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 20, 1900. VOL. XXV.—NO. 4.

A Wasted Opportunity.

By A. A. Smith.

RIDING in a chair car was an unaccustomed luxury to Martin Lovett. For several years—just how many he could not recall—his usual mode of transit had been by way of the rods or in box cars, with an occasional journey on the "blind baggage," when he was in great luck. So he leaned back and enjoyed the luxury of the swift motion and the cushioned seat. The rhythmic "clickety-click,clickety-click" of the wheels was conducive to a dreamy, restful languor, and for the time being he was almost indifferent to the black pall of failure which fate, or circumstances, or his own inefficiency, had cast over him.

Lovett was a tramp printer, and fortune had dealt capriciously with him. There had been times when she seemed to smile upon and beckon him onward, and then she would vanish like a mocking sprite and plunge him deeper into the abyss of despair. Again and again he had entered the race, urged forward by a subtle instinct which adversity could subdue but never quite destroy. Again and again there was the same result, until now he lay humbled and passive, with only an occasional gleam of his old hope and energy.

Vague shadows of thoughts flitted through his weary brain as the great train rushed along—impressions as light and indistinct upon the mind as were the flitting trees and fences to the eye. The scenes of his early life touched lightly upon his memory, and dreamily once more he felt the promptings of ambition, the alternating elation of success with the sting of defeat, and in fancy he was once more grasping at the elusive sprite of opportunity. But a little more distinct than all the other shadows which pressed upon him was the never-ending problem of existence, and behind it the specter of what might yet come to him—sickness, starvation, and somewhere, in some neglected spot, a nameless pauper's grave. He had never quite succeeded in banishing that specter, though in his intervals of buoyant resolution he had driven it to the background. Its gaunt presence was vaguely outlined in his mental vision now, and mechanically he thrust his hand in his pocket and felt of the coins therein.

Their total was two dollars. That meant that with his customary economy in dietary matters he was sure of more than half a week of existence, and in that time something was sure to "turn up." His hard life had taught him to be philosophically submissive to circumstances when he could not control them, so once more he drove the specter back into the dim prospective and thought not of the morrow as he watched the flying landscape or gazed dreamily at his fellow passengers.

His eyes fell upon a prosperous-looking old gentleman to the right and a few seats in front of him, and suddenly he threw off his lethargy and awoke to a lively interest, though why he could hardly tell. He remembered seeing the old gentleman in a bank in the town he had just left. He remembered that the cashier had given him money—rolls of bills—and that he had put them carefully away in a small hand bag, while the banker good-naturedly chaffed him about his indiscretion in carrying so much money about. There was the same hand bag now, held on the lap of the benevolent-looking old gentleman, who did not appear to be in the least disturbed by the possession of so much treasure. While in the bank cashing his small check for the work which had enabled him to ride in the chair car Lovett had witnessed the transaction, and now the sight of the treasure aroused a pang of cupidity and sent a thrill through his long dormant spirit.

He knew the bag contained $2,000. Two thousand dollars! What a golden field of opportunity the possession of such a sum would open to him. Once before he had possessed as much and almost it had proved the foundation of success, but he had lost it through his lack of discretion and experience. He had lived and learned since then and knew that if he could but venture again he would not lose. Two thousand dollars; perhaps it was but a trifle to the man who owned it, but what would it not mean to him? Then, with a bitter, cynical smile he roused himself from his wild fancies and turned to watch the mad race of the fields and trees as the train sped along through the deepening twilight.

It passed a little station with a church near by. There was a temperance meeting within, and through the open window he heard the strains of a song which brought the tears to his eyes, and a flood of memories swept over him. It was a simple little temperance song: "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" His mother used to sing it to him when he was a boy, and it was his favorite. As he heard it he thought again of his strong-hearted, cheerful, honest mother, who had taught him lessons in honor and morality which even his hard life had never quite effaced, and in an instant the mind of this man, whose life had never been shaped by priestly council and in whose early training the element of Christian character had supplanted creed and dogma, turned from its bitter, criminal covetousness of the money to memories of home and mother. Lovett was impulsive and somewhat unstable. Perhaps the possession of those qualities rather than those of cold, calculating, selfish judgment largely accounted for his failures.

The little village was left far behind when there came a sudden grinding of the brakes, a scarcely perceptible slackening of speed, and then Lovett was conscious of a frightful crash as he was hurled forward. As he grasped a broken chair he knew the wreckage of the car was piling up about him, and then he seemed to be falling down, down, down.

He had been merely stunned, and in a moment he struggled to his knees. Darkness was about him, but as he peered above the mass of ruins a tongue of flame shot up, and then a great light shone upon the wreck. The splintered cars had caught fire, and with the hiss of escaping steam, the screams and groans of the wounded and the shouts of rescuers was mingled the horrible snap and crackle of the flames.

As Lovett struggled to his feet his eyes fell upon the old gentleman, lying as if dead in a hollow piled with broken and splintered chairs, and his rigid fingers were still clasped about the hand bag with its precious package of bank notes.

Perhaps the thought struck Lovett that the old man was dead and beyond the need of money, and that Fate, which had so persistently frowned upon him, now revealed an opportunity he should grasp. But more likely he did not think at all, as he instinctively glanced around to see if he was observed, and then crept toward the apparently lifeless form.

He unclasped the rigid fingers and took the bag; then, breaking it open and thrusting the package of bills into his bosom, he threw the empty satchel into the flames which were creeping toward him. Then he lifted the old man in his arms and bore him to a place of safety, and for two awful hours he worked like a hero, fighting back the flames, pulling and lifting at great masses of wreckage, tenderly helping to release the wounded from the debris and reverently bearing the dead away from the flames. Then when human means had been exhausted and the rest was abandoned to the fire he boarded the special train which was in waiting and with the others proceeded to the nearest town and to a hotel.

The package in his bosom bulged out noticeably, and he took it out to distribute the money through his pockets. As he took off the wrapper his eyes fell upon a name and address. It was "Mark L. Brigham, 301 Queen street, Blank City." He meant to destroy it, but mechanically he folded and placed it in one of his pockets.

The hotel had been transformed into a hospital. On every side he heard the commands of doctors, the hurrying feet of attendants and the cries and groans of the sufferers. He moved about some of the cots, but now that the fever of action was over the sight of so much suffering sickened him, and he passed out into the cool night air.

For several years, since his misfortunes had taught him caution and subdued his self-confidence, Lovett had wished that he could own a small newspaper in some quiet country town, away from the ruinous competition that had been his undoing in more pretentious places. More than ample means were now in his possession, and it was with a sense of relief like that of one who steps from a stifling dungeon into the pure atmosphere that Lovett sat and gazed at the stars and planned for the future.

The distant whistle of a locomotive aroused him to action. As he started toward the street he passed an open window, and glancing in he saw two doctors just leaving the room. Upon the cot lay the old gentleman he had robbed and rescued.

"He doesn't need us any more," one of the surgeons was saying. "Badly stunned and bruised, that's all. He'll be all right in a day or two."

Lovett hesitated for an instant, then with compressed lips he hastened to the depot and bought a ticket, and his destination was a town a hundred miles from Blank City.

Twilight was deepening in elegant Queen street as a solitary figure, bowed and halting, paced slowly back and forth. The man seemed swayed by contending impulses, now halting before a quiet mansion, now pushing on resolutely as if to leave the neighborhood. A block or two away he passed a church where the people were gathering. He heard the strains of a magnificent organ, and then a sweet voice took up the song: "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-Night?"

The loiterer stopped and listened. "Just like the plot of a Sunday school story," he muttered, with a cynical smile. "That song's bound to follow until it gets me."

He passed on down the street, then returned and stood drinking in every note of the sweet voice. It was so different from the rustic rendering in the village church a week before, and yet it was the same song—the simple little hymn of his boyhood days.

"But there's nothing very strange about it," he muttered again. "It isn't necessarily my guardian angel that's dinging that song into my ears just for my benefit. They're singing it in every church in the land, I reckon, in these days of temperance revivals."

But Lovett turned and walked down the street. At No. 301 he rang the bell.

"Is Mr. Brigham in?"

"Mr. Brigham does not wish to be disturbed," replied the servant. "He has been very ill."

Drawing a deep breath like a reprieved criminal, Lovett turned and started up the street. The echoes of his mother's song was still ringing in his ears, and now he heard the voice again. How the sweet tones rose and fell, so replete with tender memories, calling him back from his pitiful hesitation.

Once more he returned to No. 301.

"You may tell Mr. Brigham that I must see him. My business is very important."

He followed the servant into the library. An old man, gray-haired, wan and pale, but with an eye as keen as on that awful night a week before, looking up as he entered.

"Mr. Brigham, I have brought you the money you lost in the wreck; here it is."

The old man looked from the extended hand to Lovett's face in open-mouthed astonishment.

"Well, young man," he exclaimed at last, "you are a queer one. Where did you find it?"

"I got it in the wreck," said Lovett, quietly. "There's nothing to tell. I have brought it all back except a little I used to come here."

Mark L. Brigham's keen eye scanned the young man's face again, and he understood.

"But why did you bring it back? Did you fear detection?"

Lovett considered a moment.

"It wasn't that," he said. "No, it wasn't fear of detection. Nobody could have found out, you know. I really can't tell why I brought it back. I expected it might make me trouble, of course."

A kindly light broke over the keen face of the old man. He stretched out his hand.

"No, it will not get you into trouble. I must know more about you. I shall be able to go to my office to-morrow. Will you call and see me there?"

"Thank you," said Lovett, quietly. "I will come."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

HANDSOME WINTER SKIRTS.

They Will Be Made Looser in Fit and Have More Fullness.

There seems every reason to hope that common sense will be allowed to prevail and that the grotesque tightness which has disfigured a great many of the recent skirts will not be allowed to play havoc with our winter dresses. In the very nature of things, the skirts are bound to be narrow and tight fitting, but there is absolutely no reason why we should submit to wearing ugly and ungraceful skirts, in which it is difficult to walk, except in the mincing gait peculiar to China, and impossible to sit down with any reasonable hope of ever being able to get up again.

Quite the newest gowns in Paris and Vienna, although they are frequently made with tunics and draped double skirts, have none of them that exaggerated tightness which prevailed during the summer months, and there are some really charming gowns in fine cloth, which have been made by a very well known Parisian modiste, in which the skirts hang with quite a graceful amount of fullness from below the hips.

One of these, for instance, is made in nut brown cloth, very fine in texture and light in weight. The underskirt is plain and fairly full, while the tunic is cut in vandyke points and edged quite simply with some six or seven rows of fine stitching. The upper part of this tunic, although it fits the figure beautifully just below the waist, has the indescribable fullness and freedom which mark the gown at once with the chic distinction of novelty.

The coat bodice, which is very smartly trimmed in front with double rows of tiny gold buttons, may also be said to mark a new departure. In place of the jaunty little basques which have been so eminently characteristic of the smartest coats this season, the jacket in question has basques which are of some seven or eight inches in depth and which slope in front in a downward direction.

Several stitched strappings of cloth trim the upper part of this coat and the sleeves, as well as the rounded revers, while in front it shows, when open, a very pretty underbodice of smocked and gathered surah in a soft shade of green, which harmonizes to perfection with the brown of the cloth.—Washington Star.

USING COLD HOMINY.

Pancakes, Biscuits and Waffles Are Improved by the Addition of It.

Delicious hominy pancakes can be made by adding a cupful of cold boiled hominy to the rule for wheat pancakes made with sour milk. Sift two cupfuls of flour and rub a rounded tablespoonful of butter or lard through the flour. Add two cups of thick sour milk and stir thoroughly. If convenient let them set thus mixed for several hours, or, if you desire your griddle cakes for breakfast, let them stand this way over night. Just before serving add a cupful of cold or hot boiled hominy and a rounded teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a little cold water. Beat well and fry them in even, round cakes on a smoking hot griddle.

Hominy biscuit may be a new thing to some cooks. Sift two cupfuls of flour with two rounded teaspoonfuls of baking powder, add a cupful of cold boiled hominy and rub it through the flour with a heaping tablespoonful of butter. When a fine even mixture is the result, add enough milk to make a soft biscuit dough. Cut it into biscuits and bake them in a very hot oven. Maple sugar scraped fine is very nice served with these biscuit. The hominy seems to lighten the biscuit and keep them moist and tender.

A cupful of hominy may be added in the same way to the flour used in making wheat muffins or waffles. Be careful always to add the butter and the cold hominy together to the sifted flour and baking powder, and rub them very thoroughly together, so that the grains of hominy are evenly distributed through the flour. After this add the milk and bake quickly.—N. Y. Tribune.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.

How to Prepare a Delicious Dessert to Follow the Turkey at the Christmas Dinner.

Seed first one pound of raisins, when preparing to make an English plum pudding, mix with them a pound of currants and half a pound of minced orange peel; dust over a quarter of a pound of flour. Chop fine one pound of suet; add to it a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, half a nutmeg, grated, three-quarters of a pound of stale, dry breadcrumbs. Mix all the ingredients together. Beat five eggs, without separating, until light; add to them half a pint of grape or orange juice; pour over the dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. The mixture should not be wet, but each particle should be moistened. Pack this into small greased kettles or molds. It will fill two three-pound kettles. Put on the covers, stand the molds in the steamer, and steam steadily for ten hours. The easier way is to get the ingredients ready the night before; mix and put them on early in the morning, allowing them to cook all day. Take them from the steamer, remove the lids of the kettles or molds, and allow the puddings to cool; then replace the lids and put the puddings away. They will keep in a cool place for several months or a year.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Dressy Skirts Have Drop Linings.

The skirts for evening or house wear are now being made with separate linings. The linings are very fully trimmed with small ruffles around the bottom, one falling well over the other, and they are also much trimmed with lace and muslin ruffles on the inside as well. The stiffening is much deeper than in the tailor skirt, almost a full yard in depth, and although the same tight and drawn effect is very noticeable around the top of the skirt the bottom has a more decided flare, and the skirt is wider. The back at the top is quite as plain as the tailor skirts.—Demorest's.

Fur Slippers.

Among the extravagant frivolities of the season are fur negligee slippers finished with big lace bows and a diamond beaded pin, which is much more fashionable than a buckle. Others are of velvet trimmed with fur.—Detroit Free Press.

REVOLT OF MR. M'CARTHY

For One Night He Had His Way and His Say in His Own Home Part of the Time.

This happy family lives in a tough house. The further up toward the roof you go the tougher it gets, and they live at the top. The cat tries to look like a respectable cat when she is on her good behavior. But it is wasted effort, for everybody knows what the cat is after the disclosures made by Mrs. O'Toole when she is tipsy enough to tell the truth. Mrs. O'Toole is the mother-in-law of Mr. McCarthy. She has her say and her way while Mr. McCarthy is trying to lead the life of a sober man and going about his own business. The truth is, Mr. McCarthy prefers to be sober. He lets his wife and his mother-in-law drink his share, and he makes no complaint, and he lets them call him names while they drink, and he makes no defense. But all this time he is simply keeping his thoughts to himself, and what is in him when he is sober comes out when he is drunk.

Mr. McCarthy took a notion the other night that he wanted to speak his mind freely and easily to his mother-in-law, so he went out and drank himself up to the required courage. Then he staggered up the stairs and marched to his own castle door like its lord and master. He was let in as if he were a man with a recognized right, and when he stalked in old Mrs. O'Toole scampered out like an alert old deer. Her say and her way were ousted for that night, and she had no objection to make, for this was an occasion when the rights of another commanded her respect.

"Take your ugly Irish mug out o' here!" shouted Mr. McCarthy, not seeing any face at all, but knowing that two faces were turned in his direction, wherever they were. "You ought to be punched back into Ireland, you old Irish biddy!"

"Irish, am I?" asked Mrs. O'Toole from a safe distance. "An' phwat air you an' the loikes of yez?"

"I'm going to put you out," said Mr. McCarthy. "I'm going to put you out to-night, you old drawed-up, skinny-shanked biddy!"

This proved too much for Mrs. O'Toole. The ruler in her resented it, and, pitching her voice in its highest, shrillest key, she began calling him hard names, while Mrs. McCarthy pitched into him with sleeves up and gloves off. In a few minutes Mrs. McCarthy had floored Mr. McCarthy, and every time he got off another opinion in regard to his mother-in-law, bang! would go his head against the floor. Mrs. McCarthy worked silently. She looked as if she might be doing some sort of off-hand work that would yield her a return for exertion. Mr. McCarthy took no notice of her attentions to himself. With one choke he could have put a quietus on her energy. But it isn't in him when sober to strike a woman, and it doesn't occur to him when drunk to do it.

All this time the cat set back under the bed making big eyes at the performance and congratulating herself that it was Mr. McCarthy's night instead of Mrs. O'Toole's. Though Cat O'Toole—that's her name in full—is a cat, she experiences a lot of human misery. But it has saddened her young life, for when Mrs. O'Toole is drinking she expends all the ugly force within her upon Cat. It is Mrs. O'Toole's cat, and surely she has a right to treat it as she pleases.

Mr. McCarthy got his say out and let Mrs. O'Toole have the last word. Mrs. McCarthy then began giving him a few extra punches for looking so foolish and vacant, and more than all because he was slowly assuming that expression of not caring whether school keeps or not. His head wobbled as it went up and down and his mouth opened and closed. This went on till Mr. McCarthy got what he considered enough, and he turned over and said, as cool as if he were sober:

"Mary Ann," he said, "do you know you ought to be punched back into Ireland, too? I am going to punch you there next week."

Mary Ann stopped the punching and bouncing of Mr. McCarthy's head short off and set up a howl that sent the cat out to Mrs. O'Toole. It broke her heart entirely to have him even intimate that America could be home to him without her, and she cried so bitterly that Mrs. O'Toole's own heart fairly bubbled and bursted, and she went softly to Mr. McCarthy's side. She patted him gently on the cheek.

"Come on, son," she said, winningly. "Come, get on the bed. God bless you! God bless you, my child!"

"Take your ugly Irish mug out o' here, I said!" shouted Mr. McCarthy, giving a vicious kick in her direction.

Thoroughly exasperated at this rebuff, Mrs. O'Toole cut a bee line for the door and jumped into the hall as if pursued by snakes.

"You dare do it!" she shouted, hunting around in her brain for some mean name that would suit the impudence of him. "You don't dare to put me out, you—you—you bedbug, you!"

Just here some one below rapped on the wall for order. Mr. McCarthy called to his mother-in-law to come in, and not have folks think she was fussing.

A little later they all pulled the draperies of their couches about them and lay down to pleasant dreams.—N. Y. Sun.

Nut Pies.

Line a number of patty tins with a rich puff paste, fill these with bread and cover with a piece of prettily cut and crimped paste. When these have been baked a golden brown remove from the oven, and while they are cooling prepare a filling of nuts—the kinds best liked; there should be a variety, chopped fine; to every teacupful of nuts add four tablespoonfuls of sugar and one-half cupful of rich cream; any favorite spice or flavor may be added if desired—but this is simply a matter of individual taste. When both filling and shells have become sufficiently cool carefully remove each shell from the pan, each cover from the shells, also the bread, in whose stead you now place the nut filling. These, when properly prepared, are simply delicious and a most worthy Christmas dainty.—Ladies' World.

Cranberry Blanemange.

To one quart of berries add one pint of water and one pound of sugar. Cook until nearly tender, then thicken with cornstarch rubbed smooth in a little water. Boil ten minutes and turn into a mold to cool. Serve with whipped cream or cream and sugar.—Good Housekeeping.

THE TRUE WASHINGTON.

Increased Fame of the Father of His Country a Century After His Death.

It can be said that not only the fame of Washington has greatened during the century that has flown since his death, but the knowledge and understanding of him have likewise largely increased. The sculptor Daniel French, in the Washington that he has modeled for the Paris monument, has expressed the grandeur of his fame. Here, with sword and brow lifted toward Heaven, he appears as a world hero; there is something of the demigod, of the creature of tradition, of myth, in attitude and aspect.

To be sure, there was an unusual dignity about the person and reputation of this hero, both during the time of his greatest activity and later in his career. There are none now living who can make direct report of the effect of his presence upon beholders, but there are many who have had from those who saw him an account, at first hand, of this effect. The present writer can never forget a description of his appearance, from the lips of an old gentlewoman who had been one of the band of children who strewed flowers before him at Trenton, on his way to his inauguration at New York. And, besides, there are many printed records of the dignity of his bearing, and the impression of majesty produced upon individuals and the multitude.

As this country has grown, and as the importance of his work is more and more appreciated, and, too, as he recedes in distance, Washington's true proportions are appreciated, and he looms even more grandly. Compared, indeed, with the very unselfishness of his actions and the nobility of his aims, most of the world's conquering heroes and makers of nations seem, in moral comparison, a herd of self-seeking vulgarians.

Yet, while he has joined the ranks of the world's demigods, he has, at the same time, become nearer and more human to us through a closer study of his personality. "The true Washington" is a no less dignified but much more sympathetic figure. If we know the fierceness of his anger, we honor all the more the power of his self-control. If we recognize the intensity of his love for country life (and something of a revival of the love for such a life makes the present generation more appreciative of this amiable trait), still the keener our sense of his sacrifice to duty in relinquishing that life for the camp and the halls of government.

In order to exalt the wisdom of Washington, and to insist upon the importance of his farewell advice to his people, it is not necessary to impute to him supernatural enlightenment. And yet, so clear and right was his thinking on themes of government, and so valuable have proved his principles in operation, that he would be a rash counselor who would call for the utter disregard of any one of these principles. Certainly as to the conditions to which his advice directly applied, events have proved that he saw not only deeply but far. At what point any of his specific views may cease to be of service as a present guide, it will be difficult, indeed, to determine; and there will always be danger that a wave of sentiment may at any time drive a not phlegmatic people from moorings afterward found to be the safest.—Century.

USES OF THE TELEPHONE.

Some Refinements of Practice as Noted by an Observant Visitor in the City.

"I don't suppose this is new to you," said a visitor in the city, "but it was to me, and I thought it was pretty good. I had occasion to call on a man connected with a big concern occupying offices in a tall downtown building. I went into this building and went up kiting a good way in an elevator, and then got off and went to the man's offices.

"In the first room I found a clerk sitting at a desk, who asked me who I wanted to see, and when I told him he didn't get up and go and find out and come back and let me know, but he just spoke into a telephone that stood on his desk, and in about three seconds he looked up and said that I'd find Mr. So-and-so in such a room, indicating the door; and he was there all right, and the clerk in the outer office had ascertained that fact, and that he was disengaged, all in less than half a minute by telephone. I thought that was pretty fine. It was a saving of time for everybody, and with this sort of an arrangement one man could tend to it all, and stay right there in the office, ready to receive everybody that came in, too.

"Now, I don't know anything about it, but I venture to say that a part of that telephone outfit was a switchboard somewhere about that clerk's desk, so that not only was it possible to telephone from that outer office to any of the other offices, but that a man in any of the other offices could telephone to a man in any other by means of this switchboard. Suppose the head of the concern, for instance, or any member of it, wanted to consult with somebody belonging to it who is in another room. He doesn't get up and go over there; nor does he send over or up or down to have the other man come and see him; he just speaks into or at the telephone that stands on his desk, and says: 'Give me Mr. So-and-so.' That's to the clerk in the outer office, you understand, the man that I saw; and he just connects the wires, and those two men sit right where they are, at their own desks in their own offices, and talk just as they would if they were standing side by side.

"Certainly one of the most wonderful time-saving contrivances is the telephone."—N. Y. Sun.

He Left It to the Jury.

Lawyer (acting for Uncle Rastus)—Now, Uncle Rastus, tell the jury something about the value of your cow.

Uncle Rastus (proceeding to do so)—Yo' see, gemmen, afore the cow got killed by the kyars I didn't set no great price on her. Las' summer me an' Joe Sellers haggled over $15 which I tho't she'd ought to fetch. He sed it was too much, and mebbe it was fur the kind o' cow she war at that time. But when an animal done gets mixed up with a pow'ful corp'rashun and is befoh a co't of law, its price am bound to be consid'bly deduced. I 'spects $100 is 'bout what the mem'ry of that cow am wuth to-day an' I leaves it to you gemmen to say ets so.—N. Y. World.

SURPRISED AT HIS HONESTY.

One Instance in Which a Railroad Claim Agent Was Easily Beaten.

"I am sorry to say," remarked an old-time railroad man, "that the estimated value of lost luggage, according to the claimants, is very seldom borne out by facts in cases where the property is afterward recovered. Of course there are exceptions, and that reminds me of an amusing story. About a year ago an old gentleman from Hartford, Conn., who came here on a winter visit reported that one of his trunks had been lost. We did our best to trace the missing piece of baggage, but not a clew could we unearth this side of Washington, and finally we called on the owner to give us a detailed description of the contents, with valuation. In a few days he sent in a list, which struck me as being very modest and reasonable until I came to the item: 'One family Bible, $205.' Of course we couldn't stand for any such claim as that, and we made an energetic protest, but the old gentleman refused to budge an inch. 'The Bible is worth every cent of the money,' he insisted, 'and I want that or nothing.' 'Do you mean it is worth the amount as a rare edition,' I asked, 'or merely that it has a sentimental value to you and your family?' 'It's worth $205 cold cash to anybody,' he replied; 'no sentimental value about it.'

"The natural inference was that a volume held at so high a figure must be either very old or scarce or very beautifully bound, but, strange to say, I could get no exact information on the subject from the owner. He admitted that he didn't even know the date of the edition, and, to make a long story short, I reported the claim as being a barefaced and outrageous effort to hold up the road. About two weeks later I was delighted to hear that the trunk had turned up at a way station, where it had been left by mistake with some theatrical baggage. It was forwarded to New Orleans, and I sent for the old gentleman to identify his property. 'I must insist particularly,' I said, when he arrived, 'on having a look at that $205 Bible.' 'Show it to you with pleasure,' he replied, and, reaching under a lot of clothing, he drew out a shabby black volume. Before I could make any comment he flirted the pages to and fro under his thumb and new ten-dollar bills began to fly out like pressed flowers. There was altogether $210 in the book, but the old man said he wasn't quite sure about the last bill and had 'split the difference.' So it turned out, after all, to have been an honest valuation. Since then I haven't been quite so cock-sure on surface appearances."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

MONDAY FOR SOBERING UP.

In Chili Little Is Expected from Servants and Employes on That Day.

Monday is a dies non in Chili. People have learned by long experience that they can expect little from their servants and employes on that day. They call it "San Lunes"—sobering up day. A manufacturer goes to his shop Monday morning to find that only a few of his hands have reported for duty, and even they are in a seedy condition. In some establishments, in places where labor is plenty, the hands who are absent on Monday get no work during the week, but this rule cannot be applied in most of the cities, because labor is so scarce that employers are at the mercy of their help, and are compelled to tolerate their delinquencies.

The mistress of a household allows her servants a Sunday off in turn, but seldom expects them to report for duty on Monday, and is never surprised to receive a message from the police station. Carpenters, masons and other mechanics seldom work more than five days in a week, for the reasons I have given, and there is a proverb that the shoe shops are never open on Monday.

The same customs attend the celebration of legal holidays, and it requires five days for the people of Chili to express the patriotic emotions inspired by the "Diez y Ocho de Setiembre"—the 18th of September—or the "daisy ocho," as it is familiarly called—the anniversary of Chilian independence. Everybody prepares for it. Houses are freshly painted, flagpoles are raised over every roof, bonfires burn on the surrounding mountains, fiestas are held in every park and plaza, special masses are sung in the churches, all the banks, business houses and manufacturing establishments are closed, schools are dismissed, labor is suspended on all the plantations, and everybody, young and old, great and small, engages in the festivities with a zeal and enthusiasm that is seldom seen elsewhere.—Chili Cor. Chicago Record.

Resting the Muscles.

When a man is tired he stretches his arms and legs and yawns. Birds and animals, so far as possible, follow his example. Birds spread their feathers and also yawn or gape. Fowls often do this. Fish yawn; they open their mouths slowly until they are round, the bones of the head seem to loosen and the gills open. Dogs are inveterate yawners and stretchers, but seldom sneeze unless they have a cold. Cats are always stretching their bodies, legs and claws, as everybody knows who has a cat for a pet. Horses stretch violently when and after indulging in a roll, but not, as a rule, on all fours. A stag when stretching sticks out his head, stretches his forefeet out, and hollows his back and neck as though trying to creep under a bar. Most ruminant animals stretch when they rise up after lying down. Deer do it regularly; so do cows. This fact is so well known that if a cow when arising from lying down does not stretch herself it is a sign she is ill. The reason for this is plain—the stretch moves every muscle of the body, and if there be any injury anywhere it hurts.—Philadelphia Dispatch.

Moral Suasion.

Old Gentleman—Do you mean to say that your teachers never thrash you?

Little Boy—Never! We have moral suasion at our school.

"What's that?"

"Oh, we get kep' in, and stood up in corners, and locked out, and locked in, and made to write one word a thousand times, and scowled at, and jawed at, and that's all."—Collier's Weekly.

Like Circus Bills.

Some people are like circus bills; a very little money causes them to be stuck up.—Chicago Daily News.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

INTENSIVE CORN CULTURE.

The Results of Experiments Fostered by the Illinois Board of Agriculture are of Interest.

For the past three years the Illinois board of agriculture has offered a substantial premium for the largest yield of corn upon a single acre of ground. Each year the crop taking the prize has been larger than the record of the preceding year, and each year the prize has been taken by white corn. In the first two contests, Mr. J. H. Powers, of Whiteside county, secured second place. This year (1899) with a yield of 196.27 bushels he secured first place. In an interview with a representative of this journal, Mr. Powers described his methods of cultivation and general results.

The acre in question was one of a seven-acre field of upland bottom, black loam. The whole field was planted to the same variety of corn, but on this record acre it was planted thicker. For the past six years the field was in clover sod and used as a hog pasture. When it was broken this year the seven acres were all fertilized alike. To each acre was applied 16 loads of stable manure from cattle and horses fed on shredded corn fodder and grain, the manure being kept under shed cover until used. In no part of the field was any commercial fertilizer used, nor has any ever been used.

In plowing, the ground was well broken to the depth of seven or eight inches, disked thoroughly and dragged four times with a harrow before planting. Up to this time the whole seven acres had the same treatment. Corn on the record acre was planted with a dropper, so arranged as to drop as fast as possible, thus almost drilling the corn in. When the plants were from four to six inches high the field was thinned to two or three kernels to the hill, the hills being about 14 inches apart in the row, and the rows three feet six inches apart. The field was harrowed three times between planting and appearance of the corn above ground, and once after its appearance.

The corn was cultivated four times with riding cultivator, although Mr. Powers walked in handling it. The first cultivation was deep, reaching to the bottom of the plowing. At the second cultivation, the inside shovels were raised, and at third and fourth cultivation all shovels were raised, giving very shallow plowing. After cultivation was all over, Mr. Powers went through the corn once with a hoe, and after that as much time as was necessary to promptly remove all suckers and weeds was given it. The season was in every way favorable for the crop until the last four weeks before ripening, when it was too dry. It will be noted that practically the only difference in the cultivation of this field and the ordinary corn culture lies in the extra amount of personal labor given in stirring the soil before and after planting. The soil, which was a black loam with clay subsoil, was naturally fertile, but not more so than a great deal of the Illinois corn land.

Mr. Powers kept a record of the amount of labor given the crop, and according to his figures, crediting his time at regular rate of wages and the cost of team and tools at what it would have cost to hire them by the day, the cost of producing this acre of corn was about $30, which included an allowance for interest on the value of the land. It does not include the offset for the value of the fodder, which he said at a low valuation was worth $10, making the net cost of producing this 196.27 bushels $20, or about 10 cents per bushel. As the average cost, including the same items which Mr. Powers includes, of producing corn in Illinois is not far from 18 cents per bushels, it follows that intensive corn culture pays.—American Agriculturalist.

A MATTER OF IMPORTANCE.

The Selection, Testing and Care of the Breeding Boar Should be Well Looked After.

We have often tried to impress upon the minds of our farmers and breeders the importance of this matter. We have known cases where breeders who expected to raise $1,000 worth of hogs the coming year would not attempt the purchase of a male pig until the last moment, sometimes even waiting till after the holidays, and then find they could secure only an indifferent pig (the choice ones having been sold), which, when put to the breeding test, would prove utterly useless, and after losing perhaps six weeks would be compelled to discard the animal and try to secure another, which would sometimes prove little better than the first.

Our practice when breeding pure-breds was, in purchasing a young, untried male, to try and secure him at least six months before we expected to use him heavily, and thus find by actual test not only whether or not he was a breeder, but also whether he was a satisfactory breeder; and in many instances, as all breeders are aware, it proved to be a wise precaution, as many young animals prove worthless to the breeder who is striving to build up and improve his herd.

For the man who is raising hogs for the market it is not necessary to be quite so particular, but we think it would pay him well to secure a pig at least three to six weeks before he expects to do his breeding, and get him thoroughly accustomed to his new surroundings, as a breeding male of any kind is usually restless and fretful for some time after being moved, and if put to immediate service will not be as satisfactory as he would after becoming well familiarized with his changed conditions.

In case he fails as a breeder, as some are sure to do, he can be replaced by another pig before the season is very far advanced, and but little loss or inconvenience will result. Whereas, if you wait until late your entire crop of pigs may be two or three months behind time, and your loss amount to the price of half a dozen males. Often a little foresight in this direction may save heavy loss and a great deal of vexation later in the season.

Now a word in regard to the care of your pig when you have secured him. Give him as large an inclosure as possible, with a good variety of feed, including oats, milk and mill feed, using corn sparingly, and you will find the results highly satisfactory.—Blooded Stock.

ANOTHER SOURCE OF WEALTH.

There is Money in the Corn Stalks that Have Usually Been Allowed to Go to Waste.

A series of experiments which have been carried on for some time past by the agricultural department, have recently developed a new use for corn stalks, from which a very valuable horse and cattle food can now be made. The department has done a great deal of work with corn stalks in the past year, and has developed several valuable uses for them, namely, cofferdam packing for warships, a high grade of writing paper, the basis for a smokeless powder superior to the picric acid powders and several other use.

The new cattle food is made by grinding the dry corn stalks, leaves and tops, to a powder, and mixing it with blood or molasses, or both. This is pressed into cakes under a hydraulic press, and can be shipped as easily as bricks or cordwood. For feeding, it is broken up and mixed with water. Actual tests have been made at experiment stations, and samples have been sent to agricultural stations in Europe. The reports from all sources are very encouraging. It is said at the department that this food will be particularly valuable for our cavalry in the tropics, and that the food cakes can be made at minimum cost in Cuba and the southern states, where thousands of tons of low grade molasses go to waste annually, and where the cane refuse, ground fine, forms almost as satisfactory an absorbent base as corn stalks. The cost of making the food cakes under favorable conditions would be from $22 to $25.

Some Hog Yard Don'ts.

Don't attempt to raise too many pigs. Don't over-commend your herd. It will not pay.

Don't talk about your neighbor and his faults. Don't fail to send your culls to market. That is where they belong.

Don't do business with these "shady" fellows. Stock from such herds is likely to be nearly unsalable.

Don't sell out because hogs are low, and by so doing be in shape to buy again when they are high.

Don't expect a "killer" from every litter. If you succeed in getting one great pig in a year you are lucky.

Don't imagine you can build up your herd by attempting to pull some other herd down. Such attempts always injure your herd and sometimes only benefits the other fellow.

Don't neglect the hogs a while and then suddenly remember they need care and overfeed them. Be a hog man every day of the year.

Don't be an imitator and use the same wording and general style in your advertising as that used by some "big fellow." It usually serves only to draw attention to the other man.

Don't claim to have the best lot of pigs you ever raised. The other fellows are sure to say all that; so you had better say something a little different.—Farmers' Home Journal.

Remember This.

A horse should always be allowed to drink before the feeding, and for this reason: The stomach of the horse is of such a conformation that if he is given his food first, and then allowed to drink afterwards, there is always a probability of portions of the former being carried away by the passage of the latter through the stomach, and as a consequence colic is not infrequently brought about. Moreover, the animal should be allowed to drink three or four times a day, and feed quite as often, in spite of the practice common with very many grooms. The water has a tendency to allay any feverish symptoms that may arise, and considering the nature of the work, for example, that a hunter has to perform, and the dry food upon which he is fed, a little attention should be paid to this matter.—Southern Planter.

HERE AND THERE.

—The time will come when pressed shredded corn fodder will be as salable as hay, and until that time comes, until people at large are educated to know its value, farmers should feed it and sell their hay.

—If the clover did not make a good catch, it is not always wise to plow it under. Manure it immediately after the first cutting, and it will stool out very much, and cover most of the waste places, if not too large.

—The Utah experiment station discovered that pullets paid 188 per cent. profit on the cost of the feed they ate and at one-year old the profit was 118 per cent. The difference of 70 per cent. in favor of young stock.

—The comparatively low price of corn and cotton and the high prices now being received for hay, hay seed and live stock are convincing evidence, and are leading farmers to study changes in their crop and their rotation.

—No flock of hens can lay if the poultry house is cold, as it requires too much food to create warmth for their bodies. They will be unable to produce eggs, simply because the cold takes from them the elements that should be devoted to egg production.

—Most of the successes with poultry have been met when coupled with a side issue and made subsidiary to something else. Fruit growing, market gardening, bee culture, and last, but not least, farming, are occupations that are closely wedded to poultry.

—The formation of a trust is almost certain to result in the rise of prices. The trust theory is that through the reduction of the cost of production prices may be lowered. The theory is all right, but there is a wide difference between trust theories and practices.

—While it is generally acknowledged that the farmer is the toiler in life's field, it is also a recognized fact that he too often reaps but a small portion of what he sows; that in many instances there is a middleman who takes the lion's share of the profits.