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, JANUARY 21, 1899. VOL. XXIV.—NO. 4.

MAKE YER GRUEL THINNER.

In these 'ere times it takes a lot to satisfy
a fellow—
Philosophy to harden him, some poetry to
mellow.
Without incouragement and sech he cannot be contented,
Ef living in his own good house or jest in
one's that's rented.
The blues will come as unbeknown as persons out a-bikin',
An' as ter ease and socialness, they seem,
well, gone a-strikin'.
An' so it's well to call to mind what Franklin said at dinner
When pressed for higher board one day—
"Jest make yer gruel thinner!"

It show'd a streak that's well to have—
the streak, determination,
To hump along the best yer can, though
facing of starvation.
Ef honesty requires less grub, why, make
the grub bill shorter;
Ef coarse clothes keep yer credit up, then
wear 'em, as yer orter.
Fer bigger folks than us have done some
close econermisin',
An' prove it did not keep them down who
had a will fer risin'.
So now an' then let's call to mind what
Franklin said at dinner,
In answer to his hostess' greed—"Jest make
yer gruel thinner!"

—Will J. Hale, in Knoxville Sentinel.

CAUGHT IN A STORM

"THERE are some advantages," said Ronald, meditatively, "in being a cousin, after all."

He addressed Angelica, who sat opposite him. All about them was deep blue serenity—on one hand stretching away to meet in a line with a fainter azure, on the other merging distantly into long shining masses of greenish-brown rocks, with ragged cliffs towering above them. Angelica's hands were thrust into the pockets of a provoking reefer coat, her hat was tilted a little forward and the breeze darted in among her curls, tossing them merrily about her face. She was a diminutive person in all respects save two, which two were particularly large, brilliant, languishing, and in every way dangerous.

"But on the whole, Angelica," added Ronald, deliberately, "I regret that I am in any way related to or connected with you."

"Ronald!" she exclaimed, "I really cannot allow you to be so flattering."

"A cousin is a nondescript, variable sort of being—at times an absolute stranger, at others a sort of second-hand brother—in that capacity extremely useful. Of course, that is something; but still—"

"I think it's a great deal; but I see you are the same as ever. You always were a greedy little boy," said Angelica.

"Thanks. You, on the other hand, were rather nicer as a little girl than you are now—in some ways—oh! you could still be nice if you tried."

"If I tried? How funny! I shouldn't know—you see most people think"—she regarded her shoes inquiringly.

"I dare say; but I am not 'most people.' I stand alone."

"I thought you were sitting down," interrupted Angelica. (She certainly was provoking to-day.) "And I wasn't aware that you were alone. But perhaps I don't count."

"My dear, that's the worst of it. You do count, and there's no one else in the world who does. I just worship you, Nan! Have I startled you?"

"Not at all," she answered politely. "You see they all say that or something equivalent." She turned her head a little and dabbled in the water with her hand.

"Oh, yes, I know! Of course, I'm a presumptuous fool. All the same, I have thought lately"—he paused and then added: "Do you remember last week at Cowes?"

"Yes," said Angelica, radiantly. "On that afternoon—I don't mind telling you, Ronald—I very seriously considered falling in love with you. There is a yacht quite close to us," she added, hastily; "I considered, and after due deliberation decided—"

"Well, Nan?"

"Not to fall in love with anyone at all."

"You mean—"

"Ronald, if you don't row, how can I steer? We don't want to be swamped. Love is so inconvenient."

"You're pulling the wrong rope. I confess I don't quite see how—"

"Well, it doesn't always go with other things."

"But is it not worth more than—other things?"

"Ronald," replied Angelica, somewhat irrelevantly, "have you any idea of the price of a Paris hat?"

"The left rope again. Ah, now we're safe! A Paris hat. I—well, I have heard that they're something ridiculous."

"They are — absolutely ridiculous. That fact alone," said Angelica, solemnly, "is enough to make any thought of love impossible and wicked."

"Except for anyone with a heart, with a soul, composed in fact of anything but shallowness and vanity."

"My dear boy, if you go on," she said, encouragingly, "you will in time make the most accomplished flatterer of the age."

"Don't jest with me, Nan. It's nothing to you, perhaps, but to me it's everything. I love you. If you knew what the word meant," he burst out vehemently, "you could not sit there coolly breaking my heart in your hands."

"Hush! Not so loud. Yes; I know I'm wicked (penitently). I oughtn't to be here with you at all, when I'm going to marry some one else."

"You're going to—Nan, is this true?"

"Mr. Rathbone," said Angelica, drooping.

"Are you engaged to him?"

"He will ask me to-night."

"How do you know that?" curtly.

"Oh, Ronald, don't be so absurd! How do I know?"

This was convincing.

"Well, he's a consummate fool," said Ronald, savagely.

"Thanks," she murmured.

"And, moreover, he could not possibly love you—"

"Thanks—once more."

"Or anyone else, except himself. But, of course, I see that he has advantages. Oh, don't trouble to explain what they are! I see them. How pleased everyone will be, especially mamma! It will all be quite delightful."

There was a silence. The sun had disappeared and the blue sky had turned to gray.

"It's not so pleasant as it was, is it?" inquired Angelica, presently.

"No," shortly.

"I felt a drop of rain. Are we far from home, Ronald?"

"Yes; about three miles."

"Oh, dear; are we? Why don't you turn quickly, then? Don't you see it's going to be wet?"

"I thought you were steering," rudely.

"You might help me," she said, plaintively, tugging at the rope.

He gave a swift stroke or two, and they swung round. There were angry masses of clouds drifting toward them over an uneasy, ruffled sea.

"Why don't you row faster? We shall never get home," she exclaimed, petulantly.

"The tide is strong and the wind is against us. I'm doing my best."

"Ronald, what was that? Oh, don't say it's lightning! I'm more afraid of it than anything in the world. Oh, listen!"

There was a subdued but silent roar in the distance, now dying away, now gathering force and crackling ominously.

"Ronald, was that thunder?" said Angelica, waveringly.

"There is generally thunder when it lightens," he answered, with bitter sarcasm.

"But we're out in an open boat, miles from home or shelter of any kind!"

"I am aware of that."

She gave a pathetic little gulp and pressed her hands together.

"Oh—h! There's another flash. Ronald—I—I'm going to faint!"

"Faint? Nonsense!" he returned, roughly.

"Nonsense? What do you mean, Mr. Grant? How dare you? I suppose I have a right to faint if I choose? I—ah!"

Crash, rattle, rattle, bang, C-r-a-c-k!

"Put that over you," said Ronald, sternly, wrapping her in his mackintosh coat.

"But it doesn't rain, and that makes it m—much more dangerous,d—doesn't it, Ronald?"

"Much more," he answered, mercilessly.

"Oh! how can you be so heartless and cruel?" she moaned. "You don't care how much I suffer! Men are always like that—"

"And women never, of course," put in Ronald, with quiet irony.

"Oh, don't—don't be so hard! I know I'm a wicked girl, and this is to punish me!" A vivid gleam shot up to the heavens and something seemed to burst over their heads. "Oh, Ronald! (in a frenzy of terror) save me, save me! Oh, let us die together! I love you, oh, you know I do! Don't look at me so coldly; forgive me, oh, forgive me, Ronald!" Angelica hid her face in the cushions and sobbed.

"I can better afford to die with you, dear, than to live without you," said Ronald, tenderly. There was a suspicious twitching about his mouth, but he mastered himself heroically, and it did not become a smile.

A silence followed. The thunder rolled and tumbled away to the west, and presently there was a gleam more brilliant than any before.

"What's that awful light?" moaned Angelica.

"Look, dear. It's the sun."

"The sun!" She started up in consternation. "It can't be, Ronald (indignantly)). Do you mean to tell me the storm is over?"

"I think it's passed by. You seem annoyed. Aren't you glad we're out of danger?"

"Yes—yes, of course. Only I thought" haughtily—"perhaps now, Mr. Grant, you will take me home?"

"Yes, I'll take you home, Nan. They'll be surprised, won't they, at our news?"

"News? What do you mean?" gasped Angelica.

"I think you know." There was no mistake about his smile now..

"Ronald," she said, pathetically. "Now, you're not going to be tiresome?"

"Nan," he answered, gravely. "I do hope not. But, of course, a lifetime is a severe test."

"You know it was only because I was so frightened. It's a mean advantage—It's ungentlemanly"—her voice died away weakly.

Ronald (provokingly)—Are you quite sure you didn't mean all you said?

Angelica (tearfully)—It's so absurd! Mamma will be so angry.—Mary Maclean, in London Answers.

Croesus and Solon.

In the fullness of his glory Croesus was visited by Solon, the wise man of Greece, who was taking a long vacation after his public labors in Athens. Croesus hoped to astonish Solon by his magnificence, and to make him acknowledge that no one on earth could be happier than the mighty Lydian king. But Solon would not agree to this, and insisted that every man must wait till the end of his life, and see what fortune would finally bring him, before deciding whether he could be called happy or not. The king was greatly offended, and from that time he never spoke of the stern philosopher until his own death seemed close at hand. After his defeat and capture by Cyrus the Persian, he was condemned to be burned alive, in the presence of the conqueror. Just as the sentence was about to be executed, Croesus called out the name of Solon three times; and Cyrus, wondering what he meant, had him brought forward to explain the exclamation. Croesus then described his interview with the sage, the wisdom of whose judgment was not proved by his own miserable end. Cyrus was deeply impressed by what he heard, and by the resignation of his captive. He released Croesus, and from that time protected and befriended him. The deposed sovereign of Lydia was a prominent figure at the Persian court not only as long as Cyrus lived, but during some years of the reign of Cambyses, the successor of Cyrus.—St. Nicholas.

Not Guilty.

Miss Asenath Harper is "getting along in years," a fact which she is unwilling to accept. She wears very youthful clothes; in fact, she has been described by a wagish neighbor as "sheep dressed lamb fashion." And sometimes when the world pushes her into the niche where it thinks she belongs, Miss Asenath rebels. One day she was talking merrily with a party of young girls. Her cheeks were pink and her little curls fluttering. She laughed a great deal. "O Miss Asenath," at last exclaimed one of the girls, innocently, "how gay you must have been!" "Have been!" repeated the lady, indignantly. "Have been! Well, I'd have you know I'm not a centurion yet!"—Youth's Companion.

TREASURES IN ART.

Spain Has Thousands of Beautiful Paintings of Almost Incalculable Value.

Spain has not been stripped of all her wealth. She is in possession of riches that a rapacious conqueror like the great Napoleon would have taken without ceremony. She has treasures in books, manuscripts and paintings which would eminently grace the libraries and galleries of the United States.

For example, in the Royal picture gallery in Madrid there are 2,000 canvases, among which are some of the most beautiful pictures in the world. There are ten paintings by Raphael, 46 by Murillo, 64 by Velasquez, 22 by Van Dyck, 62 by Rubens, 43 by Titian, 25 by Paul Veronese, and ten by Claude Lorraine. No one could hope to get together to-day such a collection, in which there is scarcely a picture that is not artistic work of the first class, and the writer who estimated that the 2,000 paintings are easily worth $200,000,000 spoke wisely and well within reason.

The duke of Veragua, who came over here in 1893 at the country's expense, who was entertained in a royal manner, and left with anything but friendly feeling for the United States because a popular subscription to pay his debts was not raised, is the owner of books and manuscripts relating to his great ancestor, Columbus, which are almost priceless. Among them are books that were owned by Columbus himself. A writer in the New York Times, in reviewing this subject, says with fine irony, considering Veragua's character, that "possibly the duke might be patriotic enough to help his country by disposing of the correspondence of Columbus, which he prizes so highly."

These artistic and literary treasures represent an immense sum of money, and at one time during the war a Spanish paper suggested that while the treasury was practically empty it might be supplied with money by disposing of these works.

But the suggestion was not adopted and Spain may congratulate herself on the fact that she was not opposed by a grasping enemy. If she engages in another war, and at its close finds herself again in her present predicament, she may expect to lose her pictures and literary possessions.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

SMART SKATING COSTUMES.

A Plain Skirt, with Vivid Bodice, Is the Graceful and Becoming Thing.

All these gay colors of cloth make a florid and not ineffective show on the ponds and in the rinks, where the whirr of steel on the ice rises on the frosty air. A plain skirt, ankle long, with a vivid flannel or velveteen bodice, is just about the most graceful and becoming thing a skater can assume.

Camel's hair serge is what the skirt is made of, and the most startling combinations in color prevail until the rinks resemble carnival gatherings. The biggest and brightest buttons flash on upper as well as nether garments, and some of these are huge polished pewter buttons, such as are made and worn by Dutch men and women on the frozen canals of Holland.

Pretty skating costumes from Paris are resplendent with fur or fancy braid and gay with silver buttons that are in reality tiny bells, tingling out fairy music at every movement of the wearer. The skirts of such suits are cut close at the hip and somewhat full below the knees, enabling the wearer to move with freedom, and adding greatly to the sum of grace. Turbans of astrakhan, broad tail and Persian lamb are what the smart skaters wear. These are round cap-shaped things, with a tuft of bright feathers like a shaving brush sticking up in front and held by a pin of Russian silver.

Every other woman, whether her frock is silk or serge, has depending from the rear of her basque a species of tail which is bound to excite interest, if not applause. It was fully ten years ago that basques resigned their rear appendages, but, like Mary's little lambs, they are back in fashion, every one with its tail behind it. Sometimes the tail is a mere bunch of ribbon ends, scarcely larger than the sort of thing a rabbit wears, again they are beetle-wing-shaped and fall nearly to the knee. Coatee, habit, postillion and swallow tails are the species most frequently seen at present, and whether they are pretty or not is another matter; the tailors say they have come to stay.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Winter Solace.

With the dreariness and desolation of cold and rainy nights in November comes the comfortable thought of brightly lighted sitting-rooms, with hearth fires and good books. There is nothing more certain to make the heart swell with cheerfulness than this same combination. After a long day at work, when the wind is howling outside and the rain is splashing against the windows, the flicker of the grate fire is magnetic. One can scarcely force himself to get up and away from it, and a book adds to the attraction. It is the time when the stay-at-home enjoys himself to the fullest.—Detroit Free Press.

Life on a Torpedo Boat.

So injurious is life on a torpedo boat that a year's continuous service will mentally and physically incapacitate a man. This assertion is made on the authority of Lord Charles Beresford, but that the strain on anyone serving on these craft is very great is shown by the fact that to one month's service the British naval regulations allow one week off. Austria is endeavoring to mitigate the hardship of service on these boats, and life on one built for the Austrian navy, and tried on the Thames recently, was demonstrated to be pleasanter than on those of the English navy.—Chicago Tribune.

Bed Candlesticks.

A particularly acceptable present after a visit to a country house or to a bridal pair who will possess an out-of-town residence is a set of bed candlesticks. These in silver, pewter or old brass are sure to be found on the landing of the staircase duly set out on a table, copying the English fashion. Gas, oil lamps and electric lights cannot banish the bed candle, whose lighting by a merry house party in an old English castle hall has been made the subject of a fine picture.—Philadelphia Press.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

A SERIOUS SITUATION.

The Cotton Planter Has Labored for a Year and Probably Comes Out Deeper in Debt.

A most serious situation confronts the farmer. He has worked and labored for a year, and at the end of it finds he has made nothing, possibly has sunk money. His debts are as big as they ever were, and his taxes are greater than they ever were. An economic and a political problem stare him in the face. He must change his farming plans and methods, and he must work for a reduction of public expenditures. As to the economic problem, one thing is so patent that it calls for no thought or discussion—he must raise less cotton. Reason and good sense have suggested this for years past; facts, hard stern facts, now compell it. The average farmer has been slow to learn the lesson, but necessity now beats it into his head; he can not deceive himself any longer. Change or bankruptcy are the two horns of his dilemma. What can he substitute in the place of cotton, is the great economic problem now before him. It is one which calls for the profoundest thought, the deepest study, and one about which a conclusion must soon be reached. The new year will soon be here, and work in new directions must soon begin. A second point in the economic problem is just as apparent as the one already mentioned; namely, he must devote all the land, labor and other things requisite to raise an abundance of home supplies. This is an old song, but it can not be sung too often. The wisdom of substituting a full supply of provisions for its equivalent in cotton is as plain as the noonday sun. No one will dispute it. It only remains to go to work and do it. The details in carrying on the substitute will vary somewhat with one's conditions and surroundings. In the extreme southern portions of the cotton belt, it may not be practicable to raise wheat, but in those regions rice may take the place of wheat, for if lowlands are not universally available, upland rice can be cultivated with success. And rice can very largely take the place of wheat. It can be beaten or ground into flour, with which a great variety of breads can be made. We speak on this point from a wide experience.

In the mountainous and northern portions of the cotton belt where the tropical sugar cane can not be grown sorghum can be, and sirup and even sugar obtained therefrom. Corn can be grown everywhere, and where sweet potatoes do not thrive the Irish potato flourishes. Milk and butter can be had in all regions, and so can chickens and eggs. With an abundant supply of milk, butter, chickens and eggs a farmer's family can dispense with almost all other kinds of animal food. There is vast room for expansion and development of the dairy and the poultry yard on most farms, and they call for a very trifling expenditure of labor or money. It behooves our farmers to awake to the possibilities in these directions, in place of going to town to buy western pork. Another available source of cheap wholesome meat is the raising of the European or domestic rabbit. They breed with great rapidity and thrive in confinement. A yard fenced with wire netting and a cheap shelter to supply dens are the outlay needed. The goat is also worthy of more attention as a source of cheap and excellent meat. He will live where almost any other animal will starve, and wire fencing combats successfully his climbing propensities. In many regions sheep can be raised successfully and supply both excellent meat for the table and wool for a money crop. Beef, of course, is available everywhere. The difficulty in consuming a whole carcass in hot weather may be overcome by establishing neighborhood clubs, the members of which kill animals in succession and divide out, rotating the choice parts. Some hog, of course, must be had, but there is no need, and he should not be allowed to monopolize the meat house. A few pigs dropped in early spring and pushed through the summer on crops easily raised, and which have been discussed heretofore in these columns, will be ready for slaughter the ensuing winter and furnish the needed supply of pork at very cheap figures. Added to above supplies of food a vegetable garden and an orchard can make the farmer almost independent of the outside world.—Southern Cultivator.

THE COTTON BALE.

The Advocates of the Cylindrical Bale Have Not All the Argument on Their Side.

A good deal of discussion has developed about establishing uniformity in the size of cotton bales. This is doubtless desirable for economizing space in shipping and reducing freights. It might indirectly increase the price of cotton. If a bale of dimensions somewhat less than those ordinarily packed be adopted, old presses might be changed to meet the case, and no loss of invested capital ensue. But if a smaller bale is adopted the number of bales must be increased, and the charges for storing, selling, shipping, ginning, packing,, etc., must be correspondingly reduced, otherwise the decrease in the cost of freight might be entirely offset. Farmers should look carefully into these matters before they act upon the representations of interested parties. Especially are they urged not to reach hasty conclusions touching the substitution of round bales for square bales. We are not fully informed as to all the details connected with these round bales, but one fact is patent, viz.: that round bales can not be packed on car or ship as closely as square bales; there must necessarily be open interspices between the bales, and these would not only occasion loss of space in packing, but in case of fire enable flame to penetrate more readily. It is claimed also, we believe, that a round bale is never exposed. As to exposure, it is practicable and easy to cover a square bale as completely and as neatly as a round bale. The cutting and sampling of the round bale is to be avoided by a guaranteed sample taken from each bale before it is closed. The guarantee must be a very strong one to satisfy a purchaser, and this involves a strong money power behind the whole matter, with all the evils which may grow out of it. We have noticed in some magazines numerous indorsements of the round bale, but they all come from interested parties. "Where self the wavering balance shakes, it is rarely right adjusted."—Southern Cultivator.

THE RECENT COTTON CROP.

It is in Excess of the Demands and There is no Profit in it for the Producer.

It is claimed that the present cotton crop is greatly in excess of the world's demand for the staple. If so, it would seem the height of folly to go and plant a full crop of cotton the coming year and thus pile up a still greater excess. Would not farmers be in better shape by withholding from the market say half of the present crop and let the hold-over take the place of a new crop next year? Such procedure would allow consumption to catch up with production, cause prices to raise, and the farmer make more money than by raising another crop. It would give him an opportunity to raise a full supply of provisions and to rest his land. A manufacturer may find it best for a time to run his works without a cent of profit, or even at some loss, because idle machinery deteriorates so rapidly. Not so with a farm. Idleness improves it; rest from the plow allows the land to accumulate humus and recuperate its fertility. There is no profit in cotton at present prices, and if a paying substitute can not be found it is folly to raise more of it. With some good paying substitutes for cotton and with the excess of the present crop in their hands at the end of next year, farmers would be on decidedly rising ground. Of course a great many farmers could not withhold any of their cotton; pressing demands may force sale of their entire crop. But there doubtless is a large number of farmers who could hold back a large portion of their crops, and all could curtail the next year's crop sufficiently to raise the price of cotton to a remunerative point. Now is the time for farmers to think of these things and plan accordingly. It is certainly the height of folly to continue the extended cultivation of cotton under existing conditions—and there is at present no encouraging prospect of change in them.—Dixie Farmer.

A Pound of Pork.

1. It requires 13.80 pounds of skim milk to produce one pound of pork when fed with corn meal, ration 1:14.7 to fattening hogs.

2. Skim milk could not be economically fed to fattening hogs unless it was a product which could not be otherwise utilized.

3. It required an average 4¼ pounds of shelled corn to produce one pound of pork during an average period of four weeks, or one bushel produced 13¾ pounds.

4. Requires 4¼ pounds of corn meal to produce one pound of pork, or one bushel of corn made into meal and fed will produce 12¾ pounds of pork.

5. When dry, shelled corn is more economical than cornmeal to feed fattening hogs.

6. It required 7½ pounds or one bushel of ground oats to produce one pound of pork when fed with equal parts by weight of corn meal.

7. One bushel of corn meal is worth nearly three bushels of oats as food for fattening hogs.

8. Corn-fed pigs gained 4½ pounds per week and ate about 21 pounds of corn per 100 pounds of live weight.

9. Pork was produced during the cold weather, with corn at 28 cents per bushel, for less than 3 cents per pound.

10. Indian corn is the most economical pork producing material during the winter months in regions where extensively grown.—Cor. Market Basket.

Farmers Must Learn.

The acreage planted in cotton in the southern states will never be decreased by mutual agreement, because there are two insurmountable obstacles in the way. First, no general agreement can ever be had; and, second, it would not work if it could. The only way the thing can be done is to gradually overcome the opinion that southern farmers don't know how to make any other crops profitable, by education. Our farmers must learn how to farm without cotton, or at least, enough of them to accomplish the object. But we do want some to abandon it entirely, and others to raise so much other stuff that they can not grow full crops of it. We want all the ten-cent cotton that our farmers can produce, but no more five-cent and four-cent cotton; that sort of cotton is not profitable. The other sort is.—Texas Farm and Ranch.

HERE AND THERE.

—To fatten lambs they should be kept in pens which will not allow of a great amount of exercise.

—Are you quite sure there are no cracks or knotholes in the henhouse through which the cold winds can whistle?

—Fruit growing calls for a closer supervision than does the growing of the usual farm products. To sell a crop of berries is not so simple a thing as to dispose of a hundred hogs or a crop of wheat.

—A basket of eggs carried in one hand will often bring as much money as a load of straw. A neighbor hauled a cord of wood to market for $2; his wife carried ten dozen eggs the same day which brought $2.50.

—Eggs are the all-year-aroun crop. Other crops have their harvest when they must be sold at once or stored at an expense. With proper care hens are like money or interst, work Sundays, holidays and rainy days.

—Milking should be done with clean, dry hands, and as the cow is making the most of the milk while it is being drawn from the udder, it is very important that she should be kept as quiet and contented as possible.

—There is nothing like green bone for hens, is the experience of many who have tried it. You can get it cheap from the butcher (sometimes for the mere taking away), and a mill for grinding or cutting it can now be procured for a small price.

TOUCHES OF NATURE.

Observed by a Traveler Who Shaped Himself to Idleness.

Little Incidents Which Occurred Here, There and Everywhere—Most Are Pleasant, and But One Has a Sting.

[Special Chicago Letter.]

The young woman who wrote to her uncle, "tell us something about your travels, something about the queer little things and the queer people you saw, not about towns and their buildings," was no fool. For 15 cents you can buy a guide book of any large city which gives more valuable information than the casual

"YOUR MONEY, PLEASE!"

visitor could pick up in a month. Every city in our land has, to use a technical phrase, "been written to death." But the quaint things you see in the streets and on the cars, provided you have any sense of humor or can appreciate the pathos of life, are always of deep human interest.

Of all the nuisances on earth the systematic sightseer is perhaps the most offensive. He has no eyes but for this public library or that government building, and on his or her return has learned nothing but what can be found in any encyclopaedia or reference book. How much wiser is the traveler who follows George Eliot's advice and who, upon returning to life's duties and the daily grind of business or the household, can say with her:

"In traveling
I shaped myself betimes to idleness
And took fools' pleasure."

That reminds me of a little incident which happened in Toronto, the charming metropolis of Ontario, not so very long ago. A Chicago man, who, in his own opinion at least, is pretty well informed concerning street car etiquette and the duties of street car conductors, was enjoying an early morning ride on a King street car and had just entered into a very exhaustive description of the cleanliness of the vehicle and the politeness of motorman and conductor when the latter individual poked a strangely-shaped, nickel-plated machine under his nose and uttered, in a deep and threatening bass: "Money, please." The Chicagoan, firmly convinced that it was a case of "hold-up," was on the verge of physical collapse and preparing to hand over his traveling money when his somewhat more self-possessed better half made the cheerful discovery that the strange device was neither a gun nor a dynamite bomb, but a simple collection box into which the passenger was expected to drop his fare. The rebellious hair of the man from Illinois, which had stood on end for 54 seconds, gradually resolved itself into a dormant condition; and he ascertained that the murderous weapon had the shape of an oblong oyster box, with a greedy mouth at the top for swallowing up the half dimes of travelers, and a metal handle. Whenever a fare is deposited the conductor presses a button located between the handle and the mouth and the little silver piece disappears within the cavernous depths of the coffee pot. As often as the car passes the general

PLAYING ONLY FOR CHIPS.

office of the traction company the conductor turns in his full pot, and in return receives an empty one. The pleasure with which the Chicago man thinks of this little incident may indeed be the pleasure of a fool, but it is harmless and far more enjoyable to his friends than the memory of some gigantic warehouse or some public building erected at the command of Corruption and finished according to the laws of Jobbery.

From Toronto to Boston is but a step in these days of rapid transit. The trip is a thoroughly enjoyable one—via Lake Ontario to Lewiston, N. Y., and in a palatial coach through New York state and Massachusetts. Yet even in such surroundings peculiar things do happen and strange acts of odd people lend variety to the journey. What struck the man from Chicago with particular force was the energy of the buffet car attendant who solicited trade with a persistency that would have shamed Samuel of Posen, had that worthy been a passenger on this particular train. The idea of a powerful corporation permitting its employes to solicit trade in sandwiches and cocktails certainly is funny and worthy of mention.

And Boston itself is a funny town according to the Chicago standard. The streets are too narrow and too close for real comfort. You positively feel that you are acting rudely when you fling your old newspapers in the gutter, and wholesome fear takes possession of you when you read that a fine of $100 is collected whenever you expectorate in a street car. When you give up five cents for a subway car ticket, the "Boston Elevated Railroad company" undertakes to take you on an underground journey. Everything, in fact, goes by paradoxes except names—except one name at least. On Boylston street a dealer in curios has established his headquarters; and this truthful man, evidently a foreigner of the deepest dye, has had the audacity to paint his name "Bunkio" on the doorplate of his emporium. Just think of a man called "Bunkio" selling curiosities and "genuine antiques!" How charmingly appropriate, and how delicate a compliment to the Boston school of veritists!

The wonderful profundity of Bostonian intellect found a striking illustration in a Washington street shop window in which was displayed, on a gaudily painted card, a row of Spanish buttons, bearing the legend: "These buttons are from a Spanish officer's coat wounded at Santiago." How that poor coat must have suffered! But far better, indeed, that the coat should have been wounded instead of the wearer.

But far more refreshing than Boston intellect and Boston paradoxes is the charming innocence of Boston women. A Back Bay lady told the Chicago man, in strict confidence, that during her absence from home last summer her husband had invited a half dozen or so of his friends to play poker at their home. The jolly party was, it seems, surprised by a couple of inquisitive women—even Boston has these prying and utterly obnoxious creatures. When madame returned from her outing she was duly informed of her lesser half's wickedness—who is there that has not a few friends who delight in carrying disagreeable gossip—but was comforted and overjoyed when monsieur assured her that he and his friends were playing only for chips. They were playing only for chips! Oh, Innocence, thou noblest attribute of woman, how every man should treasure and adore thee!

Boston women enjoy the reputation of being cold and distant. Perhaps they are, but when it comes to cold cruelty they are not to be compared with a Cincinnati woman who recently was traveling from Washington to her home. This creature in silk and costly furs employed a maid for her little boy. The maid was as pretty and well-mannered a young woman as one could find anywhere. The little imp in her charge was as headstrong and mean as any boy that was ever born. The sympathy of every passenger was with the nurse

"YOU MUST NOT CRY WITHOUT PERMISSION."

girl; and when the youngster, actuated by innate cussedness, pulled her hair until she screamed with pain everybody felt like shaking him, except the mother, who said to the maid: "Keep still, girl; and, remember, you must not cry or sob without asking my permission." The girl was about to reply to this humanitarian address, which breathed a rare spirit of sisterly love and equality, when madame added: "And, remember, you must not speak to me unless I request you to do so." How thankful this girl should have been that the privilege of breathing had not been taken from her by her truly charming mistress, who proved herself not only an ornament of her gentle sex, but also a shining model for all the Newriches and Paravenus residing in Cincinnati and elsewhere.

We talk a great deal about equal rights in this country, but it is safe to say that not even in Russia a nurse girl will be compelled to submit to indignities without being granted at least a hearing. No wonder our girls prefer work in shops and stores to so-called "home employment" which, in many cases, is equivalent to social degradation. And not even a fool can take pleasure in a purse-proud idiot's poor manners, however much he may be tempted to laugh at her ignorance and boorishness which stamp her the inferior of the lowest maid in her service.

G. W. WEIPPIERT.

GOOD CHANCES IN HAWAII.

Only Small Capital Needed to Start a Coffee Plantation That Will Pay.

Robert W. Shingle, of Honolulu, who was the Hawaiian commissioner to the Omaha exposition and who was also sent here by his government to promote travel to the islands, is in New York city. Concerning emigration to Hawaii, Mr. Shingle said in an interview:

"What is wanted is men who have some little capital and experience, who know what business they want to engage in and have some aptitude for it. Sugar is now the chief product of the islands, but its cultivation requires capital. This is also true of rice. I believe that coffee is becoming the staple of the islands, and it can be cultivated by persons who start in with only a few thousand dollars. Pineapples, bananas and other fruits require only a small capital. The government makes liberal inducements to settlers. It exempts them from taxation for five years and offers them public lands on excellent terms. Five or eight acres may be had for nothing; larger areas can be bought for from five to ten dollars an acre. It is possible to lease large plots for three years and then to buy them at the original figure, provided that 25 per cent. has been developed."

Painting damp wood imprisons the moisture and induces dry rot.

THE ENGLISH PIPE.

It Is a Myth, Being British in Name, But American in Manufacture.

"Bring me a nice pipe from London."

An American line steamer was moving gracefully away from her berth, people on board and others on shore were waving handkerchiefs and hats, "good-by" and "pleasant journey" were shouted all along the line, and above the din could be heard the order, half pleading, half imperative: "Don't forget the pipe."

As the crowd turned back a man who had witnessed the inspiring spectacle and heard the order said: "Isn't it strange that a 'real English pipe' should be one of the first things that a man thinks of bringing back to this country from abroad, when in fact there is no such thing as an English pipe?"

It is true that the pipe is more popular in England than it is in this country, and that the shops keep large supplies and a great assortment of the goods, but neither the English people nor their visitors from the United States know that the pipes of the purest English pattern are made in France. The dealers in the United States are better posted than the consumers, and to them the term English pipe has long been known to apply to the French article, and of recent years to the superior homemade pipe. An English trade journal of recent date says: "Another of our industries is practically threatened with extinction on the other side of the Atlantic. This is the trade in brierwood pipes, which used to be imported to a very large extent into the United States, either from England or France. Now, however, the brierwood pipes used throughout the states are almost entirely made there and that not only in the cheapest but in the best qualities."

Before the large pipe manfacturing concerns were established in this country Vienna was the market for meerschaum and Paris for brierwood goods. The pipes were made in small shops and in the homes of the pipemakers, and delivered to central offices and warerooms, where they were assorted, packed and shipped. This method is still in vogue to a great extent in European manufacturing towns. Women and children do the work, which is finished later by skilled workmen and mounted with tips, metal, etc.

The brier root which is used in the manufacture of the goods comes from France in crude blocks. These blocks are cut in pipe-outline shapes, and are made into plain and fancy goods. Of these "pipe blanks" about 50,000 gross are used in the United States every year.

In scientific circles the material from which the pipes are made is known as the root of Erica arborea, or white heath. This is a shrub usually of stunted growth, but often growing to a large size. It is found in the south of France and in Corsica. After the earth has been removed from the roots and they have been sawed into pipe blanks they are placed in a vat and subjected to a gentle simmering for about 12 hours. This process makes the wood perfectly clean, and also gives it the yellowish brown hue which is most desirable in good pipes.—N. Y. Tribune.

HAYMAKING IN CHICAGO.

Good Crops Are Gathered in the Parks and Boulevards of the Great Metropolis.

Haymaking in Chicago's parks in autumn recalls to many a city man the experiences of his boyhood days. This feature of rural life still survives in the three divisions of the city. A walk along the boulevards and in sequestered nooks of Washington and Lincoln parks lately revealed a succession of nicely stacked haycocks, representing many tons of fine timothy hay. These small stacks are being carted away now to the park barns, to furnish food for the horses kept for service in the parks.

Seventy tons of fine timothy hay have been harvested this season along Western avenue and in Washington park. By allowing the grass to grow long in some sections the rustic beauty of the pleasure ground has been enhanced, and a considerable source of revenue provided for park funds. In all about 35 acres of hay has been harvested this season, and the crop is worth in the neighborhood of $500. Hay enough is thus raised to furnish fodder for the 120 park horses during the winter. In former times, before the big park meadow was improved for athletic sports, the Washington park farmers harvested double the amount of hay now gathered, and haymaking was carried on with modern mowing machines and presses. Now the grass is cut with scythes, stacked in cocks five feet high, and finally carried to the barn.

In Lincoln park there are stretches here and there where the grass grows long, and is harvested within a few blocks of the handsome residences on the Lake Shore drive.

In the West side parks the grass is mostly cut by lawn mowers. Scores of women and children follow the workmen and carry away the grass as it is cut to feed their cows or pigs or chickens.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Farragut's Opinion of Dewey.

Rear Admiral Dewey as a young officer impressed one as a self-contained man with powerful native force. I often think of the remark made by Admiral Goldsborough to Farragut on the occasion of the visit of the latter to our ship. The two admirals were standing within a few feet of my table, and Dewey had stepped back to give an order to an orderly. "Farragut," said Goldsborough, "Dewey will make his mark in the world if he ever gets an opportunity." "Ay," answered Farragut, with the pleasant smile so becoming to his homely face, "and he will make the opportunity." And Farragut was a true prophet.—Harper's Round Table.

Geographical Information.

"Well, what is an island?" asked the man, upon being informed that his son had now taken up the study of geography at school.

"Land entirely surrounded by water," replied the boy.

"That is not correct," said the man. "An island is land surrounded by water on all sides except the upper side. Land entirely surrounded by water is suburban real estate."—Detroit Journal.

Playing Card Tax.

Moscow's orphan asylum, founded by Catherine II., is supported by a tax on playing cards.—Cincinnati Enquirer.