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, OCTOBER 15, 1898. VOL. XXIII.—NO. 42.

'POSSUM TALKS.

Zeb White Proves That the Bear Is a Humorist.

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"Speakin' about b'ars," said old Zeb White one evening as he was tinkering at the lock of his rifle before the flame of the fireplace, "most everybody takes 'em too seriously. When you come to find out about a b'ar he's got mo' fun in him than a monkey. Thar's heaps o' times when he'd rather have a lark than a fight, and you've allus got to pitch into him fust if anybody's to be hurt."

I asked the old 'possum hunter to give me some instances of bear humor, and getting a coal for his pipe, he said:

"When I built my first pig-pen I knowed that b'ars would be around arter the hawgs, and so I aimed to make it b'ar proof. It was a mighty stout pen, with a powerful doah to it, but I hadn't had a hawg in thar' more'n a week befo' a b'ar took him out. Jest clawed that doah open somehow and went off with the hawg befo' I could git outer bed. When I put a second hawg in thar' I didn't dun leave no doah at all, but made it all logs. Thar' was also logs on the roof with dirt on top the logs, but that same old b'ar come along agin and went through that roof and got the hawg. He just tumbled them logs around as if they was sticks. I got a third hawg, and as I reckoned I knowed how the b'ar would work, I sot two traps on the roof of the pen. He couldn't do no fussin' around up thar' without bein' cotched."

"And so you got him?" I asked.

"And so I didn't, sah," repled Zeb, as he looked up from his work. "The fust night I had them traps sot the b'ar come down and walked all around fur an hour or two, as his tracks proved. I was sartin he'd either got to give up hawg meat or be cotched, and fur two or three days and nights I was powerful pleased. At sundown one evenin' the ole woman got sight of the critter out by that chestnut tree. He sot up and looked at her and cocked his eye and grinned, and when he was gone she says to me:

"'Zeb White, is thar' any fun in a b'ar?'

"'Never heard as there was,' says I, 'and what about it?'

"'Kase that ole b'ar is goin' to play us some trick as suah's your bo'n. He was grinnin' as reg'lar as a human bein', and I could almost hear him chuckle.'

"I didn't pay much attention to her words," explained Zeb, "and that was where I missed it. What d'ye reckon that b'ar did that night? I'd shet him out by the doah, and he knowed thar' was danger on the roof, but he'd planned a way to git that hawg, and that's what he was grinnin' about. That night he dug under the logs and got his pork, and he left a hole as big as a bar'l for me to see in the mawnin'. I've allus reckoned that when he got up into the thickets he laughed fur a whole hour at the easy way he had beat me. Then thar' was the case of that b'ar who used to have a den about a mile west of this. In his goin' and comin' he had made a reg'lar path, same as sheep. I sot a spring gun on the path, but he walked around it. I got a big trap and kivered it all up, but he jumped over it. Then I laid out fur two whole nights and watched fur him, but he never showed up. I was powerful mad when I went home, and the old woman sees it and says:

"'It's no use, Zeb. That thar' b'ar has got fun in him and is laughin' at you. He's probably a brother of the one who got our hawgs. Better jest let him go.'

"But I wouldn't do it," said Zeb. "I made up my mind I'd hev the laugh on him befo' I got through. Next day I took the spade and went back and at a proper place on the path I dug a pit ten feet long and about as deep. I put in all day at it, and I kivered it over with sticks and leaves and dirt, and upon my soul nobody could tell that I'd bin diggin'. I was dead suah that ole b'ar would come along and go plunk to the bottom of the pit, and betwixt my backache and thinkin' of him I didn't sleep much that night. Jest as soon as arter breakfast I was off, but when I got to the pit it was the same as I had left it. That made me bilin' mad, and I started up the path to the cave to run the varmint out. I wasn't keepin' the lookout I should, and all of a sudden the critter jumped out on me. I was so skeart that I dropped my rifle and turned and run, and he followed close behind."

"And you outran him, of course?" I said, as the old man paused and looked sheepish.

"I was skippin' ahead of the critter," he slowly replied, "when I come to that pit. Befo' the Lawd, but I was so rattled I dun forgot all about it, and the fust thing I knowed I broke through. The fall nigh broke my neck, and mebbe it was ten minutes befo' I knowed where I was. Then I looked up to find that ole b'ar lookin' down, and if he wasn't reg'larly laughin' may I never eat another bean! Why, sah, his sides was shakin' and his mouth went clear back of his ears, and when I knowed how he felt I had to laugh with him. He hung around fur half an hour and then disappeared, and it was way arter noon befo' I got out o' the pit. I was the maddest man in all Tennessee, but I didn't hunt that b'ar no mo'. He'd got the joke on me, and even though I was mad I had to give him a fair show."

"And you have other instances?"

"Well, sah, I might tell you about the b'ar who hid in the house here three or four years ago. The critter had bin hangin' around the place fur three or fo' months, but I couldn't never git a shot at him, nor would he put his foot into a trap. He was jest full o' tricks, and two or three times, when I was sittin' on the steps and my gun wasn't loaded he'd show up and cock his eyes and put on a grin. He knowed I was arter him, but he was determined to take it as a joke. I tried to pizen him, but he left the meat fur the foxes. I got dawgs arter him, but he wouldn't take it serious. I had seven traps out around the house one night, and that varmint come and tipped over the rain bar'l and got away all right. One day the old woman went visitin', and six men of us got together and beat up the country fur that b'ar. We sighted him twice and then we lost him, and when night come we had to give it up. Me'n the old woman was talkin' about it at supper and I says:

"'I've started in fur b'ar, and I'll hev that varmint if I hev to hunt the state over.'

"'No use,' says she. 'All his actions go to show that he's a funny b'ar, and he'll be suah to come out on top.'

"After supper I went to tinker a hoop on the rain bar'l, and the ole woman sot down on the doah-step with her pipe. Purty soon she gin an awful yell, and as I looked around she was tumblin' head over heels. And befo' the Lawd, sah, if that ole b'ar wasn't standin' right in the doah, and he was grinnin' and shakin', and it was all of three minits befo' he took a stroll fur the woods and stepped off as cool and calm as you please!"

"But how did he come to be in the doorway?" I asked.

"Why, sah, when we was huntin' him on the mounting he jest walked into the house and got under the bed, and he didn't come out 'till he got good and ready. The ole woman didn't know of him 'till he touched the back of her neck with his cold nose. Yes, sah, hid right in my house, and stood in the doah and laughed at me, and drat my hide if even the coons and 'possums didn't chuckle over it fur months arterwards! I'm sayin' and contendin' that b'ars are chock-full o' fun, and I'm almost believin' that if they had proper company fur six months you'd hear 'em tellin' jokes to each other and laughin' like human bein's."

THAT HUMOROUS BEAR.

Woman Who Makes Graves.

In the town of Lewes, England, there is a lady who fills the office of sexton. Everybody knows her, and until recently she dug all the graves in Lewes cemetery. Now, at the age of 60, she contents herself with filling them up and attending to the mounds and flowers. Mrs. Steel—the name of the sextoness, if one can use such a term—is a healthy old lady, and she has been heard to say that she will never leave her post until it is her turn to have a grave dug for her. May the time be far distant! It is a wonderful sight to witness the old lady use the spade. The skill and energy she displays would put many of our gardeners to shame. She throws the earth into the grave with astonishing vigor, and in the summer time many inhabitants watch her at work with amused interest.

Denies That He Is Dead.

A Topeka boy with the army at Santiago has written to his home folks as follows: "I have received the paper which says I was killed and was buried in Cuba. I am not feeling so bedoggedly lively in this hot hole, but still I am inclined to disbelieve the report. In fact, I am pretty certain that I am alive, but not so sure about not being buried. It looks mightily like a graveyard around here."

Consolation.

Ethel—He doesn't seem to take our engagement a bit seriously.

Grace—Jack always was reckless. But never mind, dear, he probably will later on.—N. Y. Truth.

Just the Reverse.

"I have heard," said the mother, "that your husband is a sad gambler."

"No, mamma," answered the bride. "It is the other men who are sad."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Nothing to Criticise.

Wise—They'll never get women to join the army.

Mrs. Wise—Indeed! And why not?

Wise—The uniforms are all alike!—Puck.

Not a Profound Student.

He (indignantly)—I hope I know my mind!

She (sweetly)—Yes! You surely ought to know as much as that!—Tit-Bits.

Hearts That Did Not Knit.

Ned—Every night he told her a lot of his yarns.

Ted—And what was the result?

Ned—The mitten, of course.—N. Y. World.

More to the Point.

Jaggles—As I live, she gave us hash! Let us sing a song of praise!

Waggles—Nay. Let it be a medley! —Up to Date.

SOME PRETTY TRUTHS

Rev. Dr. Talmage Says All Persons are Bound to Have Enemies.

The Making and Retention of Friends Not a Matter of Happy Accident, But the Result of Wise and Intelligent Selection.

In the following sermon Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage demonstrates that the obtaining of good friends which most look upon as a matter of happy accident, is really a matter of intelligent selection. The text is: "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly."—Proverbs xviii., 24.

About the sacred and divine art of making and keeping friends I speak—a subject on which I never heard of anyone preaching—and yet God thought it of enough importance to put it in the middle of the Bible, these writings of Solomon, bounded on one side by the popular Psalms of David, and on the other by the writings of Isaiah, the greatest of the prophets. It seems all a matter of haphazard how many friends we have, or whether we have any friends at all, but there is nothing accidental about it. There is a law which governs the accretion and dispersion of friendships. They did not "just happen so" any more than the tides just happen to rise or fall, or the sun just happens to rise or set. It is a science, an art, a God-given regulation.

Tell me how friendly you are to others, and I will tell you how friendly others are to you. I do not say you will not have enemies; indeed, the best way to get ardent friends is to have ardent enemies, if you get their enmity in doing the right thing. Good men and women will always have enemies, because their goodness is a perpetual rebuke to evil; but this antagonism of foes will make more intense the love of your adherents. Your friends will gather closer around you because of the attacks of your assailants. The more your enemies abuse you the better your coadjutors will think of you.

The best friends we have ever had appeared at some juncture when we were especially bombarded. There have been times in my life when unjust assault multiplied my friends, as near as I could calculate, about fifty a minute. You are bound to some people by many cords that neither time nor eternity can break, and I will warrant that many of those cords were twisted by hands malevolent. Human nature was shipwrecked about fifty-nine centuries ago, the captain of that craft, one Adam, and his first mate running the famous cargo aground on a snag in the River Hiddekel; but there was at least one good trait of human nature that waded safely ashore from that shipwreck, and that is the disposition to take the part of those unfairly dealt with. When it is thoroughly demonstrated that some one is being persecuted, although at the start slanderous tongues were busy enough, defenders finally gather around as thick as honey bees on a trellis of bruised honey-suckle.

If, when set upon by the furies, you can have grace enough to keep your mouth shut, and preserve your equipoise, and let others fight your battles, you will find yourself after awhile with a whole cordon of allies. Had not the world given to Christ on His arrival at Palestine a very cold shoulder, there would not have been one-half as many angels chanting glory out of the hymn books of the sky, bound in black lids of midnight. Had it not been for the heavy and jagged and tortuous cross, Christ would not have been the admired and loved of more people than any being who ever touched foot on either the eastern or western hemisphere. Instead, therefore, of giving up in despair because you have enemies, rejoice in the fact that they rally for you the most helpful and enthusiastic admirers. In other words, there is no virulence that can hinder my text from coming true: "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly."

It is my ambition to project especially upon the young a thought which may benignly shape their destiny for the here and hereafter. Before you show yourself friendly you must be friendly. I do not recommend a dramatized geniality. There is such a thing as pretending to be en rapport with others, when we are their dire destructants, and talk against them, and wish them calamity. Judas covered up his treachery by a resounding kiss, and caresses may be demonical. Better the mythological Cerberus, the three-headed dog of hell, barking at us, than the wolf in sheep's clothing, its brindled hide covered up by deceptive wool, and its deadful howl cadenced into an innocent bleating. Disraeli writes of Lord Manfred, who, after committing many outrages upon the people, seemed suddenly to become friendly, and invited them to a banquet. After most of the courses of food had been served he blew a horn, which was in those times a signal for the servants to bring on the dessert, but in this case it was the signal for assassins to enter and slay the guests. His pretended friendliness was a cruel fraud; and there are now people whose smile is a falsehood.

Before you begin to show yourself friendly you must be friendly. Get your heart right with God and man, and this grace will become easy. You may by your own resolution get your nature into a semblance of this virtue, but the grace of God can sublimely lift you into it. Sailing on the River Thames two vessels ran aground. The owners of one got 100 horses and pulled on the grounded ship, and pulled it to pieces. The owners of the other grounded vessel waited till the tides came in, and easily floated the ship out of all trouble. So we may pull and haul at our grounded human nature and try to get it in better condition; but there is nothing like the oceanic tides of God's uplifting grace. If, when under the flash of the Holy Ghost, we see our own foibles and defects and depravities, we will be very lenient, and very easy with others. We will look into their characters for things commendatory, and not damnatory. If you would rub your own eye a little more vigorously you would find a mote in it, the extraction of which keep you so busy you would not have much time to shoulder your broadax and go forth to split up the beam in your neighbor's eye. In a Christian spirit keep on exploring the character of those you meet, and I am sure you will find something in them fit for a foundation of friendliness.

You invite me to come to your countryseat and spend a few days. Thank you! I arrive about noon of a beautiful day. What do you do? As soon as I arrive you take me out under the shadow of the great elms. You take me down to the artificial lake, the spotted trout floating in and out among the white pillars of the pond-lillies. You take me to the stalls and kennels where you keep your fine stock, and here are the Durham cattle and the Gordon setters; and the high-stepping steeds, by pawing and neighing, the only language they can speak, asking for harness or saddle and a short turn down the road. Then we go back to the house, and you get me in the right light, and show me the Kensetts and the Bierstadts on the wall, and take me into the music room and show me the bird cages, the canaries in the bay window answering the robins in the tree tops. Thank you! I never enjoyed myself more in the same length of time. Now, why do we not do so with the characters of others, and show the bloom and the music and the bright fountains? No. We say: "Come along, and let me show you that man's character. Here is a green-scummed frog pond, and there's a filthy cellar, and I guess under that hedge there must be a black snake. Come, and let us for an hour or two regale ourselves with the nuisances."

Oh, my friends, better cover up the faults and extol the virtues; and this habit once established of universal friendliess will become as easy as it is for a syringa to flood the air with sweetness, as easy as it will be further on in the season for a quail to whistle up from the grass. When we hear something bad about somebody whom we always supposed to be good, take out your lead pencil and say: "Let me see! Before I accept that baleful story against that man's character I will take off from it 25 per cent. for the habit of exaggeration which belongs to the man who first told the story; then I will take off 25 per cent. for the additions which the spirit of gossip in every community has put upon the original story; then I will take off 25 per cent. from the fact that the man may have been put into circumstances of overpowering temptation. So I have taken off 75 per cent. But I have not heard his side of the story at all, and for that reason I take off the remaining 25 per cent. Excuse me, sir, I don't believe a word of it!"

But there comes in a defective maxim, so often quoted: "Where there is so much smoke there must be some fire." Look at all the smoke for years around Jenner, the introducer of vaccination; and the smoke around Columbus, the discoverer; and the smoke around Martin Luther, and Savonarola, and Galilee, and Paul, and John, and tell me where was the fire! That is one of the arts to make smoke without fire. Slander, like the world, may be made out nothing.

Now, supposing that you have, by a divine regeneration, got right toward God and humanity, and you start out to practice my text. "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." Fulfill this by all forms of appropriate salutation. Have you noticed that the head is so poised that the easiest thing on earth is to give a nod of recognition? To swing the head from side to side, as when it is wagged in derision, is unnatural and unpleasant; to throw it back, invites vertigo; but to drop the chin in greeting is accompanied with so little exertion that all day long, and every day, you might practice it without the least semblance of fatigue. So, also, the structure of the hand indicates hand-shaking; the knuckles not made so that the fingers can turn out, but so made that the fingers can turn in, as in clasping hands; and the thumb divided from and set aloft from the fingers, so that while the fingers take your neighbor's hand, on one side, the thumb takes it on the other, and, pressed together, all the facilities of the hand give emphasis to the salutation. Five sermons in every healthy hand urge us to hand-shaking.

Besides this, every day when you start out, load youself up with kind thoughts, kind words, kind expressions, and kind greetings. When a man or woman does well, tell him so, tell her so. If you meet someone who is improved in health, and it is demonstrated in girth and color, say: "How well you look!" But if, on the other hand, under the wear and tear of life he appears pale and exhausted, do not introduce sanitary subjects or say anything at all about physical condition. In the case of improved health, you have by your words given another impulse toward the robust and jocund; while in the case of the failing health you have arrested the decline by your silence, by which he concludes: "If I were really so badly off he would have said something about it.' We are all, especially those of a nervous temperament, susceptible to kind words and discouraging words. Form a conspiracy against us and let ten men meet us at certain points on our way over to business, and let each one say: "How sick you look!" though we should start out well, after meeting the first and hearing his depressing salute, we would begin to examine our symptons. After meeting the second gloomy accosting we would conclude we did not feel quite as well as usual. After meeting the third our sensations would be dreadful, and after meeting the fourth, unless we suspected a conspiracy, we would go home and go to bed, and the other six pessimists would be a useless surplus of discouragement.

My dear sir, my dear madam, what do you mean by going about the world with dishcartenments? Is not the supply of gloom and trouble and misfortune enough to meet the demand without your running a factory of pins and spikes? Why should you plant black and blue in the world when God so seldom plants them? Plenty of scarlet colors, plenty of yellow, plenty of green, plenty of pink, but very seldom a plant black or blue. I never saw a black flower, and there's only here and there a bluebell or a violet, but the blue is for the most part reserved for the sky, and we have to look up to see that, and when we look up no color can do us harm. Why not plant along the paths of others the brightnesses of the glooms?

Do not prophesy misfortune. If you must be a prophet at all, be an Ezekiel, and not a Jeremiah. In ancient times prophets who foretold evil were doing right, for they were divinely directed, but the prophets of evil in our time are generally false prophets. Some of our weather-wise people prophesied we would have a summer of unparalleled heat. It has been a very comfortable summer. Last fall all the weather prophets agreed in saying we should have a winter of extraordinary severity, blizzard on the heels of blizzard. It was the mildest winter I ever remember to have passed. Indeed, the autumn and the spring almost shoved winter out of the procession. Real troubles have no heralds running ahead of their somber chariots, and no one has any authority in our time to announce their coming. Load yourselves up with hopeful words and deeds. The hymn once sung in our churches is unfit to be sung, for it says:

We should suspect some danger near,
Where we possess some delight.

My four-year-old child got hurt and did not cry until hours after, when her mother came home, and then she burst into weeping, and some of the domestics, not understanding human nature, said to her: "Why did you not cry before?" She answered: "There was no one to cry to." Now, I have to tell you that while human sympathy may be absent, divine sympathy is always accessible. Give God your love, and get His love; your service, and secure His help; your repentance, and have His pardon. God a friend? Why, that means all your wounds medicated, all your sorrows soothed, and if some sudden catastrophe should hurl you out of earth it would hurl you into Heaven.

If God is your friend you can not go out of the world too quickly or suddenly, so far as your own happiness is concerned. There were two Christians who entered Heaven; the one was standing at a window in perfect health, watching a shower, and the lightning instantly slew him, but the lightning did not flash down the sky as swiftly as his spirit flashed upward. The Christian man who died on the same day next door had been for the last three months suffering from a disease that made nights sleepless and the days an anguish. Do you not really think that the case of the one who went instantly was more desirable than the one who entered the shining gate through a long lane of insomnia and congestion? In the one case is was like your standing wearily at a door, knocking ann waiting, and wondering if it was ever open, and knocking and waiting again, while in the other case it was a swinging open of the door at the first touch of your knuckle. Give your friendship to God, rnd have God's friendship for you, and even the worst accident will be a victory.

How refreshing is human friendship; and true friends, what priceless treasures! When sickness comes, and trouble comes, and death comes, we send for our friends first of all, and their appearance in our doorway in any crisis is reinforcement, and when they have entered we say: "Now it is all right!" Oh, what would we do without personal friends, business friends, family friends? But we want something mightier than human friendship in the great exigencies. When Jonathan Edwards, in his final hour, had given the last good-by to all his earthly friends, he turned on his pillow and closed his eyes, confidently saying: "Now where is Jesus of Nazareth, my true and never-failing Friend."

Truth.

Seek the truth, not creeds, not theological opinions, not a system of doctrine, not mere veracity, do I mean but truths, facts, realities. Bring to bear upon it all your mathematics take to it all your philosophy, place it in the light of all your logic. It will grow brighter and brighter until all humanity finds its fullest freedom in the complete realization of world-wide brotherhood through God's Christ-revealed fatherhood.—Rev. Frank Crane Methodist, Chicago, Ill.

The Nation That Is Sure.

When a nation is true to God and His principles, kuowing no compromise, no hesitation; when it loves those principles, incarnates them in its laws and institutions, and, so far as it is in its power, insists upon other nations honoring them, that people is always sure to win the day.—Rev. Dr. David Gregg, Presbyterian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Value of Constancy.

It is only the man who remains constant to a purpose that becomes the master in his sphere. Universal, many-sided geniuses are rare. The most of us must be content to undertake the task. The more singly, the more devotedly we apply ourselves to this the more we are likely to succeed —Rev. David Philipson, Rabbi, Cincinnati, O.

Patriotism.

The best education is that which clarifies, which intensifies true patriotism, and which makes a man a true man. We all know the dictates of true patriotism.—Rev. Henry Van Dyke, Congregationalist, Brooklyn N. Y.

The Word of Life.

Christianity has never been so thoroughly organized for service. People in general are feeling the deeper human need of some word of the spirit and the life.—Rev. Newman Smyth, Congregationalist, New Haven, Conn.

Success.

The success of our lives will depend upon understanding of power, whether this achievement be physical, intellectual, moral, spiritual or in any other form.—Rev. Lyman Abbott, Congregationalist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Gospel of Jesus.

There is no other Gospel that I can present for your guidance in the days that are to come than the life and example of the manliest man that ever lived.—Rev. J. K. Atwood, Episcopalian, Columbus, O.

Triumphs of Christ.

The triumphs of Christ during this century seem to be literary incalculable. The real triumphs of Christ are to be looked for in the realms of ideas. —Rev. S. D. McConnell, Episcopalian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Time For Prayer.

It is a time when men need to be of a sound mind and to be sober unto prayer. It is a time for serious thought, for high and pure resolve, for consecrated purpose.—Rev. W. Gladden, Congregationalist,, Columbus, O.

Trifling.

To-day sin is made entirely too light of, and is considered as an indifferent matter.—Rev. P. C. Curnick, Methodist Cincinnati, O.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

MAN'S BEST ANIMAL FRIEND.

The Horse and His Training Discussed by One Who Believes the Equine is Still Good Property.

With your permission, Mr. Editor, I propose to write an article on the horse. He is becoming good property again, and hence is worthy our serious consideration. There is no matter upon which farmers make greater mistakes than in the breeding and management of horses. A sale occurred in this county last fall at which a large number of high-bred horses were sold at from $8 to $25, because they had received no care, were unbroken and blemished. Unfortunately this is not an isolated case. Farmers claim they have no time or inclination to fool with horses; such should never attempt to raise them. If you fail to give them proper care and training, they will lose you money, and if you have to hire a trainer to do this work for you, he will absorb the profits; hence if you are not in a position to handle your own stock, you would better go out of the business.

The first process in the education of a horse is to gentle it. This should be done while it is a foal. When the colt is put in a box stall to wean, it would be a good practice to visit it every day. Don't attempt to force matters, but let the colt get used to you gradually. In a few days it will begin to take some interest in you, and if you will give it a little salt, or, better still, a little sugar, in your hand, you will win its heart and confidence forever. Now when the colt will allow itself to be fondled it is ready for the halter. Let it be of strap and not rope, as the latter is apt to burn if the colt pulls back, for it is imperative not to hurt it during these preliminary lessons. Here, again, take plenty of time. If the colt shies at the halter, let him examine it with his nose. Avoid any quick motions, as nothing excites a young animal more than the jerky movements of a nervous trainer. When the halter is on, take a short hold on the strap and commence by quietly pulling to one side. You can move him in this way. In a few minutes he will get the idea, and, if not afraid of you, will lead about the stall. Never attempt to pull a young horse out of a stable by the halter. He will resist to the limit of his strength and then lunge blindly forward and, nine cases out of ten, seriously injure himself.

If, as a weanling, your colt is thus gentled and halter-broken, his subsequent education can be accomplished with little trouble. He will need little handling until he is a coming three-year-old, and, if trained as indicated, will offer no resistance on being put in harness. The colt having led heretofore will not understand what it means to be driven until it is made clear to him; hence, as you get behind him with the lines and give him the word to go, have a boy lead him off with a long line, gradually falling behind. In a remarkably short time you can have him turning, stopping and going ahead at your will. He is now ready to be put between the shafts, and, if care is taken to have him comfortable, the chances are he will move off as quietly as an old horse.

If you wish to make a roadster out of your colt, his education has just begun; but you have laid the foundation for the development of a valuable animal. The average breeder makes the mistake of selling too soon and letting the buyer, who fits the colt for park use by making him go with style, vigor and speed, make all the profit.

There is more money, I believe, in the average farmer breeding draft horses than any other. Like the mule, if they are in flesh, they can be sold on the market. It requires no special skill to train them to pull a load, and, as they are of a quiet disposition, there is less risk of their getting blemished. Our export trade in horses is reaching very encouraging proportions, and I believe there is a future for the American-bred draft horse. However, if a man has the inclination and skill necessary to develop the high-class horse, he can make it pay; but, as I have intimated, there is no money in it when you have to hire this work done, or are forced to sell an unfinished product.—G. R. Henderson, in Agricultural Epitomist.

THE CORN PLANT.

It is Not Alone the Grain of the Corn Plant that is Valuable—The Stover is Worth Money.

The corn plant is very valuable, worth almost as much as the ear. The corn plants absolutely wasted in this country annually might be represented by a row of 11 figures, with a dollar mark on the left. The silo is the ideal place to save all in the best possible condition, but, comparatively speaking, there are very few silos, and the great majority of farmers have to make the best of it without the silo.

The corn should not be allowed to get too ripe before cutting, and particularly it should not be frosted. When the grains are fairly solid and just about out of the doughy condition, cutting should be pushed rapidly The corn should be set upright on the ground, not too thickly together, as fast as cut, and secured by tying, so it can not fall or blow over.

The corn should be cut close to the ground, as the feeding value of the part below the ear is worth more than twice that above the ear, and high stubble on the field is a nuisance in more ways than one. In a week or two the corn has dried and cured very nicely and assumed a rich bronze color. When husked it should be handled with care, so as not to lose so many leaves, and then tied in large bundles or sheaves and again in an upright position in large shocks. Never allow it to lie down, as in that position it will deteriorate very rapidly by fermentation, molding, leaching, etc.

To have the stover in the finest and best feeding condition, it should be stored in the barn or under shelter as soon as cured and dried in the shock. In storing, the sheaves should be placed in an upright position, and there will be no mould. If there is no room to store it in shelter, the next best method is to put it in a water-proof stack; but hardly one in fifty farmers can succeed in building a waterproof stack, so that rather than have it rot in a pile, I advise to set it up in large shocks very solidly and carefully and tie the tops well together with strong fodder yarn, and the waste will be only on the outside sheaves, while all the others will come out in a good, sweet conditin. You say, why all this fuss about corn fodder? Well, a ton of corn stover, well cured and well cared for and properly fed, is worth as much or a little more than a ton of timothy hay when eaten by your dairy cows. And, who ever saw a farmer cut timothy about half way to the top and let it lie around in the field until winter, when needed, then haul it home and throw it on the manure pile for the cows to run over and trample? The wasting of corn stover seems to be an acquired bad habit of the American people. Let us reform. Times are too hard; we can no longer afford it.—Cor. Epitomist.

September in the Poultry Yard.

These hot days are not only very nerve-trying to the human family, but to our feathered friends as well. See to it, by all means, that your poultry have all the fresh, cool water they want each day, and supply them with shade. A little tincture of iron in their drinking water will prove a valuable tonic to them also. z

It is now time to whitewash their houses, if you will be free of lice and the little red mites that are so destructive to your poultry. Do not forget that "ceanliness is next to Godliness," and also in the road to success in raising good poultry. Your cockerels should be separated from the pullets and old hens, and the yearlings or two-year-old hens should now be fed largely on oats, wheat and barley, as they are fast enanging their fine, beautiful plumage for the coming winter. This process is very trying to them, and unless good care is given them you will lose some of your best hens. See that they are contented and, if possible, have no cock birds with them at all at this time of the year, as they will do better and moult quicker, and your cock birds will be more vigorous when put back in the pen, when your yards are mated up for the hatching season.

Your culls should now be sold or separated from your best birds, so that those you intend wintering or selling for breeders will have the best possible chance to develop into as good birds as their breeding permits.

Do not crowd the young at night. Arrange so that their roosting places are cool and airy, but not such that they will be subjected to any drafts of air, as they will catch cold and thus be retarded in growth.

If your chickens do not have free range, supply them with fresh green stuff every day. This is not only an excellent fowl regulator, but one of the best appetizers and tonics we have A good appetite and good digestion, with plenty of good, wholesome food, makes big, thrifty, beautiful fowls.—Cor. Epitomist.

Orchard Fertilizing.

There is reason for believing that the orchard needs fertilizing even more than the ordinary field crops. A part of the fertilizing element of the latter is returned to the soil each year. The plant food that is taken up in the orchard is taken away from the soil forever. None is returned to it. It is estimated that in a single season an acre of apple trees will draw from the soil 49 pounds of nitrogen, 38 pounds of phosphoric acid and 72 pounds of potash. These must be returned or the productiveness of the orchard will be lost.—Ex.

Aphides, or Plant Lice.

The small, soft-bodied, green or black, mostly wingless insects that feed in colonies on the leaves of orchard trees, commonly called the "aphide" or "plant louse," are only too well known and need no further description. The surest remedy is to spray the infested parts of the trees with diluted kerosene emulsions. The aphides are usually on the under sides of the leaves, and the emulsion, to be effective, must be applied as a strong underspray.—Utah Station.

HERE AND THERE.

—Most of the inferior hay on the market comes of too late cutting. Grass should not be permitted to fully mature before being made into hay.

—Now is the time for poultry people to get in their winter scratching material, such as straw, chaff, leaves, road dust, clover chaff and many other things.

—When you have a horse to sell put it in as good order as you would a beef animal at least. Make it look as if you thought it was worth paying some attention to.

—Both common sense and experience teaches that all nostrums to make hens lay, or to prevent disease, are not worth picking up in the road, if not positively injurious.

—The well-fed pullet is an early layer, provided she has not been too well fed on fattening food. Have the nests on the ground. If they are nailed to the wall the fowls will roost on them and befoul the litter.

—Don't delay the preparation of the soil for wheat, for it will soon be time to plant. The ground should be well plowed, and all vegetable matter and fine surface soil turned to the bottom of the furrow, and compacted by rain.

—Potash manures have more effect on leguminous crops than nitrogenous ones, but when "clover sickness" or "bean sickness" strikes the land, even potash manures fail to cure it. There is no known remedy and the only way is to grow other crops for a series of years.

—The peaches from the south this year attracting the most attention and commanding the best prices in the New York market have been the St. John, the Belle of Georgia and the early Crawford.

—Farmers who pack their fruit so that all of the large apples or potatoes are at the head of the barrel, and the remainder of the barrel is filled with a third-class produce, should not complain if they have prices cut.

—Compared with well-rotted barn manure, there are 48.60 pounds of phosphoric acid in hen manure to 6 in barnyard manure, 41 pounds of potash to 10 in barnyard manure and 67 pounds of nitrogen to 11 in barnyard manure. The analysis is based on a ton each of hen and barnyard manures.

—It is not profitable to send grass fed hogs to market, any more than to send cattle from the pasture. The flesh must be hardened by at least a few weeks feeding upon grain. A good plan is to grain feed them awhile on grass.

AFTER THE WEDDING.

Things Matrimonial as Viewed by a Sordid Couple Who Participated in the Ceremony.

He had been the best man at the smart wedding, and she had been the principal bridesmaid. Her friendship for the bride dated from the period when they both quarreled at the dancing class over the same little boy, their junior by five years. He had known the bridegroom so well that he was unfeignedly relieved when no interruption marred the solemn service. She had been promised the bride's garters; he had presented the bridegroom with his white gardenia before the ceremony. Such kindred ties of friendship brought them together.

"One marriage always makes us generalize over marriages," she said.

"And makes you think of your own in prospect?"

"No," quite seriously; "I have no such object."

"You don't seem heartbroken, for you evidently have a keen appetite for marrons glaces, and I am sure you are too well-bred to have aims in life."

"But they are fashionable," she pleaded.

"Fashion is the yoke which only the smartest can discard."

"I thought they created it."

"No, it originates in the avarice of the dressmakers and in the inventiveness of the writers for society papers."

She clearly recognized that she was talking to a superior intellect. In the common fitness of things he ought to have been a fool. That a peer with unimpaired rents, good health and good looks should have no vices and plenty of brains might well make a Hyde Park orator inveigh against the inequalities of society. However, she accepted the inevitable and asked for some grapes.

"So my thoughts have passed beyond your comprehension?"

She spoke nicely, so as not to appear patronizing. Perhaps if he were an author he might put her in his next book.

"I am, on the contrary, trying to fathom your ideal."

"Ideal of what?"

"Of a husband."

"Heaven avert such a calamity!"

"If you have not an ideal you will fall to the lot of any—"

"Of any booby who can shine at the wrong end in a dance."

"You carry my meaning too far."

She rather resented the superior air. A superior being could afford an inferior level in conversation.

"Well, if I must have an ideal husband, I will tell you what I require."

"Yes?" much interested.

"Ten thousand a year, a yacht, a box at the opera, and a French maid."

"You have omitted one detail—the husband," he suggested.

"Oh! he may be as he pleases, provided I only see him in company."

"A truly platonic plan. Where will you find him?"

"Why, if he exists he is on the earth and if he does not exist I shall still be under tombstone within 70 years."

"Might I aspire to the honor of placing my name in the epitaph?"

"Hardly, because you unfortunately have no younger brother."

"What impediment is that?"

"I could live up to your phrases on Sundays, but such epigrams all the week would reduce me to the level of an after-dinner wit."

"Who would be then for the first time tolerable. You make merry of me."

"Would you have me cry for you?"

"No, but come cry 'Bless you' to the bridal pair who are just leaving."

"If we had been they—"

"Yes?" eagerly.

"I should have crossed your luck."

"Say, rather, made me happiest of men."

He spoke the phrase in quite gallant manner.

She buttoned her gloves and wiped away—a crumb.—St. James' Budget.

HAND CULTURE.

With a Little Care at Frequent Intervals, the Hands May Be Kept in Good Condition.

No one's hands need be termed ugly, though they must obediently go into all sorts of disagreeable places, and be in constant contact with work; which is certainly an enemy to their dainty appearance.

If size and shape do not please you it is no excuse for neglect; and lack of time is a very unreasonable plea to urge for so small a matter.

Wash them frequently at night in corn meal, and apply a little sweet oil or vaseline. This will effectually prevent roughness.

Do not use a knife or sharp point in cleaning the nails, but accomplish it with soap and brush or some blunt instrument. Pinch back the skin at the base with a towel when the fingers are wet, and never scrape it with any of the little sharp instruments in your manicure set. Ink stains, and almost all others, the fumes of burning sulphur will remove. A simple way is to dip a match in water and rub the stain until it yields to the sulphur on the tip of the match. The nervous habit of biting the nails is one you must conquer, or have ragged, unsightly and sore finger tips all your life. Immersing them in aloes and water will sometimes help the memory and the will, especially with children.

The awkwardness of which we complain and which we seldom try to overcome, is the fault of the mind; and what we will and endeavor to have them do, the fingers will usually accomplish; though it may take long training. So their neglected appearance, or pathetic evidences of hard work, can be successfully removed, if we will but determine to overcome our indolence and give them a little patient care.—Every Where.

Freshening Pillows.

Perhaps few people understand that feather pillows should be occasionally freshened. In summer the pillows and bolsters from the various beds in the house should every few weeks be laid in the hot sunshine. They must remain there for five or six hours, and be turned once during that time. This process of sunning dries and, as it were, "fluffs" every feather, making each stand by itself. Anyone who has not tried this will be surprised, on using a pillow thus aired, to note its increased softness and elasticity. The Germans recognize the benefit of this practice when they "sun" the huge feather beds upon which they are accustomed to sleep.—Harper's Bazar.