

The 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, APRIL 15, 1899.

VOL. XXIV.—NO. 16.

FRIENDS.
Not he that counts my errors,
Not he that holds me back,
With doubling words to show me
Wherein and how I lack;
Not he that sees my failings;
And, seeing me, says: "Woe,
To take my measure by them—
To take the friend for foe."
But he that warns my virtues,
Who takes me by the hand,
Who notes my greatest failings
And overlooks my sin;
Who, after I have striven,
And have not failed, is free
With words of commendation—
He is the friend for me.
—S. E. Not, in Chicago Daily News.

Shadow and Cherub

By W. L. Comfort

The first time I saw Shadow was while the Fifth pulled out for Porto Rico. Shadow was a dusky kid of quality, and he now wears a cavalryman's blouse and a shirt of arms. How this came about involves the prejudices of a nation.

Shadow was not old enough to be subject. The knowledge that he was black had never been in his mind. His father was a son of slavery, and his father's father, so Shadow's nature there was midship and long-suffering and in his back a bow to people with white faces. It was a bow, not a cringe—a pleasant sensation of obeying, not fawning humility.

But cavalrymen from the land where cotton blooms and persimmon trees flourish in every strip of woodland make no distinction. And many are the cavalrymen in Uncle Sam's service who hail from localities where negroes are hired now and hated. Big there are others who punched cattle and straddled cow-pens west of the Mississippi and not so far south as the Rio Grande, and others still who lived once where negroes are seldom seen, and are liked for their jollity and devil-take-care-of-tomorrow dispositions. And these took notice of Shadow in spite of black looks and murmuring.

There was a fancy in his dark eyes and a wondering pucker in his full red lips. Old Chick, the farrier, first took him under his wing. It was the night before leaving the states, and the regiment had been paid earlier in the day.

Now, every officer knows that a common soldier works with greatest dispatch and efficiency when broke. It was a grand demonstration of mettle that the cavalrymen gave that day. Each man was in his place, and the fractions horses up a steep gangway, and in loading mountains of heavy luggage on the transports for many hours—and all under the strain of a cavalryman's thirst with a month's pay in his pocket.

Everything was ready when his regiment came, except the blessed tide. It would be four hours at the sailors said, before the troopship dare cross the bar. Had it been for the right, the man's eyes were left behind. For the Fifth cavalry would have lugged their white month's pay about cheerlessly, throughout a long voyage. This would have been unprecedented. It would have been prodigious of a lieutenant said: "some will never come back."

"Let them go," said an old captain who had risen from the ranks and who was no stranger to pity.

"You ought to be a captain, how duty looks and time passes to a soldier on pay-day," the lieutenant replied weakly. He was talking to his superior officer.

"Let them go," repeated the captain, and the boys went to town with money and the great responsibilities tingling in their breasts. All came back save one, who was not a drinking man, and who had lost a sweetheart back in San Anton, but not in Porto Rico.

It was in those four hours that Old Chick found Shadow. The first time I saw him was a half hour before the time of embarkation. He was sitting in the darkness on the lee side of the great ship. Above him flickered meanly the lights of a shadowy mystery of ropes and rigging. Below him the chocolate-faced Savannah playfully slapped the big piers and the transport's plated sides. Beyond him lay the sea, trackless, dark and vast.

Two large bottles of something protruded from Shadow's blouse. Smaller bottles of something protruded from Shadow's many pockets. Hampers of other good things surrounded him; and very strange to tell, Wild Bill, the most dissolute and prodigious of troop tomcats, purred cozily upon his lap.

But most incredible of all was the attitude of Shadow, the untamable—Cherub, the vicious and massive-jawed bloodhound—for several years a chattel of troop K. Cherub's hatred for civilians was deep and dreadful.

Then why should he put his great grey head upon Shadow's lap and there rest so quietly and peacefully?

"Yo' an' me is dun 'guine to Porto Rico," an' pussie-tom and Old Chick dun 'guine. Don't shake yo' big hand out-a-way. It is genuine cos Old Chick dun vade I could. We all 'guine to Porto Rico, and de horses."

Shadow's head was very close to Cherub's jaws while he was murmuring these words. Then he began to croon a quaint melody which the old manny dog dog had left behind in his kinky head. Cherub yawned in lazy contentment. Wild Bill purred hoarsely, and I watched wondering.

Meanwhile the cavalrymen returned with laughter and great happiness. Then the great troopship cast her bow and veered seaward. Good cavalrymen—the ones who win chevrons in their first enlistment—have no sentiment. A recruit possessed of sentiment will lose it in the first three months, or else apply for his discharge.

There was much of this element in Shadow's nature. The horsemen with their spurs, sig-shooters and sabers made a deep impression. A queer, dreamy look was in his eyes as he gazed out to sea and hummed softly, while a tiny pale from the tropics zipped merrily by. The little dusky boy was

FARMER AND PLANTER.

THE FARM HOME

It Requires More Than Simply a Well-Built House to Make a Real Farmer's Home.

Dwellers in cities and towns where land is sold by the foot and is very expensive have a good reason for setting their houses close to the street, but why people who own a farm should persist in doing much the same thing is inexplicable. A spacious lawn, with trees, shrubs and flowers, is an important feature of the farm home as the house itself, and the farmer who considers land wasted that is reserved for beautifying the premises is making a great mistake. It is only aids to the attractiveness of a place, but increases the value of the property as well.

It is impossible to create an ideal country home when all the thought is given to building the finest house in the neighborhood. A modern house with balconies and dormers, bay-windows, verandas and towers built close to the street, with no setting of green lawn and shade trees, is not an attractive object, and if no other aid is put to the house where these balconies, bay-windows, etc., will command pleasant views, they seem to be out of place. The house may have all the latest conveniences and be filled with elegant furniture, but if its surroundings are bleak, desolate and uninviting it lacks an essential element of the ideal farm home.

The barns and other farm buildings should be put at a reasonable distance from the house and be built with an eye to beauty as well as utility. Let them be kept neat and attractive so that they will add to instead of detract from the general appearance of the place. As one approaches the place from the street it will be his first impression to be favorable by beauty and comfort; being seen on every side. If there must be some unsightly places or buildings, screen them from the view as much as possible by planting a hedge of some evergreen, which in four or five years will grow to make a screen of living green.

With the house at a proper distance from the street will be needed a horse drive. Let it be laid out in a graceful curve, and, if possible, let it pass near a veranda, where a roof may extend over it so that one may step from a carriage to the veranda without being exposed in stormy weather. It is a good plan to have a ring in one place so that a horse may be hitched for a little while if necessary. There should also be a hitching-post near the house, with a tree near to give the horse shade while hitched there.

Every farmer's home should not only be comfortable, but beautiful. It should be a place where the family at least adorned from Nature's storehouse. We shall not go far astray when seeking to beautify and hide unsightly objects with blooming flowers. A fine lawn, with a fountain, and a few trees, will give the place a beauty and utility. It is a good plan to have a ring in one place so that a horse may be hitched for a little while if necessary. There should also be a hitching-post near the house, with a tree near to give the horse shade while hitched there.

Browning, the great American landscape painter, said: "So long as man is forced to live in log huts and to follow a hunter's life we must not be surprised that the use of the bow-knife; but when smiling lawns and tasteful cottages begin to be established, we know that order and culture are established."

Goethe's sentiment: "We should do our utmost to encourage the beautiful, for the useful encourages itself." should be kept in our minds. The beauty of a home is not one for one family of one generation. It exerts an influence over all who are in sight of it, and the lives of children and children's children are tempered by it. No man can compute its value. It has been well said: "Beauty is the expression of the Divine in nature. The vegetable creation is the rich altar-cloth of the temple of God, in which the recognition of beauty and sublimity of form constitutes the worship."—Maida McF., in Farm and Fireside.

CORN PLANTING TIME.

A Few Seasonable Suggestions to Farmers in Regard to Their Next Crop Corn.

In the warmer portions of the cotton states corn planting will soon be in. It is desirable to plant corn as early as feasible, and to give it more time to other crops which follow later. Other things equal, early corn does better than late planted; its stalks will not be so tall but its ears will be larger. It is also more likely to escape the bad weather. Very early and very late planted corn suffer loss from this insect than that planted between the two. On the other hand, early planted corn is more liable to suffer from the depredation of birds.

As the soil warms up from the surface downward, seed must be planted quite shallow that it may the more readily feel the heat of the sun. Later the surface layer of soil may become so dry that shallow-planted seed will not germinate, not so now. At this time it is not necessary to cover corn more than from one to two inches. As drought is the great enemy of upland corn, every precaution against it should be taken at the start. Bedding makes land dry off more rapidly; corn should, therefore, be planted on a level or in a water-furrow. But for water-drowning, planting in water-furrows would be preferable. It makes cultivation easy, because young grass or weeds in the drill can be easily covered with the plow. It renders it easy for the roots that form at successive joints to be sufficiently deep in the soil without bedding the land. It gives the stalk finally a firmer footing in the soil.

If the nature of the soil is such that water sinks down through it promptly, there is less danger of the young plants drowning than in close stiff soils. When planting in water-furrows is not advisable, the land should be leveled and seed dropped in straight rows, and covered with a small list. If land is in very fine condition the lists may be dragged down just before the corn is ready to come up, which makes the crop start off on a fresh clean surface, and also reduces the depth of covering of the seed.

As another precaution against drought, corn on upland should be given a good distance. This distance varies with the depth to which the land has been broken, the amount of humus present in the soil and the frequency and thoroughness of cultivation. When land is deep broken, when the soil abounds in humus, and when the crop is given thorough surface cultivation at short intervals, corn may be given less distance than when the opposite conditions prevail.

On ordinary land, with ordinary preparation and cultivation, a standard acre should have a space of 12 square feet apart. That is, if drills are six feet apart, the hills should be six feet apart, and the hills should be six feet apart from each other. On the deep, rich soils, abounding in humus, and where the soil is deep broken, the distance may be increased to 18 or 24 feet. At the north, corn is planted much thicker than at the south, because its corn is smaller staled than southern corn, because as a rule its soils are better filled with humus, and are deeper broken. Moreover, from the comparative shortness of its summers the soil does not get so much heated as it does at the south. The small varieties of northern corn may be planted thicker at the south than the large varieties, six to eight square feet being sufficient for them. Southern Cultivator.

TOLD BY STATESMEN.

Charles F. Manderson's First Visit to the Senate Chamber.

He Was Accompanied by Wilbur F. Sanders, and Both Afterward Became Members of the So-Called Upper House.

[Special Washington Letter.]
Stories of statesmen can be made enjoyable to readers, but the pleasure of listening to them and seeing the facial expressions of the narrators cannot be faithfully transferred from memory or notes to paper and type. The late Charles F. Manderson, of Nebraska, who served for 12 years, a part of the time being vice president pro tempore of the United States senate, was always an entertaining gentleman, and is always welcomed by many friends when he visits this city. He voluntarily retired from public life, saying, at the time to the writer: "I have spent about \$40,000 more than my salary while I have been a member of the senate, and if it had not been for my income as a lawyer I would be bankrupt now. I propose to retire to private life and try to accumulate enough to take care of myself in the serene and yellow leaf of life."

The superior man recently visited Washington, and called upon his old friend, Senator Shoup, of Idaho, who lives in the same hotel with the correspondent of this paper. Having been invited to join the gentleman for the purpose of discussing the general campaign, during the course of which Senator Manderson narrated many instances of his busy life. He said:

"The first time I entered the senate chamber was on the afternoon of March 3, 1861. I had come here with a party of young fellows from Canton, O., to witness the inauguration of President Lincoln. In the party was Wilbur F. Sanders, a tall, raw-boned fellow, and afterwards went to Montana, and became a United States senator when that territory was admitted to the union.

"Sanders and I sat in the senate gallery on that afternoon and listened to debates, but the intellectual grandeur of the generation until late suppers, when we went down to the senate restaurant and satisfied our appetites with some of the best and cheapest edibles on the bill of fare. When we went upstairs Sanders said that he was going to the floor of the senate, and I followed him. He was a member of the confederate states congress was in session at Montgomery, Ala., passing session ordinances by which the confederate states were to be recognized as a nation. Sanders was a member of the confederate congress at Montgomery, Ala.

"The attendant was surprised, amazed, knew not what to do, as times were then precarious, and he stepped aside, while Sanders went on in. I stood there a moment, irresolute, and concluded that I would not insist on the same. So I went upstairs and secured a front seat in the gallery. I saw Sanders sitting down there on a sofa in the rear of the senate, and nobody seemed to pay any attention to him. I presume that he was understood to be an employee of the senate, shortly before midnight I caught Sanders' eye, beckoned to him, and he came up to the gallery. He said that if we wanted to view the inauguration on the following day, it would be best for us to be going, and rest a little sleep.

"I had a fine pair of tight-fitting calf-skin boots, which had hurt my feet so much that I had to give them up. The cheapest man that a certain farmer ever had on his farm, he said, before an institute, he paid \$60 a month. There is a goodly number of farmers who are in the same predicament. If they are competent man can be secured, one who will take an interest in his work, who is kind to stock and careful with machinery and implements, the matter of wages need not to cut much figure.—Epitome.

HERE AND THERE.

—We can not expect a large yield of tubers without a good growth of vines; yet, if planted too close on moist, rich or heavily shaded soil, the foliage and potatoes are sometimes developed at the expense of the crop.

—Often it is that the best milkier in the herd gives the most trouble in milking. This is due to her high nervous temperament. Always feed her a little more than she will eat, and she will disappear.

—If mineral food elements be sent and nitrogenous matter in excess, potatoes are apt to be most luxuriant in their growth above ground. Especially should there be a supply of potash and phosphoric acid.

—Land broken broadcast in fall or winter and thoroughly harrowed before planting, forms an ideal seed bed for corn, and may be made to save a large amount of labor on account of its adaptability for the use of labor saving implements.

—It is too early in the day to talk about slowing up the stock raising. The United States has not more than 30 million head of cattle, and there are 50 million head in Australia, with the same number of inhabitants.

—Cotton picking has ceased all over the south; but that don't mean that all the cotton has been gathered. Thousands of bales have been abandoned in the field to be beaten out by wind and rain and licked out by cattle. Really, this looks like over-production, and is a strong argument in favor of diversifying crops.

—In cold weather a hot breakfast is as comfortable to fowls as to people. With this exception there is no special advantage in cooked-over raw feed. For hot breakfast wheat bran and oats are excellent—that is what we use every winter and have never had reason to change.

—The pleasure in poultry work is by no means to be measured alone by the dollars and cents produced. It is a great pleasure to have your fowls do a little better than any one's you know, and to have eggs to market when your neighbor has none.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

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"You didn't ink I was a skyalot of 'em, did you? De law is wa'ter lay b'fo' de government is: I pays extra rent to kiver de water tax. I had a hydrant in my back yard foh fohteen years, an' I ain't never got no oil yet. What I want to know is, how does dey distribute dem cels in de law? If dar's any eels comin' in, I's hush my mouth, ready to take 'em home, right now, if dey ain't got no money to buy me an' we kin' of honny foh feesh, anyhow."—Washington Star.

1,000,000 Sailors from One Ship.

The U. S. Receiving Ship Vermont, now over 30 years old, has been the school house for over 1,000,000 sailors in our navy. The age and the accomplishments of the Vermont are much the same as those of Stomach Bitters, which has been before the public for 50 years and has cured innumerable cases of malaria, fever and ague, biliousness, constipation, indigestion, blood disorders and kidney affections.

Weyler's Forecaster.

"I don't think," growled Gen. Weyler, "that my ability as a prophet is recognized as it should be."

"What's the matter, general?"

"Well, didn't I predict that Cuba would eventually be pacified?"—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

A MASTYZ TO RESEMBLE.

"Trade," remarked the auctioneer, as he tacked up his red emblem to indicate a sale of furniture, "always follows the flag."—Town Topics.

Some actions, like fence work, only reveal their color after they have been done awhile.—Rams Horn.

PERFECT WOMANHOOD DEPENDS ON PERFECT HEALTH.

Nature's rarest gifts of physical beauty vanish before sweet dispositions turn morbid and fretful. The possessions of the good hands and keep their love should be guarded by women every moment of their lives. The greatest menace to woman's permanent happiness in life is the suffering that comes from derangement of the feminine organs. Many thousands of women have realized this too late to save their beauty, barely in time to save their lives. Many other thousands have availed of the generous invitation of Mrs. Pinkham to counsel all suffering women free of charge.

Mrs. H. J. GARRETTON, Bound Brook, N. J., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I have been taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with the best results and can say from my heart that your medicines are wonderful. My physician called my trouble chronic inflammation of the left ovary. For years I suffered very much, but thanks to Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and kind advice, I am today a well woman. I would say to all suffering women, take Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine and your sufferings will vanish."

Mrs. MAGGIE PHILLIPS, of Ladoga, Ind., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—For four years I suffered from ulceration of the womb. I became so weak I could not walk across the room without help. After giving up all hopes of recovery, I was advised to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and wrote for special information. I began to improve from the first bottle, and am now fully restored to health."

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OF GENERAL INTEREST.