

# The St. Tammany Farmer

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## FAITH, HOPE, TRUST.

We know not where, and yet through  
faith we trust  
That, when we leave this world of care  
behind,  
Somewhere, beyond, a better, fairer land  
We shall behold, and in its beauty find  
A compensation for the ill and strife  
That have beset us in this mortal life.

We feel assured that this is not our  
home;  
That we are pilgrims, journeying where  
The thorns that in our pathway here  
are bound  
Are all unknown, that we shall rest up  
there,  
Immortal, in the life we shall begin  
With aspirations clouded not with sin.

This hope buoy up the weary, fainting  
heart,  
And from it takes away each sting and  
pain,  
And courage gives to think, and act, and  
do,  
Believing that at last we shall attain  
To heights from which we each may look  
and see  
And gather in the joys for us to be.

Eye hath not seen, and yet at times the  
ear  
Seems to detect some note as from afar  
Of softest music, as we oft have heard  
From out some door left open or ajar,  
Which for the moment turns our  
thoughts away  
To other lands, to which our hopes would  
stray.

And yet we know not where this land  
may be,  
For faith is weak, though sense of  
waiting  
We wait the lifting of the veil which  
hides  
This goodly land, which unto us e'er  
long  
Shall be revealed, our waking there be-  
hold  
Fruition of the hopes the heart foretold.  
—J. M. Thompson, in Boston Budget.

## The Undoing of Mary Lizzie.

By Rebecca M. Sampson.

A GREAT event had befallen Mary Lizzie. One of her poems had been published. A neighbor's baby had died suddenly, and Mary Lizzie in a spasm of sympathy had been moved to write a poem that was published in the local paper, under the title "In Memoriam."

"Mary Lizzie! Don't you touch them dishes!" cried her mother, the morning after the poem had appeared, when Mary Lizzie, in working apron and sleeves rolled up above her elbows, started as usual, to clear up.

"You let them dishes alone!" continued the mother commandingly.

"No one in town shall ever get the chance to say, after what's happened, that I kept you grubbing at housework instead of letting you exercise your talents. You go up to your room this minute and set right to work to make poetry."

"But, ma!" Mary Lizzie protested, with a wistful glance toward the stack of unwashed breakfast dishes, "how ever are you going to manage without me to help, and with the baby teething?"

"I don't know and I don't care!" snapped Mrs. Walters, whose loud voice and excitable manner gave her a reputation for temper she was far from possessing. "I only know that I'm not going to be the one to blight your prospects as a poetry-writer. Now that you've got yourself into print you'll have the editors all over the country running after you to contribute. You ain't got no right to throw away such chances. Has she, pa?"

This appeal was addressed to her mild farmer-husband, who had come in for farm to mix with a horse liniment.

"You oughtn't to throw away chances, Mary Lizzie," the father said, in a weary voice, as he hurriedly wiped the dishes in the kitchen.

This opinion from her father settled the question for Mary Lizzie. She pulled down her sleeves, took off her gingham apron and went meekly upstairs.

There was no dessert for dinner that day, no pie for supper either; and at breakfast next morning, the usual standby of hot cakes was missing.

On the fourth day of this sort of thing, the long-suffering father ventured a plaintive: "Ain't we never going to have hot cakes?"

"I'd like to know what time you think I've got to make such things!" fired up the excitable mother.

I thought Mary Lizzie did the baking," said the father.

"Do you think I'd allow Mary Lizzie to get herself all het up first thing in the morning, now that she's got her poetry-writing to do?" asked the mother, with offended emphasis.

"I wish Mary Lizzie would quit writing that fool stuff!" the father retorted with unusual spirit.

"Pa! What a deserve to have a child with Mary Lizzie's talents!" gasped the astonished and indignant mother, in tones that speedily sent the father on business to the barn.

Poor Mary Lizzie! Day after day she sat in that stuffy little room and gnawed good pencils to shreds and spoiled good paper with stuff which even she, unhappy child, knew to be only nonsense.

"It's no use! ma! I can't write! I wish you'd let me go back to house-keeping!" she entreated her mother, after a fortnight of the infliction.

"You ought to be ashamed of your poetry-writing!" retorted the obdurate mother, in a heat of indignation.

Mary Lizzie crept back to the suffocating attic room. "I hate poetry! I hate writing!" she cried, flinging pencil and paper away in a passion of resentful tears. "I wasn't born to be anything but a housekeeper. I'd have never thought of writing poetry if I hadn't felt so sorry about that dear little baby dying. That's how I came to write in Memoriam. I don't believe I could do it again if I tried for a lifetime. I don't want to go to the attic room any more."

"Ma," with her apron over her head and her rocker tipped back against the wall, was filling the place

with frying doughnuts for the boys than making the grandest poetry that ever was written. It's a cruel shame of ma to keep me shut up here doing a thing I despise."

And now another burden was added to poor Mary Lizzie's weight of woe. Plum time was drawing near. With wistful eyes and longing heart the miserable girl watched from her window the luscious fruit slowly ripen, and thought lovingly of their preserving in the way her father preferred.

"It would never do to let ma touch them," said Mary Lizzie to herself. "Ma would just dump them into the kettle—leaves, stems and all—and chance it with the sugaring and the stewing. I just can't bear to have anybody touch those plums but myself."

She mentioned the matter to her mother in her timid way, only to be rebuffed by a frown. "Don't you bother your head about those plums, Mary Lizzie! I'm not going to have your career as a poetry-writer blighted for all the plums in Christendom! If I can't find time to do them myself, I'll trade them off at the store for goods."

Trade off those precious plums that her father loved, for kerosene, and bars of soap, and maybe store jam! The thought sent poor Mary Lizzie back to her miserable task of poetry writing, choking with tears.

"Oh, let me give it up, ma! I can't write poetry!" wearily sighed Mary Lizzie in reply to her mother's continual question of, "How are you getting on with your poetry-writing, Mary Lizzie?"

"It's the heat," said the mother finally, when August closed with nothing to show for Mary Lizzie's seclusion, except that the girl daily looked more wilted and hopeless.

"As soon as this hot spell is over you'll smarten right enough."

"It's the noise," said the kindly old minister, who, during a parochial call on the Walters family, had been obliged to sit on a stool above the din of the baby pounding on a metal tray with a tin spoon, and the boisterous shouts of two small boys running races over the uncarpeted floor of the passage-way.

"I've been thinking of what the minister said about your needing quiet," was the mother's greeting, when Mary Lizzie appeared in the kitchen next morning, "so I've had your pen clean out the old summer house. It's dry as tinder this weather and there's no fear of anybody disturbing you out there."

So after breakfast Mary Lizzie, with her mother's help, was installed in the ramshackle old pavilion that stood between the orchard and the hayfield. Close at hand was the barnyard where pa was burning a heap of stubble.

As soon as her mother had gone Mary Lizzie set herself bravely to work, as she had been doing all summer, to make "Oh, murmuring brooks! Oh, warbling birds!" rhyme according to the rules of poetry.

"I can't do it! I can't think of anything but those plums!" wailed poor Mary Lizzie, letting the pencil drop from her weary fingers. "In another week they'll be too ripe to preserve, and ma will be sure to trade them for store goods. Oh, why did that little baby die! Why did I ever write that in Memoriam!" And dropping her head upon the table, Mary Lizzie sobbed out the aching of her troubled heart.

"Oh, Mary Lizzie!" called an agitated voice. And into the summer house burst Mary Lizzie's mother, who was panting in one excited breath.

"Here's your Grandma Walters gone and sealed her foot putting up the plums I sent her last week, and she's had to take to her bed with the stuff boiling itself all over the place, and your Aunt Elmira gone to town for the day, and between the pain in her foot and fear of losing the plums, your Grandma Walters is working herself into a fever, so your Uncle Silas has driven over to fetch you to finish the preserving. It's dreadful, Mary Lizzie, to take you away from your poetry-writing, but I can't go myself with the baby sick and that great stack of ironing to finish."

"Oh, I'll go, ma!" Mary Lizzie exclaimed, jumping up with an alacrity she hadn't shown for many a day.

"I'll be glad to help Grandma Walters. The change of her place will do me a world of good."

"Good-by, Mary Lizzie!" called her father, waving his rake to the smiling figure seated by Uncle Silas' side, as the wagon drove past the barnyard gate. "I'd have come to see you off, but I don't leave this fire. Everything's so pesky dry this weather."

Mary Lizzie drove back with her uncle in the cool of that same afternoon. That one day of the dear, familiar, delightful work she loved had wonderfully refreshed and strengthened her, and the homely face under the little round hat was shining with the light of a great resolution.

"I am going to do those plums!" Mary Lizzie was saying to herself, with an emphasis that would have surprised her best friends. "They shall never be traded off for store goods and pa shall not be cheated out of his favorite jam. I'll go back to my poetry-writing afterward if ma insists, but I shall start right in tomorrow morning to do those plums, whatever ma says."

"I smell fire," said Uncle Silas, suspiciously sniffing the air as they rattled past the orchard where the plum trees grew.

"Pa's been burning stubble," Mary Lizzie replied.

"I smell something stronger'n stubble," Uncle Silas drawled, as he turned through the farm gates to toward the house.

Pa was advancing rapidly down the inside road. Mary Lizzie noticed as he lifted her from the wagon, that his face was pale and his lips trembled.

"Anything wrong with ma?" asked Mary Lizzie with sudden alarm.

"Oh, your ma's all right, I reckon," the father answered in a spiritless way. "But she's got something to tell you. She's waiting for you in the kitchen."

"Ma," with her apron over her head and her rocker tipped back against the wall, was filling the place

with dismal wailing, but in answer to her husband's husky "Here's Mary Lizzie, ma!" she let her chair drop forward with a thud, and pulling her apron from her tear-stained face, she reached her arms toward her daughter, with a moaning.

"Oh, Mary Lizzie! Oh, my poor child! You're undone! You're undone! All your beautiful poetry-writing is gone! There's not a shred of anything left to show for your wonderful talents! Oh, Mary Lizzie, how can you ever forgive your wretched mother!"

"What's happened? I don't understand," Mary Lizzie gaped stupidly.

"The summerhouse took fire just after you'd gone this morning," replied the mother gulping down her sobs with a resolute sniff. "A spark flew from the heap of pa was burning and landed square on the roof of the summerhouse, and before your pa had a chance to turn round the whole thing was blazing."

"The moment I saw the flames I knew what had happened," "ma" continued, brightening considerably in the excitement of relating the episode. "I had a pan of hot fat on the stove, but I stopped for nothing—not even to take the baby—but just ran for my life to save your poetry-writing. And then you should see in the direction but your pa said, 'Where are you running to, pa?' says I. 'To save Mary Lizzie's poetry-writing,' says he. And with that I dashed back to the house to see to the boiling fat and the baby."

"And when I saw your ma a-running fit to kill herself,—here interrupted meek little pa, who was actually stammering in his excitement—'says I. 'Where are you running to, ma?' To save Mary Lizzie's poetry-writing," says she. And with that she hurried back on all fours to the barn and the live stock for I knew no moral power could save that summerhouse."

"And that's how all your beautiful poetry-writing came to get burned up, Mary Lizzie," added the mother, beginning to cry again.

"I don't care so much for myself," the poor woman continued, as she wiped the tears from her streaming eyes. "After the hard pull I've had this summer I don't know as I set so much stock on your being a poetry-writer as I did. But it's blow to you, Mary Lizzie, to know that your career as a poetry-writer is blighted forever. For I don't suppose you could ever write all those grand things over again, no matter how hard you tried. And now you've got to go back to your sweeping, and cooking, and preserving and housekeeping, just like any ordinary girl. That's what's breaking my heart, Mary Lizzie. And it's all my fault. I should have saved your poetry-writing in spite of everything. Oh, Mary Lizzie! To think of your own mother being the cause of your undoing!"

"The poor child was that stunned," said Mrs. Walters, when relating the story later to a sympathetic neighbor, "that she couldn't speak, but just walked out of the room dazed-like, and went to bed. And the next morning there she was up at daylight, preserving plums and singing about the place as chirky as though nothing had happened. I must say that if my Mary Lizzie did miss being a poetry-writer, she's a girl of fine character, and I'm mighty proud of her all the same."—Farm and Home.

## WIDOW WOES HER SON.

Buxom Berliner Advertiser for a Husband and There is a Majestic Surprise.

In Berlin, as in all other cities, there are buxom young widows, and one of them recently decided that it was time for her to marry again, and therefore she advertised for a husband, reports the New York Herald of recent date.

She received several replies, and after carefully studying them she selected one which purported to come from a prosperous country merchant, and wrote to him, saying that she would be pleased to meet him at the railroad station in the Friedrichstrasse at a certain hour.

Then she gave a brief but flattering description of herself and concluded by saying that he could easily find her at the railroad station, for she would have in her hand a bunch of red roses, and she suggested that he wear a few violets in his buttonhole.

At the appointed time she went to the station, and, sure enough, among the men there was one who wore a few violets in his buttonhole. He recognized the widow at once, and yet he did not approach her. She, too, recognized him, and was ashamed that she and he should meet in this fashion.

The simple reason was because she discovered too late that she had made an appointment with her own son, a lad of eighteen years.

"Satan Leading On."

Elliott Danforth, politician, lawyer and society man, tells a good story on himself. Mr. Danforth, who has long been in the public eye, has a summer home at Bainbridge, Chenango county, where he is very popular. Recently there was a Sunday school festival and Mr. Danforth was prevailed upon to accept the post of grand marshal. He attired himself in blue, borrowed a chaparral, scarlet sash and spurs, and engaged the most spirited horse in the village.

More than 2,000 children were in the parade, and Mr. Danforth, prouder than Lucifer, rode at the head, bowing and smiling to hundreds. As the grove was neared the musical director ordered the children to sing "Hold the Fort." Mr. Danforth enjoyed it at the outset, but when the second verse began he blanched. The lines in that are:

"See the mighty host advancing,  
Satan leading on."  
"Stop!" shouted Danforth, and, calling an aid, he said:

"Take my place; I'll go down the line to see what's doing."—N. Y. Times.

Nerve.

Summer Girl—The man I marry must be handsome and clever.

Summer Man—How fortunate we have met.—Detroit Free Press.

## FOR SMOKING CONCERTS.

Many Thousands of Cheap Pipes Are Sold by the Dozen in Autumn and Winter.

"Now is about the time," said a dealer in smokers' supplies, "according to a Chicago paper, 'when the trade in pipes for smoking concerts begins.'"

"Every year in this season there are sold many thousands of pipes for such uses to clubs and other organizations that may give one or more smokers in the course of the autumn and winter. At a smoker they may have for entertainment a concert, or vaudeville, or a monologue artist, or perhaps an entertainer skilled in egerdomain, but whatever the entertainment in that way may be, all the members of the club smoke."

"The number of pipes sold for such entertainments varies, of course, but committees always seek to provide enough, so that everybody may have his pipe. Commonly the number of pipes sold for a smoking concert would range between 100 and 500, though at some such entertainments a much greater number have been used."

"The cost of the pipe? Not so much as you would imagine.

"I bought in quantities they are, of course, sold for much less than would be charged for single pipes at retail. Thus a committee would find corncob pipes that could be bought for \$2 a gross, and from that the prices paid for the pipes for smokers would run up to about \$15 a hundred.

"Sometimes pipes even more costly are used, but not often. As a matter of fact, you can find within that range of prices a great variety, including pipes of very good style and quality."

"What sort of pipes do people mostly buy for smoking concerts? They buy all sorts, except that most commonly they buy only a single kind for one entertainment."

"Sometimes, indeed, they do buy assorted pipes, but more often it is, on any one occasion, all corncob, or all church warden, the long-stemmed elays, or all wood pipes with weighted stems, and so on.

"What becomes of all these hundreds and thousands of pipes after they have once been used? All carried off from the smoker as souvenirs. That is one reason the club is likely to provide different kinds of pipes at its several smokers. The member or guest attending smokers may thus gather in the course of a season a variety of pipes which, it may be, he smokes, or may preserve as trophies."

The Professor.

"I think the biggest contract I ever took," remarked the doctor, "was to treat a fat man in a dime museum for snake bite. He weighed 500 pounds, but I literally snatched him from the jaws of death."

"Maybe you didn't do it at all," suggested the professor. "Maybe death found it had bitten off more than it could chew."—Chicago Tribune.

Only One Sister.

A lady once asked a little girl of five if she had any brothers.

"Yes," said the child, "I have three brothers."

"And how many sisters, my dear?" asked the lady.

"Just one sister, and I'm it," replied the small girl.—Des Moines Register and Leader.

## FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The butcher's occupation is no longer regarded in Germany as particularly remunerative.

The longest strike of recent times was that of the Sunderland engineers, which lasted two and a half years—from 1883-1885.

Jacques Balzac, a guide, was the first man to climb Mont Blanc. He climbed it in 1786, and by so doing won the prize offered by Horace de Saussure.

One thousand pounds has been paid for the drinking-glass used by the late empress of Austria, while taking the waters at Langen-Schwalbach, near Wiesbaden.

The tenor bell of the parish church at Fasburgh, near Norwich, England, which was cracked during the earthquake following the battle of Waterloo, was left untouched until quite recently, when it was recast and increased in weight.

Poachers in the Ardennes are ingenious. One had the heels of his boots fixed under his toes, so that his tracks appeared to be going in an opposite direction. Hares and other game are sent to Brussels in firkins of butter, so that the scent shall not betray them.

In British India there have been during the past 30 or 40 years quite a number of Englishmen who, yielding to some monomania, have adopted the role of fakir and have ended their days as hermits, subjecting themselves to all those dreadful forms of asceticism and of penance practiced by the Indian dervishes.

At the port of Dover the inward volume of trade during the last 12 months has been nearly £10,000,000 sterling, or a million and a half increase on the previous year. Heavy items are: Woollen manufactures, £3,026,620; silk manufactures, £1,401,507; French lace, £1,385,035; Swiss and Continental watches and parts thereof. £1,179,018; champagne, £210,170.

## ROBINS SPOILED THE TENNIS.

Yarn Used to Mark Off Grounds Carried Off by the Busy Red Breasts.

Wishing to hastily improvise a tennis court on the lawn, and having no whitewash with which to mark it out, a Mount Airy family the other day hit upon a novel expedient which was followed by rather curious results, says the Philadelphia Record.

A lot of white heavy woolen yarn was procured, and this was fastened down by driving hairpins into the earth. This answered the purpose, and the game proceeded. When the players returned to the lawn after lunch they discovered that the yarn had been pulled up and was wound around the trees like cobwebs. The mischievous boys of the neighborhood were blamed, but more yarn was forthcoming, and the damage was repaired. After several sets had been played the players adjourned to the porch, and presently several robins appeared on the court. The birds at once began to pull up the hairpins, and then each, with an end of yarn in its mouth, began flying gayly among the trees. In a short time they had completed their second destruction of the court and flew away again. "I wouldn't have believed it had I not seen it with my own eyes," said one of the spectators.

## HINTS TO THE DYSPPEPTIC.

How the Sufferer from This Malady May Obtain Relief and Better His Condition.

Only those who have suffered some of the pangs of dyspepsia can fully realize its effects. It makes one melancholy, irritable, "cranky," sallow and faded, to say nothing of the actual suffering, says American Queen.

Insipient or mild cases are often eased by simple home measures, but severe cases need medical treatment and generally specific dieting. It is impossible to lay down general rules that will apply to all patients, and each one must use her own intelligence as to what she may safely eat. In the first place, all solid food that is eaten must be thoroughly chewed, but it does not necessarily follow that the softer the food the better for the digestion; indeed, the organs cannot grow strong if they never have any work to do.

Large quantities of fluid are not to be taken with or immediately after food. If tea or other beverage is indulged in it should be taken in sips and not used to wash down un-masticated food.

Many dyspeptics obtain much relief by drinking a cup of hot water with or without the juice of half a lemon (no sugar) the first thing in the morning and again half an hour before each meal; others are helped by taking a teaspoonful of pure glycerine after each meal, and for some cases, when the stomach is very much weakened, it is well to rest it entirely for a period and subsist entirely on pure milk.

More people die from eating too much than too little. The digestive system should always be given time to dispose of one meal before another is crowded upon it. From four to six hours should elapse between hearty meals, and it seems superfluous to add that nibbling between meals should never be indulged in. However, young children and invalids, who cannot eat much at one time to last them more than three or four hours, should have their meals at briefer intervals.

The best general advice that can be given is for each reader to find out for herself by careful personal observation what foods do not agree with her and then let them alone. Eat enough of what does agree with you to repair any natural waste of the system, but never eat to satiety or until you cannot swallow another mouthful.

## GOOD RULES FOR VISITING.

If Carefully Observed Will Conduce Greatly to the Happiness and Comfort of All.

Do not stay too long. It is much to break into the life of any family even for a few days. Pay no attention to urgings to stay longer, however sincere they seem. Set a time to go when you arrive and stick to it.

Conform absolutely to the household arrangements, especially as to times of rising, going to meals and retiring. Be ready in ample time for all drives or other excursions, advises the Washington Star.

Curry with you all needed toilet supplies, that you may not be obliged to mortify your hosts by pointing out possible deficiencies in the guest room, such as a clothes brush, the article most commonly lacking.

Enter heartily into all their plans for entertaining you, but make it plain that you do not care to be entertained all the time or to have every minute filled with amusement.

Be ready to suggest little plans for pleasure when you see your hostess at a loss to entertain you. Try how well you can entertain her for a change. Turn about in fair play in visiting as well as in everything else.

Be pleased with all things.

Your high spirits and evident enjoyment are the only thanks your hostess wants.

Take some work with you, so that when your hostess has to work you may keep her in countenance by working also. More good times are to be had over work than over play away.

Do not argue or discuss debatable matters. Few things leave a worse taste in the mouth.

Offer to pay the little incidental expenses that will be covered now and then by your visit, but merely offer; do not insist upon it, which would be very rude.

The Spatula Knife.

The housekeeper who has not among her kitchen utensils a spatula knife does not, in slang parlance, "know what she is missing." The spatula comes in handy in so many different ways and so many different times it is a wonder that more women do not possess it. It can be used to spread icing and to slip down the side of a cake to get it out of the pan. It saves a great deal of the cake or bread dough that ordinarily goes to waste by clinging to the sides of the pan, it can be used for scraping pots and pans and, in short, is the only thing for so many different occasions that it should be one of the indispensables of the kitchen. The knife is like a druggist's knife and can be bought as low as 15 cents.—Chicago Post.

Baked Mushrooms.

Peel and remove the stems from some large, perfect, cup-shaped mushrooms. Lay them in a baking pan close together, without crowding, so that they will remain upright. Fill the cups with chopped mushrooms seasoned with pepper and salt and mixed with melted butter. Take up when done on slices of soft, thin buttered toast, and serve in this way, or pour a little cream over them when serving.—Boston Budget.

Apple Muffins.

Sift together one pint flour, two teaspoons cream of tartar, one teaspoon soda (or three teaspoons baking powder), one-half teaspoon salt, one tablespoon sugar. Add one tablespoon butter, melted, one beaten egg and one cup milk. For variety use a little less milk and one cup chopped apples. Mix thoroughly and bake quickly.—Boston Globe.

He Wishes She Would.

Brown—Poor Enspeck's wife leads him an awful life. She's constantly quarreling with him.

Green—And does she lose her temper?

"No, indeed! She keeps it, and uses it over and over again."—Stray Stories.

## GREAT WATER LILIES.

Beautiful Water Plants in Baltimore Parks That Are Four Feet Across on the Surface.

At the beginning of autumn nature is at her best. There is a wealth of foliage on the trees and all plants have attained their mature fullness. It is now that Baltimore's parks are especially resplendent, while their unique features are displaying their phases of individuality, says the Baltimore Sun of recent date.

One such spot of especial beauty is in Clifton park. The view from the driveway along where the old-time hothouse used to stand, and where the late John Hopkins used to raise black Hamburg and other rare kinds of hothouse grapes, is charming. The place was probably no counterpart in any other public park in this country.

The scene embraces the gardener's cottage, nesting in one corner. Ampelopsis Veitchii, or Boston ivy, as it is sometimes called, fairly embowers the cottage. For a background there are tall pyramidal cypress and magnolia trees to give prominence to the Gothic house.

The old pear orchard, laid off in squares or blocks, divided by box-wood-bordered gravelled walks, lives only in memory now. Superintendent Plitton has at last got rid of all the gnarled old pear trees. The bordered walks are retained, and the space formerly occupied by the trees is now the home of various shrubs, roses, geraniums and other flowers, growing in garden styles—that is, in a sense, an educational picture for visitors.

Such excellent specimens show the results of careful cultivation. There is also here a thrifty nursery of deciduous and evergreen trees, mainly of the dwarf varieties—many of which later will add grace and beauty to Clifton and other parks.

The view is a most excellent counterpart of some old-time English garden, and the glimpses above the treetops of the tower on the old mansion of John Hopkins enhances the comparison.

The latest addition Superintendent Plitton has made and, judging from the great interest visitors are already taking in it—one that is destined to become immensely popular—is a series of square or oblong ponds for growing aquatic plants. Though this is the first season, great success has been attained with the lilies.

The Victoria Regia lily, with its large round leaves—some of which measure four feet across—is a great attraction. It has had several blooms, which generally come out at night and only last for a day or so.

The Dentata is the largest and best of the whites, and is also a night-blooming variety. The flowers are large, the buds well pointed on strong stalks, and they open horizontally. The leaves are deep green, with serrated edges. It is a native of Sierra Leone. The other varieties are O'Marana Zanibarensis, of a deep, rich blue; Azures and Rosas and Pygmaea. The last-named the smallest water lily in cultivation. All of these are tropical varieties except Pygmaea, which is from China.

They are all treated as annuals and are raised from seed sown under glass in February and planted in ponds after the water becomes of the proper temperature from the sun's heat, which is near the latter part of June. The present season it was necessarily later. Mr. Plitton said, owing to the abnormally cool nights during June. He says it is possible to keep the roots of exotics, or more properly, tropical sympathies, through the winter in the green-houses, but not the Victoria Regia. This variety forms neither bulbs nor rhizomes and cannot, therefore, be conveniently taken up and stored for during winter.

## WAS A CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY.

An Illustrative Instance of the Drawbacks to Government Control of Telegraph.

One of the dangers of the telephone where the service is in the hands of the government has been curiously illustrated in Germany. An association, of which a well-known German "captain of industry" is a member, recently found it necessary to ask him by telegraph if he was satisfied with a certain resolution passed by the society, says the New York Evening Post. The telegram was forwarded to Cologne by means of the telephone, and on its way the word resolution became revolution.

This was enough to make the operators at the Cologne central turn over the dispatch to the secret police. With their customary wisdom, the latter saw in the message plain proof of a widespread anarchistic conspiracy to overturn the government, particularly as it was signed by an organized body. Forthwith two detectives rushed to the hotel and arrested the captain of industry on sight.

Since the latter's name is known throughout Germany, he found it easy to prove his innocence and to explain the message. But what would have become of him had he been a foreigner or an inconspicuous person from a far-off village is something about which the knowing prefer to remain silent and look wise.

## Skill in Handling Currency.

The most expert handlers of currency in the country are located in this city. They are employed by the large banks and in the government service, counting hundreds of millions of dollars a year. The more skillful ones are so expert that they can detect a counterfeit without examining the note itself. This is done through the sense of feeling, it being virtually impossible for criminals to imitate the genuineness in respect to smoothness, elasticity and general finish.—N. Y. Post.

He Wishes She Would.

Brown—Poor Enspeck's wife leads him an awful life. She's constantly quarreling with him.

Green—And does she lose her temper?

"No, indeed! She keeps it, and uses it over and over again."—Stray Stories.

## Power of the Country Press

By HENRY O. SHEPARD,  
Publisher of the Inland Printer.

There is more power in the country press today than at any period in its history. Its influence upon the affairs of men is as direct and as sharply defined as are the blows from the hammer of a sturdy blacksmith upon the hot iron on his anvil.

From time to time we hear the cynic's sneer that the power of the press has become a tradition only and that men are no longer moved by the editorial pen. For an answer to this idle charge I reply: Ask the politicians—the defeated politicians, if you please.

These men, if they speak the truth, will tell you that never before was there a time when the country press was so ready to denounce the enemies of the public good, or a time when the editorial lash cut deeper than to-day.

There are two clear reasons for this condition. The men who edit the country newspapers are better equipped for their work than ever before, both in point of general education and in technical training. Then, too, the fact that the country newspapers have become productive properties, paying good dividends on investment, has called to their proprietorship a more able and responsible class of men, has wrought a great change in this field.

Time was when the "tramp printer" could start a local paper "on the head of a barrel" and assume to "mold public opinion" on an empty stomach. Now this itinerant occupant of the local "sanctum" has become a reminiscence—crowded out by the young men from the high schools and colleges, typical Americans in the best sense of the term. They are a part of the people; they belong to the communities which they serve, and they hold their calling in the high esteem which it deserves.

Perhaps there has been something of a change in the editorial attitude since the days when the public highway was numerously trod by the feet of the tramp printer. Perhaps the modern country editor does not speak so much with the voice of the oracle, or deliver his utterances from so lofty a pedestal; perhaps he appeals more with quiet argument directed to carry conviction to his peers than in the old days. But it is certain that this change in the editorial tone has enhanced the weight of his influence.

The country editor fosters local industries, he sifts local politics, he encourages local schools, he stimulates the social and civic life of his community and upholds the forces of religion, of education, of philanthropy and of public-spiritedness that are at work among the people of whose interests he is, in a peculiar sense, the natural guardian.

Because the community editor of to-day is more intelligent, more cultured, more a part of the people, more a thorough business man than in the old days; because he has better mechanical facilities, better equipment in every way, his influence is to-day greater than ever before.

Henry O. Shepard