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FORTY-FIFTH YEAR. BENTON, BOSSIER PARISH, LA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1907. NUMBER 50.

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FATE and a FOOZLER

By MARGARET MUZZEY

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All during July, Whitney progressed in Mildred Mason's favor with the approval of her small brother, Tom, a consideration by no means to be despised, when the curate of St. Jude's appeared on the scene and spoiled it all. The first intimation of change in the usual order of events came when Mildred refused to play golf on Sunday.

"When a person can play all the week," she said, "I think he ought to make a difference on Sunday."

"But it is my only opportunity to play with you, and I spend my week ends here for that sole purpose," pleaded Whitney. "I cannot understand this sudden access of conscience."

Mildred looked offended, and Whitney was about to apologize when Tom slipped a hand through his arm.

"Come and go around with me, Mr. Whitney. Mildred is a little morbid just now, but it won't last," and as they went away together Tom explained. "It is that curate chap—he came out here last Monday and spent the week—all the women are crazy about him. Heaven knows what there is about a collar that buttons behind, but girls always go down before it like ninepins."

"Was he—was he especially attentive to any one?" Whitney's voice shook.

"Sure—stuck to Milly like a barnacle to a lamppost. I thought when she saw him play golf she'd break away. It was enough to make angels bawl."

"Did you say she was pleased with"—

"Couldn't drive six feet—made eleven strokes and six foozles to the first green, then"—

"But do you think she enjoyed"—

"Then putted out in five. What do you think of that?"

"It was a hideously excruciating, revolting spectacle! Did Miss Mildred appear interested in"—

"He drove four balls into the brook and instead of cussing like a gentleman he said, 'Dear me, what an exasperating game!' "

It was no use trying to get any satisfaction from Tom. He talked of nothing but the curate's foozles and failures, and the only information Whitney obtained was that the parson intended to be at Windcliff every week during the remainder of the summer.

The next Saturday Whitney found Mildred more than ever ensnared by the curate. She not only refused to play golf Sunday, but read a book called "Narrow Paths" all the evening.

Tom walked to the station with Mr. Whitney Monday morning and asked if there was anything he could do for him.

"Get rid of the foozling parson," said Tom. "He uses his irons like a grave-digger, and he has lost three of my new handmade pneumatics."

"I wish he was a missionary," sighed Whitney.

"In the cannibal islands," added Tom.

The following Friday Whitney received a postal card with these words: "Plot thickens. Take a vacation. Tom."

Whitney, panic stricken, went to Windcliff on the next train. He found Tom on the ninth green about to try a difficult stroke, and, laying hands suddenly upon him, asked breathlessly:

"What did you mean by that postal card?"

"Lucky you didn't grab till I had made that put. I might have jiu jitsued you," said Tom. "Let's see," counting on his fingers, "four to the brook, one on to the green; that is five"—

"Answer my question." Whitney shook him roughly.

"Two puts in seven. Oh, that was just a threat. Thought you better be on the spot. Here comes the foozling fascinator now."

After introducing the curate, Tom inquired anxiously:

"How is your head today, Mr. Seton?"

"All right when I am up and about, thank you." Turning to Whitney: "I have suffered from the most peculiar symptoms lately. When I lie down at night I have a rumbling sound in my head that prevents my sleeping."

"How do you account for it?" asked Whitney.

"It's the beastly dampness," Tom remarked. "A man here last summer began with exactly your symptoms and his doctor told him if he didn't go away from the lake quick he would be a raving maniac."

The curate turned pale.

"Dear me, I should hate to leave this delightful place, but I cannot run such a risk as that."

By August so many boarders arrived that the landlady turned the boys and bachelors into the "Anne," a small cottage divided into bedrooms by thin wooden partitions, and the curate, Mr. Whitney and Tom were relegated to these quarters, Tom's room being between the other two.

Whitney passed the time playing golf with Tom, who was singularly unlike himself. Instead of being indefatigable and bubbling over with spirits, he was languid and dull. He said the bare possibility of having a foozler enter his family reduced his nervous system to a pulp.

"What on earth did you bring me here for?" asked Whitney. "I can't see anything of your sister without that everlasting parson."

"She will be tired of his symptoms before long," said Tom.

"She appears to be in love with him and his symptoms."

"She has some notion about a life of usefulness as a parson's wife. She'll drop it once he has gone."

"Catch him going," Whitney groaned.

"I have hopes," said Tom.

That night Whitney lay awake with an aching tooth. He heard the curate's bed creak as the poor fellow tossed restlessly. "Roller skating in his head," thought Whitney. Then he heard Seton pacing back and forth. Presently he appeared to try sleeping again and gave forth a gentle snore. Suddenly he sprang out of bed, threw open his door, rushed madly through the hall and down the stairs. Whitney, alarmed, chased after him. Reaching the garden, he was horrified to see Seton making a full tilt straight for the lake. Whitney picked up an apple and threw it, hitting Seton in the small of the back. He stopped and turned slowly around. His pursuer was upon him in an instant and, grappling the astonished cleric, threw and held him down.

"Help! Murder!" he yelled.

"Shut up," said Whitney. "I've saved your life."

"Why, it is Mr. Whitney. What do you mean?"

A young surgeon camping near the shore heard the cries and, seizing his emergency outfit, ran to the spot.

"What's the row?" he asked.

"It is the curate; he was just going to drown himself."

"Dear me," said Seton. "I was just going to take a plunge."

"At this hour!" sneered Whitney.

"You doubt my word?"

The curate's blood was up; he fought and struggled vigorously. It took both men to handle him, but they got him down again. Whitney sat on him; the doctor took out his chloroform can, saturated a handkerchief and held it over Seton's face until he was unconscious.

As they lifted him to carry him in something dropped. It was a bath towel. The curate had knotted it around his waist.

"Thunder and guns!" exclaimed Whitney. "Do you suppose he really was only going in swimming?"

"Looks confoundedly like it," said the doctor grimly.

As they passed Tom's door he looked out, and, seeing their burden, his eyes dilated with horror.

"I told him he'd be drowned going in by those rocks after dark," said Tom. "He's been there every night lately."

"He is not dead—his head struck a tin can," said the doctor.

"Will it be safe for us to leave him alone?" asked Whitney.

"Safer—for us; he has not had dope enough to hold him long."

The curate left on an early train next morning before anybody was about.

Tom took Whitney into the room vacated by Seton, turned back the head of the mattress and from a slit in the ticking extracted a small box containing a spool of thread, the end of which passed through a hole in the box, then through a crack in the partition into Tom's room. The "rumbling" was produced by pulling the thread so that it unwound rapidly.

"It was like putting an incubator baby in the refrigerator," said Tom, "but foozling disgraces a club. The sure way to stop it is to remove the cause."

How Table Olives Are Prepared.

Our consul at Seville reports that to prepare olives in the most palatable manner they must be gathered unripe after the first autumn showers. Properly assorted according to size and quality, they are first washed in fresh water to remove particles of earth and leaves which usually cling to the fruit. Later they are allowed to soak in a solution of soda and potash, concentrated to between two degrees and six degrees of the Baume aerometer. If the solution be very concentrated eight to ten hours of soaking suffice; if diluted, the operation may continue for three or four days. After the solution has penetrated very nearly to the stone of the fruit, fresh water is substituted and renewed every two hours until it remains clean—a sign that the fruit has lost the caustic flavor which the solution had imparted to it. Next the fruit is pickled according to processes varying in conformity to the custom of each locality. Some use brine, others admix fennel and thyme, while not infrequently also salt and vinegar are employed. In this way whole olives are pickled. Whenever it is desired, on the other hand, that the fruit should imbibe a stronger savor of the pickle into which it is steeped incisions penetrating to the stone are made.—United States Consular Reports.

"Naming" a Member.

It is an ancient belief that a man's name has some mysterious sympathy with his nature, whence arise such stories as that of Rumpelstiltskin, whose power over a human being vanishes the moment that his name is pronounced aloud. It has been suggested with some show of reason that the modern practice of "naming" a refractory member of the British house of commons is merely a survival of this belief, which the Norsemen brought into England.

Tired Women.

What number of women drag their way in pain through the endless duties that crowd brain and hand and heart. But life's work must still go on. Panol is a priceless boon and blessing to suffering women. It gives strength and quiet to the tired nerves, tones the digestion, improves the appetite, brings restful, refreshing sleep, regulates every function, rids the system of malaria, puts roses on the cheeks and joy in the heart. And it does it in a way so different from that of ordinary medicines that it calls forth the loudest praises. Pleasant to take as lemonade. Try it now. Price, 50c, six for $2.50. For sale by Dr. R. H. Gulledge, Benton, La.

Rising From the Grave.

A prominent manufacturer, Wm. A. Fertwell, of Lucama, N. C., relates a most remarkable experience. He says: "After taking less than three bottles of Electric Bitters, I feel like one rising from the grave. My trouble is Bright's disease, in the diabetes stage. I fully believe Electric Bitters will cure me permanently, for it has already stopped the [illegible] and [illegible] complications which [illegible] Guaranteed by [illegible]

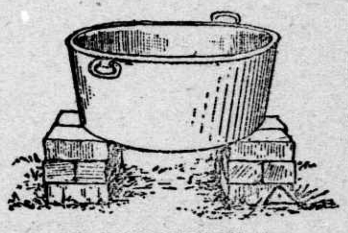
FARM AND GARDEN

SLAUGHTERING HOGS.

Conveniences For Butchering on the Farm.

It is an easy matter to plan an ideal equipment for butchering hogs and caring for the product—on paper. One could figure out just the form of tables and scalding vats that would afford the greatest convenience, but such description would be of small practical benefit, because the average farmer has use for such equipment for only a few days in the year. Slaughtering devices must therefore be simple, inexpensive and such as will not take up needed room when not in use.

The accompanying illustrations, as described in American Agriculturist, are



TUB FOR HEATING WATER.

given with this idea in view. Three important points arise in considering fall butchering upon the farm where the object is simply to secure a supply of meat for family use. First is the easy and convenient heating of water; next, the making of a simple table and scalding receptacle; lastly, a simple device for smoking meat, for it is not often that a closed room can be given up to this special use.

The first cut shows a big galvanized iron washtub set upon a few bricks piled up for the occasion. A small fire can be built beneath, which will, of course, melt off the coating of zinc on the bottom of the tub, but this will do no great harm. Such a tub can be purchased anywhere. It should be set up close to the slaughtering table, and when the water in the tub is hot two men lift the tub by the handles and pour contents into the scalding vat. This latter may have a blanket thrown over the top if another tubful of water must be heated. This is much more convenient to heat water than by means of a set tub, from which all the water must be taken out in pails and carried perhaps a considerable distance.

The slaughtering table and vat are shown in the second cut. The vat is a sugar hogshead. Make two wooden horses exactly as high as the hogshead and arrange two wide, stout boards, as shown in the cut, with the "tackle" above, suspended from a beam or from a tripod of three stout poles set up over the table and chained

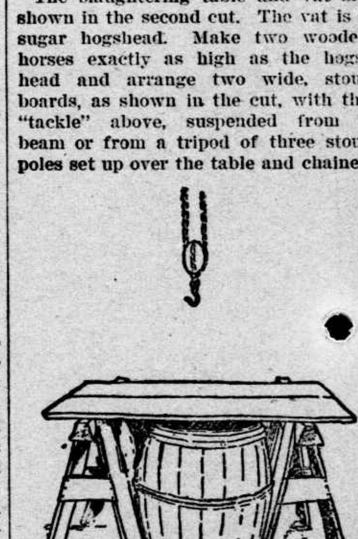


TABLE AND VAT.

together near the top. The hog can be lowered into the tub of scalding water by slipping the boards to one side, these being slipped into place again when the carcass has been hoisted out.

Controlling Johnson Grass.

Secretary Wilson in his annual report said: "It is believed that data have been secured which will enable the farmer to control Johnson grass and utilize it in a satisfactory way in crop rotation in the south. The secret of success in this work lies in the fact that in a Johnson grass sod left undisturbed for two or three years the root stocks are found only at the surface. In this condition the pest is easily destroyed by shallow plowing and a little extra cultivation the next summer. This permits Johnson grass to be grown in rotation, such as cotton, corn and cowpeas, winter oats and Johnson grass for two years. Where the pest is allowed to grow on land that is cultivated in cotton or corn the root stocks penetrate into the soil and eradication is extremely difficult."

Southern Hogs.

By arranging for a succession of such crops as sorghum, cowpeas, peanuts, chufas, artichokes and sweet potatoes to be fed in connection with good pasturage the animals may be kept in a thrifty, growing condition all the time. With all these feeds at his disposal the southern hog grower can fit his animals for market with much less corn than can the northern or western grower.—M. A. Crosby.

Fig Culture.

Figs are more generally grown than any of the subtropical fruits. Texas produced 611,000 pounds, Louisiana 385,000, Alabama 141,000, Arizona nearly 1,000,000 and California over 10,000,000 pounds. All of the southern states grow a few figs, and even Kansas grows a very few.—Farm and Ranch.

ICE HOUSE.

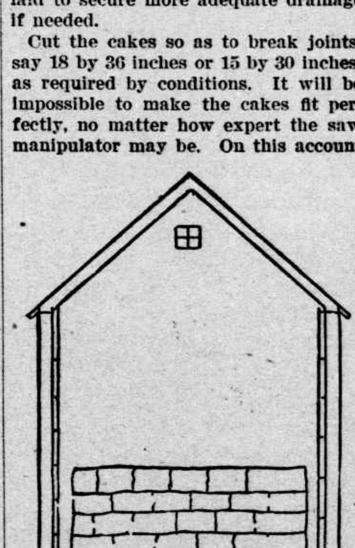
A Quickly Built Structure Proved Satisfactory.

For many years hundreds of farmers have gone without ice during the long, hot summers because they supposed it would cost considerable money and time to secure and preserve the congealed fluid. But at very little expense an ice house can be constructed that will hold and keep well all the ice needed for any farmer's family.

For several years we used a small cheap ice house that kept the ice as well as a more costly building constructed over twenty years previously. Some have an idea they must forego the luxury of ice on account of expense, when almost any kind of a shed will preserve the ice very well, provided it is properly packed.

Our last ice house was a cheaply constructed shed that took less than a day's work in its construction. We used white oak poles set into the ground about two feet. Some cheap hardwood bill stuff of 2 by 4 and 2 by 6 pieces were used for plates, nail ties, braces and rafters. A fair grade of pine stock boards twelve inches wide were used for siding. The siding was nailed on the inside of the poles horizontally the better to resist lateral pressure from the packed ice and sawdust. A better grade of stock board one foot wide furnished a good roof. Such a board roof should be made quite steep to shed water. The kerfs cut on each edge of the roof boards make the roof practically water tight. Fifteen inches should be left between the ice cakes and the walls, as shown in the cut. Locate the ice house where good natural drainage may be secured. Tile may be laid to secure more adequate drainage if needed.

Cut the cakes so as to break joints, say 18 by 36 inches or 15 by 30 inches, as required by conditions. It will be impossible to make the cakes fit perfectly, no matter how expert the saw manipulator may be. On this account



CROSS SECTION OF ICE HOUSE.

we always put in one layer, then fit it as closely together as possible. Then we shave over the upper surface of all the cakes with a carpenter's adz. The shavings of ice were swept into the crevices between the cakes. When freezing cold a little water was sprinkled over the whole surface to cement the layer solidly together. As each layer is completed the sawdust should be filled in around the sides level with the top and solidly tamped down. Allow no sawdust to remain on top of any layer of ice while filling. Fig. 2 shows the sixth layer in and ready for the sawdust. Ice is preserved by being packed away from the air. As hot weather comes on the ice will settle some. Be sure to keep the sawdust tamped down around the sides frequently during early summer, and see that no air holes form, advises a writer in Hoard's Dairyman.

When the ice is packed in, cover with ten to fifteen inches of sawdust. Leave the gables open more or less to allow free circulation of air over the ice. Remember there will be some waste during the hot summer months, no matter how much pains are taken, and this would be true in the more costly ice houses.

Checking Rot In Potatoes.

A thoroughly satisfactory treatment for checking rot in potatoes is yet to be found. What has proved best in my experience is, first, keeping the storage cellar at a temperature as near 35 to 38 degrees as possible; second, sorting the potatoes after they have completed their sweat in case any indication of wet rot is shown to prevent the rot spreading from the decaying tubers to the sound ones. Dry rot is very rarely if at all transmitted from one potato to another, according to a writer in Orange Judd Farmer.

If the potatoes are left in pits in the field to sweat prior to putting them in the cellar they will usually show rot that may be in them when they are taken from the pit. Potatoes which are nearly clean of dirt usually show more rapid spread of the wet rot than do potatoes which are covered with a considerable coating of dry soil. Possibly the reason for this may be the fact that the dry soil is not a good medium for passage of the rot from one potato to another.

A Few Reflections.

The man who keeps books learns to turn everything to account.

The farmer with a well filled silo and a cellar full of mangels is well shod for winter travel.

Work smartly to save all the barnyard manure you can. You will soon want it to put on the spring crops.

Molasses For Feeding Steers.

Some tests made in Texas of the value of black strap molasses for feeding steers lead to the conclusion that the addition of molasses to a fattening ration has always produced an increased gain. Addition of molasses to a ration of cottonseed meal and hulls lowered the cost of gains.

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A Queer Play In Baseball.

Here is a play in baseball that happened long ago. Perhaps it never will happen again. Did any one ever hear of a base runner scoring from first base on a line drive that was caught by a third baseman and when the ball never left the third baseman's hand? The play happened in this way: Andy Moynihan was playing third base for the Pastimes of Chicago in 1868 when a tournament was held. The Occidentals of Peoria were the opposing team. In the first inning, with a runner on first, the batter drove a liner straight over third. Moynihan shoved up his hand, the ball struck it and stuck fast in the hand. The crowd cheered. An instant later they saw something was wrong. Moynihan, writhing with pain, was running around third base. The base runner at first saw something was the matter and ran down to second. Then he ran to third and finally trotted home unmolested.

The trouble was that the ball, striking Moynihan's hand, paralyzed the nerves. The ball was stuck tight in his hand. It was five minutes before his fellow players could pry his fingers open and get the ball out.—Chicago Tribune.

Two Lads.

At one time, when De Quincey was living at Lasswade in simple and friendly relations with the people, who respected him not as a writer, but as a good neighbor, he formed a very delightful friendship with a little child, a boy of four years. This lad, a nephew of one of the housemaids, was the constant companion of the great man and would forsake any amusement for the pleasure of walking round a dull little garden with him. One day somebody heard this conversation between the two comrades:

"What d'ye call thon tree?" asked the child.

De Quincey considered and then said, with careful deliberation, "I am not sure, my dear, but I think it may be a laurustinus."

The child interrupted him with some scorn: "A laurustinus! Lad, d'ye no ken a rhododendron?"

At that time the "lad" must have been about seventy years old.

Made a Gorilla King.

The craze among society women for queer pets is an old story. It usually ends through being carried too far. There is the case of Andromeda, for instance, and there is that other affair of the decadent Roman emperor's daughter, who had a pet gorilla, procured for her at great cost by an Arabian trader who supplied strange beasts for the amphitheater. One day the Praetorian guard arose and murdered the caesar. The gorilla, who happened to be present, strangled the ringleader, who was to have assumed the imperial purple himself, with its bare hands. This so delighted the Praetorians that they unanimously elected the gorilla, whom they took for a barbarian from North Britain, to the vacant throne. On the mistake being explained by a zoologically minded patrician, the divus caesar had to be killed and another one chosen.—London News.

Chinese Gambler's Penance.

A Chinese cook named Chin Kan had been engaged by a wealthy Chinese in Ho In street in Canton. All the money he earned had been lost in gambling. On one occasion his master paid him some money for the provisions he supplied. The cook lost all the money at one stake. Finding that his debts were accumulating day by day, on the twenty-fourth day he went into the kitchen and chopped off the forefinger of his left hand as a self punishment and warning in order to relinquish this evil habit of gambling in the future. He became unconscious through the pain, but was brought round again in a few minutes.—Singapore Times.

Gave Immediate Thanks.

"The first thing Columbus did on landing in America was to kneel and express his gratitude."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "I suppose he was thankful to get here under circumstances that did not bring him into contact with the customs officers."—Washington Star.

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