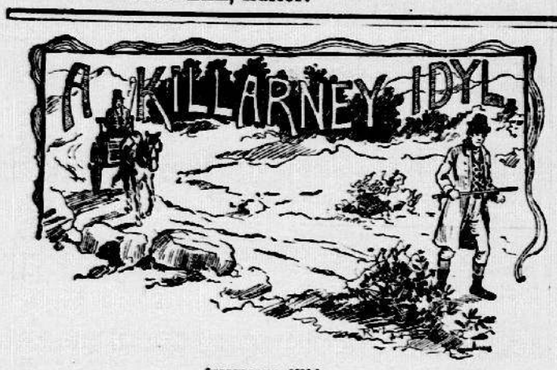
The St. Tammany Farmer.

"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 19, 1896. VOL. XXI.—NO. 38.



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Phelim McCaul was not in a particularly good humor as he strode along the rough mountain path whistling a faction tune between his teeth and cutting savagely at the wayside brambles that shivered in the sharp east wind, which, appropriately enough, was heralding the Lenten season down the famous Gap of Dunloe.

Judged from Mr. McCaul's standpoint, the situation was a tantalizing one. Here he was, a man of 34, with a tidy bit put by, a snug farm and no incumbrance whatever, actually unmarried this blessed Ash Wednesday eve, and likely to remain so during the coming 12 months, all owing to the unreasonableness of one Thady O'Rafferty, whose daughter, Mollie, Phelim sought in marriage, the negotiations having been broken off that very evening for positively the last time.

Had Phelim been a trifle older, or a trifle more philosophic, he would have probably told himself the disappointment was simply a blessing in disguise, but, being still young and not at all a philosopher, he chafed fiercely at the broken match and heartily cursed Mr. O'Rafferty as he went.

Absorbed in bitter reflections, he did not hear the approaching rattle of gig wheels behind, and it was not until a friendly voice had thrice shouted his name from lungs rendered stentorian by mountain air that Phelim knew he had a fellow traveler on the road. Thus challenged, he faced around and recognizing his interlocutor as an acquaintance named Lanigan, who rented a farm a mile or so from his own place, came to a halt.

"Yerrah, Phelim, boy, where are ye goin' at that rate this hour o' night?" asked the new-comer, accommodating his horse's pace to that of the young man as they moved forward together. "Sure, I thought 'tis down colloquing with Mollie O'Rafferty ye'd be this minnit instead of flyin' all over the country like thistledown—"

"That's all off now," replied Phelim, suikily, not well pleased at Lanigan's observation, but too true an Irishman to resist the temptation of chattering about his own affairs. "The mane little blaggard of a father wouldn't give a penny more than 200 quid with the girl, and he after as good as promisin' 300 a fortnight ago, an' I knowin' he had 800 lodged in the bank in Killarney!"

BOTH MEN WERE DEEP IN THE EXAMINATION OF A BANK BOOK.

"Is it truth ye're tellin' me?"

"Oh, divil recave the lie, an' divil recave the ha'penny more he'd advance; an' I, after swearin' to his face I'd not marry any girl under 500!"

"Right y'are. I like your sperret—"

"Sure if I did, I'd be disgraced for ever—lavin' meeself down like that an' there's no fear me wife 'ud respect me either."

"Oh begob, I suppose he thought that as ye were dacent ye'd the soft vein in ye too," commented the other, cracking his whip. "I suppose he believed that since Miss Mollie was at the convent for a year an' could play the pianny, the head 'ud be turned on yer shoulders."

"Faith, then he never made a bigger mistake in his life," retorted the rejected suitor, knitting his short, straight brows, "there's not such a differ between wan girl an' another as all that, an' 'twould take a keener man than Thady Rafferty to fool me anyway—himself an' his daughter, the cross-eyed—"

"I don't wonder at yer feelin' hurt," interposed Lanigan smoothly, as he reined up, for they had reached a spot where the road branched off in different directions, "but never say die, there's as good fish in the say as ever was caught, an' if ye're willin', ye can still be a married man this very Shrove!"

Phelim laughed bitterly. He was in no mood for wooing now.

"I have three daughters yonder," pursued the other, pointing in the direction of the undulating uplands rolling away to the heights beyond, where the Purple mountain soared into the deepening twilight, "an' they hear tell of you Phelim, though I don't know if any of 'em met you lately, for they're great stay-at-homes, but they have all a wish for you, an' I don't think 'twould be hard for ye to put the 'come hether' on any of 'em; so if ye're in earnest, Phelim McCaul, come along with me this blessid minnit, an' I'll give you the pick of the three, an' I'll send across for father Pat O'Mara—he's only a couple of fields away—an' he'll buckle ye in a jiffey, since the time is so short."

Phelim's darkening brow cleared a little; natural cunning was struggling with wounded pride, and that short-sighted longing for swift revenge which impels many a rejected wooer to fling himself away upon the first girl he meets, in order to enjoy the triumph of what is usually but a Phynic victory—pride won.

"I'll go," he cried suddenly, wheeling round; "me father, God rest his soul, often said ye were a dacent man, an' sure the whole parish knows there isn't the dirty dhrop in any of ye!"

"Right you are, me bouchal," responded Mr. Lanigan, promptly; "that's the talk, an' before long you'll have a chance of judgin' whether Thady O'Rafferty has all the nice girls in the country. So just jump up here alongside o' me an' we'll be over there like winkin'."

Phelim obeyed and a quick trot along the winding road presently brought them to the group of whitewashed outhouses surrounding Lanigan's cottage, whose lighted windows shone hospitably through a mountain mist.

Here the proprietor begged his prospective son-in-law to wait while he went in and explained matters to the girls.

"They're bashful, poor things, since they lost the mother," he remarked, confidentially, "an' maybe they'd be a bit put out if they saw you comin' in on them all of a suddint."

To this arrangement Phelim made no objection, and Mr. Lanigan, hastily passing through the kitchen, went straight to the parlor, where, as he expected, he found the three Misses Lanigan placidly engaged in knitting or sewing.

At the entrance of their parent the three young ladies rose to greet him, the eldest, Kitty, a girl with dove-like eyes, limping slightly as she crossed the room.

"Girls alive, don't be flustered," said Lanigan, breathlessly. "Cissy, stir up the fire; be quiet, Peg, there's a young man outside lookin' for a wife; he must get married this Shrove, an' he's waitin' at the door."

"Who is he, eroo?" asked Peggy, the youngest.

"Spake aisy—Phelim McCaul," replied her father, with a nod, at once threatening and explanatory. "I'm goin' to give him the pick o' ye, an' 'tis a long time till ye get as good a chance again."

"Shure, he's runnin' after Mollie O'Rafferty," interjected Cissy, pausing in her operation of sweeping the ashes under the grate.

"Yes, but that's all broke off now," answered Lanigan; "he's tearin' mad an' 'ud marry the divil's daughter for satisfaction. Here, don't waste any more time 'ramashin' there, but sit down, all of ye, about the table, Kitty here, an' Cissy at that side, an' you, Peg, at this, an' don't ye get up when he comes in, or lave on to be surprised, but be nice an' pleasant to him, for I said ye were all 'gone' after him, be jabers."

And, silencing the titter with which the young ladies took their places, he hurried out to Phelim, who, when he was introduced a few minutes later, found the maidens demurely seated in the positions indicated by their fond parent.

There was a decent interval filled by improving the conversation, while Bridgie, the handmaid of the establishment, brought in materials for punch, and it was only when the tumblers were half emptied that Mr. Lanigan broached the subject which occupied the thoughts of all.

"Now Phelim McCaul," he said, rising, and unconsciously imitating the manner of a gentleman he had once seen auctioneering cattle in Killarney, "these are my three girls, the same I was tellin' ye about. That's the eldest, Kitty; I'll give her £500, dry money, and there's the second eldest, Cissy, and she has £300 to her name; an' here's Peggy, the youngest, an' the man who takes her now will have £200. So there you are, me bouchal, an' which of 'em will you choose?"

Mr. McCaul rapidly worked a little sum in mental arithmetic; naturally, he decided on the £500 damsel, then he glanced carelessly at her face.

"I think, sir," he remarked, deferentially, "I'll take the eldest young lady, if she'll have me. The other two are very nice, indeed, an' it's not the first time I heard of 'em" (he was only dimly conscious of their existence until that evening) "but I think 'tis only proper to give her the refusin' of me."

There was a brief silence, a cinder fell from the glowing mass between the grate bars, Cissy tittered furtively, Peggy leaned forward, her elbow upon the table, her dimpled chin crushed in the palm of her hand, watching the episode with the pitiless eyes of 18. Kitty sat perfectly still, but her demure mouth was lifted at the corners, and there was a light under her half-closed lids like the gleam of a knife loosened in its sheath.

The disinterested Phelim rose and approached her.

"Will you have me, miss?" he asked, gently—perhaps at that exact instant he forgot the £500; I hope he did.

Kitty's head sank lower; there came a spot of scarlet on her cheeks.

"Oh, yes, indeed," she whispered.

"Begor, that settles it!" cried Lanigan, drawing a quick breath, "she's me own favorite child, the first of the clutch, Phelim, an' I say it without any shame to the others, you've got the pick of the bunch. Sure, I don't know what we'll do at all, at all, without her; but, anyway, I'm glad she's settled, and has a good husband, an' since she was to go, there isn't wan I'd rather have her before your own self. Take her, an' God bless ye, an' may the first boy be a bishop! Cissy, girl, run an' get up the tea; help your sister, Peggy, avick, while Phelim an' mesself settle a little bit o' business here, as our heads are cool."

And overruling a very faint protest on Mr. McCaul's part, he drew the young man into a corner, where a little, old-fashioned cabinet stood, and presently both men were deep in the examination of a bank book, greasy with long use, and also a mysterious ledger which the girls knew to be opened only upon the most momentous occasions.

The examination of the books concluded, Mr. Lanigan remarked genially, as he pointed to an empty chair at the head of the table on whose snowy cloth the scanty array of household treasures was already glittering:

"I sent over for Father Pat as I was comin' in because 'tis gettin' late in the evenin' so ye can be marrid comfortably off-hand an' no bother about it; there's a fine room upstairs, an' a bed that's fit for a king, an' they're lightin' the fire there now so the smoke'll be cleared out when ye're ready, for sweet bad luck to me if either o' ye go out of this house to-night!"

Of course Kitty, who had remained in the parlor, blushingly objected, a mere matter of detail which did not affect the arrangements in the least, while Phelim, who had made up his mind that the bargain was a good one, became properly impatient, so that when Father Pat made his appearance he found an air of undeniable festivity pervading the house, the genial spirit of the hour breathing upon all, from Murteen, the oldest farm laborer, who had got drunk with amazing celerity, to the young lovers themselves as they sat hand in hand under the fostering smiles of Mr. Lanigan, while he pelted the amorous swain with appropriate badinage.

The good father, who had been that very evening anticipating a "cold shrove," was no forbidding figure in this scene of Arcadian felicity, and after some passages of decorous hilarity, the mystic knot was tied, and Phelim McCaul, though he had entered the house only an hour before a bachelor, found himself pledged for life to Catherine Philomena Lanigan.

This important ceremony having been transacted, the home of the Lanigans became a perfect focus of gaiety, a few neighbors and a blind piper, whom very instinct had led to the spot, keeping the impromptu merry-making afoot.

Father Pat, a quaint figure not destitute of a certain pathos and dignity amid this somewhat boisterous jollity, presided in the parlor, and gave "tone" to the rejoicings; now praising Cissy's pancake, now joking with the young, now gossiping with the old, and later on taking a hand at a quiet game of "45" with Lanigan, the bridegroom, and one Corney O'Loon, a clerical student, a cousin of the family. Finally, it was he who proposed the health of the new wedded pair, in an extempore speech, winding up with a neat little quotation from Martial, which Mr. O'Loon promptly mistranslated, to his own great confusion, but the unmitigated satisfaction of his relations who secretly believed him to be a far superior scholar to the parish priest, and soon after Father Pat took his departure, going back to his lonely house, the richer by a ten pound note and a fresh experience in the ways of humanity.

When the priest had gone, dancing commenced in the great kitchen. Mrs. McCaul did not, however, take a part in the proceedings, but quietly retired to her room, while Peggy footed it with the most hopeless detrimental in the parish to the tune of the "Wind That Shook the Barley."

The next morning Phelim came downstairs in a great hurry. "Jack Lanigan," he shouted, "come here if yer's a man!"

"Arrah, there ye aire me bhoy," observed Lanigan, cheerfully, "'tis light an' airy ye are; the top of the mornin' to ye, I was comin' up to know were ye awake, how's yerself?"

"See here," roared the deluded bridegroom, "why did ye give me that girl inside with wan leg longer than the other?"

"Sure, didn't you see her?" retorted the father-in-law, "an' didn't you choose her from the three of 'em?"

"I know that quite well," rejoined Phelim, his eyes sparkling, "but I didn't know she limped an' why didn't you tell me?"

"So I would, if you had only axed me," replied the other, genially, "but I didn't know 'twas to run races you wanted her!"

That was all. The two men stared at one another the fraction of a second; then Phelim went back into the nuptial chamber and closed the door gently.

Then he found the limp consisted of a wooden leg.

LUSMORE.

Cold Baths.

Most medical men consider that a cold bath every morning is apt to do more harm than good to any but persons of a very vigorous constitution. The sensible thing to do is to see that the temperature of the water in cold weather is not lower than that of the air. A daily bath is most healthful, but it should not be so cold as to give a shock to the system.—Chicago Tribune.

MILITARY MARCHING.

Pace in Different Armies—Effect of Music on the March.

A curious report of the marching capabilities of the different European armies, drawn up at the German ministry of war, has at the moment a special interest. The figures are those of the established "regulations" of the several services, and it appears that the length of the Russian soldier's pace is 71 centimeters; of the German, 80, while the French, Austrian, Belgian, Swedish and Swiss soldiers all tread a pace of 75 centimeters. The Italian soldier takes 120 steps in a minute, the French from 112 to 116, the German 115, the Austrian 118 and the Belgian 110 steps. An Italian regiment marches at the rate of 90 meters in the minute, a German regiment at 89, an English at 88 and a French regiment at 86 meters per minute. The meter is equal to about 39 1-3 inches, and in English measure, therefore, the rate of progression of the four last-mentioned regiments would be (about) as follows: The Italians, 98 yards per minute; the Germans, 96; the English, 95; the French, 93 yards per minute. It may be mentioned here that, by the regulations of the British service, our slow march consists of 75 30-inch paces to the minute, this measure being used only on parade and for occasions of solemn pageantry. The quick march, in which all evolutions are performed, increases to 110 paces, while the "double" rises to 150 paces in the minute.

It is now generally agreed that as athletes the moderns are stronger and "able to obtain more results from their exertions than the ancients." Whether this may be justly said in reference to military prowess is perhaps not quite so clear. The standard pace of the Roman soldier was the same as our own (30 inches), the length of 5 feet being really the measurement of two steps, or the pace from where either foot was lifted up to that on which the same foot was again set down. The Roman mile of 1,000 paces was equal to rather more than nine-tenths of our own statute mile, and the legions usually marched at the rate of 20 of their miles (say 18 of ours) in five hours. But this was often exceeded on emergency, and to estimate the true quality of this performance it must be remembered that the Roman foot soldier carried a load of some 60 pounds' weight besides his arms. Josephus says that on the march he was "but very little different from a beast of burden." Lord Wolseley tells us that a division can march 2½ miles an hour if very well managed, but that, as a rule, time should be calculated at 2 miles an hour, including ordinary halts.

The rationale of cadenced marching is too obvious to require analysis, and all modern marches are, as far as possible, made to some kind of music. "Sounds," said a great master of military science, "have a secret power over us, disposing our organs to bodily exercises, and at the same time, deluding, as it were, the toil of them." If the band is broken up Lord Wolseley counsels officers to call upon the drums and bugles. The troops "march 100 per cent. better than in silence," and, this resource also failing, the men should be got to sing by companies. All this was well understood by the ancients. Plutarch describes the Lacedaemonians, when advancing to the attack, as "keeping pace to the time of their flutes, their music leading them into danger cheerfully and unconcerned." Most of their actual marches, however, were performed in silence.

With such a widespread experience of its advantages, it is remarkable that cadenced marching should have fallen into almost total disuse during the middle ages. To remove this defect in the French military system was one of the chief labors of Marshal Saxe. In the middle of the last century the musical instruments of the French army were as poor as some of the so-called "marches" of their composers. They might, indeed, have turned their fifes and drums to better account; for the nature of their discipline is sufficiently indicated by the following observation by Marshal Saxe: "As every man is suffered to consult his own ease and inclination, some march slow and others fast; but what is to be expected from troops that cannot be brought to keep one certain regular pace?" On the contrary, their well-ordered marching was the glory of the Prussian troops, and the victories of Frederick the Great at Rosba, Leuthen and Zorndorf were greatly due to this superiority. At this time the Germans had marches of great merit as musical compositions, and the French poverty in this particular was, in fact, relieved from a German source. They also adopted many of the German instruments, as well as others in use among the Walloon regiments. At this date Handel had given to our own troops the stately measure of the march in "Scipio" and many another composition of a similar marked character. But the time was not yet for such strains as the march in "Die Zauberflote," or for the solemnity of Beethoven's funeral dirges.—St. James' Gazette.

Mirages on the Lakes.

Lake Ontario is becoming famous for the mirages which it causes or helps to cause. At least once a year for quite a few years back the phenomenon has been observed. Recently in Oswego people along the lake front beheld a beautiful mirage of Kingston, 50 or 60 miles away across the lake. The Duck and Galloup islands, the entrance to the harbor, the masts of the shipping and the outlines of buildings were distinctly pictured in the sky, upside down. This inverted mirage is very rare in these parts, the ones observed in the last few years having been simply pictures of the distant shore lifted into the sky. It is a curious fact, which may have some bearing in explaining the phenomenon, that these mirages seen across Lake Ontario always picture a large city—Toronto or Kingston. A mirage on Lake Huron last summer pictured Port Huron. The atmosphere just over a large city is obviously warmer than that lying above the surrounding country. A stream of air cooled by the water being interspersed between the city and the lighter heated stratum above seems to supply the conditions for the mirage.—Buffalo Courier.

Used Modern Methods.

"We tried to determine by ballot who was the most popular girl at the hotel. Each kiss was to count as a vote, you know."

"How did it work?"

"Not at all. The girls ran in repeaters."—Truth.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—"I don't like our doctor," said Willie. "I went and caught a cold bad enough to keep me home from school for two weeks, and the mean old doctor cured me in less'n two days."—Tit-Bits.

—"Uncle George, what is a valedictory?" "It's the farewell address the girl graduate reads to her weeping classmates the night before she packs her trunk to visit among them all summer."—Chicago Record.

—A Change of Heart.—"The minister looked so feeble this morning when he began to preach that I was afraid he would break down." "Well?" "After he began his sermon I was afraid he wouldn't."—N. Y. Herald.

—"Don't you get awfully tired doing nothing all the time?" asked the young man who thought himself interested in sociology. "Mister," answered Peary Pattetic, "I git so tired doin' nothin' that I can't do nothin' else."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—Miss Summit—"Mr. Travers just sent me these lovely violets. He is so generous, and I know he couldn't afford it. The poor, dear boy, I don't see where he gets his money from." Dashaway (savagely)—"I know where he got the money from in this case."—Harlemite.

—Dropped with a Dull Thud.—"And are you really the gentleman who writes those funny things for the morning paper?" asked the ingenuous girl. "I am," admitted the humorist, with as much modesty as he could command. "There is one thing I would like to know. What makes you put the name of some other paper after the very funniest ones?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—The young man who is studying medicine has a fondness for that pursuit which is not surpassed even by the devotion to his bicycle. He found the tire very much collapsed, and a member of his family remarked: "You had better pump it up right away." "Yes," was the reply, "I shall immediately proceed to give it a hypodermic injection of atmosphere."—Washington Star.

TOMBS IN ST. PETER'S.

Some of Them Have Been Violated and the Bones Scattered Abroad.

One of the best tombs in the basilica is that of Sixtus IV., the first pope of the Rovere family, in the Chapel of the Sacrament. The bronze figure, lying low on a sarcophagus placed out upon the floor, has a quiet, manly dignity about it which one cannot forget. But in the same tomb lies a greater man of the same race, Julius II., for whom Michelangelo made his great "Moses" in the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, a man who did more than any other, perhaps, to make the great basilica what it is, and who, by a chain of mistakes, got no tomb of his own. He who solemnly laid the foundations of the present church and lived to see the four main piers completed, with their arches, has only a little slab in the pavement to recall his memory. The protector and friend of Bramante, of Michelangelo and of Raphael—of the great architect, the great sculptor and the great painter—has not so much as the least work of any of the three to mark his place of rest. Perhaps he needed nothing but his name, which must always stand among the greatest.

After all, his bones have been allowed to rest in peace, which is more than can be said of all that have been buried within the area of that church. Urban VI. had no such good fortune. He so much surprised the cardinals as soon as they had elected him by his vigorous moral reforms that they hastily retired to Anagni and elected an anti-pope of milder manners and less sensitive conscience. He lived to triumph over his enemies. In Piacenza he was besieged by King Charles of Naples. He excommunicated him, tortured seven cardinals whom he caught in a conspiracy and put five of them to death, overcame and slew Charles, refused him burial and had his body exposed to the derision of the crowd. The chronicler says that "Italy, Germany, England, Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, Sicily and Portugal were obedient to the Lord Pope Urban VI." He died peacefully and was buried in St. Peter's in a marble sarcophagus.

But when Sixtus V., who also surprised the cardinals greatly, was in a fit of haste to finish the dome, the masons, wanting a receptacle for water, laid hands on Urban's stone coffin, pitched his bones into a corner and used the sarcophagus as they pleased, leaving it to serve as a water tank for many years afterward.

In extending the foundations of the church Paul III. came upon the bodies of Maria and Hermantia, the two wives of Honorius, the emperor who "disestablished" paganism in favor of Christianity. They were sisters, daughters of Stilicho, and had been buried in their imperial robes, with many rich objects and feminine trinkets; and they were found intact, as they had been buried, in the month of February, 1543. Forty pounds of fine gold were taken from their robes alone, says Baracconi, without counting all the jewels and trinkets, among which was a very beautiful lamp, besides a great number of precious stones. The pope melted down the gold for the expenses of the building and set the gems in a tiara, where, if they could be identified, they certainly exist to-day—the very stones worn by empresses of ancient Rome. — Marion Crawford, in Century.

Hypnotic Experiments.

Punctuality in women has been attained under hypnotic suggestion, in a remarkable set of experiments recently reported to the Society for Psychical research. A woman of 19, who had never shown any capacity for calculation, and who was in good health at the time, though her nerves had been unstrung for a year before, was hypnotized and directed to do certain simple things at specified times, writing down the time when she thought she did them. The intervals suggested varied from a few hundred to over 20,000 minutes, and sometimes as many as six suggestions starting at different hours were working on her at once. The experiments read like the painful examples in the mental arithmetics. At four o'clock one day she was asked to do something in 10,080 minutes, beginning at ten the day before. In 55 experiments there were only two failures. On awakening the subject had no recollection of the suggestions made to her.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Might as Well.

She—And will you buy me a pony, dearest, when we are married?

He (absently)—Wouldn't you rather have a tobogganer? — Detroit Free Press.

BLAINE'S NEGLECTED GRAVE.

No Monument Marks the Statesman's Last Resting Place.

Probably no American who has died within the last decade was the object of the admiration and affection of the American people to the degree that it was bestowed upon the late James G. Blaine, and yet even here in the capital city almost no one seems to have any idea of the resting place of his ashes. The immortal genius of statesmanship and those other qualities that made him the idol of his party will be long cherished in the minds and hearts of men, but his final resting place is practically unknown and unhonored, even by those who rendered him the most enthusiastic homage during his lifetime.

Over in Georgetown, which, although a part of the city of Washington, still retains its ancient name, there is beautiful Oak Hill cemetery. The name conveys a literal idea of the place. On a hillside of sloping green, falling away to the waters of Rock creek and shaded by the spreading branches of huge oaks, are the tombs of many men famous in the history of the country. The cemetery is the foundation of W. W. Corcoran, who established the Corcoran art gallery, and whose fortune was freely spent in practical philanthropy in Washington. Oak Hill cemetery is controlled by a corporation whose rules are somewhat rigid, and smoking is forbidden within its boundaries. It is kept in order by a force of a dozen or more gardeners, who are constantly at work upon its walks, lawns, flower beds and shrubbery. As might be imagined, it is a somewhat aristocratic place of final repose, and wealth and family name are pre-requisites to the purchase of a lot.

It is said that during Mr. Blaine's residence in Washington it was his frequent habit to take a stroll through beautiful Oak Hill, and that here he could throw off the burdens of affairs of state when they became too oppressive. On one of these occasions he observed a large hickory tree whose top had been snapped squarely off in the storm. The trunk was still sound, and up to the break the tree was beautiful and symmetrical. Mr. Blaine is said to have remarked to the companion of his walk that the tree was a fitting emblem of his life, a sturdy and luxurious growth up to a certain point, and then a square break. Later he purchased the lot which includes the tree, and there he was buried. At the foot stands the customary small marble marker with the initials, "J. G. B." At the head is the hickory tree and nothing else. And thus it happens that no stately monument with glowing inscription marks the grave of this great and illustrious man. By his side are buried his eldest son, Walker Blaine, whose death was such a tremendous blow to the father, who in later years had come to lean so heavily on his first born, and his daughter, Mrs. Coppinger. Their graves are marked with white, inconspicuous marble stones, containing nothing but the names and appropriate dates.—Washington Cor. St. Paul Pioneer Press.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.

Great Advance Made by Sixteenth-Century Artists.

The modern practice of having portraits of individuals seems to have sprung up naturally enough with the popularity of easel pictures, and this again was much influenced by the introduction of oil painting. Whether Antonello of Messina really acquired the art from the Van Eycks or from Lucas, of Leyden, as some have conjectured, is very doubtful, but it was certainly he who introduced the new art process into Venice, whence it spread all over Italy.

We have now come to the full development of the art of painting that sprang up toward the close of the 15th century and which was chiefly embodied in four great men, Leonardo, Raphael, Michael Angelo and Titian. All of those were great portrait painters in the true sense of the term, with the exception of Michael Angelo, who seldom condescended to easel pictures and who never worked in oil.

The great advance made by the 16th-century painters over the pre-Raphaelites was in the much-fuller utilization of the resources of chiaroscuro. Up to this time the colors used were mostly clear and light, and only so much shading was introduced as was necessary to give relief to the figures. The value of shadow in itself was hardly appreciated; in fact, the whole conception of painting was to show everything as far as possible in a full light.

The great innovator in this matter was Leonardo. Being, as he was, as much a man of science as painter, the problems of light and shade interested him in both capacities, and he investigated them in something of the modern spirit. By the aid of the knowledge thus acquired he succeeded in giving to his figures a roundness and a relief that had been hitherto unknown. In fact, he carried it so far that they are sometimes overmodeled. — Nineteenth Century.

"Oom Paul" Kruger.

President Kruger, who came from Cape Colony as a boy of ten in the great trek of 1836, has, since he reached manhood, been conspicuous in the military adventures and civil troubles of the country. To the natural shrewdness and tenacity of his character these years of active and changeful life have added a great experience of men and a perfect coolness in emergencies. He is keen, vigilant, astute, and, above all, resolute, and he represents so faithfully the dominant feelings and the inbred habits of the Boer people that he has been able to acquire a surprising influence over them and to exert over the assembly a practical authority far in excess of the very limited powers which the constitution of the republic permits to the president.—James Bryce, M. P., in Century.

Loneliness of Arctic Ice Fields.

On these inland hunting trips an ominous silence reigned. We were then having alternate day and night, and the spirit of the approaching months of darkness seemed to hold the day in thrall. The weird desolation and loneliness of the great peaks; the interminable ice caps, lustrous and cold under the gray waste of cloud; the wide, mossy stretches, thick set with irregular bowlders of many hues, and thickly starred with white, pink, purple and yellow flowers; the absence of life; the windless hush—all these wove a web of awe about one's mental perceptions, and made the world in which we walked seem a part of strange dreams.—Frank Wilbert Stokes, in Century.

—The gold dollar coin weighs 25.8 grains.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

SHEEP RAISING.

The Southdown Outlook Intelligently Reviewed.

[From report of Secretary Jno. G. Springer, at meeting of the American Southdown Association, May 27, 1896.]

While the sheep industry continues in a "bad way," yet there are thousands of flock owners who do not let discouragement get the master hand. If the sheep they have been raising, wool producing ones, is not now a paying business, they are willing to change their flocks into the sort that the times demand.

The large number of sheep that have been forced upon the market in the last few years, made mutton prices lower than beef or pork, hence caused its use by many who have never before been consumers of this sort of meat. While the class of mutton that has been thus sold has not always been such as to make its continued use desirable, yet, as a rule, the excellency of this meat has made a very much greater demand for it, especially so if of the right sort. As in the case of beef and pork, the old, over-fatted, heavy carcass does not find ready sale; top market prices are only paid for young, fast-grown and light-weight animals. The type of mutton now in demand, and that always finds ready sale at the highest price, must be a lamb ten or twelve months old that has been kept in rapid growth from birth, and weighing from 90 to 100 pounds, and has the lean well marbled with the fat.

To fill these requirements the southdown is unquestionably the best; in fact is the only breed, purely bred or scrubs, that within its own blood "fills the bill" for mutton that is now in greatest demand and commands the highest price; it is the standard breed, with which all comparisons as to mutton are made. Another breed may be larger, and it may be sometimes claimed the muttom of other breeds is equal to it, but it is never heard that any mutton is the superior of the Southdown. It can be safely said "that well-bed and well-fed yearling Southdown, if properly dressed, will produce meat more pleasing to the palate, more easy of digestion and more nutritious than the meat from any other animal, not even excepting venison and wild fowl, with all their reputed richness in gamy, spicy flavor."

It is not practicable to supply purely-bred Southdown in filling all of the demand for superior mutton, nor is this required, "the first cross with a purely-bred Southdown will do wonders in the way of improving the quality of mutton in any breed, and the more of this blood that is introduced the better will be the production. The lack of Southdowns, and the inferiority of that from other breeds, has caused a call for "cross-bred" mutton. A leading breeder and feeder who is using Dorset rams on Shropshire ewes, writes: "Cross-bred lambs are the sort for feeding every time." If it be so that the cross of two breeds, inferior as to mutton qualities, will improve the sale of meat, it is certain that the crossing of the Southdown, superior in all the qualities desired, with either of these or any breed, will produce a greater improvement."

In times past our flocks have been largely wool-producing, mainly Merino or Merino crossed; it now being necessary that these flocks be changed in the quality of the mutton, the character of the wool must be expected to be also changed, because the breed that excels in both of these productions has not yet been found. The Southdown, compared with the Merino being next in quality of wool, and their equals in hardiness and ability to care for themselves, and with less liability to disease, will more quickly and effectually make superior mutton sheep of the great flocks of our country without detriment to health and hardiness, and less loss as to wool qualities than any other breed, and yet have in these flocks animals that may be naturally and easily returned to the wool-bearing kind when this sort is again in demand. Except in some cases as to the quality of wool, the introduction of Southdown blood into any breed, pure or scrub, will be beneficial.

As the situation now is, the Southdown being at the head of all breeds of sheep for the requirements of the market, and the best for muttonizing the wool-bearing flocks with less detriment to their health, hardiness and wool-producing qualities, there can be no doubt but that the Southdown breeders will, during the coming season, find ready sale at reasonable prices for all the surplus breeding animals they have. The opportunities thus afforded are such as are seldom presented for pushing the introduction of any breed of domestic live stock; the "sun shines" for Southdown breeders; they only need to push the advantages thus afforded them, and by only selling animals purely bred, so guaranteed by registry, in order that the reputation of these sheep shall be increased and demand for them increased.

MAKING HAY.

Various Points to be Considered in Securing the Hay Crop.

Very few farmers but what know the best method of securing hay crops, but while the methods are to be practiced, cheapness is an important consideration in these close times.

Most western farmers stack their hay in the field, and all things considered, I prefer it, and to feed it out on the field where it was grown. I do not claim that this is the best way, but it is the only practicable way at present, and in the usually dry winters there are but few objections, either as to the hay or stock. Of course I practice and advise strongly better accommodations to cover the short periods of storms.

As my farming has been largely in a more northeastern location in the great timothy and blue grass belt, I have more special reference to that section, and I have more in mind the small farmer of limited means than the bonanza farmer. The latter, perhaps, has not much patience with the day of small things.

The small farmer may not even have a mowing machine of his own, but in connection with a neighbor there are four horses, machine rake, two 20-foot ropes, two forks, and, best of all, several children, ready and willing to "snake" in the shocks. This is the total force needed, and without a dollar's outlay, except for a possible breakage, the hundred acres on the two farms can be gotten into mow and stack in ample time and fine shape.

Commence before haying time. See that the machine, rake, ropes and forks are exactly right, that you know, and all concerned, including the good wife, just when and where you are going to start. Commence early in the season; better have hay a little green than too ripe. Commence early in the morning. Have two and a half acres cut by ten o'clock, then start the rake and have it in the widrow by dinner time. The wife will have a good dinner. Don't take a smoke or a sleep; take a real rest for half an hour, and then all that can use a fork help to put it in the shock. Now, two horses with ropes, and if the boys or girls are old enough to drive and hitch to the shocks, well, but if not, let them ride the horse and a third boy to hitch for them. Start your stack near the center of the plat that is cut, haul in the near by shocks, crowd them near together in the right shape for the bottom and nothing more need be done to them. The bottom thus started, one or two courses of shocks can be pitched on by the two men without anyone on the stack. To one who has never stacked in this simple, cheap, quick way, it will be surprising how many of the near-by shocks are put into the stack in the first half hour. Then the stacker takes his place and as the shocks are a little further to haul one man can do the pitching. Have the shocks delivered on all sides, and thus the stack is equally tramped and will settle straight.

When the stacking is commenced the machine should start again and the "big boy" will be proud to handle it. The morning cutting can be easily gotten in the stack the same day, and if the day has been bright and dry there will be bright green hay and the next day a little more can be done.

This is making hay while the sun shines and is the sunny side, but there will be wet days and heavy dews or in places heavy winds, and the farmer will need to change his tactics, but for 24 years I managed the haying substantially in this way and with reasonable foresight in providing for emergencies the changes or losses were very slight and comes within the limitations of the smallest farmer.—J. M. Rice, in Epitomie.

Poultry Pointers.

A lousy hen is a sick hen—health is wealth in the poultry yard.

If the fowls are having free range now, you can stop feeding them meat scraps.

Do not allow the drinking water to be exposed to the sun. Give fresh water twice daily.

Keep the old hen penned in a small but comfortable coop, but let the chicks have free range.

Have shady runs for the chicks; and no better place for both old and young stock can be found than the orchard.

Did you ever try ducks? Get a few settings of eggs now and raise a flock. It will pay to raise them for your own eating.

Let the chicks run in the garden if they will. They will gather seeds that will do both them and your garden a lot of good.

Do not set the hens in a hen house. A setting hen is a regular louse-factory. A cool outbuilding will be much better.

Do not break up the sitting hens. It is better to allow them to sit. It is a rest, and the chicks raised will pay for the trouble.

Don't forget that onion tops and tender lettuce are excellent for young stock. Can not you spare a little from the garden?

He who will allow the droppings to remain in the hen house longer than a week finds poultry culture a failure. Five minutes each morning will keep the place always clean.—Homestead.

A Prolific Ewe.

J. F. Engle, living near this city, has a ewe that bids fair to make him a lot of money. It is just an ordinary mountain ewe, but as a breeder we have never heard of its equal. In March, 1895, this ewe dropped four lambs; in February of this year she dropped the lamb, and, to cap the climax, last Thursday she dropped four lambs that are all living and doing well. This makes nine lambs inside of fifteen months, and is the best record of which we have heard.—Winchester (Ky.) Democrat.

HERE AND THERE.

—Old sheep, whose teeth have begun to fail, should be disposed of in the fall. If they are fat then, they are worth more for the butcher than they will ever be again.

—A superb hog feed, for any age and almost any condition, is corn, wheat and oats of equal parts, coarsely chopped and fed any way the hogs like it—cooked or raw, soaked or dry.

—Chickens on the farm are often condemned for the reason that they destroy more than they are worth. The reason is they are not properly cared for and no account is kept of their product.

—Variety of food is indispensible for poultry. Fowls may life on a single diet, but success can not follow such management. "Variety is the spice of life" and the fowls relish a little of the spice.

—Fowls should never be allowed to enter barns or stables. They will befoul more hay and corn than their eggs are worth; besides their is danger of vermin being transmitted to the horses and often causes much trouble.

—The venerable Cassius M. Clay, of White Hall, Ky., claims to have the oldest flock of Southdown sheep in the world under one management. He originated his flock in 1855, and has been continuous master of it ever since.

—In China the hen is kept constantly busy. When not engaged in hatching her own brood she is compelled to hatch fish eggs. The spawn of fish are placed in an egg shell, which is hermetically sealed and placed under the unsuspecting hen.

—A sheep which sheds its wool is one which has impaired digestion. It is most common in sheep past their prime, when taken from pasture and put on dry, hard food. The bowels become constipated and the animal feverish, and the wool is loosened.

—Cows seem often to become attached to sheep when habitually herded together, and when dogs molest, the cows will attack and drive them off, just as if the sheep were of their own kind. Small farmers with few sheep, therefore, will do well to herd them with the cows at night and permit them to graze together in day time.