

The St. Tammany Farmer

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"FOR ALL THINGS."

For life and love, for work and play,
For a child's glad laugh and a sunny day,
We praise Thee, O God,
For the joys we know and the tears we weep,
For the pain that will not let us sleep,
We praise Thee, O God.
For sweet June days and friendships fair,
For black December's chilling air,
We praise Thee, O God,
For youth and the rich, rare days of youth,
For truth and the lasting trust of truth,
We praise Thee, O God.
For joy and sorrow, gain and loss,
For the crown beyond and the daily cross,
We praise Thee, O God,
For the babe's first kiss and the passing breath,
For death in life—for the life in death,
We praise Thee, O God.
For all things work for our perfect good—
Yes, all that we have not understood;
And the drops of life are as life's red wine,
If they but show us the Life Divine,
So we dare not choose and we will not care,
But now or then, or here or there,
We'll trust Thee always and everywhere,
And praise Thee, O God,
—Genevieve Hale Whitlock, in Silver Cross.

An Anonymous Letter.

By S. Rhett Roman.

It was getting on toward five o'clock. The work had been especially trying all that day because of interruption and a rush of outside matters, and on account of the extra, which had to be gotten out concerning the strike.

To the credit of the management, this extra had been rushed through the press, and was on the street exactly 30 minutes after the last conference, everything having been prepared to announce "Strike or Off" or "Strike to be continued," according to the circumstances.

The Evening Chronicle was a progressive, clever sheet, and the editor knew a good thing when he saw it. It had only taken him five minutes to make up his mind as to the tall, handsome young woman who applied for work on his paper.

Betty Stanford, society editor, looked flushed and tired, as she leaned back in the big office chair she was occupying in her own special den, and she felt distinctly jaded and equally dependent, although she would not admit it even to herself.

Her six months' routine work on the Chronicle, to which had been applied any amount of energy and brains, had had the effect of delighting and astounding the editor, Tom Dickerson, and of giving her a weekly amount which kept starvation from the doors of her rooms, her present abode, with a few extras thrown in.

These rooms were located in the third story of a spacious old house which had seen better days, but was now run by Mrs. Beesley as a select boarding house.

Betty's rooms had big dormer windows, overlooking a beautiful view of the river, the crowded and busy harbor, and a picturesque tangle of shipping of all description strung along the river front.

These dormer windows were filled with plants, and Betty's bedroom and small sitting room were so luxuriously furnished, considering her weekly salary, that Mary Crawford, who did reporting very cleverly for the Chronicle, and was a shrewd and big-hearted girl, and the only person there far admitted across the threshold of Betty's door, was openly amazed when first ushered in that sanctum for five-o'clock tea, one cold, bleak, drizzly afternoon.

Mary Crawford opened her eyes at the sight of the heavy monogrammed silver on the dressing table, the books and pictures, the draperies and easy chairs scattered around, and other evidences of many more dollars than the Chronicle was in the habit of paying to its numerous employees.

The small parlor had an open fireplace, where a cheerful blaze was reflected back rudely in polished brass andirons, and there were cut flowers and vases.

Mary said nothing, but looked with admiring envy, when Betty slipped into an embroidered kimono and slippers, whose beauty took her breath away, and started to make tea.

To-day Betty, sitting in her office, thought life as gray and dull as the weather outside, which had drifted into a steady, determined winter rain.

"You'll find a lot of ideas in here, Miss Stanford," a young man said, coming in briskly and putting a roll of exchanges on Betty's big desk.

She began to turn over the papers idly. "You could write this up," Dick said, pointing to some headlines, which denoted an unusual occurrence, judging by their size and flaming character.

Betty slowly paled as she steadily read the heading, although the characters seemed to jump, and turn and waltz before her, and Dick's voice had a far-away sound, as if he was talking somewhere in the distance.

The account was sensational. "Beautiful young Mrs. Gordon Forrester was not the lady who went over to Europe on the Umbria. There seems to have been a mistake somewhere," Gordon Forrester is back in America, but mystery surrounds the whereabouts of his bride. The Forrester family are entertaining conspicuously, and talk vaguely of the approaching return of the young couple or of their wintering in Italy.

There is an air of mystery about the whole affair, and the magnificent residence prepared so gorgeously for the Gordon Forresters' winter season is shut up, and the staff of servants dismissed. There is a rumor of divorce in the air, and much sympathy for Mrs. Gordon Forrester, whose beauty and fascinating manner are one of the most conspicuous features of American society at home and abroad, and for her aunt, Mrs. Stanford, who, on the plea of ill-health, receives no one. Young Mrs. Forrester's total eclipse is the sensation of the hour."

When Betty came back to an understanding of what Dick Turner was saying, she was sitting in her office chair, and he was rubbing her hands in wild alarm and entreating her to tell him to go for a "hot Scotch" for her, and to "brace up."

"You've caught cold this beastly weather, that's what's the matter. And you've been working too hard. I know it because I've been watching you. Where's that arctic coat of yours? It's turning cold as the deuce. Just wait here a moment."

Dick dashed out, and Betty had time to pick up the gaily illustrated paper, rich in cuts and illustrations, and to read slowly the account of the strange disappearance of beautiful Mrs. Gordon Forrester, and of the return of her husband to America.

"Here you are. Now just drink that, Stanford. It will do you a world of good. There's a cab down stairs waiting for you. Come on. I'll sit by the driver and see you safe home. Now come on, do."

A slight moisture dimmed Betty's brilliant gray eyes, as she got up, held out her hand to Dick, and let him help her into her things, while, to please him, she took a sip of the steaming concoction he placed before her, among a confusion of cuttings, letters, manuscript and papers, which invariably litter a newspaper man or woman's desk.

Dick Turner was not a brilliant reporter, and he was decidedly ugly and rather shabby. His mother and sister could tell why.

But Betty felt a sincere liking for Dick, as he handed her carefully out of her cab and watched her go in the front door of the big, shabby house where Mrs. Beesley kept boarders.

One in her little parlor, Betty threw herself on a sofa, and, hiding her face, wept long and bitterly.

Meanwhile, a young man was sitting in front of his fire, absorbed in wretched and perplexing thoughts, and looking worn and badly.

It was Gordon Forrester and he was on the verge of despair, because all his efforts has thus far failed to give him any clue to the whereabouts of the woman who had filled his thoughts day and night, waking or sleeping.

Detained by his lawyer for his signature to important papers, he had begged Betty to drive down to the steamer and go abroad.

He had just caught the Umbria in time. Of course, Betty was in her room when what an absurd mistake he had made about that silly Carrie Mason, taking her for Betty!

Of course, he blamed himself bitterly for allowing Carrie and her mother to keep him on deck until they steamed out.

He would never forget his feelings when he found that Betty's baggage and maid were on the ship, but she was not there.

In Havre, the answer to his cablegram made matters worse.

He returned on the next steamer, and was told by Betty's aunt and guardian that she had reason to know that his wife was safe and well, but that she refused to see him again.

Now could he ascertain her whereabouts, Mrs. Stanford solemnly declaring that she did not know it, and in order to get occasional news of Betty's welfare had promised she would not try to discover it, but would wait until she had made up her mind to come back to her.

of the slush in the streets and the drizzling rain. Tramping moodily along, he passed a shabby, genteel house just as a cab stopped, a slender woman got out, a good-natured youth jumping off the top seat, helping her.

They exchanged a few words and she went up the steps, paused and turned, and nodding brightly, went in.

There was something strangely familiar in the grace of her movement as she half turned. The afternoon was dark, her hat shaded her face, and her furs were drawn up to protect her from the cold wind and rain.

But Forrester's heart stood still. How like Betty!

He wheeled and rang at the door. "A young lady who writes on the newspapers. The Evening Chronicle. A very respectable young woman. Was the gentleman related to her?" Mrs. Beesley asked. Young Gordon Forrester, with disapproving suspicion, and accepting his apology for inquiring on the plea that he was hunting for a relative who looked like the young lady, with an incredulous snort.

Upstairs in the room with the dormer windows Betty sat feeling wretched and forlorn for the tall, fine-looking, well-dressed young man who passed just as she came in. He called Gordon Forrester so vividly that her heart beat and her face flushed hotly.

"May I come in?" queried Mary Crawford, who she proceeded to do, handing a bunch of violets to Betty.

Mary Crawford's one beauty was her melodious voice, which rang true and sweet. She was an unemotional, clever young woman, and had developed a warm friendship for the beautiful, unhappy and forlorn young woman, the society editor of the Evening Chronicle.

"Aren't you sick of all this stuff?" she asked Betty, pushing aside a paper. Betty had brought with her, while helping with the tea things.

"What an outrage to publish such stuff as the account of that young man and his wife. It may do any amount of harm. Of course there's not a word of truth in it. Did you see it?"

"Why do you think it is not true?" Betty asked faintly, while busy with the spirit lamp.

Mary laughed. "When you are as old a newspaper woman as I am you won't have to ask that. You'll know intuitively. The answer's plain. It's like those anonymous letters. Newspaper people have too much sense to attach any importance to anonymous letters. It takes a green outsider to take a thing of that kind seriously."

"Then you would not believe one word of an anonymous letter?"

"Not one. I have too much respect for my intelligence to think such a thing possible."

"But suppose—"

"My dear, a heated imagination and jealousy and over-ast are what the snake in the grass who writes trash of that kind does on. Now a newspaper reporter knows too much about real trouble, sorrow and distress, if he has been sent, as I have, to investigate the lives of the working people, to believe any of these silly, sensational stories, much less anonymous letters. Trouble—"

But Betty did not conclude, because Betty had thrown her arms around her neck and was weeping softly.

"A very fine-looking young man called at the office after you left. I saw him, as you had gone, and answered several questions. He was much struck with that photo you gave me. I believe he said he was coming to see you. He seems to know some of your people."

There was a rapid step on the stair; a quick knock, and Gordon Forrester came in.

With a cry he held out his arms. Mary Crawford turned and poked the fire and heard nothing of the murmured words, somewhat smothered by Betty's close proximity to Gordon's damp overcoat.

The Evening Chronicle lost the best society editor that popular sheet had ever had.

LESSON IN AMERICAN HISTORY IN PUZZLE



GEN. MARION'S CAMPAIGN IN NORTH CAROLINA. From Gen. Marion.

In the early winter of 1776 Gen. Clinton sailed from New York with the intention of capturing Charleston. He took with him 7,500 men. He landed on St. John's island, south of Charleston, on February 11, 1780, and from there began his attack on the city, which was defended by Gen. Lincoln with a garrison of 3,000 men. Lincoln was forced to surrender his troops and the city on May 12, and this left the entire south almost defenseless against the British. It was at this time that Gen. Marion, Gen. Sumter, Gen. Perkins and others did yeoman service for the cause by their series of raids and ambushes, but they dared not meet the enemy in open battle because of their lack of numbers.

PITH AND POINT.

Ill-feeling, irritation, injures a man worse than hard work.—Acheson Globe.

As It Sometimes Happens.—"Speak the truth and shame the devil." "That's all right in theory, but if I spoke the truth on some occasions I would shame myself."—Chicago Post.

"Bridget, did you hear the bell?" "Yes,um." "Why don't you go to the door, then?" "Sure, mum, I'm not expectin' anyone. It must be somebody to see you."—Baltimore Herald.

Asking for Information.—"All I want is a little pin money," said young Mrs. Dashington. "I know it, my dear," answered her husband, "but don't you use anything but diamond pins."—Washington Star.

Teacher.—"Johnny, you have been a very naughty boy, and I shall have to tell your mother." "Johnny—" "Guess we'd better keep the secret to ourselves. Ma is sure to tell pa first thing he comes home."—Boston Transcript.

She.—"Have you heard the news?" McColomth is to marry again, the fourth time, I believe." He.—"Yes, I've heard about it. Beats all how the rage for collecting will take hold of a man. Sometimes it's old books or playbills and sometimes it's postage stamps. In McColomth's case it appears to be wives."—Boston Transcript.

Large and Small Matters.—Mr. Norcash—"My neighbor, Mr. Slim-purse, has built his fence six inches over the line." Lawyer—"A small matter, which can be amicably arranged. Agree with him to let the fence stand where it is until necessary to rebuild, and then have it put where it belongs. Five dollars, please. Thanks. Good day, sir." Mr. Gold-Bullion—"Good morning! My neighbor, Mr. Fat-purse, has built his fence four inches over the line." Lawyer—"He has, eh? We'll fix him. Yes, sir, I'll win that case for you, if I have to carry it to the supreme court; yes, sir."—N. Y. Weekly.

A HOT DAY IN TUCSON.

Marked the Bulletin Out of the Cartridges of the Town Marshal and a Bad Man.

"Yes-sir-ee," remarked one sizzling afternoon last summer the big man with the black sombrero and the black broadcloth frock coat, relates the Washington Post; "if you call this hot, then you'd just turn up your cute little pink toes and croak down where I came from, in Arizona. I never will forget the summer of 1884 in Tucson. The heat of that year sure did cause some queer complications among the population. I remember particularly that running street fight between George Conway, the marshal, and Cal Angus, an Arizona duck hunter. Cal had been on a drunk in Tucson for three weeks or so, and by the end of a couple of weeks the booze and the heat had got him pretty near locoed. He shot up three greasers one afternoon because they gucked when he demanded that they play tag and puss-in-the-corner for him in the hot sun, and the next night he put a ball in the barkeep of the Gee Whizz saloon because the barkeep handed up a glass of water as a chaser for Cal's liquor. On the night after that Cal made a tenderfoot had a lump in his throat from running street fight until the tenderfoot had a lump in his throat as big as a Swiss goiter. At this stage of it George Conway, the marshal, got in. George was always willing to let the boys enjoy 'emselves, but he didn't believe in this thing of having tenderfoot put to the question. Said that sort of thing was liable to give Tucson a kind of an unconventional reputation. So he looked up Cal, and said he:

"Cal, I don't want you to think that I'm trying to choke you off none when you're right in the middle of your stride—but let the jumpers alone. These tenderfoot all write letters to the folks at home, and that cuss that put in half the night warbling for you has got a throat on him now like a Gila and is out of his head and yelling for his own. Just toy along with the natives, son, and let the new ones in our midst sweat in comfort."

"Well, that was a square enough talk for anybody, but, as I told you, the mesquite booze had sort of got Cal stumped around his top works, and his hat bells had sort of worked their way into his head.

"Don't you gimme no such conversation as that," said Cal to the marshal, "or I'll be smoking you up some."

"Well, George knew the shape Cal was in, and he didn't want to have any bother, and so he walked away. Now, this all happened on a powerfully hot day—not even for Tucson. Cal poked around after his little talk with the marshal, brooding over it, and hurling a hooter into his system every four minutes or so. Just how he got the idea into his fool head that Marshal Conway had tried to put it on him I don't know, but along toward night he gave three jumps in the air, yanked out both of his guns, and allowed that he wanted some marshal meat to salt away against a hard winter. Cal's friends tried to argue him out of it and to lead him to his little white trundle bed, but he wasn't seeing them or their advice from any point of view. Said that the only thing that could reconcile him to his lot in life or the life to come was one marshal neatly packed away in a barrel and decorated with rock salt. Well, seeing that they couldn't do anything with Cal, they concluded that the next best thing was to notify Conway that Cal was off the reservation and making war medicine like a Mojave weaving baskets.

"All O. K.," said Conway. "I sure don't want to tattoo that boy up none, but I need a whole lot of breath this hot weather, and if he hikes too close to my trail I'll have to do the best I know how to give him a nap."

"Well, we all kept pretty close to cover then, for we knew that it was going to come off, and we didn't figure none on being tossed out by the stray ones from Cal's and George's guns."

BATS ARE WINGED MONSTERS.

Those of the Philippines Are Gigantic and Inspire the People with Terror.

Officers and men of the American army returning from service in the Philippines are bringing with them some curious trophies from those islands and incidentally relate some startling tales of our new possessions in the far east, reports the New York Times. By far the most startling of these tales refer to the bats of the islands. The variety current in the Philippines is not the "Bat, bat, fly under my hat" familiar to the American small boy. They are veritable giants of the bat world, measuring often five feet from wing tip to wing tip. Their bodies are as large as those of foxes and their heads are not unlike these animals' heads in shape.

The Philippine bats make their homes in the caves (which are very plentiful in the forest districts of the islands) in large colonies, clinging to the sides and roofs of the caves during the day and coming out in countless hordes about dusk to feed and indulge in their aerial stunts.

Many stories are current as to the effect of the first experience with these giant bats upon men fresh from the states. Raw recruits assigned to picket duty on the outskirts of camp at late dusk have rushed into quarters white with terror. Recovering, they would relate, amid the suppressed mirth of their more seasoned fellow soldiers, how some enormous thing (and in their recountings the bats were often given credit for considerably more bulk than they actually possessed) had come upon them silently while they were patrolling their picket line. Without a sound this ghoully specter, with nothing about it to signify life but a pair of extremely bright eyes that shone out from the somber blanket like a pair of demon lights, had swooped so close to them that they felt the rush of air against their faces, some averring that they detected the smell of sulphur. All in all, the thing is just a trifle too uncanny for them, and their superstitious horror had gotten the better of their physical bravery and they had, unheroically, fled.

To the wives of the American officers the giant bats were a special dread and annoyance. At home they had always harbored a creepy dread that have a tendency to intrude in boudoirs, half believing in the bats' fondness for attaching themselves to human hair, but this could be countered on the evening stroll by the affecting of a "fascinator." Not so in the Philippines. It was altogether too great a strain on the imagination to think that this remedy would suffice to shield one from the unwelcome curiosity of the winged monsters that circle the air there.

It is related that on one occasion one of these giant bats, astray in its bearings, penetrated to the dining-room of the most fashionable hotel in Manila at a time when the room was crowded with American and European guests after the concert.

Its appearance in the room, as it fluttered excitedly about, attempting to find an exit, created as much of a stampede as an earthquake or a volcanic eruption. Women fled in shrieking terror from the room, fighting and struggling at the doorways to escape from the menacing intruder, and men rolled under the tables and sought refuge in corners and behind every convenient shield. And it was some time before the room was again tenanted by the guests.

Parties of Americans and Europeans have visited the caves resorted to by these giant fruit bats in colony, with the smaller insectivorous bats of the islands. They speak of the sight as indescribable. Every available inch of the space on walls and roof is utilized by the creatures.

These caves also present a field of commercial interest that will in all probability commend itself to American capitalists. The guano deposits contained within these caves have never been worked, and with the increasing interest in agriculture in the islands these exceedingly rich deposits of fertilizing material will have great commercial value.

The skins of the giant bats that have been brought home by American soldiers are examples of the largest specimens to be obtained in the Philippines. The skins are very soft, the fur being as smooth almost as seal, and are of a brownish color. One skin brought to the United States by an officer measures almost five feet between the tips of the wings, and the skin shows the body must have been fully as large as that of a domestic cat.

Since the American occupation it has become quite the thing among devotees of the shotgun to spend a half hour before absolute darkness "pegging away" at the enormous bats with duck shot, and the easiness of the targets makes the sport productive of great joy and profit to the native landers, the bats meaning both meat and money to them, they eating the flesh and curing the skins and selling them to visitors to the islands.

Real Dearth of Labor. The native Filipinos, though quick and good-natured, are not strong or well suited for heavy manual labor, nor are they thrifty, and there is a real dearth of labor now in the Philippines. The Chinese now in the islands are not laborers, but shrewd traders, who live largely on the thriftlessness of the natives. To do the great work of industrial regeneration that the country needs—to build the roads, railroads, harbors—many strong manual laborers are necessary, and there is a growing disposition to bring in the Chinese for this purpose. Prof. Jenks, from the experience of other Oriental countries as well as of the United States, argues against opening the Philippines freely to the Chinese. He thinks there will be practically no danger, however, in admitting them in groups under contract, with their employers under bonds to keep them employed in the way specified in the contract; to feed, house and care for them properly; to see that they do not desert and enter other lines of trade; and to return them to their own country when their task is done.—Review of Reviews.

LIFE IN OUR COLONIES.

A Philippine Sells His Wife, But Has Difficulty in Delivering the Article.

A native woman made her appearance at the office of the adjutant general and told the following story, reports the Manila Times.

A few days ago her husband, in spite of the fact that they had been married "within the church," had sold her to a Chinaman, and had received the money for her. She refused to accede to the bargain, and her husband irrefutably mistreated her and threatened to take her life.

After a few days more the wicked man again saw where he could replenish his supply of "dacaos" and sold her this time to a Spaniard. Notwithstanding this seeming promise, she again took objection to the bargain and refused to leave her happy home. Again the husband mistreated her, called her hard names, and declared he would have her heart's blood.

Fearing that she might be "sold again," she went before the justice of the peace, and asked him to take some action in the way of protecting her from her cruel spouse. But the justice, thinking it was only one of the many similar complaints that come to him so often, told the woman that it would be better not to take the case to law, and to let the matter go, trusting that it would come out all right without creating a scandal.

This did not satisfy the woman, who then went to the military headquarters to implore aid in prosecuting the willful husband. It happened that as she was telling her story G. T. Trent, the supervisor of provincial fiscal, was present and on hearing her whole tale of woe through, he addressed a note to Mr. Montinola, the provincial fiscal, asking him to investigate the case, and if there was anything in the complaint to prosecute the commercially inclined husband.

He also directed the woman to appear before Mr. Montinola in person and present her grievances, but she said she was afraid to go up that way, as her husband would probably see her and abuse her. A policeman was then called, who escorted her to the palace, and now there must either be a reconciliation or just another broken heart.

NEGRO LABOR FOR HAWAII.

Special Labor Commissioner of the United States Suggests Way Out of Planters' Trouble.

Thomas Fortune, special labor commissioner appointed by Secretary Shaw to visit the Philippines and Hawaiian islands, is here, says a recent Honolulu report. In an interview in the United States, he said:

"I believe that the importation of negroes here forms a natural solution of the difficulty which unavoidably follows the absorption of tropical or semi-tropical countries by the United States. In the southern states and in the Carolinas the negro made the industries what they are."

The commissioner said that there might be difficulty in detaining the negro in Hawaii, but he thought that the planters could get all they wanted if they sent the right sort of agents to visit the Philippines and Hawaiian islands, he said.

In view of the news from Washington that the senate gave a hostile reception to the plan for allowing Chinese to enter Hawaii as laborers, the views of Commissioner Fortune have attracted much attention in the Hawaiian islands. Hawaii is in need of more labor. The Merchants' association, backed by the Builders' and Traders' exchange and other similar organizations, is preparing to make a fight in support of the plan offered by the plantation men to secure legislation from congress allowing the importation of Chinese laborers for plantation work only, under certain restrictions.

Local labor unions have decided against the proposition, and will oppose the plan. It is understood that the matter will be the subject one way or the other in the forthcoming report of the commission which recently visited Hawaii.

NEGROES LEAD LADRONE BANDS

Blacks Discharged from Our Army Drill Highwaymen in Military Tactics.

Advices have reached here from Manila to the effect that the bands of ladrones which are harassing the rural population of the islands are in many instances led by negroes who have been discharged from the army, and are employing their military knowledge in drilling the ladrones organizing them in a crude military way, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

In the province of Bulacan, it is understood that a band of 300 ladrones led by an American negro are scheming to wipe out the constabulary, and that four miles out from the town of Calcaon four American blacks are engaged in drilling a large number of highwaymen in military tactics and training them in the use of firearms.

Because of the increasing activity of the ladrones the continued withdrawal and concentration of troops in the islands is causing apprehension among the inhabitants of many provinces, who have depended wholly upon the military for protection. Ladrone bands are not only bold and numerous, but are notoriously called on Adj. Gen. Heintz for relief. He also appealed to Gov. Taft.

Merely a Hint. "Thunder and gun!" exclaimed the old gentleman, as he was given the bill for his only daughter's last gown, "but you cost a pile of money."

"Well, papa," she replied, demurely, "if you wouldn't sit in the back parlor with the door open when I am entertaining Mr. Binkley in the front parlor, you'd stand a better chance of getting rid of the expense."—Chicago Evening Post.

As Explained. Jaggs—I take a little whisky now and then as a medicine. Naggs—Yes, of course. Your wife told me you hadn't seen a well day for years.—Chicago Daily News.