

The St. Tammany Farmer

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

COVINGTON, : : : LOUISIANA.

THE BOGEY.

I'd like to know what's round to make
The floors go "creaky" at night,
So suddenly, I'm wide awake
And stare with all my might,
I sort of "sneak" it's looking out
To get some little tad—
A tad the size of me, about—
Because that he's been bad!
And first I hear it in the hall,
With "creaky, creaky, creak"—
Ma'd come, you bet, if I should call,
But I'm afraid to speak!
And then it's in the room—and then
It's coming at the bed!
I pray: "Please help me, God!—amen."
And cover up my head.
I think of all the things I did
I hadn't ought to do,
And wonder if perhaps I'm hid,
Or if it sees right through.
And, Oh! I promise, hope to die,
A hundred times, or more,
I'll be a better boy than I
Have ever been before.
I don't even strike a match
To see if it is there—
For if I move it's close to catch
My legs or arms or hair!
And how I wish for morning light!
I don't care what you say,
But something sneaks about by night
That isn't 'round by day!
—Edwin L. Sabin, in Puck.

The Lady of the Gospel

By GEORGE BEARDSLEY.

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"THERE is a girl I could love—I'll bet I could. And I'll bet I never saw another girl in all my life that I really could love, though I've thought I've had many a time."
It was Silver T. Sly, the young gambler-bachelor editor of the Platteville News, who silently formulated the foregoing propositions. He sat in church, in the back row. The girl, with a blue ribbon tied exquisitely round her throat, was at the little organ playing "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

"These meetings," said the fat preacher, "will continue for two weeks, God willing, and we have great hopes that many of you who have come to-night as strangers and our guests will be moved to come again and again, and that before the end of the series you will come as one with us. We hope this crystalline February weather will continue, that we may make hay for the Lord and His Gospel, that the spirit of the community may experience a new birth, and that righteous may run down our streets. We are singing 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' and those who do not care to remain for the after service may pass out during the singing."
The little editor lingered, his eyes upon the organist, until the final verse. Then he heard his name whispered from behind:
"Sly, come along to Ep's."
It was Doc Gray's voice, and the editor slipped out of the pew and joined his pals.

"What'd you think of the preacher, Silver?" asked one. The new editor was so short and slight that the boys had transposed two letters in his name and dubbed him Silver.
"The preacher?" echoed the editor, absently. Truth to tell, he had not followed two consecutive sentences of the exhortation. He made an equivocal answer:
"Must have been good," said he; "seemed awfully short."
"Short! Why, we thought he'd decided to preach the week out at a sittin'. It's one o'clock."

Silver Sly was desperate to find out the name of the little organist and all about her. But he thought not for an instant of asking that crowd. He felt an impulse to slip away from them, and started off, declaring he had some writing to do. They knew that was improbable; he had never before hesitated to join their Sunday game in the three weeks since he came to Platteville.

"What's the matter with you, Silver?" cried one, impatiently.
"Don't pike on the procession, old man," said Doc, the editor's best friend.
Sly reluctantly yielded. All that glorious afternoon and nearly all that moonlight night the five young fellows sat round the table at Epanties, with hats drawn down over tense, inscrutable faces, playing poker.

Monday evening they all went to the revival meeting again. Don't imagine they went to scoff; they went quietly and respectfully, to be entertained. The hymn singing, the light and warmth, the faces, interested them as much as they did the deacon and the Sunday school superintendent.

Just as a line of young men had filed into a pew near the door a bevy of young women passed up the aisle, and one of them wore a blue ribbon at her throat.
"Bess looks sweet as ever," said one of the fellows.

Sly, the editor, heard, and drew a quick breath. He had heard "Bess Swing" spoken of from time to time, just as he had heard of half a dozen other girls. But he only knew one of two of them by sight. He regarded himself rather blasé on the girl subject, and had not been able to take any interest in the Platteville roadshow, who all seemed quite too young for him. This evening, when he heard that remark: "Bess looks sweet as ever," something told him it was the organist who was referred

to. "For she is the only sweet girl in the bunch," he reflected. "But Bess!" He grit his teeth. "I could smother whoever fastened that name on her. Elizabeth would be far enough off—she must have a middle name that fits better."

The meeting was a rouser. The three preachers—the rosy fat one, the handsome slim one and the consumptive ascetic—threw their whole souls into the work, and it was truly thrilling. The corpulent minister did the exhorting, and stopped every few minutes to catch his breath and cast his eye shrewdly about for repentant faces. When his glance ran along the row of "young men about town" it rested upon Silver Sly. The editor's animated eyes, he thought were a sure sign that the little man was aroused. The preacher took a glass of water, saying to himself: "I have touched the editor's heart—now to preach right at him." The revivalist plunged into an arraignment of the particular vices prevailing in Platteville. "Gambling," said he, "is worse than stealing, for it robs the holder of honor and character. There is intelligence and ability in this town, there are fine gifts, there is genius itself," he cried, "being stolen away by this mania for winning money with dice and cards!"

The line of young fellows winced, almost to a man. The hymn book on the organ rack slipped and fell violently upon the floor. Sly, the editor, put his hand to his forehead, and blushed sympathetically with the sweet-faced girl who picked the book up, not without confusion, but heavens! with what simplicity and gracefulness!
In a few minutes, as it seemed to Sly, the preachers were passing pencils and little cards around which bore printed lines and a blank for signature.

"Everybody take a card, whether he wishes to sign it or not," said the hearty preacher. Silver Sly heard the man for the first time that evening. He took one of the cards automatically and passed some along the line to his companions. The red-faced preacher looked significantly to the slim preacher, who was coming up the aisle.

"I notice that some of our friends are without hymn books," said the ascetic. "I will ask Miss Swing to kindly distribute a few of the hymnals in this part of the house."

Some one in the gamblers' row started as if he had been hit. The organist took a little pile of books from a chair and stepped beautifully down the aisle. Silver Sly was afraid that everybody in the church could hear the thumping of his heart.

"Now, when we're all ready," said Rev. Flesh and Blood, "let us sing No. 10, 'The Ninety and Nine.'"



"GAMBLING," SAID HE, "IS WORSE THAN STEALING."

The hymn books had reached the rear row, and she was handing them along the row of young men. The man at the end offered to take a number and pass them along, but some way she missed his thought, reached past him and handed one herself to Silver Sly. As he took it her hand touched his, he looked up and their eyes met—her soft blue eyes, and his piercing dark ones.

Next instant she was back at the organ, and the little church was reverberating with the trident measures of "The Ninety and Nine." Sly's glance falling upon the fly leaf of the hymn book in his hand, he read, in a gentle handwriting: "Elizabeth Eleanor Swing." "Eleanor," he repeated, under his breath—"Eleanor Swing—that fits." He looked from the signature to the girl at the organ and back again, and then forth and back again. His head swam. His whole being seemed uplifted and afloat upon a far-off sea of possibilities. At the conclusion of the singing he sat down as one who moves in a dream. He held the hymn book open at the fly leaf, and, resting the printed card under the name written there, feverishly signed his own in full—Silver Thornton Sly.

The fat preacher collected the cards. As he came opposite the row of young men and took theirs, all but one of them still blank, there was a perceptible stir, turning of heads and whispering in the seats nearabout. The minister returned forward with a distinct look of content; arriving quite close to his coworkers, he answered the mute inquiry of their faces with a nod and a smile.

When the strain of the evening was lifted and the members of the flock exchanged greetings, the new editor, new man now, was introduced to the sweet-faced organist. It was he who walked home with her under the prairie stars that night.

Something to Be Thankful For. M. Santos-Dumont has lost the airship prize on a technicality. He may thank Fortune, says the Chicago Record-Herald, that he didn't lose it on a church steeple or a fagpole.

A DANGEROUS DESCENT.

Feeble Undertaking of Two Daring Workmen on the Niagara Bridge.

Reckless daring is so often displayed by workmen whose daily labors place them in positions of danger that those who have to deal with them are astonished at no feat of bravado. Mr. Frank Skinner gives in McClure's Magazine an instance of this daring on the part of men who were engaged in replacing the Niagara suspension bridge.

It happened that so many valuable tools were dropped from the bridge that some of the more careless losers were discharged. Consequently, when one day a man dropped a wrench 200 feet to the water's edge, he foolishly started to recover it by descending hand over hand on a steeply inclined, thin wire cable nearly 500 feet long.

He had no sooner started on his insane exploit than a rival, out of sheer bravado, essayed to descend an adjacent rope. After going a few feet

INDIAN PRAIRIE DOG HUNTS.

Flesh of the Little Animals Is Deemed a Delicacy by the Navajos.

The Navajo Indian, while he cannot be prevailed upon to eat a rabbit, is greedily fond of fat prairie dogs. Large communities of these small animals abound on the western plains, and the Navajo has resorted to many ingenious methods for trapping his coveted dainty. One of them is by the aid of a bit of mirror placed at the entrance to a burrow. When the animal ventures from his bedroom, deep underground, he sees a familiar image looking him at the front door, and he hurries out to confront the impudent intruder when he is pinned to the ground with an arrow.

But the most effective method is what the Indians call the rain hunt. As soon as the steady downpour of summer rain begins every Navajo who can walk repairs to the prairie dog village with hoes, sharp sticks,

MRS. ANNE HARTLEY GILBERT.



This famous American actress has just celebrated her eightieth birthday. Although born in England, she has lived so long in this country that we may well claim her as our own. Mrs. Gilbert, while still quite young, achieved great success in "La Cigale," but before she was 23 she decided that her forte lay in the character of old women, and she at once took up that line of playing. In the public mind she is identified with the typical grand dame, the elderly spinster, the mother, and, above all, the mother-in-law of stageland. She is now playing in "A Royal Family."

they both realized the almost impossible nature of the journey they had undertaken, and tried to return. It could not be done, and the only chance of safety lay in continuing their descent.

It seemed to their horrified companions that human muscles could not endure the increasing strain of that long passage downward. The foreman shouted instructions, interspersed with violent abuse, the object of which was to divert them from the fright that added to their danger.
By what seemed almost a miracle both men held on until they had crossed the water. Then one of them dropped safely into a tree top. The other finally gave out, and fell a considerable distance to the ground. Both, however, escaped practically unhurt.

Trait Common to All Humanity.

The regulations as to the costumes to be worn at the coronation of the king and queen of England have brought joy to the hearts of the titled persons of both sexes who will be present at the ceremony, says a Paris newspaper. Love of distinctive signs is not peculiar to the British race or to our own. It is common to all humanity. Napoleon displayed a profound knowledge of mankind and of Frenchmen when he restored the costumes of the old regime as well as the old titles of nobility.

Powerful Snuff.

On the Amazon river several Indian tribes use snuff, called paraca, which is made of the seeds of a species of plant. When a bout of snuff-taking is determined on the people become highly intoxicated and then use the snuff. The effect of paraca is so violent that the taker drops as if shot and lies insensible for some time; those more accustomed to it are highly excited, dancing and singing as if mad. The effect soon subsides. Other tribes use it to repel ague during the wet season.

THE AMERIND.

There Has Been an Attempt to Give a New Name to Our Aborigines.

An amerind is not, as anyone might be excused for surmising, an East Indian date in a thin shell. That is a tamarind. An amerind is not a fruit at all. It is a name invented by the Anthropological society in Washington, and intended as a substitute for American Indian. A writer, M. Dellenbaugh, who has published a book about "The North Americans of Yesterday," is denounced by a reviewer of the Evening Post because all through his book he speaks of Indians as amerinds, says E. S. Martin, in Harper's Weekly. The Post's reviewer thinks he ought to be ashamed, and there seems to be due basis for that opinion. A got-up name like amerind may do for anthropologists, but it cannot hope to pass current among real people. If there is objection to calling our aborigines Indians because it has turned out that they don't live in India, the simplest remedy is to call them injuns. There is no ambiguity about injun. Everyone knows that it is American and not Asiatic. Moreover, it is a word that has come up from the plain people, and such a word, as we all know, has a far better chance to survive than any remedial epithet that is thought out and launched by the learned.

FOR FASHION'S FOLLOWERS.

Autumn and Early Winter Gowns, Waists, Caps and Other Finery.

The shirt waists of French flannel, shawl, cloth, cashmere, and albatross, that have taken the place of the thinner styles, show tucks in groups and tiny buttons as trimming. The manner of making these waists varies but slightly from those of last spring, except that they are this season often finished with turn-back cuffs and turn-down collars of silk. White wool waists are in marked favor, and these are trimmed either with very narrow black velvet ribbon or white silk braid and tiny gold buttons, or with white or tinted silk braid-stitching. Similar models in white taffeta silk have turn-back cuffs and collar covered with silk embroidery or lace, says the New York Post.

Sashes will be a feature of many elegant evening gowns, and of young women's dresses in particular. They are made variously of chiffon, India silk with hemstitched ends, Watteau and Marie Antoinette ribbons, crepe de chine, with knotted fringed ends, and black velvet with white lace applique bands as a finish.

It has been announced from official sources that black costumes will lead among elegant styles for calling, afternoon receptions, etc. Most of the expensive French models are lightened with green, mauve, red, or other colored velvets, with the addition of costly black silk applique garnitures. But side by side with these gowns are models formed of the finest of cloth in various pale, lovely shades. These dresses are exhibited in delicate shades of mauve, amethyst, silver blue, sapphire blue, tan and green. Narrow fur bands appear on a few advance styles for the winter, but the greater portion show the simpler decorations.

Some of the newest of the autumn gowns of velvety or satin-finished cloth are distinguished for their simplicity, which is certainly an interesting feature of fashion, when such elaborately-trimmed models greet one on every side, yet it is evident that silk stitching and stitched bands of the dress fabric remain in great favor for decorating cloth gowns. One pretty instance is a pale fawn-colored cloth, very soft and fine in texture, and light in weight, like all the new cloths which are used for dressy gowns. The skirt is in two parts, graduated in size and fullness, and cut circular to fit the closely-gored silk foundation skirt. These divisions are rounded on the front, with the finish of a stitched strap at the edge, with pointed tabs lapping each other down each side of the front. Each tab is about six inches in length and one and one-half inches wide. The bodice, which also shows lapping tabs of the cloth, has a round yoke of tuckered cream silk, with fine cords of green velvet set around at intervals of one inch. The silk collar band has a turnover collar of velvet covered with rows of stitching, and the green velvet girdle is finished in like manner.

All of the small frocks, however, are not made low and sleeveless, although all have the extreme of long waists, if they boast, in any degree, of fashion. Some have yokes, some are gathered high around the baby throat and some have fancy collars added.
For all infants two years old or less the yoke with skirt attached is still the accepted mode, but boy babies are sometimes put into Russian blouses even before they reach that advanced age. Sailor styles and kilts are used somewhat, but only to an extremely limited extent. A pretty Russian smock, made of navy serge, has full gathered front and standing collar, and a strap at each side for the belt, which is trimmed with black silk soutache braid. The back has French plaits and the rather full sleeves are gathered into a straight cuff. This style is suitable for two, three or four years.

A cossack suit for boys of the same age is made of dark red serge, has long waist and a short plaited skirt, a standing collar, three plaits in the back and is worn with a belt. It fastens diagonally on the right side and is trimmed with black silk braid.

A Russian blouse suit that is natty for little fellows up to four years is made with bloomer trousers. The material used is dark blue cloth, and the trimming is of white silk soutache and small pearl buttons.
More elaborate is one of dark red velvet, with shield and revers trimmed with strips of white-corded velvet. A white kid belt is worn with it.

For house wear these little suits are made of striped Galatea or heavy pique. The Russian blouse suit is worn up to eight years of age, when Norfolk and other jacket and trousers suits assert their fascination for the small boy.

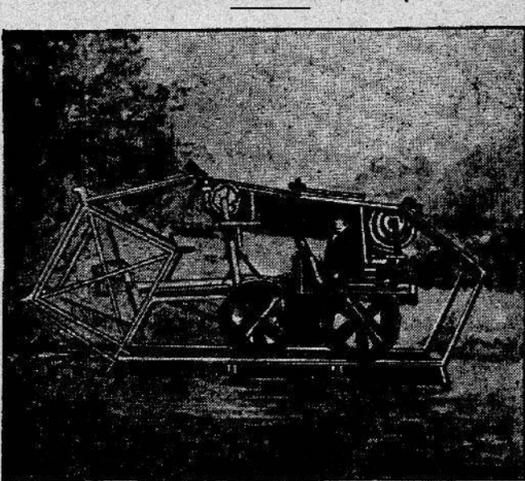
Overcoats are extremely jaunty in varied styles. The Russian, the United States service, the military cape overcoat, the automobile and the cefer are equally in favor. For girls, the coats are preferable long, although there are charming little jackets, double breasted and fringed, shown by fashionable houses. Black satin and navy blue velvet are used for dressy long coats.

Never buy very cheap granite ware; it is a delusion and a snare. Such a saucepan will burn and crack the second time you use it. Pay two, three or four times as much, and you will have a utensil that will wear for years and keep beautifully clean with small labor. The iron under a granite enamel when touched by an acid such as is contained in cranberries, apples, vinegar and many things used in everyday cooking, produces a certain sort of poison that frequently is the cause of sickness.—Good Housekeeping.

Butter Fading. One cupful of chopped suet, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of sweet milk, one nutmeg grated, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder well sifted into three cupfuls of flour; steam two hours. Make a sauce as follows: One-half cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, one egg; mix thoroughly and add one pint of boiling water; use any flavoring desired; vanilla and lemon are both good.—People's Home Journal.

Apple Salad. Pare and core tart, tender apples, spread each piece with a mayonnaise tinted a delicate green; arrange on a bed of green salad; fill centers with finely minced celery and nuts, placing radishes cut to represent lilies on top layer. Chill thoroughly and serve.—People's Home Journal.

AUTOMOBILE THAT LAYS ITS OWN TRACK.



The latest freak in automobiles is the endless traction wonder, devised by J. E. Bergstrom, of McLean county, Ill. The Chicago Tribune says that Bergstrom constructed his machine with a saw and hammer, and for oddity of design and uniqueness of conception it stands in a field peculiarly its own. The machine carries its own track overhead, and with automatic precision lays it for the convenience of the beveled wheels. It runs easily and can cover ten miles an hour, if the roads are passable. "It will revolutionize the wheel world," says the ambitious inventor.

MODES FOR LITTLE FOLK.

Some of the Later Garments Show a Return to the Styles of Twenty-Five Years Ago.

One hardly thinks of children's fashions as having any well-defined relation to those of their elders, yet it is noticeable that the long waist effects have returned, much as they appear in pictures of little ones that were taken 25 years ago. This is illustrated by the extremely popular Russian blouse, and smock suits worn by boys from two to eight years of age, and the wee frocks that are nothing but a long waist with a ruffle worn by little girls from two to six years old, says the New York Tribune.

The low neck and short sleeves, unaccompanied by a gumpie, are also a return to that period. The gumpie is added when going out on chilly days, but the summer just past has witnessed the complete reestablishment of the pretty fashion of bare arms and necks for little girls up to the age of 12.

Still another revival is the neat little "ankle tie" slipper that now is de rigueur for the wee folk.

Some exquisite little frocks—for, be it observed, the old-fashioned English word is again in favor among fashionable folk—are to be found in the high-class shops, daintily made entirely by hand. A fine lawn, low neck and short sleeves, has a waist reaching far below the waist line. It is made wholly of insertion at intervals of an inch, with groups of tiny tucks between. The skirt is an embroidered ruffle reaching almost to the knee. At the termination of the waist straps of insertion are placed, two in front and two behind, through which a ribbon sash is drawn and tied in a bow at the back.

Another fascinating instance is of cobwebby nainsook, with waist gathered above and below in true "bebe" fashion, and made quite as long as that previously described. A ruffle of the finest embroidery is around the low neck and forms the short sleeves. The absurd little skirt of tuckered nainsook gathered into the inch wide belt of insertion is edged with the embroidery, and its total length is about six inches.

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