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 21, 1900. VOL. XXV—NO. 36.

TRUTH.

Not in my way nor in your way
Does the cause of Truth march on;
Yet each age has more of progress
Than the ages that have gone;
And from its inverted shadow
Wheels the earth into the dawn.

Often by the storms of passion
We are torn and tempest-tossed;
Often do our plans miscarry,
Oft our purposes are crossed;
Off we bow our heads in anguish,
Crying out that all is lost.

But the morrow breaks in glory
And the morning sunshine smiles,
Gleaming off into the distance
Unto golden afterwhiles,
Where the Future glints and glistens
Over Fortune's happy isles.

Back of our short-sighted wisdom
Stands the thought Omnipotent;
Back of all our puny scheming
Waits the foreordained event;
Oft what seems to us an evil
Is a blessing heaven-sent.

God is reigning, and His justice
Will prevail, whate'er betide;
There are silent, unseen forces
Unto Truth that are allied,
And the legions of the angels
Add us from the other side.

Not in my way nor in your way
Comes the triumph of the right,
But resistlessly as morning
Steals on the reluctant night,
Till the air is filled with music
And the world is filled with light.

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Comes the triumph of the right,
But resistlessly as morning
Steals on the reluctant night,
Till the air is filled with music
And the world is filled with light.

There are voices from the Silence,
Soft as sweep of seraph's wings;
From the secret soul of being
God's eternal mandate springs;
And the world moves on forever
To the goal of better things.

—Denver News.

His One Love Dream

It Lasted Nearly One Day, and Thinks He Escaped Very Easily.

NINE o'clock of a lovely April morning, with the air breathing soft scents of budding grass and early spring violets, while overhead the blue sky stretched its dazzling dome, like an arch of glittering sapphire!

"It's spring in good earnest," said Mr. Petro Peterson, as he sat at his window, his heels poised on the extreme outer ledge, and a fragrant cigar perfuming the surrounding atmosphere. "Heigho! I can almost fancy how the dandelions are starring over the hills of the old New Hampshire farm where I was born! Who would think that it was the 26th of April already? And my house not let. What can the real estate agents be thinking of?"

Mr. Petro Peterson was a stout, bald-headed gentleman of some six-and-forty years of age, with bright hazel eyes, and a neat, compact little figure—one of those men whose very air and gait, even though they were never to speak a word, make the perpetual proclamation: "I am a man of money and position!"

"I don't see why Mrs. Parker wanted to give up the house," went on Mr. Peterson, in his unsyllabled soliloquy. "She says it's because the price of board is falling, and she can't afford to keep up the establishment! A great mistake of hers in my opinion—a great mistake! She's the only woman I ever knew who could make a real French omelet, or knew what cafe noir meant! I'm almost tempted to wish—almost I say—that I had married some nice, sensible little girl 20 good years ago; for—dear me, what can all that ringing at the bell mean? Why don't Mrs. Parker answer it? Do the people mean to pull the wire out bodily, I wonder?"

He had just tossed his cigar out of the window, with the intention of himself hastening to the rescue when a servant girl came up to his apartment, breathless and eager.

"What is it, Hannah?" he cried, irascibly.

"If ye please, sir, the mistress is gone to market, and there's no one to show the house. I told 'em would they call again, but they said perhaps Mr. Peterson would oblige 'em!"

"Very cool of 'em, upon my word!" cried Mr. Peterson, mentally execrating the whole race of house hunters.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Peterson," cried a voice as soft and sprightly as the notes of the bluebird, "but mamma and I have so many places to go to, and we thought you wouldn't mind our seeing the house!"

And Mr. Peterson's wrath melted away like a morning vapor before her pretty insolence of demeanor, as she stood in the doorway, balancing a fairy parasol on her finger, and looking with saucy artlessness round his bachelor sanctum, while Mrs. Cope's matronly countenance appeared in the background.

"You can allow us the privilege of looking at your house," said Jeannie, coaxingly. "I—that is, mamma has got to move, and although the rent of this house must, of course, be very high, she thought, by taking a few boarders she might contrive to meet expenses!"

"Exactly so," said mild Mrs. Cope.

"Are you going to move elsewhere?" asked Jeannie of our hero, as she glanced at the half-packed trunks.

"My landlady is," groaned Mr. Petro Peterson. "It's awful to be at the mercy of a landlady, Miss Cope!"

"But it's all your fault!"

"All my fault?"

"To be sure—why didn't you get married?"

"Because I was a fool!"

"And why don't you get married now?" pursued the relentless little sprite.

"Would you," questioned Mr. Peterson, gravely, "if you were I?"

"Of course I would. Get married and board with us. Mamma will give you this room, and—"

"My dear!" checked Mrs. Cope, gently.

"My dear madam!" cried Mr. Peterson, still with his eyes fixed on Jeannie's lovely face, "I assure you I think it is an excellent idea!"

And all through their journey from cellar to French roof, while Mrs. Cope considered the relative advantages of this room and that, Mr. Peterson kept revolving this same "excellent idea" in his mind.

"Miss Jeannie," he said, somewhat awkwardly, as they turned downstairs, "supposing I should — ahem — adopt your suggestion, what would be your fancy in furnishing a suite of rooms?"

"Let me see," said Jeannie, looking composedly around, "I'd paper the room in white and gold and I'd fill the windows with canary birds and plants and I'd have a blue carpet and blue silk chairs and sofas."

"You like blue?"

"Very much; it is my favorite color."

"Blue it shall be, then!" cried the delighted bachelor. "Mrs. Cope, if you should decide to take the house you will please reserve these rooms for me, and—and Mrs. Peterson, ma'am, at $50 a week."

"I shall be very happy, sir!" said Mrs. Cope. "Jennie, stop laughing; you behave exactly like a little school girl. You will give me till to-morrow morning, sir, to decide?"

"Certainly, ma'am—certainly.'"

As he turned, after seeing them off, already in imagination leading Jeannie Cope to the flower-decked altar, a slender, good-looking young man of some four or five and twenty stood beside him.

"Good morning, uncle," he cried, breathlessly.

"Good morning, Joe," returned Mr. Peterson, nodding to Mr. Joseph Franklin, his only nephew. "What brings you here in such a hurry?"

"Is your house let yet, uncle?"

"Yes—no—I don't exactly know," responded Mr. Peterson, a little awkwardly. "What does it matter to you whether it is or not, hey, you young scapegrace?"

"Much, sir. To tell you the truth, I was thinking of renting it myself."

"You!"

"Yes, I. I'm going to be married next week, uncle."

"A very sensible plan," said Mr. Peterson, beamingly.

"I'm glad you approve of it, sir, and, in case my wife and I conclude to take a few boarders, can I have your promise to consider you as one?"

"That is, in case you take the house?"

"Yes."

"I can't promise; in fact, I think I've already engaged myself," said Mr. Peterson, importantly. "To speak frankly, Joe, I've some idea of marrying myself."

"You, uncle?" exclaimed Franklin, in amazement.

"And why not?" testily demanded Mr. Petro Peterson, his bald head turning pink with excitement. "I'm not Methuselah. Why shouldn't I get married?"

"There's no reason on earth why you shouldn't, uncle," responded Joe, smothering a laugh; "only, you see, you took me rather by surprise. In that case why shouldn't we have the pleasure of accommodating both Mrs. Peterson and yourself?"

"Because, sir," said Mr. Peterson, sententiously, "because my mother-in-law that is to be takes boarders, sir, a few boarders in a genteel sort of way, and I've all but promised myself to her."

"'All but.' There is a chance, then, of—"

"A very slender one," unwillingly admitted Mr. Peterson.

"And if you should make no other arrangement you will let us have the house?"

"Y—yes, I suppose so."

"There can be no harm in my bringing her to look at the house this afternoon after office hours?"

"No. I suppose not."

He was making a little pencil estimate about the probable cost of refurnishing the apartments he occupied with velvet and satin, according to Jeannie's not particularly economical ideas, that same afternoon, when Joseph Franklin entered, flushed and proud.

"She's down in the parlor, uncle."

"In a minute. Twelve and sixteen and—there, then, Joe, how can a man add up his accounts with you stamping round the room like a wild buffalo? Yes, yes, I'll go down and see her, and then perhaps I shall have a little peace of my life."

He followed his nephew resignedly down to the parlor, thinking the while of far other things, and suffered himself to be led to a little sofa in the bay window, where a slender young lady was sitting, toying rather nervously with a pink parasol.

"Uncle," said Joe, proudly, "this is my promised wife, Jeannie, this is Uncle Petro Peterson."

"Jeannie Cope!" gasped the astonished bachelor.

"You'll give me a kiss, uncle, won't you?" said Jeannie, putting up her coral lips in the most bewitching way in the world. "I said it was mamma this morning; but it was really Joe and I that wanted the house."

"It was, eh?" said Mr. Peterson, with a curious commingling of sensations.

"Yes, and you know you promised to get married and board with us. He did, indeed, Joe."

"I was only joking. Married, indeed! I'm not such a fool yet. I'll stay here, but I'll not refurnish the rooms this year."

So the bill was taken off the front door; and Mrs. Joseph Franklin has learned to make an omelet that suits the fastidious taste of her uncle-in-law.

"And it's just as well that fate saved me from making a fool of myself," says Mr. Peterson, exultantly.—N. Y. News

The Sadness of Love.

Jack—It is time for me to go, dearest; I shall be locked out, and I left my night-key in my room.

Jess—Must you go?

Jack—Yes, really. You wouldn't want me to sit in the park until morning, would you?

Jess—No; but I see you so seldom.

Jack—I have been here every night since New Year's.

Jess—I know, but a day is such an age.

Jack—I know it, dearest (sighs), and the days are growing longer now.—Harlem Life.

Expensive Associations.

Some of the component parts of Greater New York are discovering says the Chicago Record, that the only greater part to them consists in taxation.

Let the Sea Serpent Beware.

The appropriation to purchase five Holland torpedo boats, says the Boston Herald, looks as if submarine warfare was about to begin in dead earnest.

Perfumed Butter.

One of the new fads is perfumed butter. Its popularity, says the Chicago Tribune, will depend largely upon the nature of the perfume.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

The University of Berlin will soon have three chairs of anthropology and ethnology.

A training college for Sunday school teachers—the first of its kind in England—has been opened at Handsworth, Birmingham.

In 1806 James Watt built an organ for St. Andrew's church, Glasgow, which he attended. There was considerable opposition to its use, and many caricatures were published concerning it.

Women students are in future to be admitted to such courses in the medical department of Owens' college, Manchester, England, as will enable them to qualify for a medical degree.

Rev. T. H. James, who has been preaching in Oakley, Kan., on a $500 salary, recently inherited a fortune from relatives in England, and intends to devote $500,000 to the endowment of a college and hospital in Oklahoma.

A school for employes has been started in one of the shops of the United States Cast-Iron Pipe & Foundry company, in Cincinnati. The company has fitted up a room with drawing apparatus, and instruction will be given in the company's time.

The total number of lockers in use in the men's gymnasium of the University of Michigan last year was 1,192. With the present year the number has increased to 1,330. These figures indicate the minimum number of students who use the gymnasium at least as often as once a week.

The Volta school, in Naples, has 400 scholars. They provide their own tools and go through courses in electricity, chemistry and mechanics. The pupils pay a nominal fee, and the institution is assisted by the government and by the city. It is said that it is easy to obtain employment on leaving the schools.

GRAY WOLVES AS PETS.

A Wyoming Man Finds That They Soon Become Affectionate and Tractable.

Gray wolves are the most favored domestic pets on the ranch of A. J. Bothwell, on the Sweetwater river, Wyoming. The children romp with them, and have taught them many of the amusing tricks that earn applause in denser centers of civilization when performed by French poodles. There is never a thought of fear in the relationship.

These wolves, says the Chicago Chronicle, were captured as pups a year ago. They were nearly two weeks old and their blue eyes had not long been open. From the snug den in which their wise old mamma was beginning their education they were dug out by human hands and carried off to the ranch.

From the very first these wild foundlings exhibited lovable qualities. They repaid caresses and kind words with every demonstration of gratitude, and gamboled with their captors in a way that was irresistible.

Like more civilized puppies, they had a tendency to chew shoes and slippers, drag tablecloths from their appointed places and dig holes in treasured flower beds, but they never attempted to bite their friends.

As they grew bigger a playground was fenced in for them with stout wire netting. There to this day they disport themselves, quite contented in captivity so long as the children of the ranch frequently go in to play with them and teach them new tricks. They are grown-up wolves now, with all the strength of their species. They have the gleaming eyes, the great fangs, the blood-red tongues, the speed and activity that have aroused the horror of mankind from Little Red Riding Hood's time to this, but the eyes gleam with fun, the fangs are shown only in mirth, the speed and activity are used in frolic. In a word, these great hounds of the forest have exerted all their doggish gifts to prove that the wolf has from time immemorial suffered under the most unjust aspersions.

DIVORCE SIMPLE IN JAPAN.

Conjugal Partners May Be Exchanged with a Mere Show of Formality.

The following are the texts of wondrous letters, says the Japan Times, bearing a recent date, exchanged between an aggrieved husband and his delighted successor, both of Azumamura, Ashikaga district, Tochigi prefecture:

Mr. Sokichi Yamamoto—Sir: You have been guilty of improper flirtation with my wife, Tsune, and the affair has greatly grieved me. For this reason I have made various complaints against you for your offensive conduct, through the members of our communal bodies, and you have sent me endless apologies, but as I find them unsatisfactory, I have, like a man, decided to get rid of my wife, and do herewith give and transfer her to you. Henceforth I will not entertain any lingering affection for the woman, and in proof thereof witness my signature, Kamekichi Fujikawa.

Mr. Kamekichi Fujikawa—Sir: It is indisputably true that I have been guilty of intimacy with your beloved wife, and on that account I have sent you apologies through the members of our communal body. You have, however, steadfastly refused to forgive, and instead forwarded your wife to me. As it is your will, I beg herewith to acknowledge receipt and transference of said wife, etc.

Chinese Women Soldiers.

The Boer war is not the first to enlist women to fight. There was a conflict some 50 years ago in which over 500,000 women took part, and they were as active as men in all military duties. They were formed into brigades of 13,000 each, and had female officers. Ten thousand were picked women, drilled and garrisoned in Nankin. The rest dug moats and trenches, built breastworks, batteries, etc. The Tae-Ping rebellion was one of the most remarkable of modern wars.

A Bird of a Creditor.

"A man with a bill!" announced the court chamberlain.

The king was visibly startled.

"He must be a bird!" exclaimed his majesty, thinking of the rigorous measures he had taken to prevent creditors approaching the royal person.—Detroit Journal.

THE SHAH'S CIRCUIT.

Persia's Ruler Will Make a Tour of Europe and Visit All the Royal Courts.

The shah of Persia, having been four years on the throne, wishes to see the world, and has planned a long journey. He will visit St. Petersburg, Berlin, Vienna, Paris, London and Constantinople, and will be entertained at all the courts. It will be a costly journey, and the shah is not reputed to be rich; but his credit is good, especially in St. Petersburg, where the treasury is always ready to make advances to the ruler of a vassal state whose territory Russia covets, says Youth's Companion.

Muzaffar-ed-din, the shah, is nearly 50 years old. He looks younger than he is, for there are no traces of gray in his jet-black hair and long, drooping mustache, and there are no lines on his narrow forehead. His eyes are soft and dreamy, the contour of his face is regular and his smile is that of an indolent and weak man who can be easily amused.

He is a ruler without strength of character, who is believed to have secured the throne through Russian support when his older brother had a clearer right to it, and would have resisted foreign influence more strenuously. He is a pleasure-loving sovereign who likes to go about everything in the easiest way.

Great results may follow the shah's circuit of European travel. An empire larger than France and Germany together may be opened to European commerce and American railway building; and Russia may find herself on the Persian gulf and on the frontier of India, while Englishmen are asking whether Lord Salisbury was really dreaming when he declared that there was "room enough for all in Asia."

Tommy Atkins Unhorsed.

In one of the scrimmages before Ladysmith, various sections of infantry had been slapping away for some time at the Boer trenches, when it was decided to send forward a detachment of Dundonald's cavalry to try to head off a band of moving Boers. As the horsemen galloped past the infantrymen, one lost his seat. The fallen rider—an Irishman—pulled himself together and chased his mount. As he ran past the infantry lines, the "Tommies" jeered at his undignified position. Paddy halted for a second. "Yes, ye may laugh, bhoys," he said, "for sure Oi'm nothin' but a common foot soldier now!"

Woman's Status in France.

The cause of woman has received a severe blow in Paris, the center of politeness! At a recent election of a committee in the Societe des Gens de Lettres there were four women candidates, all of whom were defeated. It is not easy to induce the French mind to accord recognition to feminine talent. It was a Frenchman who said: "Women go into literature as a cat plays with a mouse—glancing around to see if anyone is looking. In other words, to attract attention."

Japanese Use Chinese.

In coining such modern words as "telegram," "photography," etc., the Japanese have recourse to the Chinese language, as we do to the Greek. It is for this reason that few men who have been "mauled"—as the English express it—by lions or tigers ever recover from their injuries. Arguing along the same lines, it is possible that the number of deaths on record from the bite of the western skunk, or "hydrophobia cat," may be traceable to blood poisoning rather than the rabies. The skunk seems to have a mania for biting people, but in this respect he is not unique. The common house rat where allowed to become overbold from their numbers, frequently nibbles at the fingers, ears or toes of sleepers in dark rooms. But rats are not wholly carnivorous by nature and in consequence there is less danger in their bites. The eldest son of Sir Pryse Pryse—a fox-hunting baronet of Cardiganshire, England—died recently from blood poisoning, superinduced by the bite of a captive fox.

The Old Maid.

The old maid will often clutch at a straw-man.—Chicago Democrat.

HOME LIFE IN PORTO RICO.

Survival of the Fittest in House Furnishing Follows Experience in Unpleasant Features.

To one unaccustomed to tropical conditions, the furnishing of the Porto Rican home would at first sight seem meager, but it is quite ample, says Harper's Bazar. A short residence will demonstrate that nearly 500 years of experience with the unpleasant features of life in the West Indies have been crowned by a survival of the fittest in furnishing as in other matters.

Austrian bent-wood furniture and willow ware constitute the main equipment of the parlors and living rooms. Upholstered furniture is unknown and undesired, little or no attempt being made at decoration, except in the matter of embroidery and fine hand-made lace work. Hundreds of yards of crochet work are used in the embellishment of a single canopied bed. The work is the chief delight of the Porto Rican housewife.

The walls are for the most part bare, but here and there a painting of merit may be seen. The sofa pillow is one of the great features of the home; it is everywhere, in every conceivable size, shape and material. Ferns of gigantic size and exquisite formation, as well as broad-spreading palm leaves, are used to festoon the walls and arched doorways. Cut fresh from day to day, they render the dark, cool rooms inviting and attractive. Potted tropical plants in great variety abound within and without the house.

BISHOP DAVID H. MOORE.

Since 1884 Dr. Moore, who was just elected a bishop by the Methodist general conference, has been editor of the Western Christian Advocate, published at Cincinnati. He was graduated from Ohio university and began his ministry in the Ohio conference, under whose jurisdiction he was born in 1838. He entered the union army as a chaplain, was captured, and after his release organized several companies of the Twenty-fifth Ohio regiment. He came out of the war as lieutenant colonel. In 1873 he became president of the Cincinnati Wesleyan college for women, and for nearly ten years served the church as an educator.

DANGER IN A FOX BITE.

An English Baronet's Son Was Bitten and Died of Blood Poisoning.

Blood poisoning frequently occurs in cases of wounds from the teeth or claws of animals, especially those that feed wholly or in part on putrid flesh, and it is easy to understand that, in the cases of such species as eat only game of their own killing, there must be traces of their feasts, in the shape of shreds of animal matter, left adhering to their claws and teeth to decay and become poisonous in time.

CHAMPION JEFFRIES' NEW HOME AT SHEEPSHEAD.

Prize-fighting evidently is one of the most profitable occupations of our era. The heavyweight champion has just purchased the 22-room house built by the late John Y. McKane at Sheepshead, L. I., and occupied for many years by his family. In this elegant mansion close to the seashore Jeffries will entertain his preacher father and his friends this summer. As a training place for contests in the ring the location of the house is ideal. The champion pug paid a big price for the house, and, although a year or so ago he was poor as a church mouse, he now has money to burn.

VIRTUES OF TACT.

Women Endowed with the Quality Are Sure to Hold Their Friends.

Tact is an indescribable art of saying or doing the right thing in the right place and in the right way, and it is an instinct rather than a cultivated grace. Tact seems Heaven-born. A veritable woman of tact is the best type of a Christian. She is unselfish and courteous under all circumstances. Tact is a most useful ally of truth. It prevents the infliction of a wound, says the Ledger Monthly.

How often we think of the story of the fairy. A fairy appeared to a young mother of three lovely little children—two girls and one boy. The fairy agreed to bestow with her fairy wand a gift upon each child upon one condition—that the mother should choose the gifts for the elder children, but she should be allowed to choose for the babe at the mother's breast. The mother consented. For her son she chose genius—for the elder daughter, beauty. "Now," said the fairy, "for the dear little babe I choose tact." "Ah!" says the young mother, with a clouded brow, "give her something better, I pray you." "Wait and see," said the fairy; "I consider hers the best choice." As years went by the mother found that little Grace had the priceless attraction—beauty and genius paled in contrast with the virtues of tact—which is a treasure that never loses luster, and adds so much to the sweetness and happiness of life.

A woman of tact whose watchword is unselfishness in thought and action, considers the feelings of others. She is agreeable to all in all conditions of life. She is a benediction in her home, and in the circle in which she moves. We are more and more convinced that we can meet with true social success only through consideration for others. The surest way to lose our friends and all in life that makes it worth the living is to try to grasp everything regardless of the rights and feelings of others.

When sympathy and tact are combined in the same person they give their possessor very great influence. Sympathy is the healing balm; tact, the dexterous hand that applies it. Tact depends upon sensitiveness of temperament combined with observation. It tells one when a subject is unwelcome, when an inquiry is painful, when condolence or congratulations are ill-timed. It softens the rough edges of unpleasant truths. Many people are full of sympathy which they do not know how to express. Tact points out the way to show it. Real sympathy has a wonderful power of winning confidence. If you are forgetful of the joys and sorrows of others, listen indifferently to their recital of them, you will never win their confidence. Real sympathy gives its possessor a wonderful power for good. To do all the good we can is to make the most of life.

Women endowed by nature with the quality called tact are the flower of their kind. They have the secret of charm, and will hold undisputed sway over the hearts of men and women. Others may be more beautiful and brilliant and witty, but for consolation in moments of discouragement, for counsel in your difficulties, you will seek the unselfish friend who rejoices with you in your good fortune and sympathizes earnestly in your misfortune, showing that gentle tact and innate refinement which is so beautiful.

THE LATEST SKIRTS.

Close at the Hips, Full in the Back and Very Wide About the Foot.

The latest news from Paris is rather startling as regards skirts. After having been told that the close-fitting habit skirts were to be fashionable no longer, and that only skirts with back breadths gathered or laid in single, double or triple box plaits were to be worn, some of the smartest gowns that have lately been seen have had plain backs, and many of the new costumes shown for summer are also so provided, we are informed in Harper's Bazar. Where the entire back is not plain and the skirt has a deep apron yoke in front, the yoke at the back will be narrow, and the effect will be quite plain, with no fullness at all directly in the back or over the hips.

The habit skirts of last season were not, however, cut quite as are these skirts, the latter having more fullness, which begins, too, nearer the belt at the back. The truth of the matter is that the more successful dressmakers do not now follow lavishly any very marked fashion, but take some pretty design, and modify it or improve upon it, to suit the wearer, and in this way the gown is not simply a reproduction to the exact line of a style that fashion has dictated as correct. At a recent entertainment at which a number of new gowns were worn no less than five distinct styles of skirts were seen, alike only in that they all fitted close around the hips, were full at the back and very wide around the foot, with ruffles and flounces and plaitings put inside as well as out, giving a finished look to the bottom of the skirt. Machine stitching is still a favorite trimming for cloth and heavier weight of materials, while lace, embroidery and open work chenille net are used on the lighter fabrics like silk and mousseline de soie.

Merry Mount.

In the early colonial days of New England a district located in the neighborhood of the site of what is now Quincy, Mass., was peopled by a settlement of Church-of-England men, whose laxity of manners deeply offended the straight-laced Puritans. The rigid doctrines and austere habits of the latter received little respect from the Church-of-England men, and an attack was made upon the settlement by the forces of the Plymouth colony in 1630. "Merry Mount" is the title of a romance written by Historian John Lothrop Motley in 1849.

Invalid's Soup.

Cut one-half pound of mutton and the same of beef in small pieces, add a quart of water and a tablespoonful of rice; boil slowly on the back of the stove several hours, adding more water if it becomes too thick, strain; season to taste, as desired by the patient. Serve in a dainty bouillon cup, with a wafer.—People's Home Journal.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

THE MERCANTILE SIDE OF IT.

The Selling of the Crop by the Producer of as Much Importance as the Raising.

This has been too much overlooked. We have been accustomed to think that others should run that for us. We have been so much engrossed in producing that we have not given as much thought to selling as we might have done. There are so many sharp traders in every line, ready to manage that for us, that we have quietly submitted to their management. Of course they have looked after their own interest.

The result is that all we make is consumed, and yet we remain poor. More than this, every class is making more money out of our produce than we make.

Take cotton, the most important money-producing crop we know. We have given more thought to this than any other. And how does this stand? Everybody gets better pay than the producer.

The picker gets good wages for picking. The ginner gets good pay for ginning. The bagging and tie men get immense profits furnishing the covering. The warehouse men get good profits weighing and storing. Many of them have accumulated large fortunes in this business. The insurance companies make large money from every crop. The sampler and street, or wagon buyer make good wages. The railroad and ship companies make larger profits than on any other class of freight. The compress men get immensely rich, "squeezing" the badly-packed bales. The larger buyers, start in business with little of no money, and get to be millionaires. Bankers get handsome profits, furnishing the cash and paying the bills. The manufacturers double their capital, and pay large dividends. Lastly, but mostly the speculators—a vast army of sharp traders and schemers, who deal in cotton in sight and out of sight, and gamble in options to the ruin and hurt of thousands of honest men, often roll in wealth, when they should be toiling in chains. Thus we see these 15 classes of men all making profits, sometimes immense fortunes, and many others incidentally getting a good living, while we often sell at less than the cost of production.

Take the manufactured goods and follow them back to the consumer, and the man who grows the cotton is a very liberal consumer, and find almost as many profits attached. We sell a pound of cotton for from six to eight cents, and sew on our buttons with thread that we pay a dollar per pound for.

None of these people are to blame for making what they can and do. They are only looking out for self interest. But we are to blame for selling them our cotton, without first getting a profit for ourselves.

How can this be done? First we must control the sale of a mortgaged crop, or a crop made upon provisions bought on time. We must raise our own supplies; and own the cotton. This has been often said. But we have not yet learned what it really means.

Then we must distribute the sale through the twelve months. By doing this we will avoid the numerous go betweens and get nearer to the manufactories. In this way we can get what our cotton is worth to the manufacturer. We can thus stop the forced sale we have been making. We can avoid the annual glut of warehouses, railroads and money markets.

When we have done this we can have a voice in the price. We have a practical monopoly of growing this great and essential crop of American cotton. We lose all the immense advantage for want of business methods in selling.

When we get in this shape many of us, when we found a cotton crop on hand for which we could not get a satisfactory price, we would hold it and quit making cotton, and give our attention to something else, until the price was satisfactory.

Of course this means a great revolution in our methods. But that is just what we need and must have if we are ever to get fair prices for farm products.

What we have said about cotton is equally true of many other crops. The seed of the cotton is another illustration. Most of us sold our seed this past season for about fourteen cents per bushel or less. A few who held on got twenty-five cents to thirty-five. All could just as well have gotten twenty-five cents if we had waited. Cotton seed are worth twenty-five cents to us. They are worth over that to the oil mill men. Why should we sell them at fourteen cents?

We sell the seed at less than one half cent per pound, and then buy the oil back in lard at eight cents per pound, the meal at over one cent per pound for feed and manure, and the hulls at nearly one cent, and the lint brings from three to four cents.

It is time we studied the mercantile side of farming more.

We have no fight to make upon any honorable business or any honest business man. But we have a great fight on hand for self-defense and better methods in selling our farm produce.

We might extend this article indefinitely, but we hope this will help to awaken farmers to its importance. We must continue the line of investigation, begun at La Grange and enlarged and emphasized at the convention at Macon, Ga. We must free ourselves from the domination of the compress men, the roundlap bale trust; the bagging and tie trust; the option market gambling trust; the cotton seed oil mill trust, the fertilizer trust, and every other trust.

Study markets and marketing. Cease to go in debt. Be freemen, and then we can be independent and happy.

We must be independent, own our crops, sell for more than the cost of production. We are under no obligation to support and enrich every other class at our expense.—Southern Cultivator.

—Assure the colt that the thing it is frightened at will not hurt it. This will add to its value when it is matured.

FARMING TO THE FRONT.

The Southern Farmer No Longer in the Background—Suggestion to Cotton Growers.

Many recent events have emphasized the fact that southern farming is no longer in the back ground. The throb of progress which is pulsating through every channel of business, has struck farming with full force. The farmer is no longer left out in taking account of current movements. Nor is he assigned a back seat. He is now invited to the front in all industrial gatherings. His presence is desired, and his counsel is sought for.

The commercial world is stirred up about how he will bale his cotton, and how he will sell it in the future. The part he took in raising the price of the last crop has worked up the speculators and financiers.

Suppose we should not offer a single bale of cotton for sale during the months of September and October, 1900. Where would the price go?

This could easily be done. Not only this but suppose when we have made the crop of 1900 we should just put it away and devote our entire attention to other crops for the season 1901. Not grow a pound of cotton. This could be done. We could live and live well. But what would the rest do? What would this crop be worth in September, 1901? Would it not bring more money than two crops will? We ask these questions to help wake the farmer up. To let him see his own interest and feel his importance.

Why can not this be done? Simply because the farmers do not make their living at home and own the cotton crop. But we can do both of these, and we will, if we study our own interests.—Dixie Farmer.

THE POULTRY INDUSTRY.

Its Product Equal in Value to the Entire Cotton Crop of the South.

A writer in the New York Press estimates that there were 300,000,000 fowls in the United States last year, and that the number of eggs was about 17,400,000,000. The value of their product is set down at $420,000,000.

Just think of it! The value of the chickens, turkeys, ducks, etc., of the United States as being equal to the cotton crop of the south. How much of this vast sum comes to our section? Do we not send off after two-thirds of the eggs sold in our market. Of the fowls and eggs sold in Valdosta, are half of them raised in Lowndes, or any adjoining county?

We very much fear that more than half of the chickens and eggs sold here are brought from north Georgia or Tennessee. Why is this? Is this section not as well fitted for poultry raising as any other section of the state? If farmers in north Georgia can make money on eggs at eight cents and chickens at ten cents, can not money be made upon these products in this section where prices average double as much?

Let us consider these things. Poultry is merely a side line for the farmer, but will it not pay to give more attention to poultry raising?—Valdosta (Ga.) Times.

Saving the Corn Crop.

One of the most wasteful methods of southern farmers is the custom of taking the ears of corn from the field and leaving all the rest of the crop to decay on the ground to be cleaned up in preparing for the succeeding crop. The ears contain only about one-half the feeding value of the crop, and even when the blades are gathered for fodder, the proportion is practically the same, for if the fodder is pulled when at its best, it is done before the corn is fully matured, and the weight of the grain is thereby decreased in an amount about equal to the value of the fodder. At the same period of growth, of a little later, the corn should be cut near the ground and shocked closely in large shocks and tightly tied. The ears will mature on the stalk all right. The shrinkage in curing will admit an abundance of air and a good nutritious fodder will be the result. The ears should be pulled as soon as conditions admit and the fodder securely stacked, or put under a roof. In stacking be careful to keep the center very much higher than the circumference to allow for settling and still have a sufficient slope to carry off all water that may fall. Where the corn harvester can be used it will save a large amount of labor, not only in the harvesting, but in the succeeding handling of the crop. Those farmers who have not cattle to consume this valuable forage, and for that reason do not save it, should secure enough cattle for the purpose, and have them on hand ready to manufacture this feed into beef or butter for the market. There is a right and a wrong way to do things. Why should anybody choose the latter?—Farm and Ranch.

HERE AND THERE.

—More country girls than city girls marry, not because they're better bred, but because they can make better bread.

—Teach the colt to be obedient by being kind to it. Brute force never made the disposition that brings the highest price in the market.

—Tennessee is just now the center of great industrial activity. There are 18 cotton mills in course of erection in the state, combining an aggregate capital of $3,200,000.

—May too dry to make good grass, and the late general rain was most welcome. Stockmen are prone to consider corn as king, but grass is certainly one of the greatest powers behind the throne.

—You can rid your soil of Johnson grass by close pasturing for two or three successive years. Small spots may be dug out or plowed out by two-horse plows, and careful raking out roots and pulling out slips as they appear.

—The farmer is being recognized in the educational movements of the day. Not only has the United States government arranged for every state to have the benefit of an agricultural college, but agriculture is being introduced into the public school course in many states and will be in all.