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, OCTOBER 20, 1900. VOL. XXV—NO. 49.

GOING HOME.

By Mrs. Minnie M. P. Knotts.

THE soft, hazy October sunshine fell on a West Virginia poorhouse, changing its white painted sides into a subdued pearly tone. In one of the east rooms, opening off the hall and inmates' sitting-room, lay Aunt Emily on a low, black, wooden bed. She had lain in this room since one April day when her right side felt numb and stiff and refused to obey her will. After that stroke of paralysis she was never able to sit up longer than an hour or two. During all this time Mary Sharpe another inmate, had acted as nurse under the instructions of Mrs. Winters the stewardess.

This morning Aunt Emily's pale face looked more sallow than usual in the subdued light coming through an old yellow paper curtain. Her thin gray hair was parted in the middle and drawn tightly back from the forehead; the gaunt hands were folded on the faded calico comfort, the palsied right one underneath. She had her large brown eyes turned toward the window where the beauty of the autumn gleamed.

October frosts had made the hillsides, that stretch away for miles, a bright landscape, reminding one of Joseph's coat, so many were the colors. Half of the trees had changed their green foliage for red or yellow, but some still clung to the old color as if loath to put on the brighten shapes of a step nearer death. The corn fields were bare except for the golden brown shocks that rose here and there like wigwams. In the pastures, yet green, the sheep wandered about or rested from their rambles under the tall oak trees. Far away in the distance, the bluish gray tops of the Allegheny mountains looked down like sentinels on the quiet country, and the thin, fleecy clouds clung lovingly to their summits.

Aunt Emily turned her head away from the window as the door creaked on its hinges and Mary Sharp entered. Mary was a middle-aged woman with a lot of copper-colored hair that was freshly combed, and a kind face that shone as from a recent washing with kitchen soap. Although she made a visible effort to walk lightly, her heavy shoes squeaked noiselessly on the bare floor. She went over by the bed and sat down in the scarred wooden rocking chair and began swaying back and forth, a loose rocker go click, cluck at every motion. She smoothed down her checked gingham apron and said:

"How are you feeling to-day, Aunt Emily?"

"About the same. I've just been thinking how much all things in this world are alike. Every day the leaves of those trees over on the hills are nearer death and decay. They'll soon be scattered all over the ground."

Mary did not answer for a minute or two, but finally said:

"Well—the trees will all be green again next spring."

"Yes. Last spring, Mary, the trees were green and full of life just as I was when I married Andy Dover and settled down on our 20 acres. For a while everything was bright. We loved our little Annie with her long golden curls and watched her grow into womanhood and marry Clinton Mayes. Then I buried Andy. But Annie comforted me and took me to live with her. She and Clinton were good to me; and the children, dear little things, were so much company."

Aunt Emily paused and wiped her eyes with one corner of the unbleached sheet. Mary still swayed back and forth, and the click, cluck of the loose rocker was the only noise that broke the silence except the low hum of voices and the occasional chuckle of "foolish Ben" from the other end of the hall.

"But Clinton wasn't much to blame for not wanting to keep me any longer," Aunt Emily went on, as she cleared her throat. "Annie was sickly, and the doctor's bill had to be paid, although the miner's wages were cut down 20 cents a day. My money was all gone, and I wasn't able to work much. Annie must be sicker now, for she has not written to me for more than a year, and like the trees I am withering. Look over there!" Aunt Emily pointed with her able hand to the pauper's burying ground across the road where the soft sunshine, coming through the trees, touched the plain boards that marked each mound. "Mary, I'll soon be there."

Mary gave a loud cough, wiped her face with a piece of unhemmed muslin that she took from her apron belt, and replied:

"Oh! I reckon not! Annie will come for you some day and take you home to get well. Let me prop you up in bed before I go to help get dinner."

Mary soon had the invalid sitting up with the two cotton-batting pillows and a ragged edged comfort at her back. "I'll go now if you are resting all right," and the heavy shoes squeaked across the floor.

Aunt Emily's only answer was: "I'm afraid Annie will never come." As the sound of squeaking shoes died away she shook her trembling head and said slowly: "She will never come."

In the kitchen the women were helping Mrs. Winters get dinner. The steam was rising from a couple of large iron kettles on the range in one corner of the room, and the odor of boiling coffee filled the air. Mrs. Winters in gray calico wrapper and blue apron was putting bacon into a skillet. Her usually pale face was flushed from the heat of the stove. Mary got the dishes from the cupboard and took them to the long table at the other side of the room. She wiped off the brown oilcloth before setting the dishes in their places, and, as she worked, the wrinkles in her forehead grew deeper. When the table was nearly ready Mrs. Winters came over and sat down on the end of a bench that ran along one side of the table.

"How is Aunt Emily this morning, Mary?" she asked, as she wiped the perspiration from her face.

"She says she feels the same. But she was blue and told me she would soon be in the buryin' ground. She seems to worry right smart because Annie don't write." After a pause Mary added, with a knowing nod, "I don't believe she'll live long."

"I must go in and see her after dinner," Mrs. Winters said, as she turned her head to the window with a sigh. Her kind face always looked sad as if it reflected the poverty-stricken misery around her; even when she smiled it seemed from pity rather than joy.

That evening after supper Mrs. Winters took down a tablet of writing paper, the small round bottle of ink and the red penholder and wrote the following letter to Mrs. Annie Mayes:

"If you ever want to see your mother alive, come soon."

"I won't say anything about this letter to Aunt Emily," she said to her husband, "because if Annie don't come it will be such a disappointment to the poor old woman."

One afternoon a week later Mrs. Winters was interrupted in her sewing by a knock on the front door. She opened it and admitted a frail looking little woman with large brown eyes looking from a very thin face.

"Is this Mrs. Winters?" the stranger asked. "I am Mrs. Mayes."

Mrs. Winters took the visitor into the sitting-room, assuring her that her mother was no worse. After her wraps were laid aside she said:

"I will go to mother at once."

"I am afraid the sudden surprise of you walking into her room would be more than she is able to stand," Mrs. Winters said. "Just take this rocker and I will go and tell her first."

After Mrs. Winters left the roof the visitor rocked for a minute or two as the footsteps sounded down the hall, and then got up and walked to the window and looked out.

Aunt Emily turned her face toward the door as Mrs. Winters opened it. The large brown eyes had a look of resignation, and as they recognized Mrs. Winters the thin lips parted in a sad smile.

"Good afternoon. Do you feel pretty well?" Mrs. Winters said, as she sat down in the rocking chair by the bed.

"Yes, and happy, too. I like to watch the men gather in the corn shocks from the hillside yonder. It makes me glad to know that some one has a good harvest."

"I came in to see if you were awake. There is a lady in the sitting-room that wants to see you. I'll go and bring her in."

"Oh, maybe it's Annie!" Aunt Emily exclaimed, and the look of resignation in her eyes changed to one of joyous hope.

Ten minutes later mother and daughter were sobbing in each other's arms. When their emotions had subsided Annie drew the old rocker close to the bed and sat down, resting her hand on her mother's. They talked of the children, Clinton and home, and how on the morrow Annie was to take her mother home. Then there was silence for a time, broken only by the noise of the loose rocker.

"So, to-morrow I am going home to see the children again," Aunt Emily said, and a tear drop wet each cheek. She reached for the corner of the unbleached sheet, but the soft handkerchief of the daughter wiped them away instead, and the low voice responded: "Yes, mother, I am going to take you home in the morning. Clinton and I see things differently now."

Mrs. Mayes went early to her mother's room the next morning. She opened the door and walked toward the bed to awaken her. Aunt Emily's face was turned toward the window. Her hands were folded on top of the comfort, the able one above as usual.

"Mother!" Mrs. Mayes called, as she reached the bed, but the sleeper did not awaken. "Mother!" she repeated, as she laid her hand on the folded ones, then started back, gave a low scream and sank into the old rocker. Her mother was dead.

Aunt Emily's face wore a happy smile as she lay ready to be taken home. Her hands were folded over the black burial robe, as they used to be on the faded calico comfort, and clasped a bunch of autumn leaves that "foolish Ben" had brought from the woods. When she was carried from the house all the inmates gathered at the front gate for a last glimpse of one who had been with them seven years. They watched the hearse and carriage wind slowly down the hill, and waited for the last glint of sunshine on the ornaments of the hearse as it disappeared behind the poplar grove, before turning their tear-stained faces to the house.

Only "foolish Ben" spoke. "What you cryin' for?" he said. "Don't you know she's goin' home with Annie?"—The Housekeeper.

RHINOCEROS IN CAMP.

Encounter with the Animal While Wrecking in Africa—Red Blanket Caused His Death.

While trekking in South Africa, Parker Gillmore often outspanned on the open veldt. It was a life of discomfort and adventure, which he vividly describes in his book, "The Great Thirst Land." Contrary to what would be commonly believed, wild beasts not infrequently came about the camp, and even into the heart of the campfire.

One night we had outspanned rather late, and the "boys" had built an enormous fire close by the wagon, and between eating and shouting kept me awake. Toward daylight this was still going on, when I heard several exclamations of terror. I looked out of the front of the wagon. The boys were flying helter-skelter everywhere, and a rhinoceros was trotting backward and forward across the fire, tossing carcasses, skins, cooking utensils and blankets about as if each of them contained somebody.

A red blanket seemed particularly to take the fancy of the irate beast. At it he went, and got his horn well into it. But there it seemed to stick. The more he shook his head, the more tightly the blanket wrapped itself about it, entirely hiding the eyes.

He shook his head, pawed with his forefeet, lay down his clumsy length and rolled from side to side, struggling in vain to get free of the enveloping blanket. I laughed aloud at his grotesque antics.

Suddenly he gave a snort, a bound and a kick, and started for the somber shadows of the forest; but he carried a two-ounce bullet behind his shoulder. How he escaped knocking that ornamental head-piece of his against a tree was a wonder. In the morning he was found dead. The bullet had done its work.

ARE SWIFT AND SURE

God's Judgments Are Like Sharp Razors, Says Dr. Talmage.

Nations of the World Are Either Punished or Rewarded—All Calamities Are Directed by Divine Wisdom.

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Washington.

Dr. Talmage, in his journey westward through Europe, has recently visited scenes of thrilling historic events. He sends this sermon, in which he shows that nations are judged in this world and that God rewards them for their virtues and punishes them for their crimes. The text is Isaiah 7, 20: "In the same day shall the Lord shave with a razor that is hired, namely, by them beyond the river, by the king of Assyria."

The Bible is the boldest book ever written. There are no similitudes in Ossian or the Iliad or the Odyssey so daring. Its imagery sometimes seems on the verge of reckless, but only seems so. The fact is that God would startle and arouse and propel men and nations. A tame and limping similitude would fail to accomplish the object. While there are times when He employs in the Bible the gentle dew and the morning cloud and the dove and the daybreak in the presentation of truth, we often find the iron chariot, the lightning, the earthquake, the spray, the sword and, in my text, the razor. This keen-bladed instrument has advanced in usefulness with the ages. In Bible times and lands the beard remained uncut save in the seasons of mourning and humiliation, but the razor was always a suggestive symbol. David said of Doeg, his antagonist: "Thy tongue is a sharp razor working deceitfully"—that is, it pretends to clear the face, but is really used for deadly incision.

In this striking text this weapon of the toilet appears under the following circumstances: Judea needed to have some of its prosperities cut off, and God sends against it three Assyrian kings—first Sennacherib, then Esarhaddon and afterward Nebuchadnezzar. These three sharp invasions that cut down the glory of Judea are compared to so many sweeps of the razor across the face of the land. And these devastations were called a hired razor because God took the kings of Assyria, with whom He had no sympathy, to do the work, and paid them in palaces and spoils and annexations. These kings were hired to execute the Divine behests. And now the text, which on its first reading may have seemed trivial or inapt, is charged with momentous import: "In the same day shall the Lord shave with a razor that is hired, namely, by them beyond the river, by kings of Assyria."

Well, if God's judgments are razors, we had better be careful how we use them on other people. In careful sheath these domestic weapons are put away where no one by accident may touch them and where the hands of children may not reach them. Such instruments must be carefully handled or not handled at all. But how recklessly some people wield the judgment of God! If a man meets with business misfortune, how many there are ready to cry out: "That is a judgment of God upon him because he was unscrupulous or arrogant or overreaching or miserly. I thought he would get cut down What a clean sweep of everything! His city house and country house gone. His stables emptied of all the fine bays and sorrels and grays that used to prance by his door. All his resources overthrown and all that he prided himself on tumbled into demolition. Good for him!" Stop, my brother. Don't sling around too freely the judgments of God, for they are razors.

Some of the most wicked business men succeed, and they live and die in prosperity, and some of the most honest and conscientious are driven into bankruptcy. Perhaps the unsuccessful man's manner was unfortunate, and he was not really as proud as he looked to be. Some of those who carry their heads erect and look imperial are humble as a child, while many a man in seedy coat and slouch hat and unblacked shoes is as proud as Lucifer. You cannot tell by a man's look. Perhaps he was not unscrupulous in business, for there are two sides to every story, and everybody that accomplishes anything for himself or others gets industriously lied about. Perhaps his business misfortune was not a punishment, but the fatherly discipline to prepare him for Heaven, and God may love him far more than He loves you, who can pay dollar for dollar and are put down in the commercial catalogues as A1. Whom the Lord loveth He gives $400,000 and lets die on embroidered pillows? No; whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth. Better keep your hand off the Lord's razors, lest they cut and wound people that do not deserve it. If you want to shave off some of the bristling pride of your own heart, do so, but be very careful how you put the sharp edge on others. How I do dislike the behavior of those persons who when people are unfortunate say: "I told you so—getting punished—served him right!" If those I-told-you-so's got their desert they would long ago have been pitched over the battlements. The mote in their neighbor's eyes, so small that it takes a microscope to find it, gives them more trouble than the beam which obscures their own optics. With air sometimes supercilious and sometimes pharasaical and always blasphemous they take the razor of Divine judgment and sharpen it on the hone of their own hard hearts and then go to work on men sprawled out at full length under disaster, cutting mercilessly. They begin by soft expressions of sympathy and pity and half praise and lather the victim all over before they put on the sharp edge.

Let us be careful how we shoot at others lest we take down the wrong one, remembering the servant of King William Rufus, who shot at a deer, but the arrow glanced against a tree and killed the king. Instead of going out with shafts to pierce and razors to cut we had better imitate the friend of Richard Coeur de Lion. Richard, in the war of the Crusades, was captured and imprisoned, but none of his friends knew where, so his loyal friend went around the land from stronghold to stronghold and sang at each window a snatch of song that Richard Coeur de Lion had taught him in other days. And one day, coming before a jail where he suspected his king might be incarcerated, he sang two lines of song, and immediately King Richard responded from his cell with the other two lines, and so his whereabouts were discovered, and a successful movement was at once made for his liberation. So let us go up and down the world with the music of kind words and sympathetic hearts, serenading the unfortunate and trying to get out of trouble men who had noble natures, but by unforeseen circumstances have been incarcerated, thus liberating kings. More hymn book and less razor.

Especially ought we to be apologetic and merciful toward those who, while they have great faults, have also great virtues. No weeds verily, but no flowers. I must not be too much enraged at a nettle along the fence if it be in a field containing 40 acres of ripe Michigan wheat. Some time ago naturalists told us there was on the sun a spot 20,000 miles long, but from the brightness and warmth I concluded it was a good deal of a sun still. The sun can afford to have a very large spot upon it, though it be 20,000 miles long, and I am very apologetic for those men who have great faults, while at the same time they have magnificent virtues.

Again, when I read in my text that the Lord shaves with the hired razor of Assyria the land of Judea, I think myself of the precision of God's providence. A razor swung the tenth part of an inch out of the right line means either failure or laceration, but God's dealings never slip, and they do not miss by the thousandth part of an inch the right direction. People talk as though things in this world were at loose ends. Cholera sweeps across Marseilles and Madrid and Palermo, and we watch anxiously. Will the epidemic sweep Europe and America? People say: "That will entirely depend on whether the inoculation is a successful experiment; that will depend entirely on quarantine regulations; that will depend on the early or late appearance of frost. That epidemic is pitched into the world, and it goes blundering across the continents, and it is all guesswork and an appalling perhaps." I think, perhaps, that God had something to do with it, and that His mercy may have in some way protected us; that He may have done as much for us as the quarantine and the health officers. It was right and a necessity that all caution should be used, but there have come enough macaroni from Italy, and enough grapes from the south of France, and enough rags from tatterdemalions, and hidden in these articles of transportation enough cholera germs to have left by this time all the cities mourning in the cemeteries. I thank all the doctors and quarantines, but more than all, and first of all, and last of all, and all the time, I thank God. In all the 6,000 years of the world's existence there has not one thing merely "happened so." God is not an anarchist, but a king, a father.

When little Tad, the son of President Lincoln, died, all America sympathized with the sorrow in the white house. He used to rush into the room where the cabinet was in session and while the most eminent men of the land were discussing the questions of national existence. But the child had no care about those questions. Now, God the Father and God the Son and God the Holy Ghost are in perpetual session in regard to this world and kindred worlds. Shall you, His child, rush in to criticise or arraign or condemn the Divine government? No; the cabinet of the Eternal Three can govern and will govern in the wisest and best way, and there never will be a mistake, and, like razor skillfully swung, shall cut that which ought to be cut and avoid that which ought to be avoided. Precision to the very hairbreadth. Earthly timepieces may get out of order and strike wrong, saying it is one o'clock when it is two, or two when it is three. God's clock is always right, and when it is one it strikes one, and when it is 12 it strikes 12, and the second hand is as accurate as the minute hand.

Further, my text tells us that God sometimes shaves nations. "In the same day shall the Lord shave with a razor that is hired." With one sharp sweep He went across Judea, and down went its pride and its power. In 1861 God shaved the American nation. We had allowed to grow Sabbath desecration and oppression and blasphemy and fraud and impurity and all sorts of turpitude. The south had its sins, and the north its sins, and the east its sins, and the west its sins. We had been warned again and again, and we did not heed. At length the sword of war cut from the St. Lawrence to the gulf and from Atlantic seabord to Pacific seaboard. The pride of the land, not the cowards, but the heroes, on both sides went down. And that which we took for the sword of war was the Lord's razor. In 1862 again it went across the land; in 1863 again; in 1864 again. Then the sharp instrument was incased and put away.

Never in the history of the ages was any land more thoroughly shaved than during those four years of civil combat, and, my brethren, if we do not quit some of our individual and national sins the Lord will again take us in hand. He has other razors within reach besides war—epidemics, droughts, deluges, plagues—grasshopper and locust—or our overtowering success may so far excite the jealousy of other lands that under some pretext the great nations may combine to put us down. Our nation, so easily approached on north and south and from both oceans, might have on hand at once more hostilities than were ever arrayed against any one power. I hope no such combination against us will ever be formed, but I want to show that, as Assyria was the hired razor against Babylon, and the Huns the hired razor against the Goths, there are now many razors that the Lord could hire if, because of our national sins, He should undertake to shave us. In 1870 Germany was the razor with which the Lord shaved France. Japan was the razor with which He shaved China, and America the razor with which shaved arrogant, oppressive and Bible-hating Spain. But nations are to repent in a day. May a speedy and worldwide coming to God hinder on both sides the sea all national calamity. But do not let us as a nation either by unrighteous law at Washington or bad lives among ourselves defy the Almighty.

One would think that our national symbol of the eagle might sometimes suggest another eagle—that which ancient Rome carried. In the talons of that eagle were clutched at one time Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Dalmatia, Rhaetia, Noricum, Pannonia, Moesia, Dacia, Thrace, Macedonia, Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, Phoenicia, Palestine, Egypt and all northern Africa and all the islands of the Mediterranean—indeed, all the world that was worth having, a hundred and twenty millions of people under the wings of that one eagle. Where is she now? Ask Gibbon, the historian, in his prose poem, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Ask her gigantic ruins, bemoaning their sadness through the ages, the screech owl at windows out of which worldwide conquerors looked. Ask the day of judgment, when her crowned debauchees, Commodus and Pertinax and Caligula and Diocletian, shall answer for their infamy. As men and as nations let us repent and have our trust in a pardoning God rather than depend on former successes for immunity! Out of 13 of the greatest battles of the world Napoleon had lost but one before Waterloo. Pride and destruction often ride in the same saddle.

But notice once more, and more than all, in my text, that God is so kind and loving that when it is necessary for Him to cut He has to go to others for the sharp-edged weapon. "In the same day shall the Lord shave with a razor that is hired." God is love. God is pity. God is help. God is shelter. God is rescue. There are no sharp edges about Him, no thrusting points, no instruments of laceration. If you want balm for wounds, He has that. If you want Divine salve for eyesight, He has that. But if there is sharp and cutting work to do, which requires a razor, that He hires. God has nothing about Him that hurts, save when dire necessity demands, and then He has to go clear off to some one else to get the instrument. This Divine clemency will be no novelty to those who have pondered the Calvarean massacre, where God submerged Himself in human tears and crimsoned Himself from punctured arteries and let the terrestrial and infernal worlds maul Him until the chandeliers of the sky had to be turned out, because the universe could not endure the outrage. Illustrious for love he must have been to take all that as our subsitute, paying out of His own heart the price of our admission at the gates of Heaven.

King Henry II. of England crowned his son as king and on the day of coronation put on a servant's garb and waited, he, the king, at the son's table, to the astonishment of all the princes. But we know of a more wondrous scene—the King of Heaven and earth offering to put on you, His child, the crown of life and in the form of a servant waiting on you with blessing. Extol that love, all painting, all sculpture, all music, all architecture, all worship! In Dresdenian gallery let Raphael hold Him up as a child, and in Antwerp cathedral let Rubens hand Him down from the cross as a martyr, and Handel make all his oratorios vibrate around that one chord: "He was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities." But not until all the redeemed get home, and from the countenances in all the galleries of the ransomed shall be revealed the wonders of redemption, shall either man or seraph or archangel know the height and depth and length and breadth of the love of God.

At our national capital a monument in honor of him who did more than anyone to achieve our American independence was for scores of years in building, and most of us were discouraged and said it never would be completed. And how glad we all were when in the presence of the highest officials of the nation the work was done! But will the monument to Him who died for the eternal liberation of the human race ever be completed? For ages the work has been going up. Evangelists and apostles and martyrs have been adding to the heavenly pile, and every one of the millions of redeemed going up from earth has made to it contribution of gladness, and weight of glory is swung to the top of other weight of glory, higher and higher as the centuries go by, higher and higher as the whole millenniums roll, sapphire on the top of jasper, sardonyx on the top of chalcedony and chrysoprasus above topaz, until far beneath shall be the walls and towers and domes of our earthly capitol, a monument forever and forever rising and yet never done, "Unto Him who hath loved us and washes us from our sins in His blood and made us kings and priests forever." Alleluia, amen.

Liszt's Narrow Escape.

Liszt's love-letters to Princess Carolyne Wittgenstein, recently published, deal with the narrow escape which Liszt had of marrying the lady. The princess imagined that she had persuaded the pope to sanction her divorce from the prince, and actually fixed her wedding day for October 22, 1861, Liszt's fiftieth birthday, but shortly afterward renounced the idea, and there is now little doubt that she detected reluctantly on Liszt's part. It was no ardent lover who wrote: "Permanent happiness can only be found in renunciation, the utter, absolute renunciation such as the saints have practiced, and such as love, in its moments of highest exultation, alone can understand."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Origin of the Chinese Queue.

The custom of Chinamen wearing pigtails is not ancient, considering the period that China has existed as a nation. It dates from 1627, when the Manchus, who then commenced the conquest of the celestial empire, enforced this fashion of doing the hair as a sign of degradation. The average queue is three feet long, says the Golden Penny, and, reasoning that the adult Chinamen number 200,000,000, we get a united pigtail measuring 113,636 miles long, sufficient to go four and a half times round the earth!

FARMER AND PLANTER.

THEORA OF THE SMALL FARM.

The Progressive Agriculturists Are Abandoning the Big Farm and Diversifying Products.

The agriculturists of America have entered upon an era of small farms. They realize more than ever before that old theories of farming have passed away and new conditions now exist. The demand upon the farm for recruits in the city sweat shops has lessened the number of young people who are content to remain on the farm. This has also increased the number of consumers of farm products and added to the market requests for everything coming from the garden, orchard and cereal field. The important subject then for the tiller of the soil to consider is how to increase the yield of a given acreage.

The smaller farm of diversified productions solves to a certain extent the question of how to make the farm pay. Every available foot of tillable land is utilized on the small tract. The expense for help, machinery and interest on investment is not so large and the risk of loss is not so great. Twenty acres well tilled in this age yield more actual profits than a quarter section did under the old system of fifty years ago. The land is kept under better tilth, the crops grown are more marketable, and the farmers are better equipped with modern implements and machinery.

Farmers have learned some very important lessons in the practical fields of every day life. They use more brains and less muscle, do more planning and make less blunders than their forefathers. They study the conditions of soil fertility and apply the scientific or natural remedies for maintaining land values. I have a neighbor who, this season, has produced and marketed 430 crates of strawberries from one acre of land. The berries sold at an average of $1.50 per crate, thus making the gross income from that small area $645 for one year. Next season he expects to use commercial fertilizers to supply the lost potash, phosphoric acid and nitrogen and increase his crop to 500 crates.

Mixed farming gives the agriculturist an opportunity to have something to sell at all seasons of the year. This dispenses with the necessity for mortgaging a crop to secure money to mature it and prepare it for market. The man with the small farm, located near a railroad, which is almost anywhere in the United States, can have an acre of asparagus, a similar tract in strawberries, some planted to currants, blackberries or raspberries, another patch of cultivated crops of peas, beans, corn, cucumbers, melons or other marketable products. These things are always saleable and generally command good prices.

An acre of well tilled land, under ordinary conditions, will give the careful man from $100 to $1,000 annually. I am well acquainted with small farmers who give conservative estimates of their yearly crops as follows: Cabbage, $600; onions, $450; tomatoes, $800; peas, $300; cucumbers, $150; green corn, $250, celery, $800; canteloupe, $600; rhubarb, $100; asparagus, $450; potatoes, $250, and cauliflower, $600 per acre. In the fruits they report equally good results. The general average for strawberries ranges about $400; gooseberries $600 and other small fruits about the same. These are not merely theoretical figures, but actual results from small farms in the west.

Where irrigation is practiced much soil fertility comes from the silt carried by the water from the natural forests. But every farmer who succeeds knows the value of fertilizers. In most crops such as above enumerated an application of 500 to 1,000 pounds of a fertilizer containing approximately ten per cent. potash, eight per cent. phosphoric acid and three per cent. nitrogen adds to the quantity and quality of the products and thereby increases the farm income. The outlay is but small in comparison to the increased value of the land and its crops by the reasonable use of correct fertilizers. They may be obtained at any of the local seed houses, and full information as to how to apply to the several crops is given free by the dealers. They are a part of the stock in trade of the small farmer, and should have a page in his ledger account.—Joel Shoemaker, in Farmers' Home Journal.

SOY BEAN EXPERIMENTS.

A Plant That Has Been Much Neglected Owing to Ignorance of Its Value.

The soy bean, commonly but incorrectly called soja bean, is a leguminous plant and a native of southern Asia. It is said to have been cultivated in China even before the time of Confucius, but its spread to surrounding countries was very slow. This plant has been very much neglected, owing to the ignorance of its value as a crop, and not until recently has the great value of the soy been clearly demonstrated. In 1878 Prof. Haberlandit made a series of experiments in Hungary with the soy bean, and strongly urged its cultivation as a food for both man and beast. This plant has been grown in our own country for a great many years, principally in the south. So we see it is not a late discovery, as many of us think, but this has been used in Japan and China for centuries as food for man. The fact that the soy is self-pollinated makes the yield independent of insects, and a crop of seed is insured wherever the conditions are such as to allow proper vegetable growth. There is no other crop so easily raised and that can be used to such good advantage is compounding feeding rations as the soy bean. The value of a feeding stuff is measured by the amount of fat and portein in it, and the chemical anaylsis show the soy bean to contain three times more protein than corn and one-third more than cow peas. Farmers are just beginning to see the necessity of a highly concentrated food. Hence the great demand for bran, and what I am endeavoring to show, is that we still have a better and cheaper way of getting our protein and fat forming elements. To make this plain we will compare the soy bean with bran and oil meal. Prof. Henry, in his book on "Feeds and Feeding," gives the amount of digestible nutriments in a ton of oil meal to be 1,422 pounds; bran, 1,062; while soy beans contain 1,326 pounds per ton. Now 1,422 pounds of digestible nurtiments in oil meal costs us $28; 1,062 pounds of bran costs us $15, while 1,326 pounds of digestible nutriment per ton of soy beans can be grown at a cost of two dollars in work and a small cash outlay for seed. Steward, in his book on the feeding of animals, estimates the feeding value of a ton of soy beans to $44, while the fertilizing value of the decaying roots is $19 per acre.

Our experience with soy beans is this: They have no equal as a feed so far as we have tried them. For hogs and dairy cattle they are superb. The increase in the milk pail and butter tub confirms us in the belief that they have no equal as a feeding stuff. Taking into consideration, first, their great nutritive value, second, cheapness, and, third, fertilizing value—which is equal to that of clover—they are certainly a valuable crop. Our cattle will leave clover knee high and eat soy bean forage in preference. Ground that produces one and one-half tons of timothy hay will produce three tons of bean hay, which is worth $2.50 more per ton than timothy, says Prof. Morris. We find we can produce pork, beef and milk at a very low rate with the soy bean. We fattened a bunch of hogs last fall almost exclusively on soy beans. Just three weeks before selling, we commenced feeding corn. The hogs were fattened in the shortest time and made the finest meat we ever produced. Their coats had a glossy appearance which would cause one to think they were kept curried. Mr. W. H. Wilson, of Virginia, gives five reasons for growing more beans than corn. He says: "First, I can get more net money out of one bushel of soy beans than I can out of five bushels of corn; second, I think that corn is five times harder on ground than the soy bean; third, corn costs me five times more to grow; fourth, I think the soy bean five times greater in oily matter than corn; fifth, I think the soy bean five times better for producing meat, milk and butter than corn." This man has grown this crop 17 years. As a food for man the soy bean is good, whether cooked, like green peas, parched and eaten as peanuts or ground and used as coffee. It has been sold as the coffee bean by some seedmen. No farmer would be without this valuable plant after once giving it a fair trial.—Evan B. Davis.

New Blood for the Herd.

Fancy breeders of stock for the show ring have to consider points of color, form, and similar characteristics in a way that the average farmer who raises stock for the market entirely overlooks. A slight variation in any of these minor points might prove a defect that would condemn an otherwise fine animal for the exhibition ring, and a fancy breeder would sooner dispose of such animals at a nominal sum than to hold them for further breeding. The farmer or breeder who is on the lookout for new blood, would find a rich prize in these animals. A boar pig or a bull of this class can nearly always be purchased comparatively cheap, and as the head of the herd it would prove of the greatest value to the farmer. New blood is needed continually in every herd, but it is never needed to the extent of justifying the introduction of inferior blood. Better constant inbreeding, until something better can be obtained, than the introduction of inferior or unknown blood.—Epitomist.

The Fowl on the Farm.

Every farmer, or anybody else, who raises fowls below the grade of pure bred should buy a cock of some pure breed which he likes, or two of them, if he has too many hens for one. By continuing this course, and carefully selecting pullets for their conformity to the markings of the cocks, in three generations it will take an expert to distinguish between them and standard fawls. In fact, it is a fact well known to all breeders that sometimes a half-breed may possess better markings than many full-blooded ones. Hence, whether handling pure breeds or mixtures of breeds, there will be many culls, and some will throw back to one of the breeds used in creating the breed originally. We can point to a flock of about twenty white Wyandottes, bred from prize winners, in which some four or five are fairly well marked white leghorns. This is not unusual with the newer breeds.—Farm and Ranch.

HERE AND THERE.

—"Nature's own remedy for lice on pigs," says the Australian Agriculturist, "is mud." Nature's remedy is out of date. Kerosene emulsion sprayed on is far better.

—This has been one of the best seasons in all history for growing "Providence" rice, and we learn some good crops have been made on this sytem, but it will not do to depend upon.

—Much fruit that is unfit for market may be canned, or made into delicious forms that will keep in cans indefintely. A farmer who has fruit only during fruit seasons during fruit years, is not living up to his privileges.

—Every farmer should have a plentiful supply of fruit all the year round, when the fruit crop fails as well as when it is abundant. Mason jars are cheap and will last a life time, and sugar—well, they must pay trust prices.

—The only way to raise first-class turkey stock is by giving poults plenty of exercise. The more of it they have, as a rule, the better they will grow and be in the end. Ranging about the fields, catching grasshoppers and other insects is the only thing that will give a growing poult the vigor that will develop it into a strong adult fowl.

—The Georgia Poultry Herald says statistics furnished by the government show that the average number of eggs laid, for all the hens of the country, is about sixty eggs each per year, but good average hens of any breed, or even good mongrels, well cared for, will produce ten or twelve dozen eggs a year each.

IT WAS ONLY A BABY.

The Horrified Spectators Thought They Saw Frightened Horses Run Over It.

A tragedy was averted in ragtime in the park recently. The day was bright and balmy, and the usual throng of rich and poor were gathered there to enjoy the fresh air and see the usual sights. The rich rode in carriages, the poor walked, and the tramps, to whom every day is Sunday, lounged upon the benches, relates the New York Times.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, over near an entrance, a shout was heard which at once attracted the attention of hundreds of persons. A span of terrified horses attached to a light road wagon appeared around a curve and sped toward the center of the park. Then out from one of the walks, 200 yards ahead of the runaway horses, came a little girl. She was about six years old. In her arms she carried a baby almost as big as herself. The infant was decked with a sprig or two of green.

The little mother's back was turned to the oncoming horses. A seedy-looking man with a dirty face and greasy clothes sprang from the sidewalk and threw himself at the horses' reins. He caught them, held on for a moment, and was hurled to one side. A moment later a distinguished-looking man in the walking garb of fashion saw the child ahead, and as the runaways charged past him he threw away his cane and dashed into the roadway. He caught the bit of one of the horses, and was also flung violently to one side. A big policeman saw a tragedy impending and ran to reach the child. The little girl turned, saw the horses coming, and stood for a moment paralyzed with fear. At last she darted forward, but as she did so she stumbled and fell, dropping the baby. Then she made one feeble scramble, just sufficient to clear her from the horses' heels, but the baby lay quietly, and the next moment the horses and wagon wheels had dashed over its little body.

A cry of horror arose from the spectators. The policeman reached the baby first, closely followed by the man of fashion and the tramp, both breathless. The little girl was standing crying at the side of the roadway. The policeman stopped and tenderly picked up the baby from the dust. Then he smiled.

"Why, it's a big rag doll!" said he.

"'Pon my word, it is," said the man of fashion.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" remarked the seedy individual.

"Here, little girl," said the policeman, cheerily, "here's your baby. Not hurt a bit. Now go and find your mother."

"And buy some candy on the way," said the man of fashion, squeezing a dime into the little girl's hands.

"You wus born lucky, you wus," said the tramp to the child.

And the three kinsmen, made as by one touch of nature, struggled out from the gathering crowd and went their several ways.

HOW TO MANAGE A HUSBAND

It Is Easy Enough When Wife Has Something to Hold Over the Lord of the Household.

Mrs. Fuller and Mrs. Deming are neighbors and visit each other quite frequently, and Mrs. Fuller has noticed with surprise that Mrs. Deming's husband never scolds when he comes home and finds no supper ready. She asked Mrs. D—— about it, and was told it was as easy as rolling off a log, says the Chicago Times-Herald.

"You have only to use a little tact," she said. "Why, any man can be managed by a tactful wife."

Just then Deming came in looking rather tired and cross, but his wife took his hat, whispered something in his ear, and asked him if he was very hungry.

He said he didn't mind waiting, and at her suggestion he took his paper and went into the other room.

"There!" whispered Mrs. D—— to her neighbor, "didn't I tell you it only required a little tact," and she went about getting supper while Mrs. Fuller went home to try how tact would work on her husband.

She found him with a thunder cloud brow, and at once began the new treatment.

"Please go into the parlor and read the paper while I hurry up the supper."

"Well, you have nerve! Do you s'pose I can satisfy my appetite with news from China. I like that. A man might as well be a bachelor and done with it as have a wife who is forever gadding to the neighbors!"

"I was over to Deming's a few minutes, and Mr. Deming came home while I was there, and he wasn't a bit cross, and her supper is late, too."

"Of course, it is. Gossiping round and hindering each other. I wonder you ever get anything done."

Mrs. Fuller had tried tact, but it didn't seem to work. Her feelings were hurt and her temper was rising. She concluded to take heroic measures and see what would happen. She took off the white apron she had pinned on, and turned, as only a worm can.

"George Augustus Fuller, if you want any supper to-night you can get it yourself. I'm going home to eat, and will stay there until you know how to treat me. You should have married a cook."

"Maria," piped Fuller, feebly, "don't go."

"Then will you be more reasonable?"

"Why of course. I was only bluffing."

They made it up, and got supper together like two turtle doves. Mrs. Fuller thinks it takes different kinds of tact for different men, but she doesn't know yet what it was that Mrs. Deming whispered so sweetly to her husband. It was this:

"If you say one cross word while she is here, I'll tell how much money you lost on that last deal in wheat!"

The Standard.

The Mother—How can you marry a man who is beneath you socially?

The Daughter—Why, mamma, I didn't know he was.

"His people are worth only half as much as we are."—Detroit Free Press.