The St. Tammany Farmer

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THE PROPER SINGIN' TIME.

In the spring the little song birds
Are so happy in the trees
That they must be always singin'—
Cannot stop it if they please;
And in spring my heart is singin'—
Always singin' just like these.

For the man whose heart is silent
When the buds are on the tree,
And the air i stull of fragrance,
Isn't all a man should be;
For the days when birds are singin'
Is the time for melody.

All the joyousness of livin',
Free from winter's blighting curse,
Is as welcome to my bosom
As is money to my purse;
And I'm not ashamed to say it,
That it takes the form of verse.

Oh, the comin' of the May days
Is the glory of our clime,
For the time of buds and blossoms
Is the proper singin' time,
And the spring will always find me
Freely droppin' into rhyme.

—Edward S. Everett, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

The Little Red Shoe

By Sarah Beaumont Kennedy.

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THE was sitting on top of the step-ladder before the high bookcase whither she had mounted to read the titles of the musty volumes on the upper shelves. But they had not proved very interesting, so she had taken pity on a bust of Shakespeare which surmounted the case, and was busily rubbing the dust from his eyes with her cambric handkerchief. And as she rubbed she sang running ragtime tunes and other airs together in a jumble that would have set a Wagner-worshiper wild.

"Kitty Cly has a heart
Warm's a cup of tea,
Big as any sweet potato
Down in Tennessee."

She sang so loud that she did not hear the gate slam nor the knock at the door, so the gentleman outside had a good look at her as she perched there in the flame-colored negligee with its foamy ruffles, and her blonde hair waved fluffily above her brow. One little foot was on a step of the ladder, but the other swung over the side and kept a sort of pendulum time to the song she sang. The one at rest was decorously clad in hose and slipper, but this other wilful vagrant was covered only with its stocking, having kicked off the scarlet slipper in its efforts to keep up with the changes of tune and time. The dropped slipper lay on the carpet at the foot of the ladder. On the whole she made a perfectly fascinating picture, and the man outside did not scruple to look his fill, for the door was wide open and the bookcase not a dozen feet away across the hall.

"Can she make a cherry pie, Billy-boy, Billy-boy?"

—She was beginning again, putting in an extra trill for pure wantonness of sound; and so he plied the knocker once more, this time with his muscle in evidence. She heard and turned, and the notes died instantly and a look of horror came into her face. Then with an agile leap she reached the floor and sped up the stairs like an exercised spirit of song, leaving the man staring after her in disappointed surprise. A minute later a servant came down the hall and on the silver tray the man laid a card bearing the name "Perry Rainer."

"Is Miss Ewing at home?"

"Walk in and I will see, sir."

He waited impatiently, anxious to see how Miss Ewing would comport herself after the ladder episode; but the servant, returning, said:

"Not in, sir."

For a moment he was conscious of a keen disappointment, then smiled pleasantly under his mustache, telling himself that confused modesty held her back. What girl of right feeling would care to face an entire stranger immediately after such an undignified exhibition of her powers as a sprinter? But he had his small revenge, for, following the maid to the door, he stooped and, surreptitiously picking up the little red slipper, thrust it into his pocket.

He was on his way to the west on a matter of vital importance for one of his clients and he had stopped off for a day at this little Tennessee city to meet Helen Ewing. Bob Bradley had arranged it, for it had long been Bob's pet scheme to make a match between Rainer and his cousin Helen.

After his call Rainer returned to his hotel and waited for circumstances to shape his course. He had never felt any special interest in Helen before despite Bob's eulogiums; but a merry-hearted girl like that golden-headed acrobat ought to be worth knowing. An hour later he received a note.

"Dear Mr. Rainer—I am sorry to have missed you this afternoon. Your visit was a great surprise. Unfortunately I am engaged for a dinner, but some of our young bachelors are giving a dance afterwards at the club house. Be sure and come; I shall save you several dances. Sincerely yours,

"HELEN EWING."

With the note was a card to the dance, so Rainer went. But he looked in vain for the blonde girl who had made such an offering of song to the lamented Shakespeare. Instead, there came to meet him a tall, dark girl with a rather expressionless face. She asked many questions of Bob, made polite inquiry as to his journey west, danced with him and introduced him to several pretty girls. On the whole the evening passed very pleasantly, though Rainer felt none of the heart-stirrings that Bob had foretold. Just before parting he asked casually:

"What young lady in your house, Miss Ewing, sings popular songs with the abandonment of a professional?"

"I really do not know. The house is full of girls and all of them sing. I do wish you would join our party for a few days; we would do our utmost for your pleasure."

He thought of the red slipper in his room, of the airy trills and runs of song, of the round white arms left bare by the flowing sleeves, and nothing but the urgency of his errand forced him to decline the invitation.

In the early fall Bob met him with a rueful face. "Your visit was no good; Helen will be married next month." And was disappointed that his friend showed no emotion.

That autumn Rainer was much out of his office, being engaged in a murder case in another town; but the little slipper went along with his brief, and every night lay among the law books on his table while he studied his case.

On his return home his partner told him he had engaged a new type operator. "And she's perfectly awful; but so lady like about her mistakes that I don't seem able to be hard on her."

"I thought you could 'jump on' anybody? But give her a show; she may improve," Rainer answered.

The first set of papers he sent in to be typed came back in miserable shape, and, much annoyed, he gathered them up and went away to the girl's room to expostulate; but when he had pushed the door half open, he stopped.

"Kitty Cly has a heart
Warm's a cup of tea—"

Scarcely above a whisper the notes were, but full of the rare quality of rollicking merriment. He looked in. The girl sat at her desk wiping off her machine; her close-fitting brown bolero showed a daintily rounded figure, and her blonde hair was drawn from her face in a wavy pompadour. Instinctively Rainer's eyes went from it to the edge of her skirt. Did he expect to see one foot shod and one in scarlet stockings? If so he was mistaken, for the rainy-day skirt showed two round-toed boots that tried in vain to look business-like and "manish." Rainer's heart thumped as it had never thumped before. He stepped in to the room.

"Miss Curtis, I presume."

She smiled and bowed.

"I am Rainer. Shelton's partner," he said, and longed to add, "and for six months your unknown admirer," but of course he dared not.

"I know," she answered, with the air of a gracious hostess rather than an employe. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Er—these papers—" he began, fingering them nervously.

"They are not right? Oh, I am so sorry. Can you show me what is wrong?"

And then, although a client was waiting in his office, he sat by her and patiently pointed out the mistakes. The next day it was the same thing; there were more errors, and he stayed and showed her how to correct them. By the end of the week it had become

THE GIRL GAVE A LITTLE CRY THEN CHECKED HERSELF.

his habit to drop into her office two or three times a day to give her a word of instruction. Then once he had her work in his private room all morning, and, under pretense of a great rush, ordered lunch served there and insisted that she make him a cup of tea; and they grew quite merry over the meal.

"This is as warm as Kitty Cly's heart," he said, teasingly, as she handed him his cup. "By the way, Miss Curtis, how big do potatoes grow down in Tennessee."

She blushed brilliantly. "You heard me singing?"

"Several times."

"I do it without knowing. I hope I do not disturb you."

The next Sunday he boldly presented himself in her parlor, and while he talked with her father he watched her.

In spite of her efforts the girl did not become expert with her machine, and at last Shelton insisted that she should go. So Rainer sent for her and told her as kindly as possible the firm's decision.

"And now I have something to say to you on my own account," he began, but he got no further, for as he spoke he had pushed up the top of his desk, and behind the writing pad stood a small glass case containing a red morocco slipper. The girl gave a little cry, then checked herself, blushing with confusion.

"Oh, you have discovered my treasure," he said, opening the case and taking the shoe out. "I picked up this slipper, dropped by a modern Cinderella, and like the prince I am waiting to find the owner to ask her to be my wife. Do you know anybody it would fit—Bessie?"

"You will have to send out your herald and search the city as the prince did," she said, without looking at him.

"May I be my own herald and come to your home this evening and see if you cannot produce the mate? It was I, dear, who stood in the door at the wing's that morning and watched you on the ladder."

She put out her hand with a shy little laugh and took the slipper. "And I thought Towser had carried it under the house that day, and stayed from the dance in the evening because I had not another pair and Helen's wouldn't fit.

"And instead of Towser it was I who stole it out of revenge because you ran away, for I think I loved you from the moment I heard you singing. Kitty Cly's heart seemed your very own, warm and true. Bessie I have turned you off as a stenographer, but you would make an adorable wife; will you come back to me in that capacity, and wear this little shoe in my own home?"

And then Rainer forgot for a moment that there was anything red in the world except the smiling lips that said "Yes."

Power of the X-Ray.

Once upon a time Rome was saved by the cackling of geese. Application of the X-ray to eggs under a brooding hen killed the vital germ. The inference seems reasonable, says the Chicago Chronicle, that thus human life may be saved by the X-ray applied to disease germs. But one successful experiment is not conclusive.

GEN. EDWARD S. BRAGG.

Gen. Bragg, of Fond du Lac, Wis., whom President Roosevelt has selected for the post of consul general at Havana, Cuba, is one of the foremost citizens of Wisconsin and has served in numerous positions of importance, among them that of congressman for several terms, minister to Mexico and member of the Wisconsin supreme court. To veterans he is best known as the commander of the "Iron brigade." It was he who said of Grover Cleveland: "We love him for the enemies he has made." The general is 72 years old. Until the ascendancy of Mr. Bryan as party leader he was a prominent democrat.

GEORGE, THE TRAMP.

Found He Could Swing Under Trains as Well After as Before Losing Both Legs.

A certain George was once swinging under a passenger train, says Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, and noticing that he had aroused the interest of several young ladies on the station platform, he did not at once go under to the trucks, but held to the truss rod with only one hand, while with the other he waved a handkerchief for effect. The effect was startling and, for George, disastrous, both legs being pinched off near the knee. He recovered from the shock and operation and in a few weeks was stumping about in clumsy "boots," taking a nine-inch step, but he was very much subdued for a long time, and quite unlike the hobo George of normal limb length. However, one day George happened to be stumping along the depot platform when a passenger train came in; it conjured up fascinating recollections. He looked down at his poor maimed stumps and swore; he looked at the train and considered. Presently he shuffled to the track, reaching up for the truss rod on the smoker. The train started; George held on, swinging under to see if his stumps would reach the brake beam. They did.

George walks in exceedingly ungainly fashion, but then he doesn't walk much. He travels otherwise, and from 20 to 50 miles an hour. He can swing his light, abridged body under a train, in a way bewildering to brakemen.

FARMERS ARE SWINDLED.

By Sharpers Who Can Make Agricultural Department Bulletins a Source of Profit.

"While agricultural departments of the national government and of the various states are doing good work and their investigations and experiments have been of great value to farmers, gardeners, and stock raisers," said a retired farmer the other day, "bands of sharpers take advantage of every official announcement made by the authorities.

"For instance, a department announces the discovery of an insect that destroys the cabbage. Within 24 hours the sharpers are advertising a powder that will destroy these insects. A department announces the appearance of the elm pest. In every locality in the country appear smooth-talking gentlemen who claim to be able to prevent damage to the trees by this insect. People believe them and pay them money, only to have their trees killed by the very methods which the sharpers claim will save them from destruction by the pests.

"The national agricultural department at Washington has announced recently that the 17-year locusts will appear this year, and following this there have suddenly sprung into existence several unique methods of destroying these insects or of preventing their ravages."

A Strong Light.

The newest lighthouse on the French coast shows a beam visible at a distance of 39 nautical miles in clear weather. It is situated on the Isle Vierge, off the French coast, to the northeast of Ushant, the lantern being 244 feet above sea level.

ACTINIC RAYS KILL GERMS.

Violet Light of 3,000 Candle Power Aids Young Tuberculous Patient in New York.

At the Flower hospital in New York a second experiment has been made with the actinolite, the new electrical apparatus through which the actinic ray, or the violet-colored light, which has been found to be germicidal, is thrown upon the diseased parts of the body.

The patient was the same one used in the first trial of the ray—Frederick M. Campbell, 14 years old, who, before he became ill, was a great favorite as a messenger in the stock exchange. So fond are the brokers of the boy that they just endowed a bed in perpetuity in his name. He is the special protege of Anson R. Flower, the president of the hospital, who for a year has defrayed the expenses of the boy's care in a private room. The boy's case is a desperate one. He has tuberculosis of the hip in a very advanced stage.

The entire upper part of the femur has been cut away. His only hope is in the actinic ray, and although that had been used on him but once, already there was noticed an improvement. The latest operation lasted ten minutes, after a second patient, suffering with a secondary cancer of the neck, was brought in. The light used is of 3,000 candle power.

MATTERS OF TASTE.

Falling in Love, One of Them, According to French Notions—How, When and Where.

The Figaro, which is an authority on such matters, enumerates some of the very latest ideas of Parisian society for the summer. When to go out of town is the first question raised. The answer is that to leave Paris immediately after the Grand Prix is a most unfashionable thing to do nowadays. People "in the know" only went off just in time to escape the national fete. This announcement, by the way, has been a cruel blow to those who thought they were doing the right thing by leaving town in June. Where to go is the second question.

Finally, what is the proper way to fall in love this summer? We learn that, during the hot weather, at all events, burning passions are tabooed. Love unto death is bad form. The same favorite poets or novelists may be read over together, long walks may be taken, preferably, however, in the company of a party of friends, so as to remove any suspicion of romance, and motor drives en tete-a-tete are not only allowed but encouraged, as it is not considered that there can be any taint of tender emotion about such excursions.

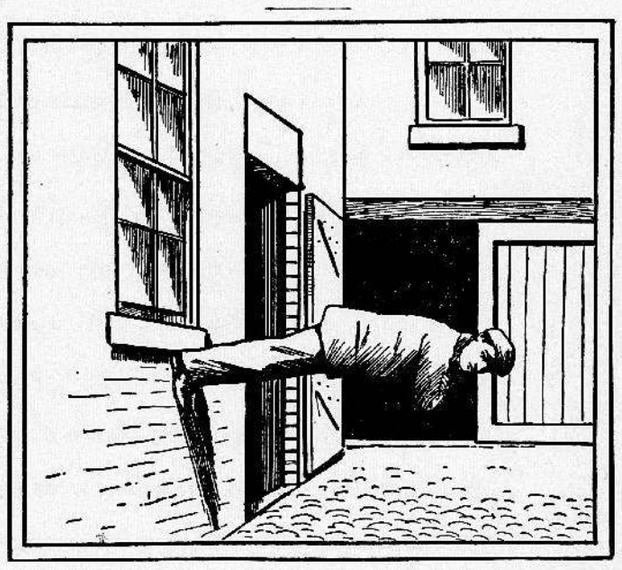
Prairie Dogs Are Doomed.

The prairie dogs of Kansas are doomed. The agricultural college of that state sends out each month $1,300 worth of poison for the extermination of prairie dogs. Two quarts are sufficient to clear out an entire quarter section, and the dogs seem to like it, until it causes them to stiffen and die.

A Town of Inventors.

New Britain, Conn., holds the record for inventiveness. Over 1,400 patents have been issued to 344 of its citizens.

SETS GRAVITATION AT DEFIANCE.



Modern acrobats perform some seemingly impossible feats. We have seen them walking on the ceiling like flies, but none, so far as known, has yet succeeded in lying on his face in thin air, as if he were taking a stroll down one side of a house and had stopped to examine the horizon. This particular trick is a "fake," pure and simple, though not a photographic one. This picture, taken from the New York Herald, is strictly truthful, but the man is lying on a beam which projects from the wall. Simple, isn't it, when you know just how the unique trick is performed?

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

There are physicians in Germany who charge only two cents for a consultation and four cents for a visit.

Seville's water supply, which is in the hands of an English company, was cut off recently to compel the municipality to pay up arrears.

A writer in the Revue de Paris expresses the opinion that the country which gets Tripoli (now belonging to Turkey) will ultimately command the whole of the Sudan.

Workmen's clubs are being extensively boycotted by brewers in the north of England. The reason assigned is that such clubs attract custom from the public houses.

The adoption in Mexico of American styles in clothing has been very marked in recent years. Well-to-do Mexicans are discarding the old "charro" suits, high sombreros and pointed shoes for American-style clothing, hats and shoes.

A dead man's vote was recorded recently in the French chamber of deputies. M. Loyer being absent through illness, one of his colleagues dropped a voting paper bearing his name into the urn. It was afterwards found that M. Loyer had died before the time at which the vote was given.

The traveling cow of the emperor and empress of Russia died recently. This beneficent animal was taken to Denmark and Leith in 1896, and then round to Portsmouth, whence she crossed to France. She traveled from Cherbourg to Montparnasse in the imperial train, and from the latter terminus was driven to the Russian embassy, where she supplied milk to their Imperial majesties and the baby Olga.

There is an ancient custom under which the olive groves around Damascus are guarded by official watchmen to prevent the trees being stripped by thieves. But on a certain date the governor, or some magistrate, issues a proclamation warning all owners of olive trees that they must pick their fruit, for after a certain date it becomes public property. If a farmer has his crop only half gathered when that date arrives the public will gather it for him.

TROUBLES OF ARMLESS MEN.

Three of the Difficulties That Give Them the Greatest and Most Frequent Annoyance.

Three common incidents of everyday life worry men without arms more than many of the graver questions of existence. In the first place, the armless man seldom finds anyone who can put his hat on so that it feels comfortable, scarcely no one is able to adjust his glasses to his own satisfaction, if he wears glasses, and, lastly, he experiences great difficulty in getting his shoes laced in such a way that his nerves are not set going, says the Chicago Tribune.

"They're small things to complain about," said one armless man, "but they worry me more than even the fact that I have no arms. My wife has made a careful and conscientious study of my peculiarities with reference to my hat, my glasses and the lacing of my shoes, yet even she does not give satisfaction, and as for strangers, they are simply unbearable.

"When my hat is set on my head it never seems to touch the right spot. It is either too far down over my eyes or too far back, or else, if the position happens to be somewhere near correct, the hat sets too lightly or is pushed down on to my ears. I always wear a 'stiff' hat, so I can butt my head against the wall and adjust my top piece to my own satisfaction.

"My glasses cause me even more worry than my hat. I've tried all kinds and styles with the same result. I'm now wearing old-fashioned spectacles, so I can by rubbing the bridge against the sharp corner of a door or the bottom of a table adjust them at least half way correctly.

"My strangest trouble is with my shoes, and they cause me the most worry because I have not yet been able to remedy the annoyance caused by them. My wife usually laces them in the morning, and frequently she is compelled to make two or three trials before she gets them properly drawn together. If they are a bit too tight or a bit too loose they set my nerves on edge and make my life miserable. I don't know whether I'm a crank or not. Sometimes I think I am, but of this much I am sure—I can't help it."

Tastes of the Otter.

The otter, as is well-known, will eat none but the choicest portions of the fish it catches; and will, for preference, select even those choice portions from the plumpest and best-tasting varieties. It is this trait in its character which leads it to play such havoc in trout streams and other preserved waters. In order to provide for itself a meal of perhaps two or three dozen mouthfuls, the otter will not infrequently catch and kill nearly as many fine fish, contenting itself with a small portion from the back of each victim immediately behind the gills. When an otter kills a moorhen—which is not seldom when these birds abound near its habitat—it devours the neck only, leaving the body intact, and devoid of every drop of blood.—Nature.

The World's Smallest Horses.

According to the theory of a well-known horse breeder, the conditions that would produce the smallest race of horses are a mountainous country in a very hot climate. One of the most experienced horse breeders of New England describes a race of horses which he says he discovered had been existing for many years on a high plateau in the island of Hayti, and tells his experiences in capturing and transporting them to his home farm in Rhode Island.—Leslie's Monthly.

Getting Even.

Miss Passe was distressed by the hint as to her age.

"Yes," she said to Miss Pert, concealing her annoyance, "I am old enough to remember you as a baby. You were such a pretty, sweet, innocent little thing—then."—Chicago Post.

The Limit.

Some men are so stingy they won't even give advice.—Chicago Daily News.

PUZZLE PICTURE.

"LILLIAN AND I WENT BOATING LAST EVENING."
WHERE IS LILLIAN?

BIG GAME IN MEXICO.

Hunters Find Antelope, Wild Boars, Mountain Lions, Wild Dogs and Wild Burros.

A civil engineer recently returned from the hacienda of Jimulco in Coahuila, an immense property containing over 2,000 square kilometers, tells some stirring tales of shooting wild game. Antelope abound, but great care is necessary in approaching these wily creatures, owing to their habit of always placing one or two on guard while the rest of the herd is feeding. The sentinels, faithful to their duty, remain with head erect, peering and sniffing to the four points of the compass and give a swift alarm the moment an enemy appears in sight.

Not long since, a party of young men were hunting the javali, or wild hog, relates the Mexican Herald, and, coming up with a number, one of the hunters succeeded in killing one and dismounted to secure it. As he approached his prey a dozen or more javali that were hiding in the tall grass attacked him ferociously, and one fastened his tusks in the hunter's heel, hanging on like grim death. The others came to their campanion's assistance and the brute was killed, but the tusks were sunk so deep into the heel that the hog's jaws had to be pried apart with a gun barrel before the man was freed. Strange as it may seem, the wound closed quickly and with no serious results.

On this same hacienda are both wild dogs and wild burros, the latter being remarkably swift and hard to take. The dogs are said to be large and very savage, with ugly countenances and extremely long, coarse hair. Some time ago a pup was caught and tamed, developing into a fine watch dog, but though every effort has been made to secure a mate for him it has not been possible.

It is not generally realized that the mountain lions of Mexico will attack a man, but several recent encounters show them to be as dangerous for men as for beasts. One of the mozos in a recent hunting party had but one hand, the stump of his left arm bearing witness to a terrible struggle with a lion he had shot and then approached, thinking the brute was dead. A gentleman who has hunted in the state of Sonora tells of a certain spring where two men have been killed by lions while camping there for the night. These brutes follow a man for miles, like the panther, lured on by the human scent and hopes of finding an opportunity to spring on the traveler. A mountain lion was recently killed in Michoacan that measured three meters from tip to tip.

Mexico possesses many intrepid hunters, especially among military men, but their deeds of prowess are rarely related, this being rather foreign to the Mexican character, which does not lend itself to anything approaching boastfulness. The writer knows of an ardent sportsman, a general, who had one room entirely adorned with firearms and furnished with trophies of the chase. The furniture was covered with skins, the feet of the chairs being of deers' horns. The arms, dating from the conquest to the present time, were valued at over $20,000. So far did this general carry his fad for shooting implements that he had a cigarette case made in the shape of a pistol, and, in offering his guests "cigarros" pulled a real trigger and shot the tobacco missiles in their direction.

LONGEVITY AND HABITS.

Influence of the Mode of Living Upon the Duration of Human Existence.

Those who live to an extreme old age are probably the result of a long series of selected lives, further fortified by exemplary personal habits, like the Jews, who, for 2,000 years, have been compelled to live in crowded quarters of cities, with a minimum of air and light, until nature's selective processes, together with their rigid adherence to the admirable sanitary code of Moses, have produced a stock that can endure almost anything with little apparent injury, writes Dr. Roger S. Tracy, in Century. The Ghetto in Rome was the healthiest quarter of the city, and at the present day the Jewish quarter of New York, the most crowded and, until recently, the dirtiest part of the town, has the lowest death rate. Persons with such constitutions being, in a large measure, proof against morbific influences, are generally injured only by their own excesses, and it will be found, as a rule, that centenarians have been persons of this class, who have seldom been ill in their lives, who have had the contagious diseases of childhood lightly, if at all, who have always been temperate in all things, light eaters and drinkers, slow to wrath, able to control their passions and emotions, and usually leading a placid, uneventful life. Such conditions can be brought about by sanitary laws only as a result of long-continued teaching and pressure extending over many generations, and may not be perceptible in the race for a hundred years to come. Our first parents were driven from the Garden of Eden for fear they would become immortal, and their descendants have lost so much ground that only one out of millions is able to reach the physiological limit of life, which certainly should be 100 years, and possibly 120.

Sweet Sympathy.

Mrs. Youngwed—Yes, Mr. Youngwed didn't feel at all well this morning, so I just made him stay home from the office.

Mrs. Naybor—Indeed! I notice all your carpets are up, and your back shed's painted, and—

"Yes, I got Mr. Youngwed to do all that while he was home to-day."—Philadelphia Press.

Good Points in American Women

By WU TING FANG,
Chinese Ambassador to the United States.

Should I attempt to enumerate all the good points of American women I should have to go through all the long list of items that make women of every land adorable. But the American woman has some special good points which are not to be found so generally in other lands.

Let me begin with their SELF-RELIANCE. I find it manifested everywhere; in the home, on the street, on the railway trains. Wherever you meet her the American woman appears perfectly able to take care of herself.

Their QUICKNESS AT COMPREHENDING, the readiness with which they grasp a subject of conversation, is another of their good points. They have a sense of perception that is both remarkable and decidedly pleasing.

American women are busy women; THEY DO SOMETHING. Such a thing as ennui is almost unknown among them, and this is another of their many commendable traits.

Far from least among their good points is their desire and ABILITY TO LOOK WELL. They dress becomingly and attractively.

THEIR SINCERITY AND STRIGHTFORWARDNESS may be given a prominent place among their good points. They go at everything they attempt with a sincerity that is a guarantee of success.

But above all the AMERICAN WOMEN ARE INTERESTING. They are interesting because of the qualities which I have enumerated and many others which they possess. They are well posted, good conversationalists, bright and witty. They will talk politics, discuss the new novels and magazines, talk knowingly of the news of the day from all parts of the world, and are seldom, if ever stupid.

From a western standpoint, the American woman is perfection, or as near that as it seems possible to get.