The St. Tammany Farmer.

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

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ENTANGLEMENT

By S. Rhett Roman.

THE carriage turned and the horses, pampered and spirited, started rapidly down the hard, winding road, while Horton, waving his hand to two faces looking out the window of the quickly-disappearing train, jumped in his trap and followed.

"Come over and spend the evening, now that your friends have gone," Miss d'Aubert called to him as they left.

Beyond the limits of the village they drove through the beautiful, peaceful scenery of southern Louisiana, through broad stretches of cultured land, handsome houses in the midst of towering trees, thick shrubbery and flowers, past groups of whitewashed cottages and green pastures, where cattle browsed in content that the day was done and the pleasant spring night close at hand.

Aurore leaned forward and looked silently at the calm and beautiful landscrape, while the continuous crunch of the wheels on the gravel and quick beat of the horses' hoofs seemed an accompaniment to her confused and whirling thoughts and emotions.

The wave of brilliant color which had swept over her face with a keen, joyous surge as she recognized the clear-cut features, fine eyes and firm, pleasant mouth so vividly remembered, remained like blushing roses in her cheeks, while a look of startled tenderness, undiscernable in the dwindling twilight, forced the curves of her lips into lines of exquisite beauty.

"How time flies!" remarked her aunt, with a sigh of placid content, weaving certain plans for the near future, in which her handsome niece was to take a prominent part.

"Do you not think May is a very charming mouth, cherie? Why not listen to reason, and let Robert persuade you? June is the best possible time to go abroad, and your uncle and I could join you later in Paris. We could spend the winter there if Robert can spare the time, and your sorrow will cease to overshadow you, my dear. You are too young, mon enfant, to be unhappy. There is so much in the years to come to gild life for you into happiness; our affection and Robert's devoted attachment will quickly chase away all the shadows if you will only be reasonable and consent."

A look of keen distress settled over Aurore's face, and although her lips parted as if to speak no sound came.

"It is for your welfare and happiness I press you, Aurore," resumed her aunt, with kindly emotion. "Robert Horton is your only close relative, child, and should the accidents of life take us old people away from you who would protect and care for you? Your father was my dearly loved brother. Were I to die, Aurore, I could not meet him if I left his only daughter alone and unprotected in this heartless and cruel world."

With a half sob Aurore threw a loving arm around Mrs. d'Aubert's neck and declared with loving reproach that she would not listen to words so sad, and to eventualities too distant to be anything but shadows.

"You are trying to frighten me. Let me stay with you and dear old uncle, and let us frame no plans, or, if you will, let us three go abroad in June, you and uncle and I.

"We will visit together the old German towns you are so fond of, and when winter comes we will see."

But her aunt shook her head with smiling persistency, while fondly stroking Aurore's brown hair as it rested on her shoulders.

Like most gentle and placid natures, Mrs. d'Aubert, when once her mind was made up on a question, became tenacious and immovable and rarely ever abandoned her point.

This her husband well knew. "Celeste est inebranlable!" he would say laughingly.

"But, cherie, poor Bert is wearing his heart out," she continued, gently. "You are unkind and not fair to him. And your father wished it. So why put it off? Nowhere would you find a kinder or better man than Robert Horton. And his untiring devotion! Does that count for nothing? Be reasonable, ma petite. Let us say—the last ten days of May. Let me tell Bert—"

"No! no! no! Not yet. Not in May!" pleaded Aurore, a poignant anguish clutching at her heart strings.

There was a long pause, while a carriage swept up the avenue and stopped.

"Ah, les jeunes filles," sighed Mrs. d'Aubert. "Very well, cherie, we will speak of it later."

Her aunt was placidly unmoved as Horton sprang out and came forward to help them alight. Mrs. d'Aubert looked with fond approval at the rather melancholy, dark, refined face of her nephew and thought with a sigh what a handsome and attractive man he was. She was almost put out as she leaned on his shoulder in getting out.

"When I'm auntie's age," Aurore said with a slightly embarrassed laugh, refusing the help of his outstretched hands and jumping on the marble steps of the porch, where Mrs. d'Aubert stood.

"I'll be over about eight," Horton said, rather shortly, as he turned, swung himself in his trap, took the lines and drove off.

"Tu n'es pas gentille," Mrs. d'Aubert said, with gentle reproach, as they went in the wide hall.

And Aurore asked herself while going up the broad winding stairway why it was that she could not greet her cousin, her old playmate of those sweet early years, of whom she had always been so fond with even ordinary cordiality, but instinctively repelled and repulsed him. Why she dreaded every approach to that one thought which she so well knew was dominant in his mind, and why she felt so miserable, so utterly wretched, when he looked at her with that appealing air of devotion she knew so well.

The March evening was warm and pleasant, and Aurore slipped into a lighter gown before going down to supper, only partly conscious of how its clinging transparency brightened the brilliance of her beauty.

"Where's Bert?" queried her uncle, looking at her admiringly as they sat in their handsome dining-room while Aurore deftly handled a silver tea service centuries old, family tradition declared.

This was always a pleasant time of the day, and her uncle loved to linger and chat before adjourning to the library to read his voluminous evening mail.

"Go back to visit Mayence, and Cologne, and Coblentz, and their wonderful art treasures and those queer attractive German villages? Spend a month at the Spa? Then to Berlin?

"A very pleasing plan. Why not execute it?"

Aurore and her uncle sat and planned while Mrs. d'Aubert had gone off and left them and was ensconced by the reading lamp with a late magazine. And Aurore was eager and radiant, not at the anticipated pleasure of a tour abroad, as her uncle thought, but in the hope of postponing that fateful future which loomed up so immutably. That future, planned by her father, approved by all, urged so persistently by her dear and loving old aunt, and pleaded for by Robert Horton, with the silent, but passionate, entreaty of eyes that never left her, and by a thousand acts of ceaseless devotion, from which her heart turned with a horrible ingratitude, Aurore thought miserably.

"Ah, but, little one, your aunt and I are too old for such junketings," her uncle resumed, with a shake of the head. "You must listen to good advice and let Robert be your guide and companion. We will join you in the fall in London or Paris, and settle down to a pleasant winter of enjoyment—such a winter as your youth and beauty deserves."

With a loving gesture he went toward the library in search of his mail, and Aurore, with a sigh, passed out on the porch.

Aurore sat on the marble steps and looked out over the moonlit garden, and determined to have it out once for all with her innermost thoughts, and to come to a distinct understanding of all those chaotic, troublous feelings which had so insidiously taken possession of her.

The faint chimes of the village church bell came on the still, odorous air, some fireflies went flitting through the flowering shrubs, and a profound melancholy took possession of Aurore—a yearning she could not define, while reason asserted itself with cold insistence.

"You do not even know him. You saw him for one short half hour, that memorable night when wind and storm were abroad; that winter night, whose dawn severed the frail thread of a life so dear to you.

"How do you know," said reason, "that he remembers you? That he has given you a single thought?

"Because he looked full and keenly and long, your vanity has supposed that there was interest and admiration in a glance only remarkable because it came from eyes of singular and splendid forcefulness.

"You must, you must thrust this silly recollection from heart and brain. You must get rid of it. Bury it under cares, ambitions, anything! And rub out from memory the lines of that strong, fine face, which haunts you so persistently, so cruelly.

"What are his ties and affections? You know not.

"Had he cared to seek you, could he not easily have done so?

"Forget him. Blot him from memory, and give a gracious hearing to the friend of your childhood, to the tried and true affection of all these years, which has never varied, never lessened, and in doing so give pleasure and happiness to those who have taken you to their hearts, and who shelter you with their kindly love."

So reason spoke.

And Aurore, glancing back through the doors which opened down on the porch, saw in the beautiful oak-paneled room, rich in rare decorations, on whose walls hung the portraits of a proud old ancestry, the handsome, elderly, gray-haired people whose cup of content would be full, she well knew, if the plan they cherished was carried out to fulfillment.

Aurore leaned against the tall column of the porch and looked out at the radiance of the night, and as the soft, plaintive call of a bird broke the stillness it seemed to her that her heart would beat its last pulsation and die, this calm, glorious night of spring, for reproachful in the intensity of its deep, ineffable look came back the face of her dreams, plain and distinct, in the soft, shadowy light.

With a stifled cry Aurore covered her face with her hands.

"Did I frighten you, Aurore? I thought you heard me come out on the porch," said Horton, with a grieved eagerness.

"What is it, sweetheart? You look as if you had seen a ghost. Why, you are trembling, and your hands are icy cold. What an impressionable little child it is, in spite of its 20 years," said Horton, smiling tenderly, while chafing Aurore's hands with loving gentleness.

"Now sit down and tell me what you were dreaming about, and what wicked thoughts were absorbing you. They must have been villainous, to have blanched your cheeks that way.

"Why, Aurore, child, you are as pale as these lilies I brought you. I know they are your favorite flower."

Yes, Aurore's heart must have died when she gave that stifled cry, for it seemed too cold and numb. But memory still lived, for, holding the lilies of the valley, she remembered that some one had stooped and picked up from the wet stones a few similar frail blossoms, broken from her hand, one night long ago.

They sat side by side on the marble steps, and the two elderly people inside peered lovingly at them, and nodded and talked, with a pleased laugh to each other, and laid bright plans.

And Aurore gazed silently out at the calm ethereal light, resting so peacefully over all things, while Horton, with desperate emotion, poured out his soul to her, while a palpitating stillness seemed to hover around.

"The dream of my youth and of manhood, that dream, sweetheart, which holds for me life's ambitions and dearest hopes!" Robert Horton was saying.

Like a faint sigh, the scent of the lilies of the valley came to Aurore, and the stillness of the moonlit night enwrapt her. There was a slight bustle indoors in the handsome library.

Mrs. d'Aubert looked up, paused, and came forward.

"A dispatch for you, Bert, from your friend," she said, pausing in the doorway.—N. O. Times-Democrat

FARMER AND PLANTER.

THE SOUTHERN COTTON AREA.

The Watchword of the Farmer Should Be "Plant Fewer and Better Acres."

Some of the arguments employed by those who are endeavoring to solve the problem of the area of the next crop possess the merits of novelty, if not wisdom. One gentleman claims that it would not be wise for the farmers to so reduce the aggregate production of cotton as to cause such an advance in the price as would encourage foreign competition (Russia, India, Egypt, Turkey, etc). In other words, he thinks is would be wise to keep down the market price to a point at which these foreign nations could not produce it profitably. But what saves the utter fallaciousness of his argument is the advice that he gives to reduce the cost of production. He does not, however, explain how the price can be kept down to the prohibitory point by increasing the aggregate crop production, and at the same time reduce the cost of production. Farmers pretty well understand that if they increase the area in cotton the cost per pound will generally increase, because poorer or less productive lands will be planted.

Another gentleman suggests that the world is so short on cotton that even a twelve-million bale crop would fetch a good, paying price. He may be correct in his opinion, but it is pretty certain that past experience does not justify it. It is a leap in the dark to encourage the farmers to go ahead and produce a twelve-million-bale crop in expectation of getting present prices for it.

Many others insist that the farmers either use no commercial fertilizers at all, or a very much less amount, in order to thus cut down the aggregate production and keep up or advance the price. Would it not be just as reasonable to advise the farmers not to use good tools, not to buy a new plow or cultivator, not to plant prolific varieties, and not to use so much skill in cultiavtion—if the object be to simply reduce production? To comply with either of any of these "don'ts" would tend to reduce production just as certainly as to "quit using" fertilizers. To refrain from using the best tools and machinery, the best seeds, the best skill and care would save some outlay, and thus reduce expenses just as certainly as to "quit using" commercial fertilizers. The argument reminds me of the Irish house painter who was observed to be in a very great hurry in painting a house. When asked the reason for his remarkable speed, he replied: "Faitah, and I want to get done before my paint gives out."

The simplest and most direct appeal is the best. It goes straight to the comprehension of any farmer. It is the appeal to his own personal interests, urging his to pursue a course that will be best for him whatever other farmers in the south may do. It is to cut down the cost of production. It is a thing that he can do himself, without co-operation or consultation with other farmers. The co-operation of other farmers—which he knows he can not rely on—is not necessary to do this. Every experienced farmer knows that the cheapest cotton he makes is that which he gets from the best land. Every farmer who uses fertilizers knows from experience that the cheapest cotton he makes is that produced by the aid of fertilizers. If a rich soil does not enable a farmer to make his cotton cheap, then there is no need for rich soil, and a poor acre or several poor acres are as good as a rich acre. If fertilizers do not enable the farmer to produce cheaper cotton, then there is no need of fertilizers in cotton farming.

What, then, should be the farmers' watchword? It should be this: Plant fewer and better acres and fertilize them better. Cut the area in cotton, and increase the application of the right kind of fertilizer per acre, until the two conspire to produce cotton at a cost of less than 5 cents a pound. It may be necessary for a given farmer to reduce his cotton area to one-fourth the usual amount, and to double the dose of fertilizers to each acre in order to meet the requirements. Then let him do it. He planted last year 100 acres, applied ten tons, or $200 worth of fertilizers, to produce a yield of 33 bales. Suppose he cuts his acreage this year to 25 acres, and applies to these 25 acres $100 worth (twice as much per acre) of judiciously home-mixed fertilizer. The result would probaly be 15 to 20 bales of cotton. The difference in economic results between last year and this year might be indicated by the figures 7 and 5, or possiby by 8 and 5, 8 representing the cost per pound of the farmer's last crop, and 5 the cost per pound of his next one. But this difference would not be all. If he cuts his cotton acreage from 100 to 25 acres, he will have a larger area of corn, cowpeas, oats and pasture. He will very probably have more and better cows, have some beef cattle, plenty of pork and bacon, etc.—Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

FARM LIFE MADE ATTRACTIVE.

A Little Intelligent Planning and Reasonable Activity Will Brighten the Farm.

Life is much what we make it. Our happiness depends more upon our minds and wishes than upon outside influences. Yet outside influences have much to do with our mental state. They are very suggestive.

Now we can by right thinking and wise planning soon change our outside surroundings very materally.

We can clean up everything, hang all the gates, shutters and doors, repair all the fences and outhouses. A little time and labor and very small expense can whitewash all the rough places and put a new coat of paint on the dressed buildings.

A few plots of grass and grain in full view from our bed room window will scarcely interrupt your work.

The cost will be but small. An extra load of wood carried to town, a few chickens and eggs, a few pounds of butter, or bushel of peas or potatoes sold will buy all the needed material and the extra labor can be done while we would otherwise be talking politics on street corners or around backroom fires.

All that is needed is first decide to do it—then go at it.

In a few weeks the spring sun and showers will do the rest.

Many now dilapidated looking houses can then be transformed into scenes of beauty.

Along with this begin talking cheerily and singing merrily. Now and then whistle a happy tune. Everything will soon catch your spirit, for such a spirit is as contagious as the measles.

Study up something to encourage each of your children and tenants or employes. A little patch extra for fruits or vegetables, a dollar or even a dime given now and then as an encouragement will put new springs in dull muscles and new plans in dull heads.

Scatter sunshine everywhere you go. It will be caught up and reflected by all around [illegible].

[illegible] and most important of all, see that everything is arranged to lighten your wife's burdens and brighten her days. A few flowers, a new dress, a dollar for pin money, better supply of stove wood, an occasional visit to a neighbor.

These and hundreds of other little things that will not cost much will make your home a very different place. Life and labor will have different meaning.

With God and nature, sunshine and showers to help you, farm life can be made happy and farm homes attractive.

Try it. Begin at once. Do not put it off. Before you put this paper away decide on something. A beginning once made the rest is sure to follow and will be easy.

How the crowded city people will be envying you your opportunities and pleasures before summer is past.

Make the best of all around you and Heaven will do the rest.—Southern Cultivator.

The Tenatnt System.

The tenant system of farming in the southwest is demoralizing, and often destructive of the interests of both tenants and landlords. A large portion of our agricultural population is bad material of which to make a satisfactory tenantry, but much can be done even with these, by judicious selection and management. Many landlords have taken no steps whatever to secure good tenants or to encourage them when secured. Good tenants will not stay long on a farm where home conveniences are totally lacking, but will at the first opportunity hunt a better place. They want something better than a hut, through which the north wind whistles, without yard or garden, stable or cowlot, wood or water convenient, as is often the case on large farms. With comfortable houses and ordinary farm conveniences, there will be little difficulty in securing good tenants and keeping them.—Farm and Ranch.

Farmers and Breeders.

One reason why farmers get eggs in winter when careful breeders do not is because the latter get their stock out of condition by overfeeding. The farmer's hen is usually compelled to work, and if she gets any food at all she has a good appetite for it. There is always something to pick up around the barn, and when the hens are exposed and work hard corn is the best food for them. But as a rule the farmer's hens do not lay as many eggs as the hens that are well cared for. The reason the farmer's hens lay in March and not in January is that they are nearer the natural period of the year for laying, and the pullets are nearer the adult age.—Farm and Fireside.

HERE AND THERE.

—The Connecticut legislature has passed a law for the pretection of the trailing arbutus. It is said to be the first law ever passed by any state in this country for the protection of a wild flower.

—Alfalfa is growing in popularity throughout the south. Where it does well no other forage plant is equal to it. It is not adopted to poor soils, nor to wet soils, nor to any soil where the cotton root-rot prevails.

—Cow-peas will grow on land too poor to grow clover, but will grow much stronger and more rank on good soil. Cow-peas, like clover, are a soil-improver, and by chemical analysis contain much the same properties as clover.

—Which most excites your respect, the farmer who contends with adverse circumstances on his farm, and carves out a home for himself and family, or the one who grumbles at his poor situation, and will do nothing until he can secure a better location?

—No fixed method can be laid down whereby a farmer can surely make farming pay; each farmer has different conditions with which to deal. It is the successful farmer that studies out these conditions, and is quick to adopt them.

—The Oklahoma experiment station has been investigating the results of cotton growing in that territory. Eighty farmers were interviewed, and ten per cent. of these regard the crop as unprofitable; the yields ranged from 500 to 800 pounds of seed cotton, or 165 to 265 pounds of lint.

—Prof. F. Lamon-Scribner, agrostologist of the department of agriculture, and the highest authority in this country on grasses, says that in the south all perennial grasses and clovers should be sown in August and September, except where preceded by a crop that can not be harvested so early.

—Good roads, like good streets, make habitation along them most desirable; they economize time and force in transportation of products reduce wear and tear on horses, harness and vehicles, and enhance the value of real estate. They raise the value of farm lands and farm products, and tend to beautify the country through which they pass.

—It is estimated roughly that $1,000 worth of corn at present prices taken with it $300 worth of plant food, and $1,000 worth of wheat nearly $200 worth. Thus are we getting away with out heritage at a lively rate. If we shold feed our grain crops to live stock it would reduce the drain on our soils and greatly increase the profits of our labor.

NEW TO THE GROCER.

A Neat Swindle with a Ten-Dollar Bill Practiced by a Fluent Young Man.

The grocer sat on a high stool, his elbows on the counter and his face buried in his hands. The Brooklyn man came in to get a quarter's worth of eggs.

"Hello," he said, "what's the matter now?"

"I'm thinking," said the grocer, "that the man who said that all the fools are not dead knew precisely what he was talking about."

"How could you think otherwise?" remarked the Brooklyn man, with true Brooklyn humor, "with all the customers you have?"

"Hold on," said the grocer, "this is no joke. Let me tell you about it. A little while ago I was sitting here doing nothing in particular, when in rushed a very pleasant looking young man. He had a lot of bills in his hand, and he wanted to know if I could let him have a ten-dollar bill for small bills. He said that he wanted to send ten dollars away in a letter, and didn't like to put small bills in an envelope. Well, I'm a pretty good-natured sort of a man and I told him that I would be very glad to oblige him. So, while I went into the drawer to get the bill, he counted out ten dollars so that I could hear him, and then fished out an envelope into which he placed the bill that I gave him. Then he started out of the store. He didn't seem in a great hurry, and so, when, in counting over the money that he had given me, I found that there was only nine dollars I didn't have any suspicions of intentional wrong-doing on his part, but credited the matter to a very natural mistake.

"Well, I called him back, and he was very apologetic; said it was a curious mistake for him, and a few other things that I don't remember. As a matter of fact he talked so fast and so smooth that half of what he said escaped me in my admiration for his oratorical powers. While he was talking he was fishing around in his pockets for an odd dollar. Apparently he couldn't find one, for he finally said:

"'Well, I guess I'll have to give you your bill back until I can get that other dollar.' Then he looked at the envelope in his hand and continued: 'Gee! that's too bad. I've gone and sealed that envelope up and it's addressed and stamped and your ten-dollar bill is inside. I'll tell you what we might do, though,' he went on, after a moment's thought. 'You give me my nine small bills, and I'll go out and get the other bill. In the meantime you hold on to this envelope and when I come back I'll give you the entire ten dollars, and we won't have to open up my letter at all.'

"Well, I swear I couldn't see any harm in this arrangement, and I said 'yes,' without a moment's hesitation. What makes me so darn mad now is that I was excessively polite to the duck. Why, I fairly bowed him out of the store, and after he had gone I carefully placed the envelope in my cash drawer and locked it up. Then I waited for fully an hour for the young man to come back, and when he failed to show up I took the envelope out and ripped it open, not with any idea in my head that anything was wrong, but simply because I was impatient with the man for being so inconsiderate after I had done him a favor. Well, there was a neatly-folded piece of paper in the envelope, and on it was written in a neat hand: 'I'll be back when the robins nest again.'

"Say, even then it was a full minute before the truth dawned on me. When it did hit me it came like a ton of brick. 'Oh, you gosh durned fool,' I murmured and sat down to think. I was still thinking when you came in, and I'll start in again when you go out."

"Up in Reubenville, where I lived before I came to Brooklyn," said the Brooklyn man, "we used to call that flim-flam."

"Oh, you did, eh," said the grocer, "well, I don't know what they call it in Brooklyn, but it's a good game, and when I get broke in the grocery business I'm going to try it on some guy myself," and the grocer went back to his thoughts, while his friend walked out.—N. Y. Sun.

PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR.

Feminine Finery That Is Now Considered the Proper Thing in Costumes.

If one has a scrap of old lace, a bit of antique embroidery or brocade, treasure it carefully, for it can be utilized in vests, yokes, collars, cuffs or revers. Collars and stocks are just as often seen of lace and embroidery as of velvet, satin or ribbon. The former are to be worn higher than ever, if that is possible.

Long silk scarfs, the ends being tucked in the belt, are in vogue. They are sometimes fastened at the throat with a gold pin or passed through a ring.

The chenille dot is seen on everything pertaining to woman's neckwear. Cream colored scarfs dotted in chenille are worn with walking costumes, the same idea being carried out in veils.

Collars made of fine linen still continue to be worn, though their popularity is greatly on the wane when compared to the number worn last season.

Dull black silks and satins are largely in demand for mourning wear and soft black chiffon is much used for neck scarfs.—N. Y. Tribune.

Salt Cod Curried.

Soak over night a pound of salt cod, boil it and then pick it into fine flakes. Make a white sauce by cooking together a tablespoonful each of flour and butter until they bubble, and then turning upon them a half pint of milk. Put into this a scant teaspoonful of curry powder, and stir all together until the sauce thickens. If you like the flavor of onion, ten drops of onion juice may be put into the pan with the butter. When the sauce is thick and smooth, add the cod, and when this is smoking hot two hard boiled eggs which have been cut into large dice. The cod should be salt enough, and the curry takes the place of pepper. Just before the dish is served, add the juice of a lemon. For those who do not like curry, the dish may be made in the same way, but without the powder.—Good Housekeeping.

NOTES FOR THE HOME.

Various Items of Domestic Lore Which May Be Found of Value.

Economical cooks do not boil the whole egg when only the hard-boiled yolk is needed. Either the yolk is dropped alone and unbroken into water and boiled hard in this way, the white being previously drained off, or, after the yolk is separated from the white, it is left in the shell and put thus into the boiling water.

At the fashionable shops smart-looking brocade-covered tables are shown for drawing-rooms, and, reproduced in cretonnes and chintzes, for bedrooms. It is not at all difficult to copy these with admirable success at home, particularly if one has stored away one of the old-fashioned long washstands that used to grace country chambers. These usually have a back piece projecting above the top. This will need to be taken off. The top and shelf below are then neatly covered with whatever material is selected. The pieces of fabric are cut somewhat larger than the shelf they cover, and are folded under and tacked with small tacks on the under side. The legs are similarly covered.

Scalloped sweet potatoes are an excellent luncheon dish to offer with any kind of cold roast meat. The potatoes are peeled and boiled hard for about ten minutes. They are then removed from the fire, drained, and sliced in circles into a baking dish. When half-full, they are spread with bits of butter and a tablespoonful of sugar. The dish is then filled up, butter, sugar and a little powdered sinnamon forming the top crust. At this season of the year, as the potatoes grow somewhat dry and fibrous, half a teacupful of boiling water may be poured over the dish before it is put into the oven. Bake until the potatoes are tender.

As is well known discrimination in applying knowledge is as important as the knowledge itself. In a nursery seen recently, the walls were covered with one of the papers especially designed for nurseries, showing in constant repetition many of the characters famed in children's stories. The paper was a study for the children, and, having been provided, it should have been left to be studied. Instead, the walls were covered with pictures, good, bad and indifferent, an environment which must have been extremely distracting to the children who passed most of their time in the room. Either a few good pictures against an almost plain background, or the riot of fairy-tale happenings alone put upon the walls for the occupation and interest of the children, would have been a much better arrangement.—N. Y. Post.

CRIME OF THOUGHTLESSNESS.

Mistaken Kindness Which Causes the Death of Many Sick-Room Victims.

Thoughtlessness and mistaken kindness in the sickroom slay their thousands, and the family and nurses are ofttimes the unknown accessories to the deed. They fear criticism too much. Their mothers and grandmothers never dreamed of refusing admittance to the sickroom; it would "cause talk" to begin it. So the nurse casts responsibility off on custom, and puts a blind trust in Providence and the deed is done! No matter how visibly it harrows the soul of a nervous woman to have "outsiders" about her, there are those who will persist in invading every sickroom they can reach, regardless of the condition of the patient, or the probability (or lack of probability) that they may be of any service. It often happens that it is the least useful and and most tactless women of the community who are most active in their attentions to the afflicted. Such visitors seriously handicap the efforts of the physician and nurses and undoubtedly cause many a death. It is astonishing to witness the recklessness of most families in regard to this phase of the care of their sick. Unless a pateint is actually in articulo mortis the country doctor does not like to endanger his popularity by ordering the arbitrary exclusion of visitors. Without his commands to back them up the family that attempts the innovation invites and gets the ostracism of the neighborhood for no short time. I would not be thought to decry the good, sensible, self-denying neighbor nurse who in almost all rural communities and in homes of slender means everywhere must supply the place of the trained nurse when the home force is not sufficient to properly care for a patient. God alone knows the extent of her usefulness and can adequately reward her. Only cheerfully sympathetic society is a benefit to convalescents, and that kind, like medicine, only at proper intervals and in right amount. In fact, so much depends upon the mood and manner of the visitor that one might almost advise the patient to observe the precaution that is affixed to some prescriptions: "Shake well before taking."—Bland Brunner Huddleston, in Woman's Home Companion.

The New Greens and Purples.

Water greens are handsome in silk, ribbon, cloth, cashmere and velvet. They are known as pastel greens and are of a light, whitish cast. A faded slightly olive light green is handsome in cloth, and the clear emerald shade remains in vogue for trimming gray, mode or black. Yellow is not favored this season, neither is a clear white; ivory and cream white are. Purple shades are almost too conspicuous to be popular. The soft tints in violet are in high favor. The violet shades are parma, volubilis and iris. Fenelon is a faded lilac, and a peculiar purplish, old-rose raspberry tone (Porthos) forms the second true antique or pastel shade in dressy cloths, but not in silk or ribbon. Many of the shades are so light in effect that at night under a strong light they hardly seem to be anything more than a tint of a pale, delicate appearance.—Ladies' Home Journal.

What He Called Himself.

First Tourist—Are you not going to climb this mountain?

Second Tourist—No; it is absolutely too steep and rough for a donkey to climb, so I shall not try to ascend.—Harlem Life.

Embarrassing.

Lobbyist—What did you mean by refusing to vote on this measure?

Congressman—I had forgotten which way you paid me to vote.—N. Y. Journal.

WIT AND WISDOM.

The man who does not know is always readiest to tell.—Ram's Horn.

The less a business man advertises the more time he has to balance his accounts.—Chicago Daily News.

A St. Louis man has been jailed for calling his wife a "rubber-neck." When he heard the sentence he remarked: "Well, I swan!"—N. Y. Press.

Mother (to little Freda, who has been taken to the dentist's to have a tooth pulled)—"Freda, if you cry I'll never take you to a dentist's again."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Yeast—"They say nothing is wasted; are fish tails any good?" Mrs. Crimsonbeak—"Well, yes; some that my husband tells are jimdandies!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Thorne—"Do you think there will ever be such a thing as universal peace?" Bramble—"I am sure there will not be. My wife would never agree to it."—N. Y. Journal.

Nelly—"I don't see how getting one's feet wet causes toothache." Jack—"You don't? If you had ever had a tooth pulled you would know that the roots run down to your toes."—Answers.

Watts—"No, I am not monkeying with that memory system any more. It is a fraud." Potts—"Get into trouble?" "Yes. Our new minister is named Jordan, and the second time I met him I called him Mr. Banks."—Indianapolis Press.

Wilkins—"How do you like our new preacher?" Bilkins—"He talks too loud." Wilkins—"That isn't a valid objection provided he says something good or instructive." Bilkins—"O, I didn't hear what he said. I only know I was trying to sleep and couldn't."—Ohio State Journal.

A FALSE BEARD.

Why a Young American Broker in Europe Was Obliged to Wear Artificial Whiskers.

Among the varied bric-a-brac, objects of art and souvenirs of travel that adorn the walls of one of the cosiest bachelor "dens" in New Orleans is a false beard and mustache put together on a false foundation and supplied with a pair of delicate wire hooks to go over the ears. It is jet black in color, and its effect is a trifle piratical. "Those false whiskers," said the young broker who occupies the apartment, "are an interesting relic. When I tell you that I used them in all the banking business I did when I was abroad a couple of years ago you will no doubt look for the dark lantern and jimmy to complete the set. My experience, however, was not burglarious, and the story, in a word or two, is this: I had never been to Europe before, and wasn't posted as to the best way to carry money, so on the advice of a friend who ought to have had more sense I got an old-fashioned letter of credit in New York—one of those idiotic arrangements that have a photograph of the holder pasted in a little circle at the top of the page.

"When I procured the letter I was wearing a full beard, which, I am told, changes me very materially, but while staying in London I got tired of it, and one day, on a sudden impulse, I had it taken off, never thinking of that confounded letter of credit. I had no occasion to use the document until I arrived in Paris, and when I presented it at a bank there was turned down hard. The teller, or whoever he was, told me he couldn't think of paying money to a man who bore no resemblance whatever to the official photo, and, when I explained the situation, shrugged his shoulders and advised me to come back after I grew another beard. Going out I chanced to notice a costumer's shop, and was seized with an inspiration. I rushed over, bought that curio now on the wall, and returned to the bank, clapped it on my classic mug, and said: 'Now gimme that money.' There was some talk, but I got it, and afterward I worked the same scheme from one end of Europe to the other. The bank people regarded it as an amusing American eccentricity. Without it I would have lost at least a month, laying up somewhere waiting for my bristles to break out."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

ONLY ONE TREE IN SQUARE.

It Is Large Enough, However, to Furnish Shade for All Who Enter.

In Nassau, the capital city of the Bahama islands, they say "the tree in the public square," not the trees. Now, the public square of Nassau is quite as large as that of most cities of the size, but there is only one tree in it, and that tree literally fills the square and spreads its shade over all the public buildings in the neighborhood. For it is the largest tree in the world at its base, although it is hardly taller than a three-story house. It is variously known as a ceiba, or a silk cotton tree, but the people of the low islands of the West Indies call it the hurricane tree. For no matter how hard the wind blows it cannot disturb the mighty buttressed trunk of the ceiba.

In the hurricane of last spring all the palms and many of the other trees of Nassau were overturned, but the great hurricane tree, although it lost all its leaves, did not lose so much as a branch. Its trunk throws out great curving, windlike braces, some of them 20 feet wide and nearly as high. These extend into the ground on all sides and brace the tree against all attack, while the great branches spread a thick shade overhead. In the tropic sunshine of midsummer hundreds, even thousands, of people may gather in the cool of its shadow. No one knows how old the great tree is, but it must have been growing hundreds, if not thousands, of years.—Washington Post.

No Room for More Patients.

Mrs. Wicks—The committee has requested me to make a dozen pies for the charity bazar.

Mr. Wicks—What is the object of the bazar, my dear?

"To raise funds for the free hospital."

"But I understand the hospital is already overcrowded."

"Yes, I believe it is."

"Then for goodness' sake don't donate any of your pies."—Chicago Evening News.

Women and Compliments.

Pay a woman a compliment, and she will try to collect a few more.—Chicago Daily News.

BOYHOOD DAYS OF MOY KEE.

Chinaman Gives a Description of His Childhood in His Home Country.

"When I was a boy," said Moy Kee, tea merchant, laundryman and interpreter, "I went to school in my native village of Shin-King, 87 miles from Peking. I was seven years old when I started to school and, of course, the teacher was a man. We sat on stools with desks before us and studied aloud. At ten years old I could write very well, and had to learn every word of a long lesson by heart. The teacher had a stick, and sometimes, but not often, he would punish a boy, either by striking him on the hand or on the seat of his trousers.

"There are no bad boys in China as there are in this country. The boys are respectful and polite to all who are older than themselves, and while they have their plays and their fun, they do not think it fun to hurt anyone.

"The boys here in America do not know what school hours are. I went to school early in the morning before the birds began to sing. After that we went to breakfast and then to dinner, and in the evening to supper. Those were long, long days, the boys here would say, but the Chinese boys did not say anything about it. We just sat on our stools and sung out our lessons all at the same time as loud as we could.

"Vacation came along in the harvest time when the rice was gathered. Then we played at flying kites. We did not, as boys do here, fly kites any time. No, there was a season for it, and we flew them at no other times. The boys in China walk on stilts, just as boys do here, and play at blindfold, hide and seek and leap frog, but all in a different way from here.

"We had great sport fighting beetles. We would find these in the fields and train them to fight, and we would lay wagers on which would win just as you do here on prize-fighters.

"No neighborhood in China can afford to have a bad boy in it. Suppose at Chinese New Year's, when we are all shooting firecrackers, some one would shoot a revolver. There would be great trouble. Not only would the one who shot the revolver be punished, but his relatives and neighbors and the magistrate of the district would be punished or reprimanded, because in China such things must not happen. A stranger could walk through my village day or night with no one to hurt him. He would be safe all the time. It is not so in this country.

"We had great sport in shooting at sparrows with bows and arrow, and nobody ever shot at persons, as some boys do here with airguns. The boys in China laugh a great deal, and laugh very loud sometimes, but they have plenty of sport without hurting anyone."—Indianapolis News.

PARIS OF THE FAUBOURGS.

The Workingman's Pride and Delight in the Beautiful Streets of the French Capital.

The people of the faubourgs, the humble folk generally—small traders and small annuitants, as well as workmen—like all the rest of us, are the product of their surroundings. They are shaped by the private life and by the public life, by the street, and the home. These people in Paris owe a great deal to the public life. It condescends to their needs for color, variety, movement, in a way universal among the Latin nations. Out of doors is merely their larger home, and they expect to find adequate provision there for every kind of enjoyment. Our own race tends to regard that domain as a mere thoroughfare between the workshop and the fireside, where all our interests are centered. If it serves that purpose that is about all we ask of it. It may be as ugly as it likes, and, within certain limits of indulgence, almost as dirty. To the Frenchman it is more than a place of transit; it is almost a place of sojourn.

So the Parisian common man has his share of the Champs Elysees and of the boulevards in his freedom of access to their fountains and promenades, and their bordering alleys of tender green. He comes downstairs to them, so to speak, as soon as the scavengers have done their timely work. He descends to his thoroughfare as the millionaire expects to descend to his breakfast-room or his study, with all its appointments fresh from the broom, and shining in their brightness of metal and glass. So, whatever the gloom of the domestic prospect, his street helps him to feel good. The beauty of the statuary, of the public buildings, is a means to the same end. For nothing the poorest of poor devils may see the glorious bronzes in the terrace garden of the Tuileries, the outdoor figures of the Luxembourg, the great horses of the Place de la Concorde, the magnificent compositions of the Arch. The very lamp-post that will light his way at nightfall serves the purpose of a thing of beauty all through the day. Compare it with the English bar of cast iron, hideous to the eye in form and color, foul with the mudstains of years of traffic. The Frenchman must have it suave and shapely in its lines, a model of a good Renaissance ornament in its decorations, bronze in its material, and washed and polished every week or so to keep it smart.—Richard Whiting, in Century.

The Ideal and the Real.

She was a kindly-faced woman and it was easy to see that she was bubbling over with love for the little folk. She walked modestly into the office of the city editor and inquired:

"Will you please tell me which one of the staff it is that writes all those pretty little stories about children? I know he must love the little folks, because he writes such nice stories about them. I want to tell him a precious little story about my darling boy, who is only—"

"That man over there," interrupted the city editor.

"Which one, pray?"

"That one with the corncob pipe in his mouth and swearing at the office boy."—Omaha World-Herald.

The Way He Looked.

"Phwat's the matter wid yez, Hogan? Yez [illegible]arted."

"Faith! lasht noight Oi tould Casey phwat Oi thought av him, an' ut appears he thought worse av me."—Brooklyn Life.