

The St. Tammany Farmer

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CURIOUS ENGLISH MENUS.

Curious English menus and other mad many years ago in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

There has been no more eccentric banquet served than that partaken of in Liverpool recently by a couple of well-known antiquaries, says London Anvener.

Practically, the dinner was a vegetable one, consisting, as it did, of apples, bread, butter and wine. The apples were at least 1,800 years old, having been taken from a hermetic jar sealed jar unearthed at Pompeii. The bread was made from wheat loosed from a recently opened Egyptian tomb, the hieroglyphics thereon showing it to have been grown in the reign of that Pharaoh "who knew not Joseph," and who afterward perished, together with his armies, in the Red sea. The butter, discovered on a stone shelf in an ancient and long disused well, dated from the days of "Good Queen Bess," while the wine was old when Columbus was a boy, and came from a vault in Corinth.

Linners of sauces have been not infrequently tried by epicures craving for new gastronomic sensations. One of the most famous was given some years back by an eccentric member of a well-known West End club. The soup was represented by gray sauce, and, in lieu of fish, oyster and lobster sauces were handed round. Egg sauce did duty for a joint, and broad sauce recalled the memory of peasant while the absent plum pudding was suggested by brandy sauce.

Flower breakfasts threatened to become a society fad the season before last. The viands at these unique repasts were entirely composed of flowers, and infinite was the ingenuity expended in devising new and appetizing dishes. Salad made from the showy, warm-tasting blossoms of the nasturtium alternated with caper jelly and myrtle-flower soup. Usually the flowers of a particular species of pumpkin were constituted the principal dish. They were yellow in color, fleshy and about the size of a five-shilling piece. The edible blossoms were plucked before the petals were fully expanded, baked or stewed in fresh milk, and flavored with cloves, which latter, as every one knows, are merely the unexpanded flowers of an evergreen plant from the Indian archipelago. The feast was finished off with a plentiful supply of candied rose leaves, violets, etc.

Of strange gastronomic fads of individual eccentricities there is literally no end.

Death dinners, as they were called, were a gruesome fad of London society early in the '80's. There is still living a certain lady of high rank who, not so very long ago, used annually to give one of these somber banquets in memory of her dead husband. The room was draped in black and mauve, the linen was mauve, the ladies wore dresses to match, while the waiters were attired in black silk knee breeches, black coats and mauve silk stockings. The menu was modeled after the memorabilia cards in fashion, and even the drinks were either black, mauve or white.

An alphabetical dinner was given only the other day at one of the best known Strand hotels. Every item on the menu began with the letter C. Banquets at which the guests reclined on couches and fed themselves with their fingers, as did the fashionables of Augustan Rome, constituted another society fad that was exceedingly popular for awhile. Of course, the menus for these queer dinners had to be so contrived as to permit of the guests feeding themselves with the minimum of discomfort and grease. Among the items comprised in a bill of fare that lies before me as I write are bouillon in cups, asparagus, fried mussels, lamb chops en papillote, woodcock and cheese straws.

The most eccentric diner the world has ever seen was a certain regular customer of a famous Parisian restaurant known to the waiters as "the butter man." He ate next to nothing, but his soup tureen, filled with a consommé specially prepared for him, was always put before him. He took a few spoonfuls and had it taken away. Next came a whole fillet of beef, which he barely tasted. The next course consisted of a fine fat capon or four quails, but whichever it was he consumed of it but one mouthful, together with two lettuce leaves and one radish. His dessert consisted of four grapes—never a single one more—and a tiny cup of black and highly concentrated coffee. A bottle of the best claret and another of champagne were invariably served with the repast, but he only sipped his lips with a drop from each and let them go. He took two of these meals a day, and the price for each meal was 120 francs. But this was not all. Every time the butter man got up from his extraordinary meal he gave 40 francs to the head waiter, 20 francs to his table waiter, 10 francs to the lady cashier and 5 francs to the porter. Thus each meal came to 200 francs, or \$31. One day the mysterious millionaire doubled his tips all around; the next day he went away and was never seen again.

THE WOMAN HOME

AN INTERESTING COUPLE.

Frank J. Gould and His Charming Fiancee, Miss Helen Margaret Kelly.

The engagement of Miss Helen Margaret Kelly, of New York, granddaughter of the late Eugene Kelly, and Frank J. Gould, recalls the fact that Jay Gould and Eugene Kelly were enemies. So active in their hatred of each other were they that a philosopher said to Mr. Gould: "You scoff at the scientific theory of heredity, but why do you and Kelly detest each other so much?"



MISS HELEN M. KELLY, (Fiancee of Frank J. Gould, Youngest Son of the Late Jay Gould.)

Because your ancestors were on opposite sides at Cromwell's invasion of Ireland.

Mr. Kelly and Mr. Gould regarded that explanation of their perpetual disputes as frivolous. Their disputes were about ethics of banking, about stock speculation and railroads.

The courts have hardly ceased to be preoccupied by them, says the New York Journal. Mr. Kelly was a devout Catholic, Mr. Gould a Presbyterian. Mr. Kelly opposed his son's marriage with a Protestant.

It happened in 1882 and was kept secret from him until 1893. But then he was not displeased. He loved his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Edward J. Kelly.

Her husband died in July. He was commodore of the New York Row Club, owner of the steam yacht Barracuda, and gave festivals there which had a great charm of unaffected cordiality.

His death happened while he was making preparations to entertain Rear Admiral Schley. His daughter is 17; Frank J. Gould is 24 years of age. She was educated in a convent. Mr. Gould was always under the guidance of his sister, Miss Helen Gould.

Mrs. Kelly and Miss Gould are friends, and were in the complexity of the love for each other, of Miss Kelly and Mr. Gould. She has the appearance of art and of books that Frank J. Gould has not.

DOMESTIC TRAINING.

Why It Should Be an Essential Element in the Education of Our American Girls.

A practical training in the art of successful housekeeping should be an essential element in the education of our girls. It is a regrettable fact that the domestic education of a girl is too often neglected. If there is one thing above another that will disturb the peace and harmony of a family that has in it the elements to make a happy home, it is the inefficiency of the wife or mother to properly conduct the affairs of the household.

The average young unsophisticated girl of to-day believes her worldly education to be at an end when she has gained the mastery of an art, can rattle off a few airs on the piano, can sing passably well, or has won certificates for proficiency in some foreign language. In this conclusion she errs. There is much still to be learned, would she fit herself for the important domestic duties to which nine out of every ten girls are sooner or later called. The woman, the mother, may properly be called the manager of the home. It is she who dictates the policy of the household and presides over the destiny of its inmates.

It is important, therefore, that the natural instincts and gifts of the woman be nurtured and developed, that the best in them may be utilized to build an education that will serve well the girl who has been instructed in the art of housekeeping.—N. Y. Weekly.

WORRY IS UNPROFITABLE.

It Destroys Energy and Robs Its Victim of the Strength Necessary for His Life Work.

There is nothing so foolish and unprofitable as a habit of worrying. It destroys nervous energy and robs us of strength necessary for the real work of life. It makes existence a burden and weariness, instead of a joy and blessing. Poise and serenity are necessary to true success. The man who worries is never self-centered, never perfectly balanced, never at his best; for every moment of mental anxiety takes away vitality and push, and robs him of manhood and power.

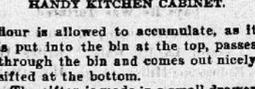
Worrying indicates a lack of confidence in our strength; it shows that we are unbalanced. The man who does not worry, who believes in himself, touches the wires of infinite power.

The habit of worry is largely a physical infirmity; it is an evidence of lack of harmony in the internal system. The well-poised soul, the self-centered man, never wobbles or hesitates. Enough vital energy has been wasted in useless worry to run all the affairs of the world.—Baptist Record.

A KITCHEN CABINET.

The One Here Described Seems an Ideal One as to Completeness and General Utility.

The kitchen cabinet has become a recognized factor of complete kitchen furnishing, especially for women who do their own housework, as steps saved in the kitchen give woman strength and energy for other things. The one shown here seems an ideal one of its kind as to completeness, besides possessing a decidedly convenient and novel feature in its flour sifter. Possibly this flour bin is the best feature of the cabinet, and it is claimed for it that it effectually prevents the flour from becoming musty, as it is apt to do when the flour is constantly being dipped from the top and the bottom allowed to remain. In this case no old



HANDY KITCHEN CABINET.

flour is allowed to accumulate, as it is put into the bin at the top, passes through the bin and comes out nicely sifted at the bottom.

The sifter is made in a small drawer and slides into the bin and can easily be removed. The flour can be sifted on to the back part of the molding board directly underneath or into a pan or bowl.

Besides this admirable feature this cabinet has three large drawers, a cupboard for cooking utensils, a 20-pound crevice sugar bin, with close-fitting lid and three drawers, the uppermost one of which is divided by partitions into six parts for spices. What more could the heart of woman desire?—Chicago Daily News.

The Path of Real Progress. Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, is our destined end or way. But to act that each to-morrow Find us further than to-day.—Henry W. Longfellow.

The Most Beautiful Orchid. One of the rarest and most wonderful orchids is a native of the isthmus of Panama. The early Spanish settlers named it Flor del Espiritu Santo. It grows in marshy places from a decayed log or sometimes from the crevice in a rock. The leaf stalks resemble several feet in height and the flower stalk, which grows from the bulb, bears 12 or 15 buds. The flower is a pure white, and right in the heart of it is a perfect image of a dove, with drooping wings, snowy breast, gold-tinted head, and crimson beak.

INDUSTRY & MECHANICS

GRASSHOPPER BRICKS.

New Hen Food in Concentrated Form for Which the World is Indebted to Nebraska.

Grasshoppers are being put to a new use out in Nebraska. The farmers have killed incredible numbers of them by the help of a machine which is, perhaps, the most effective ever devised for the purpose. It is called a "hopper-coach," and is nothing more nor less than a large flat pan, with a small amount of kerosene contained in a depression in the rear part of it. The contrivance, being attached to a horse, is pushed along in front of the animal as the latter is driven across the fields. Pretty nearly every grasshopper is encountered, jumps upon the pan, and is promptly suffocated by the kerosene.

This ingenious instrument has been in use for a number of years in parts of the west, but hitherto it has not occurred to the farmers to make any use of the dead grasshoppers. Most commonly they were burned, though some more enterprising agriculturists turned a portion of them to account as poultry feed. They found that the hens liked them exceedingly; for it is a fact that a grasshopper is to a hen what a canvassback duck is to a human epicure—the very choicest and most esteemed of delicacies.

Hence the idea which is now being developed on a commercial scale. The grasshoppers, after being killed by the hopper-coach, are left in withrows in the fields, where they are soon dried. When they have been exposed to the sun for a sufficient time to reduce them to a properly desiccated condition they are gathered up with rakes, shoveled into carts, and conveyed to a shed, where they are put into a press somewhat resembling an ordinary cheese press, and converted into solid bricks.

The bricks are shipped in quantities to poultry-raisers, who find this new kind of hen-provender most satisfactory, and they are anxious to get more of it. Apparently, it is a great encourager of egg-production.

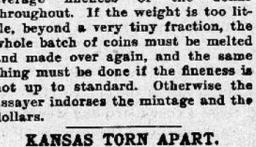
It is not necessary to grind the bricks before feeding the stuff to the chickens, but merely to break them into pieces and soften with water.—Saturday Evening Post.

TESTING SILVER COINS.

The Comprehensive System in Vogue at the Different Mints of the United States.

Out of every fresh batch of silver dollars made at the United States mints half a dozen are sent to the treasury at Washington to be tested as samples. If they turn out to be of the requisite fineness and weight it is taken for granted that the whole edition is correct.

For the test the coin after being weighed is rolled out in a thin flat strip more than a foot in length. Then the strip is placed beneath a row of punches, which punch holes in it, so that after passing beneath



HOW DOLLARS ARE TESTED.

The instrument it has the look of a colander.

A great many little silver disks are thus obtained, and of these a dozen or so are taken and assayed, to find out how much silver they contain. Being obtained from various parts of the coin, they represent fairly the average fineness of the dollar throughout. If the weight is too little, beyond a very tiny fraction, the whole batch of coins must be melted and made over again, and the same thing must be done if the fineness is not up to standard. Otherwise the assayer indorses the mintage and the dollars.

KANSAS TORN APART.

Cracks in the Fields in Some Places Big Enough for Cows to Fall In.

The attention of the Kansas state board of agriculture has been called to occurrences which are mystifying the alfalfa farmers of Jewell and Republic counties. It is reported that great cracks and sinkholes are appearing in the alfalfa fields there, says a Topeka correspondent of the New York Sun.

The cracks are sometimes rods in length, from two to six feet in depth, and from one to ten feet wide. They appear only in alfalfa fields, and the farmers have never before seen anything like them.

They do not come gradually, but suddenly. It is becoming dangerous to drive a team across alfalfa fields because the ground may suddenly sink beneath it.

Some section hands were working on a railroad track a few days ago near an alfalfa field on the farm of Edward Randall, not far from Jewell City. They heard a cow low but there was no cow in sight. The sound seemed to come from under the ground.

HAPPY COMBINATION.

Western Inventor Has Just Designed a Baby Coach Combined with a Bicycle.

From Arizona comes the up-to-date machine shown in the picture below, the inventor being Fred Ganzlinger, of Phoenix. Of course, it will not prevent the policeman and nurse from holding their usual conversations in the park, but otherwise it is an improvement over the old style of baby carriage. The propelling part of the perambulator is similar to a bicycle, while the coach proper is pivoted at the forward end of the frame in such a manner that it can be easily turned by the steering wheel and chain attached to the handle-bar. To relieve the main wheels of a portion of the weight there is a small trailer at the rear of the coach, and this wheel also serves as a rest when the carriage is detached



BICYCLE BABY CART.

from the frame of the wheel for walking. The seat and handle-bar have the usual adjustments, and it should be a pleasure to the nurse to take the baby riding in this speedy machine, while it goes without saying that the child once taking a ride in this carriage will prefer it to all others.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

NEW HEADACHE CURE.

English Physician Recommends Use of the Seton as Infallible and Permanent.

Sick headaches, the bogy of the modern society woman and often the greatest trouble of the business man, is to lose its terrors, according to an English physician when a remedy now used by him becomes universal. This medical man, Dr. Whitehead, has returned to the practice of old days, and reintroduced the seton, and by its use claims that he has successfully treated every bad headache that has come into his hands.

Simply described the seton consists of a twist of silk, of small threads or a few horsehairs, which by a needle is drawn through the skin so as to keep a hole in the skin open. In the cure of headaches Dr. Whitehead draws this seton through the skin at the nape of the neck. How this cures he does not explain, but says that for 25 years past he has not seen a headache case that could not be cured by it. In one case a lady had for years been affected by severe headaches that left her prostrated for many hours after they had passed the climax. A seton was put in and she has had no attack. The seton, he says, should be left in place three months. English authorities say this means should not be resorted to unless the pain from the headache is absolutely unbearable, as otherwise the remedy will prove worse than the disease.

The causes for sick headaches are many. Often it is due to the eyes, and a use of proper spectacles will prevent it. Sometimes it can be stopped by the use of a stimulant, as a cup of black coffee at the moment when the headache is beginning to manifest itself. Nearly every one who is subjected to these attacks knows of one or more causes that will bring them on, and sometimes is able to avoid this, but sometimes the cause is unavoidable even when known.

Of all the cures that have been suggested the greatest confidence is placed in caffeine and in antipyrine. Antipyrine is taken in powder in doses of one gramme; two, three, or four such doses are given an adult in the first two hours of the attack. When given in time this drug calms the headache even when it does not entirely cure it. But when taken repeatedly the effect of the drug wastes. The system becomes habituated to it, and it no longer gives relief. Then as a substitute antifebrine or acetanilide may be given, or oxaline or phenacetin.

Among the many other remedies which help in special cases are salicylate of soda, acetonine, bromide of potassium, chloral and sulfolal. Acetonine is a dangerous medicine, however, and the others are of little use—the soda least of all.

In general, however, sick headache is the result of a generally bad condition of the body or of a bad condition in some portion, and a general medical treatment is desirable to remove the cause and thus prevent a recurrence of the attack. Anemic and chlorotic subjects should take ferruginous medicines and should undergo hydropathic treatment.

Wink Measured by Science. A German scientist has given another proof of the painstaking nature of his race in obtaining perfect accuracy and the time that it occupies from a wink. He used a special photographic apparatus and fixed a piece of white paper on the edge of the eyelid for a mark. He found that the lid descends quickly and rests a little at the bottom movement. Then it rises slower than it rises slower than it fell. The mean duration of the downward movement was .075 to .091 of a second. The time from when the eye rested till it closed varied from .15 to .17 of a second. In rising the lid took .17 of a second. The wink was completed in .4 of a second.

The Trolley in Egypt.

Tourists in Egypt can now take a trolley car in the main street of Cairo direct to the pyramids. In a short time a line will be built equipped with American cars to run from the ocean front at Tiraucis to the Parthenon at Athens.

Young People

TRIFLES.

"To-day," said pretty Dolly, as she opened her bright eyes, "I'm going to give my dear mamma a beautiful surprise."

"I hardly know yet what 'twill be, but I'll soon find a way. To do some unexpected thing. To please mamma to-day."

"I'm tired of doing little things, why, anyone can sweep and dust, or wipe the dishes. Or sing Evelyn to sleep. The same big thing to do. If I could write a book, or save the house from burning, now. How please mamma would look."

So after breakfast Dolly went and sat beside the fire, while mother cleared the table off. And mended baby's tie; she wiped the dishes, made the beds and braided Bessy's hair. While Dolly sat and pondered long within her easy chair.

And so Miss Dolly dreamed and planned that busy morning through; she could not think of anything quite large enough to do! And as she went to bed that night she really wondered why, when mother kissed her lovingly, "The kiss was best a sight!"—Gertrude Morton Cannon, in Youth's Companion.

ALL NATURE REASONS.

The Truth of This Statement Is Proved by the Woodpecker's Architectural Foresight.

A great many of our birds take great pains to conceal their nests. Some do this, as our humming birds do, by making the nest appear as part of the branch on which it is placed; others by careful concealment; still others make no nest at all as the eggs appear to blend with the surrounding surface on which the eggs are placed. Unlike these birds, the woodpeckers do not try to conceal their nests in any way, because there is very little danger of their being robbed. A hawk or an owl cannot reach into the eggs in their deep bed in the hard wood; and as the nest is in dead wood which has lost its rough bark, there is not much danger from four-footed prowlers. Near most nests the woodpecker selects good, hard, well-seasoned limbs for drums, and all through the mating and nesting period the male drums with laboring bill. As he cannot sing he uses all his energy as a drummer and the result is a loud, clear tattoo which sounds over the whole land when the sun brightens in the spring. There is only one of our woodpeckers which has any song worthy of the name, and that is our flicker or golden-winged woodpecker. Even his song is so unsatisfactory to the ardent male that between songs he will mount to some favorite perch and beat a loud, clear, rolling tattoo.

Everyone who has visited in the country has seen the smooth, round holes which these birds use for their nests. They are cut out in dead or dying timber and are very carefully made. The round opening is just large enough for the bird to enter the nest, but it gradually opens until it will allow the bird to turn around. But the way the nest is chiseled out and finished is not what has impressed me with the reasoning power of these birds so much as the manner of choosing its site. Anyone who has done any nailing with a hammer will realize how easy it would be for the woodpecker to cut its nest out of the upper side of a dead limb, and how difficult it would be to do the same work with an upward stroke from the under side. Yet we invariably find the holes of our woodpeckers, when placed on a limb, dug out from the under side. They know just as well as we do that if the opening is on the upper side the first hard summer rain will fill it with water. This is simply one of the many cases which show the student of nature that all nature reasons.

SPROUTING TABLE LEGS.

Unique Piece of Farrier Furniture Owned by a Farmer Living at Donegal, Ireland.

A three-legged table, belonging to a Donegal farmer named O'Brian, has been distinguishing itself in a remarkable way lately. It has been varnished and revarnished many times. It has never been out in the air, and has not received any excessive amount of sunshine; nevertheless, about two months ago tiny buds formed on two of the legs of the table, and now vivid green sprouts have become slender branches, covered with leaves. It is a remarkable manifestation of the vitality of plant life under adverse circumstances. The O'Brians do not know how old the table is.



LEAVES ON TABLE LEGS.

Pretty Little Experiment. If you want to drive a needle through a silver dollar, you can do it in this way: Push a needle through a cork until the point just appears on the other end, then with a pair of pliers break off the eye end of the needle until it is flush with the cork. Lay the cork on the coin, needle point down, hit it a sharp blow with a hammer, and the needle will go through the dollar. Perhaps a cent or nickel had better be used in this experiment, as punched coins are not legal tender.

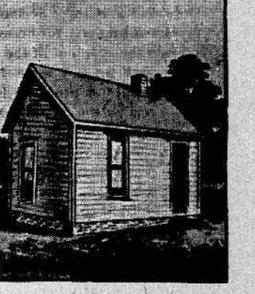
WILL BE SUCCESSFUL.

Two Illinois Boys Who Built the House They Live in, While Attending Law School.

When the Duffin boys down at Hoopeston, Ill., decided to study law at the Wesleyan university in Bloomington they had some difficulty in finding a suitable place to live. One of the Duffins is a brick mason and the other is a carpenter, and, as no uncle or aunt or other relative has recently died and left each one a large fortune, they are obliged to work at their trades while they are struggling with Blackstone and Chitty at the Wesleyan.

Bloomington, while "a pretty place in summer," especially out along Lovers' Lane, on the way to Normal, has cold, ice and snow in abundance in winter and the Duffin brothers foresaw that they would need a good, comfortable house to live in. They could not find anything suited to their purpose at the price which they had decided to pay for rooms. So after thinking the matter over they concluded that the best thing for them to do was to build a house of their own and be their own landlords and boarding-housekeepers as well. They decided to own their own house, furnish it themselves, cook and serve their own meals, make their own beds, and in every way be free and independent of all boarding houses, rented rooms, students' clubs, cooperative housekeeping society, stu-

THE DUFFIN CABIN.



THE DUFFIN CABIN.

dent's aid associations, and all such things.

So the two brothers went to Bloomington and viewed the landscape over to see where they would put their house. North of the Wesleyan and near the athletic park the brothers found a suitable location for their home. The land at this place is owned by F. A. Baller, who owns several nurseries in the vicinity. These nurseries are often visited by nocturnal disturbers, and the Duffin boys pointed out to Mr. Baller how it would be to his interest to have two energetic athletes living on his property. Mr. Baller approved of the idea, and gave the young men a place on his property to build their house. The two Duffins went to work. The Duffin who is a brick mason hauled brick from Normal and built the foundation of the house. Then the carpenter Duffin became busy, and, after two or three weeks of great agitation in the neighborhood of the Baller property, the people in that vicinity were delighted to see a neat house standing amidst the trees of the nursery. The house is 20 feet long and 12 feet wide, with a window on each side and a door at each end. Every brick and plank and nail that went into the construction of the Duffin brothers' house was placed there by themselves. They have got everything ready now for housekeeping, and are making ready to move into their residence.—Chicago Tribune.

PICKING CHERRIES.

A Farmer's Story About Two Boys the Moral of Which Teaches a Useful Lesson.

"There's a deal of difference in the way those two boys pick cherries," said the farmer, nodding in the direction of the young trees glistening with red fruit. "They're boys about the same age, and both eager for the job, but that merry, laughing fellow has whacked about to half a dozen places while the other one stood still. He's a good worker, that quiet one; he picks steadily, and he never moves his ladder till he's gathered everything within his reach where he is.

"It'll be the same out in the world, by and by, if you watch the two. One will be always hurrying round after good chances and other pickings, while the other will make every round of his ladder count for all he can gain from it, he will change his positions slowly, and only as he works his way to them. He will make the most of everything that comes within his reach, and his pail will be full while the other is still hunting for chances."—Wellspring.

Carried Away by a Balloon. That it pays to look out and to keep cool has just been impressed on Stanley Hopkins, a 12-year-old boy of Lynchburg, O. At the same time, he learned how it feels to hang on to a rope 2,000 feet up in the sky. There was a balloon ascension at the county fair at Hillsboro, and, as the big gas bag about up, Stanley got tangled in the guy ropes somehow, and was jerked high into the air. Women and children fainted at the sight, but the boy kept his wits, grabbed the ropes and hung on tight while the balloon soared nearly half a mile, with the aeronaut trying in vain to get hold of him. Finally the man, after telling him to keep holding tight, let some gas out of the balloon and they slowly came down. Stanley had been gone only eight minutes, but the crowd was so glad to see him that it almost smothered him with caresses and congratulations.

An Armless Boy Wonder. J. Russell Brown, Jr., an 11-year-old boy, of Binghamton, N. Y., is a wonder. He was born without arms, yet he can ride a bicycle, drive a horse, play the violin and the drum, and do many remarkable things with his feet.

Sized Him Up Correctly. Charles—Did the tailor take your measure? Algy—I think he did. He said I'd have to pay in advance.—Tit-Bits.