

# The St. Tammany Farmer

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## BY PROXY

BELLE MANIATES

GOOD EVENING, Joan!" said a big, athletic young man, appearing in the entrance to the box.

A girl with a dream-centered face, sitting in the chair nearest the door, looked up slowly and serenely, but the American Beauty she held swayed on its stem. The man seated himself beside her and gazed longingly into her beautiful eyes.

"It seems a very long time since I have seen you, Joan. You have been 'not at home' every time I have called within the last fortnight," he said, regretfully.

Joan's eyelids lowered, and she raised the rose as a screen to her face.

"But, Mr. Waldane," she replied, "you told me when I last saw you that you were expecting your father home from his travels. Having been separated from him for so long, I naturally thought you would wish to devote all your time to him."

A half sigh and an entire smile accompanied his reply.

"You would never have thought that—not for one moment—had you known my father. I love the frivolities of life, the world, the flesh and the devil, as you know. Do you think, then, that I could find any companionship in the society of a man whose life is devoted exclusively to the cold pursuit of science. His travels are ended. He has come home to stay—and to experiment! Our home will now be a laboratory—a place of bugs and bottles!"

There was such absurd despair in his voice that Joan laughed.

Joan's laugh was rare—so Joan. The man loved the laugh—and Joan.

"Why don't you induce him to marry?" she asked, after a pause. "Then he would choose another home—or you would?"

"Marry!" he ejaculated. Think of the fate of his wife! He would doubtless label her 'wife,' place her among his specimens and—forget her! He is a hermit. See no one, but shuts himself up to study and experiment."

Joan was silent. She looked across into the box opposite and appeared to be so absorbed in her contemplation of the occupants, that Waldane asked, curiously:

"Who is it you find so interesting?"

He leaned forward that he might see, for the box was just out of his range of vision. She motioned him back.

"Only Mrs. Phillips. You have seen her often enough."

"Too often. A little widow who flirts. I have no use for her type."

"Tell me," said Joan, softly, after a little silence, "some more of your father. I am interested in what you said of him. Describe his personal appearance."

"Oh, he is good-looking, I suppose. Tall, not elderly-looking, wavy hair, but slightly tinged with gray, wears glasses. He is of the pale, interesting sort, not big and beefy, like me. How did he ever come to have such an off-the-earth, earthy, progeny as I?"

Joan made no attempt to solve this weighty problem. Her expression became half-amused, half-abstinent.

The orchestra was playing its loudest. The other two occupants of the box were in the front chairs absorbed in each other.

Suddenly Waldane said in a low, strained tone, "Why won't you marry my father?"

Surprise and other emotions held Joan paralyzed in motion and speech for a moment. Then she turned and looked into his eyes staring miserably and hopelessly into hers.

"Mr. Waldane," she said coldly, "I am at a loss—"

"Oh, yes, I know all you would say. When I told you of him and how he would treat a wife, I was judging from my own little measure. Just now in describing his looks to you, it occurred to me how he might appear from a woman's standpoint—a woman, intelligent, refined and scholarly—like you!"

### IN MAY.

When grosbeaks show a damask rose  
And the cherry blossoms white,  
And early robins' nests disclose,  
To loving eyes a joyous sight,  
When columbines like living coals  
Are gleaming 'gainst the lichened rocks,  
And at the foot of mossy boulders  
Are young anemones in flocks;  
When ginger-root beneath twin leaves  
Conceals its dusky floral bell,  
And showy orchids shily weave  
In humid nook its fragrant spell;  
When dandelion's coin of gold  
Anew is minted on the lawn,  
And maple trees their fringe unfold,  
While warblers storm the groves at dawn;  
When there are more green eyes and ears,  
Then strike thy tasks and come away;  
It is the joy-month of the year,  
And onward sweeps the tide of May.  
—John Burroughs, in the Century.

### CALLED IT "BORE WAR."

The Wonderful Experience of a Famous War Correspondent in the South African Struggle.

The late Julian Ralph, one of the best-known reporters and war correspondents, began his career as a copy holder in a printing office, thence passed into the office of a weekly newspaper as a printer's apprentice, and afterwards formed a connection with the New York Sun. Of his experience as a war correspondent, Mr. Ralph wrote, in May, 1900:

"Battered externally, disordered inside, unable to digest food for weeks, nursing bruises and ailments a half-dozen at once, I look upon this war as having ill-repaid me for the kindly and jubilant tone in which I have dealt with it. And oh, how sick of it I am! How dead, unutterably sick I am of it!"

The long months of sand diet and hard faring under Methuen took from

You've been awfully good to me. Don't think I haven't felt how condescending it was in you to waste time on such an idiot as I! I have been misled by your friendliness. I've known that you always missed something in our friendship and in me, and that there must be times when only your kindness kept you from showing how bored you were. My father is not old. You would admire his great intellect. You would be interested in his scientific researches. If Joan had ever had any ambitions in a laboratorial direction, she did not admit the fact now. She seemed lost in reflection.

"Perhaps your father might not be inclined," she said musically.

"Oh, my father!" exclaimed Waldane. "How could he or any other man wish anything else after he had seen and known you? My father is a recluse and knows nothing of women or society. I will tell him of you to-night and ask him to come with me to call. When once you have met—"

Again Joan's eyes sought the opposite box where Mrs. Phillips' eyes and fan rose and fell in bewitching languishments.

"Mr. Waldane," asked Joan gravely and meditatively, "What quality is it you see in me that you would desire in a stepmother?"

"A stepmother, Joan?" he faltered.

"Yes, I conclude the idea of my marrying your father is a new one to you since you seem so startled at the re-



"YOU WOULD ADMIRE HIS GREAT INTELLECT."

relationship the alliance would involve between you and I. It is not unusual, I believe, for a man to ask a girl whom he admires to be his sister, but his stepmother!"

"Don't, Joan," he murmured, "I know I am a fool. I have proved it to you already."

"Tell me," said Joan curiously, "how you will describe me to your father when you seek to arouse his interest in me?"

"How will I describe you? I will tell him you are the most beautiful woman in the world; that there is none so grand, so good or so noble; that you are so far above other women that a common man would not dare to ask you—that only a man famous and one who scorned the ignominy, shallow women of society could hope—"

Joan's eyes were shining triumphantly and mirthfully. She leaned toward him and touched his arm.

"Head forward and look! In Mrs. Phillips' box!"

Waldane obeyed. Bending over the frivolous little widow with an air of intense devotion he saw his father!

"My father!" he ejaculated.

The blankness of Waldane's countenance concealed for a moment the state of his feelings. Then intense chagrin and the knowledge that he had made himself appear ridiculous caused him to rise and walk to the farthest corner of the box.

He dreaded her mirth, but there was no mirth in her voice when she followed him and said softly:

"Tom, your father in his travels has evidently studied women not altogether from books and specimens. I even believe him to be more worldly-wise than his son. Should you make it him that little speech you had in mind, he would, I am sure, respond by quoting the old adage that 'Love goes where it is sent,' and telling you that a woman doesn't love a man for his attainments. Don't, since your father seemingly has other plans, why should not his son do just his thoughts from a stepmother—"

He opened the door and drew her between him and the curtain.

"Joan, you can't mean it! I am so dull—so commonplace—Joan, I am a terrible bungler—but I love you!"

She looked at him with half laughing, half tearful eyes. "Tom, you are a terrible bungler, but—I love you!"

me a stomach which an ostrich would have envied, and exchanged for it a second-hand, worn-out apparatus which turns upside down at the approach of any food except diluted milk. A piece of Boer shell which hit me on the chest made me faint and weary for many days, and then a novel method of nighting from a Cape cart into a trench, with the cart on top of me, left me one-legged for five weeks, after which I found myself with a low class, no-account limb, in which I have no confidence.

"Upon my recovering this inferior and makeshift other leg, my horse shot me into a wire fence, which tore both arms into shreds, painted one thigh like a comet and the other like a South African sunset, and left me an internal fracture which I must keep as a perpetual souvenir of what we are all beginning to speak of as the 'bore war.'"

"Try to imagine the spirits of a man who finds himself thus gradually changing into an exhibit for a medical museum, and you begin to obtain a glimpse of the fatigue with which I now view this war."

Society women in New Orleans have begun a movement to have the street railway company put on palace cars for their convenience and comfort. They say they cannot ride in the present cars when they are in afternoon or evening dress, as the cars are dirty and there is no telling who their seatmate may be. They do not mind paying extra fares for the use of exclusive cars.

Miss Minnie Bronson, of St. Paul, who was superintendent of the liberal arts department of the Pan-American exposition, has been appointed superintendent of primary and secondary education at the St. Louis exposition.

## CHRISTIAN RIPENESS.

### Beauties of Old Age Likened unto Ripe Corn in the Ear.

Sermon by the Rev. Wm. E. Thompson of the First Methodist Church, Memphis, Tenn.

Text:—"Thou shalt come to this grave in a full set of teeth, a shock of corn cometh in his season."—Job, 5:26.

The age of these words we cannot tell. They were uttered before the birth of Moses; before the golden age of Greece; before the princely son of Amoz rolled from his poetic lyre the melodious music of the Messiah's peaceful reign. They are the words of a man royally endowed. He had the gift of an inspiration and the grace of generosity. His wonderful poem, full of rhythm and music, without a rival among all the treasures of literature which the past has handed down to the present. Men of intellectual refinement, of rich imagination, of depth and tenderness of feeling, have bowed to the wisdom of Job. Men like Herder and Carlyle have been captivated by the grandeur of this poem. "No express," said the eloquent Herder, "flourishing in undying green, marks the place of his rest. With his unuttered name, he has consigned to oblivion all that was earthly, and, leaving his book for the world, he is engaged in a yet nobler work in that was the voice of sorrow and mourning is unheard, and where the morning stars sing together."

Under the figure of a ripe shock of corn, gathered from the autumn field, he sets forth the cultured grace and the chastened beauty of old age. But these words have a deeper meaning, a sweeter music, a richer pathos and a higher inspiration for us than when they were first uttered. We have the accumulated wisdom of the ages, the fragrant memories of the saintly dead and the imperishable treasure amassed by the sons of light, to enhance their value. We know more of the benignity and blessedness of the crown of virtue, the divinity of love and the conquering power of purity than the ancient poet whose words we have quoted. We stand in the current of the great thoughts and rare experiences of the past. The evening glow of reverent age and the lordly suns disappearing into the infinite, withdrawn by the beatific vision, and leaving behind such testimonies, invests these words with rarer beauty, as light invests the dew with pearl, and the fall of the bride veil with radiance.

Some fruits, when ripe, have a lustre glow; others, fully as ripe, lack the exquisite color. Souls, like fruits, ripen in different ways. Some ripen rapidly; others, slowly, but without wilting, and when ripe, they shall fall from the tree of life. And ought we to complain when souls have ripened in the summer air? Is not ripeness the final end of all things? Perfection is ripeness—whether in nature or in man. By this we do not mean the soul has reached the limit of its powers. This cannot be said of the soul. When countless years shall have passed away, the possibilities of the soul will not be exhausted. In that mystical organ of power, the soul will flower and fruit forever. The higher it throws its branches in the summer air, and the deeper it sinks its roots into the general soil of heaven, the more will be the fruit. But it is essential to drop the body, as the coverings of the chrysalis, before it can rise to this supreme condition. Death is the removal of an outgrowth after it has accomplished its work. It is an essential stage in human progress. It is the gateway to endless life.

Souls, growing sweeter and more amiable in their disposition, climbing higher and higher in the ether of a pure life, diffusing the holy influence of love around them—ever in harmony with the golden age, and as they are said to be ripening, and nearing that perfection which the union of the mortal and immortal allows.

How subtle and noiseless are the forces that ripen the grain, that weave the violet, paint the lily and the rose, and give to birds the plumage and the song! The earth swarms through space with a momentum equal to the strength of trillions of horses, and yet we hear no sound. In the regions above us millions of worlds are rolling in their orbits, and yet there is stillness. Gravitation, the power that maintains order and harmony through the bewildering forests of immensity, is silent. And in the overcoming of evil, the conquering of passion, the moulding of character, the coming of beautiful thoughts, like angels in a dream, there is silence.

The beautiful imagery of Job seems to imply that we should make time a factor in ripening the soul, so that when we go down to the grave we should be like the shock of ripe corn, the sun rolls slowly down the western hill, clothing clouds and mountains with amethyst and gold, so with equal serenity and glory, this grand old saint passed below the horizon only to shine elsewhere immortal and undimmed.

Is it not a blessed thing to reach the autumn vale of life spanned by a rainbow and at peace with all the world? What is death to such lovely souls but rebirth and infinite expansion, and at eventide it shall be light? May we learn to live as sons and daughters of the Almighty. Let every autumn find us better men and women. Let us aspire after holiness, and as the ripening corn, leaves and fruit are beautiful, so our souls, when arrayed in the soft colors of spirituality.

## IMMENSE AMERICAN FARMS.

### Texas Has One as Large as the Whole of Connecticut—Their Operation Profitable.

The farms in the states and territories of the southwest portion of the United States are the most extensive in the world. The Centerville (Md.) Record gives an account of the areas of some of them, which, to the unfamiliar mind, are so astonishingly great as to be next to incomprehensible. Texas takes the palm in immensity of acreage, as the following descriptions show:

Col. C. C. Slaughter, of Dallas, Tex., has 1,250,000 acres of farm and ranch land. The capital syndicate, of which Senator C. B. Farwell, of Illinois, is the head, possesses in the Panhandle district of Texas a ranch of 3,000,000 acres, which is about the area of the whole of the state of Connecticut. On that virtual principality are cultivated annually 10,000 to 20,000 acres of corn and other feeding crops, while 15,000 to 20,000 beef cattle are each season fattened for market, the work and care of which require the services of some 50 farm hands, and 250 cowboys.

In Oklahoma is a farm ranch of 50,000 acres, on which last year was grown 8,000 acres of wheat and 5,000 acres of forage millet and kafir corn. From 8,000 to 10,000 cattle are turned out by this farm yearly. With operating expenses of \$95,000 last year, \$130,000 profit was realized.

The Picher ranch, central Kansas, embraces 5,000 acres. It is equipped with a flouring mill, post office, gas plant, long distance telephone and complete western bureau system. The wheat grown on the estate is milled into flour on the premises. It has 1,500 acres of alfalfa, the largest area in one tract appropriated to that forage in the United States, from which three cuttings are taken yearly.

Frank Rockefeller has 14,000 acres of grazing and crop lands in western Kansas, of which 5,000 are cultivated and the remainder laid down to alfalfa and timothy pasturage. On these possessions are kept the best bred Hereford and short-horn cattle, aggregating a value of \$250,000, one creature alone being worth \$10,000. The buildings and equipment are of the best, and complete in all particulars.

John W. Stewart, of Wellington, Kan., has 140 farms of varying acreage distributed throughout the state, all of which are under operation.

## WORKERS AMONG NOBILITY.

Among Well-Born German Families There Are Many Who Do Common Labor.

In the Almanach de Gotha there is much suggestive reticence concerning the whereabouts and occupations of certain members of the families deemed sufficiently noble to figure in that classical compilation. The relatively modest annual Petites' Almanach, which deals with the German nobility of all ranks, is much more outspoken, says Harper's Weekly.

In the latest edition it acknowledges that thousands of waiters, coachmen, barkeepers, miners and other workmen in the United States are recruited from the German nobility. Even in the Fatherland itself the names of the very oldest nobles appear not only in the highest ranks of the army, but in the lists of coachmen and common laborers.

In France, under the ancient regime, there used to be a noblesse de robe, composed entirely of judges and lawyers, but in Germany it seems that when a man of noble birth has to earn his living he seldom has brains or education enough to succeed at the bar. In the great city of Berlin only a single lawyer is of noble birth, while, on the other hand, the urban directory enumerates hundreds of noble names in the lists of commercial agents, constables, skilled and unskilled laborers. In other words, the state of things in Berlin, as regards the degradation of many members of noble families, is rapidly approaching that which obtains in St. Petersburg, where the saying is current that if you find a stone into a crowd of hackmen on the Nevski Prospekt you cannot fail to hit a prince.

Of course, the cause of the phenomenon in both Germany and Russia is the custom of transmitting the father's title to all of his male descendants, instead of to his eldest son alone, as is the custom in Great Britain. Where the eldest son alone retains the title, together with most of the estate, the prestige of the family is kept up, and there is always somebody through whose influence the minor members of the clan may hope to secure advancement.

In France, under the ancient regime, there existed a species of compromise between the German and the English systems. The eldest son, on his father's death, took the latter's highest title; the second son, the second title; if there was one, and so on; but even the youngest male member of a large noble family had the title of chevalier.

Applying the Lesson.

A little four-year-old boy being taught politeness at meal time was told that he was not to expect to be helped first, and particularly that ladies were always served before gentlemen. Soon after, when it was all being digested in his little mind, he said to his mother, who was addressing him at night:

"Mother, you are going to die first."

"What in the world do you mean by that?" his mother asked.

"You will die before I do."

"And what makes you think I will?"

"Why, you know ladies always before gentlemen."—N. Y. Times.

A Real Knack.

"That hat just suits Mabel, doesn't it?"

"Yes, indeed. I suppose that's why she's wearing it again this year instead of getting a new one."—Chicago American.

Education That Paid.

"Was it worth while to send your four daughters to that fashionable school?"

"Sure. One eloped while she was there, and the others came home engaged."—N. Y. Times.

Irasy.

"Joel," said Mrs. Chugwater, looking up from her paper again, "what is a 'steel plant'?"

"You've heard of wire grass, haven't you?" said Mr. Chugwater.

"Yes."

"Well, that's it."—Chicago Tribune.

Troubles of the Rich.

Mrs. Cobwigger—What can you do like about being so wealthy?

Mrs. Danrich—I have to eat every thing when it's out of season as I not get to eat.—Town Topics.

## MORE ON THE NEGRO.

### Bill Arp Wants to Know Where His Grindstone Is.

Says a Negro Stole It to Sell or Else Thought It Was a Cheese—Comments on Cleveland's New York Speech.

Where is my grindstone? Where is my rake and my ax? Did anybody ever hear of a negro stealing a grindstone? He stole it to sell or else he thought it was a cheese. I'll bet there are 20 negroes in sight of my house here who know all about that grindstone, but they won't tell. That is a race trait—not to tell on one another. Who steals my young pigeons before we get up in the morning? We haven't had a squab to eat in three months.

Mr. Cleveland made a good speech in New York on the race problem, and so did Mr. Parkhurst, but you can't make a good citizen out of a negro without he has a master or a boss on whom he has to depend. My opinion from observation is that Tuskegee can't do it nor any other school. The more education, the less inclination to work for a living. Where are the Tuskegee graduates? Just looking around on teaching school. I read in yesterday's paper where a negro school teacher was caught in having made a fake list of his scholars and drew more money than he was entitled to. But neither Cleveland nor Parkhurst nor any other northern man knows enough about the negro to talk intelligently about him. Nor does this generation of southern men know much more. Nobody knows now but the few old men who are left. Our editors and newspaper men do not know. They are all too young and most of them came from stock that did not own negroes in the old slavery times. I do not assert this through conceit, but I assert this through careful observation. I am a white man, and I have been a teacher for a living. I read in yesterday's paper where a negro school teacher was caught in having made a fake list of his scholars and drew more money than he was entitled to. But neither Cleveland nor Parkhurst nor any other northern man knows enough about the negro to talk intelligently about him. Nor does this generation of southern men know much more. Nobody knows now but the few old men who are left. Our editors and newspaper men do not know. They are all too young and most of them came from stock that did not own negroes in the old slavery times. I do not assert this through conceit, but I assert this through careful observation. I am a white man, and I have been a teacher for a living. I read in yesterday's paper where a negro school teacher was caught in having made a fake list of his scholars and drew more money than he was entitled to. 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