

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.

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TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE.

There are two kinds of people on earth to-day. Just two kinds of people—no more, I say. Not the sinner and saint, for 'tis well understood that the good are half bad and the bad are half good. The rich and the poor, for in counting man's wealth, you find that the rich are the poor, and the poor are the rich. You must first know the state of his conscience and health. Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span who puts on vain airs is not counted a man. Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years bring each man his laughter and each man his tears. Not the two kinds of people on earth I mean. Are the people who lift and the people who lean. Wherever you go you will find the world's hopes are always divided in just these two classes. An oddly minded, you will find, too, I mean. There is only one lifer to twenty who lean. In which class are you? Are you eating the load of overcast letters who toll down the road. Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear the portion of labor and worry and care? Bookkeeper.

HOW PEGGY LISTENED

SOCIETY people might have thought that it was a matter of indifference to the highest notch of elegance, but since the participants were wholly unconscious of its shortcomings, what did it matter? There is more real weight in the expression of ignorance being the greatest bliss when the social matters are concerned than in any other condition of life. The ordinary little girl, who slips into a thin gown and dances all night with "the boys," whom she has known since childhood, in the simple ballroom of a family club finds more unalloyed pleasure in the entire proceedings than does the veriest brocade-clad, jewel-weighted belle, who glides in stately elegance through the gorgeous cotillon in the most sparkling ballroom of one of society's real leaders. When the little girl has romped her cheeks red through a gay, easy game, or, more frequently, through a hackneyed waltz, she would open her big, blue eyes in amazement if a frigid debutante in the real thing started at her as decidedly unconventional. But the little girl doesn't even dream that there is any difference between her and the one who is so much more than a million times happier than is her blue-blooded sister, breathing in the atmosphere of wealth and all the glowing cavities, rivalries and disappointments pertaining thereto.

Peggy was very pink after the last dance. Richard always went into that particular waltz with especial fervor. Afterward he explained to her that it was because his first dance with her had been that particular one and she was tense enough to act as though she wasn't at all conscious of the particular significance of the thing. So to-night, when he reluctantly let her slip from his arms, she hadn't quite the necessary courage to refuse his plea that they "go somewhere to rest."

She knew what that meant. Hadn't he carried her off to that particular "somewhere" every night since the little club had begun its informal fortnightly dances? Still, she knew that she would better not go to-night—she had known for weeks that it was coming, and this last waltz had convinced her that it was coming very soon. And Peggy didn't want it to come, at least not just now, for this was Peggy's first waltz, and it was to be a shame for a girl to let herself be first. Then, too, Richard wanted so much that it should come, and there wasn't anything in the world that Peggy loved so much as to make Mr. Richard's wish. It didn't matter whether she delayed him by taking an unusual long time to adjust her veil when he had called to take her some place in the evening, or whether he had to toast his toes before the fire while she dallied over making his cup of tea, or even in telling of his great success in getting Richard congratulated himself for no one but even Peggy, knew, to be frank, everybody in the little club had discovered it before he had confessed it to himself. Still Peggy yielded, and was led off to the big chair in the corner of the library, where she would be waiting for him when the other young people were good enough never to intrude.

Peggy leaned back and let her white lids flutter in happy content over her deep blue eyes, when Richard felt his last bit of common sense leave him. "Peggy," he asked, leaning dangerously near her.

Peggy sat up with a little start, and a half air of rebellion. Then, all at once, she felt his eyes burning into her, and her courage fled, leaving a very weak, plaintive little cry, added Richard.

Peggy closed her eyes again and gathered together her fast-fading courage with one mighty effort. "Don't," she pleaded. "Don't, Richard."

His face grew a trifle paler as he asked: "Why not, little girl?"

Peggy's white cheeks all at once grew fiery, but she said it: "Because I know what you are going to say, and I don't want to hear it." "Poor Richard! So she knew, after all, the secret which he had fattered himself he had kept from all the world, most of all from the tiny, pink-and-white girl whom it most concerned. Then, all at once, it struck him that there was a ludicrous side to the situation, and Peggy was amazed to see a bit of a roguish smile about the corners of his fine mouth, as he asked: "How do you know that you know what I was going to say?"

It was a meaning thing for him to do, and she afterward told him so. Now, however, she put herself on the defensive as much as possible, and answered, valiantly: "I do know it; no matter how; and I don't want to hear it—then a little pause, and finally a whispered "just yet."

holding her dangerously close by the two tiny, burning hands.

"Some day," she stammered. Then, noting the happy glances in his eyes, she cried out: "Oh, Richard, why did you go to it? It is almost as bad as if you had really told me, and you've made me say things I had no right to say, and—"

There was a hint of tears in her reproachful, big eyes, and she tugged hard to loose her imprisoned fingers. Instantly, all the teasing fled from his mainly face, and he dropped her hands.

"Very well, Peggy; but may I ask you this? Do you realize that it wouldn't be quite kind, to give me permission to tell you some day, and then not to make me happy by giving me the right answer?"

Peggy's lips quivered helplessly, but she finally lifted her eyes to him bravely and answered: "Yes, I realize, and I'll be kind."

For a moment she feared that he was going to kiss her. But after a moment, with a wistful, half-contented sigh, he turned away and with one second they were toward the door. At the portal he stopped her and asked again: "Don't make me wait long, little girl. And don't let anyone else tell you the same story in the meantime. I'm not afraid to trust you with the other fellows, but I should like to know that you had told your story to me."

She answered him only by a look, for some one came up with the frantic explanation that he had been looking everywhere for her, as this was his dance. So she slipped away from the yearning Richard, who made himself ridiculous all the rest of the evening by forgetting that he had left his name on half a dozen programmes before he had carried Peggy off to the library.

When supper time came Richard all at once lost sight of his lady love. He hadn't had a chance to speak to her since the little scene in the big armchair, but he had not for an instant lost sight of the pretty white muslin gown, with its tiny sprigs of pink rosebuds. But in the confusion of the breaking up of the last waltz she mysteriously disappeared, and finally, in sheer desperation, he hunted out her mother, hoping to find the lost maiden under the careful wing of the loving chaperon.

"Where is Peggy?" called the sweet-faced little mother. "I've lost her, and I hoped you would bring her." Poor Richard's heart sunk, and with some murmured explanation that he "would find her in a minute," he plunged off in the midst of the gay little throng.

The search was fruitless. Everybody seemed to have drifted into the supper room, and still Peggy was not among them. He plunged into the most impossible corners and hiding places. He even looked into the depths of the big armchair in the library, and still there was no Peggy. At last, when his face was white and his palms were burning where his impatient nails had dug into them, he heard a soft, tearful little whisper from the stairs, and here, in the turn about the landing, he found his sobbing to herself as though her very heart was broken.

"Peggy," he cried, kneeling on the step beside her and chafing her cold hands between his feverish palms. "Peggy, where is the matter?"

Peggy dabbed her wet little ball of a handkerchief into her eyes and swallowed a sob. "It's—it's that big George Waters," she choked out, and then, with a new fit of sobs, she buried her disconsolate little head in her lap and could go no further.

Richard set his teeth and waited. Then, all at once, he understood, for he had been afraid of Waters all winter. There was no further room for delay. Leaning over he caught the sobbing little figure in his arms and there never was any joy in the world so dear as his when he felt her nestle her face in his shoulder, while her crying grew less violent and finally subsided into an occasional sigh of growing content.

When she had become quiet he gently turned her face to his and said: "Never mind, little girl, you needn't explain. I know that—that—that impudent cad had presumed to tell you what you didn't want to hear, and I know it wasn't your fault. But don't you think, little girl, that it is time for me to tell you what I had to say a couple of hours ago?"

And Peggy actually smiled through her tears while he went off into an elaborate recital of the secret which she congratulated herself as all their own and had never been so deliciously told by anyone else in the world.—Chicago News.

A Plain President.
The late M. Challemeil-Lacour, sent as an ambassador from France to the Swiss confederation, called the day for his arrival upon the president. The servant who opened the door said that his excellency was in the cellar bottling wine, but that the visitor could come in and wait. The ambassador hung up his overcoat in the hall and went up into the second story. Presently the president bustled in. "An ugly job, monsieur," drying his hands—"an ugly job! But I always bottle my own wine. Pardon my coat also; it is a poor fit"—glancing down; "it is my own suit and the truth—I hurried it on without looking at it." The ambassador bowed and smiled—it was his own coat. The interview being over, he went home shivering, and sent a messenger next day for the coat—"the coat which he hung up in the hall."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Hero of Irish Halls.
Those who are suffering from indigestion some amusement in the following letter, which was written by an amorous swain, native of the Emerald Isle, to his lady fair:

My Darlin' Peggy: I met you last night and I'll never forget you again, whether you stop away, if I'm first, sure I'll write my name on the gate to tell you of it, and if it's you that's first, why rub it out, darlin', and no one will be the wiser. I'll never fail to be at the trystin' place, Peggy, for faith, I can't keep away from the spot where you are, whether you're there or whether you're not. Your own, Paddy.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

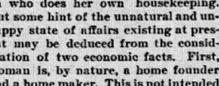
Covering the Ground.
Daughter—Papa, Mr. Spindle called last night and told me all about his prospects, you know. I'll never fail to be at the trystin' place, Peggy, for faith, I can't keep away from the spot where you are, whether you're there or whether you're not. Your own, Paddy.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



THE AMERICAN HOME.

How It is Probably Affected by the Apartment House with its Modern Appliances.

I have no mind to harrow up the minds of my readers with any explication of the miseries and mysteries that confront the average housekeeper in the daily maintenance of a simple but comfortable existence for her family; as for herself, an existence at all seems a struggle which at times she would gladly give over. One might define a Lorraine as the average American woman who does her own housekeeping. But some hint of the unnatural and unhappy state of affairs existing at present may be deduced from the consideration of two economic facts. First, woman is, by nature, a home founder and an assessor of personal belief, but as a statement of scientific fact, it was woman—not man—who opened the industrial world; it was woman who made the first rude dwellings, and dressed skins, and wove textiles for



THE ZOUAVE BOW.

bright red and green silk around the neck. In the front there is a bow which consists of three loops without ends; under each loop there is a triangular piece of lace. Instead of lace embroidery.

GIRL FOR A RAINY DAY.

A Clever and Sensible Idea for the Progressive Woman Who Wants to Keep Dry.

A busy woman in New York whose time is so occupied with charity and social duties that every day finds her forced out of doors, no matter what the weather may be, has long been in a dilemma over a costume that would exactly fill her needs. The short rainy-day skirt would not do at all, for, while it would answer

for plodding through the streets on a wet day, it was quite inappropriate for a social hour.

The difference would be particularly marked if the day had cleared and the sun came out. This woman now gets over the difficulty with a clever arrangement of tabs and buttons, or rings and tapes. The tabs are more satisfactory than the tapes, and therefore used more often. There are five tabs. These have a single buttonhole at the very ends and are buttoned to the gown. Two buttons extend below them. Thus, without difficulty, the gown can be shortened and laid down again to conventional length.

MARTHA HOUK.

clothing. It was woe, and not man, who made the first fire, and the first utensils for cooking, and the first roofs for industrial ends. All her activities clustered about the hearth and ministered to the home. If the woman and the work had not reacted upon each other so that, to-day, women should be by nature home makers and home lovers, there are still depths for the scientists to sound in the working of heredity and of natural selection. And yet—here is my second fact—the enormous piles of stone and brick rapidly filling the choice plots of ground in our large cities and shutting out the light of heaven with their gabled tops, are mute if not magnificent witnesses to the fact that the investment of capital is all against the perpetuation of the separate home. The shrewd modern investor is willing to put hundreds of thousands against hundreds of dollars that (for his lifetime at least) women are going to prefer the ease of the apartment hotel to the separate house with its privacy, its own table, and, alas! its own service.—Helen Watterson Moody, in Scribner's.

Pink Sugar for Pink Tea.
At a pink tea the other day, in addition to the candle shades and flowers that tint, lumps of pink and white candy were served with the beverages that cheer. To sweeten tea with rock candy is an English notion, and in its behalf the claim is made that it is a much purer form of saccharine than sugar. At the same tea, plates of small round cakes covered with a thick, soft icing held, each of them, mounted on a pointed wooden toothpick, a tiny pink silk flag. Four large plates piled evenly with tiers of these small cakes, each fluttering its tiny pennant, contributed a very pretty effect to the polished oak table upon which the light refreshments were set out.

How to Ventilate a Room.
Raise the lower sash of the window and place in front of the opening at the bottom a piece of wood of any desired width. This leaves a corresponding space between the meeting sashes in the middle of the window through which the current of air is directed toward the ceiling. This is especially recommended for an invalid's room.

TAILOR-MADE BOW.

How to Give the Right Twist to One of the Noxious Neck Treatments of the Season.

There are many novelties in neckwear this season, to be worn over shirt waists, and thick dresses as well. They are not only very fancy, but they are made of several materials, making them quite pretty enough and expensive enough to class with the nicest of neck shirt waists.

A novelty of novelties is a bow called the zouave. It consists of a fold of



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WET DAY WALK.

How Grace of Carriage in Woman Disappears as Soon as a Side-walk Becomes Wet.

You can never tell what a woman looks like by gait; you can never tell what she walks like in dry weather. But when the sun is bright and the air is fine she sails along in the street serene as a May morning. People turn and look at her and say: "How graceful!" But once let the winds blow and the rains descend and the true changes. Then in willowy gait which was so admired yesterday is transformed, too often, into an unlimbed, fearful exercise about a bunch of skirts.

The test of a woman's grace is wet weather. When she can gather up her skirts and walk lightly along a stepping pavement she is graceful indeed. Then is when every man who passes her wants to take off his hat and proclaim her beautiful. A few women can do it—alas! too few.

Most of them walk as if on stilts. They are not so much afraid of the street as they are afraid of the street when it rains; they observe how the women hold their skirts. Once in a while comes that serenely graceful one, her skirts held free of the pavement, but without any clumsy folds, and the mere man cannot see how she does it. But in most cases in the matter is different. One skirt is caught viciously and dragged round on the right side, so that from the lower left side right up to the right hand there is one long, bulging wall of a fold, or when the skirt is carried over the left side it is bunched up all round in some inexplicable way, so that it bunches out behind like a bustle. Now and then some awkward lady persists in bobbing up in the middle of the street and then happily in the water. Strangest of all is that method of gathering the skirts forward and making a bunch of them in front, so that the wearer must walk as if on tiptoes, in little mincing steps.

But as the days of taking wet weather are almost as numerous as the people who live in towns. A city street in a shower shows the modern man and woman almost at their worst. For awkward as women are in the rain, men, men are seldom graceful. A slight excess of awkwardness does not matter. It is lovely woman vanquished by the wet that makes a rainy street so funny.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

TRACING A LOST STUD.

Good Luck of a Jeweler Who Dropped a Two-Carat Diamond Out of His Pocket in the Street.

Some odd stories of the recovery of lost diamonds are told by an old Union square jeweler. One of them is his own experience. "One day last June," he says, "I happened to recollect that I was going to a reception. Before leaving the store I wrapped my two-carat diamond stud in a piece of tissue paper and slipped it into my vest pocket. After dinner, while dressing in my room, I went to my pocket to get the stud. It was not there. I put my hand in my fob pocket, thinking it was surely there; then in the other vest pocket, then in the inside pocket, and then in my fob trousers pockets, but it was in none of them.

"I left that on my desk," I thought. "I will find it there in the morning. I will put on a plain gold stud to-night." The next morning the stud was not to be found at the store. I thought of every step I had taken on the way home, and then called my porter.

"George," said I, "just before I went home last night I slipped a diamond stud, wrapped in tissue paper, into my vest pocket, starting out of the store and went across Broadway, through Union square at Fifteenth street, going to the center part of Seventeenth street and Fourth avenue; I went down the middle of the street for an hour or two to Second avenue and then home. On my walk home I have a distinct recollection of putting my hand into my pocket for my penknife or something else. I must have pulled out the stud and dropped it. Now I want you to follow that path and look carefully every step of the way, and I don't want you to come back until you have found the stud."

"He started out and in less than half an hour returned with it. He had found it, still wrapped in the paper, in the gutter, a few steps this side of Second avenue, and he went home happy that night with a \$20 gold piece in his pocket."—N. Y. Sun.

Nature Kind to This Gourami.
If a fish loses a fin entire nature does not refuse it, but nature often renews the fin of which a part has been lost. There is for example, at the Aquarium in this city, a gourami, an East Indian fish, which has been there about a year. This specimen is about seven inches in length. Four months ago the gourami was attacked by fungus, which destroyed about two-thirds of the upper lobe of its caudal fin. It was cured of the fungus, and now the upper lobe of its tail fin has grown out again almost to the proportions of the lower lobe. It will probably regain its original length. The part that has grown is thinner than the rest of the fin, so that it is now clearly discernible, but it is expected that the new part will thicken up in time and become uniform with the rest.—N. Y. Sun.

Domestic Economy.
Daughter—Pa, remember you told me to save all the pieces of string from store packages and wind them into a ball?

Economical Pa—Yes, my dear. Did you?

"Every bit and it makes the cutest little ball you ever saw. Now, I'm going to knit a handy little bag to put it in. Give me a dollar and 50 cents for zephyr, please."—N. Y. Weekly.

Easily Explained.
Wags—Why do they always have the walls of a saloon covered with pictures?

Jags—Oh, it's merely a matter of business. "How's that?"

"They are usually so bad that they drive men to drink."—Chicago Evening News.

How Balls Are Tested.
A German has invented a new method of testing the balls for use in ball bearings. In which the balls are rolled singly down an inclined plane and drop on a steel block, those which rebound over an adjustable gauge into the box being deemed of the right quality for use.

Fish That Cannot Swim.
There are several varieties of fish that cannot swim. In every instance they are deep-sea dwellers, and crawl about on the rocks, using their tails and fins as legs.



HANDY LITTLE DEVICE.

It is Designed to Prevent the Uprooting of Wheels in Case of Violent Collisions.

One of the most prolific causes of falls on the race track and on club runs is the rubbing of the front wheel of one machine against the rear wheel of another. When this occurs it is almost certain to upset the rear machine, twisting the handle bars out of the rider's grasp and making him bite the dust. A device designed to prevent such consequences in case of collision has been patented by a Proctor (Mass.) inventor. It consists of a steel rod bent to V shape and attached to the axle of the front wheel, with its apex in front of the tire and its free ends braced under the forksides. In case of collision the tire, rim and spokes are protected. If the contact

is head on the speed of the rear bicycle is checked, but if it is a trifle to one side, as is usually the case, the fender causes the front wheel of the rear bicycle to glance off without causing a fall and injuring either rider. By actual tests it has been shown that with the use of this device collisions that would otherwise have upset the riders and entangled the machines, injuring both, have not even unseated the rear rider.

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TALK WITH BIDLAKE.
It is a Mistake, Says the British Expert, to Start Fast on a Long Bicycle Ride.

F. J. Bidlake, an English cyclist of prominence, was asked recently what is the utmost a bicycle rider can do with careful training? Mr. Bidlake replied: "The utmost he could do can hardly be prophesied, the old adage that 'no one knows what he can do till he tries' being particularly applicable to cycling. Five hundred miles a day seemed beyond the utmost powers of anybody a few years ago, but is a performance already several times accomplished. The inquirer seemed, however, not to comprehend the meaning of the word 'miles' and entangled the machines, injuring both, have not even unseated the rear rider."

THE COST OF SELLING.

It is One of the Most Important Factors in the Bicycle Business of the United States.

To give a general idea of the expense a manufacturer incurs in introducing a new bicycle, which seems enough to take the heart out of a season's profits, the following items of expenditure are here-with printed, says the New York World:

The first is the traveling man's expenses, which necessarily big, will have to be heart out of a season's profits. The next is that for advertising, which has to be considered as a most important part of the business. Then there is the general expense, such as attorney's fees, cost of collections, stationery, telephone, telegraph, etc. Following in order are the office expenses and office salaries, and those of the financial department, taking in the customary interest and discount items. The mechanical expense must not be left out, either.

Bicycle makers will have much to contend with this year in order to maintain a profit on the low-priced '98 wheels. The expense of production, which is necessarily big, will have to be deducted from a smaller principal this year than heretofore unless the quantity of machines sold is sufficiently in excess of last year's number to counterbalance the big cut in prices that prevails. In view of the fact that the reduction in prices of this year's models amounts to from 25 to 40 per cent, it seems difficult to figure out how the manufacturers are going to stand it. They seem to have no fears, however, as it is reasonably certain they will not plunge into a business if some financial benefits did not seem to be forthcoming.

With such a list of deductions from a season's profits it is not to be wondered why people ask themselves how much it costs the average maker to build a wheel that will favorably meet all opposition. A few years ago, when a comparatively few makers monopolized the business, things were far different from the state of affairs that exists to-day. Makers could charge almost what they wished then.

LATEST TIRE TAPE.
Its Inventors Claim That It Will Stand More Hard Usage Than the Old Tapes.

The object of this invention is to provide a tape which will not wear out so quickly when in use as does the ordinary tape. To attain this the tape is made as follows: A narrow strip of canvas