

The St. Tammany Farmer

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The Crisis of Her Life

By FRANK H. SWEET

The girl gave a pitiful sob as the train curved away from the station, showing through the car window the ragged slope of Hog Back, with the few isolated cabins in their little clearings among the pines.

He came straight to the girl, for she was the only passenger who had taken the train from the mountain station. As he stopped beside her chair she held out a handful of small coins.

"Where to?" asked the conductor; then, without waiting for a reply, as his eyes swept down the coarsely clad figure, "haven't you made a mistake, my girl? This is a parlor car."

"I reckon hit's all right," answered the girl listlessly, "the man outside said for me to get in quick. Here's yo' money."

"Where do you wish to go?" "Anywhar the train stops; hit don't matter 'bout no pertic'lar place, so

"Well," doubtfully, "this money will take you as far as Ridgeboro, 30 miles. That is considerable of a piece. But suppose we go into the next car. You have evidently made a mistake. And anyway, the chair you are in has already been taken. You see, this car costs extra."

"My brother is enjoying his cigar and will not be back for an hour or so," spoke up the woman, suddenly; let the girl have the chair, conductor. I am glad to have her occupy it."

The conductor looked from her to the girl undecidedly, then slipped the coins into his pocket and walked away. The girl turned to her neighbor.

"How's he mean extra?" she inquired. "I never ast no price, an' I give him my money."

"Perhaps he thought you might not want to give any more than was necessary," the woman suggested. "Passen- gers have to pay extra for using the chairs in this car."

don't want nobody to give—" she began, when the woman reached out and touched her on the arm.

"Sit down, my dear," she smiled pleasantly; you are my guest, you know. I should go up to your home on the mountain wouldn't you let me have a chair to sit on?"

"Of co'se; but—" "That is all I am doing now. The chair is temporarily mine, and it is unoccupied. I am glad to have you make use of it."

The girl remained standing for a few seconds, then sank down doubtfully upon the chair, and soon after turned to the window. A rugged, pine-wooded slope was sweeping by and on it were small clearings and cabins, and blue smoke losing itself in the clouds; but it was not her slope and cabins and smoke, and presently her gaze came back mistily into the car.

"And you quarreled?" There was a low, retrospective note of sadness in the woman's voice, which she did not appear to realize herself. "Quar- reled," she repeated; "was Herk to blame—altogether?"

"N-no, not all," confessed the girl, frankly. "I—I started it. But Herk's a strong man, an' ought to give in."

"Men are sometimes stubborn, even when their hearts are breaking. It is the woman who should give in, especially if she is a little in the wrong. Love means so much more to her, and it is so easy for one's life to be ruined. You must go back and make it up with Herk, dear."

"I can't," shortly. "Would you like to go through all your life just living or hearing from him, just living for yourself?" "What if wouldn't," with sudden alarm in her voice, "Herk's plumb sure to come an' look for me arter a while. She half rose as the train began to slacken speed, her face flushing. "Hit's Brant's bridge," she explained; "seven miles from our place, an' where I aimed my 90 cents sellin' calamus roots. Herk bought my ring here, too. Oh, yes, he's plumb sure to come for me."

"Perhaps," the strained lips were forcing themselves to say, "but don't wreck your life on such a chance, my dear. That's right," as the girl rose with sudden resolution in her face; "go back and explain to him. If he is a good man—as I think he is—he will understand and meet you half way. And you must allow me to advance you the fare back—you can repay me some time, you know. I am glad for you, dear. I once knew of a quarrel like this, and there was no making up. The man went across the sea and never came back. He never will come—" She stopped abruptly, her lips parted, her eyes wide. Her brother was approaching from the other end of the car, and behind him, crowding by him, was a tall, eager man, whose face was glowing, whose arms were outstretched toward her. As in a dream she felt the girl grasp her hand and kiss it, and heard a broken, joyful, "Good-by. No'm, I can't take no!"

"O—oh!" The girl half rose. "Don't ye reckon he took hit out o' my 90 cents?" "No, I don't think he did. But it doesn't matter. The chair is mine." But the girl was standing now. "I

factious remark to his wife that they might take time by the forelock and send that baby's rattle. Which is met by the chilling rejoinder that "that" is a tea ball, and it is just the very thing. And so the man hands over the necessary and his wife directs where the golden tea ball shall be sent.

The feelings of a strong, healthy man being required to attach his card to a dinky tea ball and send it to a young couple as a mark of his good wishes fall either of expression or de- scription.

LESSON IN AMERICAN HISTORY IN PUZZLE



FIGHTING ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN. Find Gen. Hooker.

Following the battle of Chickamauga the federal army fell back to Chattanooga, which it fortified, and which the confederate army invested, taking up strong positions along Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain. Gen. Grant reached Chattanooga and took command of the federal forces, relieving Gen. Rosecrans, on October 23, 1863, and at once began preparations for advance. By November 23 his preparations were complete, and on November 24 Gen. Hooker fought what is known as the battle of Lookout Mountain, his troops scaling the rugged sides of the mountain and driving the confederates from their position. The following day was fought the decisive battle of Missionary Ridge.

HANDLING LARGE TURTLES.

Interesting Particulars of a Business That is Done on a Large Scale in New York City.

Down in Fulton Market is a big burly man nicknamed "Turtle Bill," who probably knows more about turtles than any other expert in this town. For 15 years "Bill" has handled turtles of every sort, from the 15-pound "snappers" that will take a finger off as if it were a toothpick, to the great 200-pound green turtles often seen lying on their backs with tied "flippers" outside of restaurants, says the New York Times.

"It's no easy thing to handle big turtles," explained "Bill," patting the under shell of a monster lying in his "overcoat" in a well-known storeroom maintained by a big turtle dealer. "Some of the big, green chaps are a pretty heavy lot—we've had one here tipping the scale at 500 pounds—and when it comes to handling snapping turtles it means to be careful or you'll lose a finger quicker as a wink," and the man held forth the stump of a forefinger. "I had that taken off in this room, and it went quicker'n I could say 'Jack Robinson,'" he explained.

"Where do most of your turtles come from?" was asked. "From the warm parts of the Atlantic ocean, especially from the coasts of Florida and the West Indies and the South American countries. This time of the year turtle meat is about as expensive as it ever gets, the prices varying from 12 cents to 30 cents a pound, according to the season. Turtles would be much cheaper than they are were it not for the losses while shipping them to New York. Most of the animals are landed here in lots of twenties or thirties from the coast schooners that touch the turtle countries and speculate a little in open market. The masters of these schooners buy the animals at little or nothing—say, 2 or 4 cents a pound—and they sell them to us at from 8 to 15 cents, leaving a fair margin of profit. But there is no regular organized turtle trade between this port or any southern one for the reason that the freight is too perishable. On the whole we figure on two shipments of turtles happening into port each week. The animals are brought here and stored to find whether they are alive or not. By tapping the shell of the turtle, he'll bob out his head to see what's the trouble. But most of the poor brutes die on the way up from their countries."

"The smaller turtles are caught in nets. The big fellows are caught by hand when they venture ashore to lay eggs. The natives know the habits of the turtles, and lay for them along the sandy beaches where the deposit of the eggs takes place. A turtle is spied poking her head out of the water for a convenient spot where to lay her eggs deep in a sand hole. No attempt is made to catch the animal until the eggs have been laid and covered up and until the turtle is again heading to get back to the water. Then it is intercepted and driven shoreward and overtaken and turned on its back, after which its flippers are tied. In this position it is loaded into ships and brought north."

"In summer it is comparatively easy to keep turtles in storage, but during cold weather they must be watched carefully to keep them alive. As soon as winter begins they are stored in a room where, throughout the season, a stove is kept red hot. More, each turtle is provided with an overcoat, consisting of burlap bags to keep out the cold and maintain an even temperature about the big, hard shells. As you see, each turtle has a little pillow on which to rest his head. When a turtle lies on its back it is a long stretch from its head to the floor, and the humane society prescribes that the animals must be housed in comfort until ready to kill. Many fiction stories are told of how turtles are killed for the market. The way we do, and the only way, is the butchering is done in this country, is to take the rest from under the animal's head so it stretches forth its neck. Then the head is cut off."

"Any difference in the quality of the meat dependent on the age of a turtle? None at all. All are alike. The meat of the oldest turtle seems as tender and delicious as that of the youngest brought in by the same shipment. Of late years there is an increasing demand for turtle meat throughout New York. The taste is an acquired one, the same as that of olive, but it seems to take hold on the people more and

more, as also the appreciation that at certain seasons of the year turtle meat is so cheap that even the poor can readily afford it. We ship turtles all over the country by express right from here. No, there never is much trouble about the handling. Many of the big ones we ship weigh as much as 150 pounds, but always they are securely tied and helpless.

"A green turtle is not much of a fighter once captured. When first trapped he sometimes puts up a lively fight with his head and flippers, but once subdued he seems to have no fight left in him. The 500-pound turtle, which is the weight of the heaviest we ever had, was sold to a circus, and that's the last we heard of him. From 20 to 150 pounds is the average weight of the green turtles, while the 'snappers' in rare cases run up to 50 pounds."

DAYS OF THE DAGUERRETYPE

When a Separate Sitting Was Required for Each Picture—Particularities of Meters.

One does not have to be very old to remember the time when a daguerreotype was the only photograph. Yet to-day, when in the fraction of a second is made the negative from which hundreds of pictures may be printed, we seem very far removed from the days when a separate sitting was required for each picture.

THE GARDENING MANIA.

In Some Respects It Is Very Much Like Being in Love, Says One Who Knows.

"Love and the passion for gardening," says a Chicago man who, according to the Tribune, knows something about both halves of his subject, "are much alike. There are, indeed, numerous points of resemblance, as a momentary thought will show.

"The habit of either, once contracted, is seldom entirely forgotten, for one thing. The individual who has known love's varied sensations ever thereafter acknowledges a reminiscent sympathetic throbbing at sight or sound of the words; the individual who has successfully 'made garden' never thereafter thinks of rakes, and hoes, and spades, and seed bags, and the odor of freshly turned earth, without a keen pull at the heartstrings, although confined in gardenless apartments for the rest of the natural existence. Both passions, again, are alike in that, remaining latent all winter, they awake to renewed and vivid life with the first warm and sunny day.

"In the spring a young man's fancy," says the poet, "lightly turns to thoughts of love." In the spring the garden enthusiast finds the thoughts turning, irresistibly, toward the garden. All winter long both lover and garden lover dream of their objects of devotion, feed their passion on borrowed sentimentality and books. No man makes violent love, it is said, in the cold weather, and no man makes garden under such conditions. But, given spring weather and half way favorable conditions, well—who doesn't know all about the Easter and June crop of brides and bridegrooms, and about the nature loving individuals who can't be kept indoors as soon as the sun really shines?

"Love and the passion for gardening, too, are alike, in that both are great levers. Love laughs at locksmiths no less than garden snappers or restrictions; the garden fever makes light of dollars and despair. No human being is too young or too old, too poor or too wealthy, too sorrowful or too joyous, to be laid low by an attack of either. And in the case of either, the man or woman rejoicing in the attack cares nothing for the opinion of the entire world, if only the pleasant matter can be peaceably enjoyed. Better that the whole world should be sacrificed, indeed, than that premature divorce from the beloved toil or pain should be endured. Elizabeth of the famous German garden was by no means the only representative of the otherwise unselfish class of people who lose heads and hearts alike when gardening—or in love.

"All sorts and conditions of people find mutual enjoyment and bonds of sympathy in regard to both love and the garden-ferver. People who would not for worlds be found holding social converse on any other topic or account will cheerfully foregather and exchange tender or gardening experiences or reminiscences. The best way to manage a better half or the ever present problems of hotbeds or no hotbeds, roses or holly hocks, magnonette or sweet alysum, are alike productive of unheard of friendships, intimacies, good results. As democratic social agents love and garden share equal laurels. 'The people people marry,' says Charlotte Perkins Stetson aptly, 'are the queerest folks of all'—but they're not one whit queerer than the people people accept as gardening friends and mentors. And when it comes to the other side of the question—

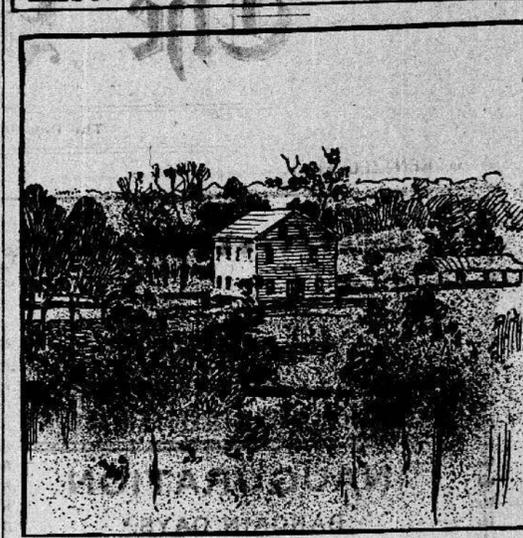
"Love and gardening are alike, once more, in that they are so often productive of rivalries, jealousies, heart burnings. Two men in love with the same woman or two women in love with the same man are but little more jealous and unhappy than are two rival gardeners who perpetually strive for supremacy and the best results. And the happy man or woman who has just entered Paradise through love's gate trends on air only a little lighter than the other happy man or woman whose roses, or tulips, or peonies, or gladiolas are the handsomest of the neighborhood or street.

"Love and gardening, again, are each old as the world, or humanity, common to all times, and climes, and ages. Both have come straight down from our first parents and the Garden of Eden. Both are great comforters, most dear and tender consolers. Both can make themselves understood of other 'sufferers' without the aid of a common language or interpreter of any kind. Both will triumphantly endure when most earthly pleasures and conditions have proved themselves faithless, evanescent, utterly inadequate for comfort or relief. Both breathe of hope, good cheer, and the bliss of a new beginning; no failures are irredeemable or irremediable in either. In love, as in gardening, there is always room, time and space for a fresh start. Both are associated with the sweetest, best and highest impulses of the human race, in life, literature, art and common, everyday existence. And, while money and favorable conditions may smooth the pathway of both love and the passion for gardening, money is by no means necessary for the highest development of either, and the finest flowers of both orders are often produced in 'Poverty row.'"

Out for the Navy. A sailor belonging to one of his majesty's ships returned home rather unexpectedly.

"Why, what's up, Jack?" asked his old father when he saw him. "Had to put back; too rough, dad," said the son, jocularly. "Too rough?" Well, that's yer modern navy, is it, wid yer quick-firers and torpedoes?" "Too rough, eh? Why, Jack, me boy, I'm members when I was in the old Grampus we was in a gale, and it did blow! Well, it blowed so hard, the skipper gave orders to cut away the mast, and no sooner did the carpenter appear on deck than the wind blowed the teeth clean out of 'is jaw."

LESSON IN AMERICAN HISTORY IN PUZZLE



LEE AND GORDON'S MILL AT CHICKAMAUGA. Find Gen. Bragg.

The limits of the national park at Chickamauga encloses with probably but one exception, that of Gettysburg, the bloodiest battlefield of the civil war. It remains to-day much in the same condition it was at the time of the battle of the 18th, 19th and 20th of September, 1863. Among the historic landmarks still remaining, Lee and Gordon's mill is one of the most prominent. At Lt. Gen. Rosecrans concentrated his army on September 17 and 18, and it was near here that Gen. Bragg struck the Twenty-first corps of the federal army such a terrific blow on the afternoon of September 18. It was at the battle of Chickamauga that Gen. Thomas, on his gallant defense of the left wing of the federal army, won the title of the "Rock of Chickamauga."

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

One of Sousa's handmen is quite a humorist. He was once a participant in a conversation where the subject of tip-giving arose. The batsman said that in Germany, where the waiters are satisfied with very small tips, he always gave a gold piece. "Because, you see," he added, "when you give a German a gold piece he falls in a fit and then you can take it away from him."

Congressman Tawney, of Minnesota, is the son of one blacksmith, grandson of another and learned the same trade himself in Mount Pleasant township, near Gettysburg, where he was born in 1855. At the age of 22 he went by boat to Winona, his present home, where he landed with just 25 cents in his pocket. Two hours later he was at work as blacksmith and machinist. He remained in the same shop four years, meantime studying law. He practiced for some time after being admitted to the bar and was then elected to congress, where he has been for nearly 12 years.

Lord Menth owns an extensive estate in Ireland and is landlord of Brayhead, well-known to those who visit Dublin. His lordship occasionally closes the beautiful walk around the head in order to prevent right of way being established by its remaining permanently open to the public. One day an American tourist found the entrance gate closed. He had met with one or two similar experiences elsewhere, where, glancing at the gatekeeper and then at the expanse of ocean below him he drawled: "Say, is there any day for closing the sea? I like to bathe, but I don't want to trespass."

The late George Ramsey, of Minnesota, was not only the last of the war governors, but he was the first of that historic band to make tender of a regiment to the United States. Happening to be in Washington when the news was received that Fort Sumter had been fired upon, he hurried to the war office and sought Secretary Cameron. "Mr. Secretary," said he, "I have the honor to offer you 1,000 men from Minnesota."

Relations between the French and Germans have considerably improved of late years and can even be described as cordial, but this does not mean that the lost provinces have been entirely forgotten on this side of the frontier, as the following touching story which the Patrie has just received from its correspondent at Sant Die, in the Vosges will show, says the London Telegraph.

A detachment of chasseurs-à-pied was marching the other day close to the frontier, when it perceived just across the border a farmhouse on a bench of which a man was sitting. He was a soldier, too, and catching sight of the French sergeant he rose to his feet, stood at attention and saluted in accordance with the rules in such a case. Barely 20 yards away the riflemen watched him fixedly, taking in every detail of his uniform and accoutrements, and at last, yielding to an uncontrollable impulse, they removed their kepis and waving their aloft shouted: "Vive la France!"

So moved was the German soldier by this demonstration that, covering his face with his hands, he burst into tears. The tall, fair-haired man, who looked barely 18 years of age, was an Alsatian and the sergeant, as soon as he had realized the fact, addressing the chasseurs in low and sad tones, said: "Come on, boys, let us be off. We must not tempt the poor fellow. Only towards desert." A moment later the detachment was leaving the spot, but the Frenchmen, as they looked mournfully back, beheld the man, who was still standing on the other side of the boundary, sobbing as if his heart would break.

Hoped He Could Do It. "We have decided to raise your rent," announced the landlord. "Thanks," replied the tenant. "If you succeed in raising it, I won't have it."—Chicago Post.

LOVE'S BLINDNESS.

It hath been said that Love is blind. The saying's but half true. Like many others that we find in glancing letters through.

To faults, to sorrows, to the base, His eyes indeed are shut; There is no meanness in Love's face, No wickedness, but—

When things of beauty can be seen, When sweets from heaven fall, None dares deny, I ween, That Cupid sees them all.

And with his eyes, as with his wings, He seeks the realms above, And that is why he's Love.

—John Kendrick Bangs, in Woman's Home Companion.

THE WEDDING INVITATION.

How a Man Feels When He Gets One and His Efforts at Present Baying.

A wedding invitation is practically an admission ticket, costing \$20, to the church service; reception at the house afterward, extra; cards to the at home, more extra, says the Insurance Press.

When a man gets an invitation nowadays he feels as he does when he has been served with a subpoena. He spatters about the idleness of marriage in general, and wonders why in thunder, or somewhere else where thunder is unknown, those little fools didn't just stand up and get married and get it over with. Then when he calms down he is inveigled into making an appointment with his wife at some jeweler's. There he is met with a bewildering array of silver trowels, meat saws, and miniature pitchforks, which his learned wife explains to him are fish knives, lettuce servers, and berry forks, respectively.

Then, as his eyes wander about the store, he spies a golden ball, perforated with fancy holes, and he ventures the

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

"Yes, Miss Gotrox employs a man to do nothing but bathe her terrier twice a day." "Indeed? He's a sort of sky-scraeper, eh?"—Baltimore News.

—A Presbyterian. "Brindley believes he is destined to marry Miss Billyums." "Then why doesn't he?" "She doesn't believe in predestination."—Philadelphia Press.

Waste of Time.—Little Willie—"Say, pa, what is a profitless enterprise?" Pa—"Telling hair-raising stories to a baldheaded man, my son."—Chicago Daily News.

An Example at Hand.—"Do you believe in luck?" "Sometimes. See that fat woman with the red hat over there?" "Yes." "Twenty-two years ago she refused to marry me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THOUSANDS OF HAPPY WIVES.

The King of Cambodia has solved the matrimonial problem Very Nicely.

The king of Cambodia has solved the problem of how to be happy, though married. It is to be always in the presence of one's wife or her image.

It would be more or less awkward for the king of Cambodia to be always in the presence of his wife, going over to see President Lincoln." Gov. Ramsey telegraphed to St. Paul and in a few hours affairs were in motion in Minnesota.

HONOR AMONG ARMED MEN. Affecting Incidents of Military Life in the Border of France and Germany.

Relations between the French and Germans have considerably improved of late years and can even be described as cordial, but this does not mean that the lost provinces have been entirely forgotten on this side of the frontier, as the following touching story which the Patrie has just received from its correspondent at Sant Die, in the Vosges will show, says the London Telegraph.