The St. Tammany Farmer

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Work That Is Slighted.

Mr. S. McChord Crothers, in a collection of essays entitled "The Pardoner's Wallet," takes exception to the oft-repeated advice to always do our best in whatever we have to do, and makes a plea for necessarily slighted work. "The ordinary man," he reminds us, "is compelled to spend most of his time on pot-boilers of one kind or another. When the pot is merrily boiling and all the odds and ends are being mingled in a savoy stew, I would allow the ordinary man some satisfaction. As fingers were made before forks, so mediocrity was made before genius. Has mediocrity no right to enjoy its own work, just because it is not the very best? We of the commonality who are fitted to live happily in the comparative degree, allow ourselves to be bullied by the superlative. There are uneasy spirits who trouble Israel. They continually quote the maxim that whatever is worth doing is worth doing well. It is a good maxim in its way, and cause no particular hardship until our eyes are opened and we see what it means to do anything superlatively well. I attribute a good deal of the sense of stress in modern life to the new standards of excellence that are set in regard to the multifarious activities which make up our daily lives. We have to do a hundred different things. This is not particularly trying so long as it is merely touch and go. But when a hundred experts beset us, each one of whom has made a life study of a particular act, we are bowed in contrition. There is no good in us but good intentions, and they cannot save us. . . . Our capacity for unperfectness seems absolutely limitless. The effort taken to achieve success in one direction is from another point of view a dissipation of energy. It is so much power withdrawn from another possible achievement. The most versatile men do not do all things equally well, and while the world calls them successful they are inwardly conscious of their manifold failures." In conclusion, we are reminded that "life has its compromises," and are left to infer that in the matter of slighted work we must employ them.

Morality of the Average.

It is the fashion of the day to place society upon the vivisection table, and since the abnormal is always more sensational than the normal we are being treated to horifying disquisitions upon the results of these investigations, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. Why do not these sensationalists consider the average man once in awhile? Is it because he is conventional and fails to furnish startling theories? Yet there are many millions more of him than of the subjects of social vivisection at either end of the scale. And the normal men and women are to be found in slums and mansions just as well as in the ordinary dwellings that do not belong to either category. The progress of the nation, of humanity, depends upon normal, not the abnormal, and there is every indication that the average is constantly being raised.

We spend time and money in fighting the white scourge, and one of the important measures proposed for the Iowa legislature to act upon this winter is the founding of a state hospital for consumptives. Yet it is doubtful if this disease can lay claim to a larger number of victims than can pneumonia. In the presence of the rampant pneumococcus the physician is practically helpless. The question of recovery seems to be whether the patient is strong enough to bear with the poison produced by the germ until that poison is strong enough to kill the germ itself. It is a duel to the death between patient and germ, and if the patient would win he must begin to train long before he has any suspicion that the struggle is coming. In other words, he must keep in good health.

It was not through vanity, we are informed, nor a desire to keep his head warm that John D. Rockefeller adopted a wig. One of his close friends is responsible for the statement that the oil king did it to disguise himself. The newspaper cartoons had made his bald head and sharp features familiar to the public, and he was constantly annoyed by gaping crowds. Mr. Rockefeller has made several trips since he got the wig, and has escaped the attention that he formerly drew. His closest friends have to look twice to be sure it is Mr. Rockefeller.

Gov. Higgins of New York well knows what it is to be pestered with the political office-seeker, and in alluding to this class of persons during a cent interview he came out with this mouthful of wisdom: "There are two periods when the political carpet-bagger is beyond human understanding. One is before he is elected to office and the other is after. There are also, I may say, various breeds of politicians, just as there are various breeds of pigeons—tumblers, fantails and pouters."

"It's too bad the average man can't be satisfied with a good living and not be hungering for more money," says an exchange. The average man is satisfied with a good living. The only trouble is that his idea of a good living grows with his income.

The agricultural department has discovered that barbed wire rusts because it is left out in the rain. The prudent farmer will hereafter watch the weather predictions and bring in his barbed wire when a storm is threatened.

Browning Among the Prophets

By DR. JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

When Canon Farrar said: "I have learned more religion from the poetry of Robert Browning than from all the books of theology I have ever read," he was stating the truth ever apparent to the sage and the saint, that the bard is ever closely allied to the prophet. Poetry is ever the vehicle of the highest revelation. The soul attuned to harmonies is in touch with the infinite. The nobler the bard the more universal his message, and universality is the gift of poetry, the witness of God in the soul of man.

Robert Browning was a bard who, to use his own phrase, "believed in soul and was very sure of God." He was a seer who apprehended truth at first hand. He verified the true function of the prophet, which is that of a spokesman, a mouthpiece of the Almighty, witnessing to the truth, justice and love which he found in his own heart corroborated by his study of nature and man.

Robert Browning could and did write delightful ballads, ringing, singing, swinging things that ravish the ear with the lilt of delightful rhythm, the charm of echoing rhymes. In these directions other masters of English poetry may, perhaps, excel him. We must travel inward if we are to discover his unique power and enter the realm in which he is unquestionably master. In this inward journey we are first impressed with Browning's profound belief in the human soul. He was not the poet of "nice people" only; he was interested in man as man. Even the rag ends and fag ends of human nature were to him not only interesting, but hopeful. His faith in freedom was profound, his enthusiasm for liberty was lifelong; he was a great democrat.

He was the forerunner of the moralists who say that with every elaboration of the social fabric ethics grows more intricate; that even psychology, the science of soul, in its higher reaches becomes sociology, the science of society.

THE END OF THE VOYAGE

By OWEN OLIVER.

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Since the captain had announced at dinner that they would reach Cape Town in the morning, every one was making the most of the last night. The promenade deck was full of laughter and electric light right up to the wind screens. Beyond them there was only a mast headlight, and the moon scurrying through a tangle of clouds, and the swish-swash of the sea.

"The end of the voyage," said a woman's voice, from the depths of a cushioned chair.

"The end of everything," said a man's voice.

"Be serious," she commanded, "to-night, please."

His hand invaded the big chair, and came to rest upon an arm.

"I grew serious two weeks ago. I should not tell you, only—you know, don't you, dear?"

"I know," there was a little movement in the cushioned chair, as if her

"I WAS SO LONELY."

arm went a little closer to his hand. "I grew a little serious, too," she confessed. He had to bend over to catch her words. "I didn't mean ever to tell you, but you knew, too."

"I knew," he sighed. "Shall you mind very much?"

"Why do you ask?" she cried, passionately.

"Is it wrong?"

"Is it—necessary?" There was a sharp catch in her voice, and he stroked her arm gently.

"It is going to hurt me horribly, little girl. I don't complain of that. It's been worth it. If only it wouldn't hurt you—"

"Would you like me not to care?" she asked.

He shook his head.

"Of course, if I had any proper womanly pride, I should pretend that I didn't. You wouldn't believe me, but you would pretend to. . . . Oh, I do care! It was my first voyage, and—and—you don't know what it has been to me. And now—" She stopped abruptly, and he stroked her arm again.

"You have been the whole world to me for the last two weeks," he whispered. "To-morrow I shall have nothing left."

"You have—the girl at Potchefstroom," she said, with a sharp ring in her voice.

"The girl at Potchefstroom!" He muttered something under his breath.

"Hush! It isn't her fault. I am sorry for her, too— What is she like? You have never told me about her, really."

"I don't want to talk about her," he said, slowly.

"I want to know about her. I wish her to be nice—well, I try to wish—for your sake. She is, isn't she?"

"I suppose so," he said, rather impatiently. "I don't want to think about her to-night. Don't ask me any more, please."

"Only this: Is she good? Really and truly good?"

He drew a deep breath, and looked away at the sea.

"Yes," he declared, "she is good. Certainly she is that."

She subsided into the cushioned chair and sighed.

"Perhaps she is the best for you. I am not good, or I shouldn't have let myself like you. I am not a flirt, really. People have to make friends on a voyage, and I thought that you would be just a friend, like other friends. I did not know that you were different from other men, until—" her voice gave way.

"Tell me, darling." He put his arm around her.

"Will she have been flirting?"

"I don't think so. You see, she is—Oh! Never mind her to-night."

"I do mind her." They were silent for a long time. Then she put her hand gently in his.

"Be good to her," she said, huskily. "She makes no difference. You forget that you are engaged."

"I don't want to speak of that," she cried, quickly.

"If you knew how I hate him!"

"There's no reason why you should."

"No reason! When I know that he will have you! Sometimes I feel as if I shall go out of my mind when I think of it."

"Poor boy!" She turned to him suddenly. "Would it relieve you very much if you heard that it was broken off?"

"Of course it would—What a selfish brute I am!"

She laughed softly.

"I like you to be selfish over me. I am going to tell you something to make you a little happier. Do you remember the first Sunday, when you talked to me at tea? I was so lonely and miserable, I came and sat opposite to you, just to see if you would speak to me—I thought you were so kind. Do you recollect we went and sat on a seat, with rugs round us? Wasn't it cold, and wretched?"

"I wasn't wretched. I didn't think you were."

"I meant before you talked to me. It seemed all right then— You told me you were going to Potchefstroom, and I asked you if you knew anyone in the place, and you said there was a girl there."

"Yes, but—" He frowned, but she could not see in the dusk.

"Of course I ought not to have let you care for me after that."

"It wasn't your fault. You warned me that there was some one at Cape Town."

"I don't know why I do things. I suppose I thought it put us both on the same level— I think I was a little afraid of liking you, even then. So I told you about—him. I wish I hadn't."

He drew her a little closer.

"It was right to tell me about him," he said. "I don't want to know about him, but I hope he's a good fellow. I try to hope that you will forget me, and be happy with him." He groaned, and she clutched his arm suddenly with both hands.

"I—I only said it," she confessed, with a sob. "There is no one—at least, no one to marry me—only my brother. I don't think I shall ever—Oh, you mustn't, you mustn't!— Yes, I do, I do, but—the girl at Potchefstroom?"

"The girl at Potchefstroom!" he laughed, and this time his laugh was a real one. "I should have told you all about her at first, only you let me think that you were engaged, and I thought she was a safeguard. She is only my sister— Darling, I want a little wife—at Potchefstroom!"

The Wrong Inference.

Prof. Barrett Wendell, of Harvard, lightened with an anecdote an English lecture.

"There was a certain instructor," he said, "who was always impressing upon his students the need of perspicuity.

"A young man came to him one day to get back an essay that had been submitted.

"'A very good essay,' said the instructor, as he returned the paper, 'but, Mr. Smith, you should write always so that the most ignorant person can understand every word you say.'

"The young man looked up anxiously.

"'What part of my essay was not clear to you, professor?' he asked."—N. Y. Tribune.

PREPARE FOR FIGHT.

UNITED MINE WORKERS READY FOR GREAT STRIKE.

Organization Has Millions of Dollars to Aid Men in War for Increased Wages—How Income Is Derived.

Indianapolis, Ind.—The probability of a great national coal strike on April 1 has centered the attention of thousands of wage-earners and the owners of millions of dollars' worth of coal mining properties upon the headquarters of the United Mine Workers of America in this city.

It will be the first time in the history of the United Mine Workers that the anthracite and bituminous miners have entered upon a great strike together.

That the powerful organizations of mine operators will find in the United Mine Workers a foe worthy of their steel is shown by three facts.

Numerically the United Mine Workers is the strongest body of workingmen in the world engaged in a single industry.

Financially it is the strongest union of labor in the United States, ranking second in the world only to the Amalgamated Engineers of Great Britain, a much older organization.

As an organization, which reaches into 25 mining states and territories and into British Columbia, it has become welded together by repeated battles.

For more than a year preparations for a long, stern fight have been under way in the miners' great union. President Mitchell and Vice President Lewis have occupied nearly all the time in strengthening the organization.

In the meantime W. B. Wilson, secretary-treasurer, has been wrestling with the great financial problems presented by the likelihood of a long continued strike. The gathering of the immense funds necessary to support the members while out of employment, the plans for their equitable distribution with the least possible waste—these are the duties which make the office of the secretary-treasurer one of the most important of all in a great

JOHN MITCHELL.
(Who Will Command Miners in Threatened Coal Strike.)

labor organization when a vital contest is expected.

Latest reports received by Mr. Wilson show that the United Mine Workers now has over 330,000 members, against a membership of but a few hundred when the order was formed in 1890 by the amalgamation of the Miners' Progressive union and the Knights of Labor. Of the above number, which includes some who have been excused from payment of dues through idleness and other causes, something less than 100,000 are in the anthracite coal regions.

The amount of money contributed by this body of men each year for the maintenance of their national organization is close to $1,000,000. Last year the income of the United Mine Workers was $852,772. At the beginning of the present fiscal year there was a reserve on hand of $603,952. This has since been largely increased. During last year the organization paid out for aid to strikers $1,067,300, a part of which was taken from the reserve.

In explaining how the income is derived, Treasurer Wilson said: "The manner in which the United Mine Workers of America raises funds for the transaction of its business is by a per capita tax of 25 cents a month per member. In special emergencies assessments are levied in addition to this.

"The assessment during the anthracite strike in 1902 was ten per cent. of the gross earnings of the bituminous miners." In addition to this it was stated that many of the locals have funds of their own, not included in the aggregate of the national organization.

A strike of all coal miners in the country will cut off all the per capita receipts. The U. M. W., however, has contributed freely in aid of strikers in other unions and could, no doubt, count on liberal assistance. During the anthracite strike in 1902 outside organizations contributed $449,000. Much more than that is expected in the present emergency.

"When a strike occurs," said Treasurer Wilson, "the men involved are supported in proportion to the size of their families. No money is paid direct to the strikers, but they are furnished with the necessary provisions to sustain them until the strike is over. The amount of money available for strike purposes is distributed through the 22 districts and the 2,700 locals.

"We have two methods of distribution, depending upon the local conditions. During the anthracite strike orders were issued on the retail dealers. The face of these orders bore the amount of supplies they were good for. On the back of each slip was a space for the articles purchased and the price of each. When used up the orders were signed by the party to whom issued and by the grocer who furnished the supplies. The orders were then turned over by the local to the district treasurers once every week and were cashed.

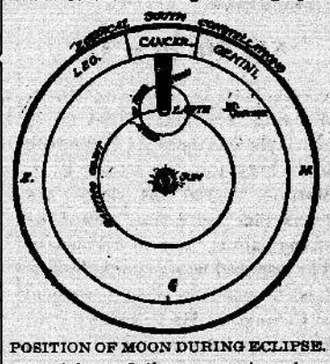
"Where the company stores are in operation we find it necessary to go into the open market and purchase supplies by the carload. We then established our own commissaries."

ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.

Earth Passes Between Sun and Lunar Satellite—Interesting Astrological Features.

Chicago.—On the night of February 8 and morning of February 9 the earth passed between the sun and the moon and gave the latter one of its "nights off." For an hour and a half the moon was in total eclipse.

No importance was attached to the eclipse by astronomers, yet scientists of nearly all the universities and observatories in the country watched the shadow of the earth through the small hours of the morning. Photographs



POSITION OF MOON DURING ECLIPSE.

were taken of the moon at various stages of the eclipse, and in some instances observations of the intensity of the light from the satellite were taken.

The beginning of the eclipse was recorded officially at 11:54:06 p. m., in this city, when the moon entered the penumbra. At 11:57 the shadow began to be visible. It took exactly an hour for the shadow to envelop the moon. At 1:47 a. m. the middle was reached and at 2.36:12 the total eclipse ended. The shadow left the moon at 3:37 and the moon left the penumbra at 4:39:54.

At the beginning the eclipse was seen in North and South America, and in western Europe and Africa. The ending was visible generally in North and Central America, western South America, northeastern Asia and Australia.

Aside from the astronomical interest attending a lunar eclipse there are speculations, more or less, relating to the supposed influences the heavenly bodies have upon humanity according to the relative positions the planets hold at the hour of each human birth. The moon is said, astrologically, to be at home in the sign of Cancer in the earth's zodiac. Children born between the 20th day of January and the 19th day of February are born under Aquarius in the sun's zodiac. Now, during the period of the moon's eclipse, a very interesting astrological condition was evidently presented to those who practice astrology either for amusement or as a profession.

There probably were many children born during the hours above mentioned, and it would be interesting for parents to note the exact minute of birth, so that a fair test may be made. Every child born of royal parents has the hour, minute and second as well as the day, month and year accurately noted, and a horoscope is cast for the child as soon thereafter as is convenient.

While we are prone to class astrology with other false beliefs and superstitions, yet its very ancient use, and the fact that there are many who still practice and actually believe in it, gives it a standing that it otherwise would not have.

SLATED FOR NEW PLACE.

Congressman Hepburn, Author of Railroad Rate Bill, May Join Interstate Commerce Commission.

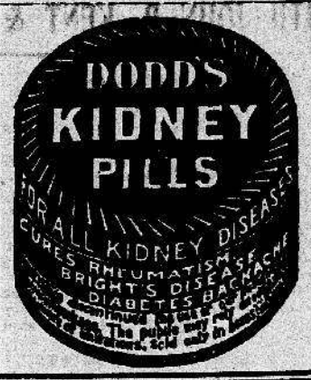
Washington.—A place on the interstate commerce commission likely will be given Representative William Peters Hepburn, of Iowa, chairman of the house committee on interstate and foreign commerce, and whose name is borne by the bill for the regulation of railway rates, which passed the house almost unanimously the other day. If the rate bill passes the senate, two more members must be appointed. Hepburn will have no trouble in getting one of the places if he wants it, as every member of the house will be for him. Up to a short time ago Hepburn was a strenuous opponent of rate legislation. Mr. Hepburn's home is in Clarinda, Ia. He is now serving his ninth term in congress. He was

CONGRESSMAN W. P. HEPBURN.
(Slated for Place on Interstate Commerce Commission.)

born in Wellsville, O., in 1833, and was but nine years old when he was brought to Iowa (then a territory) by his parents. In early life he was a printer, but meanwhile read law, and was admitted to the bar in 1854. Mr. Hepburn served in an Iowa cavalry regiment during the war, holding the rank of lieutenant colonel when mustered out. He always has been active in politics, and was solicitor of the treasury during the administration of President Benjamin Harrison.

Forty Thousand Little Fishes.

Following the lot of eggs of the hump-backed salmon lately hatched out in it, there have now been placed in the New York city aquarium's fish hatchery 10,000 eggs of lake trout and 30,000 whitefish eggs from the United States fish hatchery at Northville, Mich. These eggs were already somewhat advanced in incubation when received there, and the little fishes are expected to emerge from them in about three weeks.



DAWN REFUSED TO APPEAR

"Bright Phoebus" Wasn't on Hand with the Necessary Colors.

Business had not been good at the Thespian temple of a Midland town, and various tradesmen were pressing the management for payment. As a last appeal to an unappreciative public, a play "For Honor and for England," was put on. One scene was played in semi-darkness. The hero, sitting in a log hut, was waiting for daybreak, destined to bring him deliverance from his woes or disaster.

"The dawn, at last!" he exclaimed. "Bright Phoebus gilds yonder mountain peak!" "Bright Phoebus gilds yonder mountain peak!" he repeated in louder tones, annoyed that the cue to turn up the footlights had not been noticed. Still the darkness continued. "Bright Phoebus gilds yonder mountain peak, I say!" he roared.

"Well, guv'nor," came in clear tones from the gasman at the wings, "I reckon you'd better git along without Phoebus. They've cut the blessed gas off!"

To Get the Best Out of Life

Order the life habits to conform to the laws of hygiene, take proper rest, food, drink and exercise, have plenty of light, fresh air and sunshine, and take a cup of Garfield Tea daily. This mild laxative insures Good Health. Druggists sell Garfield Tea.

Speaking from Experience.

"How do you like being civilized?" asked the philanthropist.

"Well," answered the simple child of nature, "civilization is great for the mind, but it is mighty hard on the digestion."—Washington Star.

A Harmless Laxative.

If you must take a laxative, take a harmless one. Lax-Fos does not gripe, therefore, does not irritate. Irritation is what does the harm. Price 50 cents.

Not Deserving of Good Luck.

Three Germans were sitting at luncheon recently and were overheard discussing the second marriage of a mutual friend, when one of them remarked: "I'll tell you vhat. A man vhat marries de second time don't deserve to have lost his first vife."—Life.

It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callous, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Every woman is absolutely sure the man she gets for a husband will allow her to do just as she pleases in the matter of spending money.

You Don't Have to Wait.

Every dose makes you feel better. Lax-Fos keeps your whole inside right. Not one gripe in a full bottle. Sold on the money back plan everywhere. Price 50 cents.

It is strange that the wide-awake chap in the bald-head row at the burlesque show is generally the one who always sleeps when he goes to church.

A Guaranteed Cure for Piles.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c

Honesty doesn't really amount to much until it has been tried out.

HIS ONE WEAK SPOT.

Prominent Minnesota Merchant Cured to Stay Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills.

O. C. Hayden, of O. C. Hayden & Co., dry goods merchants, of Albert Lea, Minn., says: "I was so lame that I could hardly walk. There was an unaccountable weakness of the back, and constant pain and aching. I could find no rest and was very uncomfortable at night. As my health was good in every other way I could not understand this trouble. It was just as if all the strength had gone from my back. After suffering for some time I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The remedy acted at once upon the kidneys, and when normal action was restored, the trouble with my back disappeared. I have not had any return of it."

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

A Positive CURE

Ely's Cream Balm is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once.

It cleanses, soothes heals and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts., at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size 10 cts. by mail. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

CATARRH

HAY FEVER

Last Resort.

"Doctor, I wish you would come and take dinner with us to-day."

"What for, Throggins?"

"Because I don't relish my victuals and I want you to tell me whether the fault is with me or with the cooking."—Chicago Tribune.

Cures Rheumatism and Catarrh—Medicine Sent Free.

Send no money—simply write and try Botanic Blood Balm at our expense. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) kills or destroys the poison in the blood which causes the awful aches in back and shoulder blades, shifting pains, difficulty in moving fingers, toes or legs, bone pains, swollen muscles and joints of rheumatism, or the foul breath, hawking, spitting, droppings in throat, bad hearing, specks flying before the eyes, all played out feeling of catarrh. Botanic Blood Balm has cured hundreds of cases of 30 or 40 years' standing after doctors, hot springs and patent medicines had all failed. Most of these cured patients had taken Blood Balm as a last resort. It is especially advised for chronic, deep-seated cases. Impossible for any one to suffer the agonies or symptoms of rheumatism or catarrh, while or after taking Blood Balm. It makes the blood pure and rich, thereby giving a healthy blood supply. Cures are permanent and not a patching up. Drug store, $1 per large bottle. Sample of Blood Balm sent free and prepaid, also special medical advice by describing your trouble and writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Some men are born infamous, some gradually have their reputations taken away from them by committees of investigation.—Houston Chronicle.

Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullen is Nature's great remedy—Cures Coughs, Colds, Croup and Consumption, and all throat and lung troubles. At druggists, 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.

There is room at the top for the man who can push the other fellow off.—Chicago Daily News.

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for many, many years has cured and continues to cure

RHEUMATISM
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Paxtine possesses extraordinary cleansing, healing and germicidal qualities unlike anything else. At all druggists. 50 cents

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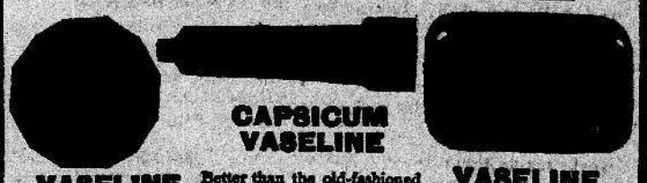

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VASELINE COLD CREAM

(*In Jars or Tubes*)

Keeps the skin in a soft and healthy condition and preserves the complexion.

VASELINE CAMPHOR ICE

Superior to anything in use for chapped hands and lips and to allay all irritation of the skin. Cures sun-burn.

Can be obtained from druggists and dealers, or will send by mail on receipt of 15 cents in money or stamps.

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