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, JULY 23, 1898. VOL. XXIII.—NO. 30.

GOING DOWN TO BATTLE.

By CHARLES B. LEWIS.

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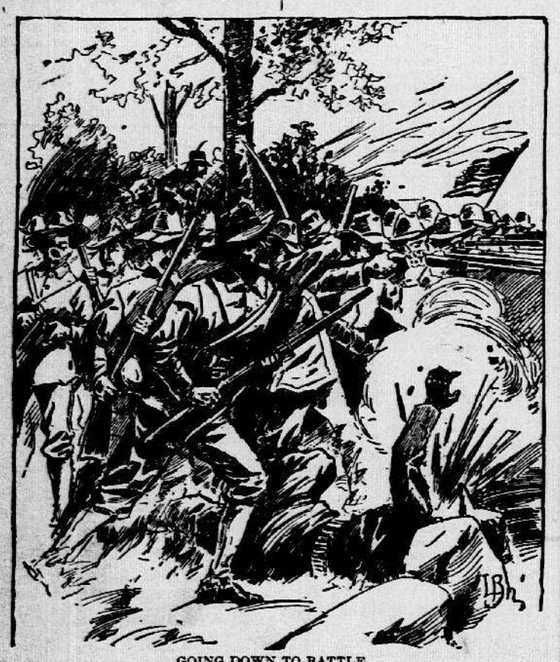
We have been marching all day long—infantry, cavalry and artillery—and just at sundown the firing along our front proves that we have found the enemy at last, and that he is in position. Divisions file to the right and left until they have reached the flanks of the enemy. Then battle lines are formed and every man realizes what the morrow will bring forth. The night will be one of peace, except for the skirmishers at the extreme front. Battles begun by daylight may last into evening, but they are never begun in darkness.

The lines are scarcely formed before camp-fires are blazing and the men are cooking. There will be song and laughter. There will be a feeling of exultation, and men will seem to be careless and indifferent. No one will speak of the dead and wounded of tomorrow. The men will eat with hearty appetite and smoke a pipe, and it is only as they roll themselves in their blankets and seek to sleep that their thoughts turn upon the grapple sunrise will bring. Now and then a man, hoping to be assured against the worst, may move over to a comrade and speak in whispers, but ninety-nine men of a hundred will fight it out alone. No matter how brave one is, he will feel apprehensive. He will shudder at the thoughts of being mangled and crippled, and he will recall the horrible sound of a bullet tearing its way through flesh and bone. There will be men who will throw it off after an hour and find sleep, and others who will not close an eye all through the long night.



GOING DOWN TO BATTLE.

An officer, walking softly along the lines to see that all is well, will hear a sleeper groan or a wakeful man sigh, but he will find no one sitting up—no one wandering about. It is for every man to fight it out alone and unaided. To thousands it is like the last night of the condemned.

Daylight is just breaking when the lines are aroused. As the men spring up they turn their faces to the east as if by instinct—as the man lying in his bed turns his face toward the sunset, if not too weak. Before there is the slightest tinge of red in the gray sky, blankets are folded and packed, the embers of the fires kicked together, and a hasty breakfast is being prepared. There are no songs now, no levity. All faces wear a serious look, and there is a sternness in the voices of the officers which was not to be noticed in camp. The pickets and skirmishers begin firing, and here and there a field piece bellows its hostile note. A recruit would listen to the clatter and imagine the battle had already begun, but the veteran knows better. It is a preliminary which will last until the sun is well up, and both sides are ready for the grapple. Reenforcements may have come up during the night, men and guns been shifted, defenses thrown up. Only the broad light of day will reveal these things to the generals as they ride along the front.

The east is growing fiery red as the soldiers finish their breakfasts, lift their knapsacks to their shoulders and get the command to fall in. The firing has almost died away in the front, but there is enough to keep our eyes busy. Aides and couriers and orderlies are galloping here and there, bodies of troops taking up new places, guns being shifted to more advantageous positions. A mile away, on the fringe of a heavy forest, we see a few of the enemy. His lines of battle are six miles long, running across highways, creeks, meadows, farm-yards and forest. Ours are of the same length. Up leaps the sun as you wait, and you can almost hear each and every man draw a long breath as he turns his eyes upon the red ball. Now they begin to shift uneasily and to talk in whispers. We do not talk of wounds or death, but of the strength of the enemy, whether we are to advance or hold our ground, whether the fight will be on the open flank or here in the center. Twenty rods in front of us is a creek. Every fifth man in every company is detailed to take five canteens down and fill them. Men begin to laugh and joke, and though you feel the hollowness of it you are glad to have something to distract your thoughts. The canteens have been returned and a quarter of an hour slips away. All of a sudden there comes such a silence all along the front that men look at each other in wonder. The disordered line straightens up without a command being given, and each musket is gripped more tightly. Something is going to happen.

"Pop! pop! pop!"

"It is the muskets of the skirmishers down on the front and to the right. The lines of the enemy have begun to advance. The skirmishers are simply so many alarm bells. They fire and retreat, stop and reload and fire again, and presently are swept back into the battle lines. Their crackling fire ceases for a moment, and then there is a grand crash of musketry which seems to rend the skies. The double ranks on a brigade front have fired together. Owing to the lay of the ground we cannot see the combatants, but as volley succeeds volley, and the volleys are merged into one grand roar, we know that there is a grapple to the death over there. There is no talking in the ranks now. The noise not only prevents it, but the men are breathing hard and quivering with nervous excitement, and have eyes only for the smoke cloud rising in the air.

It may have been ten minutes, fifteen, thirty, since the skirmishers began work. Only the generals note time on a battlefield. The attack on the right had been beaten back, but a sputter of musketry still continues. Now we begin to see the skulkers. A score of them come running along our front, knapsacks, haversacks and muskets thrown away, and though we yell "Skulker!" and "Coward!" at them, it only hastens their flight. After them came a dozen wounded men—shot in the arms or shoulders, but able to get to the rear by themselves. They call out the news, and add that it will soon be our turn. Half a dozen officers have been shot off their horses. The horses gallop back and forth across our front neighing wildly, and now and then swerving toward us, as if demanding our protection.

"Zing! ping! ping!"

The bullets begin to fly over our heads. A bullet flying high makes a queer, menacing sound—a long-drawn drone, which makes the spine chill as the head ducks. For five minutes the air above us seems to be alive with enraged bumblebees. Then a man is hit in the shoulder. The impact turns him half around and throws him down, and he cries out in a way to startle everybody within earshot. An officer pushes his way in and restores order, but next minute another man goes down. The bullet strikes him in the head and he sinks in his tracks without a groan. In the next ten minutes we have another man killed and two more wounded. Then the men in the lines begin to curse and mutter. If there were no officers behind us some would run away and some dash forward. A soldier would rather fight for three hours than to remain inactive under fire for 30 minutes. He cannot for the time being reason that it is a part of the plan of battle to hold him thus. He is serving a purpose, but he rages because he cannot strike back.

"Attention! Shoulder—arms! Right oblique—march!"

You do not hear the order. You obey because the men on your right and left obey. A right oblique and a forward movement of 300 feet brings us to the crest of a long ridge. From thence we can look down across the fields and see a brigade of the enemy advancing straight upon us. For 30 seconds we stand and watch them. Then our lines sink down and the barrels of our muskets are thrust forward. At the same moment three field pieces rush up and unlimber on our left, and presently the earth shakes and quivers as they open fire. Under the smoke-cloud we can see the shells strike and burst and the lines thrown in confusion, but the gaps are closed up from right and left as soon as created. Now everybody begins to yell and cheer and curse. It is a combination of enthusiasm and defiance. We are holding our fire, but the guns have changed from shell to grape and canister. Such gaps are opened in those advancing lines that we wonder the living do not turn and fly. It is only after the battle that you admire the stern discipline and reckless courage which closed up the gaps and forced the lines to come on. Now you begin to separate from the mass—to note that one man is taller or shorter than another. Now you hear them crying out and cursing and jabbering like a mob in the street. They are impatient to make a rush and be at us. They are coming—coming, and you have a feeling of pity instead of desire to kill. Now—

We have held our fire until they are only pistol-shot away. Of a sudden a great sheet of flame leaps out on our front, followed by a billow of smoke which springs 30 feet into the air, and then there is such a roar as you did not believe possible on earth. You fire into the mass—you load and fire—load and fire. There is an interval in which you are taken out of yourself. You could not give your own name if asked for it. The smoke blinds you, the noise deafens you, and you fight mechanically. Somebody lays a heavy hand on you, perhaps seizes the musket in your grasp, and you come back to yourself again. There is no more firing. Your ears are roaring and you cannot catch a word spoken, and you look along the lines, and the faces of your comrades have a strange, queer look to you. You have to look again and again before you can identify them. What has happened? you ask yourself, in a dull, indefinite way. You see men pointing, and your eyes follow and take in the sight on the old field below. From a point to which you could toss your cap clear back to the fringe of the woods are the enemy's dead and wounded. That brigade of brave men pressed forward until those red volleys flamed into their very faces, and the regiments have gone back in remnants and fragments. It was a desperate attempt to break our center, but it failed.

You remember the rest only as you remember a morning dream. You were moved to the left to reenforce—you were moved to the right to drive back the foe again—you countermarched to your first position. Now and then you saw bodies of troops moving through the smoke—you saw field guns galloping this way and that, and you hazily remember the dead and wounded and the serving out of fresh cartridges. You are still an automaton, still confused and bewildered and wondering over it, when you hear a human voice. It sounds far away and indistinct, but you make out the words: "Hello, old man, but haven't you got your jaws together yet? Rouse up and let's have a cup of coffee and a bite to eat. Lands! but didn't we give them Hail Columbia!"

There was a battle. It began soon after sunrise, and now as you look around you in a startled way the sun has gone down and twilight is coming on. You marched and countermarched; you fired away 60 rounds of ammunition; you fought as bravely as anyone, and yet you can scarcely recall a single incident. You rise up and look about you, but all things have undergone a change. You move mechanically, you cannot think clearly, and it seems as if your comrade was tapping your ears with drumsticks as he says:

"It is the most terrible battle of the war. They say the dead and wounded number fully 20,000. Lord! but how you did cheer and curse and rave! You must learn to hold on to yourself and be cool."

HE CAME AND WENT.

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It was about ten o'clock in the forenoon when Montana Bill made his first appearance at Cheyenne, which was then the terminus of the Pacific road. He came into town on horseback, and his cayuse was on the dead run. As the animal was galloped up one street and down another its rider fired right and left and uttered blood-curdling whoops. When Bill finally halted at the crossing of the two principal streets he bowed right and left to the crowd and said:

"Gentlemen, the newspapers will give ye my name and history after a few days, but in order not to keep ye in suspense I'm goin' to say right yere and now that I am Montana Bill, from nowhar' in pertickler, and from everywhar' in gineral. If thar's a critter among ye who hasn't heard of my name and deeds, let him step forth like a man."

No one stepped. The shooting in Cheyenne didn't begin, as a usual thing, until after midday.

"I ain't hefty with the pen, and I can't read as well as some," continued the caller, "but I do know what belongs to good manners. I might hev slid into town like a jackrabbit slippin' through the grass, but I preferred to foller good manners and interduce myself in the reg'lar way. Here I am. Sich of you as knows me knows that I'm dangerous when aroused. Sich of you as don't will find out in due time. Has anybody got any remarks to make as to my looks?"

Nobody had. He looked about the same as the rest of the bad men—no better, no worse.

"Has anybody got any flings to fling at this cayuse, who's lost one eye and is sprung in the knees?"

A score of men looked the animal over in a neutral way and were indifferent as to his blemishes.

"And yere's my guns," continued Bill, as he fired right and left over the heads of the crowd; "does any critter want to obsarve that I don't know how to handle 'em, or that they don't look dangerous?"

His guns appeared to be dangerous enough, and his way of handling them was up to date. Later in the day there might have been more general interest, but at this early hour, before anyone had been killed, Bill's arrival was rather a bore. The crowd was beginning to break up, when the man fired the rest of his cartridges, threw up his hat with a whoop and then dismounted to say:

"Bein' as thar's no objections, I'll take a drink and make myself at home and purceed to run the town. If any of you wake up this afternoon come and see me."

An hour after noon several people woke up. They also called and woke up Montana Bill. There was nothing in particular to dispute about or take as the basis of a quarrel, but they began shooting at him on general principles; and, as some one always had to die on such occasions, Bill was called in and his outfit raffled off before three o'clock.

A Willing Sufferer.

"Well, we've got a cook at last that just suits me."

"Bakes just such biscuits as your mother used to make, I suppose?"

"No, I can't eat the stuff she prepares for us; I have to take my meals at the restaurant. But my wife's folks have quit boarding with us."—Chicago Journal.

A Suspicious Man.

"I called Henry back to kiss me goodby."

"Well?"

"And he said: "Julia, you know I gave you the last cent I had Saturday night."—Chicago Record.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

THE CULTIVATION OF CORN.

It Makes No Difference How Rich the Soil May Be, Unless Thoroughly Cultivated It Will Not Pay.

If the land on which corn be planted is fertile and not wet, with a good season and proper cultivation it will make a good crop. But it makes no difference how rich the soil may be, unless the crop is thoroughly cultivated from the time it is big enough till it is too high to plow, the crop will not reward richly. Nothing in the way of grain crops requires as much attention as the corn crop; it should be cultivated as often as seems needed. Some plow the corn simply to keep out weeds and the ground clean, but the minority plow it to keep the ground loose and the soil stirred so moisture can rise. This is far better and does the corn more good.

Weeds don't amount to very much in a cornfield. I have seen them as thick as could be in young corn, but after a few plowings and weedings they were so completely backset that they never caught up with the corn, and hence did no harm. Of course, if they are permitted to grow nearly to their full size and height they will take a great deal of fertility out of the soil. Jimson weeds are the vilest extant, but are easily rooted out with a cultivator with six tine sharp shovels. These weeds grow to be five or six feet tall, and will hold up the weight of a man. They draw on the plant food of the soil extravagantly, and as a rule thrive only on the richest soils.

We have another weed here that seriously interferes with corn at a certain time in the year. Some call it the silver-rooted weed; I call it the square weed. It has leaves like mint and looks much like mint. Its roots are silvery white, and each plant is provided with a multitude of them; the canes of the weeds are perfectly square, as if they were thus made by planing. These weeds grow largely in the black, sandy lands, and are most vigorous a few weeks after wheat is cut, and they get the benefit of sunshine. There is no killing them out; at least, I have never succeeded in so doing. The best way I know of to retard their growth and give them a great backset is to sow timothy among them, and use the field which they have about taken for a meadow. In two or three years the timothy crowds them nearly out. But in the corn or wheat field they grow luxuriantly, and if not checked by cultivators will rob the crops of fertility.

I have found it a good practice to harrow corn with a tooth harrow as soon as it comes up. This makes the ground loose about the roots and cuts out most of the fine weeds. Of course we have not yet come to Mr. Terry's weeder. The Acme (Nash) harrow does the work admirably, set to run almost level. This process pulverises the clods and makes it easy sailing for the young corn right in the start when it needs it most. Some roll the field when the corn is about six inches high so as to pulverize the clods and level the ground, but I do not approve of this because rolling makes the ground compact and smooth and a heavy rain will wash it badly and wash out the corn. Moreover, oftentimes large clods are right on top of a hill and the roller comes along and mashes that clod down upon the corn and covers it up so deeply it can never see daylight. Harrowing is much better and besides smoothing the ground it cuts out the fine weeds and is equal to a plowing with a cultivator.

We usually have pretty severe droughts here in July and August; sometimes they commence in the latter part of June. When the farmers see the drought is at hand many of them quit plowing and say it is folly to stir the ground when it is so dry: that it will kill the roots of the corn to plow among them. But this is a big mistake. In dry weather we do not need to plow close enough to the roots of corn to injure them; plow in the middle of the rows and stir it deeply. This will facilitate the rising of moisure, and moisture will invigorate the crop through the entire drought. Don't cultivate the corn crop simply to keep out the weeds, but to keep the ground stirred. The first plowing should be shallow, going deeper each succeeding time until the last plowing, which should be very shallow and followed by a smoothing tool of some kind. The crop should not be laid by by deep plowing; this leaves the ground uneven and liable to wash badly. Rakes attached to the cultivator shovels will fill the furrows and level the ground between the rows. We plow corn from three to four times, but five or six times is not too often. In fact, the more the better, if they be properly directed. Corn should be forced to grow as rapidly as possible. Cultivation alone will do this.—De Witt C. Wing, in Epitomist.

THE UNIVERSAL GENIUS.

That's What the Perfect Farmer Should Be in Order that the Best Results be Attained.

A farm should be a nation in miniature, and its practical independence should be recognized and maintained. This is necessary in order that the reward of well-directed labor may be enjoyed. The merchant need only to buy judiciously and sell at a profit. That is all there is to his business. The banker lends money, discounts notes, and buys and sells exchange. He may be successful if he knows nothing else. But it is different with the farmer; his business involves a multitude of separate factors. His estate is an omnium gatherum which must be reduced to order, and each separate feature worked out under rules and methods appropriate to the case. He should be a jack-of-all-trades, from tinkering a clock to running a thresher, from half-soling a shoe to upholstering a carriage. If he must take his plow to the blacksmith or his wagon to the wheelwright every time something goes wrong; if he must have a carpenter whenever he wants some woodwork done; if he can not conduct the building of a barn, sinking of a well, the measuring of a field, the grading of a ditch, without foreign help, he is far from the independence he should enjoy. Workshops and tools for wood and iron and leather should be as distinctive a feature of every farm as land and fences, barns and stocks, vehicles and implements. Because no farm can be run without mechanical labor, a farmer should, as far as possible, have practical training founded upon scientific principles. All our agricultural and mechanical colleges give to the students of agricultural science a preliminary course in mechanical and civil engineering. We believe that even more attention should be given to mechanical science in the agricultural course. Some alleged scientific farmers can't make a hoe handle or an ax helve. Their education is incomplete; these simple auxiliaries are as necessary as any principle involved in crop or stock growing. Agricultural chemistry and animal pathology are not all there is in farming. The farmer, above all men, should have a broad training as a foundation for a complete agricultural education. All science and all art are tributary to successful farming. Crop growing is merely an incident of the business. Every farmer should have a varied assortment of miscellaneous knowledge, so arranged as to be ready to his hand on demand.—Farm and Ranch.

Crop Statistics.

This country has little to boast of in respect to the reliability of its crop statistics. We make progress along many lines, but errors in estimate of harvested crops remain as glaring as they were 20 years ago. When the farmer has his wheat in the granary, and should know the amount of this grain in the country available for home consumption and export, there are no statistics at hand that he may depend upon with a degree of confidence. Our government estimates may be in error fifty or seventy-five millions of bushels, as total movement of wheat before the next harvest has shown them to be in the past. This looseness of estimate leaves one wholly at sea in such a season as this one, when the crop on hand is possibly inadequate to the needs of the market, and the future price hinges upon the presence or absence of a very limited quantity of grain. If our statistics were sufficiently reliable to enable us to know within a few millions of bushels how much wheat was now in this country, we would have data that might be worth a great sum to those of us that have our old crops on hand. But past experience proves that government estimates of stored grain are only huge guesses, as indeed they must be when there is no paid machinery for getting at the facts. Cheap work is naturally poor work, and all the money that goes into this work of crop-estimates is paid to a few men who draw high salaries and work over the guesses of men who receive no pay and can not afford to gather the actual facts. It is a loose piece of business, and the farmers are ceasing to trust it. We do not want to be left dependent upon the reports issued by grain-dealers, and some more accurate plan for getting the data should be devised. This plan should include sworn returns from all threshermen, in the case of threshed grains, which would be nearly invaluable, and the rapid gathering of other data by paid expets.—Farm and Fireside.

Cost of Production.

There should be an emphatic protest against the efforts of some parties to make the cost of production of farm crops appear as small as possible. The ridiculous estimate of the cost of a bushel of corn, published by one farm journal last year, is not the only misleading one, that one differing from most others in unfairness to the farmers only in degree. Several causes conspire to make these estimates misleading. Outside of the very rich black lands the charge for rental is rarely large enough for corn, as the land is nursed up to fitness for corn once in four or five years, and less remunerative crops are often grown while the soil is being fitted for corn again. Again, it is usually the most wide-awake and energetic farmers that make report of yields, and such usually have soils in best condition for big yields—not average soils and yields. Again, it is against human nature, it would seem, to report failures. They come in all crop production, and their cost is borne, but they do not figure in reports usually, while the maximum yield is always in evidence. There is the additional fact that farmers, as a class, are inclined to rate their work at a very low price, and to charge nothing at all for the skill in management. It results that estimates are usually too low, and we "bear" prices and induce competition by these inaccurate figures on cost of production. The impression is created that we are doing much better than we really are, or that we have only ourselves to blame if we are not prospering. No other class of producers is guilty of such silliness, and we are the victims of theorists and politicians, whose figures should not receive a second thought from practical men.—Farm and Fireside.

HERE AND THERE.

—Wherever alfalfa will grow it is the best all-round pasturage and hay crop that can be grown. Once seeded and it is almost perpetual. By scarifying the soil, and thus pruning the roots, it is given a new lease of life.

—No wonder the Dutch farmer can snap his finger in the face of the world, in dairy production, for he believes in science, in study, in progress, in everything that will help to better ideas and a better understanding of his business.

—In fighting weeds a stroke in time saves ninety-nine. Destroy them while in the seed-leaf, if possible. In the field a harrow covering 16 feet at a sweep will do it. In the garden a 20-inch rake, or a light wheel-cultivator, will do the business rapidly and easily.

—If the war with Spain continues, it will be a good thing for the growers of good cavalry and artillery horses. Already contractors are offering prices far in advance of those obtainable two months ago. Uncle Sam is a good customer for things he wants, and he wants horses for the army.

—The use of fruit for food has recently secured very strong advocacy from some of our leading physicians. It is now said that there is no more speedy and ready cure for liver difficulties than to make our breakfasts entirely of apples; or for a few days to eat nothing else.

—Under existing conditions the farmer who sells off his calves or unnecessarily decreases his female stock, is not wise, unless peculiar circumstances make this cause necessary. It is probable that cattle, whether for dairy or beef purposes, will continue to bring good prices.

—Ideas govern. Wrong ideas or lack of right ideas govern just as rigidly as the best of ideas. Good sound thought, correct ideas of theory and practice must take the place of unsound ones, or there can be no improvement in the productiveness and profit of our soil or animals.

HOW TO RUN THE WAR.

The Talkative Colored Barber Has His Views and Is Not Slow to Express Them.

"Yessuh," said the talkative barber, "dere's a big fiel' open to dat Admirable Dewey, sho's you bon. He's the idol uv de 'Merican people right now, an' I 'spects he'll come nigh bein' ouh nex' president, if Sampson or Slay, what you call it, suh? Sly? Yessuh, Sly, if dey don't get anudder great victry foh dey don' wif dem Spanyurds.

"Seems like to me, dough, dat I wouldn' wanter be president. You jes' git all mannuh uv fun made uv you in de papahs, an' you jes' havter keep quiet an' take it all in. But if dat man Dewey would come back now an' go all over de country wid magic lantern pichers, he would make money to burn, an' he could tell all about how he destroyed dat fleet. Yessuh, a show like dat would draw like a dull razzuh.

"I wuz er talkin' to ouh paster, suh, an' he said dat jes one speech by dat admirable would pay off de debt uv Ebony chapel, an' we'd have ernuff lef oveh to pay de pastuh fur a year. But I don't guess he expec's to lectuh, suh, when he gits back, case he'll have his hans full goin' ter receptions and sich. He's a great man, fer a fac', dat's whut he is.

"It mus' keep de president a wurryin' now wif all dese hyeh ships and cruisers and torpedo boats on he's min'. I bet you I wouldn' be a settin' up all night a wurryin' about dem Cape Verdy fleets. No, suh. I'd jes sen' some moh uv dem ships uv ourn oveh dar an' blow 'em out uv de waters, dat's what I'd do. An' as fer de Phillypines, I'd sholy keep 'em aftuh I got froo de wah. Dis country nevah did have sich a chance at islan's in all its bohn days, and dey better git a plenty while dey's gittin' 'em. Dem islan's wuth good money, dey say.

"Whut's dat dey's sayin', boss, about de governmen' goin' ter give every colohd man a sugar plantation down in Cuby after we git hold of it? Dat wouldn' be a bad idea, suh, but den I kinder guess dat Walnut street's good ernuff fer me. No, suh, I don' want no yaller fever in mine, but a feller dun tell me dat de black fokes don' get de fevuh. How is dat? But a good sugar farm ain't a bad thing ter have, I guess, an' if dey's goin' ter give 'em away dere's lots of black trash dat ought ter go down an' git er farm, for dey hain't no use in dis country, anyway.

"Say, dat ole Blanco, he's a good fighter oveh de telegraff cable, ain't he? Oh, he can git up in de mornin' an' sink de Oregon an' raise a blockade 'fore breakfast, and den he goes back and sits in de shade an' eats bananas. But if de exchange eveh cuts him off frum ole Sagasty he's a gone gosling, fuh shuah, for dat man caynt do any good 'cept he's got a cable ter telegraff over. Den he gits in his work. I dun 'spect dey jes keep him on de pay roll ter jolly up all dat crowd over in Maydrid and Caydis. Den in de evenin' he sen's 'em anudder despatch dat tells 'em he's dun captured a few moh battleships, an' dat news dey git fuh de mornin' papahs. You say dey's cut dat cable? Well, dat en's de wah, shuah. If dat ole geezer cayn't send 'em despatches about all de 'Mericans whut he's killed an' all de battleships whut he's caught he'll go crazy.

"Bay rum, yessuh. You orter let dat boy at de nex' chaih shave you, suh, some time if you want to heah whut he'd a dun if he wuz McKinley. He'd a had de wah ovah foh dis an' everybody would a bin gwine ter de baseball games fer de recreashun, 'stidder talkin' about wah. But foh me, sah, I jes' let de president run de wah ter suit hisself. He gits big money fuh doin' de wuk, an' I'm not gwine ter interfere."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

LOOKING AT THINGS.

If All Saw Alike This Would Be an Exceedingly Uninteresting World to Everybody.

It is a pity that more of us cannot cultivate the twofold way of looking at things. There would be less friction in life if we did, and sweeter sympathy, kinder understanding and broader and fuller living. The fact is that we never reach the dignity of true living unless we do learn this all-important lesson. And that it may be cultivated admits of no doubt. It is simply a question of schooling ourselves not to condemn generally what individually does not happen to be to our taste. If, for example, we prefer brown as a color, there is no reason on earth why we should condemn the taste of anyone who preferred to wear green. What the vast majority of us need is to be a little more self-poised, more judicial, more willing to see good in the tastes of others, although they do not please our own particular fancies. If we all thought alike, read the same books, saw the same plays, wore the same colors, this would be an exceedingly uninteresting world.

We cannot see all things in the same way, but we can come near to justice and true respect by taking a twofold view of things while still retaining our strong individual views. Seeing a possible good or use for everything does not necessarily mean a weak individuality. The most uncomfortable people in the world are those who assert their judgments in a hard, decisive and final manner, as if they were courts of last resort. On the other hand, the brightest and best minds are those that have most respect for the opinions of others.—Edward W. Bok, in Ladies Home Journal.

Things to Remember at a Wedding.

That the guests should not rush to the dining-room as though there were but ten minutes for refreshments and the supply limited.

That it is the duty of the gentlemen present to escort, without being asked the ladies to the dining-room, and to see that they are served with what refreshments they desire.

That ladies wear the smartest and most dressy afternoon toilets at morning weddings, always keeping on their bonnets and gloves, even at the breakfast.

That guests do not linger in the dining-room when there are others waiting to be served.—Demorest's.

Mr. Asbury Peppers.

"Ever notice that a trombone solo always makes a hit?" asked the boarder who frequents vaudeville shows.

"A trombone solo," said Asbury Peppers, "is bound to be a success. It cannot come out at the little end of the horn."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

DO AS YOU PLEASE.

That May Be Found the Best Way to Live and Enjoy the Blessing of Health.

What has cured one hypochondriac may prove of like benefit to many others. The man in question imagined that some dread thing in conspiracy with death was rapidly working destruction in his system. He could not figure out just what it was, but he resolved to baffle impending fate by observing all the approved rules of health. Regarding the stomach as the greatest source of disease, he first devoted his attention to it. He found from one authority that he should eat no meats and had just became a vegetarian when he learned from another good authority that the man who did not eat meat could never attain the strength of mind and body that nature intended. He ceased all stimulants because he read that they were detrimental and then came across the assurance from another learned doctor that nothing was better than these same stimulants judiciously taken.

The farther he went the greater the confusion. Tobacco was poison. Tobacco was a grand thing because it kept out the deadly microbes to which the mouth is peculiarly susceptible. Late eating was ruinous. Late eating was a source of health because it attracted the blood from the brain to the stomach and induced sleep. Besides, it was not intended that the system should go 12 hours out of the 24 without taking in sustenance. Eggs were among the healthiest of foods. Eggs tended directly to impair the liver. It was bad to drink too much water. There was nothing like water to keep the system flushed out and in a healthy condition. Fruit in the morning was the worst thing possible for the stomach. Fruit in the morning was positively the happiest and best introduction the stomach could have to its day's work. Coarse bread was the best. The finer the flour the more nutritious the bread.

But when our hypochondriac read from a German doctor that all bread was injurious and should be used just as sparingly as possible, he dropped his investigations in disgust and vowed that he could find the highest authority for eating, drinking and living just as it suited him. Now he has red gills, a rotund form and a sunny nature. And yet he does nothing for which he cannot show you the highest medical sanction.—Detroit Free Press.

HOUSECLEANING DAYS.

They Should Not Be Full of Discord and Disorder Through the House.

It depends upon the womanly management at the helm of the household whether housecleaning days are a time of discord and disorder or a season of peace. It would seem to be self-evident that in order to maintain system in any household nothing should be allowed to disturb the routine of the daily work. All other work that is introduced must be conducted as incidental. This is true of the sewing work, housecleaning and all things that are not a part of the preparation of the regular meals or of the other daily work necessary to maintain an orderly home. Just in proportion as this incidental work is divided up into regular work and thus becomes a part of the daily routine does it become a matter easily accomplished. It is always extra work that is allowed to pile into a clutter that disturbs the regular housework and creates confusion.

The woman who is able to employ extra help for housecleaning days is wise to do so. Even where there is a servant it is seldom wise to call her away from her regular work if it can be avoided. The woman who must do her own housework or do it with limited assistance must economize time and put all the time that can be thus saved upon the housework. The work, of course, cannot be done so rapidly by one person, but by steady though slow efforts it can be accomplished. Nothing is saved by tearing up a large part of the house at once, but more work is created by the dust being scattered. The rooms should be cleaned one by one where there is only one worker and settled when there is time to do the work properly and in order. It is quite an easy matter to create more confusion and dust in preparing to clean a house than there was before. If the dust is not scattered from one place to another, if the rooms of a house are systematically put in order and the debris from one disposed of satisfactorily before another is torn up, even though only one person does the work, it can be accomplished decently and in order.—N. Y. Tribune.

Crab Toast.

The flesh of one cooked crab, one ounce of butter, two level teaspoonfuls of flour, one gill of milk, half teaspoonful of sherry or of table sauce, half tablespoonful of chopped mushrooms, seasoning, rounds of hot buttered toast. See that the flesh of the crab is free from shell. Chop it. Melt the butter in a saucepan, put in the chopped mushrooms and stir about till the latter are quite tender. Now add the flour and milk; stir till it boils. Put in the crab, mix well and season carefully. Keep it hot while you make some nice, thin, crisp slices of toast. Butter these very thinly and cut in rounds about the size of the top of an ordinary teacup. Heap on some of the crab mixture. Sprinkle on the top of each a little coraline pepper and serve very hot.—Boston Globe.

Asparagus.

Put the asparagus in a granite saucepan, pour on water enough to cover it and sprinkle it with salt. Let cook, keeping it covered, 20 minutes or longer if you suspect it is not perfectly tender. While it is cooking blend together one heaping tablespoonful of butter and two rounding spoonfuls of flour. To this add enough water from the vegetables to make, when done, a rather thin sauce. After three minutes boiling draw to the back of the stove and add two beaten yolks of eggs thinned with a tablespoonful of cold water, and then let heat up again. Dip slices of toasted bread into the water in which the asparagus was boiled and lay the asparagus on the toast, then pour over it the sauce you have prepared.—Detroit Free Press.

News to Him.

Wickwire—I see that somebody has invented a machine for cleaning knives in a restaurant.

Yabsley—I thought that work was always left to the boarders.—Indianapolis Journal.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Commodore Dewey has been a widower for more than 20 years.

John Erigena Barrett, an Irish writer, is coming rapidly into prominence.

It is said that Mr. Barrie received the large sum of £400 a week in fees from "The Little Minister" at the Haymarket.

Before her marriage, 16 years ago, the wife of Admiral Sampson was a professor at Vassar and afterward at Wells college.

Three American women have recently published novels in England—Mrs. Atherton, Amelie Rives (who still writes under that name), and Kate Douglas Wiggin.

The Book Buyer announces that the play, Ian Maclaren's "The Bonnie Brier Bush," arranged by Mr. James MacArthur and Mr. Tom Hall, has received the benediction of Dr. Watson.

Charles Dewey, brother of the now famous commodore, is president of a life insurance company at Montpelier, Vt. He and his wife recently celebrated their golden wedding anniversary.

Prince Henry of Prussia, the brother of the German emperor, was tendered a ball while in Shanghai, China, recently, on which occasion he was presented with gold and jade art works valued at $15,000.

Lady Stella and Lady Dorothea Hope, sisters of Lord Hopeton, have taken a small farm in the southeast of England, their intention being to breed and train ponies. Both young women are capital whips and expert veterinarians, being quite able to care and prescribe for sick stock. They are girls of charming manners.

Mrs. Flora Annie Steel's Scotland home is Dunlugas House, near Banff. It is also the old home of Sir Thomas Urquhart, of Cromarty, who could trace his pedigree from the creation. The neighborhood of Dunlugas has a peculiar interest in India, for it gave birth to the famous piper, Findlater, who played the slogan when the Highland troops stormed Dargai.

THE SMOKING LAMP.

A Time-Honored Institution of the British and American Navies and Its Peculiar Use.

One of the time-honored institutions of the American and British navies is the smoking lamp. Without the smoking lamp the modern sailorman would be like a fish out of water. He would mutiny. A failure by the galley cook to light the smoking lamp without the loss of a second's time after the word has been given arouses Jack's temper, and whatever limited stock of invectives he is possessed of is made public with promptitude and emphasis.

To landsmen the mention of a smoking lamp has no more significance than a mention of the Jack-of-the-Dust. But both are a necessary part of the equipment of any warship, be she first-rate or fourth-rate. Upon the smoking lamp the crew, including that mysterious adjunct of the paymaster's department, Jack-of-the-Dust, depend for a light for their pipes. Jack-of-the-Dust dives down into the depths of the hold and brings up the navy plug, which, being cut into bits and crumbled between the hands, is put into a pipe and fired at the smoking lamp.

The need for the smoking lamp arises from the necessity of guarding the ship to the utmost from danger of fire. Precautions which seem ridiculous and unnecessary to a landsman have been found by sad experience to be absolutely necessary on board a ship of war. The navy regulations provide severe punishment for any seaman caught with matches on his person. Could it have been proved by the Spanish board of inquiry that the sailors of the Maine had been guilty of carrying matches about with them they would have been justified by naval experts the world over in declaring that the destruction of the Maine was due to the carelessness and lack of discipline on board.

Such was not the case, however. No sailor on the Maine carried matches. He lit his pipe at the smoking lamp and he only smoked during those times that the smoking lamp was lit. He never dared to go below decks with a lighted pipe. If he had, Jimmy Legs would have had him aft at the stick and the executive officer would have deprived him of shore leave for a month at least.

The smoking lamp is constructed upon the same lines as a lantern, but the globe is made of sheet iron instead of glass. In the side there is a small round hole through which Jack may stick his pipe in order to catch the flame. It is the duty of the ship's cook or one of his assistants to light the lamp when the word is given by the proper officer, who is generally the chief boatswain's mate. He, in turn, gets his orders from the officer of the deck.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The Sweet Daughters of Poland.

The Polish girls who have titles are as simple and unaffected as possible. I had no difficulty in calling their mothers countess and princess, etc., but I tripped once or twice with the young girls, whereat they begged me in the sweetest ways to call them by their first names without any prefix. They were charming. They taught us the Polish mazurka—a dance which has more go to it than any dance I ever saw. It requires the auditorium ballroom to dance it in, and enough breath to play the trombone in an orchestra. The officers dance with their spurs on, which jingle and click in an exciting manner, and to my surprise never seem to catch in the women's gowns.—Lillian Bell, in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Stationary Easter.

The awkwardness of a movable Easter has frequently attracted attention on the continent, and the discussion of the question has again been revived this year in Berlin. A year ago Prof. Forster, director of the Berlin observatory, suggested that the pope should take in hand the settlement of the question. He also communicated with Sig. Tondini and with the astronomers of the Vatican observatory. Their common proposal was to fix Easter from the year 1900 on the third Sunday after the 21st day of March, the moon no longer influencing the date. The festival would then only vary between April 4 and 11, instead of between March 22 and April 25, as now.—N. Y. Sun.

Edict Against Tobacco.

Fresh meat easily absorbs nicotine from tobacco smoke, and soon becomes tainted. Aware of this fact, the proprietors of some of the New York hotels will not permit kitchen employes to smoke in the kitchens or storerooms.