The St. Tammany Farmer

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IN THE BEAUTIFUL MORNING.

The storm and the darkness—the desolate night!
But the ship saileth sure, and the harbor's in sight;
And a melody swells
From the chime o' the bells:
"Home in the beautiful morning!"

O, long was the sea-way, with billows to breast;
But we dreamed on those billows of havens of Rest;
O'er the ocean's sad knells
Still the chime o' the bells:
"Home in the beautiful morning!"

'Mid the wrecks that were tossed of the storm and the strife
We had drifted so far from the Love that is Life!
But the bells o'er the foam!
Ever singing of Home—
"Home in the beautiful morning!"

O, storm! and black billows!—not hopeless we roam,
For Love guides the ship to the white shores of Home!
And the melody swells
From the jubilant bells:
"Home in the beautiful morning!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

A Leap Year Proposal

By ELEANOR HOLLAND

(Copyrighted by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"OH, PEGGY, have you heard Capt. Neely's offer?" was screeched by a bevy of veranda beauties as Margaret Randall joined them.

"Offer of what?"

"Oh, gracious, girls, tell her!"

"Why, the captain has offered—," began one of the damsels.

"You mistake, my dear young lady," interrupted the captain, "I offer nothing. But I have signified my willingness to consider any or all offers made me. You see, Miss Peggy," said he, turning toward the late arrival, who, although far from being beautiful, ruled them by right of her brightness, her wit and her inexhaustible resources as an entertainer. "I am disgusted with the way you young ladies are neglecting your leap year advantages, and I will wager that not one of you has made an offer of marriage this year. Have you, now?"

"Nothing but the awful dread of being refused has deterred us, captain," answered Miss Randall. "Think of our feelings, when, after laying our hearts and fortunes at your feet you refuse to listen."

"That's just the contingency I have been providing for. The very point we were discussing when you joined us

"YOU ACCEPT WHATEVER OFFERS TO-NIGHT, CAPTAIN."

and I said that to every girl I refused this year I would give a Jersey cow. I've a fine drove of them, you know, and it's no more than right that there should be some little consolation prize offered."

"That's not so bad; but, great heavens, captain!" exclaimed one of the younger men, "have you the least idea of what you are liable to get into?"

"Oh, I don't think Jim will be out so many cows; because he is sure to snap up the first thing that offers," said the handsomest man among the summer idlers. "You don't expect to have the refusal of all this magnificent assortment, do you?" and his smile magnanimously swept over the girls collected on the veranda.

"Oh, I don't know," the audacious captain made answer. "I give these young ladies credit for the possession of good judgment and I fancy there will be a great demand for me. I advise you to come early to avoid the rush, Miss Peggy." And he brought a turkey red cushion and placed it for her.

"Thank you, Capt. Neely, but as I never drink milk, you see your consolation prize is no object to me and you surely cannot expect one to risk a broken heart without some balm."

"Oh, Peggy," protested her nearest and dearest friend among the girls. "I think it too bad that you should be left out of the race. Captain, can't you make a concession in her favor?"

The captain demurred. They all would want concessions, but as Peggy insisted that she would not even consider the cow he finally consented to think the thing over "just to please the other girls," he said, for Miss Randall was one of those rare women who are popular with their own sex as well as with the other.

The group on the veranda broke up and Peggy, together with a half dozen of the young people, went outside to arrange for the theatricals, leaving to the rest the discussion of the eccentric bachelor's latest.

Capt. Neely, who was nearly 8 years of age, was anything but a conventional ladies' man, but no one doubted his ability to keep things alive for a party of summer ladies and his standing offer, which he announced was good for 364 days only, created great excitement among the girls. They declared that the captain was either impossible to suit or that he must be suffering from an unrequited affection, or was absolutely heartless because he flatly refused all offers until broken hearts became as common as candidates for legislative honors.

The end of the season came and found him still open to engagements and he confided to one of the young ladies that he was thinking seriously of settling down lest he might make the mistake of walking clear through the wood and then at last picking up a crooked stick.

"You accept whatever offers tonight, captain," said she, mischievously. It was the night of the last dance of the season.

Capt. Neely, who was not a dancing man, promenaded the veranda with a combination of blond hair and pink muslin on his arm, and as they joined a group of dancers who had come outside for air, she who had advised him to make up his vacillating mind on this very occasion, demanded to know if he had made that concession in Peggy's favor. The captain replied that with the full consent of those whom he had already refused he had done so, and that the consolation in this instance was to be a fancy saddle horse.

"Well, Peggy, such a horsewoman as you certainly cannot afford to ignore such a chance. You would better speak now or 'forever after hold your peace,'" laughed this irrepressible meddler.

"How can I propose now?" asked Peggy. "Whoever heard of a ballroom proposal where there wasn't a conservatory?"

"Couldn't we 'unconsciously drift apart from the others?'" asked the candidate for matrimonial nomination.

"That might do," answered Peggy, and she drew the tall captain's arm through her own, and together they strolled among the lantern-lit trees.

The irrepressible meddler looked after them, and thinking that Peggy never appeared lovelier than she did to-night in her pure white gown with field daisies in her hair, she wondered if the captain would remember her joking advice. The lights grew fewer and farther between.

"Well, Peggy, why don't you begin; surely you have heard this thing done times enough to know how?"

She had dropped his arm and the joke as soon as they were outof sight of the group on the veranda, but he insisted on keeping up the conversation as it had started out.

Miss Randall was generally regarded as a young woman without a vulnerable point; stony-hearted, in fact. In reality she was a girl of unusually high ideals and probably because she had so much to give she expected much in return. Not perfection, but her ideal of manhood was a noble one, and Capt. Neely at times seemed to her to more nearly fulfill it than any man she had yet known.

It always seemed to her that she never appeared to such poor advantage as when with him, for then all the ability as a conversationalist with which she was credited seemed to desert her and she felt that to him she must appear a most uninteresting person.

Now she dared not let him see that she was afraid to go on with the farce, so in the gayest manner she began again just as they came upon a seat among the trees, into which the captain deliberately threw himself, leaving her standing: "My adorable James—isn't that the way they usually begin?"

"Very good," was the answer, "but I positively refuse to listen to any proposal unless the suitor gets down on her knees."

"You base man, you evidently mean to luxuriate in the situation, but I can't go down on my knees here. I'll soil my dress."

Capt. Neely gravely spread his pocket handkerchief on the ground in front of him and imperatively motioned her to kneel, and that she did, and in the most approved voice of suppressed emotion began:

"My adorable James; while deeply conscious of my great unworthiness—"

"Don't mention it."

"—I must utter the words that have so long trembled upon my lips—I—I—"

"Well, utter them."

"—May I dare believe that the feeling I entertain for you is in a measure reciprocated, and that at no distant time I may have the unutterable happiness of calling my own one whose welfare so entirely fills my soul and whose slightest wish will ever be my law?"

"You may," gravely answered the beloved one, and he bent forward to raise the accepted suitor from her knees.

"Oh, you promised you would refuse," and Peggy looked as though a cold shower bath had suddenly descended upon her.

"Promised! I promised nothing of the kind. I merely said what I would do in case I refused. But, you see, I do not refuse. I accept."

'Twould Be a Good Move.

Jiggers—I understand that there is going to be a matrimonial end hitched on to the patent office.

Wiggers—What for?

"So that the various patents of nobility may be registered for the benefit of American heiresses."—Judge.

Would Be Scriptural.

Now cometh the plow trust. Gentlemen with diamond-studded swords, says the Chicago Tribune, here is your chance to turn them into plowshares.

A DOLLAR FOR FOOD.

How the Chinese Live on That Amount for a Month.

Vegetables of the Coarsest Kind, Sauce and Salt Give Variety to a Diet of Rice and Sweet Potatoes.

[Special Hinghua (China) Letter.]

LIKE the Israelites of old, the Chinese are fond of "the leeks, the onions and the garlic." These make the standard flavors for many dishes.

Their onions are small and inferior. Large onions are imported for the foreign community, but for some reason the gardeners of Foochow have not yet succeeded in producing a first-class article.

Garlic is eaten in quantities. You do not have to be told this if you pass along a residence street during the hour supper is being prepared. Unless the law is laid down very plain and as inexorable as that of the Medes and Persians, your house will often be filled with its odor from your own kitchen. The cook is preparing a bowl of refreshment at your fire. You are fortunate if he is not using your stewpan as well. If he is you will know it when he brings on the next meal. Radishes are grown by the field. Not the tender little roots we have in America, but a foot or more long, coarse and fibrous, white, and growing three or four inches out of the ground. The trouble with the foreign radish, for the Chinese taste, is it is not "filling." Quantity is the main thing with the Mongolian. And he has it in his radishes. They are salted and kept the year round.

The cabbage of South China would not be marketable in America. It is soft and green. The gardeners sometimes tie a string around it to make it head. But even that does not make it solid. They eat every part of it. We are trying to raise foreign cabbage in our garden with fair success, and the way the natives eagerly accept the leaves or any part of it indicates that the foreign variety in time will be substituted for the native, if it can be kept from deteriorating in this climate.

With the radish tops, and leaves of all this class of vegetables the Chinese make a kind of sauer kraut. They make it after the manner of the peasantry of the Fatherland, according to our nursery lore; they "Tramp it with their feet, To make it nice and sweet."

The only people who bruise the vegetables in any other way are the bound-footed women. They use their hands. The mass of leaves or tops is spread out upon a brick or stone pavement, and the tramper is far more careful to wash his feet after the process than before it.

I have asked several, and invariably the reply is:

"We always wash the salt vegetables before eating, so it makes no difference if they are tramped upon the dirty pavement with dirty feet."

This comforting view of it is thoroughly oriental, and distinctively Chinese.

The Chinese compass sea and land to obtain food for their teeming millions. Even seaweed is a delicacy. It brings as high a price per pound as pork. It is highly prized by vegetarians. The reason it is so expensive even upon the sea coast is that it is found in quantities only in one locality, where the sea is shallow enough for the people to gather it. They have no diving suits.

A peculiar kind of vegetable is grown without soil, of green peas put in large open jars, and sprouted. The sprouts look a little like potato sprouts grown in a cellar. They are cheap and quite palatable.

Bamboo grows upon the mountains in limitless quantity. At the base of the cane is a sprout like a sucker, cone-shaped and solid, the inside white like a cabbage center. These are a standard vegetable and make a very good ingredient for soup.

Their celery is in the last stage of degeneration, green from top to root. It is not cultivated by hilling, as in America, and no attempt is made to bleach it. This degeneration is due in part, no doubt, to the semitropical climate, but more to the lack of intelligent cultivation.

Vegetable oils are used largely in cooking. Lard is used to a limited extent; it is more expensive. Peanut oil is the favorite. Peanuts are grown in great quantities; the oil pressed out for light and food and the pulp used for fertilizer. Beans are utilized in the same way in north China where peanuts are not raised. But the oil is much inferior. However, there is an oil made from beans by a process of salting them that is unique and agreeable to the taste, used as a sauce. It is called "soi" (pronounced sawy). It looks like worcestershire sauce, and for some purposes is better than that supreme and only sauce used in England.

There is a Chinese cook in Foochow who has a way of broiling beefsteak, using soi for flavor, that one who once tastes it will not soon forget. If this man were at Delmonico's, "beefsteak a la soi" would soon become a popular item of their menu.

Soi costs here only about five cents a pint, and could be made a profitable article of commerce, no doubt, if it were properly introduced into the American market. We have it upon our table in preference to any foreign sauce, and many families out here do the same.

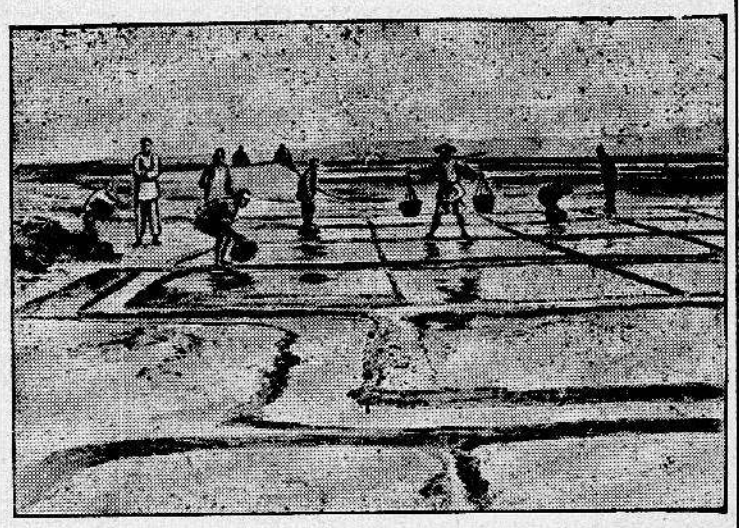
Salt is a great government monopoly. It is produced from sea water by evaporation in pans of sand and mud. These salt flats are very extensive on this Hinghua coast. Much of the salt is very dirty, of a dull gray color, because of the sand and mud in it. But when one watches them scrape up the salt from this wet mud he wonders how it is kept so clean. Some of it is white. It depends a good deal upon the locality or the character of the soil.

But, clean or dirty, it is invariably in large coarse crystals. It is salty, at least; and the Chinese do not mind the coarseness, as it is only used in pickling, preserving and cooking, and it is all dissolved anyway. We get our table salt from America; the natives use none. They have soi upon the table instead.

The price varies from five cents per man load of 133 pounds at the salt works to five dollars per load, depending upon the distance it has to be carried overland upon men's shoulders and the number of Peking officials who have had their "squeeze" off of it. One of the reasons that population is sparse in the interior, say, 100 miles from water communication, is the enormous price of this necessity of life.

The Chinese say that such a place is not populated "because the salt cannot get in."

Of course everybody knows about the bird's-nest soup that the rich Celestial serves to his delighted guests, and the shark's fins, that cost such fabulous sums. I do not go into details about these articles because my purpose is to give a description of the everyday life of the common people, and these luxuries do not enter into our subject.



SALT WORKS ON COAST OF SOUTH CHINA.

The great mass of Chinese are poor, very poor, and have to live upon a diet that costs less than two silver dollars a month, or one gold dollar, and more live on half that than there are who spend more than one American dollar per month for food. It is plain that to live so cheaply requires a largely vegetable diet, and that, too, of vegetables of the cheapest kind, as a supplement to rice or sweet potatoes.

WILLIAM N. BREWSTER.

Befriended by an Emperor.

While Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria was residing at Budapest not long ago, his attention was attracted to a small boy who always awaited the imperial carriage at a particular spot in the Albrecht road, and enthusiastically waved his cap as the vehicle passed by. The aged emperor became so accustomed to the fervent loyalty of his little subject that he always looked for him at the same point. It happened one day that the police formed a cordon down this street and the boy was backed into the crowd. The emperor noticed his absence, and even looked up to the windows of the house above, in the vain hope of seeing the little fellow. The next day a handsome equipage stopped at this house and an official sent by the emperor inquired concerning the child's whereabouts. It was learned that the boy's mother was the pensioned widow of an officer, and that no evil had befallen the youngster. The boy is now a pupil in the government military academy at Vienna.

This Way to the Honey.

One of the African birds does a very pleasant duty, as its name of honey guide shows. They lead the natives to the bees' nests in the woods and elsewhere, in the hope that they may be allowed not only a share of the honey, but also full freedom to feed on the larvae, or grubs, and eggs in the nests. Some folks have accused them of being wicked enough to guide men not to the honey, but to the dens of savage beasts. This is, however, totally untrue; although the birds have, like the cuckoo, the bad habit of laying their eggs in other nests than their own, giving the strangers the trouble of hatching them and rearing the chicks.

WHERE ANGER HAS NO PART.

When a Woman Is "Hurt" She Is Not Necessarily Cross, Says This Authority.

When a woman is smarting and sore from some slight or hurt, is there anything more exasperating than to have a thick-skinned man to say to her: "O, you're cross and ill-tempered." There is a wide difference between that "hurt feeling" and anger, which it seems to be difficult to understand. Are the men always either angry or good-tempered? asks the Springfield Union.

Do they never feel like creeping away to nurse and cure some stab which has been given them, without feeling a particle of indignation toward the offender? Have they no conception of that pride which keeps a woman from acknowledging that she is hurt, that makes her almost deny that anyone has the power to hurt her?

There is many a time when a woman feels almost the same sense of pain as if physically wounded, and she has no more of a feeling of anger than if she had received a physical wound. She has no idea of retaliating, of vengeance, of becoming disagreeable.

She is merely suffering and wants to be let alone to recover. Sometimes she finds the hurt was not so deep after all, sometimes it seems as if it would never heal over, as if it would never cease to break out afresh, but she has only an emotion of grief, surprise and disappointment against the cause of it all.

She has no desire to pour out a tirade of reproach, she does not wish to wait her turn to stab back, she only earnestly longs for the time when the affair will no longer cease to trouble her. She cannot act her natural self under such circumstances; she cannot appear as if she gloried in living and was as light-hearted as a child; she cannot chatter on when she is weighed down by this mental pain. And then the man says, without a particle of understanding of the case: "You're cross."

She will not confess what is the trouble, for fear he will say it is a small thing to trouble over and she does not care to let him know how deeply she feels over the "small thing." After she has caught her breath a little and thought the affair over it may appear to her also a small thing, but in the meanwhile, before she can bring all her analyzing powers to bear on it, she is suffering keenly and she must bear the added burden of being called "cross."

If a man has no conception of an emotion between anger and joy, let him take a woman's word for it that there is an emotion where anger has no part and a desire to heal a hurt quickly is uppermost, and let him respect it.

DUKE OF YORK'S CIGARS.

King Edward's Son Is a Great Smoker and His Perfectos Cost a Pretty Price.

The duke of Cornwall and York, the next heir to the British throne, who is visiting Canada, is a tremendous smoker. The royal yacht Ophir, on which the duke and his suite are traveling, was not considered large enough to convey a sufficient supply of "smokes," and so special shipments of the choicest cigars have been following from port to port to replenish the depleted stock. Many of these, like the wines similarly shipped, have undoubtedly been used in entertaining visitors, but it is stated that the duke himself has burned up an astonishingly large number of the fragrant perfectos.

News dispatches recently contained the intelligence that among the cargo lost on the wrecked steamer Lusitania, which ran on the rocks on the east coast of Newfoundland, were 10,000 of the highest class cigars, which had been shipped from London for the duke of York's use in Canada. These were packed in hermetically sealed cases, and were consigned to the citadel at Quebec, there to await the arrival of the Ophir. Each cigar was valued at three shillings—73 cents.

It is now stated, in private advices, that some 7,000 of these costly cigars have been rescued from the hull of the Lusitania and will be saved. So choice were the cigars that the cases in which they were packed had been stored in the extreme stern of the ship and bolted in behind heavy planking.

Divers were at work searching for the cigars for upward of ten weeks before they were discovered. About 3,000 were said to have been washed out of the wreck and lost. Those recovered are said to have been in almost perfect condition, with such care had they been sealed in their cases. Meanwhile, however, says the New York Times, the duke's cigar order has been duplicated in London, so the Canadian guests of the royal highness may soon expect to fairly revel in smokes at three shillings apiece.

The King's Precautions.

Among the works which are taking place at Windsor castle is the pulling up of all the floors—which have not been touched since the beginning of the last reign; some not for a century. They are to be completely relaid on modern principles and are to be rendered fireproof. Since the burning of Sandringham the king has always had a great dread of fire and he is taking advantage of the present opportunity of rendering the castle more secure against the devouring element.—Tattler.

A Thoroughbred.

She—Is it true, dear, that when you proposed to me you didn't know whether I was worth a penny?

He—Absolutely. But I always was willing to take chances.—Detroit Free Press.

Saved the Little Bottles.

"I have a patient who is wonderfully considerate of my interests," said a prominent physician, lately. "A few weeks ago he had malaria, and I prescribed quinine for him, giving him four-grain capsules, so that he might take the drug without discomfort.

"He came out of his attack, and a few days later called to see me at my office. Judge of my surprise when he exhibited the empty capsules and said: 'Doctor, I thought you might like the little bottles, so I saved them and brought them back.' He had emptied each four-grain dose of the bitter powder, and then essayed the rather hopeless task of washing it down with water. I couldn't do otherwise than take the 'little bottles' from him without a word, and next time I'll give him quinine in another form."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

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The Sluggard.

At considerable length the superintendent of the Sunday school had set forth the culpability of the sluggard, who, he said, needed only the spur of a worthy motive to become a useful member of society. "Now, then, boys," he asked, in a more animated manner, "what is the matter with the sluggard?" "He's all right," yelled the boys, in chorus.—Montreal Star.

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MISS LAURA HOWARD, CHICAGO.

knew one day how I would feel the next. I was nervous and had no appetite, neither could I sleep soundly nights. **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,** used in conjunction with your Sanative Wash, did more for me than all the medicines and the skill of the doctors. For eight months I have enjoyed perfect health. I verily believe that most of the doctors are guessing and experimenting when they try to cure a woman with an assortment of complications, such as mine; but you do **not guess.** How I wish all suffering women could only know of your remedy; there would be less suffering I know."—LAURA HOWARD, 113 Newberry Ave., Chicago, Ill. *—$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.*

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