he said, 'I ought not to say it, perhaps, but if you only knew what you have gone through during the past two hours you'd know why I smile at your question. Why, man, you have gone through an operation which has only been performed twice before in this country. Oh, yes, they did do the operation, after all. Now, ask no questions; lie still, don't talk, but try to sleep. Your life has been saved; you've a good constitution, and if you do as you are told you'll walk out of this place in less than three months a new man.'

"I did, but I have never forgotten the operation of which I felt nothing."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

CAMPING OUT IN A TREE.

A Man Who Tried It Says It's a Great Success.

Everybody who has ever camped out in Niles canyon knows that there is a number of things to be considered in selecting a desirable site. If you pitch your tent near the water the air is likely to be close on warm days, to say nothing of the numerous mosquitoes. On the other hand, if your tent is pitched on a hillside, it is difficult to find a level place to build a fire and all the water has to be carried up from the stream below. Of course it is more convenient to be near the water, but under ordinary circumstances not so comfortable as being a few feet above it.

Henry Gibson thinks that he has solved the problem and at the same time procured a number of advantages he had not looked for. He is one of the first campers in the canyon and intends to remain all summer, so that it is likely that many of the later arrivals will take advantage of his way of pitching a tent.

Gibson's scheme consists of utilizing a big cottonwood tree. He selected one with spreading branches, and in the space between them he constructed a platform of flooring similar to those generally used under tents when they are placed on the ground. One of the branches had to be sawed off, but the platform was made to fit in between the others as nicely as could be. On this platform he has pitched his tent the same as he would on the ground. By the use of a ladder it is easy to get up or down. There are numerous advantages in pitching a tent this way, the principal one of which is that it is high and dry and the occupants run little danger of taking cold. Besides this, it can be located close to good water and near a level place for the campfire.

Another advantage is that "grub" and cooking utensils can be placed out of the reach of prowling animals by putting them in a basket and hauling them up to the platform. At night the ladder can be hauled up and the occupants of the tent will be as secure from intrusion as if at home in their bedrooms.

The tent in a tree has already attracted the attention of a number of prospective campers. Gibson says it doesn't cost a cent more than it does to put a tent in the ordinary way. It only takes a little more time, but when you are there you are fixed.—San Francisco Call.

Unexpected.

Prospective Pere—Do you think you can fill all the requirements of a son-in-law?

The Suitor—Why, I, er—thought you would do that.—Brooklyn Life.

—Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein has an annual allowance from the British people of £6,000.

PASSING OF THE BRONCHO.

In a Few Years He Will Have Disappeared Entirely.

It is a fact, and in some respects not to be regretted, that the broncho is fast disappearing. He has served his purpose as no other horse in the world could do. But changed conditions of the country have done away with this once necessary evil. For evil, in many ways, he was; in evil and good he never has had and never will have an equal. But the broncho to-day is not what he was, for into almost every nook and corner has been carried new blood to cross with this tough and evil-minded little warrior and more often to his detriment than to his betterment.

Crosses of all kinds have been tried, but in nearly all cases, for two or three generations, the evil of bad temper and "cussedness" comes to stay, and at the same time the half-breed loses the staying qualities of the genuine broncho. Crosses with Clyde, coach, Norman, hackney and thoroughbred have proven a failure. With all the foregoing, except the thoroughbred, almost a total failure. From actual observation the first cross to Clyde, coach, Norman and hackney are almost entirely worthless. It makes them in size between the broncho and the sire.

Not big enough for draft, not fit for drivers on account of temper, lack of speed and homely conformation. For saddlers and cow horses they have lost the sure-footedness, staying qualities and indomitable courage that the genuine broncho, nine times out of ten, has. The cross from the thoroughbred is better. In many cases it gives them more speed, but the distance must be shortened. The broncho-thoroughbred cross is not, as a class, so teachable as the broncho proper.

Taken all in all, in my mind, for the work cut out for him, no cross has ever been an improvement in the first generation. Seventy-five, 90 or 100 miles in ten or twelve hours has not been a very unusual ride for me on the good, old-fashioned little hero of the plains. I had need, during the trouble among the Creeks in 1882 and 1883, to go from Muskogee, I. T., to Oakmulgee, I. T., the distance being 45 miles. I had just 4½ hours to do the trick if I accomplished what I wished. I did it, and with no apparent hurt to my mount, for the next morning he was as willing and ready, as the horseman says, to go "high, wide and handsome" as ever.

Show me any other kind of horse that can do such work on scout fare and plenty of abuse and I will take my hat off to him, be he of what breed he may. They are fast passing away, but they were the pioneers of a new country, and their footprints show in every wild place where the white man first showed his face in the western part of the United States. Good-by, old friend and enemy of the past. You have served me well in both good and evil, and many aches and pains that I still here make me remember the evil, but "their good deeds shall live after them."—American Sportsman.

NEW BUILDINGS UNHARMED.

Observations of the Cyclone's Destructive Work in St. Louis.

The destruction of buildings in St. Louis was confined almost altogether to those built many years ago. In the business district and along the levee every brick building demolished had been built a great many years ago. An examination of the bricks and mortar that had been thrown into the streets showed that the first was soft and the latter had little adhesiveness and crumbled between the fingers with very little pressure. On Second street, devoted to the commission and kindred trades, were several brick buildings with the fronts or corners torn out and the roofs gone, while beside them in the street were modern, well-constructed buildings, much larger and offering more resistance to the wind, which escaped with only such injuries as broken windows, caused by the flying bricks from old buildings. In the heart of the retail business and hotel district, where the Planters' and Southern hotels and the new and fine modern office and business buildings are, the damage was confined to plate glass windows, shattered by flying debris, and to telephone and telegraph wires, and signs and windows. A man who was in the tenth story of a large building when the storm struck it, felt the shock of the wind, but the building stood like a rock against it, while two blocks away, old buildings, erected when less care was given to construction, were being torn to pieces, their brick fronts hurled into the streets and their roofs through the air. In some cases the sheet-iron roofs of fine, new business buildings were injured by the wind catching at the corner of a cornice and getting under the iron and ripping it off in rolls. In Lafayette park the statue of Benton stood unharmed, surrounded by broken and uprooted trees and the wrecks of flimsy pagodas and boathouses.

In the Mill Creek Valley, a fashionable portion of South St. Louis, where nearly every residence was damaged, the houses were of the ante-bellum type, with heavy stone porticos supported by Corinthian columns. Many of them were so old that the cracks showed under several coats of paint, with which they had been covered. The newer houses were unroofed in many instances, but the walls are standing. The old houses went down before the wind as they would fall before any other heavy shock.

A striking instance of the solidity of new structures was seen at the shot tower. It is new and very solidly built and rises to a great height, presenting a fair object to any wandering tornado. It stood unharmed, however, the morning after the storm, while all around it for blocks were the ruins of old buildings and leveled smokestacks.—Kansas City Star.

Smoking the Nargile.

A Greek thus tells how the nargile is smoked by his brethren: "Only pure tobacco is used in the nargile. It is grown expressly for the purpose in Persia. The weed there is called tumbeky. This kind of tobacco is first washed two or three times by the man who keeps the restaurant. He puts it under a faucet and squeezes the juice out. Otherwise the tobacco would be too strong. Then when the smoke of it is drawn through the water—the tobacco having, of course, been dried first—all the nicotine is deposited in the water, and a delightful and innocuous smoke is the result."—N. Y. Tribune.

—The first street lighting in this country was done in New York in 1697.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

ABOUT HAY.

A Subject that Should Engross More of the Attention of the Southern Farmer.

It is the hay season. Let us talk a little about hay. There is hay and there is hay. The quality or feeding value of hay will depend not only upon the special kind of plant grown, but also at what stage of growth it is mowed, how cured, and to a greater or less extent as to the character of soil it is grown upon. As a rule, when the plant is cut at an early stage, before the seed have well formed, the crop is not only less exhaustive to the soil, but will possess more value as feed by reason of palatability and digestibility. It is when the seed are matured that the greatest drain is made upon the soil, and as maturity advances the woody element increases in proportion, and the more woody the plant the greater the difficulty and labor of the animal in digesting the food. A hay plant at a certain degree of maturity may show a greater chemical value as stock food, yet when tested in practice by the animal itself, the immature and less chemically rich plant may result in far better profit than the other. Oxen and mature dry cattle may thrive better on a hay well advanced in maturity than milch cows and younger stock. For calves very young and tender grass is best.

Much care and experience is necessary to know at just what stage of growth it is best to cut hay and the best manner of curing. The condition of the weather and the individual character of the plant itself, and the special purpose for which the feed is designed—must each be considered in reaching conclusions. The best quality of hay is secured by curing partially in the shade, or in the cock. It is difficult, if not impossible, to make the best possible quality of hay when the grass is cured in the sun entirely. Exclusive sun curing leaves the hay dry and brittle and lifeless, and extracts color and aroma from it. The hay ought to be cured at least partially in the cock, where it may undergo a sweating process to a greater or less extent. Hay that has gone through a sweating in the cock is not so near likely to spoil when put in the barn as that which is even less green in appearance undergoing the sun-curing process. In the case of the legumes, clover, cow peas, vetches, etc., when exposed to any considerable extent to the sun, the leaves fall off. This character of plants must be cured in the cock, or under shade, in order to secure a fair quality of hay.

It is a mistake to presume that our native grasses, growing spontaneously in pasture and meadow, are all inferior hay grasses. Some of them are better than others, but most of them make fine hay if only mowed at a stage of growth early enough. With these plants it is usually the case that they are mowed to make up a shortage in the hay supply, and are not mowed until the eleventh hour—until it is demonstrated that the cultivated grasses, clover and forage plants are not ample to supply the needs of the owner—then the over-ripe native plants are utilized to supply the deficiency. Take our common broom sedge, for example. Cut for hay when young and tender and before there is any evidence of seed stalk putting up, the hay, when properly cared, looks well, and the stock eat it well and thrive upon it.—Farm Gazette.

THE FARMER'S HOPE.

Right Living on the Farm the Basis of Its Fruition.

The condition of the farmer and his home interests is the basis of the thought of the present day. It is the subject of conversation, of discussion and of earnest work. In the very nature of things, this is right. As a consumer and producer, the farmer is our most important citizen. To the farm we look for everything that makes us comfortable and happy. It supplies us with the noblest types of manhood and womanhood, and has given to the world men who have magnified every position in life and adorned every profession.

There is a power and charm in farm life that tends to develop the pure, noble and good in human character. The mind is broadened and the disposition made sympathetic and tender. There a softening power in the exercise of care for a tender plant or a helpless animal. There is a great deal in all these natural advantages which render farm life enviable and enjoyable; and yet there is much about farm homes which could be greatly improved upon.

The hope of the farmer is in his home and in his household. The farmer's home is the place where he and his household should live and love. Too often does the farmer, while supplying his farm with all the latest labor-saving implements, wholly neglect to provide helps to lighten the labor in the household.

Generally the most important part of the household, the kitchen, is scantily supplied with utensils, and the meals are served and eaten like they were a "necessary evil" to be gotten through with as rapidly as possible.

As a matter of fact the kitchen of the farmer is capable of the greatest possibilities. Materials necessary to the preparation of all articles are in abundance. The farmer can have the best of everything and it is his due. He should not only have the best articles of food, but prepared for his appetite in the best and most wholesome manner.

Farmers ought not to be be too busy to live the best lives that can be lived in the best possible way. A great deal depends upon the development of the home, and it depends almost entirely upon one who follows the highest and noblest profession of home making, the wife and mother.

The hope of the farmer is to attain a higher standard of living and a nobler, better life. The hope of the farmer is in his sons and daughters, because they can be educated and become all that they are capable of becoming.

Right living on the farm is in itself an educational force. The honest tiller of the soil, although attired in the homely garb of the farmer, is as truly a king as the eloquent orator or the gifted lawyer or preacher. The farmer's wife and daughter who washes the dishes and cooks the meals, is a queen among women. Their work is excellent were brain is used, and brain is good as far as the proper food for the nourishment is given. Even the most menial duties require the exercise of the brain to perform them. Thought put into work gives dignity and power to the laborer.

To attain the fulfillment of his hopes, the farmer should at once begin the programme of living really and truly at home. While keeping abreast of the times with all the modern appliances for operations on the farm, let him supply his house, especially his kitchen, with the best products of his farm, garden and orchard for his own table. In doing this he will not only advance his own interests, but that of the whole country.—Southern Cultivator.

STOCK BREEDING.

The Transmission of Qualities a Matter to be Watched.

The maxim "like begets like," is a rule having very extensive sway, yet, as propagation is the work of two parents, the respective influence of the one or the other is a matter involving considerable diversity of opinion, and prevents anything like a certain conclusion being arrived at. In the breeding of the animals, if the object be to modify defects, by using a male or a female in which such defects may not exist, we can not produce the desired alteration; or, rather, it can not be equally produced in all the offspring, but can only be attained by weeding out those in whom the objectionable points are repeated. Many breeders, finding their attempts at improvements frequently baffled, cling with superstitious tenacity to the doctrine of purity of blood, believing it to be the only course by which true safety is to be found. Now, pure breeding, which, when carried to an excess, is called in-and-in breeding, has its advantages as well as its disadvantages. Its friends observe, with force, that when we have in breeding reached great excellence, it is folly to risk the loss of such excellence by means of crossing; and the more so as the defects of a parent may disappear in a first or second, and reappear in the third or fourth generation, "breeding back," as it is commonly termed. Again, it is urged that excellencies can only be perpetuated by similar excellencies, and beyond all this that there is a certain amount of advantage from an unstained lineage—from the very possession of breed, as it is designated. The objectors to in-and-in breeding urge that by so doing we engender weakness of constitution, diminution of size, hereditary diseases, and also a tendency to barrenness; but it is argued in reply to such objections that they occur from want of sufficient care in weeding out defective animals, whether as respects constitution or size. Unless the choice is extremely confined, most of the evils of pure breeding can be avoided by careful selection and vigorous weeding. High breeding, or pure breeding, refers to very different desiderata in different breeds. In the thoroughbred horses it signifies a very high development of the muscular and nervous system, accompanied by such mechanical structure as, when united with it, constitutes the highest manifestations of speed and endurance. In the ox, however, it implies very different qualities, viz., early and rapid growth—the development of flesh or muscle on the parts most prized for food—a disposition to lay on fat; these, with the possession of the smallest amount of bone consistent with strength and health, are the principal characteristics of a well-bred animal. Instead of the highly nervous temperament of the race horse we have here a quiet, lazy disposition; in fact, a lymphatic temperament, by the influence of which the digestive organs reign supreme and convert for the public benefit, a given quantity of food into the utmost amount of flesh and fat. The same observations apply with equal force to the sheep, and in a still stronger degree to the pig. A well-bred pig is the incarnation of everything indolent and lethargic, and the very antipodes of that high organization and nervous development which belongs to a high-bred horse.—Cor. Farm and Ranch.

A Poor Policy.

Cattle raisers should bend every effort to raise cattle that will sell at one year old. The idea of keeping steers until they are three or four years old and then sell them as feeders, has been proven to be a poor policy, both for the man who raises the cattle and for those who feed them for the market. It is a well-established fact that young cattle fatten more rapidly, and consequently at less expense, than old ones. Four or five years ago it was thought that a steer was not fit for market under four years, and it was not unusual to see steers going to market six and seven years old. In the last four years a great change has taken place. Now butchers and packers demand younger beef, and the live, shrewd cattle-raiser who is in the business to make money, will study to supply the market with that class of beef which meets with a ready sale and be always in demand. To do this the cattle-raiser must breed and feed for early maturity, and this is one class of cattle that there is little likelihood of overstocking the market with for some time.—Live Stock Champion.

HERE AND THERE.

—Probably most people consider honey as the equal in value for food of any sweet sauce—no better, no worse. All should know that it possesses one great superiority—ease of digestion.

—