The St. Tammany Farmer.

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

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor. COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1898. VOL. XXIII.—NO. 36.

A LITTLE LAD.

Outside the golden morning sun
Is tingeing all with glory;
The birds, for springtime has begun,
Are trilling their sweet story.
There's hint of summer gifts to be;
The tender grass is springing;
And through my window wide I see
A little lad a-swinging.

What cares he for the winds so wild
That howl in wintry weather,
While now the breeze that fans his brow
Is like a downy feather?
With grassy carpets spread below,
And birds around him singing,
What cares he for the winter's snow,
That happy lad a-swinging.

He dreads no future sighs and tears,
Light-hearted, careless boy!
There come no ghosts of haunting fears
To mar his childish joy.
Outstretched before his trusting gaze
Glad gifts the years are bringing;
For life presents its brightest phase
To that small lad a-swinging.

He'd not exchange that low swingboard
For thrones of golden splendor;
Nor for the wealth that misers hoard,
The gift of sunshine tender.
The dewdrops gleaming in the grass
More joy than gems are bringing;
He lets the world, unenvied, pass,
Wise little lad a-swinging.

Who knows what future days may see
Of gladness or of sorrow?
And who would pierce the mystery
That veils the dim to-morrow?
When he reviews in after years
The scenes to memory springing,
Perhaps he'll see through falling tears
The little lad a-swinging.
—Daisy M. Wright, in Minneapolis Housekeeper.

Jack Harold's ::: ::: Presentiment.

By HELEN BEEKMAN.

"I HOPE I may one day laugh at my own folly, but the hour is not yet," said Jack Harold to his affianced bride, as they stood together one moonlit summer evening at the gate.

"How like you, Jack," she exclaims, "to fancy, because I insist upon this visit to the city, some wonderful event is to happen which is to bring misery to both. No jealousy is at work, I hope, Jack," this last with half-ironical emphasis.

"Even so, it would not be unpardonable," was her answer, as Jack Harold, with fond pride, looked on the beauty of the girl by his side.

"Many men have suffered from the green-eyed monster's sting with far less cause, but I can plead 'not guilty' this time. I do not think jealousy would explain my feeling, but I can never forget, Nellie, how humble is the lot I can promise you in comparison with the gilded offerings of other men. I know, my darling, the admiration your beauty cannot fail to excite, and, oh, how quiet and uneventful will seem this existence 'mid birds and trees and flowers when you are surrounded by the gayety, the excitement and the glamour of city life. Yet should you choose it in preference, the misery would come to me; therefore, I cannot comprehend the dread feeling that something threatens both."

"I will not even sympathize with it, Jack," is her reply, "since it does me so much injustice. Have you forgotten in the pretty home you speak of so disparagingly, love is to be its sunshine, love the very song of the birds, love the rustle of the trees, love the fragrance of the flowers? Who, then, would choose the gilded bars of the caged songster? Jack, what wealth could compensate for the loss of your heart?"

"I can scarcely realize I have you at last," said pretty Mrs. Raymond to her friend, as they sat side by side in the former's comfortable dressing-room preparatory to a good-night chat, woman's dearest privilege. The two had been school friends, and only a year before Nellie had officiated as bridesmaid and it was this visit Jack Harold had anticipated with such dread.

"Now, tell me," continued Mrs. Raymond, "who is this ogre in the country who did not wish you to come to me?"

"Never mind about him," answered Nellie, blushingly. "You see his power was not sufficient to detain me. I prefer hearing something of yourself."

"Of myself! Happiness is always monotonous, and so I have nothing to relate, save that every dream has been more than realized but one, and that is that you should have a home near mine. Therefore I am glad to hear the ogre's claim can be broken."

"Oh, I did not say that!" interrupted Nellie.

"At all events, dear, while you are with me we will ignore it, and perhaps —perhaps— By the way (leaving the former sentence unfinished) Dennis Doane was charmed to hear I was expecting you. To-morrow night he is to dine and accompany us to the opera; so, my dear, look your prettiest."

Again Nellie blushed. A year before Mr. Doane had been the groomsman appointed her at the wedding, and even in the few hours they had spent together he had found time for the pretty speeches, spoken with low, lingering accent, which the color flaming her cheek at his name proved unforgotten. Somehow Jack never said such things. His plain "I love you" seemed to him to cover all, and render all else unnecessary. But they were very pleasant to hear, nevertheless, thought Nellie, as with a sigh of half regret, half longing, for Jack's presence, she lost herself in dreamland.

"Very pleasant to hear." So it seemed, as day followed day, and Dennis Doane hovered like a shadow at her side. He so well knew their magic, could throw into his eyes the fire which seemed soul-lit, or into his voice meaning, which, if counterfeit, defied detection; and slowly but surely the fatal net was woven in which the girl was to yield up her plighted word. Jack read the letters which still came to him from her hand with a sinking at his honest heart and a paling of his ruddy cheek, and he waited, knowing the blow must fall, waiting her kindly words, the while telling her nothing of what love's intuition had taught him, but leaving her hands free and unfettered to strike the blow when she would. He had thought he had steeled himself to bear it, little knowing of the hope which all the while had burned with its faint flame, until it suddenly went out, extinguished by certainty, leaving him to grope in a blackness so dense that for a time not even God's light could penetrate.

"How shall I tell you," she wrote, "that the girl who parted from you under the light of the moon, who so fondly laughed at your foolish presentiment, has by her own act verified it? Jack, if that night you had told me I could cause your heart such pain I would have scorned even the thought. Yet I dare write the words 'forgive me.' I dare hope in time you may forget me. I have broken my vows to you, Jack. I have pledged them to another. The gilded bars are to be mine, after all, not the home pervaded by love's sunshine, yet it is my own choice. It is as you said. The glare and glitter has been more than my weak eyes could bear. I have promised to love the man who is to be my husband, but the love he requires is more easily given than that the birds echoed and the flowers blessed. I think, after all, my heart is buried on the spot where you and I parted. Let us hope it never may be resurrected. Jack, Jack, forgive me!"

So Dennis Doane had done this work. Her letter once dispatched, Nellie forbade thought to enter more and dreamed that in her new life she had found happiness, while he who had gained her for his own looked on her wondrous beauty and gloried that with wealth unlimited at his command so fair a bride should grace his handsome home. The sweetly solemn words of wife and mother were to him unknown.

But her visit was approaching its close. A few days more and she must return to her home, when the preparations for the wedding were to be hurried as speedily as possible, and in the new year Dennis Doane was to come to claim her. It was the excitement, she thought, which made her head throb so heavily as she laid it one night on her pillow and caused her cheeks to burn so hotly, while she tossed to and fro, wooing sleep in vain. They knew otherwise when they found her delirious and fever-stricken in the morning, and their fear arose to panic when the physician summoned shook his head and pronounced it the fearful scourge of smallpox.

For many weary days and nights the poor girl knew not the dread enemy which had overtaken her. The house, which had been ever filled with gay merriment, was silent and deserted, while the shadow of death in its most horrible form hung dark and dismal over it. But there came a day when it lifted its somber wings and flew away, and those who had well-nigh despaired knew that Nellie Leonard would live. In the early dawn, when her attendants thought her sleeping, when the wonderful crisis had been passed, lying awake and alone, she first realized the full consciousness of all that had happened. But it was Jack's hand for which she longed to press her fevered brow; Jack's lips once more to meet her own, as in the silence and the darkness her own heart stood revealed to her.

Perhaps if she told him she had repented, if she proved to him that her illness had taught her the poverty of all she thought wealth, he might forgive her and once more take her back to his true, manly heart. And with this thought to soothe and comfort her she closed her eyes and slept.

A week later, and with strength and fuller consciousness came a dim wonderment as to the ravages of the disease. She asked for a mirror. The attendants pityingly turned away, but she would have her demand complied with. Once she glanced into it, then asked to be left alone. For hours she lay silent and motionless, only now and then a tear finding its sad way down the cheek whose first bloom had forever fled. Then she called for pen and paper.

"The beauty for which you loved me," she wrote, with a firm hand, "has vanished. I would that all is left had been hid by the coffin's lid, but God's way is not our way, and He decreed it otherwise. You asked me to grace your home, I can no longer do so, since you would turn shuddering from my presence. Therefore, I release you."

Then came in answer a few cold words of condolence and regret, but no petition that her decision be reversed, and Nellie Leonard's life once more belonged to her to do with as she would. But such a shattered, changed life! Jack never would believe now that had all been different she still would have burst her links of gold and asked him once more to bind her in the chains of love. Home! Home! This was the cry of her heart. And at the first hour her physicians gave consent. By slow, careful stages, she was carried back to the home she had left so bright, so joyous. The disease, after all, had been far more merciful than she had at first supposed. It was still a face of fair beauty, with but here and there some slight blemish to prove its finger had but touched her and passed by, but she covers it shudderingly in both hands when Jack Harold first enters the room where she sits. A great rush of tenderness comes over him, as he notes the action, and he approaches her side.

"Nellie, is this true, that your life is yours to do with as you will—that no other can assert a right in its possession? If so, will you once more, my darling, place it in my hands?"

Then she raises her face to meet his, and Jack starts.

"I thought you altered, darling, but you are all unchanged. It is not true, perhaps," he adds, sadly. "I have heard wrongly."

"No, Jack," she says, finding voice and springing to her feet. "If you will take me with my beauty gone, oh, how glad I shall be once more to rest in your love! It has been my punishment, Jack—a fit one. It is also fit that I should suffer."

"Darling," he answered, folding her to his heart, "in my eyes my wife would be ever beautiful, even though disfigurement had indeed been your portion, but thank God He has left you beautiful in other eyes than those blinded by love. Let us not call it punishment, darling, but rather accept it as His hand leading us into the true paths of happiness."—N. Y. Ledger.

Stewed Mushrooms.

Take ten large, fleshy mushrooms. Remove stems. Lay in stew-pan with pepper, salt, parsley and minced scallions. Add two wine glasses of cream. Stew for one-half hour. Remove mushrooms and lay on a hot plate. Beat up yolks of three eggs with one ounce butter and some nutmeg. Add to the liquor in pan, stirring gently until it thickens. Pour over the mushrooms and serve hot.—Good Health.

PECKHAM'S LAWN.

He Arranges a Patent Device to Keep People in Their Places and Tries It Himself.

Some people are naturally lazy. In fact, most people are. It is this inborn disposition to get through life with the least possible effort that makes one walk on the grass merely to save three or four steps. Incidentally this natural laziness upon the part of the human race is responsible for the fact that Ebenezer Peckham, who lives out on Cedar avenue, had been unable to get a good brand of sod upon the exposed corner of his neat little lot.

Half a dozen extra steps are necessary to take one around Mr. Peckham's corner, but five out of every six people who have in the past had occasion to turn that way have felt it their duty to "cut across."

Mr. Peckham put up a keep-off-the-grass sign, but nobody paid any attention to it—perhaps because there was no grass left at the place he referred to. He upbraided the boys, swore at the men and looked contemptuously at the women who violated the sanctity of his corner, but it all went for naught. They kept right on "cutting across" and wearing the path deeper and deeper day by day.

At last Ebenezer Peckham made a vow. It was to the effect that he would get even with the human race or know the reason why. In pursuance of this determination he got two stout stakes, each about two feet long, and he pointed each of them at one end. Then he secured 20 feet of clothesline and chuckled softly to himself.

Revenge is sweet. In his mind's eye Ebenezer Peckham could see members of all the various grades of society turning flipflaps and cartwheels and standing on their heads and rooting up the turf. He thought of inviting a few friends around to see the fun, but that would involve delay, and he couldn't wait.

It was threatening rain. A tree shut off the range of the nearest electric light, and Mr. Peckham's corner was very dark. The time was propitious.

So he got a hatchet and pounded his stakes into the ground so far that a horse might have pulled at either of them without dislodging it, and then he tied his piece of clothesline across the path that had been worn into his little patch of lawn. The rope was about six inches from the ground—just high enough to trip a trespasser going or coming.

"Now, gol durn you," said Mr. Peckham, as he finished the job, "we'll see how you like that! I guess maybe there's more than one way of doing most things, but I think this'll be good enough for me."

The nhe retired to his porch and sat down in a dark corner, from which he could see the fun, without being seen.

"By George," he said to himself, "it's a shame not to let anybody else enjoy this. I wish Dave Brimmer could be here. He'd split himself wide open laughing. Dave would just take to this sort of thing. I wonder—"

But while Mr. Peckham was indulging in his mental talk there came a sudden clanging of bells and rattling of wheels, and somebody around the corner yelled: "Fire!"

Ebenezer Packham leaped clear over the railing of his porch and started for the conflagration. The sight or sound of a fire engine always aroused the sleeping youth in Mr. Peckham. Like an eagle in his flight he swept around the lilac bush near the sidewalk, and then there was a display of pyrotechnics beginning with a soaring rocket, continuing with a sort of pinwheel movement, embracing a brilliant shower of stars, and ending with a low, plaintive groan, as Mr. Peckham, with a dislocated shoulder, a nose that had been doing special duty as a plowshare, and trousers that had once known their proper place, rolled over on the grass.

They put him tenderly to bed; a kind-hearted neighbor pulled up the stakes, and people come and go across the Peckham lawn again at their pleasure. —Cleveland Leader.

White Wash Veils.

To regular features, white wash veils are very becoming. Women with irregular features have to wear them however, for they are the only practical veils for the sailor hat. Of course chiffon is stylish, but it is not durable, and will not stand many washings. The regular wash veils get soiled very easily, especially the part that comes directly over the mouth. Naturally it gets a trifle damp there, and the dust sticks to it. To wash one of these veils properly it should be soaked in a strong lather of tepid water and white soap for at least half an hour. The soapy water should be squeezed out and the veil rinsed in clean water, and then dipped in cold coffee or tea, if a creamy or yellowish tint is desired, and it is more becoming to most faces than a pure white. Finally the veil should be shaken out, not wrung, and each point pinned tightly and carefully to the counterpane on a bed, and the veil reefed down with pins on the ends and plain sides. Almost before one finishes pinning it it is dry, and just about as stiff as when new.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Use for Old Pillow Cases.

Old linen pillow cases that are worn to the verge, but not over it, of breaking in places, may be slipped out of the linen closet and put aside to be used as bags in which valuable winter garments may be safely put away. Any place that is fretted through should be reenforced with a piece of old material, either cotton or linen, and when the coat or gown is carefully brushed to see that absolutely no moth egg or creature is left in it, it may be inserted. The ends of the case are then slipped in the machine and closed tightly. Thus protected, it is safe to keep the garment in bureau drawers, a few pieces of lump camphor being tossed in as an additional safeguard. —N. Y. Post.

A Dish of Snow.

Heap a grated cocoanut up in the center of a handsome dish and ornament with pretty green leaves or ferns. Serve it up with snow cream made as follows: Beat the whites of five eggs to a stiff froth, add two large spoonfuls of fine white sugar, a large spoonful of rosewater, peach or pine apple flavor. Beat the whole together add a pint of thick cream. Put several spoonfuls over each dish of cocoanut —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

LONDON UNDERTAKERS.

Agents or Touts Declared to Be Ruining the Business—A Victim's Tale of Woe.

Some of the London undertakers—and presumably some of their provincial brethren too—are just now full of a sense of injustice. They compalin that business is being ruined by the agent or tout, and they call upon all self-respecting gentlemen of the profession to rise up, as it were, and abolish the intruder. The particular undertaker who recently told a Daily Mail reporter about the trouble is a practitioner of credit and renown, who tells you, with justifiable pride, that he has been in his present premises for 30 years, and that his father before him conducted interments with neatness, decorum and dispatch. As a rule he is an undertaker of engaging cheerfulness, but when our representative called to see him he was wearing an expression of deep solemnity that fitted in nicely with the trappings of woe displayed around the shop.

"Come in, sir," he said, swallowing a sigh, "and I'll explain. Be careful—just wait and I'll move it aside. Oh, it's an empty, sir; a misfit, as a matter of fact; a triffe small, but a good bit of elm. Now, if you'll sit down I'll tell you how the business is being ruined. You see, there are a number of men in London who are no more undertakers than you are, and they are ruining the legitimate people like ourselves by touting and working as agents on commission. In this neighborhood (it was Bloombury) there are a number of hospitals—for instance, the fit hospital and the children's—and if you were to visit any of those institutions you would find that as the relatives and friends of the deceased enter the building they are accosted by these agents, who offer to get them the best and cheapest undertaker in London. In many instances the offer is accepted, and of course the tout draws his commission. At one hospital the agent charges ten per cent., which is disgracefully extortionate. I for one won't pay it, and lots of other undertakers are like me, and mean to fight it. At another hospital the tout gets 2s 6d on every order and places the job with some of his own pals. Perhaps you'd hardly believe it, sir, but there's a man as cleans my windows, and he does a bit of amateur work on his own. Whenever he hears of a job he gets it at a starvation figure. Then he comes to me, buys a coffin at trade price, hires a cheap coach and borrows a weeper or hatband. That's his outfit, and he makes perhaps 30s or £2 on the job. Now I ask you, is that fair to the trade?"

Here he brightened a little and, looking cheerfully at a pile of tiny coffins on the shelf, said:

"Thank goodness, Sunday burials have been knocked on the head. Sunday was a rare day for the amateur. There's a grocer's assistant down this way who used to do a roaring trade on Sundays, but since they stopped 'em he's finished, because he can't get out all the week. Still, we've got a heap to contend with. Look how coroners' officers go on. They're always making a bit by arranging with the relatives to remove the body and find a nice cheap undertaker. It's scandalous, that's what it is, and until we have a society or the law compels all undertakers to pay an annual license fee of £5 everybody will be doing a little bit at it."

An awful gloom had settled upon him again, but as he rose to put on his coat he said with some show of briskness: "Now, if you'll excuse me, sir, I'll go. Fact is I'm just going to run round the corner to measure an old customer of mine. He's put a lot of work in my way and now he's gone I'm going to look after him."

Stowing the tape carefully in the tail pocket of his somber coat he went slowly out.—London Mail.

DIG DOWN DEEP.

Prairie Dogs Have Holes That Go to the Water Level—Where They Drink.

"The most interesting thing I have seen in many a day," said Mr. Harvey Geer, of Lamont, Col., at the Ebbitt a few nights ago, "was a prairie dog well. Did you ever see one? It isn't often that a chance occurs to explore the homes and haunts of these expeditious little inhabitants of the plains. A few miles from my town a large force of men has been at work this summer making a deep cut for a short railroad up into the mines. A friend of mine is in charge of the job, and I went out a week ago to see him and the work that had been done. The first thing that attracted my attention when I got there was the fact that the cut was being made through an old alfalfa field and the roots fringed the sides of the cut and hung down 15 or 18 feet. Up at the surface of the ground were the stubbed green plants and reaching down deep into the earth were the fat, businesslike roots getting their living far below where ordinary plants forage for subsistence.

"But the most remarkable thing was the prairie dog wells that had been dug into. The cut went through a dog village, and being a deep one—some 40 feet—it went below the town. There has always been a discussion about where the prairie dog gets his drink. Some say he goes eternally dry, and does not know what it is to have an elegant thirst on him. Usually their towns are miles from any stream and in an arid country where there is no surface water at any time sufficient for the needs of an animal requiring drink. The overland travelers back in the days of pioneering used to find the dog towns out on the prairie scores of miles from the streams. There was no dew, the air was dry as a bone, the buffalo grass would be parched brown, and there would be absolutely nothing to quench thirst. I remember a discussion begun 30 years ago in the American Naturalist by Dr. Sternberg, now surgeon general, on the subject, and he argued in favor of the well theory. But there near Lemont is occular proof of the well theory. The nest holes of the dogs were five or six feet deep, but four or five holes went straight down as deep as the excavation had been made and evidently on into the water-carrying sand beneath. These holes appeared to be used by the whole colony commonly, and were a little larger than the holes used for their homes."—Washington Star.

UNDER ARREST.

That Is What the Policeman Said She Was, But She Wouldn't Have It, and He Had to Acquiesce.

A very charming St. Paul woman, who makes her summer home at White Bear, routed the police force of that village after a very brief encounter one day lately.

Mrs. B—— rides a bike, of course, and when it became necessary for her to go to the grocery or the post office or wherever it was that she had to go, she, of course, mounted her wheel.

Now, at times the streets in the village of White Bear are not the real thing for wheeling, and the town authorities know the same. With a view to having the streets pressed out flat by bicyclists they have passed an ordinance forbidding anyone riding on the sidewalks.

Mrs. B—— either did not know of this, or she did not care; she took to the walk and rode down town. She left her wheel outside and went into a store, and when she came out she found herself confronted by the dignitary, who is the whole thing in police circles—the man who is to the police department what the lone mariner was to the Nancy brig.

He said to the lady:

"You are under arrest." She looked at him and made a dash for her wheel, which he had captured. He retired before the onslaught in disorder and she got the wheel.

"I am what?" she demanded.

"You are under arrest for riding on the walk."

"But I won't be under arrest," she said.

"But you are," he said.

"I am not anything of the kind. You mind your own business."

"But, mum, it is my business and you must go to the justice's office with me, or promise that you will be there at nine o'clock in the morning."

"I won't do anything of the kind."

"But I tell you I arrest you."

"And I tell you I won't be arrested. There you are. Now, what are you going to do about it?"

"O, come on now, come to the justice's office."

"I won't do it. I'll pay a fine if that's what you want. How much is it?"

"I won't take the fine. You must go to the justice," said the unfortunate copper.

"Where is the justice, then."

"He's down on the bridge, fishin', I guess. Won't you promise to be on hand in the morning?"

"No, I won't."

"Then I'll have to arrest you."

"And I tell you I won't be arrested, and I'm going home."

The copper scratched his head and looked as though he was going to make another sally on the bike. Mrs. B—— got aboard of the wheel.

"You're a nasty, mean thing, and I'm going to tell my husband that you said I was arrested," she said, and she rode off, and the copper went down on the bridge and helped the justice fish, and the crowd that had gathered gave him the laugh.—St. Paul Globe.

MIGRATION OF ROBINS.

The Sweet Songsters Resemble the Wild Pigeons in Their Possession of Roosts.

For many years naturalists like Audubon and Wilson studied and wrote of this bird before it was known that there were "robin roosts," as well as pigeon roosts. Only within the last few years was the fact brought out that a bird more familiarly known than the passenger pigeon followed this mode of spending the night, although it adopted spring instead of fall for massing by hundreds in a high sheltered wood for a night's protection from cold, or because it is the period before pairing time, or for some other reason at present beyond man's ken. With what stealth must this well known and much observed bird have found its way in such numbers to the same patch of timber night after night in the early months of the year, according to locality, coming from all directions so swiftly that a secreted observer could not count, keeping up a chatter that could be heard for a long distance, until the last bird, somewhat belated perhaps, found shelter in the darkening grove, when all became silent as thousands of wings were folded to rest.

Another peculiar trait of the robin, unnoted except by so keen an observer of bird ways as Maurice Thompson, is that, with all its friendly and confiding relations with the human family during the time of nesting and rearing its young, in the fall of the year it becomes a wild bird, betaking itself largely to the woods and even the secluded parts of the mountains, at this season showing little disposition to be on familiar terms with man, giving a note of alarm and flying high and swiftly when surprised at his approach. At this time they range over extensive tracts of country, but nearly always evince a tendency to seclusion. The writer has seen them in small flocks flying over a wide valley at such an elevation that only by the well known sharp squeak, rather than by the eye, could he surely determine that they were robins.

Even in its migratory habits this bird is somewhat peculiar. They seem to move southward in the fall with more tardiness than most other birds, allowing the increasing severities of the cold season to push them off the winter's edge. Or are these late goers the birds inured to cold by a residence in states farther north, which, coming southward, take the place of others that have gone earlier in the season? The question of identity, always a difficult one, almost precludes argument on this point.—Lippincott's.

An Essay on Nerve.

"Say, pa, what is nerve?" said Johnnie.

"There are several kinds of nerve, my son," answered Mr. Johnson. "If you eat candy with sensitive teeth, you will discover what nerve is. I call it nerve, too, for my neighbor Hodgekins to come over and ask me, as he did last night, if he can borrow my lawn mower for awhile, and then ask if my son Johnnie wouldn't like to take a little exercise and mow his lawn for him."—Lawrence Telegram.

He Does.

She—Doesn't Mr. Pauber murder art?

He—Well, he hangs his paintings.—Up to Date.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

SOUTHERN COTTON PLANTER.

There's No Necessity for Grief Over the Condition of the Cotton Planter of the South.

The editor of the St. Louis Manufacturer calls our attention to an article in its issue of June 10, entitled: "The Cotton Growers' Condition," stating, "the writer is a southern man, and ought to know whereof he speaks," and asks our co-operation in placing the subject truthfully before the public. The editor himself, with a credulity not according to knowledge, indorses the article in question, and says:

"The picture drawn by the writer of the article is one familiar to every southerner. It is not an overwrought picture. It not a fantastic painting. It is not a fairy sketch. It is too true to be ignored. It is too serious to be slighted."

The entire article of this "southern man who ought to know whereof he writes," is but the exaggerated vaporings of a pea-green pessimist, who seems to have a bad case of jaundice. Hear him:

"A brave, noble and industrious people, persistently producing one of the chief articles of the world's need, are standing at the door of starvation—absolute starvation."

Now we will venture the assertion that there are more people "at the door of starvation" in the city of St. Louis with 452,000 people than among the total white population of the nine cotton states, outside of the cities. Among white farmers not one in a thousand can see starvation with a 40-foot telescope, and even among the improvident negroes none are in any danger of starving. The over-production and low price of cotton have cut a large slice off the farmers' profits, just as the low price of wheat affected the western farmers recently. Some of our cotton farmers are in debt and occasionally are hopelessly so; but this is the case everywhere, and is not a condition peculiar to the south or to cotton growers. The remedy suggested by the "southern man" is good enough as far as it goes, but a cure that will affect but one-tenth of one per cent. of the evils that exist, should cause no loss of sleep to obtain. Cotton factories, he tells us, would save to the farmer the freight charges on his cotton, which would be about the price of four square meals for each bale consumed at home. And the "armies of hands" to consume the products of the fields sounds all right, but half a million factory hands would increase the population less than one-fourth of one per cent., and would not be observable except in the immediate vicinity of such factories. The fact is the farmers of the south are as prosperous as those of any other section of the country of equal extent, and they are in no danger of starvation. The editor of the Manufacturer gives some timely suggestions, which are more to the point. Southern farmers should avoid debt and consequent interest and exorbitant prices for what they buy, raise everything possible for home use, and cotton as a surplus crop. Many are doing this, and others will fall into line soon. In the meantime our farmers, and everybody else, will have plenty to eat and to wear.—Texas Farm and Ranch.

STOP THE FARM LEAKS.

There are Many Avenues Through Which the Profits of the Farmer Go to Waste.

Since writing my article—"A Stitch in Time"—I have passed through a representative part of the great wheat belt of Texas, and I am sorry to find my fears, consequent on the showery season, will be realized, and possibly more than I had thought. I saw in very many fields the straw of the shocks badly weathered, injuring its feeding properties, and while many a Texas farmer may regard this as very trifling, I must remind him that the feeding properly of his straw is one of the factors of profits on his farm. Has he that to learn yet? I am afraid he has. Then I saw, too frequently, the green growth on the shocks, chiefly at the bands on the north sides of the shocks, occasioned largely by the sun not being able to get on the north side, and the wet being retained, the warmth induced growth; in this respect we always set our shocks with the ends north and south, so that the sun would dry both sides. The cap sheaves, designed to be a roof, were carelessly laid too flat, and therefore caught and held the wet they were designed to shed, and of necessity were grown. I do not feel it any pleasure to draw attention to the loss occasioned by this, but a Texas farmer should look to it and as far as possible stop these ruinous leaks. The reports give some 6,000,000 bushels as this year's crop for the state, and one writer says that out of this will be a loss of 2,000,000 bushels by rain. Let us say of this, is it not a fearful loss to be met by the farmer and the country? and I do not doubt it. The green-grown grain will have used up its pabulum and will be shrivelled and will blow out of the thresher and be lost entirely, or at best will be saved as very poor hog feed, if saved at all; the grains starting to grow will have changed so as to injure the quality of the sample of the whole crop, and so reduce the price per bushel. Will the Texas farmer kindly tell me how he can stand the loss of one-sixth of his crop, and the reduction in price of the whole of what he has remaining? Say in a thousand bushels he loses 166⅔ bushels, which at 75 cents, the present price, is $125 add to that the loss of five cents per bushel for depreciation of sample on balance of crop. How much of this could have been saved with proper thought and a little care?—another lesson that the Texas farmer must get out of the old rut of shipshoot work or he will eventually stick fast in the mud. Nor does this take into consideration the fearful waste of the present method of threshing. I was at a threshing the other day, and while no doubt the farmer was as careful as most Texas farmers, and much more so than many, to me it was waste, waste, everywhere, and no one seemed to see it, or provide against it. Am I a mere grumbling old simpleton? A mere paper farmer? Well, I have tramped round and built many a straw stack. I have stood before the machine in the dirtiest and most blinding chaff and dust. I have had to manage the whole outfit, and stop carelessness and provide for and care for waste. Yes, I speak from the years of past experience, and I say to Texas farmers, gentlemen, if you expect to make farming a success, learn to stop the leaks.—Wm. Lumas, in Farm and Ranch.

Why You Should Keep Hens.

1. Because you ought by their means to convert a great deal of the waste on the farm into money, in the shape of chickens and eggs for the market.

2. Because with intelligent management they ought to be all year revenue producers, excepting, perhaps, about two months during moulting season.

3. Because the manure from the poultry house will make a valuable compost for use in either vegetable garden or orchard. The birds themselves, if allowed to run in the orchard, will destroy many injurious insects.

4. Because while cereals and fruits can only be successfully grown in certain sections, poultry can be raised for table use or to lay eggs, in all parts of the country.

5. Because poultry raising is an employment in which the farmer's wife and daughter can engage and leave him free to attend to other departments.

6. Because it will bring the best returns, in the shape of new-laid eggs—during the winter season—when the farmer has most time on his hands.

7. Because to start poultry-raising on the farm requires little or no management, poultry can be made, with little cost, a valuable adjunct to the farm.

8. Heat is a companion of nature favorable to the production of eggs and meat, and to neglect providing comfortable quarters is to invite defeat.

9. When keeping fowls in yards there is nothing more essential to learn than when not to feed. To have courage to withhold feed is an important requisite in management. Fed too often they become idle and profitless.

10. Poultry in yards would give better returns than if on a range if properly managed, but to give a small flock the proper attention would cost much labor. This is not counted when the flock is kept for pleasure, but on the farm the case is different.

11. It is found that when charcoal is added to the food of fattening turkeys they gain more rapidly. When crowded a portion of the food is liable to ferment in the crop before it passes into the gizzard. Charcoal absorbs gases and relieves the acidity, and to this property of the charcoal the benefits are due.—Success With the Garden.

A Practical Diversifier.

To my brother farmers I have come again to tell you a little more about how I get along without raising cotton. I have sold since January 1, 1898, up to the present time 900 pounds bacon at eight cents per pound, 150 gallons syrup at 40 cents a gallon, 40 barrels sweet potatoes at $2 per barrel, 400 bushels of Irish potatoes at 60 cents a bushel, 10 bushels of onions at four cents a pound, ten yearlings at $10 a head and 100 pounds of sausage at 22½ cents a pound, besides chickens and eggs and other small items too numerous to mention.

I have learned to keep over Irish potatoes when prices do not suit me at digging time. I have lost 300 or 400 bushels in experimenting, and I have found that it often pays to keep them until the market opens, which comes on about the 1st of August, when we begin to get our potatoes from California or Colorado. Texas ought to raise her own potatoes, which is easily done when we go at it right. We could keep thousands of dollars at home with just a little effort. At a low estimate I can make 100 bushels of Irish potatoes per acre and 150 bushels of sweet potatoes on the same acre, which will bring $150 if managed rightly. There is room for hundreds, yes, thousands of us to get there outside of cotton. I expect to attend the farmers' congress at College Station July 13, 14 and 15, and would be glad to meet a thousand farmers there seeking knowledge on farming. What one doesn't know, the other fellow does, and there and then will be the time to get together to tell our little tale. We get from statistics figures showing that Wisconsin, with half the population of Texas, appropriates nine times as much as Texas in the way of government aid to farming, and now as farming is the backbone of commerce, on which the prosperity of all things depends, would ask you, brother farmers, where is your democracy—the greatest good to the greatest number? Texas, you know, has enjoyed the blessings of democratic rule for a third of a century, and in the name of God and justice, let us have democratic principles practiced wile it is being preached.—Texas Farm and Ranch.

HERE AND THERE.

—When an animal gets off its feed it is usually because the owner has been too generous. Do not overfeed in your effort to fatten rapidly.

—In England no flavor excels that of rape-fed mutton. Rape is a plant much resembling the rutabaga, but which throws all the strength of its juices into the leaves, rather than into a large root.

—At the close of harvest there is much gleaning to be done in the fields; buy a flock of sheep for the purpose, and raise a crop of lambs for the spring market; then fatten and sell the sheep and net a good 100 per cent.

—It is a mistaken idea that perching fowls grasp the boughs or poles they roost on by muscular exertion. Nature has made ample and wise provision for the birds, so that they do not have to use up energy in maintaining their position on the roost.

—Ducks are chicken cholera proof, roup proof, gape proof and hawk proof, but they die with their favorite diseases, spinal meningitis and paralysis. Nevertheless ducks are dandies to raise, for home use or for market.

—Fine flavored butter can not be made from filthy stables, nor from milk set in a cook room, nor from cream which is too sour, when worked over in buttermilk and salted with lime salt; and yet more than half our butter is made in this way.

—The quick growing kinds of turnips, sown late in the autumn, are very succulent, but they do not have the nutritive qualities which belong to the Rutabaga family, or even the white turnip, if sown earlier.

—An abundance of pure water on the farm is essential for both the comfort and health of the stock, and unless you have it you can not expect much profit from them. It will pay you to invest your first surplus earnings in procuring it.

SENDING CORN ABROAD.

Efforts to Secure the General Opening of European Markets to the Great American Staple.

The secretary of agriculture is heartily in favor of further intelligent effort looking to a general opening of European markets to American corn. He is in hopes that congress will provide a sufficiently liberal appropriation for the agricultural exhibit at the Paris exposition to warrant an extensive display of corn and its products, including efficient demonstrators and cooks who will show visitors in a practical and substantial way what good American corn bread, corn dodgers, corn cakes are like.

Mr. Wilson does not look for any particularly increased purchases of corn abroad among the poorer classes. It is generally supposed that the laboring man of Europe, when he is shown the toothsomeness and cheapness of corn, will readily substitute it for the rye, oats or wheat he now eats. These people, says the secretary, make their meals from one article of diet, be it wheat, rye or oats. They live on but one staple. They must have an article which will supply them sufficient nitrogenous matter to enable them to do a day's work, and a hard day's work. This they find in rye, wheat or oats, but not in corn. Corn is fattening and contains a large percentage of carbonaceous matter, but will not replace the tissues wasted by toil to the extent that rye and oats and wheat will. Therefore he looks rather to see corn introduced among the better classes, who can afford more than one article on their tables and who will appreciate the sweetness and wholesomeness and variation of a partial corn diet, but who will not be dependent upon it solely for nourishment.

Mr. B. W. Snow, the late assistant statistician of the agricultural department, and now active in the maize propaganda, is working late o' nights for the success of the scheme. It is the hope of the organization after the Paris exposition to continue the work of advertising American corn in all the large cities of Europe by practical, free demonstrations of the great variety of wholesome dishes it is possible to prepare from it.—Farm News.

FIGHTING RED MITES.

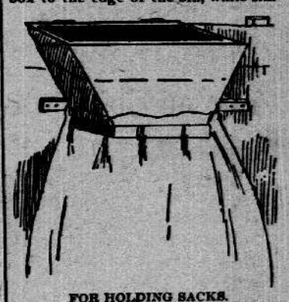
Eternal Vigilance Seems to Be Necessary to Keep These Poultry Parasites in Check.

The little red mite is a very serious pest among chickens if it is allowed to have the run of the premises for a short time, although it is one of the easiest to guard against, when proper precautions are taken. We have known cases where they have killed grown hens and made life almost a burden to their keeper, besides tormenting horses and cows so they would turn away from their feed. Just a few days ago a young man was telling me his little chicks had been all dying off and he believed it was lice and wanted to know how to get rid of them. Upon questioning him we found they were red mites. The Northwestern Farmer advises the use of kerosene oil as a remedy and has never known it to fail when properly used. Many do not recognize the difference in the red mite and lice, which must necessarily be considered when attempting to get rid of them. The louse is at home on the body of the fowl or chick, while the red mite breeds and lives on the roosts, in the nest boxes and in the crevices of the walls of the poultry house or coops. We found once that they had established themselves in one of our houses, and in a short time with a few gallons of kerosene oil and a whisk broom we killed every one we could find, and as long as we kept chickens on that place we never saw one again. Since that time we have made a practice of using kerosene oil on the roosts and in the nest boxes occasionally, and have never had any to fight since. The warm days are wonderfully helpful in the propagation of insect life; "prevention is better than cure," so be careful to ward off these evils before they have caused you the loss of some of your best chickens.

FILLING GRAIN SACKS.

Wherever the Device Here Described Is Used Work Can Be Done Neatly and Quickly.

The accompanying illustration shows a convenient device for filling grain sacks. Strong iron hooks fasten the box to the edge of the bin, while sim-



FOR HOLDING SACKS.

lar hooks are put in each lower corner, to which the sacks are attached. The grain is then shoveled from the bin into the box.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Marketing Early Potatoes.

To those who are unfamiliar with potato growing, the high prices which early potatoes command might seem to make it an object to dig a large part of the crop and market it while the price is up. But there are several drawbacks in marketing potatoes early. The weather is hot, and while the skins of potatoes are tender, they will rub off their jackets if handled freely, and the potatoes are then almost sure to rot. Hence they are never sent far or in large quantities. In digging potatoes early there is great waste, as only a few of the largest are of marketable size, and those that will sell would grow still larger if left a few days longer in the hill. We have seen growers put their hand into a potato hill and pull off those potatoes that they found large enough, leaving the small ones to grow. But this is only practicable on a small scale.—American Cultivator.