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 8, 1900. VOL. XXV—NO. 43.

A PICTURE MEMORY PAINTS.

I am tired of the city, with its bustle, thrift and din,
I am weary of the squalor, of the poverty, the sin,
And I turn from trade's activity delightedly to dream
I am again a barefoot rover 'long the margin of a stream,
Where the willows dip their branches in the water's placid flow,
Where the dog-wood blossoms floated in the land-of-long-ago,
And I dream of that low cottage, weather-beaten, out-of-date,
And the hollyhocks that huddled 'round the old front gate.

Memory paints for me a picture of a sapling for a pole,
A linen cord, hooks, bobbers, and the shaded fishing-hole,
A boy who wore one gallus—always twisted, by the by—
And torn straw-hat—that care-free, happy-hearted boy was I!
In one corner of the picture water-lilies add the chrome
Of their hearts, a small reminder of the sunshine of that home,
Where to vine-wreathed porch, low door-step, flowered pathways lead you straight
From the hollyhocks that huddled round the old front gate.

As I dreaming view the picture I can hear the mellow tone
Of the cow-bells clanging vespers in the clearing alder-grown,
And there comes old Bossy's mooing, just as even lights the stars,
And the thud of falling timbers—some one letting down the bars.
Ah, to be a child of Nature once again
I'd glad resign
The all that fame has brought me; yea, the sordid wealth that's mine,
Go care-free and happy-hearted forth to make my peace with Fate.
'Neath the hollyhocks that huddle 'round the old front gate.

—Roy Farrell Greene, in Ladies' World, New York.

Wanted No More Science

They Would Rather Turn Honest Than Go Through Such an Experience Again.

MY RESPECTABLE friend, Mr. Simbell, who had left the skilled profession of housebreaking for the more humdrum but safer occupation of coal dealer, is a man with a considerable sense of humor.

"I can tell you a story about me and Andy and Patsy Dalkington that isn't bad fun," he said to me one day.

"It was like this. Andy and me often met at the Angel, in Brixton, and one day we were together and pretty hard up. Well, in comes Patsy—a fellow I never cared much for, although he and Andy chummed together. We saw he'd something on his mind, and I thought he wanted me gone, but Andy would make me stop for it. Patsy had been down near Leatherhead to see some friends, and he thought he'd spotted a good thing.

"'Ever heard of Sir Miles Harold, sir? O, you have. Well, then, you know that he was nearly a millionaire, if not quite. His father was a big contractor, but Miles was one of them scientific gents, always bothering with chemicals and things of that sort.

"Patsy came down with the news that it was a place worth cracking. Sir Miles had got some splendid gold and silver plate, and, as the house wasn't well guarded, it was an easy job.

"'You crack it, then, Patsy,' ses I. 'I'm a bit superstitious about scientific gents.'

"'It's as easy as winkin',' he ses. 'The old fool thinks nothing but about his playthings.'

"Andy looked at me and winked, and then told Patsy to dry up while him and me talked it over. At last we decided that Andy should go down and have a look at the job hisself, and if it was all right we should go in partnership over it.

"He went the next day. He was there a day or two and came back quite enthusiastic, and we set to work at once.

"We hired a greengroceer's cart, with a fast pony, to do the job with. Patsy drove down to Leatherhead, and Andy and me went by train. Patsy was to look after the cart while Andy and me got the swag, but the programme had to be altered. The morning we set out I slipped on the wet pavement, and came down on my arm. It wasn't broken, but it was badly bruised and my wrist was sprained, and I had to be odd man out 'stead of Patsy.

"I drew up outside the house as near to the grounds as I could get, and my chums went on. It was a capital night, no moon, but starlight.

"Patsy had marked a swing window to the larder, and, being a slim chap, he wriggled through and went round to the dining-room window and let Andy in.

"The best of the plate was kept in a cabinet in the dining-room. It only took Patsy a minute or two to pick the lock, and Andy sucked in his breath at the sight inside. They were busy storing it in the bag, when suddenly the room blazed with light—electric light, of course—and a quiet voice said: 'Please put your hands above your heads, or I must shoot.'

"It was such a knockdown surprise that their hands went up almost by themselves, and they screwed round their heads to see Sir Miles—a pale, dreamy-looking gent, with a big forehead—standing in a doorway with a revolver covering them.

"'Don't give me the trouble to shoot, gentlemen; it would make such a nasty mess on the carpet,' ses he. 'Carruthers, bring me some cord.'

"A big young fellow stepped forward with a laugh and began fastening their hands and elbows together, after which he hobbled their feet.

"When they were trussed up Sir Miles commanded them to follow him, and they shuffled along, with the young chap behind. He led them into the workshop and made them sit down.

"'Very interesting capture, Caruthers,' said Sir Miles. 'Burglars?'

"'Yes, sir,' ses Carruthers.

"'You are not very intelligent members of your profession,' he ses to Andy and Pat, 'or you would not have come here. Carruthers, oblige me by going outside and coming in by the window as these gentlemen did. I want to show them how stupid they were.'

"'Yes, sir,' he ses, and he went out, and presently a bell close to them began ringing softly. 'He is getting through the window now,' ses Sir Miles. 'And this bell'—pointing to another—'rang when you opened the cabinet. You were exceedingly foolish.'

"'If you'll let us go, sir,' ses Andy, speaking his politest, 'we'll never be foolish no more. You're too clever a gent for us, sir.'

"'Carruthers,' he ses when his man came in again, 'this foolish person suggests that I should let them go. He does not know how well timed this visit is. A capital opportunity for trying my new battery, Carruthers.'

"Carruthers screwed up his face.

"'I don't think I should, sir,' ses he.

"'Why not?'

"'It might kill them, sir.'

"'O,' ses Sir Miles, as careless as you please, 'they're lusty fellows; and, besides, they broke into my house.'

"Poor Andy and Patsy, sir, were in a bad way. Andy ses he was sweating till it trickled down him, and Patsy was taken different, for he was shivering till his teeth chattered. What it was they didn't know, but it was plain it was something awful. They begged Sir Miles again and again—Patsy was crying—to have mercy and let 'em go. When that did no good they fell to swearing awful, and threatened Sir Miles, but it didn't make a ha-porth of difference. He only smiled and said it was too good an opportunity to be lost."

"He and Carruthers cleared the bottles and things off two tables, and lifted Patsy on one and Andy on the other.

"'I'm afraid, sir,' Carruthers began, as he got out some awful-looking instrument, but Sir Miles ses:

"'O, they're strong—they'll stand it. And, anyway, I don't care.'

"They touched Andy with the instrument in the back. A terrible pain darted through him, he said; the worst he had ever suffered, and he couldn't help screaming. Then they tried it on Patsy, and he suffered the same.

"'Acts beautifully, doesn't it?' ses Carruthers.

"'Pooh!' ses Sir Miles; 'turn on a stronger current. I'm deeply indebted to these gentlemen for this opportunity.'

"'And that fiend,' went on Andy, 'gave us another dose worse than the other. The pain was something awful.'

"How long it lasted they couldn't say; but at last the two torturers whispered together and then went to the groaning men and examined their backs.

"'Good heavens, sir—look!' ses Carruthers. 'We'd better send for the doctor, or—'

"'No,' ses Sir Miles; 'I'll give them a note to take to one of the hospitals in town. They're in no danger for another six hours, and they can almost walk it in the time.'

"He sat down and wrote it, and then Patsy and Andy were set loose. They looked awful, they said, and Sir Miles gave them a stiff dose of brandy.

"'Now, gentlemen,' he ses to 'em, 'I'm very much obliged to you for coming here. I have been enabled to carry out an experiment that will make me famous. Hurry off to London as quick as you can, and give this note to one of the 'ospital surgeons. The doctor you give it to will understand from my letter how to cure you; but if you don't want to be paralyzed for life, you'd better get to London in less than six hours.'

"Now, I'd been getting in a funk, sir, waiting for 'em. I expected them back inside half an hour, and they'd been gone more than an hour. My nerves were like a jelly, and I was just ready for a bolt when I heard a door slam. I knew then there was something wrong, and started off; but before I could get into the road my two chums came down the drive. You never saw anything like their faces, sir!

"'We're done for!' ses Andy. 'If we can't reach the 'orspital in three hours we're dead men!'

"Bit by bit, sir, as we flew along I got the story out of 'em. It made me feel quite sick, sir, and thankful I was that I'd hurt my hand and wasn't there.

"I got 'em to town in about two hours, but that didn't comfort 'em. The pain was something awful, they said.

"I told 'em at the 'orspital that my two mates were in a bad way and wanted attending to immediate, and I'd a note about them for the head doctor. There was very little delay, for everybody who saw their faces knew they must be pretty bad.

"They were taken into the receiving ward, and the doctor came, and I gave him the note. He read it more than once, it seemed, and he pulled some of the wriest faces I've ever seen.

"'Let me see your backs,' he ses at last. 'So you fell into Sir Miles Harold's clutches, did you? Lucky to be alive!'

"He examined their backs careful, and it made them breathe free when he said: 'Well, you came in time. I'll just put a blister on you, and you'll be all right in a day or two.'

"He put on the blisters, and then put Sir Miles' note in an envelope and sealed it.

"'It is not necessary to come here again,' he ses; 'but to-morrow you can go to the nearest chemist, give him this letter, and he'll know what to do for you.'

"We all thanked him, and then went to Andy's place. When the whisky bottle was on the table we felt better. We relieved our feelings for a good half-hour by threatening how we'd be revenged on Mr. Miles.

"And then Patsy proposed we should see what he said in the letter. I can't remember it now word for word, but it was something to the effect that the writer, Sir Miles Harold, had caught the bearers in the act of stealing his plate, and had determined to frighten them.

"It was a great success, for, though all he did was to prick their backs with a bundle of needles, and then redden the skin with some carbolic acid, they believed their life was in jeopardy unless they hastened to a 'osspital. Would the doctor who read it carry the joke a little farther and blister them?

"I wanted to laugh, but I was afraid. At last Andy jumped up suddenly, cussing something awful, and pulled off that blister; and Patsy did the same. And then I laughed till I nearly killed myself, and at last they laughed, too.

"I've never heard anything to equal it, sir; but I know to this day Andy and Patsy couldn't see the humor of it. There's one thing I know—neither of 'em will try for the plate of any scientific gents. Andy's said many a time he'd rather turn honest."—London Answers.

THE TRUE RELIGION.

Dr. Talmage Says It Must Be from Heaven.

Makeshifts of Human Manufacture Are Useless When Measured by God's Plumb Line—The Wall of Character.

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From Trondhjem, Norway, where Dr. Talmage is now staying, he sends the following discourse, in which he shows that the world can never be benefited by a religion of human manufacture, which easily yields to one's surroundings, but must have a religion let down from Heaven; text, Amos 7:8: "And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou? And I said, A plumb line."

The solid masonry of the world has for me a fascination. Walk about some of the triumphal arches and the cathedrals 400 or 600 years old, and see them stand as erect as when they were built, walls of great height, for centuries not bending a quarter of an inch this way or that. So greatly honored were the masons who builded these walls that they were free from taxation and called "free" masons. The trowel gets most of the credit for these buildings, and its clear ringing on stone and brick has sounded across the ages. But there is another implement of just as much importance as the trowel, and my text recognizes it. Bricklayers and stonemasons and carpenters, in the building of walls, use an instrument made of a cord, at the end of which a lump of lead is fastened. They drop it over the side of the wall, and, as the plummet naturally seeks the center of gravity in the earth, the workman discovers where the wall recedes and where it bulges out and just what is the perpendicular. Our text represents God as standing on the wall of character which the Israelites had built and in that way testing it. "And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou? And I said, A plumb line."

What the world wants is straight up and down religion. Much of the so-called piety of the day bends this way and that to suit the times. It is oblique, with a low state of sentiment and morals. We have all been building a wall of character, and it is glaringly imperfect and needs reconstruction. How shall it be brought into perpendicular? Only by the Divine measurement. "And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou? And I said, A plumb line."

The whole tendency of the times is to make us act by the standard of what others do. We throw over the wall of our character the tangled plumb line of other lives and reject the infallible test which Amos saw. The question for me should not be what you think is right, but what God thinks is right. This perpetual reference to the behavior of others, as though it decided anything but human fallibility, is a mistake wide as the world. There are 10,000 plumb lines in use, but only one is true and exact, and that is the line of God's eternal right. There is a mighty attempt being made to reconstruct and fix up the Ten Commandments. To many they seem too rigid. The tower of Pisa leans over about 13 feet from the perpendicular, and people go thousands of miles to see its graceful inclination and to learn how, by extra braces and various architectural contrivances, it is kept leaning from century to century. Why not have the ten granite blocks of Sinai set a little aslant? Why not have the pillar of truth a leaning tower? Why is not an ellipse as good as a square? Why is not an oblique as good as straight up and down? My friends, we must have a standard. Shall it be God's or man's?

The Divine plumb line needs to be thrown over all merchandise. Thousands of years ago Solomon discovered the tendency of buyers to depreciate goods. He saw a man beating down an article lower and lower and saying it was not worth the price asked, and when he had purchased at the lowest point he told everybody what a sharp bargain he had struck and how he outwitted the merchant. "It is naught, saith the buyer, out when he is gone his way, then he boasteth" (Proverbs 20:14). Society is so utterly askew in this matter that you seldom find a seller asking the price he expects to get; he puts on a higher value than he expects to receive, knowing that he will have to drop. And if he wants $50, he asks $75. And if he wants $2,000, he asks $2,500. "It is naught," saith the buyer. "The fabric is defective; the style of goods is poor; I can get elsewhere a better article at a smaller price. It is out of fashion; it is damaged; it will fade; it will not wear well." After awhile the merchant, from overpersuasion or from desire to dispose of that particular stock of goods, says: "Well, take it at your own price," and the purchaser goes home with light step and calls into his private office his confidential friends and chuckles while he tells how for half price he got the goods. In other words, he lied and was proud of it.

Nothing would make times so good and the earning of a livelihood so easy as the universal adoption of the law of right. Suspicion strikes through all bargain making. Men who sell know not whether they will ever get the money. Purchasers know not whether the goods shipped will be according to the sample. And what, with the large number of clerks who are making false entries and then absconding and the explosion of firms that fail for millions of dollars, honest men are at their wits' end to make a living. He who stands up amid all the pressure and does right is accomplishing something toward the establishment of a high commercial prosperity. I have deep sympathy for the laboring classes who toil with hand and foot. But we must not forget the business men who, without any complaint or bannered procession through the street, are enduring a stress of circumstances terrific. The fortunate people of to-day are those who are receiving daily wages or regular salaries. And the men most to be pitied are those who conduct a business while prices are falling and yet try to pay their clerks and employes and are in such fearful straits that they would quit business to-morrow if it were not for the wreck and ruin of others. When people tell me at what a ruinously low price they purchased an article, it gives me more dismay than satisfaction. I know it means the bankruptcy and defalcation of men in many departments. The men who toil with the brain need full as much sympathy as those who toil with the hand. All business life is struck through with suspicion, and panics are the result of want of confidence.

The pressure to do wrong is stronger from the fact that in our day the large business houses are swallowing up the smaller, the whales dining on bluefish and minnows. The large houses undersell the small ones, because they buy in greater quantities and at lower figures from the producer. They can afford to make nothing, or actually lose, on some styles of goods, assured they can make it up on others. So, a great dry goods house goes outside of its regular line and sells books at cost or less than cost, and that swamps the booksellers; or the dry goods house sells bric-a-brac at lowest figures, and that swamps the small dealer in bric-a-brac. And the same thing goes on in other styles of merchandise, and the consequence is that all along the business streets of all our cities there are merchants of small capital who are in terrific struggle to keep their heads above water. The ocean liners run down the Newfoundland fishing smacks. This is nothing against the man who has the big store, for every man has as large a store and as great a business as he can manage.

To feel right and do right under all this pressure requires martyr grace, requires divine support, requires celestial reenforcement. Yet there are tens of thousands of such men getting splendidly through. They see others going up and themselves going down, but they keep their patience and their courage and their Christian consistency, and after awhile their success will come. There is generally retribution in some form for greediness. The owners of the big business will die, and their boys will get possession of the business, and with a cigar in their mouths, and full to the chins with the best liquor and behind a pair of spanking bays, they will pass everything on the turnpike road to temporal and eternal perdition. Then the business will break up and the smaller dealers will have fair opportunity. Or the spirit of contentment and right feeling will take possession of the large firm, as recently with a famous business house, and the firm will say: "We have enough money for all our needs and the needs of our children. Now let us dissolve business and make way for other men in the same line." Instead of being startled at a solitary instance of magnanimity, it will become a common thing. I know of scores of great business houses that have had their opportunity of vast accumulation and who ought to quit. But perhaps for all the days of this generation the struggle of small houses to keep alive under the overshadowing pressure of great houses will continue; therefore, taking things as they are, you will be wise to preserve your faith and throw over all the counters and shelves and casks the measuring line of divine right. "And the Lord said unto me: Amos, what seest thou? And I said: A plumb line."

In the same way we need to rectify our theologies. All sorts of religions are putting forth their pretensions. Some have a spiritualistic religion, and their chief work is with ghosts, and others a religion of political economy, proposing to put an end to human misery by a new style of taxation, and there is a humanitarian religion that looks after the bodies of men and lets the soul look after itself, and there is a legislative religion that proposes to rectify all wrongs by enactment of better laws, and there is an aesthetic religion that by rules of exquisite taste would lift the heart out of its deformities, and religions of all sorts, religions by the peck, religions by the square foot and religions by the ton—all of them devices of the devil that would take the heart away from the only religion that will ever effect anything for the human race, and that is the straight up and down religion written in the book which begins with Genesis and ends with Revelation, the religion of the skies, the old religion, the God-given religion, the everlasting religion, which says: "Love God above all and your neighbor as yourself." All religions but one begin at the wrong end and in the wrong place. The Bible religion demands that we first get right with God. It begins at the top and measures down, while the other religions begin at the bottom and try to measure up. They stand at the foot of the wall, up to their knees in the mud of human theory and speculation, and have a plummet and a string tied fast to it, and they throw the plummet this way and break a head here and throw the plummet another way and break a head there, and then they throw it up, and it comes down upon their own pate. Fools! Why stand at the foot of the wall rectifying up when you ought to stand at the top rectifying down? I was in the country, thirsty after a long walk. And I came in, and my child was blowing soap bubbles, and they rolled out of the cup blue and gold and green and sparkling and beautiful and orbicular, and in so small a space I never saw more splendor concentrated. But she blew once too often, and all the glory vanished into suds. Then I turned and took a glass of water and was refreshed. And so far as soul thirst is concerned I put against all the blowing, glittering soap bubbles of worldly reform and human speculation one draft from the fountain from under the throne of God clear as crystal. Glory be to God for the religion that drops from above, not coming up from beneath! "And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou? And I said, A plumb line."

I want you to notice this fact, that when a man gives up the straight up and down religion of the Bible for any new fangled religion, it is generally to suit his sins. You first hear of his change of religion, and then you hear of some swindle he has practiced in a special mining stock, telling some one if he will put in $10,000 he can take out $100,000; or he has sacrificed his integrity or plunged into irremediable worldliness. His sins are so broad he has to broaden his religion, and he becomes as broad as temptation, as broad as the soul's darkness, as broad as hell. They want a religion that will allow them to keep their sins and then at death say to them: "Well done, good and faithful servant," and that tells them: "All is well, for there is no hell." What a glorious Heaven they hold before us! Come, let us go in and see it. There are Herod and all the babes he massacred. There are Charles Guiteau and Robespierre, the feeder of the French guillotine, and all the liars, thieves, house burners, garroters, pickpockets and libertines of all the centuries. They have all got crowns and thrones and harps and scepters, and when they chant they sing: "Thanksgiving and honor and glory and power to the broad religion that lets us all into Heaven without repentance and without faith in those humiliating dogmas of ecclesiastical old fogyism."

My text gives me a grand opportunity of saying a useful word to all young men who are now forming habits for a lifetime. Of what use to a stonemason or a bricklayer is a plumb line? Why not build the wall by the unaided eye and hand? Because they are insufficient, because if there be a deflection in the wall it cannot further on be corrected. Because by the law of gravitation a wall must be straight in order to be symmetrical and safe. A young man is in danger of getting a defect in his wall of character that may never be corrected.

One of the best friends I ever had died of delirium tremens at 60 years of age, though he had not since 21 years of age, before which he had been dissipated, touched intoxicating liquor until that particular carousal that took him off. Not feeling well in the street on a hot summer day he stepped into a drug store, just as you and I would have done, and asked for a dose of something to make him feel better. And there was alcohol in the dose, and that one drop aroused the old appetite, and he entered the first liquor store and staid there until thoroughly under the power of rum. He entered his home a raving maniac, his wife and daughters fleeing from his presence, and at first he was taken to the city hospital to die.

Remember that the wall may be 100 feet high, and yet a deflection one foot from the foundation affects the entire structure. And if you live 100 years and do right the last 80 years you may nevertheless do something at 20 years of age that will damage all your earthly existence. All you who have built houses for yourselves or for others, am I not right in saying to these young men, you cannot build a wall so high as to be independent of the character of its foundation? A man before 30 years of age may commit enough sin to last him a lifetime. Now, John or George or Henry, or whatever be your Christian name or surname, say here and now: "No wild oats for me, no cigars or cigarettes for me, no wine or beer for me, no nasty stories for me, no Sunday sprees for me. I am going to start right and keep on right. God help me, for I am very weak. From the throne of eternal righteousness let down to me the principles by which I can be guided in building everything from foundation to capstone. Lord God, by the wounded hand of Christ throw me a plumb line."

"But," you say, "you shut us young folks out from all fun." Oh, no! I like fun. I believe in fun. I have had lots of it in my time. But I have not had to go into paths of sin to find it. No credit to me, but because of an extraordinary parental example and influence I was kept from outward transgressions, though my heart was bad enough and desperately wicked. I have had fun illimitable, though I never swore one oath and never gambled for so much as the value of a pin and never saw the inside of a haunt of sin save as when many years ago, with a commissioner of police and a detective and two elders of my church, I explored New York and Brooklyn by midnight, not out of curiosity, but that I might in pulpit discourse set before the people the poverty and the horrors of underground city life. Yet, though I was never intoxicated for an instant and never committed one act of dissoluteness—restrained only by the grace of God, without which restraint I would have gone headlong to the bottom of infamy—I have had so much fun that I don't believe there is a man on the planet at the present time who has had more. Hear it, men and boys, women and girls, all the fun is on the side of right. Sin may seem attractive, but it is deathful and like the manchineel, a tree whose dews are poisonous. The only genuine happiness is in a Christian life.

There they go—two brothers. The one was converted a year ago in church one Sunday morning during prayer or sermon or hymn. No one knew it at the time. The persons on either side of him suspected nothing, but in that young man's soul this process went on: "Lord, here I am, a young man amid the temptations of city life, and I am afraid to risk them alone; come and by my pardon and my help; save me from making the mistake some of my comrades are making and save me now." And quicker than a flash God rolled Heaven into his soul. He is just as jolly as he used to be, is just as brilliant as he used to be. He can strike a ball or catch one as easily as before he was converted. With gun or fishing rod in this summer vacation he is just as skillful as before. The world is brighter to him than ever. He appreciates pictures, music, innocent hilarity, social life, good jokes and has plenty of fun, glorious fun. But his brother is going down hill. In the morning his head aches from the champagne debauch. Everybody sees he is in rapid descent. What cares he for right or decency or the honor of his family name? Turned out of employment, depleted in health, cast down in spirits, the typhoid fever strikes him in the smallest room on the fourth story of a fifth-rate boarding house, cursing God and calling for his mother and fighting back demons from his dying pillow, which is beweated and torn to rags. He plunges out of this world with the shriek of a destroyed spirit. Alas for that kind of fun! It is remorse. It is despair. It is blackness of darkness. It is woe unending and long reverberating and crushing as though all the mountains of all continents rolled on him in one avalanche

FARMER AND PLANTER.

TO DESTROY BOLL WEEVILS.

Important Information for Cotton Growers by the Texas State Entomologist.

Permit me to reply in a general way to the numerous inquiries being received concerning the boll weevil and remedial measures. Will say that I have visited a number of localities and inspected about a hundred cotton fields. A most gratifying result develops and one which I was prepared for, wherever my recommendations, suggested last year and this, had been faithfully applied. I have seen many planters during the past few days who last year practiced picking up the fallen squares from the time they first began falling, and kept it up at intervals of ten days to two weeks. Only yesterday did I find an instance of the success of one farmer and the complete failure of another joining him. The former had in 14 acres of old land cotton, picked up his squares faithfully and made seven bales. His neighbor, who is conceded by all to be the better farmer, had an adjoining field of 25 acres of cotton, but did not gather and burn his squares, made two bales. I have gathered data along this line this season until I have references to hear out these statements in almost every important post office in the infested region. The result of this method of gathering and burning the squares are so thoroughly effectual, and as easily provided for and applied by the least as well as the greatest cotton planters, that I must appeal to the planters for a greater effort along this line this year than last. Let each locality organize and systematically see to it that the fallen and infested squares are gathered and burned. It is a matter of common interest and no one can afford to remain inactive. The merchants should encourage it. It can not be too strongly indorsed. Those to whom the cotton planters owe means and support should insist upon their customers picking and burning the squares, and doing so without a moment's delay. In no other way can they be sure to make a crop with which to pay their debts.

There is a common practice which I must again condemn without reserve. I am still asked the question: "Why not plow under the squares?" Some put cross bars on their plow beams and brush off all of the loose squares ahead of the shovels, and cover them up as they plow by. This is a most pernicious practice. To assist the boll weevil these fallen squares need to be protected from drought and the direct rays and heat of the sun. This plowing under does all this and affords plenty of moisture to hasten and facilitate the development of the weevils. It can not be told the planters too plainly, positively or often, that this plowing under of the squares makes a boll weevil farm instead of a cotton farm. It is far better to leave them exposed, for then ants, parasites, predaceous insects and other animals will destroy a few of them at least.

I am furthermore often met with the statement: "What is the use of my picking up squares and burning them when my neighbor does not?" I answer, all the use which is indicated by producing a good crop of cotton on the one hand and a good crop of boll weevils on the other. The fact is that during the breeding season, the weevils fly very little, only from plant to plant, as long as the squares are found for them to work on. Hence a weevil is likely to come forth, live and die in a 40-acre field, without ever getting to another one. The spread of the weevil is due to their flights during the migrating periods, which are in the fall when they seek shelter for hibernating, and in the spring when they come forth to find the young cotton. Therefore, everyone who gathers and burns his squares will be sure, other things being equal, to make a crop whether the neighbor on the other side of the fence picks up his squares are not.

Upon getting out among the planters I find a wrong impression existing about the pan and shaking process, which I recommended earlier in the season. My suggestion was to plant a few rows of very early cotton, say two or three rows, every ten or twenty acres apart, and thus offer food for the weevils coming out from winter quarters. Then plant the bulk of the cotton considerably later so as not to counteract the trap rows. It was the early trap rows which were to be shaken and the weevils knocked off into pans. This is entirely practical and unquestionably entirely successful. Later on, owing to the lateness of the season, I suggested, in order to make a winning fight all along the line, that for this year the entire fields be gone over and the pan-shaking method applied. I have visited many small planters who did so, and their patches are a pleasing sight and a joy forever in the midst of so much boll weevil agitation and dismay. Much of this I will take occasion here to say, is greatly exaggerated. I have recently gone to one locality where it seems about all the planters and politicians in their precinct who could write a letter, insisted that I must visit their town and test some boll weevil machines and remedies. The next day after my arrival I went forth, with three other men, to find and slay bool weevils. Three of us made the rounds of field after field of cotton, and after a four hours' search we found, after counting our catch, that we had 11 boll weevils. The local newspapers are now running a local "ad" asking for sufficient boll weevils to enable them to keep the "boll weevil man" in town. People seem to get discouraged and demoralized, and to my mind, entirely without reason. I have made rounds of almost every boll weevil-infested county and if some people will only stop whining and complaining and go to work on the squares which they can easily gather at very small cost, we'll all be happy this fall in the possession of a profitable cotton crop. Last week while in Fort Bend county, I saw one planter give his forman 11 negroes for the purpose of picking up the squares from his cotton. They began at 9 a. m. and finished at 6:30 p. m. His estimate was that about ninety acres had been cleared at a cost not to exceed $5—less than ten cents an acre.

Right here I wish to suggest that farmers and merchants set themselves the task of devising an apparatus which will gather up these squares from the ground by suction process. I sent out a circular some time ago on the pan and shaking process and urged that apparatus be designed which would shake the cotton and catch the weevils as they dropped. As a result, some fifteen or twenty designs were submitted to me. I have suggested many changes and returned them copy. These machines are now being perfected and in a few days I will make an official test of several of the designs and hope that they will meet our expectations. I have encouraged every one as much as possible to test and experiment, and in response to their inquiries have added suggestions and further co-operated with them in every way possible. Let's hear from others.

Meantime, be sure to gather up squares and burn them. No time to delay. Do it now.—Fred W. Malley, state entomologist, in Texas Farm and Ranch.

THE FARMER OF TO-DAY.

He is a Reading, Progressive Man, Despite the Newspaper Caricaturist.

Where do the humorous papers get subjects for their hayseeds cartoons and "funnygraphs?" Surely not from farmers who "take the papers," keep posted in matters pertaining to their business, and as a consequence are all the time "clothed and in their right minds." Where do rascally sharpers with gold bricks and patented processes for making two pounds of butter from one, find the suckers most easy to catch? Not among farmers who read the agricultural papers and are "on to" their schemes, but among those who don't need any papers to teach them how to farm; the chronic goods-box mechanic with mouth open ready for any bait that may be highly colored to conceal the hook. The farmer of to-day, who is worthy of his calling, reads the literature of his business because he has to to hold his position. He must have agricultural papers suited to his section, and agricultural books and bulletins, and having gone thus far he will have books and papers on other topics upon which the progressive man needs general information. He is a good, intelligent citizen, able to make his farm yield to its full capacity and to manufacture and sell his crop to best advantage, and is too well posted to be played for a simpleton in buying or selling. They know enough of politics to vote intelligently, have too much interest at stake to prove unpatriotic and too self-respecting to be bribed. The intelligent farmers of the country constitute the great conservative force that will preserve this country and government when the ignorant rabble are run wild by the mouthings of demagogues. We are glad to know that everywhere the agricultural papers are rapidly increasing their circulations, and consequently their influence, and by this token we know that good farmers are becoming more numerous. Agricultural papers could not exist without this class of farmers; neither could any other business. The governments, state and national, can not do too much nor spend too much money for the advancement of agriculture and the interest of farmers who produce most of the wealth of the country and enjoy only a small portion of it.—Texas Farm and Ranch.

The Goat Industry.

Goat culture in the United States is enjoying a boom. The hardy, thrifty nature of these animals has made them well adapted to the climate and conditions of the southwest, where great herds of them are reared. It is estimated that there are 300,000 Angora goats in this country. The average fleece weighs about three pounds, though some exceptional clips have reached eighteen pounds. There is a good market for the fleece and skins and the carcass, when fat, is not a bad substitute for mutton. The industry has grown rapidly within the past few years, and is no longer confined to the west and southwest.—Drovers' Journal.

HERE AND THERE.

—This country has been supplying the British army in South Africa with horses and mules until there is danger of a shortage.

—The greatest present draw-back to the sheep on the farm is the mangy cur, whose mangy owner loves him better than he loves his half-starved wife and children.

—Tests have shown that common field peas are an excellent egg producing food, which is readily accounted for by the large amount of nitrogenous substances contained in them.

—The question whether or not laborers receive higher wages than they did 100 or 500 years ago is totally irrelevant to the subject of production and distribution. The real question is, do they receive a fair proportion of the results of their labor?

—One agricultudal paper suggests that bee keeping would be a nice avocation for girls. It is nice enough and profitable enough. One of the largest breeders of queens in the south is a woman, but finding a girl willing to tackle the job is the trouble.

—The farm home is the foundation of all our institutions. Society, church, state, liberty, law and order all depend upon the prosperity of the farm. Manufactures, trade and commerce, food and clothing of the millions, all depend upon the farm.

—Every farmer should plant rutabagas. Don't wait until it rains to prepare the ground. That should have been done a month ago. Once get the seeds sprouted and the plants rooted, they will grow until frost, and are good food for man or beast.

—Fruit on the farm is a profitable investment in many ways. It voices the rich and valuable elements of the soil, its foliage cools the summer air, its perfume sweetens the breeze, and its health-giving food gladdens and cheers all members of the family.

—Corn is at its best for fodder or silage when the grain is fully ripe, but the blades still at least a pale green. It should never be cut before glazing. The latter portion of the life of the plant is spent in developing starch and sugar, which are practically and chemically the same.

TOO MUCH FOR HER.

Smart Child Who Accepted an Invitation to Ask Hard Questions Gets Ahead.

She was fair of face, and—well, say 23. Her clothes were neat and cool. Pinned to the bosom of her shirt waist was one of the largest buttons, says the Kansas City Star, that was distributed by the bureau of information for the accommodation of strangers visiting Kansas City during the session of the Democratic national convention. This large button bore the talismanic words, "Ask me."

When she tripped into a car and took a seat the men stared at her. The women did likewise. Opposite sat a middle-aged woman with her seven-year-old daughter. The child stared at the large button on the shirt waist, the, pointing to it asked: "What is that, mamma?"

"It's very rude to point, don't you know, my dear?" quoth mamma.

"Well, what is it?" she again inquired.

The young woman heard the inquiry and reprimand and smiled at the perverseness of the child, then holding out her hands said: "Come here, little sweetheart, and I will explain it to you."

The child looked at her mother, who nodded assent. She went over and was lifted to a seat in the young woman's lap.

"Now, I'll tell you all about it. These buttons were designed for the purpose of furnishing information to the many visitors who have come to Kansas City this week. If they are seeking a hotel or street or store all they need do is ask the wearer of a button like this. In other words, the wearer of a button like this will answer questions asked. Do you understand now?" she asked. The child nodded her head.

"And are you going to answer questions?" queried the child.

"Just try me and see," replied the young woman.

The child fingered the button in silence for a few moments, then she suddenly asked: "How old are you?"

"I'm——"

"Are you as old as my mamma?" persisted the child. Mamma frowned. The young woman smiled.

"Are you married?" was the next question.

"No, dear, I am not."

"Why don't you get married?"

The young woman showed signs of embarrassment.

"I expect to some time," she replied.

A Chinaman came into the car. The child took her eyes off the young woman long enough to see who was the new passenger.

"Would you marry that Chinaman?" she asked, pointing to where he sat. Mamma smiled. The men laughed and the young woman blushed furiously. Putting the child down, she signaled the conductor to stop and she stepped from the car.

Before the car was out of sight she threw that "Ask me" button as far as she could send it.

LORD BUTE'S PALACE.

Princely Seat Has Been Building for Twenty Years and Is Not Yet Finished.

Lord Bute has been 20 years at the construction of a princely seat in the island of Bute, but not until the chapel, now almost completed, is ready will Mount Stuart be truly finished for all future generations. The entrance hall of the house alone cost $500,000. Monolith columns of rare and beautiful marbles support the arcaded gallery, which, in its turn, is rich in marble and bronze, and blazes with blue and fawn color and gold. The floor is like that of the Colonna palace in Rome—huge blocks of purple porphyry and marbles of infinite variety and hues and markings. Marble has been used lavishly throughout the whole house. Only one room, says a recent visitor there—the pleasant "garden parlor"—is without it, and here the woodwork and white paint are a charming change from the somewhat oppressive statelness of the rest of the great building, says the Boston Herald.

Not one library contents the marquis of Bute. He has three, the white, red and blue libraries opening out of one another, and bear evidence of his eclectic taste, not only as regards the contents of the shelves, but the scheme of decoration and the few priceless pictures which find place on their walls. The dining-room is chiefly remarkable for an exquisitely carved antique mantelpiece in purest Parisian marble, and for the graceful crystal shields to the electric lights. The crypt of the unfinished chapel is now used for daily service, and here the Roman Catholic residents in Bute are always welcome. The superstitious people of Rothesay believe, when the sound of the masons' trowels and the carpenters' hammers shall cease at Mount Stuart, where they have been busy for nearly a quarter of a century, the knell of the marquis will be sounded.

A Suspended Railroad.

Between the towns of Elberfeld and Barmen, in western Germany, a remarkable elevated railroad is nearing completion, while part of it has been in operation for several months. The cars are suspended beneath the superstructure from a single rail on which run motor trucks attached to the car roofs, the motive power being electricity. Each car can accommodate 50 passengers, and the maximum speed, with a train of either two or four cars, is 25 miles an hour. The road, which is more than eight miles in length, crosses the Wupper river without interruption.—Youth's Companion.

The Ant and the Grasshopper.

When it was become winter, the grasshopper went to the ant and asked for a cold handout or something.

"No," said the ant, "it is useless to importune me. I am adamant!"

"And what," exclaimed the grasshopper, turning away, "is to be expected of a —— ant?"

This fable teaches that one may be shiftless, yet extremely witty.—Detroit Journal.

A Matter of Necessity.

Wife—John, you don't mean to tell me that you shot this poor little bird with that great big gun?

Husband—Yes, dear; I'm sorry to say I had to. I couldn't get near enough to put salt on its tail.—Philadelphia Press.