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, SEPTEMBER 1, 1900. VOL. XXV—NO. 42.

MISS CELESTINE

By Fielding Ridge.

FROM the Acadian hamlet came shouts of children who were turning to advantage the last moments of daylight. I could see their little figures clearly outlined against the horizon as they scampered backwards and forwards in the pasture beyond. Sometimes when a child's mother had patronized the village store in place of weaving her own homespun, a dash of color, a vivid red, was added to the scene.

The sails of the windmill barely stirred in the spring air and as I looked, Rougette and Cherry, Moll and Rose came from the milking pan softly tinkling their bells as they passed.

In a little while, I knew, lights would begin to glimmer in the village windows, and smoke would curl up from the low mud chimneys, a pleasing sign of supper to come. Our neighbor across the way would soon gather in her little flock from the troop of merry, shouting children, and I found myself speculating as to how many times the cry of "Angele, Jacques, venez done," would come shrilly across the pasture, before they would finally yield to parental urging.

Miss Celestine Lagraize sat opposite to me on the porch. Though conversation languished, it was evident that with her this was not due to a contemplation of the scene. Picturesque it was to me, but to her it was only one of those dull realities which one accepts without thought and to which the idea of beauty does not attach.

However, I could scarcely blame her for this, or marvel at her lack of artistic appreciation. She had been here 30 years, I not as many hours.

As my eyes traveled across miles of prairie land with only a patch of stunted china trees here and there marking a homestead, I questioned whether, after awhile, the monotony of the place might not produce a deadening effect on my sensibilities also.

As I looked at her, I could scarcely believe that in former years she had been called "la belle Celestine Legraize," but so it was. My hostess had told me but the evening before that at one time Miss Celestine had been the village belle. It was hard to credit it.

True, her eyes were very large and dark, but their luster was gone and there was nothing left of her beauty. After the manner of "Cajans," as they are called in that part of the world, she had aged early.

The topics which we had in common were few, but Miss Celestine's social call was something of long duration. We had discussed flowers, chickens and vegetable gardens until my brain refused to give me another idea. The shadows began to lengthen, and that chill which marks the approach of night became perceptible. Still Miss Celestine lingered. I could not flatter myself that it was because she had found me overwhelmingly interesting. I was aware that it was a part of her social etiquette (one handed down to her for generations) to pay this protracted call. She would have thought it lacking in courtesy if she had brought her visit to a close sooner.

I knew that after awhile she would rise with the time-worn excuse for not remaining still longer, "Eh bien, je m' ennuie pas mais il faut que je m'en aille" (Well, I'm not bored, but I must go).

How often in other days when entertaining "Cajan" visitors had I rejoiced in the fact that I was not forced to confess my own feelings on the subject. It would have been hard to reconcile courtesy and candor!

By chance, in a search for ideas, I mentioned Pointe des Arbres, a thriving Louisiana town which I had visited in my rambles. To my surprise, Miss Celestine suddenly became enthusiastic. She leaned forward and an unexpected color came into her sallow face.

"Ah, that is a place where one might live," she murmured.

I remembered Pointe des Arbres as a little town thriving in a business sense, but hopelessly provincial. I recalled how it aped city customs and thus lost the charm it might have possessed had it clung to country ways. The little Acadian hamlet was at least picturesque. I could not say as much for the town of larger growth. Miss Celestine and I evidently regarded it from a different angle of vision.

"Why, what is so nice about Pointe des Arbres?" I asked with real interest.

"There are so many people there," said Miss Celestine, "and there is the levee to walk on, where one sees all one's friends on Sunday afternoons. Then there are balls in the spring of the year—one is not dead like here. Perhaps," she added hesitatingly as though she feared I might think her boastful, "you do not know that my brother Telesphore is a master mechanic in Pointe des Arbres. Yes," she continued, "and he lives in the red house near the postoffice."

I remembered the place as a gaudy little structure with a horrible pretense at style. The flower beds were primly defined by a border of blue and red stakes about six inches high, while two ferocious looking dogs grinned at one from either side of the steps. I had never been inside, but in driving past, I had often wondered if I might not decide with a reasonable certainty that within on the parlor hearth rug the counterpart of these dogs might be found in vivid red on a background of blue! But it was evident that to Miss Celestine's mind this house represented all that was beautiful.

"I was never there but once," she said wistfully, "but some day I hope I shall go back for a while. My brother is married and has three children," she said as I showed a becoming interest in the subject, "and my sister-in-law wants me to come and live with her."

"And will you do so?" I asked.

"But no," she replied. "Who would take care of my mother? She is no longer young."

The words were simple, but they conveyed a world of love.

It was a pleasure to her, I could see, to talk of her brother Telesphore and his prosperity. With no intention of boasting, she dwelt with pride on his house that had a hall down the center (this seemed extraordinary to her). More than that, her sister-in-law kept a servant!

As I talked to Miss Celestine, I wondered whether her dream would come true, whether she would ever go back to that land of delight.

When at last I told her "good-by" she had gained an interest for me. I had met just another person with a "Carcasonne."

It was three years later when I next saw Miss Celestine. Her mother was dead and she had come to live with her brother's family.

Although I was only spending a few days in Pointe des Arbres, I intended to look up my old acquaintance, but before I had time to do so I met her one morning as I was on my way to the post office.

She was rolling a baby carriage while two cross-looking children tugged at her skirts and in voluble French demanded her attention. She was just in front of the gaudy little house—the door stood open and I caught a glimpse of the much-talked-of hall, while I mentally decided that Mme. Telesphore had now virtually two servants!

It seemed to me that Miss Celestine looked much older than when I had last seen her and gray threads were beginning to show in her heavy black hair. Her eyes had tired, dark lines beneath them as if she was often weary, but had no time to indulge in moments of repose.

I wondered if her "Carcasonne" had been all that she dreamed it to be, or if the present ever drifted away and in thought she was back again in the little Acadian hamlet tending her flowers and chickens!

As we stood chatting on the brick pavement, a buggy came rattling down the street.

When one tarries awhile in Pointe des Arbres, one catches the spirit of the place and looks with real interest upon the most trivial occurrences. The affairs of one's neighbors there possess an unparalleled importance; thus I turned instinctively to catch a glimpse of the occupants of the buggy.

The man would have attracted attention anywhere. With his deep-set dark eyes and singularly classic features, he seemed a type of the early picturesque Acadian, and I could not help thinking what a magnificent hero of Longfellow's poem "Evangeline" he would have made.

I noticed little about the woman at his side, except that she was of a massive style of good looks and seemed much overdressed.

"Who is that man?" I asked Miss Celestine, seeing that they had exchanged bows.

"That," she said, slowly, "is Achille Rodrigue, and that is his wife with him."

"Achille Rodrigue," I repeated to myself. Why, that was the man I had heard several people discussing but the evening before as I sat on the hotel porch. They seemed to be much impressed by the fact that after 13 years of unswerving devotion to one woman, he had startled everyone by marrying a widow who had long been keenly alive to the worldly advantages of such a match.

No one seemed to know exactly why he and his first love had never married. Some one suggested that the girl had sacrificed herself to the selfishness of her mother, but whatever it was, Achille Rodrigue had shown a constancy which his associates at first regarded with surprise, but afterwards learned to accept as part of his nature.

His marriage lately, therefore, occasioned no small astonishment, and there were many theories advanced on the subject.

Theophile, the blacksmith, who seemed to know Achille Rodrigue better than the others did, asserted loudly that Achille's great, strong heart had been touched by the widow's open devotion to him and that he had married her out of pity, perhaps wishing to bring into some other life the brightness his own lacked.

Apart from the speakers, sitting in the gray dusk on the hotel porch, I listened idly to the bits of conversation which floated to me on the evening air. My thoughts drifted from Achille to the girl he had loved in those other days. I wondered what had been her fate, whether she had married some one else, or whether she still remembered. A mere speculation on my part, since I never expected to see either Achille or his first love!

"Yes," I said, recalling myself suddenly and turning to Miss Celestine, "I have heard of Achille Rodrigue before," and all at once I regretted that I had ever inquired about him.

Miss Celestine was leaning down and was lifting the baby from his carriage, arranging and rearranging the pillows at his back.

Her face was so averted that I could scarcely see it, but there had stolen over it an expression which made me feel that I had ruthlessly lifted the curtain from a human soul and disclosed depths which I had no right to see.

Now I understood the glamour which had been cast about the little town. After all, the memories which we treasure most are those which are gilded with a brush of our own romance. She had told me that April afternoon as we sat on the porch together, she hoped she would go back to that enchanted land. Now she had returned—and it seemed to me that since fate deals out her favors only sparingly at best, she is sometimes kinder in withholding altogether than in fulfilling in part.—Detroit Free Press.

An Economical Wife.

Wife—Karl, we ought not to spend so much for our summer trip this year, and I've thought of one way to cut down expenses.

Husband—And what is that, my dear?

"We won't ask the doctor this year if I need the trip; that will save $5."—Fliegende Blaetter.

The Progressive Farm Boy.

The average Maine youngster now uses his bicycle, says the Lewiston (Me.) Journal, even to drive the cows to pasture.

ON WHAT TO READ.

Talmage, the Noted Divine, Gives Some Timely Suggestions.

The Greatest Blessing of a Nation Is an Elevated Literature; Its Greatest Curse, an Impure Literature.

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

Dr. Talmage, who has been spending a few days in St. Petersburg, sends the following report of a discourse which will be helpful to those who have an appetite for literature and would like some rules to guide them in the selection of books and newspapers: Text, Acts 19:19: "Many of them also which used curious arts brought their books together and burned them before all men, and they counted the price of them and found it 50,000 pieces of silver."

Paul had been stirring up Ephesus with some lively sermons about the sins of that place. Among the more important results was the fact that the citizens brought out their bad books and in a public place made a bonfire of them. I see the people coming out with their arms full of Ephesian literature and tossing it into the flames. I hear an economist who is standing by saying: "Stop this waste. Here are $7,500 worth of books. Do you propose to burn them all up? If you don't want to read them yourselves, sell them and let somebody else read them." "No," said the people; "if these books are not good for us, they are not good for anybody else, and we shall stand and watch until the last leaf has burned to ashes. They have done us a world of harm, and they shall never do others harm." Hear the flames crackle and roar!

Well, my friends, one of the wants of the cities is a great bonfire of bad books and newspapers. We have enough fuel to make a blaze 200 feet high. Many of the publishing houses would do well to throw into the blaze their entire stock of goods. Bring forth the insufferable trash and put it into the fire and let it be known in the presence of God and angels and men that you are going to rid your homes of the overtopping and underlying curse of profligate literature.

The printing press is the mightiest agency on earth for good and for evil. The minister of the Gospel, standing in a pulpit, has a responsible position, but I do not think it is as responsible as the position of an editor or a publisher. At what distant point of time, at what far-out cycle of eternity, will cease the influence of a Henry J. Raymond, or a Horace Greeley, or a James Gordon Bennett, or a Watson Webb, or an Erastus Brooks, or a Thomas Kinsella? Take the overwhelming statistics of the circulation of the daily and weekly newspapers and then cipher if you can how far up and how far down and how far out reach the influences of the American printing press.

What is to be the issue of all this? I believe the Lord intends the printing press to be the chief means for the world's rescue and evangelization, and I think that the great last battle of the world will not be fought with swords and guns, but with types and presses, a purified and Gospel literature triumphing over, trampling down and crushing out forever that which is depraved. The only way to overcome unclean literature is by scattering abroad that which is healthful. May God speed the cylinders of an honest, intelligent, aggressive, Christian printing press.

I have to tell you that the greatest blessing that ever came to the nations is that of an elevated literature, and the greatest scourge has been that of unclean literature. This last has its victims in all occupations and departments. It has helped to fill insane asylums and penitentiaries and almshouses and dens of shame. The bodies of this infection lie in the hospitals and in the graves, while their souls are being tossed over into a lost eternity, an avalanche of horror and despair! The London plague was nothing to it. That counted its victims by thousands, but this modern pest has already shoveled its millions into the charnel house of the morally dead. The longest rail train that ever ran over the tracks was not long enough or large enough to carry the beastliness and the putrefaction which have been gathered up in bad books and newspapers in the last 20 years.

Now, it is amid such circumstances that I put a question of overmastering importance to you and your families. What books and newspapers shall we read? You see I group them together. A newspaper is only a book in a swifter and more portable shape, and the same rules which will apply to book reading will apply to newspaper reading. What shall we read? Shall our minds be the receptacle of everything that an author has a mind to write? Shall there be no distinction between the tree of life and the tree of death? Shall we stoop down and drink out of the trough which the wickedness of men has filled with pollution and shame? Shall we mire in impurity and chase fantastic will-o'the-wisps across the swamps, when we might walk in the blooming gardens of God? Oh, no! For the sake of our present and everlasting welfare we must make an intelligent and Christian choice.

Standing as we do, chin deep in fictitious literature, the question that young people are asking is: "Shall we read novels?" I reply: There are novels that are pure, good, Christian, elevating to the heart and ennobling to the life. But I still have further to say that I believe that 75 out of the 100 novels in this day are baleful and destructive to the last degree. A pure work of fiction is history and poetry combined. It is a history of things around us with the licenses and the assumed names of poetry. The world can never pay the debt which it owes to such writers of fiction as Hawthorne and McKenzie and Landon and Hunt and Arthur and others whose names are familiar to all. The follies of high life were never better exposed than by Miss Edgeworth. The memories of the past were never more faithfully embalmed than in the writings of Walter Scott. Cooper's novels are healthfully redolent with the breath of the seaweed and the air of the American forest. Charles Kingsley has smitted the morbidity of the world and led a great many to appreciate the poetry of sound health, strong muscles and fresh air. Thackeray did a grand work in caricaturing the pretenders to gentility and high blood. Dickens has built his own monument in his books, which are a plea for the poor and the anathema of injustice, and there are a score of novelistic pens to-day doing mighty work for God and righteousness.

Now, I say, books like these, read at right times and read in right proportion with other books, cannot help but be ennobling and purifying; but, alas, for the loathsome and impure literature that has come in the shape of novels, like a freshet overflowing all the banks of decency and common sense! They are coming from some of the most celebrated publishing houses. They are coming with recommendations of some of our religious newspapers. They lie on your center table to curse your children and blast with their infernal fires generations unborn. You find these books in the desk of the school miss, in the trunk of the young man, in the steamboat cabin, on the table of the hotel reception-room. You see a light in your child's room late at night. You suddenly go in and say: "What are you doing?" "I am reading." "What are you reading?" "A book." You look at the book. It is a bad book. "Where did you get it?" "I borrowed it." Alas, there are always those abroad who like to loan to your son or daughter a bad book! Everywhere, everywhere, an unclean literatude. I charge upon it the destruction of 10,000 immortal souls, and I bid you wake up to the magnitude of the evil.

I charge you in the first place to stand aloof from all books that give false pictures of life. Life is neither a tragedy nor a farce. Men are not all either knaves or heroes. Women are neither angels nor furies. And yet if you depended upon much of the literature of the day you would get the idea that life, instead of being something earnest, something practical, is a fitful and fantastic and extravagant thing. How poorly prepared are that young man and woman for the duties of to-day who spent last night wading through brilliant passages descriptive of magnificent knavery and wickedness! The man will be looking all day long for his heroine in the office, by the forge, in the factory, in the counting room, and he will not find her, and he will be dissatisfied. A man who gives himself up to the indiscriminate reading of novels will be nerveless, inane and a nuisance. He will be fit neither for the store, nor the shop nor the field. A woman who gives herself up to the indiscriminate reading of novels will be unfitted for the duties of wife, mother, sister, daughter. There she is, hair disheveled, countenance vacant, cheeks pale, hands trembling, bursting into tears at midnight over the fate of some unfortunate lover; in the daytime, when she ought to be busy, staring by the half hour at nothing biting her finger nails into the quick. The carpet that was plain before will be plainer after having wandered through a romance all night long in tessellated halls of castles. And your industrious companion will be more unattractive than ever, now that you have walked in the romance through parks with plumed princesses or lounged in the arbor with the polished desperado. Oh, these confirmed novel readers! They are unfitted for this life, which is a tremendous discipline. They know not how to go through the furnaces of trial through which they must pass, and they are unfitted for a world where everything we gain we achieve by hard and long continued work.

Again, abstain from all those books which; while they have some good things, have also an admixture of evil. You have read books that had two elements in them—the good and the bad. Which stuck to you? The bad! The heart of most people is like a sieve, which lets the small particles of gold fall through, but keeps the great cinders. Once in awhile there is a mind like a loadstone which, plunged amid steel and brass filings, gathers up the steel and repels the brass. But it is generally exactly the opposite. If you attempt to plunge through a hedge of burs to get one blackberry, you will get more burs than backoerries. You cannot afford to read a bad book, however good you are. You say: "The influence is insignificant." I tell you that the scratch of a pin has sometimes produced lockjaw. Alas, if through curiosity, as many do, you pry into an evil book, your curiosity is as dangerous as that of the man who would take a torch into a gunpowder mill merely to see whether it would really blow up or not.

In a menagerie in New York a man put his arm through the bars of a black leopard's cage. The animal's hide looked so sleek and bright and beautiful. He just stroked it once. The monster seized him, and he drew forth a hand torn and mangled and bleeding. Oh, touch not evil, even with the faintest stroke! Though it may be glossy and beautiful, touch it not, lest you pull forth your soul torn and bleeding from the clutch of the leopard. "But," you say, "how can I find out whether a book is good or bad without reading it?" There is always something suspicious about a bad book. I never knew an exception—something suspicious in the index or style of illustration. This venomous reptile always carries a warning rattle.

Again, I charge you to stand off from all those books which corrupt the imagination and inflame the passions. I do not refer now to that kind of book which the villain has under his coat waiting for the school to get out, and then, looking both ways to see that there is no policeman around the block, offers the book to your son on his way home. I do not speak of that kind of literature, but that which evades the law and comes out in polished style, and with acute plot sounds the tocsin that rouses up all the baser passions of the soul. To-day, under the nostrils of the people, there is a fetid, reeking, unwashed literature, enough to poison all the fountains of public virtue and smite your sons and daughters as with the wing of a destroying angel, and it is time that the ministers of the Gospel blew the trumpet and rallied the forces of righteousness, all armed to this great battle against a depraved literature.

Again, abstain from those books which are apologetic of crime. It is a sad thing that some of the best and most beautiful bookbindery and some of the finest rhetoric have been brought to make sin attractive. Vice is a horrible thing anyhow. It is born in shame, and it dies howling in the darkness. In this world it is scourged with a whip of scorpions, but afterward the thunders of God's wrath pursue it across a boundless desert, beating it with ruin and woe. When you come to paint carnality, do not paint it as looking from behind embroidered curtains or through lattice of royal seraglio, but as writhing in the agonies of a city hospital. Cursed be the books that try to make impurities decent and crime attractive and hypocrisy noble! Cursed be the books that swarm with libertines and desperadoes, who make the brain of the young people whirl with villainy! Ye authors who write them, ye publishers who print them, ye booksellers who distribute them, shall be cut to pieces, if not by an aroused community, then at last by the hail of Divine vengeance, which shall sweep to the lowest pit of perdition all ye murderers of souls. I tell you, though you may escape in this world, you will be ground at last under the hoof of eternal calamities, and you will be chained to the rock, and you will have the vultures of despair clawing at your soul, and those whom you have destroyed will come around to torment you, and to pour hotter coals of fury upon your head, and rejoice eternally in the outcry of your pain, and the howl of your damnation. "God shall wound the hairy scalp of him that goeth on in his trespasses."

The clock strikes midnight. A fair form bends over a romance. The eyes flash fire. The breath is quick and irregular. Occasionally the color dashes to the cheek and then dies out. The hands tremble as though a guardian spirit were trying to shake the deadly book out of the grasp. Hot tears fall. She laughs with a shrill voice that drops dead at its own sound. The sweat on her brow is the spray dashed up from the river of death. The clock strikes four, and the rosy dawn soon after begins to look through the lattice upon the pale form that looks like a detained specter of the night. Soon in a madhouse she will mistake her ringlets for curling serpents and thrust her white hand through the bars of the prison and smite her head, rubbing it back as though to push the scalp from the skull, shrieking: "My brain! My brain!" Oh, stand off from that! Why will you go sounding your way amid the reefs when there is such a vast ocean in which you may voyage, all sail set?

Much of the impure pictorial literature is most tremendous for ruin. There is no one who can like good pictures better than I do. The quickest and most condensed way of impressing the public mind is by picture. What the painter does by his brush for a few favorites, the engraver does by his knife for the million. What the author accomplishes by 50 pages the artist does by a flash. The best part of a painting that costs $10,000 you may buy for ten cents. Fine paintings belong to the aristocracy of art. Engravings belong to the democracy of art. You do well to gather good pictures in your homes.

But what shall I say of the prostitution of art to the purposes of iniquity? These death warrants of the soul are at every street corner. They smite the vision of the young man with pollution. Many a young man buying a copy has bought his eternal discomfiture. There may be enough poison in one bad picture to poison one soul and that soul may poison ten, and ten fifty, and fifty hundreds and the hundreds thousands, until nothing but the measuring line of eternity can tell the height and depth and ghastliness and horror of the great undoing. The work of death that the wicked author does in a whole book the bad engraver may do on a half side of a pictorial. Under the guise of pure mirth the young man buys one of these sheets. He unrolls it before his comrades amid roars of laughter, but long after the paper is gone the result may, perhaps, be seen in the blasted imaginations of those who saw it. The queen of death holds a banquet every night, and these periodicals are the invitation to her guests.

Young man, buy not this moral strychnine for your soul! Pick not up this nest of coiled adders for your pocket! Patronize no news stand that keeps them. Have your room bright with good engravings, but for these outrageous pictures have not one wall, not one bureau, not one pocket. A man is no better than the picture he loves to look at. If your eyes are not pure your heart cannot be. At the newsstand one can guess the character of man by the kind of pictorial he purchases. When the devil fails to get a man to read a bad book, he sometimes succeeds in getting him to look at a bad picture. When Satan goes a-fishing he does not care whether it is a long line or a short line, if he only draws his victim in. Beware of lascivious pictorials, young man, in the name of Almighty God, I charge you.

Cherish good books and newspapers. Beware of bad ones. The assassin of Lord Russell declared that he was led into crime by reading one vivid romance. The consecrated John Angell James, than whom England never produced a better man, declared in his old age that he had never yet got over the evil effects of having for 15 minutes once read a bad book. But I need not go so far off. I could tell you of a comrade who was great hearted, noble and generous. He was studying for an honorable profession, but he had an infidel book in his trunk, and he said to me one day: "De Witt, would you like to read it?" I said: "Yes, I would." I took the book and read it only for a few minutes. I was really startled with what I saw there, and I handed the book back to him and said: "You had better destroy that book." No, he kept it. He read it. He reread it. After awhile he gave up religion as a myth. He gave up God as a nonentity. He gave up the Bible as a fable. He gave up the church of Christ as a useless institution. He gave up good morals as being unnecessarily stringent. I have heard of him but twice in many years. The time before the last I heard of him he was a confirmed inebriate. The last I heard of him he was coming out of an insane asylum—in body, mind and soul an awful wreck. I believe that one infidel book killed him for two worlds.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

HORSE AND MULE OUTLOOK.

Demand for War Purposes Has Largely Enhanced the Value of the Animals.

Horses in the Chicago market have increased from 75 to 100 per cent. in value since this time last year, and the same is true of mules; for the buying for army supplies of transportation stock has made the supply of these useful animals short, and so enhanced the value.

Dealers recently interviewed by the Philadelphia Times gave the following reasons for the advance in prices: First, the large purchases of horses and mules for use in the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico by the United States government. Second, the large shipments to South Africa. Third, that horses are again popular among the richer class of persons in this country. Fourth, that there has been a great revival of interest in trotting and running racing. The sales of horses were double those of last May.

It was also stated that the United States and Great Britain had purchased 187,500 horses and mules in Missouri, Texas, Kentucky and Tennessee, and the other horse breeding states during the past three years, at an average of $115 each. This would make a total of $21,462,500, the largest amount ever paid for horses and mules in the same time in the history of the country. Except in thoroughbred running horses and animals not suitable for military purposes, these states have practically been cleaned out of salable horses.

The United States is still purchasing horses for the Philippines, which are being shipped by way of San Francisco and Vancouver to Manila. The sales to former bicycle enthusiasts are said to have doubled.

Two or three years ago light draught and ordinary carriage horses sold from $40 to $100 each. Trotters, saddlers, coachers and medium draught horses sold from $80 to $125. Thoroughbred trotters, saddle horses and other fine animals, when they could be sold at all, brought only from $100 to $500, except in long pedigree strains. The prices are double and triple these figures to-day. Cab, carriage, light draught, saddle and trotting horses have become scarce, because they are most needed for cavalry, mounted infantry and field artillery. Coach and medium and heavy draught animals have been put into the artillery, army transportation and into the hospital corps. The mules have gone into the army transportation service with the draught horses. Most of those from Kentucky, Missouri and Texas are now packing loads on their backs or dragging wagons, or among the kopjes of South Africa.

As nearly five years will be required to replace the horses that have already been sent to foreign countries, and even longer to replace those that are going during the next year, horse breeding has a reason for its present boom. Money is again being invested in the business of horse breeding, and there is every prospect that it will pay good interest, while the man who has stuck to the business during the bad years is at last the recipient of the reward he so richly deserves. The moral of the whole story is that farmers should breed every brood mare in the country to a pure-bred stallion, fitted to produce when so mated a foal that will have a specific purpose, and can not fail to return a remunerative price when of marketable age.—Farmer's Review.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

Excerpt From an Address by Gov. Geo. T. Jester Before the Texas Farmers' Congress.

If Texas becomes a great industrial state, it must be brought about by education from the school, the platform and the press. In all countries where the manufacturing industry prevails, the government has aided by establishing and maintaining industrial schools; thus the influence and dignity of the state is emphasized as to the importance and necessity of a thorough educational training in the agricultural and mechanical industries.

There is an old German maxim. "That which you would have appear in the nation, teach in your public schools." It has been verified in Europe and the New England states, where the government has appropriated liberally of the public revenue, in establishing and maintaining agricultural, textile and other mechanical schools and coleges; and wherever a state has manifested this interest, thousands of young men have availed themselves of the opportunity to become thorough and efficient. Throughout the southern states, most of the industrial plants are superintended by these men.

When Texas manifests the same interest in the industrial pursuits as those I have mentioned, there will be more yourg men seeking industrial education and fewer will feel that they have a special talent, and call to the professions. It is now necessary to send out the state for superintendents for our industrial institutions; but we have yet to hear of a community that found it necessary to import lawyers, doctors and members of other professions, which are crowded.

Among the educational institutions of our state, none occupy a more important and prominent position for usefulness, especially at this time, than the agricultural and mechanical college. The good work ow its able faculty is manifest, and will become more apparent as the years go by.

I trust the day is not far distant when a textile and other industrial schools will be added to the agricultural and mechanical college, and that it will increase the good work of preparing the young men of the state for industrial pursuits. If it becomes necessary to refuse to receive young men for want of room, let it not be those who are seeking an industrial education as implied in the name of agricultural and mechanical college.

While Texas stands first among the states of the world in the production of cotton, we also occupy a like enviable position in the manufacture of cotton seed, and of the 340 cotton seed-oil mills in the United States, our state has fully one-third of them. These industrial plants are owned and operated largely by home people, many of the producers of cotton owning stock. The cotton seed hulls and meal are largely used in feeding the 400,000 head of cattle, fed annually for market. Add the oil and other products shipped throughout Europe and the east, and a rich revenue is derived from a product that not many years ago was comparatively useless. It is hard to estimate the great benefit our people derive from this industry, which is gradually on the increase.—Texas Farm and Ranch.

Large and Small Hens as Sitters.

Having in mind the idea that a good many autumn chickens will be hatched, the question of large and small hens as sitters is not unseasonable.

While it is a fact, I believe, based on experience and observation, that a small hen usually hatches more chickens from a sitting of eggs than a large hen, from an equal number, yet it does not follow that large hens, as sitters, should be condemned. Rather investigate the way they are set and see if the system should not be condemned first.

A large hen must have a large nest, in order to get good results from her eggs, otherwise more or less breakage, bad odor, and consequent bad hatch will result. Her nest should not be deep, nor too shallow, either. It must be wide and shallow, to allow the large hen plenty of room in which to turn about and move her feet; otherwise she will, by her heavy weight, crush some of the thinnest shelled eggs.

In hot weather the hens often half stand over their eggs in order to cool them, and push them out to one side, too, during the hottest part of the day. This is another reason why the sitter, whether large or small, should, at this season, have ample space in her nest.

Get the chicks from the shell, then coop the hen in a shady place, where the chicks can range about a good deal, and they will thrive during the autumn as well as in the spring-time.—Farm and Ranch.

Will We Starve in 1931?

A magazine writer after making what he claims to be careful estimates of the increase in the world's population, and of the available land for tillage, predicts that the supply of cereals will be inadequate to the world's requirements after the year 1931. It will then be necessary, he says, for chemists to produce some form of nitrogenous food; otherwise starvation will stare us in the face. In arriving at this conclusion no allowance appears to have been made for the decreased demand for cereals that will follow the extinction of the horse, predicted by our automobile enthusiasts and farming-by-electricity prophets. According to these the horse will have passed into oblivion long ere 1931, leaving his share of the corn and oats available for the table. With this feature duly considered we think the scientific chap may consistently amend his prophecy by setting the time a few years further off. It will be no less generally believed.—Farm Implement News.

Waste Products.

One of the great wastes of American agriculture 20 years ago was cotton seed. Aside from what little was needed for starting a new crop, the greater proportion was not only a sheer waste, but it was a burden and an expense to the planter. Rotting in heaps and spreading as a fertilizer was the most common method of disposing of the then surplus seed. To-day this surplus is in good demand at the oil mills, and its sale adds no little to the sum total of the cotton-planter's income. Besides oil, various useful, and in a measure, indispensable by-products are derived from this once waste material. Another great waste at the present time on western farms is flax straw, hundreds of thousands of tons going to waste every year. There has been also a great waste in the fiber and pith of the corn plant, but that day is happily drawing to a close.—Farmers' Advocate.

HERE AND THERE.

—A tenant farmer near East Bernard, Colorado county, Tex., makes a specialty of sorghum hay, shipping his product to Houston. His average crop for four years has been six tons per acre, and the average price $8.60.

—The Grout bill, providing for a tax of 10 cents per pound on oleomargarine colored in imitation of butter, will be voted upon December 6, next, by the house. Over 200 of the 356 congressmen are said to favor its passage.

—It was the Ben Davis that won the first prize for Missouri fruit at Paris and the "big red apple" is said to be creating great enthusiasm among European horticulturists, who rave over its generous dimensions and lurid coloring.

—The Southern Cultivator calls timely attention to the value of wheat and cat straw. It says: "If promptly baled and kept bright they bring a fair price, and if run through a shredder with corn stalks, or mixed with pea vines, they are about as good as any hay."

—From 400 to 700 persons are being served daily, with free corn dishes at the American corn kitchen, which has excited such great interest at the Paris show, that the newspapers have taken it up and are developing therefrom a popular fad.

—An exchange recommends apples as a cure, when a cow "holds up" milk, but says not to give them to her at any other time. This is a better remedy than kicking her in the ribs or smashing the stool over her head, but we still doubt its efficacy.

—Dr. Law, the New York veterinarian, says cow-pox does not readily spread from herd to herd unless through an infected animal, or a milker, who attends both herds. It does not usually spread from animal to animal of the same herd, except from the hands of the milker.

—The Northwest Farmer says cows should be kept by themselves and given the best pasture. When they are running on the same pasture with horses, sheep and pigs, they don't have a fair chance; the dry stock monopolize all the nice, fresh bites, so essential to a good flow of milk.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Since his recent illness Prof. Max Muller, for the first time in his life, has taken to reading novels. "The old novels are good," he says, "but modern fiction is poor stuff."

Charlotte Bronte's widower, Rev. Arthur B. Nichols, is now over 80 years of age, and spends most of his time in attending to his land business at Banagher, Ireland. Though married again, he always observes the anniversaries of his first wife's birth and death.

President McKinley made his first visit to Washington, on his bridal tour, in 1871. Before he was married he wrote to Congressman Ambler, who represented the district in which Canton is located, for information about the hotels and asking him to make the necessary arrangements.

The German historian and novelist Gustav Freytag declared shortly before his death that the trouble with Germany was that through the death of Kaiser Friedrich the generation that had grown up with him was deprived of the realization of its ideas in favor of the young generation represented by the present emperor.

In 1891 there was printed in St. Petersburg a book containing interviews with many prominent persons on the position of Jews in Russia. The authorities interfered and apparently every copy was destroyed. One, however, found its way to Berlin. It has been translated into German, and the original presented to the British museum.

Miss Bessie Wetmore Hunter, the young society woman at Newport who has announced her intention of going on the stage, repudiates the notion that her purpose is to teach the profession how to dress correctly in society plays. On the contrary, she says that actresses in such work are faultlessly dressed and frequently serve as models for society.

Mrs. Edward F. Croker, wife of the chief of the fire department of New York, is as much interested in the fighting of fire as her husband. She has drilled her entire household in what to do in case of fire and she advises every housekeeper to do the same thing. She has instructed everyone in her home, servants, children and all, in a simple line of action, and particularly how to send in an alarm from a fire box. She considers it the duty of everyone to know how to do this and no one can say that she is not right.

MANIA FOR WILL-MAKING.

A Well-to-Do Woman Who Wished to Excite Cupidity and Profit by It.

"Several years ago," said a New Orleans lawyer, chatting about queer experiences in his profession, to a New Orleans Times-Democrat man, "a woman died in this city who, to my certain knowledge, had made at least 25 different wills. Of course there are people in the world who have a mania for will-making, just as there are manias in other directions, but there was a distinct method in this woman's madness. She made her numerous wills for the deliberate purpose of exciting cupidity, and then profiting by it, and, if the true story of the curious complications growing out of that policy could be written, it would form an astonishing chronicle of greed and duplicity. To begin with she had a couple of pieces of improved property worth perhaps $6,000, and a lot of personal belongings which were mere junk and rubbish, but which she valued at a fabulous figure. Between the two she was reputed to be worth from $50,000 to $60,000, and there was much jealousy as to the prospective succession among a lot of distant relatives. The old woman's plan was to take up her quarters with some particular set of her kin, and make a will in their favor. Needless to say, she would be treated with every consideration, but she was very irascible and invariably got into a quarrel in the course of a few months, and moved somewhere else, where the same programme was repeated. She spent years in migrations of that sort, going the rounds of her relatives several times, and camping temporarily with numerous personal friends. When she finally died it was found that her last authentic will left the coveted property to a niece who had shown her scarcely any attention at all, and the wail of rage and disappointment that arose was something simply terrific. I dare say she engendered more family bitterness when she was alive, precipitated more rows and was instrumental in causing a greater number of people to stop speaking when they passed by than any other one person in the parish. This was an extreme cause, but it was by no means unique. Almost every lawyer in town who has a large general practice could cite instances where judicious will-making has kept old age surrounded by affectionate solicitude."

Sulphur the Mosquito's Foe.

One of our readers informs us that, having seen a statement of some English medical journal to the effect that sulphur, taken internally, would protect a person against flea bites, it occurred to him to try it as a preventive of mosquito bites. Accordingly he began taking effervescing tablets of tartarlithine and sulphur, four daily. He provided himself with several lively mosquitoes, and, having put them in a wide-mouthed bottle, inverted the bottle and pressed its mouth upon his bare arm. The mosquitoes settled on his skin, but showed no inclination to bite him. If this gentleman's experience should be borne out by further trials it might be well for persons who are particularly sensitive to mosquito bites to take a course of sulphur during the mosquito season, especially in view of the growing opinion that the mosquito is the common vehicle of the plasmodium malariae.—Medical Journal.

Japanese Art.

Japanese art, according to Mr. Alfred East, is "great in small things, but small in great things." Among other things, it has never succeeded in successfully transferring to canvas the "human form divine."—Chicago Times-Herald.

To Improve the Complexion.

Onions are the latest remedy tried by an Atchison girl to improve her complexion. She eats them, and no one can get near enough to her to see if her complexion is improved or not.—Atchison Globe.