

# The St. Tammany Farmer

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## RETROSPECTIVE.

Oh, those were jolly days,  
When you and I were boys,  
And sought in devious ways  
A lad's mischievous joys;  
When down the rain-pipe sheer  
With many rips we slid—  
But hold! No lad should hear  
What Dad in boyhood did.

And yet, I can't forget  
The tricks that he once played,  
The pranks we sought to do,  
The times we disobeyed;  
How to the swimming-pool  
In secret we would fly—  
But hush! No boy in school  
Should think his Daddy sly.

I can't remember half  
The things we used to do,  
But I recall the calf  
We painted red and blue,  
The gun we stole in fear  
And ruined with our fun—  
But stay! The boy may hear  
The things that Dad has done.

For memory I give thanks,  
And can most frankly say  
That those were merry pranks  
To laugh about to-day;  
It really rather cheers  
To talk of sport we've had—  
So long as Tommy hears  
No facts about his Dad.  
—Elliott Flower, in Lippincott's.

## If Silence Lasts Too Long

By WILLIAM McLEOD RAINE.

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IT HAD been three years since Robert Bramleigh had flung away from Vonda Riebardt in a pet because she had danced a scottische with Harry Prior that he had thought belonged to him. They were both young and both proud, so that somehow the expected reconciliation had never taken place. The Spanish war had broken out and Bramleigh had enlisted at once. He had called on Vonda just before he had left for the Philippines, but his time of coming had been unfortunate in that he chanced upon a roomful of visitors and found himself unable to make his adieux in private.

For three years Vonda had waited to hear from him, but the expected letter had never come, and now she must make up her mind whether she would marry Harry Prior or not. She had never cared for him in the way she had cared for Robert Bramleigh, but then she liked and respected him thoroughly. He was a good fellow, well to do, and she knew her family were eager for the match. It was unlikely that she would ever find a man more worthy, and there were financial reasons why she ought not to burden her father any longer than she could help.

Besides, Rob Bramleigh had never told her in so many words that he loved her. She had known it, to be sure, but that belonged to her dead past, the romance of her life that had faded to a wistful memory. Why had he never written? Why had he delayed to speak so long? Oh, if he cared for her, why had he been cruel! She remembered the words of a poem she had once read and liked:

"O, words of love that are unspoken,  
You do us grievous wrong.  
For hearts grow weary, yea, and broken,  
If silence lasts too long."

Her heart had been weary with three years of waiting, and—must waiting



THE GIRL MADE A CHARMING PICTURE.

have no end? Or ought she not rather to pick up the broken threads of her life and weave them into a new strand? She sat hesitating between will and will not, her maiden heart making a last stand for her first love.

The girl made a charming picture in her white summer dress, with the dashes of color about her waist and neck. She was fair, with a fine oval outline of cheek and chin, the tint of the wild rose blooming in her face. Little activity and grace spoke in every movement of the free body, and the young man coming briskly up the walk was not slow to appreciate it. His eyes fed eagerly and hungrily on her, and a chill foreboding of impending failure clutched at his heart. His manner might be blithe, but his heart whispered that the girl was not for him; a reckless young soldier in the Philippines held it in the hollow of his hand to crush or make glad.

The girl came forward rather shyly to offer him a hand of welcome. He took the little hand in his large, brown one, and held it for a moment, while he looked up from a lower step into the sweet face with the gray-brown eyes that met his for an instant. The dye mounted to her cheek as she disengaged her hand and led

Harry Prior to a seat in the porch behind the clematis vines that rioted over it.

"And what is my answer to be, Vonda?"

Unconsciously he squared his shoulders and braced himself for the blow he feared. She looked at him and liked him better than she ever had before in her life. He was so manly and so honest, so quietly brave that her heart went out to him. She wanted so very much to make him happy, but—the vision of a blue-coated soldier with a gay, boyish smile rose up to bar the way. Suppose he should come back after all to find her married?

"I do not know, Harry," she told him.

He smiled a little wistfully. "Who does know, Vonda? For two years you have not known. Not that I want to hurry you, dear, but some day there must be an end of uncertainty."

"I know—I know, but—"

"Is it still Bramleigh that stands in the way?" he asked, after a pause.

She nodded.

"And is he never to be forgotten? Has he deserved so much consideration at your hands?" cried the young man, impatiently.

"I do not know what he has deserved, but I cannot marry you surely until I know that—"

"That you do not love another man. Yes, but when are you going to know?"

A step sounded on the gravel walk, a slow, hesitating tread, accompanied by the tap-tapping of a walking stick. Then somebody laboriously climbed the steps and appeared in sight from behind the purple blossoms of the clematis.

The girl rose to her feet with a little cry, went white against the green and purple background, and stood rigid with her hand pressed against the heart that pulsed so wildly and irregularly. He was a shadow of himself, emaciated and yellow and wan, a victim of the devastating malarial swamps of the Pacific, but unmistakably he was the Robert Bramleigh she had not seen for three years. A flicker of his old, audacious smile glimmered on his face.

"Well, here I am. What's left of me! Hope you're half as glad to see me back as I am to get here, Vonda."

Prior caught a sight of her face as she went forward with both hands outstretched to greet him. It was radiant, luminous. He knew she would never look like that for him if he stayed away a thousand years. A woman wears a look like that for just one man in the world, and for Vonda Riebardt Harry Prior was not the man. He had found his answer, and he picked up his hat and quietly slipped away.

"Oh, Rob! Why did you never write?"

"I did write—twice; but you never answered."

She laughed happily, the tears in her eyes.

"They must have been lost in the mails. I did not get them. How ill you look, you poor boy!"

"I? I'm better a thousand times for seeing your sweet face," he laughed.

A surge of joy flamed through him. His blood ran quick. Already it seemed to him that the sap of life and youth had renewed itself in his wasted body.

There were no hesitations, no questionings, no doubts. She had found her love and he his. What were verbal explanations but tardy formalities their eyes outstripped a hundred times? Why wait to falter out stammering the things their lips said eloquently without words? In their arms each held what they had longed for a thousand times. To her mind there flashed the last stanza of Collier's poem:

"Speak, love! The oft-repeated story  
Can never grow too old,  
But wins to higher heights of glory  
Each time that it is told,  
And lips are ready for replying,  
With words of tender cheer:  
Speak, love! For swift the years are flying,  
And, lo! the time is near."

Printers' Blunders.

Printers are responsible for many charming mistakes, and some of them admit the fact. Witness the volume of sermons recently published which contained the startling admission: "Printers have persecuted me without a cause." Of course, it should have been "princes;" but no doubt the compositor was satisfied, but I don't complain. Parsons are the especial butts for the jokes of the merry typesetters. A Methodist minister in reported to have said: "Methodism is elastic, expensive and progressive." Was it sheer wickedness that made the printer substitute e for a, altering "expansive" to the more shocking term? The bishop of St. Asaph, addressing his old parishioners some time ago at Carmarthen, referred to his "younger and rasher days." He was naturally reported as having spoken of his "younger and masher days." No wonder John McNeill said that when he took up the daily papers and read his reported utterances he always sighed: "Verily, we die daily!"—Chambers' Journal.

Honesty Necessary.

Brains and great executive ability are potent factors in a man's success, but without the firmest and most thoroughly grounded principles of cardinal honesty they are factors which cannot make for success. It is the combination of great ability and sterling integrity that places men in control of large interests and keeps them there.

Ladies' Home Journal.

Just So.

Ida—I am a little suspicious about his genealogical tree.

May—Ah, then, his tree is a little shady.—Chicago Daily News.

## GARDENING ON THE YUKON.

Report by Prof. Georgeson to the Agricultural Department is Decidedly Encouraging.

A report has been received at the department of agriculture from Prof. C. C. Georgeson, officer in charge of the Alaska experimenting stations, on the outlook for gardening and agriculture in the cold interior region of Alaska along the Yukon. Its general tone is decidedly encouraging. Prof. Georgeson spent the summer in the interior and visited the experiment station established a year ago at Rampart, which is just outside the arctic circle, and such other places as were selected for department experiments. In spite of an unusually late season there were ready by the middle of August new potatoes, cabbage, cauliflower, beets and other vegetables, while lettuce, radishes and turnips, grown in the

## OLDEST DOLL IN AMERICA.

"Georgia," Owned by Mrs. Lincoln, of Chelsea, Massachusetts, Has Existed in Three Centuries.

The oldest doll, as far as known, in any part of this country, is "Georgia," the property of Mrs. Alice L. Lincoln, of Chelsea, Mass. "Georgia," being over a hundred years old, can well boast of having "lived" in three centuries. Four generations of children have petted and beaten her by turns, and, although her smiling countenance bears many a mark of "the whips and scorns of time," and her shapely brown head, with an occasional ugly dent, would seem to indicate that the skull might easily stand a little trepanning, nevertheless this children's idol of bygone days is in a remarkable state of preservation.

"Georgia" was originally a "southern lassie" and was raised in Mil-

## MRS. FRANK D. WITWER.



After considerable preliminary talk this woman was recently arraigned at Dayton, O., on the charge of killing Anna C. Fugh with poison. Incidentally it is claimed by Dayton police officials that she has dispatched 16 other persons, including three or four husbands, by the poison route. Thus far no proof has been furnished upon which the woman could be convicted, but death has so persistently followed her into home after home that it seems improbable that her presence and death among those whose lives were surrendered should have been mere coincidence. She has had four or five husbands.

open air, had been in use some weeks. Flower seed furnished last year had bloomed in a large variety of annuals. Rye, seeded the previous fall at Rampart, had wintered perfectly and was fully ripe in July. Spring-seeded barley had ripened about the middle of August. The prospect for oats and wheat to mature was most favorable. On the lower Yukon extensive areas of excellent land were found, where there was an abundant and often luxuriant growth of grasses over six feet in height. Abundant moisture and long summer days account for the surprising vegetable growth in that section of the far north.

## NOISY SUNBEAMS.

They May Be Heard by Anyone by a Very Simple Home Experiment.

Fill a glass vessel with lamp black, colored silk or worsted. Focus the

ledgeville, Ga., "befo' de wah." She was given to Mrs. Lincoln's mother, in exchange for a ring, by Miss Weekes, an old schoolmate.

The latter's mother had previously paraded the doll in the doll carriage of her times, and perhaps if Georgia could only use the artificial tongue with which she is provided her previous family history might prove her rightful eligibility to the Society of Colonial Dames.

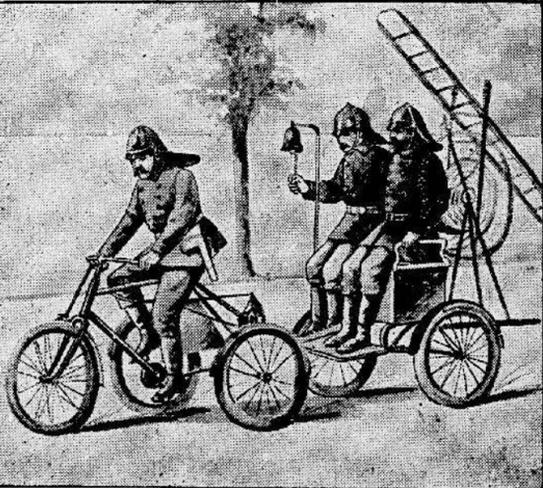
## INFLUENCE OF DIME NOVELS.

They Have Been an Important Factor in the Building Up of the Great West.

"The old-fashioned Indian stories produced the settlement of our great west," said a man wearing a broad-brimmed hat and a big diamond, as he sat talking to a group of friends in a Kansas City hotel.

"I don't mean Cooper's stories," he continued; "they were too tedious.

## NEW AUTO FIRE EXTINGUISHER.



In Grunewald, a suburb of Berlin, the authorities have introduced a very handy fire extinguisher. The entire apparatus weighs only 30 pounds and contains all the appliances necessary to put out a blaze in its incipient stage. Manned by three firemen it can be propelled at the rate of a mile in five minutes. It contains a benzine motor and is provided with a large hose, collapsible hook and ladder, smoke masks, medical and surgical supplies and all things necessary for the first emergency of a fire. The idea is to be on the spot before the heavier machinery and outfit can arrive.

rays of the sun in a lens—that is hold a magnifying glass so that the rays pass through it before they fall on the glass vessel. Then revolve in the light between the lens and the vessel, a disk with an opening or slit in it, so that the light is alternately falling on the vessel and being shut out. Now listen, and you will hear a noise when the light passes through the slit, but there will be silence when it is shut out. You must place your ear close to the glass holding the silk or other substance.

Another experiment is to use a prism instead of an ordinary lens. This makes a rainbow, and as the rays pass through the slit it is possible to tell that some parts of the solar spectrum—as it is called—produce a sound as they fall on the glass vessel while other parts have no effect.

I mean the dime novels of years back, which were within the reach of all the boys. These novels used to circulate in a neighborhood till they had been read by every boy and had fallen to pieces through handling. They fired the ambition of the youngsters, set them to practicing shooting and riding, and sent many of them to the west in search of adventures. Some soon returned to their homes, others became bad men and were killed in time, but the great mass of them, too proud to return home, created the vigorous, wide-awake population of our western states.

"I have talked to hundreds of our western pioneers about the causes which brought them west, and a majority of them admit that dime novels had more to do with it than anything else."

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

The clam has a larger mouth in proportion to his size than a man, yet the clam never talks about his neighbors.—Chicago Daily News.

Brave Mother.—Kind Lady—"And does your mamma let you go out alone at night, my little man?" Little Man—"Yes'm; maw ain't afeerd 't stay by herself."—Ohio State Journal.

A Georgia youngster who goes to Sunday school has decided that the reason you never see an angel with a mustache is because they have such a close shave to get there.—Atlanta Constitution.

"This," said the Eminent Artist, "is my famous study of the 'Cows in the Clover.'" "But where is the clover?" we asked, not seeing any of it in the picture. "Oh, the cows have eaten it, you know."—Baltimore American.

"No, doctor, I won't wear plain spectacles. If I am compelled to wear glasses, I'll try goggles." "But, my dear sir, there is nothing fashionable in goggles." "Oh, yes; people will think I run an automobile."—Philadelphia Record.

Harris—"If you knew he was lying, why didn't you tell him so?" Buck—"What would have been the use? He knew he was lying, fast enough, and he would not have felt so pleasant towards me if I had let him know I knew it, too."—Boston Transcript.

The Struggle for Bread.—"Well, that's the best I can do for you," said the theatrical manager. "You've been idle so far this season; now will you remain idle all the rest of the season or take this small part?" "I'll take it," said Lowe Comedy. "In this case a small role is better than a whole loaf."—Philadelphia Press.

Senior Partner—"The bookkeeper looks better this morning." Junior Partner—"Yes; he has found the mistake in his trial balance." Senior—"Where was it?" Junior—"Ha, ha! He had added the year of our Lord at the head of the column with the dollars." Senior—"That's all right; time is money, you know."—Indianapolis News.

## WHERE CHANCE IS RULER.

Palatial Gambling Resort Which Thrives in Open Fashion in the City of Mexico.

The City of Mexico has for decades been the paradise of the gambler. There all forms of gambling have been conducted openly and with the sanction of the government and the local police. Recently it has been announced that this vice is to be suppressed, or more strictly regulated, but as yet the edict has not gone into effect. An attempt in the same direction was made some years ago. But gambling is as much part and parcel of the Mexican's nature as of the heathen Chinese. The measure proved intensely unpopular, being vigorously opposed not only by the professional sporting element, but by many of the most influential and wealthy subjects of the republic, and finally the government "climbed down."

Determined, however, not to be altogether outdone, the authorities conceived the idea of imposing a heavy tax upon gambling and a law was passed requiring every gambling resort to pay the enormous daily license of \$250, says the Chicago Chronicle.

On the day this measure became law the gambling establishments throughout the country closed their doors, all save one. Senior Martel presented himself at the tax-gatherer's office with the amount of the license in his hand and demanded the privilege of keeping open his house. The license was granted by the dumfounded officials and long before nightfall it was noised all over the city that Martel's establishment on the Calle de Gante was continuing business as usual. That night the place was literally thronged by the wealthiest "sports" in the city, and Senior Martel's profits ran into four figures.

Next day other houses took their licenses, but Martel's bold venture made his establishment far and away the most popular among the gambling fraternity. His success continued, and he opened other establishments, for each of which he pays the enormous tax of something like \$90,000 a year.

When it became evident to the authorities that Martel had "come to stay," and taking into consideration the immense revenues they were receiving from his enterprise, a government official was appointed to preside over each of his business places, this fact greatly enhancing Martel's prestige.

The average daily expenses of the great "financier's" establishments amount to the incredible sum of \$8,000. That in the Calle de Gante is sumptuously furnished and those guests who can afford the luxury of gambling here enjoy the choicest cigars and wines that money can purchase. "Free gratis."

Felipe Martel is a devout churchman and recently built a church which cost him over \$10,000 in the suburban village of San Angel, where he lives. His residence is, needless to say, a most palatial structure and (strange trademark of the gamester's profession) contains 40 windows, representing the number of cards in the Mexican pack.

## Dealing in Futures.

"I hope," said the young man who was spending a few days at the seashore, "that our engagement will not prove a mere summer subterfuge." "I hope your hope comes out," rejoined the fair maid at his side, "but one can never tell what effect frost will have on such things."—Chicago Daily News.

## Unwise.

Lady Artist—Since we have been married, I have been trying to cultivate my husband's taste to love the beautiful and ignore the unattractive.

Her Dear Friend—Do you think you're wise?—London Sketch.

## IT WASN'T HER DAY.

To Daily With or Be Impressed with Any Flirtations Willie Boy.

She was demure-looking, distinctly pretty, and dressed with the utmost simplicity and taste, and she was taking a solitary ride the other afternoon on an almost deserted suburban trolley car, in fact, entirely deserted except for the presence in one of the rear seats of a beauteous young male with a cigarette and a \$1.48 Panama. This lovely person found the back of the demure-looking girl's head so attractive that he moved up to her seat and proceeded to bestow languishing glances upon her, says the Washington Post.

However, she looked straight ahead or kept her vision fixed sidewise upon the mystical forest. She didn't appear to know that the young trussed thing was anywhere around at all.

He nudged closer along the seat. She nudged to the end without looking anywhere in his direction. He kept on a-nudging. Finally he pulled out a pretty little 36-cent card case, extracted an ornately-printed card therefrom, and tremulously extended it to her, at the same time beginning: "Pawden me, Mis—er—I didn't quite catch your name—but don't you think the afternoon is lovely, and—"

She turned a merry, beaming smile face upon him, and then she remarked unto him with great amiability:

"Bud, I have been next to the fact for some time past that there was something or other on this seat, but I didn't know what it was. I don't know positively yet, but maybe it's you. Say, if you want to show your collection of tin-tags, why didn't you say so before? Not tin? Then you want to play jacks, hey? Well, we can't, you know—the car's going too fast. Anyhow, I'm tired. Far be it from me to knock, but I fear that you've made me tired. I wish you'd go away back and sit down. I wouldn't say right out loud that you constitute the one wart on the landscape, but it's me for a bunch of thinks, at that, Bertie, and this is my busy day. Now, don't you look at me in that sassy way, or I'll sure give you a smack right on the back of the hand. I'll bet the price of a glass of pop that if your maw was aware of the fact that you were mixing up in this wicked flirtatious way she'd make you do up your own collars and cuffs for two weeks as a punishment. I wish you'd get off and pick some clover blossoms. The car doesn't need to wait. You can—"

Just then, however, the car pulled up alongside one of the minor stations, and the fascinating young male person slid off.

The demure-looking young woman continued on the car until it reached the roadhouse, when she debarked and was met by three other members of the left-hand row of the Innocent Maidens company, which was doing its stunt at one of the local theaters the other week.

## GARFIELD STILLED TUMULT.

A Citizen of Niles Recalls a Thrilling Incident in New York City the Day Lincoln Died.

Perhaps few persons who on September 19 repeated the words: "God reigns and the government at Washington still lives," are familiar with the circumstances under which they were uttered. Mr. H. M. Dean, a venerable citizen of Niles, Mich., remembers the time and place distinctly, says the Detroit Free Press. Mr. Dean says: "The eloquent words of Gen. James A. Garfield, so often quoted by speakers and in newspaper editorials during the past sad-weeks, have stirred the hearts of many, while few of this generation know anything of the exciting occasion which called them forth. They were uttered in New York city on the morning of April 15, 1865.

"The tidings of the shooting of President Lincoln, bulletined before the office of every prominent newspaper in the city, had drawn together citizens of every grade and complexion until the streets were massed with an excited, angry, tearful throng, so that it was well-nigh impossible for a vehicle to pass. Alterations were frequent. Men suspected of harboring disloyal sentiments were hustled by the crowd and forced to hide themselves for safety. Gallows were carried through the streets with ropes dangling from the cross beams and labeled 'For traitors.' Strong men trembled lest some overt act or unguarded utterance should precipitate a riot. Particularly was this the case when the telegraph flashed the terrible words: 'Mr. Lincoln is dead.'

"At this moment, when the tence excitement had increased to the extreme danger point, a stranger not yet 34 years of age, but of commanding presence, sprang upon a box standing near one of the bulletins in Newspaper row, and, raising his arm to command silence, said, in a slow, measured voice: 'Clouds and darkness are round about him. Righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne. President Lincoln is dead, but God reigns and the government at Washington still lives.'

"As by magic all angry words ceased and the crowd melted away into silence and tears.

"This man was James A. Garfield, who 16 years later was struck down by the bullet of an assassin and was mourned by the whole nation as our second martyr.

"And now, 20 years later, our hearts are breaking over the passing away of the dearly beloved President McKinley, mourned by the whole world as our third, and, please God, our last, martyr."

Poets Versus Verse Writers.

Poets are born, but verse writers grow of their own accord.—Chicago Daily News.