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, NOVEMBER 7, 1896. VOL. XXI.—NO. 45.

UNITS.

"Only a blade of grass!—
In a world of getting and giving,
If all that I am, alas!
And all that shall come to pass,
Is no more than a blade of grass,
Oh! what is the use of living?"

But with the sun and the rain
The soft, sweet shower, and the shining,
Green things are growing amain,
And the breeze that sweeps the plain
Comes whispering: "See how vain,
How needless, is your repining!

"Behold the joy of the grass,
The opulent use and beauty
Of the wonderful waving mass!
And all of it comes to pass
Through each little blade of grass
Just doing its daily duty."
—Mary Bradley, in S. S. Times.

MISFIT CLOTHES.

No man who has never appeared before an army court-martial or examining board can have an adequate conception of the worriment that recently agitated Col. Wade, a member of the inquisitive body that went digging into the cases of several army officers at Chicago some time since. Col. Wade started from San Antonio with spurs clanking and swords fairly glistening under the magic effects of powdered brickdust. Also he had blue clothes with gold curlicues and designs like wall paper on them, and in general he was accoutered regardless. But in an evil moment an ignorant porter, mistaking his swords for a new kind of sectional fishing rod, bundled the whole glorious dream of martial splendor into the berth of a British tourist who was on his way to the Wind River mountains to catch mackerel. So when the colonel arrived in Chicago he found himself quite out of the class of Gen. Brooke and Maj. DeWitt and the others of the examining board, who sauntered around with an average of a peck of gilded garnishment on them. He was obliged to submerge himself in shame and a brown tweed suit and feel that he was guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman because he did not rattle and clang as he walked, like a crate of crockery or a wagon load of structural iron hauled over a granite pavement.

The army officer who has worked his way up into the king row is, when he goes on departmental duty in his fatigue uniform, a thing of beauty and a rest to weary eyes. We once had the pleasure of seeing Gen. Crook distributing medals to sharpshooters on the Bellevue rifle range, and by conservative estimate his clothes weighed a ton, and they were just the ordinary clothes to go with such an august occasion as the bestowing of a quarter's worth of silver to a stubby-mustached soldier who had succeeded in not killing the cow in the field to the right of the earth bank. It was an August day, and the day seemed to have been vigilantly "laying" for the general, for when he moved majestically forward under a black chapeau with enormous plumes and with his uniform tightly buttoned around him the sun seemed to take another hitch in its running gear, and it went at him as though it meant to serve up roast general well done for the evening barbecue. The perspiration streamed down both sides of his face and formed a sort of Allegheny-Monongahela confluence at his collar button, and there was a freshet and a flood-tide quite in keeping with the Ohio river's regular June rise. His beautiful blue clothes with their hardware and bullion on them seemed to melt and coalesce with his frame, but he valiantly talked on, and told the soldier who had not hit the cow how patriotic and loyal of him it was, and the country was proud of him and his score, which was 4-11-44, or something of that kind.

Several months afterward a friend of the general was fishing with him out in the mountain country, and that medal presentation was touched upon in conversation. The general at that moment was wearing an old white slouch hat, some other man's overalls and a hickory shirt. In an impressive way he beckoned his accomplice to approach closer so that the wild mountain crags might not hear and report to Washington, and whispered: "Do you know that on that day I came near proving a traitor to the government? I was upon the point of renouncing my allegiance to the United States of America and of going howling across the meadow to the river. At the very moment when I was burning most fiercely and was telling what I thought of sharpshooting as a great boon to humanity I happened to look across the field back of the gathering, and there on the river bank I saw a delighted boy of about ten or twelve, clad only in the purity of thought and heaving mud at an associate of his own age who was sputtering around and diving in the cool water of the stream. You may have thought at the time that I spoke so earnestly of the grandeur of American institutions that I had in mind the march to the cannon's mouth and the din and carnage of battle for the flag, but I did not. I was speaking with my mind fixed solely on the glad custom of 'chawing beef' and of sliding down a slickery place on the bank and into the water. I pledge you my honor as an officer and a gentleman that if that boy had not at that moment gathered up his clothes and fled at the approach of the town constable I would have renounced the flag, discarded my chapeau and uniform and become a joyous deserter, glorying in swimming holes as distinguished from army clothes that are like the torrid zone."

Col. Wade, however, consoled himself with the thought that greater than he have been in the same unfortunate fix in which he found himself. When Gen. Grant was coming east on one of his great tours—memory suggests his round-the-world-trip, but memory may be defective—he struck Denver in a linen duster. It was hot weather, and in crossing the desert the luggage had been gathered in the baggage car, while the officers of the party garbed themselves in apparel hardly in keeping with the dignity of their military status. When they arrived in the mountain city they [illegible] whirled away to a hotel to pre[illegible] the oration arranged for the [illegible] by the populace. It had been pro[illegible] that he would review some mili[illegible] in general lend the luster of h[illegible] so as to make Denverites pro[illegible] arrived at the hotel the terrible info[illegible] was made known to the hero of the apple tree of Appomattox that his trunks were lost, and, aside from the linen duster and the cindery shirt and trousers which he wore, there was no garb belonging to him on the face of the known earth.

It might not have been so serious a proposition had the fact of that review not been pressed upon the Galena soldier. But it would never do for a man who had been the commander in chief of the United States army and who had made a triumphal march around the world to get upon a reviewing stand clad in a linen duster and a traveling cap. The general called upon Gen. Sherman for advice, and the man who had marched to the sea readily offered the use of an extra uniform of his own. It was tried, but where the ex-president was broad it was narrow and where he was short it was very long and ample. Then Sheridan proffered a uniform, but Gen. Grant looked gloomily upon the stout form of the Winchester rider and said he was afraid the arrangement would hardly answer.

Scouts were sent out into the town to discover some relief for Gen. Grant. Such work of inquiry must, of course, be performed with discretion, as the general, although called the plainest of plain heroes, was alive to the dignities of the occasion, and did not want the secret of his predicament sown broadcast. However, after several hours of search the scouting party returned and conveyed into his presence an assortment of flaming brilliancy in masculine attire which caused his parlor room to look like a sort of masquerade costuming bazar. There were policemen's uniforms and mail carrier's clothing and militia garments and Knights of Pythias attire and campaign suits—all gathered from clothing stores far and wide. At last the general succeeded in making up a fairly good suit out of a combination of military officer's garb and a uniformed rank sword and belt. The other clothes were bundled back to the second-hand clothing emporiums from whence they had been brought, the proprietors of these stores never knowing for whom or for what purpose this collection of uniforms had been ransacked.

One of the morning papers the next day said that "Gen. Grant looked every inch the patriotic soldier. His dignified bearing was enhanced by his simple but glorious uniform of blue—glorious because of its associations. It is said that this is the uniform which the general wore in the Wilderness, but when he was asked about it the hero smiled and was silent. What magnificent, what patriotic memories must be connected with that suit of blue! There are men, patriots, who, if they had it to give, would gladly yield a fortune for it."

How grievous are circumstances! How cruel it is that opportunity is so seldom recognized and that men crave to-day what yesterday they might have had for the asking. Any of those persons who would cheerfully have given a fortune for that uniform, rich with its associations, might have had it the day before by calling at a shop in Wauzee street and turning over to the proprietor $4.65 lawful money of the United States. You see, that was one case where the man made the clothes, instead of the clothes making the man.
—Chicago Record.

WHAT ANIMALS SHY AT.

Some of the Illusions from Which They Suffer.

Young horses can be led up to a sack lying on the ground and induced to pass it by letting them smell it and find out that it really is a sack, and not the Protean thing, whatever it may be, which illusion conjures up for them. Once the writer saw a very quick and pretty instance of experiment by touch made by a frightened pony. It was being driven as leader in a pony tandem, and stopped short in front of where the rails of a steam tramway crossed the road. It first smelled the near rail, and then quickly gave it two taps with its hoof. After this it was satisfied, and crossed the line. On the other hand, a donkey always tried to jump the shadows of tree trunks on the road, though a similar experiment of touch would have shown that these were as unreal as the tram rail was substantial. Lastly, no horse which has once knocked its head against the top of a stable doorway seems quite able to get rid of the illusion that there sits up in the top of all doorways an invisible something which will hit him again next time he goes through. Hence the troublesome, and sometimes incurable, habit of horses "jibbing" when taken out of the stable.

This is an obvious instance of the disadvantage at which most animals stand in regard to means of physical experiments. The horse, for instance, needs only feel the lintel to find out that it is fixed and does not move, and is not alive and waiting to hit him. But except his lips, which are sensitive, he has no member with which he can make this experiment. Except the elephant and the monkey, most of the "higher" animals suffer from this lack of the means of experiment. The wonder is, not that they suffer from illusions, but that they make so few mistakes.—Spectator.

A Sensitive Man.

That the average man is very sensitive as to his physical infirmities was strikingly illustrated in an Arch street car the other afternoon. Near the rear platform sat a well-dressed man, with one leg stretched out in front of him, almost completely blocking the passage. A lady boarded the car and in her efforts to reach a seat, stumbled over the man's leg. He apologized, but did not change his position. Presently another female passenger got on, and she was forced to stand over the obstacle. Then the conductor interfered. Approaching the man he requested him to draw in his foot, but the request was promptly refused. "I'll put you off the car if you don't," expostulated the conductor. "You won't do anything of the kind," was the spirited reply. Hot words followed, a scuffle ensued, and the obstinate passenger was finally landed in the street. It was then discovered that he had an artificial leg, and rather than acknowledge his affliction he had run the chances of a disgraceful scene.—Philadelphia Record.

Brutal Practicability.

Pale Intellectuality — Between a course actuated by the highest devotion to the principles of truth and another that seems to promote the immediate applause of my fellow-men, which would you counsel?

Rubicund Common Sense—The one which would put most money in your sock, my boy.—Buffalo Express.

—If you would know what keeps the oak alive, look for its smallest root.—Ram's Horn.

—That man or woman never lived who was not a coward. — Atchison Globe.

DANGEROUS FINANCIERING.

Men in Straits Jeopardize Their Credit by Issuing Valueless Checks.

"Are Pittsburgh business men often detected in the practice of kiting checks?" was the question asked of a number of leading bankers the other day in response to which some interesting information was obtained. The allegations made in a recent sensational trial about how the practice of obtaining money without paying interest could be carried to a sort of scientific perfection made the subject appear one of considerable importance as, indeed, those of the bankers who would talk about it admit that it is. Bank cashiers and directors are, of necessity, the most discreet people in the world, and consequently those who would consent to give any information on the subject stipulated that their names should not be used.

It would appear, however, from facts obtained, that there is nothing to prevent a business man or firm with good credit from always having an amount outstanding in checks much greater than their bank account if they are sufficiently skillful and unscrupulous. Honest men will not draw against nothing, it is generally maintained, though there are said to be frequently cases where the bankers send for their customers and reprimand them for some irregularity or request them to move their accounts to some other bank. The greatest care is necessary to protect banks against the acceptance of worthless checks, and such losses are frequently occurring. A banker, who has also a variety of other interests, in discussing the matter said:

"Kiting is drawing checks on banks where you have no money and then sending the bank drawn on a check on a third bank, to meet the first when it arrives. Skillful and well-posted men can form a chain by which they can get the use of money for months in this manner, and though it is not often resorted to by any but the dishonest there are cases where big firms have floated large sums a long while, and eventually took all their paper without having been suspected.

"The simplest form of kiting is where a man gives a check on a bank where he has not the money to meet it and goes to the bank next day and deposits the amount. In the ordinary course of business the check will not reach the bank for 25 hours and if the cash is there to cover it when it arrives it is to be presumed his intentions were honest, and so that the transaction is not properly to be called kiting at all. If, however, by some mischance, he is unable to make the deposit, he is liable to prosecution for false pretense, even if he had supposed that he would make the deposit, the thing which a man does being always the best presumptive evidence of his intentions.

"Where it is the intention of a man to obtain large sums of money by flying kites whether to defraud the last holders of his paper or with the idea of getting money to tide him over difficulties, he will operate between different cities and sometimes also with the aid of a confederate."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

THE "TRAUMEREI."

An Extravagant Word of Praise for Schumann's Composition.

If there is any one thing that has lifted the taste of the American public to its present standard it is "Traumerei." Astounding statement! Yet true. In the first place, the public ear had hardly been attuned to the great things, for it had never heard them. The popular music was frothy, and it might even be said that, with the exception of New York and Boston, the American cities were without music. Then, the grand orchestra was unknown, and when Mr. Thomas, with his 42 men from Central park garden, went on tour through the provinces, the band was hailed everywhere with delight. And its programmes never held anything so popular as Schumann's "Traumerei."

Old readers, and some less old, need not to be told how the orchestra used to play this piece. It was set to strings entirely, with possibly some use of the wind in the little romance that was interpolated effectively between the first playing of the theme and the coda, and the end, hushing down in the softest diminuendo, to a faint dream of note, was a revelation of the value of strings. The laborious brass band, the crackling piano, the fiddle as a solo instrument—these were familiar, but here was something new. Never before had Americans heard the string orchestra employed alone. Never had they known what a crescendo and diminuendo might be. The truth of tonality, the vocal smoothness, the perfect mechanical control of the instruments, the unison in fingering and bowing, even, were things that they talked about long after the concert, and when a return engagement was announced there were always letters to the conductor or the managers asking that the "Traumerei" be played.

Of course, since then we have learned that the same technic can be applied to other things, and that other orchestras have strings as well as that of Mr. Thomas. We have learned, moreover, that the range of a composer like Schumann was not expressed in this one dainty little piece, any more than the genius of a poet is illustrated completely in a sonnet or a quatrain. The literature of music has widened to us greatly in the 25 years since Mr. Thomas began to play the "Traumerei" along with Voght's "Night Song," Haydn's serenade and the "Amaryllis" of Louis XIII. But because we appreciate Beethoven and have become a nation of greedy Wagnerians, are we to scorn the steps by which we rose?—Brooklyn Eagle.

An Open Question.

"Who planned their wedding trip?" he asked.

"She did," replied his wife.

"Ah!" he ejaculated. "With perfect love comes perfect trust. How sure she must be of him!"

"Or else," his wife suggested, "she thinks she may want to get rid of him."

And together they read over again the part of the groom's letter beginning: "Thence we got to Oklahoma."
—Chicago Tribune.

A Modern Celebrity.

Citizen—There goes the most-talked about man in this town.

Stranger—Who is he—captain of your baseball team?

Citizen—No; he's the only one left who hasn't got a bicycle.—Cleveland Leader.

FOREIGN GOSSIP

—Colombo in Ceylon cannot get washed, as the dhobies, or native washerwomen, have stopped work in consequence of an order of the mayor requiring laundries to be registered.

—Public libraries, maintained by municipal corporations in England, are "literary institutions," and consequently exempt from taxation by a recent decision of the house of lords, overruling the decisions of the divisional court and of the court of appeals.

—M. Charles Girault, a former grand prix de Rome and holder of the first class medal of the Paris Talon, has been appointed architect of the two palaces that are to take the place of the Paalis de l'Industrie in the Champs Elysees for the exhibition of 1900. He is 44 years of age.

—France's population, according to the census taken last March, is 38,228,969, an increase of 133,819 in five years. The increase is confined to the cities, the rural communities showing a decrease. The figures show that there has been only one birth in 1,500 inhabitants during this period.

—Liane de Pougy, the Parisian demimondaine who tried to poison herself recently, has obtained a new advertisement by a suit brought against her by her milliner to recover 34,000 francs for dresses and underwear. After all the items of the bill had been minutely discussed in court judgment was given for 19,000 francs.

—A number of Babylonian and Chaldean inscription from the Stamboul museum have been presented by the sultan to the French government for the Louvre. It is feared that requests for other treasures will be made by other European governments and that the Stamboul collection, which owes much to American explorers among others, will be dispersed.

LEFT HANDED.

Morganatic Marriages Between Illustrious Foreigners and American Girls.

Left-handed or morganatic marriages between American girls and illustrious foreigners are exceedingly rare, the daughters of Uncle Sam being, as a rule, far too high-spirited to consent to a matrimonial union which does not place them upon a social equality with their husbands.

The first instance was that of Miss Mary Esther Lee, of New York, who, on marrying morganatically Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenberg, was created by his friend the emperor of Austria a princess of Noer in her own right. This title she bore until, several years after the death of Prince Frederick, she married the German general, Count Waldersee, since when she has been known by his name.

The second case is that of Miss Elise Hensler, of Boston, who, on contracting a morganatic marriage with the late King Ferdinand of Portugal (grandfather of the presnt king), was created countess of Edla. The third case must necessarily be that of the New Orleans heiress, Bertha Lewis, who was led to the altar in London on August 24 of last year by Prince Charles Isenburg-Birstein, unless he himself has, at the time of his marriage, surrendered all his rights, prerogatives and status as a prince of his house, just in the same manner as Count Pappenhein was compelled to do when he married Miss Wheeler, of Philadelphia.

This union of Prince Isenburg has until now attracted relatively little attention, but seems destined to come to the fore in connection with the somewhat sensational suit for unpaid commission which is being brought against the prince by the broker who placed him in communication with his American bride. This is the first occasion on which an action of this kind has ever been brought in regard to any of the so-called international marriages—that is to say, union between impecunious nobles of the old world and wealthy daughters of the new world. But it by no means follows that this is the first case of a failure on the part of bride and bridegroom to pay the stipulated commission to the negotiator of what is in nine cases out of every ten a purely commercial transaction.

Morganatic marriages are but little understood in this country, where they appear to be regarded in the light of something immoral. This is far from being the case. The position of morganatic wife is perfectly respectable. Her union receives the sanction and the blessing of the church and the only way in which it differs from an ordinary marriage is that the troth is plighted with the left hand instead of with the right, and that the rights of the inferior of the two contracting parties are limited. Indeed, the word "morganatic," derived from the Scandinavian verb "morgyan" (to limit), implies as much. Thus a morganatic wife has no right to her husband's title or fortune.—N. Y. Journal.

Hereditary Genius.

How rarely is literary genius—or, indeed, a very high order of literary talent—reproduced in the second generation! It is rare, indeed, for memorials of father and son to find themselves face to face in Westminster Abbey, as since last week do the memorials of Thomas and Matthew Arnold. And in this place Thomas Arnold owes his place rather to the character and personal influence and the gratitude of the Rugbein race he reared than to anything in him that could be called literary genius. Thinking over the great names of English literature, the only cases that occur to one are the Coleridges, the Disraelis and the Lyttons, and some would add the Mills; and with the possible exception of Samuel Taylor and Hartley Coleridge, there cannot in these cases be much talk of genius transmitted. In France there are the cases of the two Crebillons and of Dumas pere and Dumas fils; and, if Edmund de Goncourt's critical insight is to be depended on, we shall have to add a Daudet pere and Daudet fils. Felix Mendelssohn's father used to complain that he never in the world's regard had an independent existence. The first half of his life he was merely the son of Moses Mendelssohn, the philosopher, and the second half merely the father of Felix Mendelssohn, the composer.—St. James' Gazette.

The Best Man.

Pretty Housemaid—An' so you were at the O'Flaherty wedding?

Coachman—I wor.

Pretty Housemaid—An' who was the best man?

Coachman—It wor Dennis O'Toole. I seen him wallop three of the biggest chaps in the room afore the plisintries wor over.—Melbourne Times.

THE MAN OF THE HOUSE.

He Is Not Quite Perfect But a Domestic Necessity.

The various peculiarities of that masculine individual who usually bears the title of "the man of the house" are favorite subjects of the other sex. They have summered him and wintered him, and an extra proof of his obtusiveness only calls forth the remark: "That's just like a man!"

With some unsympathetic wives man is a despot, and his will is the pivot upon which the household affairs revolve. His convenience regulates the hour for every meal; his preference marks the choice of the food to be served. Due deference must be paid to all his opinions, for he is plainly a creature to be managed by feminine cunning and to be led by apparent submissiveness. He is the monarch of the domestic, social and financial departments, and women are supposed to be his slaves, to carry out his wishes.

But if he has become all this, and much more in rare instances, it is woman, as wife, mother or sister, who has made him so. "The man of the house" is not naturally depraved. He has still enough of the divine in him to mold his character symmetrically and make him a joy and a blessing to all in the home. Where was ever a true home without its master? We could not exist, we might drag wearily out our remaining years, but could we live our happy, hearty, toil-laden, but blessed life without our "man of the house?"

This man has as few faults as we ourselve are guilty of, in all probability. And it is really comforting to our self-love to note that he is not quite perfect. It is worth the fun to see him lose his temper on a "confounded stovepipe," or a balky horse; to have him forget to replenish the fire in time to save its life; to have him bring home arnica instead of peppermint; to hear him tell the same funny story dozens of times; to have him lose his hat, gloves, newspapers and slippers about the house; to have him forget the childrens' ages, and conduct himself generally in the usual human fashion.

And when the hired girls flare up and leave, who comes nobly to the rescue, and, handling the dish towls deftly, wipes all the dishes, from china and silver to pitchers and platters? The man of the house. Who compliments our cooking and testifies to his sincerity by his own plump and smiling appearance? Who confides in us all his plans and hopes and fears, which compliment we return by telling him all about our little domestic trials, and how we are going to trim the children's clothes?

Who reads the lines on our careworn faces and warns us to be careful and not overwork? Who cracks jokes until the whole house rings with laughter and the children go to bed singing? Who insists on rigid obedience to every business law of order, and yet can relax into the most delightful of social companions? Who puts his feet on your best rocker and tips back in his chair so gracefully while reading his evening paper, while the weight of care lifts, perchance, from his weary brow, and the fragrance of the Havana fills the air as he basks in the (gas) light of your presence? Why, the man of the house of course! And even if any of us should possess a "man of the house" that does not come up to this average of perfectness and faultiness, but rather inclines toward the faulty side in the opinion of the "housekeeper," just try searching for the good qualities underneath the faults, and some traits of surprising worth will be found in even the most unsatisfactory man of the house.—Chicago Record.

FOR SUMMER COMFORT.

Pillows and Rugs for Various Outdoor Uses.

Plenty of pillows and cushions seem almost indispensable if one wishes to be comfortable in summer.

It is not advisable to use the elaborate pillows from the house on the piazza or in the hammock; it is far better to make cheap covers that may be washed. Turkey red twill is admirable for this purpose. Work the pillows with designs of daisies and I feel sure you will like the result. Use ulster etching flax for the work. One lady has several pillows of this material, and they are each worked with a flag, no two being alike.

"I did not select the flags of the countries I preferred, but those I considered most artistic," she said.

A very appropriate accompaniment for the pillows is a grass rug. This is to be made from denim or serge, and is to be large and long enough so that one may lie on it comfortably on the grass. They are useful to take when picnicking, making a safe seat on the ground for both children and adults.

For use with one of the red pillows, a very pretty contrast would be one of sage-green denim, having large scrolls outlined on it with either dark red ulster linen floss or white flossette. These rugs should be lined, an old blanket or shawl being well adapted for this purpose.—St. Louis Republic.

The Why of It.

Jimson—Why does Billbrown move about in that stealthy, noiseless fashion? One would imagine that he was a footpad or house-breaker, or something of that sort.

Johnjones—Well, he isn't; the only crime Billbrown has committed is one against the Malthusian tenet. You see, there is a three-months-old baby in his family, which wakes up easily, and his wife has so thoroughly trained him in that sleuth style of walking that he can't shake off the habit even when he gets down town.—Buffalo Express.

Why she Took Him.

"I understand that she can't resist a bargain."

"That's right. She'll buy the most useless things, if they seem to be bargains. Why, her titled husband was a bargain."

"Really?"

"Yes, indeed. If I'm not mistaken he was sold under the hammer for his debts and she bid him in."—Washington Star.

Acted Like It.

"When I married you," he said, "I thought you were an angel."

She looked at him coldly.

"I inferred as much," she said.

There was something in her tone that told him there was trouble in store for him.

"From the very first," she went on, "you seemed to think I could get along without clothes."—Washington Star.

—To be found in bad company is often equivalent to being lost.—Texas Sifter.

RARE VELLUM BIBLE.

Represents a Quarter Century of Painstaking Labor of Love.

Biblical scholars in Europe have been excited by news of a discovery recently made in Asia Minor of a beautiful copy of the gospels, dating back to the sixth century. This ancient document has taken its place in the very limited category of original Bible manuscripts now in existence.

But in one respect it is far more precious than any other. It is not only complete in every page and line, but it is fresh and legible now as if it were almost new, and it is an example of rich embellishment not surpassed by any other similar document on earth.

This newly discovered copy of the gospels is a marvel of exquisite workmanship, and the antiquarians who have examined it assert that its manufacture must have occupied at least a quarter of a century in painstaking labor. Its pages are made of the thinnest of vellum.

It is a quarto volume, and there are two columns on each written page. The pages are dyed an exquisite royal purple, which is delicate but brilliant.

It is in the writing, however, that this precious volume is unique. The letters are written in gold and silver.

Every one of the proper names, including those of saints and holy places, is written altogether in gold. The abbreviations, of which there are many in the book, are likewise written in gold.

The rest of the text is altogether of silver. The precious metals used in this lettering are as bright and untarnished to-day as when the original writing was done a few hundred years after the death of the Saviour, by some devout monk who was an artist in his line.

This volume was evidently made to withstand the effects of time, by one who well knew the best materials to use. The vellum of which the leaves are made was carefully chosen sheet by sheet.

The binding was done with the strongest of thongs. The covers are heavy and solid, the whole was well calculated to keep out dampness and to resist the attacks of moths, bookworms, or other insects.

The author, working on his labor of love in some lonely monastery, and spending perhaps a lifetime in the production of this exquisite manuscript, so well performed his task that his writings have come down to this nineteenth century clearer, more legible and better preserved than any document in existence written within 600 years of the same time. Hidden away in the musty recesses of an ancient convent, it has now turned up to excite the wonder of antiquarians and pique the curiosity of Biblical scholars.

The old book is still in Asia Minor, and the news of its discovery in this splendid condition only reached Constantinople a few weeks ago. It was stated at the same time that the precious manuscript had been secured by the Russian government.

It will, it is expected, be placed in the great Russian National museum alongside the celebrated Codex Sinaiticus. The latter contains parts of the Old and New Testaments and was published by the czar, who procured it from the antiquarian Tischendorf.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"USE THE BAYONET."

This Was Washington's Order When Told the Guns Were Wet.

There was a nine miles' march through driving snow and sleet, after the landing before Trenton could be reached, the point of attack, and two men were frozen to death as they went. Gen. Sullivan sent word that the guns were wet. "Tell him to use the bayonet," said Washington, "for the town must be taken." And it was taken—in the early morning, at the point of the bayonet, with a loss of but two or three men. The surprise was complete. Col Rahl, the commander of the place, was mortally wounded at the first onset, and 900 Hessians surrendered at discretion.

When he had gotten his prisoners safe on the south side of the river, Washington once more advanced to occupy the town. It was a perilous place to be, no doubt, with the great unbridged stream behind him; but the enemy's line was everywhere broken; now that its center had been taken, had been withdrawn from the river in haste, abandoning its cannon even and its baggage at Burlington; and Washington calmly dared to play the game he had planned. It was not Howe who came to meet him but the gallant Cornwallis, no mean adversary, bringing 8,000 men. Washington let him come all the way to the Delaware without himself stirring, except to put a small tributary stream between his men and the advancing columns; let him go to bed saying: "At last we have run down the old fox, and we'll bag him in the morning;" and then, while a small force kept the camp fires burning and worked audibly at the ramparts the cold night through, he put the whole of his force upon the road to Princeton and New Brunswick, where he knew Cornwallis' stores must be.

As the morning's light broadened into day (January 3, 1777), he met the British detachment at Princeton in the way, and drove it back in quick rout, a keen ardor coming into his blood as he saw the sharp work done. "An old-fashioned Virginia fox hunt, gentlemen," he exclaimed. Had his troops been fresh and properly shod to outstrip Cornwallis at their heels he would have pressed on to New Brunswick and taken the stores there; but he had done all that could be done with dispatch, and withdrew straight to the heights of Morristown. Cornwallis could only hasten back to New York. By the end of the month the Americans were everywhere afoot; the British held no posts in New Jersey but Paulus Hook, Amboy and New Brunswick; and Washington had issued a proclamation commanding all who had accepted Gen. Howe's offer of pardon either to withdraw within the British lines or take the oath of allegiance to the United States. Men loved to tell afterward how Frederick the Great had said it was the most brilliant campaign of the century. — Harper's Magazine.

He Understood Her.

Jugg—I have come to ask you, sir, to refuse to permit your daughter to marry me.

Alt—To refuse. Why, you—

"Yessir, if you will only be so kind, I know I can get her consent at once."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Asbestos towles are among the curiosities of the day. When soiled it is only necessary to throw them into a redhot fire, and after a few minutes draw them out fresh and clean.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

THE JACK FARM.

Management of Jennets in the Breeding Season.

When a man owns a jennet it is natural that he should look forward to the manner in which he should use her to bring about the best results. As jennets are only used for breeding purposes, every other thing may be eliminated from the estimate except this. One that is not a breeder is of no account, and one that is a good breeder is one that has reached that point which recommends her to her owner as being worthy of his best attention. In the first place, keep the jennet in good condition, and when she comes in season, which may be usually known by her frequent braying, take her to the best jack you can find regardless of cost. Have her breed and turned out in some quiet place on good grass (not clover), with a jennet colt or alone until she goes out of season, then she may be turned with the herd. She should not be turned with the herd soon after being bred, as she will be showing signs all the while and the other jennets will be annoying her by mounting her. Let her then alone until the eighteenth day after being bred and take her up and let the jack tease her lightly, and if good in season breed her again, but if not good in season, don't breed at all. If not in season turn again with the herd until the twenty-eighth day; then tease again, and if in season breed again, but if not in season turn with the herd and tease all twice a week to insure that they do not come in season and go out without your knowledge. After they become safe in foal turn them in a quiet, shady pasture with plenty of water with salt occasionally, and let them remain until near foaling time. The practice of many breeders of feeding their jennets in breeding time is a good one, and brings about good results, and is worthy of a trial by all breeders. Especially is this true in times of cheap feed as now. About twenty days before the time your jennet is to foal, which will be 12 months from date of breeding, you had better get your jennet up where you can give her your personal attention, and as the time draws near a vigilant watch should be kept over her until she foals. Every day she should be examined to see how she is progressing, and when the milk in her bag turns white, within forty-eight hours you may certainly expect the foal. She should now have a constant attendant, for at the critical moment she may need your services and that very bad. She may not need your attention at all, but if she should it must be instant and prompt. After foaling see that all is right and keep her where she will not be disturbed by other stock, and you have accomplished all that can be done in this line.—J. L. Jones, in Farmers' Home Journal.

BOOK FARMING.

The Prejudice Against Scientific [illegible] is Misplaced.

There is a good deal of [illegible] among the agricultural classes [illegible] what is termed "book farming." This is all wrong—it is true that some men write well and talk fluently upon agricultural topics, and yet are a failure practically—book men are not always practical; their fondness for reading often consumes too much of their time to attend to the details and make a success, yet their suggestions, their advice is good.

We have made it a rule to learn from every and all sources, and have often obtained good, practical ideas from very humble individuals, from which I have been greatly benefitted. We should not forget nor "despise the day of small things."

In my article on gardening I recommended "White on Gardening for the South"—it is an invaluable work, covers the whole ground, and not only teaches how to raise vegetables, when to plant and how to plant and cultivate, but it will teach you how to graft and bud and cultivate an orchard. The true fact is, no man can be an intelligent farmer who does not read, it is just as important for him to read up, to study his profession as it is for the lawyer, doctor or any other professional man.

I do not wish to be misunderstood; there are some men who succeed well farming, make good crops and save money, become wealthy, who repudiate books and papers and any outside influence. These are exceptions, they are men of strong minds, good common sense, and concentrate all their talent in one direction. They will tell you that the blister or longhorn breed of cattle or razor-back hog is the best, and will prove it by occasionally raising a large bullock or hog after feeding four or five years. There is one other class who ridicule all improved methods, all blooded stock, everything that has the appearance of progress, and yet shrewdly manage to get hold of and profit by their neighbor's sagacity and researches, improvements and superior intelligence, as well as their expenditure of money for which they pay very little.—Jared R. Jackson, in Farm and Ranch.

Weed Out the Unprofitable Stuff.

There is no money in poor stock, even when prices are good, and there is still less in times of depression, when even the best scarcely returns a profit. On every farm there is usually more or less stock of the "star boarder" class, that never miss a meal or pay a cent. They owe a debt to their owner for their keep, but, like the constitutionally dishonest man, they never attempt to pay it because they are not built that way. The present is not a time when the duty of culling out all such stuff and getting rid of it at some price is likely to force itself upon the farmer's attention, for feed is very abundant and shamefully cheap, and one is apt to argue that it don't cost much to keep it, and the feed might just as well be used that way as given away. Still, if we think of it a moment, there is no time like now, whatever the season or the feed conditions, for getting rid of non-paying animals. The only better time there ever was, was months ago, but that period is gone beyond recall, and the next best thing to do is to stop carrying charges at the earliest possible moment. When the merchant finds himself stuck with a lot of unsalable, shop-worn goods, that are getting worse instead of better every day, he holds a slaughter sale and disposes of them without regard to cost. It is commonly said now that the farmer must be a business man, and this is one of the points of which he may begin to imitate the business methods that prevail in other callings. Weed out the star boarders. They can not be sold profitably, of course, as compared with what they cost, but they can be sold, thereby stopping further loss on them. The old cow that has already eaten her head off should go, for she will only consume the balance of the carcass if she is kept. The worthless sheep should be culled from the flock, for where is the use of retaining it? Cull closely and keep the good ones, and then resolve to grow no more of the scrubby kind. Those that should be weeded out are just like the weeds in the field; they give no returns, they live at the expense of the crop, and make it unprofitable as a whole, and they should be weeded out as unsparingly as the cocklebur or thistle.—Western Live Stock Journal.

The Water Supply of the Farm.

The water supply of the farm is of the utmost importance every day in the year, but principally during the summer when decomposing matter of every kind is so abundant, not only about ponds and along streams, but in cisterns and wells. Many forms of disease are disseminated and spread through foul water. Not only is this true of the diseases of stock, but of mankind. No essential feature of the farm is so sadly neglected. Half the troubles of dairymen, general stock raisers and swine breeders are said to be due to bad water. Often old stock will do very well with poor and insufficient water, but with young things plenty of good, clear pure water is absolutely necessary to their thrift, and to its lack is often due their death. No farm is complete in its arrangement without a good water supply. A good cistern, well or pond is one of the permanent improvements of a well regulated farm and adds wonderfully to its value. Assuming that everyone has a supply of water for family use, the next most important use is for the stock. Ponds are easily made by the use of the common road scraper. Select a depression for your excavation in a well-grassed ravine as being more desirable than a place where a stream runs for a part of the year. Less danger of decomposing matter entering the pond will then exist and the water will be clearer. Get depth rather than area; this will keep the water pure for a longer time. A foul-smelling mudhole from which stock is often compelled to drink is an offense in the sight of God and repulsive to common decency.—Southern Swineherd.

Hogs Versus Dogs.

About February, 1892, my wife said to me: "I want a pig. I am feeding three or four worthless dogs for you and the boys, and I would much rather feed a pig for myself." I tried to impress upon her the idea that the pig would be the source of more annoyance than profit. I thought, as she made no reply, that she had abandoned the idea of keeping a pig. I knew, however, that she had the peculiar knack of carrying her point, and was not surprised a few days later on discovering in the back yard a diminutive pig in a chicken's coop. I said nothing, but kept an eye on the pig. It soon outgrew its narrow limits, and I built it a comfortable sty. Though my wife never called on me for more than a bushel of corn, that pig by December turned the scales at 400 pounds. The worthless dogs are no longer on the farm, but there are three pigs in the sty that will pan out from 800 to 1,000 pounds of pork, besides lard and sausage galore.—Cor. Stock Journal.

HERE AND THERE.

—There is nothing better than milk and ground oats to put kinks in a pig's tail.

—Ducks should not be encouraged to lay in the fall, as there is little demand for their eggs except for hatching, and nobody wants to hatch ducks in the fall.

—Sorghum is a great robber of the soil, and should never follow grain, nor should grain follow sorghum. Root crops, cow peas, alfalfa or clover should follow sorghum.

—The most thriving farming communities in this or any other country are those where stock raising is regularly followed; and the most dilapidated farming communities are to be found where live stock, except for actual farm service, is entirely neglected.

—Nothing will spoil a cow, or cows, quicker than a man with a bad temper—one that has the smell of brimstone and the aroma of chile-con-carne on his breath. There is as much room for improvement in our dairymen or farmers, when they keep cows, as in the breed of cows.

—The greatest improvement that can be made in chickens is by careful selection and breeding from those specimens which possess the qualities desired. We hold, in the interest of utility, that the best fowls of all are those which possess the best table and laying qualities.

—When cattle are low, as at present, is a good time to run the farm or ranch in such a manner that when prices go up again you will not wish you hadn't, etc. When men get disgusted, and permit their stock to run down, sometimes make the air a dark-blue when they find out their error.

—One advantage the poultry-keeper has over the keeper of animals for profit is, fowls are omnivorous—eat everything, excelling even swine in this. This fact should teach everyone that a constant feeding of one grain or one vegetable or one substance will not produce the best results.

—A field is as poor as its most deficient fertilizing principle. A plant, like an animal, demands a balanced ration. In order to secure the most economic method of fertilizing, the peculiarities of each field must be carefully studied and its particular deficiency in plant food determined.

—If a man wishes to keep pigeons and confines them in wire-covered yards, they will pay, but to leave a lot of pigeons flying over the whole neighborhood is a curse to every farmer and poultryman, as they not only eat food that other persons than the owner of the pigeons must pay for, but they bring and carry disease from one flock to another.

—The bicycle churn is among the new inventions. It consists of a stationary concern made in imitation of a sure enough wheel, with pedals, handlebars, etc., but it is stationary, and attached to it is churn. It is a nefarious imposition on the farm boy, and one which he will not tolerate long if he has any spunk in him.