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, MAY 12, 1900. VOL. XXV—NO. 20.

GRANTED OR DENIED.

Destiny has two ways of crushing us—by refusing our wishes and by fulfilling them. But he who only wills as God wills escapes both catastrophes.—Amiel's Journal.

To long with all our longing powers,
And have the wish denied;
To urge and strain our force in vain
Against the unresisting tide
Of fate and circumstance, which still
Baffles and beats and thwarts our will;

To reach the goal toward which we strove
All the long way and hard:
To win the prize which, to our eyes,
Seemed life's one best reward—
Love's rose, Fame's laurel, olived Peace,
The gold fruit of Hesperides—

And then, to find the prize all vain,
The joys all empty made;
To taste the sting in each sweet thing,
To watch Love's roses fade,
The fruit to ashes turn, the gold
To worthless dross within our hold!

Now which has most of grief and pain?
Which is the worst to bear?
The joy we crave and never have,
Or the curse of the granted prayer?
The baffled wish or the bitter rue,
Could our hearts choose between the two?

Oh, will of God, thou blessed will!
Which, like a balmed air,
The breath of souls about us rolls,
Touching us everywhere,
Imparting, like a soft caress,
Healing, and help, and tenderness.

Oh, will of God, be thou our will!
Then, come or joy or pain,
Made one with Thee it cannot be
That we shall wish in vain,
And, whether granted or denied,
Our hearts shall be all satisfied.
—Susan Coolidge, in S. S. Times.

Tad and His Panther

"DID you hear the panther last night, sergeant?" asked Tad, the captain's son.

"No," said the sergeant, as he cut at the top of a sage brush with the loose end of the lariat hanging at his saddle. "I didn't hear it, but it yelled, I guess. Billy Murphy was on guard down at Post No. 2, and he didn't dare walk the length of his beat."

"Let's go there to-night and fetch it in," said the boy.

"No—no!"

The soldier rarely spoke in so positive a manner to his younger companion. They had grown to be quite good friends. So Sergt. Gore looked at the trim figure by his side and admired—as a cavalryman would—Tad's posture in the saddle. And then he gazed down the long road to the bluff on the shingly ledges of which the panther they had been speaking of was said to prowl at night and call to the echoes in that fearsome voice.

Gore was a well-born, well-trained young fellow who had enlisted in the ranks of the regular army at a time when penniless and discouraged, as has many another son of a good family. He seemed peculiarly attractive to this boy. Tad admired Gore because he was cleverer than the others. Gore was a better shot and a better horseman, and he was the best wrestler in the fort. And there is nothing that so appeals to the soul of the boy as ability in that close struggle of athletes, that embrace of gladiators, out of which comes the triumph of the unarmed hands, the victory of the unaided muscle and skill.

And Tad's father, the captain, had not discouraged an association which gave his son pleasure and seemed to make the lad more manly.

"Couldn't we kill the panther, sergeant?"

"We might and we might not. The last man in this troop who went out to kill a panther came back in a sling between two pack mules; and he didn't get off sick report for three months. Now, see here, Tad. Get that wrinkle out of your brain. How would it look for me to risk the captain's son out there on the bluff at night? How would I go to the captain's wife and explain it if—"

"Wouldn't need any explanation if we brought the panther."

"Or how would I square matters with the captain when the captain's little boy was lying in bed—and surgeon plaster all over him?"

"Pretty nice thing to kill a panther."

"Yes; and then—"

"Sergeant, are you afraid of her?"

"I'm not afraid of anything alive," said the sergeant, calmly.

"If you are not afraid why don't you go?"

"We don't do all the things we dare to do."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, I dare tell Higgins, when we get to camp, that I won't mount guard to-morrow."

"Then why don't you?"

"Because it is my duty to mount guard whenever he details me. He's the orderly sergeant."

"I saw you throw him one time," said Tad, irrelevantly; and then he stopped to laugh at the recollection.

Higgins was a very strong man; and one day in spring before mounted drill was begun the soldiers got up a tournament on the parade ground, where the orderly sergeant challenged anyone to wrestle. Tad remembered Gore's acceptance and how the bigger man had strutted to the encounter; how the two had gripped to the work and how presently Gore had caught the huge weight on his hip, and had flung the other heels over head in one great sweep.

But that was months ago. Tad looked up at the distant bluff while the buglers were blowing retreat, but he stood in "the attitude of a soldier" when the flag came down to the booming of the evening gun. That night he made his bed on the floor of the upper porch, and lay there wondering at the stars till long after taps. Time and again he caught himself almost across the border land of dreams and it seemed to him the lagging midnight must have passed when the sound for which he waited reached his ears. And then the suddenness of it, the savage strength of that panther's cry, startled the courageous little fellow till his heart was still. The half human quality of the tone added to the terror of it.

Then his breath came back, and with it his daring. And the next time the cry was raised he knew the shingly shelves of the bluff were then a promenade for the panther.

Next night Sergt. Gore was on guard, but the next after he was free; and time and again he wondered where Tad was in hiding, for he had not seen the boy since dinner call.

Lang and Warner were up the gulch with an eight-mule team and they came in at sundown with a load of wood. When they had unharnessed the mules Lang found Sergt. Gore stretched on his bunk trying to read by the afterglow.

"Oh, Gore, here's a note from the captain's kid," said the teamster, Lang, carelessly.

Gore peered at the penciled lines:

Dear Sergeant: I am up on the bluff. If you don't come and get me, maybe the panther will. TAD.

A cayuse pony was picketed back of the quartermaster's store, and Sergt. Gore took a turn of the rope around the animal's jaw, leaped to the bare back and galloped to the hills. He carried his carbine, and a belt of cartridges was buckled about him. And every muscle of his splendid frame quivered; for he loved the captain's son.

Tad had calculated the note might not be delivered until after dark, and he crept along the slaty shelves until he found a little recess where the loose earth had been worn away by the wind and the rain and he climbed down there and backed in. About six feet below was a broad ledge which reached far around to the right. By lying flat his face just came to the edge of his narrow shelf, while his feet were pressed to the farthest spaces in his little refuge. He pulled his rifle within easy reaching distance and then looked out and dared the panther to come.

Straight before him down the valley was the fort. He watched the twinkling lights go out in the mess hall, and knew the belated teamsters had arrived in camp. And his faith was so firm in Sergt. Gore that he never doubted the soldier was coming.

Presently he heard the dull beat of hoofs on the long road. But it was from unshod feet, and not a cavalry horse. That chilled his courage a little. And just as he tried to convince himself that he was wrong and searched for hope that an army horse and not a pony was galloping toward him, a shriek not 50 feet away rent the wonderful silence of the hills.

His little body was positively lifted and shaken with the shock of it. And then, because he was a captain's son, Tad hammered his bare knuckles against the stone and forced his courage to come back.

He peered over the edge of his shelf at the broad ledge below; he looked straight down there a hundred feet to the foot of the bluff, and he could not tell for the life of him from what direction that thrilling cry had come.

Then a pebble was loosened and fell down the bluff, around somewhere to the right of Ted's refuge, and he called "Sergeant!"

He heard something rub gently against the rocks on that ledge below, and then another pebble bounded away, but no strong word of cheer came in answer.

In another moment, though his wide eyes had been watching all the time, the panther lay below him. She kept well to the farther edge. She saw him, and seemed gathering for a spring. It was seconds before he thought of the rifle. Then he fired, and she leaped.

He felt her claws strike at him, and catch again and again. But he withdrew far into the little nook, and there was no foothold for her.

He toppled back and he could hear her breathing plainly. Then she tried again. As she stood on her hind feet, her claws caught in his clothing, but he fought free; and time and again she scratched him, but he did not cry out.

Once or twice she withdrew her paw, stretched very high, and pushed her black muzzle up till she could see the two red eyes; and he knew the two red eyes could very well see him. But when she struck she must withdraw her head to give the paw a greater reach, and by shifting a little he could dodge her.

But all the time, as she tried for him, first with one forepaw and then with the other, her hind feet were clawing at the bluff for a foothold. If she had found it, she would have lifted and have reached him instantly. She could not find it, but she was loosening soil and stone with every effort and these were forming a growing platform which brought her nearer.

When he knew the next fling of a paw would reach him, he saw the bare, blond head of Sergt. Gore on the ledge.

The back of her head was toward the soldier, for her left paw was at the bosom of Tad's blue coat.

"Cling tight!" said Gore.

And the wonderful thing happened. The sergeant stepped close to the panther's side, facing outward. His left arm flashed about the extended body. He made that splendid fulcrum of his hip. He swung just once, and swiftly; and the panther went—as Higgins had once gone—head over heels, and helpless. She flung both paws wildly, but she made no sound as her dark body shot over the edge and was swallowed up in the darkness. They listened what seemed a very long time, and heard her strike at the foot of the bluff.

"Great throw!" cried Tad, and he crept exultant from his nook, and clambered out where Sergt. Gore could lift him down. But he had to be carried. When it was all over his sturdy legs refused to bear him, and he staggered very helplessly. Gore laid him on the pine needles at the summit, for a few minutes. And presently they went down the long road to the warm spring, where he washed the dust from Tad's face and hands and arms.

Later, they dragged to the captain's porch a monster panther, whose velvet skin not a single bullet had marred.

But even at that, when Tad saw his father's white face, and caught the wordless welcome of his mother's embrace, he knew he had paid for the panther far more than it was worth.—Le Roy Armstrong, in St. Nicholas.

Not the Clock.

An old lady entered a watchmaker's shop and handed the assistant a pendulum of an old Dutch clock.

"Here, mister," she said, "I want you to make my old clock go."

"But you must bring the clock," said the assistant.

"You stupid fool! the clock's all right. 'Tis the pendulum that 'on't go," said the old lady, indignantly.—Spare Moments.

VICTORY IN RETREAT

Dr. Talmage Gives Suggestions as to Christian Warfare.

Joshua's Plan of Ambuscade Cited as a Successful Method of Fighting Unrighteousness—Sin's Triumph Brief.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.] Washington.

From an old-time battle scene Dr. Talmage in this discourse makes some startling suggestions as to the best styles of Christian work and points out the reason of so many pious failures; text, Joshua 8:7: "Then shall ye rise up from the ambush and seize upon the city."

One Sabbath evening, with my family around me, we were talking over the scene of the text. In the wide open eyes and the quick interrogations and the blanched cheeks I realized what a thrilling drama it was. There is the old city, shorter by name than any other city in the ages, spelled with two letters, A, I, Ai. Joshua and his men want to take it. How to do it is the question. On a former occasion, in a straightforward, face to face fight, they had been defeated, but now they are going to take it by ambuscade. Gen. Joshua has two divisions in his army. The one division the battle-worn commander will lead himself, the other division he sends off to encamp in an ambush on the west side of the city of Ai. No torches, no lanterns, no sound of heavy battalions, but 30,000 swarthy warriors moving in silence, speaking only in a whisper; no clicking of swords against shields, lest the watchmen of Ai discover it and the stratagem be a failure. If the roistering soldier in the Israelitish army forgets himself, all along the line the word is "Hush!"

Joshua takes the other division, the one with which he is to march, and puts it on the north side of the city of Ai and then spends the night in reconnoitering in the valley. There he is, thinking over the fortunes of the coming day with something of the feelings of Wellington the night before Waterloo or of Meade and Lee the night before Gettysburg. There he stands in the night and says to himself: "Yonder is the division in ambush on the west side of Ai. Here is the division I have under my especial command on the north side of Ai. There is the old city slumbering in its sin. To-morrow will be the battle." Look! The morning already begins to tip the hills. The military officers of Ai look out in the morning very early, and, while they do not see the division in ambush, they behold the other divisions of Joshua, and the cry "To arms! To arms!" rings through all the streets of the old town, and every sword, whether hacked and bent or newly welded, is brought out, and all the inhabitants of the city of Ai pour through the gates, an infuriated torrent, and their cry is: "Come, we'll make quick work with Joshua and his troops!"

No sooner had these people of Ai come out against the troops of Joshua than Joshua gave such a command as he seldom gave—"Fall back!" Why, they could not believe their own ears! Is Joshua's courage failing him? The retreat is beaten, and the Israelites are flying, throwing blankets and canteens on every side under this worse than Bull Run defeat. And you ought to hear the soldiers of Ai cheer and cheer. But they huzza too soon. The men lying in ambush are straining their vision to get some signal from Joshua that they may know what time to drop upon the city. Joshua takes his burnished spear, glittering in the sun like a shaft of doom, and points it toward the city, and when the men up yonder in the ambush see it with hawklike swoop they drop upon Ai and without stroke of sword or stab of spear take the city and put it to the torch.

So much for the division that was in ambush. How about the division under Joshua's command? No sooner does Joshua stop in the flight than all his men stop with him, and as he wheels they wheel, for in a voice of thunder he cried: "Halt!" one strong arm driving back a torrent of flying troops. And then, as he points his spear through the golden light toward that fated city, his troops know that they are to start for it. What a scene it was when the division in ambush which had taken the city marched down against the men of Ai on the one side, and the troops under Joshua doubled up their enemies from the other side, and the men of Ai were caught between these two hurricanes of Israelitish courage, thrust before and behind, stabbed in breast and back, ground between the upper and the nether millstones of God's indignation! Woe to the city of Ai! Cheer for Israel!

Lesson the first: There is such a thing as victorious retreat. Joshua's falling back was the first chapter in his successful besiegement. And there are times in your life wher the best thing you can do is to run. You were once the victim of strong drink. The demijohn and the decanter were your fierce foes. They came down upon you with greater fury than the men of Ai upon the men of Joshua. Your only safety is to get away from them. Your dissipating companions will come around you for your overthrow. Run for your life! Fall back! Fall back from the drinking saloon! Fall back from the wine party! Your flight is your advance; your retreat is your victory. There is a saloon down on the next street that has almost been the ruin of your soul. Then why do you go along that street? Why do you not pass through some other street, rather than by the place of your calamity? A spoonful of brandy taken for medicinal purposes by a man who 20 years before had been reformed from drunkenness hurled into inebriety and the grave one of the best friends I ever had. Retreat is victory!

Here is a converted infidel. He is so strong now in his faith in the Gospel he says he can read anything. What are you reading? Bolingbroke? Andrew Jackson Davis' tracts? Tyndal's Glasgow university address? Drop them and run. You will be an infidel before you die unless you quit that. These men of Ai will be too much for you. Turn your back on the rank and file of unbelief. Fly before they cut you with their swords and transfix you with their javelins. There are people who have been well-nigh ruined because they risked a foolhardy expedition in the presence of mighty and overwhelming temptations and the men of Ai made a morning meal of them.

So, also, there is victorious retreat in the religious world. Thousands of times the Kingdom of Christ has seemed to fall back. When the blood of the Scotch Covenanters gave a deep dye to the heather of the highlands, when the Vaudois of France chose extermination rather than make an unchristian surrender, when on St. Bartholomew's day mounted assassins rode through the streets of Paris, crying "Kill! Bloodletting is good in August! Kill! Death to the Huguenots! Kill!" when Lady Jane Grey's head rolled from the executioner's block, when Calvin was imprisoned in the castle, when John Knox died for the truth, when John Bunyan lay rotting in Bedford jail, saying: "If God will help me and my physical life continues, I will stay here until the moss grows on my eyebrows rather than give up my faith," the days of retreat for the church were days of victory.

The pilgrim fathers fell back from the other side of the sea to Plymouth Rock, but now are marshaling a continent for the Christianization of the world. The church of Christ falling back from Piedmont, falling back from Rue St. Jacques, falling back from St. Denis, falling back from Wurttemberg castles, falling back from the Brussels market place, yet all the time triumphing. Notwithstanding all the shocking reverses which the Church of Christ suffers, what do we see to-day? Twelve thousand missionaries of the cross on heathen grounds; 80,000 ministers of Jesus Christ in this land; at least 400,000,000 of Christians on the earth. Falling back, yet advancing until the old Wesleyan hymn will prove true:

The Lion of Judah shall break the chain
And give us the victory again and again!

But there is a more marked illustration of victorious retreat in the life of our Joshua, the Jesus of the ages. First falling back from an appalling height to an appalling depth, falling from celestial hills to terrestrial valleys, from throne to manger; yet that did not seem to suffice him as a retreat. Falling back still farther from Bethlehem to Nazareth, from Nazareth to Jerusalem, back from Jerusalem to Golgotha, back from Golgotha to the mausoleum in the rock, back down over the precipices of perdition until he walked amid the caverns of eternal captives and drank of the wine of the wrath of Almighty God, amid the Ahabs, and the Jezekels, and the Belshazzars. Oh, men of the pulpit and men of the pew, Christ's descent from Heaven to earth does not measure half the distance! It was from glory to perdition. He descended into hell. All the records of earthly retreat are as nothing compared with this falling back. Santa Anna, with the fragments of his army flying over the plateaus of Mexico and Napoleon and his army retreating from Moscow into the awful snows of Russia are not worthy to be mentioned with this retreat, when all the powers of darkness seem to be pursuing Christ as he fell back, until the body of Him who came to do such wonderful things lay pulseless and stripped. Methinks that the city of Ai was not so emptied of its inhabitants when they went to pursue Joshua as perdition was emptied of devils when they started for the pursuit of Christ, and he fell back and back, down lower, down lower, chasm below chasm, pit below pit, until he seemed to strike the bottom of objurgation and scorn and torture. Oh, the long, loud, jubilant shout of hell at the defeat of the Lord God Almighty!

But let not the powers of darkness rejoice quite so soon. Do you hear that disturbance in the tomb of Arimathea? I hear the sheet rending! What means that stone hurled down the side of the hill? Who is this coming out? Push him back! The dead must not stalk in this open sunlight. Oh, it is our Joshua. Let him come out. He comes forth and starts for the city. He takes the spear of the Roman guard and points that way. Church militant marches up on one side, and the church triumphant marches down on the other side. And the powers of darkness being caught between these ranks of celestial and terrestrial valor nothing is left of them save just enough to illustrate the direful overthrow of hell and our Joshua's eternal victory. On his head be all the crowns. In his hands be all the scepters. At his feet be all the human hearts; and here, Lord, is one of them.

Lesson the second: The triumph of the wicked is short. Did you ever see an army in a panic? There is nothing so uncontrollable. If you had stood at Long bridge, Washington, during the opening of our civil war, you would know what it is to see an army run. And when those men of Ai looked out and saw those men of Joshua in a stampede they expected easy work. They would scatter them as the equinox the leaves. Oh, the gleeful and jubilant descent of the men of Ai upon the men of Joshua! But their exhilaration was brief, for the tide of battle turned, and these quondam conquerors left their miserable carcasses in the wilderness of Bethaven. So it always is. The triumph of the wicked is short. You make $20,000 at the gaming table. Do you expect to keep it? You will die in the poorhouse. You made a fortune by iniquitous traffic. Do you expect to keep it? Your money will scatter, or it will stay long enough to curse your children after you are dead. Call over the roll of bad men who prospered and see how short was their prosperity. For awhile, like the men of Ai, they went from conquest to conquest, but after awhile disaster rolled back upon them, and they were divided into three parts. Misfortune took their property, the grave took their body and the lost world took their soul.

Lesson the third: How much may be accomplished by lying in ambush for opportunities. Are you hypercritical of Joshua's maneuver? Do you say that it was cheating for him to take that city by ambuscade? Was it wrong for Washington to kindle campfires on Jersey heights, giving the impression to the opposing force that a great army was encamped there when there was none at all? I answer, if the war was right, then Joshua was right in his stratagem. He violated no flag of truce. He broke no treaty, but by a lawful ambuscade captured the city of Ai. Oh, that we all knew how to lie in ambush for opportunities to serve God. The best of our opportunities do not lie on the surface, but are secreted. By tact, by stratagem, by Christian ambuscade, you may take almost any castle of sin for Christ. Come up toward men with a regular besiegement of argument and you will be defeated, but just wait until the door of their hearts is set ajar, or they are off their guard, or their severe caution is away from home, and then drop in on them from a Christian ambuscade. There has been many a man up to his chin in scientific portfolios which proved there was no Christ and no divine revelation, his pen a scimiter flung into the heart of theological opponents, who nevertheless has been discomfited and captured for God by some little three-year-old child who has got up and put her snowy arms around his sinewy, neck and asked some simple question about God.

Oh, make a flank movement! Steal a march on the devil! Cheat that man into Heaven! A five-dollar treatise that will stand all the laws of homiletics may fail to do that which a penny tract of Christian entreaty may accomplish. Oh, for more Christians in ambuscade—not lying in idleness, but waiting for a quick spring, waiting until just the right time comes! Do not talk to a man about the vanity of this world on the day when he has bought something at "12" and is going to sell it at "15." But talk to him about the vanity of the world on the day when he has bought something at "15" and is compelled to sell it at "12!" Do not rub a man's disposition the wrong way; do not take the imperative mood when the subjunctive mood will do just as well; do not talk in perfervid style to a phlegmatic nor try to tickle a torrid temperament with an icicle.

Lesson the fourth: The importance of taking good aim. There is Joshua, but how are those people in ambush up yonder to know when they are to drop on the city, and how are these men around Joshua to know when they are to stop their flight and advance? There must be some signal—a signal to stop the one division and to start the other. Joshua, with a spear on which were ordinarily hung the colors of battle, points toward the city. He stands in such a conspicuous position, and there is so much of the morning light dripping from that spear tip, that all around the horizon they see it. It was as much as to say: "There is the city. Take it!"

God knows and we know that a great deal of Christian attack amounts to nothing simply because we do not take good aim. Nobody knows and we do not know ourselves which point we want to take when we ought to make up our minds what God will have us to do and point our spear in that direction and then hurl our body, mind, soul, time, eternity at that one target. In our pulpits and pews and Sunday School and prayer meetings we want to get a reputation for saying pretty things, and so we point our spear toward the flowers, or we want a reputation for saying sublime things, and we point our spear toward the stars, or we went to get a reputation for historical knowledge, and we point our spear toward the past, or we want to get a reputation for great liberality, so we swing our spear all around, while there is the old world, proud, rebellious and armed against all righteousness, and instead of running any farther away from its pursuit we ought to turn around, plant our foot in the strength of the eternal God, lift the old cross and point it in the direction of the world's conquest till, the redeemed of earth, marching up from one side and the glorified of Heaven marching down from the other side, the last battlement of sin is compelled to swing out the streamers of Emanuel. O church of God, take aim and conquer!

I have heard it said: "Look out for a man who has only one idea; he is irresistible." I say look out for the man who has one idea, and that a determination for soul-saving. I believe God would strike me dead if I dared to point the spear in any other direction. Oh, for some of the courage and enthusiasm of Joshua! He flung two armies from the tip of that spear. It is sinful for us to rest unless it is to get stronger muscle and fresher brain and purer heart for God's work. I feel on my head the hands of Christ in a new ordination. Do you not feel the same omnipotent pressure? There is a work for all of us. Oh, that we might stand up side by side and point the spear toward the city! It ought to be taken. It will be taken. Our cities are drifting off toward loose religion or what is called "liberal Christianity," which is so liberal that it gives up all the cardinal doctrines of the Bible; so liberal that it surrenders the rectitude of the throne of the Almighty. That is liberality with a vengeance. Let us decide upon the work which we as Christian men have to do and in the strength of God go to work and do it.

I believe that the next year will be the most stupendous year that Heaven ever saw. The nations are quaking now with the coming of God. It will be a year of successes for the men of Joshua, but of doom for the men of Ai. You put your ear to the rail track, and you can hear the train coming miles away. So I put my ear to the ground, and I hear the thundering on of the lightning train of God's mercies and judgments. The mercy of God is first to be tried upon this nation. It will be preached in the pulpits, in theaters, on the streets—everywhere. People will be invited to accept the mercy of the Gospel, and the story and the song and the prayer will be "mercy." But suppose they do not accept the offer of mercy—what then? Then God will come with His judgments, and the grasshoppers will eat the crops, and the freshets will devastate the valleys, and the defalcations will swallow the money markets, and the fires will burn the cities, and the earth will quake from pole to pole. Year of mercies and of judgments; year of invitation and of warning; year of jubilee and of woe. Which side are you going to be on—with the men of Ai or the men of Joshua? Pass over this Sabbath into the ranks of Israel. I would clap my hands at the joy of your coming. You will have a poor chance for this world and the world to come without Jesus. You cannot stand what is to come upon you and upon the world unless you have the pardon and the comfort and the help of Christ. Come over! On this side are your happiness and safety; on the other side are disquietude and despair. Eternal defeat to the men of Ai! Eternal victory to the men of Joshua!

FARMER AND PLANTER.

MONEY IN BROOM CORN.

A Money-Producing Crop For the Southern Planter if Intelligently Handled.

Broom corn is a special crop, grown largely in the southern states. It is one of the most profitable of corn products, and the demand has increased so much in the past few years, as to make the prices rule very high. The top or brush portion sells ordinarily at from $60 to $85 a ton, but last year an unusual demand raised the price to $200 per ton. The common corn lands of the south produce one-half to one ton on marketable tops per acre. The seed is fed to hogs, poultry and stock with good profit, and the stalks are used for such purposes as covering sheds, filling trenches, fertilizing the land and feeding to stock during the winter months. In appearance broom corn resembles the non-saccharine sorghums, and might be taken for real, old sorghum, when standing in the field. By thorough cultivation and fertilization of the land, the crop may be made to yield one ton or more to the acre, which would be a very profitable plant, in section where it can be grown.

Any good corn land will produce satisfactory crops of broom corn. The land should be plowed in the fall or winter, and put in good shape for planting about the first of April. The corn is a heavy feeder, and takes up much food. The agricultural experiment stations of Massachusetts recommend for corn, where the soil is a light gravelly loam, actual potash 80 pounds, posphhoric acid 50 pounds, and nitrogen 20 pounds per acre, as this quantity of each is taken annually from an acre. To furnish this would require 160 pounds muriate of potash, 250 pounds acid phosphate or bone meal, and 150 pounds of nitrate of soda, good average fertilizer per acre for broom corn.

There are different varieties of broom corn, but the Evergreen and Golden are those generally planted. Seed may be had from reliable dealers at about 15 cents per pound. It should be sown in drills, about three feet apart, at the rate of three to five pounds per acre. If the soil is very rich loam, and well fertilized, plants may stand three inches apart in the row, but ordinarily a better crop is obtained by thinning to four to six inches. Cultivation is practically the same as that given to corn, and should be thorough to eradicate all weeds, especially when the plants are young. The best selling broom corn is that which is cut when the seed is in the milk, and the straws are somewhat green. This may be noticed as the seed tops begin to turn red. The stalks are cut at the ground, or merely topped and left standing. There is no use of leaving much of the stalk on the brush when cut as the usual length for market is about 16 inches from tip to tip.

The seed may be scraped from the brush by hand, using homemade hackles, made by driving nails thickly through a board and turning this upside down on a bench after the old flax hackle style. Some use a hand ax and top off the principal part of the seed top, then scrape out the remaining seed, by different processes. After the bush has been cleaned it is baled or tied in bundles, and shipped to the broom corn centers. The small heads are used for making whisk brooms and the larger are made into the house or barn sweepers, so necessary in every household. The green colored straws make the best brooms, and therefore command the best prices on the markets. Yellow or Golden corn sells well, but the red, stiff tops are not desired.

Where broom corn can be grown there should be local broom factories for utilizing the home product. This would create a demand for the corn, furnish a field for the investment of capital and labor, and diversify both products and labor.—Joel Shoemaker, in Farmers' Home Journal.

SOME MUTTON CHOPS.

A Few Hints of Value to Flockmasters in the Management of Their Breeding Ewes.

Some reputable flock-masters advocate fall shearing of the breeding-ewes when warm housing is practicable.

It is practicable and highly advantageous just prior to the breeding season to at least trim the wool away from the hind parts, between hind legs and a few inches around the udder. This will do away with handling them when in advanced pregnancy, and no lamb will spend its first hours of life in unfruitfully drawing on tags of wool. If this tagging has not been done, great care must now be exercised in handling the ewe which is getting heavy with lamb. She should be gently caught and held by one, while the other can carefully trim away any tags and loose wool around the udder which may interfere with the lamb. The ewe must always be allowed to remain standing.

Light feeding of wheat-bran in addition to good clover hay will bring the ewes to a good flow of milk at and strengthen the lamb before birth. All heavy and carbonaceous foods must be discontinued at this time. They will bring about a feverish condition in the ewe, which may result in milk-fever and perhaps other disorders, and also will produce a fat, weakly lamb.

Abundant outdoor exercise for the ewes is a great force in producing strong, healthy lambs.

Our most valuable breeding-ewes are the heaviest milkers. Form has as much bearing on function in the breeding-ewe as in the dairy-cow—a fine feminine head, long, slim neck, broad, level back especially wide over lions and hips; deep, well-rounded ribs indicating capacity and vital power; a long, even body from front to rear.

If you expect sheep to thrive well give them dry, warm shelter, regular attention, plenty of pure water throughout the year, and plenty of good clover hay. Do not stuff the ewes with grain unless you are fattening them for market, but give them a small allowance of corn and oats, equal parts, twice a day while they are carrying their lambs. After they drop their lambs increase the feed, and with proper care and attention your sheep will do well.—Farm Journal.

Turkey Raising.

When you begin raising turkeys first select the best breed which, I think, is the Bronze. They are large birds. Select a quiet hen for a sitter and give her a quiet place for her nest while sitting, for it is of more importance than some think it is. The Bronze hen will cover from 15 to 18 eggs with ease, and while sitting she must not be disturbed nor taken from the nest after hatching at least 24 hours. If she sits contented, leave her till the young poults gain in strength, and they gain faster by being kept quiet. When you take the hen and her brood from the nest she must have a large airy coop where the grass is closely mowed off, where the chicks can bask in the sun, have a quiet run for exercise and a chance to pick up insects. The first feed should be curds made from sour milk seasoned with pepper. When the mother leaves the nest, wash the naked parts of her body thoroughly with some tobacco juice to kill the lice. At the same time dust the poults thoroughly with some vermin-destroying powder, as no one thing kills as many young turkeys as these parasites. Young turkeys require but little food, but they must be fed at least once an hour for the first week. Coarse ground meal mixed with sour milk curds and finely-chopped hard boiled eggs are best food for the first month. After that the eggs can be left off, the meal ground coarser and the curds used in larger quantity that at first. As soon as the poults can swallow whole grain give them that. They must be driven to their shelter every night, and never be allowed to remain in the fields through a long or heavy rain, and must not be let out in the morning until the grass is dried off.

When the fattening season comes they must have all the good food they will eat, and a variety, such as corn, buckwheat, boiled cabbage, etc. They must be kept in a pen and the food placed where they can get it when they want it. They will fatten much faster than if left to run around. If you want to be successful in raising turkeys, you must observe these three rules: First, be sure to free both old and young from lice when the hen is leaving the nest. Second, feed frequently at the beginning with the strengthening food. Third, never let the young turkeys get wet, either with dew or rain, until their feathers afford their bodies, if not complete, at least partial protection.—Otto Irwin, in Epitomist.

Market Gardening.

Market gardening is a good business when in charge of the right sort of man. Any man of industry and ordinary intelligence can grow or learn to grow the garden truck, for this is the easiest part of the business. But there is a business feature as important as production. The gardener must know what the market requires, when it requires this, that or the other, and have it of proper quality and at the proper time. All this is easily learned. But he must know how to market his produce, and here again he must study his market, for the purpose of pleasing his customers and thus loosening their purse strings while catering to their alimentary pleasures. This requires business talent and tact, and this talent is not possessed by all men, nor by all gardeners. Many of the best gardeners, and best men in all ages of the world and in every country have been sadly deficient in business talent. The market gardener needs business talent to make his business successful. A first-class gardener and a good business man make a good combination as partners.—Farm and Ranch.

Educating the Cow.

The encouraging feature about the cow's education is that it is the kind that any farmer can give his cows on the farm. Unlike the young men and women at college, the cow does not get her training directly from books, but she does get it by her owner having a sufficient knowledge of books to apply scientific principles to practical feeding, and the man who ignores books, bulletins and papers as a potent factor in increasing the contents of his pocketbook is ignorant of one of the prime elements of success. There is no doubt that experience of two men is better than one, and the experience of a large number of the most successful men in any industry is worth a thousand fold more than that of one self-conceited man who thinks he knows it all. First educate the man; then it will be possible to educate the cow.—Farmers' Home Journal.

HERE AND THERE.

Can anyone recall a time when poultry and eggs were a total drug on the market, as most commodities have been at one time or another?

—The ideal cow stable, whether in the basement of a barn or elsewhere, should be where it can drain from all sides, and then it should have an impervious floor of cement.

—No more healthful and lucrative employment can be found for a woman to engage in, in connection with household duties, than poultry raising.

—Prune off all broken ends of roots before planting trees, always cutting from the under side. When the root is thus smoothly cut it will callous over quickly.

—Nearly all raisers of poultry agree that there is the greatest profit in eggs unless one can cater to the city trade in the line of capons and broilers.

—Try an acre of sugar beets. You will thus become acquainted with this new crop and can judge for yourself whether you want to add the sugar beet to your list of farm products.

—Hon. J. W. Stokes, representative from South Carolina, is earnestly advocating a bill in congress providing for free delivery of mail matter in the country. This is a measure which every farmer is interested in.

—It seems that when a flock of sheep and its increase are mortgaged to secure a debt the wool is not included in such mortgage, and that the owner of the sheep may sell the wool and not account therefor to the mortgage. The courts held that the term increase applies to the animal and not to its products.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Better that the wings of ambition be singed than that they become paralyzed for want of usage.—Chicago Democrat.

"I am very mad," a man said this morning "but I am willing to admit that I do not want to fight; I want somebody to hold me."—Atchison Globe.

"Yes, darling," said the enthusiastic lover, "you are worth your weight in gold." "Then, dear," she replied, "don't you wish I was a little stouter?"—Philadelphia Item.

"That idiotic old Miss Parrot thinks nobody knows her teeth are false." "Ridiculous. Of course, the dentist knows it." "Yes, but she's going to marry him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Squildig—"Spiffins tells me that he paid his respects to the president when he was in Washington." McSwilligan—"If that is true it is the only thing I ever knew him to pay."—Pittsburgh Telegraph.

He Knew.—Pastor—"I suppose you know where the bad little boys go?" Johnny (who has been told to stay in the house)—"Yes, I do. They go skatin' and sleddin', and have a jolly good time."—Philadelphia Press.

Changed Circumstances.—She—"Oh, Jack! You didn't shoot that poor little bird, did you?" He—"Why, yes, dear; I thought you'd like it to trim a hat." She—"Oh, how good of you! It's perfectly lovely!"—Philadelphia Record.

Sandy McPherson, in a moment of abstraction, put half a crown in the collection-plate last Sunday in mistake for a penny, and has since expended a deal of thought as to the best way of making up for it: "Noo, I might stay awa' frae the kirk till the sum was made up; but on the ither han', I wad be payin' pew rent a' the time an' gettin' nae guid o' 't. Losh! But I'm thinkin' this is what the meenister ca's a 'releegious defficulty!'"—Punch.

THE OX IN WAR.

His Strength and Patience Make Him an Invaluable Animal in South Africa.

Oxen are less expensive than mules. They are slow, but sure, never doing more than three miles an hour, or 20 miles a day, which is considered a good trek. The Zulu ox is the best-bred animal, but small and unserviceable, when compared to the bastard Zulu or Natal ox, which thrives on both the "sour" veldt, or coast grass, and upon the "sweet," or up-country veldt. Oxen, however, require very careful handling, and must on no account be overdriven; they must have at least six hours a day for grazing purposes. In the winter, which is coming on now, they can find a picking on the parched veldt where a mule or horse would fail. They are, naturally, in poor condition till the green grass of spring appears in September. They are very liable to lung sickness and red water, and whole spans sometimes perish from these fell diseases. In the winter time they suffer terribly from cold, and on no account should be worked in the rain during that season, for among other things the yoke, when wet, gives them sore necks, thus rendering them useless. The ox's best work is done at night time, and moonlight treks are the usual thing with the "transport riders" after their team have been grazing all day. They are never kept under the yoke for more than eight hours during the day, two stretches of four hours each. From four to eight in the morning and from six to ten at night are the favorite hours for "trekking."

As to their hauling capacity, a "span" or team of 18 oxen will easily draw a buck wagon (weighing a little over a ton), loaded to 6,000 pounds, over the South African roads, many of which are little better than tracks across the veldt. Twenty miles a day for a heavy baggage column in such a country as South Africa is really a good thing.

One of the great merits of the ox-wagon is the simplicity of its harness. The two beasts nearest the wagon draw from a pole (disselboom) on which the yoke is fastened, and the couples in front are attached to a wire or hide rope, known as the trek-touw, to which the yokes are fastened by riems, or thongs of hide. Any breakage or deficiency in such a tackle can easily be made good, as it is free from the complexities of a set of harness. Prudent transport riders invariably "out-span" their teams at the approach of a thunderstorm, if their "trek-touw" be of wire or chain, as whole spans have been destroyed by lightning through neglecting this precaution.

In the convoys to the troops not more than 50 wagons are dispatched at one time, and, if the roads permit, six or even more are driven abreast. The second division usually starts in half an hour after the first. Nearly all of the wagons used in the present campaign are built locally made of strong colonial woods, and constructed without springs. Only two men are required to manage each each wagon—driver and a "vorlooper" or leader of the team—both of whom are nearly always trained Kaffirs.

Large numbers of these wagons are hired from the colonists at the rate of £3 to £4 per day, the imperial government making good any losses that may occur in the Span.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Made a Hit with His Audience.

One of the really good stories is going round among the lawyers about Congressman Littlefield. 'Twas when the congressman was stumping in his campaign. It was up in a Franklin county town. The chairman of the committee wanted to give Charles a good send off, and so he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is Hon. Charles E. Littlefield, who is known from Eastport to York as the one great orator of Maine. This, fellow citizens, is Hon. Charles Littlefield, who will talk to you from the setting of the sun to the rising up thereof."

Applause.

Then up rises Charles and darts a falcon glance at the chairman and another as piercing at the audience.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you and the chairman can stay here in this hall if you want to until the rising of the sun, but as for myself, I'll tell you right now I'm going to be out of this hall in just 50 minutes."

And the applause that he got then was in earnest.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.