

# The St. Tammany Farmer

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## TRIOLETS OF TRIFLERS.

They met where the water was blue,  
Where the hills sloped away from the sea;  
They were glad for a gay week or two,  
Out there where the water was blue—  
They talked of the things lovers do,  
And were triflers both—he and she—  
They met where the water was blue,  
Where the hills sloped away from the sea.

She laughed in her heart at the way  
She played with him there by the sea;  
She toyed with him day after day  
And laughed in her heart at the way  
He would pine when she answered him  
—  
When she turned a deaf ear to his plea—  
She laughed in her heart at the way  
She played with him there by the sea.

He thought that he toyed with her heart,  
As they jostled out there by the sea;  
He led her from others apart,  
And he thought that he toyed with her heart.

As he flirted with all of his art—  
Ah, how they were fooled, he and she,  
Each toying away with a heart  
That was worthless—out there by the sea.  
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

## THE MESSAGE FROM MANILA

By F. H. Lancaster.

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A FEW days after Gen. Funston had distinguished himself and before Aguinaldo had taken the oath of a thoughtful student of human nature would, among the many strolling couples on the old wall at Manila, have noticed particularly two subalterns, evidently on furlough. That one was bored and the other bothered the student would have readily understood, for while the fair man smoked with a sullen indifference his companion puffed on impatiently for a few moments, only to forget his cigar entirely while he again pondered over that troublesome passage in his sweetheart's letter: "If you can get him to do something desperate and daring for her sake and then write home about it you will win my eternal gratitude, as you have already won my love. For now that these rumors of oil being struck on this barren land have begun to circulate around here, I honestly believe she is just crank enough to throw him over as soon as he comes home. Her idea is that he ought to be free to do better—as though he could! You know that a combination of fire and tow he is. In fact, dear boy, unless you and I can do something



"SERVING YOUR COUNTRY ISN'T A BIG-PAYING BUSINESS."

quick there will be two lives turned down."

"Duce take it!" he groaned inwardly. "What desperate thing for a woman's sake can a man do in this sleepy place?"

His companion stopped listlessly, and Ford turned to look at him.

"What's up, Cranmere?"

"We are going east in three weeks."

"Yes; I know."

"Poorer than we came out."

"Serving your country isn't a big-paying business."

"Dash the country! I came out here in hopes of finding an opening. The Philippines offer such splendid opportunities—to a man with money. My word for it, Ford, I've a good mind to desert and turn gold prospector."

"A fellow was talking to me about gold the other day," Ford replied, absently.

"Who was it?" Cranmere asked, quickly.

"A fellow with a history," Ford returned, slowly. "A hundred and some odd years ago, before Vargo made tobacco a government monopoly, this man's grandfather was one of the rich men of Luzon. It seems he lived in one of the districts that had to go on growing tobacco whether it paid or not. It didn't pay. The family got poorer and poorer until when Mantal inherited the fragment of the fortune he moved north to Botanes in despair—went to raising horses. That didn't pay, either; then he tried pearl fishing. Now he has come back to Luzon with an alluring gold story."

"That's what I want to hear about. I believe there is gold in Luzon."

"I don't. Not in paying quantities. If there had been, Spain would have found it out a hundred years ago."

"What is this man's yarn?" Cranmere persisted.

"You see that?" Ford asked, pointing to a haze of smoke to the southward of the men.

"Yes; some volcano."

"It is the volcano Taal, only 850 feet high, and it stands on an island in the Lake Bombon. It is about this lake that my friend Mantal spins his yarn. The lake he claims was once

the site of an immense volcano that was blown out bodily in an eruption."

"I've heard that story often," Cranmere commented, impatiently.

"So have I. And that its waters used to be salt?"

"Yes. Where does the gold come in?"

"This is Mantal's idea: Bombon has an outlet, but no inlet; therefore it must have subterranean sources, and he holds that it is fed by an underground river that flows from the heart of the island. He believes that he could enter this river by diving, and by its means go straight to the mountains, where he will find gold. The whole foundation for his theory is a blind fish found in Bombon."

"A blind fish! That means a good deal. Does he expect to try his experiments alone?"

"No; he is looking for some American fool enough to go with him. He is afraid to trust the natives."

"I'm his man!"

"You?"

"I believe there is something in it."

"Death, most likely."

"You will send that fellow Mantal to me to-night?"

"See here, Cranmere, this is the craziest scheme ever started. That lake is a hundred fathoms deep and covers a hundred square miles."

"He was a pearl fisher," Cranmere continued, without noticing his friend's interruption, "and I dare say still has his diving rig. We would need a boat, but that can be managed. It is no use kicking, Ford. I'm going to give this thing a trial. I tell you, man, rather than ask that little girl to wait another six months for me I'd go to the infernal regions if there was a chance of making enough by the trip to get married on."

Ford's jaws snapped upon a vigorous protest. He could write to Lucy to-night. A beastly two weeks, but when he came back everybody would be talking oil.

"There is Mantal now. I'll send him to you," he muttered. "Good luck, old man."

They shook hands warmly, and the next day it was reported that Corporal Cranmere had gone to a neighboring village to spend his furlough.

Ford, writing to his sweetheart certain passages to be read aloud, drew a vivid description of the desperate undertaking. "He told me once," he concluded, "that for the sake of getting enough together to be married on he would cheerfully make a trip to hades. Well, he has struck something worse than hades this trip. Whoever his girl is, she must be almost as lovable as somebody else—his awfully gone on her. Poor fellow, I hope he will come back alive, now that his land promises so well."

"And I hope," he muttered, as he posted the letter, "that she will be so scared and miserable for the next six weeks she'll learn some sense. I've no patience with a girl that can't be satisfied when a man has told her that he loves her. Histronics be hanged. I'm glad Lucy doesn't go in for that sort of thing, dear, sensible little soul that she is!"

This was how it happened that when Corporal Cranmere, none the worse for his wild goose chase to Lake Bombon and the long homeward voyage that had followed close upon it, dashed into the private parlor of a San Francisco hotel and found a worn-looking girl with big eyes and white cheeks, who had no high-flown proffers of freedom to make. Only an eager whisper that she was glad, so glad he had not been killed in that horrid volcano.

"Never mind, sweetheart," he said, soothingly, "the Philippines are not so bad. But Texas is the place for us. Isn't it?"

"Wherever you are, dear boy," she answered, contentedly.

## WANTED THE BRICKS BACK.

Queer Demand of a Testy Old Virginian Upon His Next-Door Neighbor.

There lives in the old, fashionable quarter of Georgetown, across the Rock Creek bridge from Washington, D. C., a member of an old Virginia family. He is a man of high professional attainments, but of testy and irritable temper, says the Chicago Tribune. His next-door neighbor is a retired major, noted for the eccentricity of his habits. Between the two there has always existed anything but a friendly feeling, and they are continually doing all in their power to annoy and harass each other. One night recently during a serious storm the major's chimney was blown down. Crash went the bricks through the roof of the judge's house, and thence down through floor after floor, carrying havoc in their course.

The man of law was in no good humor as he contemplated the destruction and what made matters worse it was the major's chimney which had occasioned the wreck. His mind was actively engaged in devising some process by which he could get satisfaction from his arch enemy, when a note arrived from the latter, couched in the following language: "Send me back my bricks immediately, or I will put the matter into the hands of an attorney."

British Secret-Service Fund.

A secret service fund is voted yearly by parliament for the purpose of defeating conspiracies against the state. Last year £13,000 was paid to spies who were employed for this purpose. For a copy of a treaty between France and Russia, known as the treaty of Tilsit, Great Britain paid £40,000.

English Odd Fellows.

The Manchester (England) Unity of Odd Fellows is rapidly approaching a membership of 1,000,000; the latest returns show 982,830 members.

## A FINE FIELD FOR WOMEN.

More Than 2,000 Employed at the Pan-American Exposition in Various Capacities.

Upwards of 2,000 women find daily employment at the exposition in all capacities from weeding gardens and tending flowers and washing dishes up to managing exhibits. They earn wages that run from two dollars to \$2.50 a week up to \$50, with an average that is probably considerably below ten dollars. More are employed in the Midway than in any other section of the exposition. There they are ticket sellers, ticket takers, cashiers, waitresses, ballyhoos performers and managers. Nearly 500 of them are doing work of one sort or another in the Midway, says a Buffalo exchange.

In the main show outside of the Midway they are employed in greatest numbers as waitresses in the restaur-

## IT ASTONISHED HIM.

And It Must Be Said That His Astonishment Was Nothing More Than Natural.

Standing in front of a Locust street stable the other afternoon was a man in overalls, pulling bales of hay up into the loft with the aid of a rope and pulley. He looked the picture of health, and the exertion was as nothing to him, says the Philadelphia Record. Presently along came another man. He was fat and pudgy-looking, and his skin had an unhealthy color. His general appearance betokened the overfed club man. He was carefully groomed, and was evidently a man of leisure. He stood for perhaps a minute watching the other man at work, and then he said: "Would you mind letting me take your place for awhile? I am troubled with indigestion, and

## PECULIARITY OF A KING.

The Ruler of Great Britain Is Particular About Decorations—Some Instances.

Like all the rest of us the king has his peculiarities, writes a candid Englishman to London M. A. P. One of the most marked of these is that he is particular to the verge of severity on the subject of decorations that should be worn. How they should be worn, when they should be worn are matters to which he has always given the closest attention. Of this idiosyncrasy many stories are told. Here are a few:

The first relates to that most popular henchman of the king, Sir Dighton Probyn. He has the right to wear many decorations, including the coveted Victoria cross. Among his honors is a cross of a leading Danish order of which he is a knight, and a second Danish distinction of less emolument. One evening at Sandringham a year or two ago a large party had assembled at the bidding of the prince and princess of Wales for dinner. Indeed, so many were the guests that Sir Dighton and one or two others found places at a small table, a sort of "overflow" dining-table in the corner of the room.

It so happened that the date was the birthday of the king of Denmark, although the dinner was not specially in honor of that event. Sir Dighton, ever a courtier, had remembered the anniversary, and, in dressing for dinner, had affixed to his coat the small star of the chief Danish order, but either did not look for or could not find the insignia of the lesser in importance. Dinner was announced and Sir Dighton was deep in the discussion of an excellent menu, when a footman brought him a message from his royal master to the following effect: "H. R. H. is surprised to see that Sir Dighton Probyn is not wearing the order—." Sir Dighton had there and then to fetch the order, and reappeared with it displayed in the correct position. In telling the story he said that he was amazed that his involuntary omission should have been noticed by the prince, who was sitting at the corner of the main dining table furthest from himself.

A friend of mine was staying as fellow guest with the king some time back at a country house for a weekend. The king had, as prince, the custom of sending his equerry or servant to the guests (this was entirely a male party) informing them what his wish was as to wearing decorations. On this evening my friend had received the message: "H. R. H. desires gentlemen to wear the ribbons and buttons only of their orders." He is a careless man, and he stuck two English orders and one foreign decoration on the lapel of his dress coat, and never heeded the exact positions. A few minutes to the dinner hour he came out into the passage and was making his way to the stairs, when he met the prince, who was also about to ascend. He stood aside, but the prince motioned him to join him, and they went down together.

As they reached the first landing the prince, who had been looking attentively at my friend's coat, stopped, and, much to the latter's confusion, said, taking hold of the lapel: "These ribbons should not be placed so. That one," pointing to a foreign one, "has no place there at all on the present occasion; and of these two," pointing to the English ribbons, "the order should be reversed." My friend murmured his apologies, and the prince said: "I know it is not always easy to understand, but I like care to be given to such matters."

My third story has to do with a well-known and popular English actor who, in a play in which he appeared with great success, acted the part of a Russian general. The prince was present one evening, and noticed that across his uniform coat the actor wore a row of six or seven crosses and stars. When the curtain fell on the first act the prince sent an inquiry to ask the actor to visit the royal box. Much gratified, Mr. — hurried to obey, but upon entrance, instead of the congratulations he expected, the prince, after a cool greeting, pointed to the row of gew-gaws on the military coat, saying with some severity: "May I ask what they are supposed to represent?"

Now the truth was that they were imitation jewels and crosses, supplied by a costumer, such as any actor would naturally wear. Mr. — very feebly answered that they were to represent such Russian military and civic orders as a general of the czar's army would probably possess. "Really," said the prince, ironically, "and you call yourself an artist. I am surprised that you have not taken more trouble to be exact. I think your uniform would become you better if you dispense in the next act with those ludicrous ornaments." And the actor did.

But perhaps the most severe reproof which the king ever gave a subject in the matter of decorations was that administered to a very pretty young girl in a ballroom. The prince had invited her to dance, and she, much gratified, had taken a turn or two, when the prince noticed upon her breast the small diamond star of a well-known English order. "May I ask you where you got that from?" he said, indicating the little jewel. The girl, blushing a great deal, answered that her fiancé (a young officer of great distinction) had lent it to her to wear. "Indeed," said his royal highness coldly, "please unpin it and return it to Lieut. Col. Sir —, and inform him that such jewels are not intended for the adornment of beauty, however great." And he led his partner to her chaperon.

Sure Thing.

Ethel—Did you accept him?

Edith—No; I refused him.

"Oh, he'll probably keep right on calling then."—Judge.

## STORY OF A ROSEBUSH.

Confided to the Care of a Degenerate Woman It Works a Wonderful Change.

There are many variations extant of the now slightly threadbare story of a single flower eventually reforming whole families, but the following, which was learned at first hand, will perhaps prove interesting nevertheless, says the New York Tribune.

The assistant superintendent of a western house of correction says that rose culture has developed as a distinctly reformatory factor among the women under his care. The discovery of its effectiveness was made by accident. His wife, who was matron of the establishment, had a small rose tree of which she was very fond. One summer, when a somewhat extended leave of absence had been granted her husband, she consigned it, not indeed without many misgivings, to the care of one of the committed women whose confidence or interest it had seemed impossible to arouse. Patience, gentleness, friendliness, alike fell on a wholly unresponsive exterior. The poor soul seemed fairly intelligent, but morally dead to any uplifting influence.

The owner of the rose tree had expected to leave it with a friend whose care she knew would equal her own. But the sullen, sodden face of the woman who had been so much in her thoughts of late rose before her mind's eye, and on an impulse as inexplicable as it was sudden she called her, explained carefully the plant's needs and how to meet them and gave the bush into her keeping. After an absence of six weeks or more she returned to find her rose tree in a most flourishing condition and its keeper with a fitful new light in her eyes, the hint of a purpose in her shuffling gait, and the dawning of a conscience in her dimmed consciousness, for she voluntarily owned, in response to the owner's praise of its appearance, to having forgotten her charge several times and so carelessness which resulted in the destruction of one of its finest shoots.

This gave the superintendent a clew which he was not long in following. It was shortly reported that the showing made by the single rose tree was so fine that a rose garden for the house was in contemplation. A friend of the institution was found who was willing to back the experiment financially. A simple, inexpensive, almost crude conservatory was erected and a few dozen of the most beautiful varieties of roses were purchased. Then a course of talks, interspersed with stories of what roses had done in the world and how they had figured in its work, was given.

Tactfully and unobtrusively close supervision of the work was kept, but the whole care of the plants was given to the women themselves. The following spring a large plot of ground was appropriated to the purpose, and the women still did all the work. This was two or three years ago, and the experiment has justified the expenditure of every cent and every effort devoted to it.

Two or three other institutions, one for men, have adopted this method of employing their inmates, and the promoters of the scheme are hopeful of its eventually proving self-supporting through the sale of cut flowers and saps now carried on. The moral effect has been beyond their most sanguine expectations.

## KING AND QUEEN AT HOME.

Interesting Glimpses of the Ruler of Greece and His Companionable Consort.

Some interesting glimpses of the king and queen of Greece are given in the introduction to Eugene Schuyler's essays, just published. When Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler were about to leave Athens, in the '80s, they were invited to the king's country palace at Dekeleia to say good-by. It was all quite charming, and leaves a pretty picture in one's mind—the king making jokes with the children and running upstairs two steps at a time to see if the queen was ready to receive the guests, the queen taking Mrs. Schuyler into her bedroom to show her an ikon which had belonged to Peter the Great, and saying: "Do you think Mr. Schuyler would be shocked if I brought him in here?" When they were asked to write their names in the visitor's book and it was found that a queen's writing materials go astray like other people's, she called out, as any other wife might call, on the man of the house for help: "Oh! Vil-lee, Vil-lee, I have no pen; I have no ink." The king, though known to the public as "George," is "Willie" to his own family.

It was at breakfast that the king spoke to Mrs. Schuyler of his early life in Greece and of having come there a boy of 18, of another religion and another language. "My boy will have an easier time of it than I had," he said, "but, thank God, I have had a happy marriage." A lady spending a day at Dekeleia was asked to "come upstairs and see the prettiest thing you ever saw." She went up, and there was the queen giving the baby its evening bath, while the king looked on and handed sponges and towels. The other children were put to bed, and their mother went round and kissed them all good night, making the sign of the cross over each one.

A Welcome Visitor.

Mrs. Wilson—Mrs. Chatterton called on me yesterday afternoon. I was very glad to see her.

Mrs. Gilson—But isn't she an awful scandal-monger?

"Yes, that's just it. It was a stupid, rainy day, and you don't know what a lot of interesting tales she told me."—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

## HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH.



It is reported from London that Mr. Asquith, chief of the Liberal Imperialists of England, is planning to snatch the party leadership from H. Campbell-Bannerman. Mr. Asquith was elected to parliament first in 1886. As home secretary he did much for labor legislation, which has been his hobby. He has several times distinguished himself in debate, and his friends see in him the coming Gladstone. In America he is best known as the husband of the eccentric Margaret Tennant Asquith, said to be the original of E. F. Benson's "Dodo," which created a sensation a few years ago.

rants scattered about the grounds. These are nearly all in the low grade as far as salary is concerned. In the great Manufacturers' and Machinery buildings they find work to do that is much better paid. Some of the exhibits are in the sole charge of women—exhibits that depend very largely on the skill and cleverness of the attendants for their success and popularity. This is especially true of all the food exhibits.

## GREAT BEAUTIES.

Many Handsome Faces Are Found Among the Women of Cashmere, India.

Many of the women of India, and especially those of Cashmere, are beautiful. In a typical Hindu beauty the skin is just dark enough to give a rich, soft appearance to the complexion, says a London journal. The features are regular, the eyes mild and black and shaded by long silken lashes.

have been suffering all day. I think that would do me good."

The stableman's eyes seemed ready to pop out of his head. "Sure," he said; "sure." The pudgy dyspeptic carefully removed his gloves and grasped the rope. It was hard work, and it made him red in the face, but he finally landed the bale where another man in the loft could take it in. Then he tried another and another, and kept it up for about ten minutes. When he relinquished the rope to the stableman he slipped a coin into the latter's hand, saying: "Thank you, very much. That has done me more good than all the medicine in the world." As he disappeared around the corner the laborer was heard to mutter: "Well, I'll be d—d!" That was as near as his vocabulary could come to doing justice to the occasion.

Study of Soils.

The investigations on agricultural soils which are being conducted in this

## TWO OWLS WITH MONKEY FACES.



These strange birds were found recently in the neighborhood of Red Bud, Ill. They are about two months old, and so far have shown no signs of feathering. They have the large staring eyes of the owl, and the beak is depressed, but the forehead runs back like that of a monkey. The hoot which is generally expected from an owl has not been heard so far. The vocal powers of the two monkey-faced beings are somewhat impaired. They remain silent, unless disturbed, when they hiss out like a snake. Their bill of fare consists mainly of mice. Their tails are long and tapering, instead of broad and flat.

the hands and feet are small and well formed, the demeanor is modest, the manner is gentle, the voice low and sweet. There are fine-looking women among the middle class Hindus, as well as among the upper ten, and even among the lower class the faces are often very pleasing. Many a Hindu woman who has, perhaps, little pretensions to beauty of face, has, nevertheless, the step and carriage of a princess, and if one is not too fastidious about perfection of eyes and mouth and nose her figure as she walks down the street with her head on her head is truly a beautiful sight.

The Smallest Mason.

The smallest Free Mason in the world is Casper H. Weis, of Philadelphia, who has taken the degree of master mason. Brother Weis, who is 24 years old, was born in Morschingen, Bezirk, Rhineland, is a watchmaker by trade, and stands 3 feet 11 inches in his stockings. He belongs to Richard Vaux lodge, No. 384.

country are probably unsurpassed in quality and extent by those of any country, unless it be Russia, where a very systematic and extensive line of investigations, including a survey and classification of the soils of the whole country, has been in progress for a number of years, says the Popular Science Monthly. The work in this country has been carried on mainly by a number of the agricultural experiment stations and the divisions of soils of the national department of agriculture. The report of the field operations of the division of soils for 1899, by Prof. Milton Whitney and a number of his assistants, lately issued, is a report of progress in surveying the soils of the United States. During the year areas aggregating about 720,000 acres were studied in the field and mapped.

Allopath and Homeopath Together.

About a dozen hospitals in Massachusetts have both allopathic and homeopathic physicians on the staff.