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, JULY 7, 1900. VOL. XXV—NO. 34.

"GOO-WAH!"

'Twas on a Sunday morning,
The twenty-fifth of May,
A quarter past eleven—
A fine and sunny day.
That baby in his cradle
Threw out a dimpled hand,
And said "Goo-Wah," so plainly
That all could understand.

Cried sister: "Dear old precious!
He called to me, I think."
Said Ned: "No, it was 'brother.'"
Said cook: "He wants a drink!"
Spoke father: "He said 'ma-ma.'"
Said mother: "He wants you."
Said grandpa: "Pins are in him"—
So what were we to do?

And everybody hugged him,
And kissed him o'er and o'er,
And breathlessly we waited
For him to talk some more.
But sad to say, so stupid
Are grown-ups, I suppose,
That what he really wanted
The baby only knows!
—Edwin L. Sabin, in Good Housekeeping.

Pitawitan's Nightmare

By Katherine Yates.

"IF one apple costs two cents, what will six apples cost? Let me see; if one apple costs two cents, six apples will cost six times two, which is—which is—oh, dear! I always get just so far, and then I can never do the rest," and a very large frown puckered Dorothy's forehead until it looked like the crinkly pink liberty silk on her own Sunday hat. Then she tipped back in the big rocking-chair in the bay window, where she, an arithmetic and a tablet had been having a sort of wrestle, and, making a fine, large paper wad, she threw it at Pitawitan, the canary, who hung in a gilt cage in the window. Pitawitan did not even dodge, but only craned his yellow neck a little, eying the bit of paper with beady black eyes, and then began to trill pretty little notes and whistles, finally breaking into such a volume of song as threatened to burst his little throat.

Dorothy looked ashamed and turned back to her arithmetic. "If one apple costs two cents—"

"Cheap, cheap," called the canary.

Dorothy laughed. "Of course they are cheap, Pitawitan."

"Well, didn't I say so?" answered Pitawitan.

Dorothy pursed up her lips. "Oh, you needn't expect me to be surprised to hear you speak, for if Pusskins and the Guinea pig talk, I suppose that there is no reason why you should not. I have been expecting it for some time."

"Glad it didn't give you a shock," said Pitawitan, sarcastically.

"And it's funny," went on Dorothy in an aggrieved tone, "that you furry and feathery folk are so good-natured until you begin to talk, and then you are as cross and snippy and ill tempered as can be. Here you have been singing as happy as anything all morning, and now—"

"Singing! Who said I was singing? Who said I was happy?"

"Why, I heard you singing my own self," exclaimed Dorothy, "just as cheerful and jolly even after I threw that paper wad at you."

"Singing!" repeated Pitawitan again disdainfully. "Singing! Do you call that singing, when I was just sitting here telling you what an ugly, disagreeable, ill-natured girl you are to throw things at me, merely because you couldn't get your lesson? You call that singing, do you?"

Dorothy looked disturbed. "Were you really talking to me like that? Why, I thought that you were always happy when you were singing."

"It is not singing, I tell you," cried Pitawitan, angrily; "it is just talking, and a lot of good it does to talk to folk in this house, too."

"Why!" exclaimed Dorothy, indignantly; "I think that you have a lovely home. I'm sure I'd like to live just the same way; in a beautiful gold house hung on a spring, so that it sways all the time just like a hammock; no lessons to get, and lovely things to eat; there's a big lump of sugar in your cage all the time, and that is just the same as if I had a chocolate drop twice as big as my head to nibble whenever I chose. I've seen them as large as that and always just longed for one. And then there is your seed; that's just the same as nuts—walnuts and pecans—and then there's cuttle fish, and that's just the same as—as—well, we'll call that bread; and then there's always fresh fruit, and water, and a lovely glass bathtub, and a swing where you can swing whenever you wish—oh, I'd just love to live in a place like that—and no lessons at all," she added again.

Pitawitan looked disgusted as well as he could. "Oh, yes, a lovely life!" he exclaimed. "And how would you feel if folk sometimes forgot to give you food all day?"

"But there's the sugar," said Dorothy.

"Well, how would you like to have nothing but chocolate drops to eat for a day at a time, and not a drop of fresh water, when they made you so thirsty that you were fairly choked? And then suppose that when you began calling for some one to bring you food because you were nearly starved, folks would say: 'Do just listen to that dear little bird sing. Isn't he quite the happiest little fellow that you ever saw?' And then when you grow desperate and screech so loud that you nearly split your throat some one says: 'Bless his jolly little heart; hasn't he the most joyous song? But it is just a trifle too shrill. Marie, will you please throw a towel over Pitawitan's cage; he is a little too noisy.' How would you like that?"

Dorothy looked grave. "But, Pitawitan, how are we to know what you are asking for, when we can't understand what you say?"

"Merely by coming to see what I need. But, anyway, how would you like to be shut up in a prison the whole time, even if it were a gold one? It isn't much fun, I can tell you; and I think that you must see me free in your room for a few minutes once in awhile, just to try my wings and get a little exercise."

"Why, I never thought of that!" exclaimed Dorothy.

"Never thought of it! When I have coaxed and begged and pleaded on my bended knees! I'm sure—"

"But," interrupted Dorothy, "I never saw you get down on your knees. I didn't know that you had any."

"No?" sneered Pitawitan. "Well, I have, even if you didn't know it. Just because they bend backward instead of forward you didn't give them credit for being knees, but I can assure you they are a lot more comfortably arranged that way, and it don't wear off the toes of your new shoes when you kneel down, either."

"But you don't wear shoes," objected Dorothy.

"Who said I did?" answered Pitawitan. "I said your shoes, didn't I?"

"Yes," said Dorothy; "but you meant yours."

"I did no such thing. How could I mean mine when I haven't any? You are a dreadfully stupid little girl."

Poor Dorothy felt discouraged with the conversation and was about to return to her arithmetic, but decided to try once more to turn the talk into pleasanter channels, so she said presently:

"Oh, by the way, Pitawitan, how did you happen to come to this country? You were not born here, were you?"

"No," said Pitawitan; "I came on a nightmare."

"On a what?" exclaimed Dorothy.

"On a nightmare. Didn't you ever hear of a nightmare?"

"Why, of course, I've heard of them. But how could you come here on one, when it is only a bad dream?"

"Well, I did, anyway; and I've got it yet. I'll tell you about it.

"I was born on an island far, far away, and for some months I lived very happily with my father and mother and brothers; and in those days I really did sing. One afternoon while I was still quite young my eldest brother found a large piece of rich fruit cake by the roadside and called us all to come and share it. It was the most delicious thing that I had ever eaten, and I am afraid that I made a regular little pig of myself in my greediness. My mother warned me to eat lightly of such rich food, but I would not heed her, even when she said at last:

"'If you eat any more of that you will certainly have a nightmare.'

"'What is a nightmare, mother?' I asked, for I had at that time never heard of one.

"'Why, it is a dreadful dream,' she answered me. 'Perhaps you will dream that wicked men catch you and carry you away, away off, and shut you up in a cage and keep you there, hungry and lonely.'

"However, I only laughed and said that I was not afraid of any dream, and went on eating.

"Well, when I crept into the nest that night I had a headache and felt heavy and miserable and wished that I had taken mother's advice.

"During the first part of the night I did not sleep well, and kept waking in a fright, but at last I went to sleep soundly and dreamed this dream:

"I thought that I had slept all night, and when I awoke in the morning the sun was just beginning to show above the horizon. I hopped out of the nest with my little brothers and flew down to the spring for a fresh drink and a bath, and then out to the meadow to pick up a breakfast. As we fluttered about, picking seeds from the grass heads or picking at strawberries, I flew to a low bush to rest for a moment; but when I would have flown down again I felt my feet held fast by some sticky substance, and I called to my brothers to come quickly and help me. They came at once, but, alas! no sooner did they alight upon the bush than their feet also stuck fast, and, although we fluttered and screamed, it was all to no purpose.

"And then suddenly I saw coming toward us two rough-looking men carrying wooden cages, and I thought at once of what my mother had said would happen if I ate too much of the fruit cake, and I knew that this was a nightmare. I struggled and fluttered and shrieked, in the hope of waking up, but I could not; and one of the cruel men took hold of me roughly, and as he loosened my poor little feet said, carelessly, to his companion:

"'We made this birdlime a bit too stiff this time. It's liable to injure their feet.' And then he put me into a little wooden cage and did the same to my brothers, although of course I knew that they were not really suffering, since this was only a nightmare of my own; but I screamed and called to them just the same.

"They took us to a town near by, tied many cages together and packed them on a boat which carried us across the water, while I sat quietly in my cage and mourned and longed to wake up.

"Well, when we had reached land once more we were packed on a train—oh, I was so frightened—and brought many, many miles to this great city. I never spoke or cried. I would scarcely eat or drink, I was so weary and lonely and heartsick. I was taken to a store where were many birds of all kinds, and there at last I found my voice again, for we all began to tell each other our troubles and our misery in being kept in cages as prisoners, and our fear of the future, and everyone who came in exclaimed:

"'How beautifully and joyously these birds all sing! One would not think that they could be so happy in those tiny cages.'

"Then one day your mother came looking for a bird for your birthday gift, and she choose me because of my particularly brilliant color—and—here I am." Pitawitan stopped and stood mournfully on one foot.

Dorothy looked puzzled. "But, Pitawitan, you said it was a dream, a nightmare. When did you wake up?"

"I didn't wake up," said Pitawitan.

"But you are not asleep now," argued Dorothy.

"Yes, I am. This is all my nightmare—the cage and you and everything."

"It isn't so!" cried Dorothy. "I am a real girl! I am not just a part of your old dream."

"Yes, you are, too," said Pitawitan, emphatically. "I say you are, and it is only a nightmare, for that is what my mother said, and I guess she knows."

Dorothy jumped up with flashing eyes. "I'm not a dream girl—I don't care what your mother says. I'm just as real as you are, so there!"

Pitawitan's eyes flashed back. "Well you'll see," he cried, angrily. "You are nothing but a horrid, ugly little dream girl; and just you wait until I wake up. Where will you be then?"

And then one of them did wake up. I wonder which it was.—Chicago Daily Record.

EVERYDAY HEROISM.

Dr. Talmage Preaches on Common Duties and Rewards.

Words of Encouragement and Cheer for Those Who Toil and Struggle—Heroes and Heroines of Daily Life.

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

Dr. Talmage, who is now preaching to large audiences in the great cities of England and Scotland, sends this discourse, in which he shows that many who in this world pass as of little importance will in the day of final readjustment be crowned with high honor; text, II. Timothy ii., 3: "Thou therefore endure hardness."

Historians are not slow to acknowledge the merits of great military chieftains. We have the full-length portraits of the Cromwells, the Washingtons, the Napoleons and the Wellingtons of the world. History is not written in black ink, but red ink of human blood. The gods of human ambition do not drink from bowls made out of silver or gold or precious stones, but out of the bleached skulls of the fallen. But I am now to unroll before you a scroll of heroes that the world has never acknowledged—those who faced no guns, blew no bugle blast, conquered no cities, chained no captives to their chariot wheels and yet in the great day of eternity will stand higher than some of those whose names startled the nations, and seraph and rapt spirit and archangel will tell their deeds to a listening universe. I mean the heroes of common, every-day life.

In this roll, in the first place, I find all the heroes of the sick room. When Satan had failed to overcome Job, he said to God: "Put forth Thy hands and touch his bones and his flesh, and he will curse Thee to Thy face." Satan had found out that which we have all found out, that sickness is the greatest test of one's character. A man who can stand that can stand anything. To be shut in a room as fast as though it were a bastile; to be so nervous you cannot endure the tap of a child's foot; to have luscious fruit, which tempts the appetite of the robust and healthy, excite our loathing and disgust when it first appears on the platter; to have the rapier of pain strike through the side or across the temples like a razor or, to put the foot in a vise or throw the whole body into a blaze of fever, yet there have been men and women, but more women than men, who have cheerfully endured this hardness. Through years of exhausting rheumatisms and excruciating neuralgias they have gone and through bodily distress that rasped the nerves and tore the muscles and paled the cheeks and stooped the shoulders. By the dim light of the sick room taper they saw on their wall the picture of that land where the inhabitants are never sick. Through the dead silence of the night they heard the chorus of the angels.

The cancer ate away her life from week to week and day to day, and she became weaker and weaker, and every "good-night" was feebler than the "good-night" before, yet never sad. The children looked up into her face and saw suffering transformed into a heavenly smile. Those who suffered on the battlefield amid shot and shell were not more heroes and heroines than those who, in the field hospital and in the asylum, had fevers which no ice could cool and no surgery cure. No shout of a comrade to cheer them, but numbness and aching and homesickness—yet willing to suffer, confident in God, hopeful of Heaven. Heroes of rheumatism. Heroes of neuralgia. Heroes of spinal complaint. Heroes of sick headache. Heroes of lifelong invalidism. Heroes and heroines! They shall reign forever and ever. Hark! I catch just one note of the eternal anthem: "There shall be no more pain!" Bless God for that!

In this roll I also find the heroes of toil who do their work uncomplainingly. It is comparatively easy to lead a regiment into battle when you know that the whole nation will applaud the victory; it is comparatively easy to doctor the sick when you know that your skill will be appreciated by a large company of friends and relatives; it is comparatively easy to address an audience when in the gleaming eyes and flushed cheeks you know that your sentiments are adopted. But to do sewing when you expect the employer will come and thrust his thumb through the work to show how imperfect it is or to have the whole garments thrown back on you, to be done over again; to build a wall and know there will be no one to say you did it well, but only a swearing employer howling across the scaffold; to work until your eyes are dim and your back aches and your heart faints, and to know that if you stop before night your children will starve—ah, the sword has not slain so many as the needle! The great battlefields of our civil war were not Gettysburg and Shiloh and South Mountain. The great battlefields were in the arsenals and in the shops and in the attics, where women made army jackets for a sixpence. They toiled on until they died. They had no funeral eulogium, but, in the name of my God, this day, I enroll their names among those of whom the world was not worthy. Heroes of the needle! Heroes of the sewing machine! Heroes of the attic! Heroes of the cellar! Heroes and heroines! Bless God for them!

In this roll I also find the heroes who have uncomplainingly endured domestic injustices. They are men who, for their toil and anxiety, have no sympathy in their homes. Exhausting application to business gets them a livelihood, but an unfrugal wife scatters it. He is fretted at from the moment he enters the door until he comes out of it—the exasperations of business life augmented by the exasperations of domestic life. Such men are laughed at, but they have a heartbreaking trouble, and they would have long ago gone into appalling dissipation but for the grace of God.

Society to-day is strewn with the wrecks of men who, under the northeast storm of domestic infelicity, have been driven on the rocks. There are tens of thousands of drunkards today, made such by their wives. That is not poetry; that is prose. But the wrong is generally in the opposite direction. You would not have to go far to find a wife whose life is a perpetual martyrdom—something heavier than the stroke of a fist, unkind words; staggering home at midnight and constant maltreatment, which have left her only a wreck of what she was on that day when in the midst of a brilliant assemblage the vows were taken, and full organ played the wedding march, and the carriage rolled away with the benediction of the people. What was the burning of Latimer and Ridley at the stake compared with this? Those men soon became unconscious in the fire, but there is a 30 years' martyrdom, a 50 years' putting to death, yet uncomplaining. No bitter words when the rollicking companions at two o'clock in the morning pitch the husband dead drunk into the front entry. No bitter words when wiping from the swollen brow the blood struck out in a midnight carousal. Bending over the battered and bruised form of him who when he took her from her father's home promised love and kindness and protection, yet nothing but sympathy and prayers and forgiveness before they are asked for. No bitter words when the family Bible goes for rum and the pawnbroker's shop gets the last decent dress. Some day, desiring to evoke the story of her sorrows, you say: "Well, how are you getting along now?" and, rallying her trembling voice and quieting her quivering lip, she says: "Pretty well, I thank you; pretty well." She never will tell you. In the delirium of her last sickness she may tell all the other secrets of her lifetime, but she will not tell that. Not until the books of eternity are opened on the throne of judgment will ever be known what she has suffered. Oh, ye who are twisting a garland for the victor, put it on that pale brow! When she is dead the neighbors will beg linen to make her a shroud, and she will be carried out in a plain box, with no silver plate to tell her years, for she has lived a thousand years of trial and anguish. The gamblers and swindlers who destroyed her husband will not come to the funeral. One carriage will be enough for that funeral—one carriage to carry the orphans and the two Christian women who presided over the obsequies.

But there is a flash, and the opening of a Celestial door and a shout: "Lift up your head, ye everlasting gate, and let her come in!" And Christ will step forth and say: "Come in. Ye suffered for me on earth; be glorified with me in Heaven." What is the highest throne in Heaven? You say: "The throne of the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb." No doubt about it. What is the next highest throne in Heaven? While I speak it seems to me it will be the throne of the drunkard's wife, if she with cheerful patience endured all her earthly torture. Heroes and heroines!

I find also in this roll the heroes of Christian charity. We all admire the George Peabodys and the James Lenoxes of the earth, who give tens and hundreds of thousands of dollars to good objects. But I am speaking now of those who out of their pinched poverty help others—of such men as those Christian missionaries at the west who proclaim Christ to the people, one of them, writing to the secretary in New York, saying: "I thank you for that $25. Until yesterday we have had no meat in our house for three months. We have suffered terribly. My children have no shoes this winter." And of those people who have only a half loaf of bread, but give a piece of it to others who are hungrier, and of those who have only a scuttle of coal, but help others to fuel, and of those who have only a dollar in their pocket and give 25 cents to somebody else, and of that father who wears a shabby coat, and of that mother who wears a faded dress, that their children may be well apparelled. You call them paupers or ragamuffins or emigrants. I call them heroes and heroines. You and I may not know where they live or what their name is. God knows, and they have more angels hovering over them than you and I have, and they will have a higher seat in Heaven. They may have only a cupful of cold water to give a poor traveler or may have only picked a splinter from under the nail of a child's finger or have put only two mites into the treasury, but the Lord knows them. Considering what they had, they did more than we have ever done, and their faded dress will become a white robe, and the small room will be an eternal mansion, and the old hat will be exchanged for a coronet of victory, and all the applause of earth and all the shouting of Heaven will be drowned out when God rises up to give His reward to those humble workers in His Kingdom, and say to them: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

You have all seen or heard of the ruins of Melrose abbey. I suppose in some respects they are the most exquisite ruins on earth. And yet, looking at it I was not so impressed—you may set it down to bad taste—but I was not so deeply stirred as I was at a tombstone at the foot of that abbey, the tombstone placed by Walter Scott over the grave of an old man who had served him for a good many years in his house—the inscription most insignificant, and I defy any man to stand there and read it without tears coming into his eyes—the epitaph: "Well done, good and faithful servant." Oh, when our work is over, will it be found that, because of anything we have done for God or the church or suffering humanity, that such an inscription is appropriate for us? God grant it!

Who are those who were bravest and deserved the greatest monument, Lord Claverhouse and his burly soldiers or John Brown, the Edinburgh carrier and his wife? Mr. Atkins, the persecuted minister of Jesus Christ, in Scotland was secreted by John Brown and his wife, and Claverhouse rode up one day with his armed men and shouted in front of the house. John Brown's little girl came out. He said to her: "Well, miss, is Mr. Atkins here?" She made no answer, for she could not betray the minister of the Gospel. "Ha!" Claverhouse said, "then you are a chip of the old block, are you? I have something in my pocket for you. It is a nosegay. Some people call it a thumbscrew, but I call it a nosegay." And he got off his horse and he put it on the little girl's hand and began to turn it until the bones cracked and she cried. He said: "Don't cry! don't cry! This isn't a thumbscrew, this is a nosegay." And they heard the child's cry, and the father and mother came out, and Claverhouse said: "Ha! It seems that you three have had your holy heads together, determined to die like all the rest of your hypocritical, canting, sniveling crew. Rather than give up good Mr. Atkins, pious Mr. Atkins, you would die. I have a telescope with me that will improve your vision," and he pulled out a pistol. "Now," he said, "you old pragmatic, lest you should catch cold in this cold morning of Scotland and for the honor and safety of the king, to say nothing of the glory of God and the good of our souls, I will proceed simply and in the neatest and most expeditious style possible to blow your brains out."

John Brown fell upon his knees and began to pray. "Ah," said Claverhouse, "look out, if you are going to pray; steer clear of the king, the council and Richard Cameron." "O Lord," said John Brown, "since it seems to be Thy will that I should leave this world for a world where I can love Thee better and serve Thee more, I put this poor widow woman and these helpless, fatherless children into Thy hands. We have been together in peace a good while, and now we must look forth to a better meeting in Heaven. And as for these poor creatures, blindfolded and infatuated, that stand before me, convert them before it is too late, and may they who have sat in judgment in this lonely place on this blessed morning upon me, a poor, defenseless fellow creature—may they in the last judgment find that mercy which they have refused to me, thy most unworthy but faithful servant. Amen."

He arose and said: "Isabel, the hour has come of which I spoke to you on the morning when I proposed hand and heart to you, and are you willing now, for the love of God, to let me die?" She put her arms around him and said: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed is the name of the Lord." "Stop that sniveling," said Claverhouse. "I have had enough of it. Soldiers, do your work. Take aim! Fire!" And the head of John Brown was scattered on the ground. While the wife was gathering up in her apron the fragments of her husband's head—gathering them up for burial—Claverhouse looked into her face and said: "Now, my good woman, how do you feel now about your bonnie man?" "Oh," she said, "I always thought weel of him; he has been very good to me; I had no reason for thinking anything but weel of him, and I think better of him now." Oh, what a grand thing it will be in the last day to see God pick out his heroes and heroines. Who are those paupers of eternity trudging off from the gates of Heaven? Who are they? The Lord Claverhouses and the Herods and those who had scepters and crowns and thrones, but they lived for their own aggrandizement, and they broke the heart of nations. Heroes of earth, but paupers in eternity. I beat the drums of their eternal despair. Woe, woe, woe!

But there is great excitement in Heaven. Why those long processions? Why the booming of that great bell in the tower? It is coronation day in Heaven. Who are those rising on the thrones with crowns of eternal royalty? They must have been great people on the earth, world renowned people. No. They taught in a ragged school. Taught in a ragged school! Is that all? That is all. Who are those souls waving scepters of eternal dominion? Why, they are little children who waited on invalid mothers. That all? That is all. She was called "Little Mary" on earth. She is an empress now. Who are that great multitude on the highest thrones of Heaven? Who are they? Why, they fed the hungry; they clothed the naked; they healed the sick; they comforted the heartbroken. They never found any rest until they put their head down on the pillow of the sepulcher. God watched them. God laughed defiantly at the enemies who put their heels hard down on these, His dear children, and one day the Lord struck His hand so hard on His thigh that the Omnipotent sword rattled in the buckler as He said: "I am their God, and no weapon formed against them shall prosper."

What harm can the world do you when the Lord Almighty with unsheathed sword fights for you? I preach this sermon for comfort. Go home to the place just where God has put you to play the hero or the heroine. Do not envy any man his money or his applause or his social position. Do not envy any woman her wardrobe or her exquisite appearance. Be the hero or the heroine. If there be no flour in the house and you do not know where your children are to get bread, listen, and you will hear something tapping against the window pane. Go to the window, and you will find it is the beak of a raven, and open the window, and there will fly in the messenger that fed Elijah. Do you think that the God who grows the cotton of the south will let you freeze for lack of clothes? Do you think that the God who allowed His disciples on Sabbath morning to go into the grainfield and then take the grain and rub it with their hands and eat—do you think God will let you starve? Did you ever hear the experience of that old man: "I have been young and now am old, yet I have never seen the righteous forsaken or his seed begging bread." Get up out of your discouragement, O troubled soul. O sewing woman, O man kicked and cuffed by unjust employers, O ye who are hard beset in the battle of life and know not which way to turn, O you bereft one, O you sick one with complaints you have told to no one, come and get the comfort of this subject. Listen to our great Captain's cheer: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the fruit of the tree of life which is in the midst of the Paradise of God."

Paternalism in Germany.

Hamburg policemen watch the street cars closely, and if they find a car which carries a single passenger more than the number allowed by law the conductor is fined 72 cents.

Sam Jones doesn't like the club woman or the modernized girl. Well, says the Memphis Commercial-Appeal, Sam's feeling on the subject is evidently reciprocated.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

THE SOUTH FOR POULTRY.

Some of the Advantages Possessed by the Southern Farmer for Poultry Raising.

The south is quickly forging to the front in poultry culture. A few years ago the majority of good birds exhibited at the southern shows were birds purchased of eastern breeders, but the tide is turning. Exhibitors that purchase birds from the east with the expectation of winning laurels for their yards are met with defeat by southern bred stock. The poultry breeders of the south are sounding their slogans, and are ready to do battle, to compete in the show with the breeders of the east. Our war cry is: "We'll meet all comers, we fear no foe." Several of our southern breeders have crossed the Ohio with the fowls to meet the eastern breeders on their own ground and in strong competition they were victorious, and carried off the honors hotly contested for. Considering the short time the south has been engaged in thoroughbred poultry, the show records made by southern stock are remarkable. This alone goes to show that the sunny south has been engaged in thoroughbred poultry, the show records made by southern stock are remarkable. This alone goes to show that the sunny south is the natural home of the fancy and business hen.

With our milder climate and short winters we have a great advantage over northern breeders. We seldom have more than a few cold days at one time, hence the birds are never closely confined for any length of time. With the exception of a week or two our fowls can roam and forage throughout the winter. The little sprigs of juicy bluegrass that spring up on any warm winter day afford splendid pasture for our birds. Green food of this kind is better, healthier and cheaper than the cut and stewed clover hay which northern breeders resort to as a substitute.

What is most essential in profitable poultry farming? Good healthy birds are well developed. With our late winters younger birds have the advantage of a longer season in which to grow and mature; we can thereby secure large bodies and good, strong frames that are so much desired in breeding stock. When winter begins our birds have attained their growth and are ready to do the work required of them.

The south is just awakening to other advantages that are offered to the poultry industry. Poultry here has been neglected. That is it was not looked upon as a paying crop. Only a few hens were kept to supply the demand for the house. In the last few years the farmers began to realize the value of poultry product, and have gone to work earnestly to build up this business. In a few years from now the south will be looked upon as the authority and leader in the poultry world.

We at one time looked upon the large broiler plants and egg ranches of the east with envy. We envy them no more. In connection with our national advantages, we have equally as great shipping facilities. With these two allies, we can soon eclipse the east, and make the south the ideal place for egg farming; we can produce eggs in winter almost as cheap as in summer. We also have cheaper feed and labor. This alone induces us to compete with northern eggs. We find that fresh eggs in winter command a higher price in the market than the cold storage product; hotels, restaurants, private and public institutions are beginning to realize at what loss cold storage eggs are purchased, and are willing to and do pay a premium for the fresh product. I am convinced that the demand for fresh southern eggs will soon be as great as the demand for our early fruits and vegetables.

Broiler plants require a larger capital to begin, also considerable knowledge as to marketing, but there is no reason whatever that we should not be able to supply part of the demand for broilers. Everything is in our favor. The market we can soon learn, and in a short time make the poultry exports of the south one of the greatest items or, in other words, outclass any other product.

Kentucky is world famous for its dairy and beef cattle. The grandest of shorthorns are bred and reared here. Her horses have been equally successful throughout the world. Why should not our poultry make a record as good and win a name as glorious? We can do it, and will do it! Not alone will we make the claim, but we are getting ready to prove that the south is the ideal place for poultry culture.—Cor. Fancy Fowls.

THE IDEAL PORK HOG.

Paper Read Before the Texas Swine Breeders' Association by A. W. Parrot.

The question as to just what type of hog will best promote the development of that animal for the final object for which he exists—the production of pork at the lowest cost worth the largest amount of net profit—is one of more than ordinary interest to all classes of hog raisers.

The small, fancy type embraces that class of hogs that are below medium in size, small bones, short, smooth evenly rounded form; fine, silky hair; short nose and wide face. Animals of this class are easily kept fat, as a rule, make an attractive appearance and are popular with those fanciers whose aim is to tickle the fancy of their customers, rather than furnish producers with profitable feeders. Such animals, as feeders under average treatment, and an almost exclusive corn ration, would hardly weigh more than one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five pounds, at ten to twelve months old; but, owing to their attractive appearance, would probably sell for five to ten cents more per hundred than the average of same size hogs that were much younger.

The characteristics of those termed large sized are, extremely large frames, unusual length of body; legs and feet large, hair and general appearance showing a tendency to coarseness. When fully developed these may be made to weigh from six to eight hundred pounds. Hogs of this character usually grow rapidly under good attention, while young, and consequently are much harder to keep in marketable condition than the small type, requiring from twelve to sixteen months to so far develop as to fatten easily. This necessitates a long continued course of feeding (extending through extremes of heat and cold, to mature them, which so increases the cost of production as to greatly reduce the profits on them as feeders.

The ideal feeders in my judgment, should be animals something near an average between these two extremes; of slightly above average length, stocky feet and legs, broad back slightly arched, thick hams and deep sides; animals that, with good ordinary feeding, will keep in good flesh from pighood to marketable age, and when ready for market, at eight to ten months, will weigh from two hundred and twenty-five to two hundred and seventy-five pounds. I believe there is no more important quality in the make-up of the hog intended for pork at a good profit, than that of easy fattening at any age. If the market unexpectedly advances, or the price of feed gets too high, the hog should be in condition to sell at once. The important point with the pork raiser is the type of animal to use to produce the most profitable feeder. It is well known that the tendency of the corn-fed hog as a producer is to degenerate, get smaller with each succeeding generation, finally resulting in the small sized, small boned type, too small to produce the desirable porker. Then, in order to keep up the standard to the proper size it is necessary to add new blood from those animals that have been fed for the development of bone and muscle, in feet and legs, as well as for larger size of frame.—Farm and Ranch.

Selecting Fruit Trees.

This requires great care, as there are so many things to be considered, especially if ordering from agents.

There is one general fault that should be looked out for. The head of most young trees is started too low or too near the ground. They are of good proportion to look nice when you get them, or, in other words, when small and out of the ground, but when they are set you will find them too low to work around with a team and they have to be trimmed or pruned so that they will grow or start out straight up, and then when they are large and get to bearing are more apt to split down, and then they are spoiled. The side branches may be cut off and the upright branch left to grow a year or two, then clip off the top and another head will be thus started, but this will set the tree a year or so behind. Some nurserymen are not careful enough about keeping the suckers or small branches cut off the trunks or bodies of the trees. If they are left too long they, of course, get large and when they are cut off will leave a bad scar or knot, and the trees are stunted more or less. I have seen trees for which a good price was paid that were hardly fit to set at all on this account.—Cor. National Stockman.

Renovating Orchards.

Thorough and systematic cultivation and fertilization or orchards, old or young, will pay. In fact, they should receive as much attention in this respect as corn or truck crop. I remember old fruit trees on my father's farm, in an old filed which had not been in cultivation for many years. These trees yielded scarcely any fruit. On coming into possession of the place, I determined to plant a crop of corn on that field. It was well worked and heavily manured. The tree required a good deal of trimming to enable me to work around them. The next year all of the trees bore some fruit, which was better than any I had seen on them before. I continued to cultivate and fertilize, with the result that most of the trees began to produce good, profitable crop of fruit.—Cor. Epitomist.

HERE AND THERE.

—Where there is no pasturage in winter, there should be no hogs.

—Oil meal is made from flax seed, cotton seed meal is not. Note the distinction.

—The man who shoots one bird and saves one berry perpetuates a thousand bugs, good for several berries each.

—When an old sow has proven her value as a breeder, don't replace her with a younger one. "When you have a good thing, keep it."

—In every degitimate business it is the man who has mastered the details who succeeds. Experts are always well paid. Farmeing is not an exception.

—Watch the hens when feeding, and whenever they cease to strive for the grain cease to spread it before them. Then, if their appetities are not fully satisfied, let them hustle and scratch. It will do them good.

—Many farmers fail to make their labor profitable because they do not work systematically. While they recognize the importance of system in any other business, they practically deny it in their own.

It is reported that the insect Vedalia Cardinalis introduced in California to destroy its natural prey, scale insects, has succeeded to well it is in danger of extermination itself, from starvation.

—It is estimated that a crop of corn on one acre, weighing 16,000 pounds for the entire plant, consumes in its growth about 3,000,000 pounds of water. In case of drought, it consumes less and produces less. The crop takes up about 300 pounds of water for every pound of assimilated plant food.

Gen. Jastrunski, Louisiana state commissioner of agriculture, reports thirty-four farmers' institutes held in that state recently, all well attended and interest therein increasing. He hopes for additional provision for institutes from the general assembly.

—Very few farmers keep any record of their operations by which they may determine the amount of profit or loss of the year's operations, or of their cattle, hogs or sheep. If there be a loss, it can not be leeted and amended, but must remain to affect the future operations.

—Each successive hundred pounds of flesh costs more to produce it than the preceding 100 pounds. The first 100 is the cheapest, the last the dearest. This can be continued until the last 100 pounds takes all the profits from previous growth. Hence, push to maturity and market early.

GRANULAR EYELIDS.

A Disease That May Be Easily Contracted Through Contagion, and How.

This is a very distressing and often serious form of conjunctivitis, or inflammation of the mucous membrane covering the eyeball and the lids. As its name implies, it is usually confined to the membrane which lines the lids; but it may also creep on to the eye portion, and even when it does not it often excites other troubles there which may endanger the sight. The disease is much less common than it used to be. At one time it was almost constantly to be found in orphan asylums, schools, armies, and wherever numbers of people lived together in more or less intimate contact, and often in such places extensive epidemics of the disease occurred.

We now know, says Youth's Companion, that the trouble is contagious, and may be spread from one person to another through the common use of towels, pillows and so forth; and this knowledge has led to a marked reduction in the prevalence of the affection, through the enforcement of isolation and the observance of greater cleanliness.

The disease usually begins in acute form with redness of the eyballs, swelling of the lids, itching and watering of the eyes, and an extreme intoleration of light. The eyes feel hot and tender, and there is usually a slight glairy discharge.

At this stage the symptoms are the same as those of an ordinary conjunctivitis or cold in the eye, but when the acute stage begins to subside, the eyes do not get well. The under surface of the lids becomes covered with little granules of a deep red color. After awhile these granulations may ulcerate, and then the discharge from the eye increases and becomes thick and yellowish.

Following this stage, which is sometimes very slight in degree, the membrane lining the lids becomes dry and parchment-like, and contracts, rolling the lids inward, so that the lashes rub against the eyeball. This rubbing causes irritation, blood vessels grow down over the upper part, and a fleshy mass forms which remains as a permanent disfigurement, as well as an impediment to vision when it encroaches upon the pupil.

The treatment of granular lids is very difficult, for the disease is exceedingly obstinate. For this reason prevention is a matter of the utmost importance. A child who suffers from this, or any eye affection, should have his own wash basin, soap, towels, napkins and handkerchiefs. He should sleep alone, and in every possible way should be prevented from coming in close contact with others, so long at least as there is any discharge from the eyes.

BLIGHTED HOPES.

A Book Agent's Uncomfortable Experience with a Work on Canines.

"I've gone back to my first love, the great Celebrated Compendium of Universal Knowledge, bound in calf and sold at a price within the reach of all," said the book agent, with a sigh, relates the Detroit Free Press. "The other day the head member of the firm that I am proud to represent called me into his private office and showed me a book that the firm had just issued. It was a book on dogs, telling how to take care of them, what to feed, what to do for the mange, how to tell a mastiff from a pug, how to handle a mad dog—in fact, it was a regular dog encyclopedia, bound in cloth and sold at a popular price. The moment I set eyes on that book I saw great possibilities in it. I knew from bitter experience that nearly everyone kept a dog; and, no matter what kind of a cross-eyed purp it might be, the owner couldn't be convinced that his own particular dog wasn't the finest dog on earth. I made up my mind that there was a fortune in the sale of that book, and I secured the exclusive right to this city before I left the office. Cautioning the head member of the firm to keep the presses going, so there would be no possible chance of a shortage, I started out to place the great work before the public. The first house that I struck my hopes received a sudden chill. I was no sooner in the yard than a big dog came tearing around the corner of the house and made for me. There was only one thing to do, and I did it. I made for a tree that was near and managed to get out of the way before the beast arrived. As he showed no desire to leave, I yelled for help. A man came to the door, and, after calmly looking the situation over, asked me what I wanted.

"'I am selling a work on dogs,' I said, rather weakly, from my position in the tree. 'It tells how to cure the mange, what to feed, what to—'

"'Well,' said he, cutting in, 'explain it to Tige, and if he cares anything about it I'll buy it.' And with that he went inside and shut the door.

"For two mortal hours that miserable cur sat under the tree and licked his chops. Then the owner came to the door again and said it was time Tige had his dinner and that I could finish explaining the book to him after he got through. If he hadn't called that dog away just as he did Tige would have had his dinner right under that tree, and the firm would have been short one book agent. As far as I am concerned, every cussed dog in this city may die of the mange. In fact, I hope they will!"

Potato Biscuits.

Mix two cupfuls of mashed potatoes and half a cupful of butter; add two eggs, whites and yolks, and finally a cupful of perpetual yeast made by the rule given. Let this sponge stand until it is very light, and add enough warm, sifted bread flour to make a soft dough. Mix this dough until it is smooth, then set it to rise again until it is very light; mold it quickly into biscuits. Rub them with butter to keep out the air and prevent a crust forming when they rise. Put them in a pan, cover them and let them stand in a warm, not a hot, place for an hour. At the end of this time put the pan containing the biscuits in a very hot oven, leaving the door open about six inches to prevent the biscuits browning at once, but give them time to puff up in the heat. In five minutes after putting in the biscuits shut the oven door and let the rolls brown and bake through.—N. Y. Tribune.