

# The St. Tammany Farmer

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## THE SAVING OF A CITY.

American Soldier's Account of a  
Courageous Missionary's Stand  
Against the Boxers.

Mr. H. J. Whigham, who went through the Cuban war and earned fame during the South African war by his letters to the London Post, gives the following story in V. C. of a courageous missionary who braved a city full of Boxers:

"It happened while I was in China, just after the Boxers had torn up the Manchurian railway and were playing hanky-panky with law and order. The Russians had to stop this sort of thing, and they did it in their usual fashion by marching from city to city, destroying and looting as they went.

"On these expeditions they generally got a Protestant missionary to go with them, in most cases a Scotchman or an Englishman, to act as interpreter. The missionaries were glad enough to go, because they hoped to check in some measure the frightful excesses of the Russian soldiery.

"In most cases the cities and villages laid down their arms without a murmur, and waited for the Russians to walk over them. But at one place something happened. The Russians marched up to the gates, and were just about to enter when the Boxers opened fire upon them. The army was withdrawn, the batteries were got out, and the general was just going to smash up the city when the Scotch missionary, Dr. Westwater, approached him and asked for a moment's truce.

"I undertake, he said, 'to enter the city and to induce it to surrender without a shot being fired on one condition.' 'Which is?' 'That there shall be no destruction and no looting; none whatever.' 'The general yielded, and, mounting his pony, Dr. Westwater rode forward to the city alone.

"Now, when you consider that the city was full of Boxers, you will realize that it was a pretty considerable act of courage for a missionary, of all men, to ride unarmed through these seething streets. This was what Westwater did. The city was a roaring hive of armed Boxers, muskets peeping from roof and window, and the streets ringing with the noise of arms. At the missionary quarters Dr. Westwater was fortunate enough to find a Christian convert, who conducted him to a place where the merchant guild were holding a sort of cabinet council.

"Westwater explained matters, appealed to the citizens to avoid bloodshed, and pledged his word that neither destruction nor looting should mark the Russian occupation of their city. The appeal was successful, and he rode quietly back to the Russian general.

"The general was an awful brute, as bad as he could be, but Westwater's action seemed to impress him, and his orders were very exact. During his occupation of the city there was no single instance of crime. Westwater's gallant action, too, impressed even the Boxers. They named him the savior of the town, and when, some months later, he took his departure for home, he was made the honored guest of extraordinary banquets, and was accompanied by railway station by all the grateful citizens, half of them waving flags and half of them banging musical instruments."

**ANTIQUITY OF SMALLPOX.**  
Arab Historians Trace the Disease Back to the "Elephant War," A. D. 569.

The literary as well as the pathologic history of smallpox presents many items of special interest, says American Medicine. All readers of the clouded annals of the middle ages are acquainted with the fact that Arabian writers were for many centuries the recognized apostles of philosophy and physical science—including the sundry departments of medicine and surgery—to the various nations of western Europe. And it is to one of these, Abu Bekker Mohammed ben Zechariah (A. D. 850-932), the earliest and most original of all the great Moslem physicians, that medical science and medical literature are indebted for the first recognition of smallpox as a distinct disease, and its first description in written language. This venerable authority is generally known to posterity as Rhazes, a name which he derived from Rai, the place of his birth.

His original description of this formidable disease has been made familiar to English inquirers through the medium of Dr. Greenhill's translation. In addition to his observations on disease proper, the powers of observation of Rhazes in physiognomy are demonstrated by such items of information as: "A man with large ears is stupid, but long lived," and in rational therapeutics by his recommendation of the practice of the game of chess as a cure for melancholy. The antiquity of smallpox is, as might well be expected, lost in the midst of ages; but the definite statement that it first appeared in the Abyssinian army of Abrahah at the siege of Mecca in the course of the so-called "elephant war" of A. D. 569 (or 571). The legend is given as follows by one of their best historians, Tabari:

"Thereupon came the birds of the sea in flocks, every one with three stones, in the claws two and in the beak one; and they threw stones upon them. Wherever one of these stones struck there arose an evil wound and pustules all over. At that time the smallpox first appeared and the bitter trees. The stones named them wholly. Thereafter God sent a torrent which carried them away and swept them into the sea."

Every one of the elephants, having ventured within the sacred inclosure, was struck by a stone and fell a victim to the smallpox. Among the bitter plants which also appeared at that date for the first time the rue and colcyth are especially mentioned.

**Particular Geomantics.**  
"Neckwear made to order" is the sign hanging in the window of a conservative and high-priced haberdashery in Fifth avenue. "We have to do to save ourselves trouble," one of the clerks explained. "Men used to be content to buy the kind of ties we showed them. But now nine men out of ten have their own ideas as to how they want scarfs made. One man wants a narrow scarf and the other a broad one. Some would be delighted to take a scarf if the material were only made in a different form. The upshot of it is the sale of specially-made ties—W. Y. Sun.

# Eating and Drinking Errors

By DR. J. ROBERTSON WALLACE,  
Of the University of Edinburgh.



It is the trifling but oft repeated errors in eating and drinking, as well as in other spheres of human activity, that ultimately tell on the health of the majority. The analogy of the drops of water wearing away the stone holds good when applied to the case of trifles that tell on health. Some of us may eat a little too much or drink a great deal too much every day, and the immediate consequences may be in the one case only what is called a "bilious attack," and in the other "a bit of a headache."

These results are to be regarded as nature's danger signals, by which she signifies that we have poisoned the springs of life. From the frequency of these symptoms it may be judged that there is a considerable number of poisoners about, but, since they only endanger their own lives, they will not do us much harm.

That the reader may be enabled to fully grasp this question of diet, let me first of all point to what food is. We know to our cost, "Things are seldom what they seem, skimmed milk masquerades as cream," as Gilbert sings. But, leaving aside apt adulteration's artful cream, we may define food as something which either (1) builds up or repairs tissues, or (2) supplies material for the production of heat or muscular work. Articles of diet which cannot fulfill either of these functions have important effects on the body, but cannot be considered foods in the real sense of the word.

In this category are coffee, tea, and meat extracts. The body is built up and repaired by what are called proteids (that is, foods containing nitrogen), water, and mineral matters, like soda and potash, phosphorus, chlorine, sulphur, iron, etc. Fats, carbohydrates (sugar and starch), albuminoids (gelatine) cannot form tissue. Without these articles in our food or any one of them repair of the waste of the bodily framework that is always going on and even life itself would be impossible.

All the constituents of food of organic origin act as sources of heat. They are able to do this because they can be oxidized—that is, burned up—in the organs and tissues. Proteids, carbohydrates, and albuminoids are all on a level as heat producers, but are not nearly so valuable for this purpose as fats. These require the greatest amount of oxidation and are the most potent fuel food. On this account we find that fats form the staple diet of the inhabitants of cold climates, as, for example, the Eskimos, whose fondness for seals' blubber is well known, and who are said to regard tallow candles as an admirable addition to the daily menu. Fat, then, being the chief heat producer, it is desirable to add to its amount as the weather becomes colder, and so preventing the body being reduced to living on its capital, so to speak.

**MAKING OF WAX FIGURES.**  
How Models for the Large Department Store Window Displays Are Prepared.

Where do all these wonderful wax figures, women in brilliant array and men who look as though they never could stop staring, come from? With all their finery and pink cheeks they look as though they intended stepping from the windows and joining the passing throng. They are home-made, says the New York Times.

There are only a few of these wax figure makers in New York and one in Chicago. The experts who produce such startling results for the Eden Musee should not be included, for they work only for the museum. One of the New York men keeps a factory in West Broadway. He says, with due modesty, that there is only one man in the country that can get the rich, delicate tint of the rose on the artificial lady's cheek, and that is himself.

The Chicago man isn't counted, he says, else why should the New York makers do more business than he? The wax they use is made of paraffin, and is blown into a hollow form, like a balloon, and is then carefully wrapped, before being shipped to western cities since April, in readiness for the fall trade. But now New York is to be attended to. It will take from now until Christmas to get things in shape.

The only thing to worry about, except in natural arm figures, is the head. These are made by the designer from plates in fashionable women's magazines. Blondes, brunettes, and red-haired ladies are all alike to him, for they are all likely to be changed at the discretion of the purchaser. A department store manager sends his head-dresser, head milliner, and perhaps his comb-maker, to the wax figure manufacturer. They look over the heads—hundreds of them—and select what they want for different forms of display. Perhaps a woman is wanted for a golf rig or a yachting costume, or, perhaps, a fashionable dame on a shopping tour.

The party from the big store selects 50 or more heads, and orders the hair changed and made to suit requirements. If a woman's head wants a high wig it gets one. If the hair is to be plaited and tied up in a bunch at the back, that goes. The manufacturer has a woman who wants no points in the hairdresser's business. Fifteen things they look at before they commit to the wax figure manufacturer. They have no legs—bent or broken, with little wooden arms that move on hinges. But when these little wooden arms are covered with a list that may cost \$300 and bedecked with jewels that might adorn a countess they present quite another appearance.

Waist and arm figures are seldom necessary, except for evening gowns. Then great care must be taken with the backs and the shoulders. Results are what the big store man is after.

**Body Heat.**  
That animal heat is due to combustion was first recognized by Lavoisier, who was unable to determine whether the combustion takes place in the lungs at the place where the oxygen is absorbed, or throughout the entire system. Berthollet, in a late paper on the subject, states that one-seventh of the heat is produced in the lungs, and six-sevenths in the system by reactions of oxidation and hydration. The temperature of the blood in the lungs is raised by the absorption of oxygen, while the return of carbon to a gaseous state and the evaporation of moisture tend to lower it.

**Success in Smallpox Cases.**  
Dr. Alfred W. Schooley, borough physician of Braddock, Pa., treated 102 cases of smallpox at the pesthouse during the year past, only one of which proved fatal. He attributes his success to the fact that he refused to permit any of his patients to taste alcoholic beverages during their illness.

**How to Cut Sandwiches.**  
"Men who cut sandwiches for a big picnic must have just as much knack and experience in the business as men who open oysters on the river boats," said a man who recently supplied 75,000 sandwiches at two days' notice for a political picnic to the wives and children of the voters of a New York district leader. "It took seven men to do that job in the time allowed," he said, "and they hadn't any time to spare at that. I paid them by the hundred; the man who did the most work getting the most pay. When they were all through there, were not enough scraps of bread and meat to fill a tin pail. That is the secret of cutting sandwiches—to avoid waste. There is such competition in the business that we are obliged to work on low margins."

**Sardine Harvest a Failure.**  
Lovers of the sardine will regret to learn that the harvest of the sea has failed entirely of late so far as this district is concerned. One firm in London is accustomed to receive consignments of the fish of several thousand of pounds weight from one house alone; but lately not a single tin has arrived for the simple reason that the catches have been all.

## THE TRES PIEDRAS LEGEND.

Story of the Long Lost and Eagerly Sought Treasure Told by an Old Searcher.

Considerable excitement was lately aroused in western Oklahoma, especially in Beaver county—the "No Man's Land" of our histories—regarding the workings of a party of men in that county in the search for lost treasure, says a Guthrie report to the Galveston News. Oklahoma was in the path of the pioneers who went to California in '49, and also of those who sought for Spanish treasure in both old and New Mexico, and beneath its surface, according to legends handed down through generations, are hidden immense treasure stores. Oklahoma is becoming used to strangers appearing with blueprints and maps, also shovels and picks, and delving around in the belief that they are the fortunate ones in solving the hiding places of wealth.

Under-Sheriff McKew, of Beaver county, returned lately to Beaver City, the county seat, from a trip through the western part of the county, where he had been serving papers for the present term of court. While crossing the mesa between the Cimarron and Corruvum rivers, McKew came upon an excavation, and, being curious to know the cause, drove toward it for the purpose of investigating. He came upon an aged Irishman, Michael Ryan, and from him secured the story of the Tres Piedras, the cause of Ryan's excavations.

According to an old Spanish-Mexican legend, handed down for generations among the Mexicans, a vast quantity of gold was buried by a Spanish expedition, which among the Mexicans is known as the lost treasure of the Tres Piedras. The trail of this expedition was marked by huge stones resembling a gigantic letter V. Chiseled on the under face of the rock at the point of this V would be found the symbol "V," and the whole symbol marked the direction in which the next marks of the trail would be found. These symbols were from five to ten miles apart, located in many places eastward from Santa Fe and Las Vegas, N. M.

Several years ago priests of the Catholic church employed guides and followed the trail to within 30 miles of Clayton, N. M., where it was lost and further search was then abandoned. Michael Ryan is now an old man. He has lived in the west all his life, and as a child played with Mexican children, learning their language, which he speaks fluently. All his life he has been familiar with many Mexican legends, but like others, paid no particular attention to them, and probably would not now had it not been for an incident a few years ago which caused him to take up the trail of the Tres Piedras.

While traveling overland from eastern New Mexico, Ryan's horses strayed from camp one night, and he was compelled to search for them on foot. After searching several hours he sat down upon a stone to rest, and observed that the rocks in that vicinity formed an indistinct V. This fact aroused his curiosity, and he began an investigation, finding on the bottom of the stone at the point of the V the symbol V deeply chiseled thereon. As this was a point beyond that abandoned by the priests, Ryan carefully marked the place, and a few months afterward returned and took up the lost trail. Several times during the next year or two he lost the trail again, and after giving up for awhile would return with fresh supplies to renew his efforts.

Finally, near Garrett, in Beaver county, Ryan came upon a mound near the old Santa Fe trail, where three large rocks marked the symbol. On the under side of one of these appeared the symbol indistinctly chiseled, and following the direction indicated within a quarter of a mile he came upon another triangle, with the symbol pointing toward the direction from which he came. He searched the land in that locality for days, and finally came upon another symbol, which, with the two former, formed a triangle with the points about one-quarter of a mile distant. The V on each rock pointed toward the center of this triangle, and believing that this indicated the termination of his search Ryan commenced digging in the center of the triangle, where Under-Sheriff McKew found him. In the hole he has excavated, Ryan claims to have unearthed adobe bricks, certainly the handwork of man. He, as well as others familiar with the Tres Piedras legend, believes that within the triangle lies buried the long-lost and many times searched-for treasure.

**SHE MADE A MISTAKE.**  
She Wore the Glasses for Looks' Sake, Not as She Looked Through.

They had discussed the virtues and failings of nearly every one they both knew, and the conversation was beginning to flag, writes Elliott Flower in Brooklyn Eagle, when Miss Black asked: "Do you know Mr. Blossom?" "I've met him," replied Miss Blossom, coldly.

"Such an aristocratic looking man," said Miss Black. "There's no one can match him for dignified reserve and fine appearance."

"Do you think so?" Miss Blossom was a trifle sarcastic.

"Yes, indeed," replied Miss Black, enthusiastically. "No one graces a ball-room or a parlor as he does. And as for politeness and courtesy—"

"As for politeness and courtesy," interrupted Miss Blossom. "I've bowed to him twice on the street and he has marched by in his haughty way, without even so much as nodding."

"O my dear, you don't understand him at all," explained Miss Black. "You haven't been in society long enough. Did he have those gold-rimmed glasses on?"

"Certainly. He nearly always wears them."

"Of course. But never bow to him when he wears them." Miss Black was speaking with the wise air that comes from social experience. "They make him look so literary and distingue, but he can't see through them."

**New Name for Flea.**  
"This pie is entirely too affectionate," complained the Cheerful idiot.

"What's that?" inquired the puzzled waiter girl.

"I say it's too affectionate—the upper crust is stuck on the lower. Bring me some of that dropical pie over there."

And after some difficulty it was beaten into the head of the distressed maiden that he wanted some of the cranberry pie with the lattice work cover—Baltimore American.

## THE YOUNG MAN AND THE LION.



A certain rich man, lord of a great estate, had an only son, of whom he was dotingly fond. The Young Man delighted in hunting, and went every day into the forest in chase of wild beasts. His father believed firmly in dreams, omens, prognostics, and the like, and, dreaming one night that his son was killed by a Lion, resolved that he should not go to the forest any more. He therefore built a spacious tower, and kept the Young Man there closely confined. That his captivity might be less tedious to bear, he surrounded him with books, music, and pictures; and on the walls of the tower were painted in life-size all the beasts of the chase, and among the rest a Lion. The Young Man stood one day gazing for a long time at this picture; and, vexation at his unreasonable confinement getting the mastery over him, he struck the painted Lion a violent blow with his fist, saying: "Thou, cruel savage, art the cause of all my grief." The point of a nail in the wainscot under the canvas entered his hand: the wound became inflamed, festered, and mortified; and the Youth died from its effects.

Moral—What can be more absurd than the practice of those credulous fools, who, having faith enough to believe in the veracity of oracles, had the impudence or audacity to try to defeat them afterwards. This was making a god with one hand and throwing him away with the other.

**NIAGARA'S OVERFLOW.**  
The Volume of Water at the Falls Greater the Last Year Than for a Decade Past.

Authorities on the river condition at Niagara Falls state that in 11 years the channels of the great stream have not been so well filled continuously as during this year. Connecting, as it does, Lake Erie with Lake Ontario, the Niagara river forms a good pulse to the rise and fall of waters in the great upper lakes. The Niagara receives its supply of water from Lake Erie at Buffalo, and when the lake is high the flow into and down the river is increased in volume, and when the lake is low the opposite condition exists. As the Niagara is carrying an unusual amount of water this year, it is evident that the overflow of Lake Erie is more abundant than it has been for some years.

These water conditions in such a stream as the Niagara are most interesting. They tell of an abundance of water for navigation purposes on the great lakes, and immediately at Niagara they preserve the scenic beauty of the falls of Niagara, which it has been feared by some were destined to be eradicated by the power development. Never since the extensive development of power at Niagara has there been any noticeable difference in the flow of the river at the falls caused by the diversion of waters for the operations of the turbines, and this year, especially, there is a bountiful supply for all purposes.

Old river men state that the waters in the Niagara fluctuate to a considerable degree every seven years, but not since 1892 has the river been so high. It is said that for seven years the waters receded, and then another seven years is consumed in rising to the normal stage. Of course, heavy rainfalls may change the conditions, and it is equally plain that the melting snows of winter time throughout such a vast watershed as that which supplies the Niagara have their influence on the height of the water. It may be easy to believe that with the high water this year the river is apt to be lessened in volume for the next few years, and when this occurs, which will be about the time of the operation of many new turbines on the Canadian side of the river, the new power development will come in for a share of the blame in diverting the waters of the falls.

**CLAM CHARACTERISTICS.**  
Peculiar Structure and Uses of the "Neck" and Manner of Getting Underground.

Persons who have seen soft shell clams as they lay in a pan in the kitchen preparatory to being cooked scarcely recognize them in their natural state. Many of us who have seen clams know that they have "necks," but are ignorant of the purpose and characteristics of this attachment. As they lie on the ground they are far from being close mouthed. In fact, they are seldom to be seen with the shell closed. From one end projects the "neck," which may be three times as long as the shell when fully extended. This fact, in case the "neck" is stretched out, makes one wonder how such a length can be contracted into such a small space, and how much remains in the shell after the "neck" has been elongated. This is the astonishing characteristic of the soft shelled clam, and the one that makes him unrecognizable to so many people. One of the clams, for instance, is three inches long. His "neck," when stretched, is possibly eight or nine inches long and as large around as a man's middle finger.

As every one knows, the clam, when in its native haunts, is to be found several inches below the surface of the sand. He has to be dug up, when discovered by the little spurts of water which the clam beneath throws up when disturbed. This "neck" connects the clam with his food supply in the water above. In it are parallel tubes. Through one tube the clam sucks in a quantity of water. From the water he absorbs whatever nourishment it may contain, and then expels the water through the other tube.

One may wonder how the clam gets into the sand or mud. At the end opposite the "neck" may be seen an appendage resembling a turtle's tail in shape and called a foot. It is with this foot that he digs his way downward.

**Fastest Press in America.**  
A card press in the government printing office, Washington, prints 60,000 cards on both sides in one hour. They are printed and cut from a web of printed board.

**Teachers Looked Down Upon.**  
Teachers looked down upon? One can imagine the splendid indignation with which the old pioneer school teacher would have met the charge.

"Teachers looked down upon? Then it is your business to make them looked up to. How can you expect others to esteem a work of which you show yourselves ashamed? You cannot confer honor for a task until you honor it yourself. Exult in your work. Give yourself to it eagerly, volunteers in the great war against ignorance and crime. Your country's flag floats above you. March on bravely, soldiers of peace!"

Better methods, enriched courses, wider culture, these are all high and worthy aims, but none of these can take the place of the heroic, self-sacrificing, patriotic spirit of the old pioneer school teacher.

**Tuberculosis and Race Immunity.**  
The races which have been exposed to tuberculosis for a comparatively brief period of time have very little resisting power to the disease, says Lawrence F. Flick, M. D. The American Indian was wiped out before he could develop an immunity. The American colored man is three times more susceptible to the disease than his white brother. In the interior of Africa tuberculosis is said to be still unknown. The African when he comes to countries in which tuberculosis exists, however, shows a very great susceptibility to the disease, and gets it in malignant form. As compared with him the American negro has developed some immunity in the time during which he has struggled against the disease.

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