The St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

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BRILLIANT BITTERNESS.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage Preaches a Masterful Sermon

Dealing with the Destiny of Nations—It was Delivered in the Edifice Where Presidents Have Been Wont to Worship.

The following discourse on "The Destiny of Nations" was delivered by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage before his Washington congregation. The text was:

There fell a great star from Heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon a third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters; and the name of the star is called Wormwood.—Revelations viii., 10, 11.

Many commentators, like Patrick and Lowth, Thomas Scott, Matthew Henry and Albert Barnes, agree in saying that the star Wormwood, mentioned in Revelation, was Attila, king of the Huns. He was so called because he was brilliant as a star, and like wormwood, he embittered everything he touched. We have studied the Star of Bethlehem, and the Morning Star of Revelation, and the Star of Peace, but my present subject calls us to gaze at the Star Wormwood, and my theme might be called Brilliant Bitterness.

A more extraordinary character history does not furnish than this man thus referred to, Attila, the king of the Huns. One day a wounded heifer came limping along through the fields, and a herdsman followed its bloody track on the grass to see where the heifer was wounded, and went on back further and further, until he came to a sword fast in the earth, the point downward, as though it had dropped from the heavens, and against the edges of the sword the heifer had been cut. The herdsman pulled up that sword and presented it to Attila. Attila said that that sword must have dropped from the heavens from the grasp of the god Mars, and its being given to him meant that Attila should conquer and govern the whole earth.

Other mighty men have been delighted at being called liberators, or the merciful, or the good, but Attila called himself, and demanded that others call him, the Scourge of God. At the head of 700,000 troops, mounted on Cappadocian horses, he swept everything from the Adriatic to the Black sea. He put his iron heel on Macedonia and Greece and Thrace. He made Milan and Pavia and Padua and Verona beg for mercy, which he bestowed not. The Byzantine castles, to meet his ruinous levy, put up at auction, massive silver tables and vases of solid gold. A city captured by him, the inhabitants were brought out and put into three classes; the first class, those who could bear arms, who must immediately enlist under Attila or be butchered; the second class, the beautiful women, who were made captives to the Huns: the third class, the aged men and women, who were robbed of everything and let go back to the city to pay a heavy tax.

It was a common saying that the grass never grew again where the hoof of Attila's horse had trod. His armies reddened the waters of the Seine and the Moselle and the Rhine with carnage, and fought on the Catalonian plains the fiercest battles since the world stood—300,000 dead left on the field! On and on, until all those who could not oppose him with arms lay prostrate on their faces in prayer, and, a cloud of dust seen in the distance, a bishop cried: "It is the aid of God!" and all the people took up the cry: "It is the aid of God!" "As the cloud of dust was blown aside the banners of re-enforcing armies marched in to help against Attila, the Scourge of God. The most unimportant occurrences he used as a supernatural resource, and after three months of failure to capture the City of Aquileia, and his army had given up the siege, the flight of a stork and her young from the tower of the city, and his army, inspired by the same occurrence, resumed the siege, and took the walls at a point from which the stork had emerged. So brilliant was the conqueror in attire that his enemies could not look at him, but shaded their eyes or turned their heads.

Slain on the evening of his marriage by his bride, Ildico, who was hired for the assassination, his followers, bewailed him not with tears, but with blood, cutting themselves with knives and lances. He was put into three coffins—the first of iron the second of silver and the third of gold. He was buried by night, and into his grave were poured the most valuable coin and most precious stones, amounting to the wealth of a kingdom. The grave diggers and all those who assisted at the burial were massacred, so that it would never be known where so much wealth was entombed. The Roman empire conquered the world, but Attila conqured the Roman empire. He was right in calling himself a scourge, but instead of being the scourge of God, he was the scourge of hell. Because of his brilliance and bitterness the commentators were right in believing him to be the star Wormwood. As the regions he devastated were parts most opulent with fountains and streams and rivers, you see how graphic is this reference in Revelation: "There fell a great star from Heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers and upon the fountains of waters, and the name of the star is called Wormwood."

Have you ever thought how many embittered lives there are all about us, misanthropic, morbid, acrid, saturnine? This European plant from which wormwood is extracted, artemisia absinthium, is a perennial plant, and all the year round it is ready to exude its oil. And in many human lives there is a perennial distillation of acrid experiences. Yes, there are some whose whole work is to shed a baleful influence on others. There are Attilas of the home, or Attilas of the social circle, or Attilas of the church, or Attilas of the state, and one-third of the waters of all the world, if not two-thirds the waters, are poisoned by the falling of the star Wormwood. It is not complimentary to human nature that [illegible], as soon as they get [illegible] become overbearing. The more power men have the better, if their power be used for good. The less power men have the better, if they use it for evil.

Birds circle round and round and before they swoop upon that which they are aiming for. And if my discourse, so far has been swinging round and round, this moment it swoops straight on your heart and asks the question? Is your life a benediction to others or an embitterment, a blessing or a curse, a balsam of wormwood?

Some of you, I know, are morning stars, and you are making the dawning life of your children bright with gracious influences, and you are beaming upon all the opening enterprises of philanthropic and Christian endeavor, and you are heralds of that day of gospelization which will yet flood all the mountains and valleys of our sin-cursed earth. Hail, morning star! Keep on shining with encouragement and Christian hope!

Some of you are evening stars, and you are cheering the last days of old people; and though a cloud sometimes comes over you through the querulousness or unreasonableness of your old father and mother, it is only for a moment, and the star soon comes out clear again and is seen from all the balconies of the neighborhood. The old people will forgive your occasional shortcomings, for they themselves several times lost their patience when you were young, and slapped you when you did not deserve it. Hail, evening star! Hang on the darkening sky your diamond coronet.

But are any of you the star of Wormwood? Do you scold and growl from the thrones paternal or maternal? Are your children everlastingly pecked at? Are you always crying "Hush!" to the merry voices and swift feet, and their laughter, which occasionally trickles through at wrong times, and is suppressed by them until they can hold it no longer, and all the barriers burst into unlimited guffaw and cachinnation, as in high weather the water has trickled through a slight opening in the mill-dam, but afterward makes wider and wider breach until it carries all before it with irresistible freshet? Do not be too much offended at the noise your children now make. It will be still enough when one of them is dead. Then you would give your right hand to hear one shout from their silent voices, or one step from the still foot. You will not any of you have to wait very long before your house is stiller than you want it. Alas, that there are so many homes not known to the Society for the Prevention to Cruelty to Children, where children are put on the limits and whacked and cuffed and earpulled, and senselessly called to order, and answered sharp and suppressed, until it is a wonder that under such processes they do not all turn out Modocs and Nana Sahibs!

What is your influence upon the neighborhood, the town or the city of your residence? I will suppose that you are a star of wit. What kind of rays do you shoot forth? Do you use that splendid faculty to irradiate the world or to rankle it? I bless all the apostolic college of humorists. The man that makes me laugh is my benefactor. I do not thank anybody to make me cry? I can do that without any assistance. We all cry enough, and have enough to cry about. God bless all skillful punsters, all reparteeists, all propounders of ingenious conundrums, all those who mirthfully surprise us with unusual juxtaposition of words. Thomas Hood and Charles Lamb and Sidney Smith had a divine mission, and so have their successors in these times. They stir into the acid beverage of life the saccharine. They make the cup of earthly existence, which is sometimes stale, effervesce and bubble. They placate animosities. They foster longevity. They slay follies and absurdities which all the sermons of all the pulpits can not reach.

But what use are you making of your wit? Is it besmirched with profanity and uncleanliness? Do you employ it in amusement at physical defects for which the victims are not responsible? Are your powers of mimicry used to put religion in contempt? Is it a bunch of nettlesome invective? Is it a bolt of unjust scorn? Is it fun at another's misfortune? Is it glee at their disappointment and defeat? Is it bitterness put drop by drop into a cup? Is it like the squeezing of Artemisia Absinthium into a draft already distastefully pungent? Then you are the star Wormwood. Yours is the fun of the rattlesnake trying how well it can sing. It is the fun of a hawk trying how quickly it can strike out the eye of a dove.

But suppose you grind the face of the poor. Suppose when a man's wages are due you make him wait for them because he can not help himself. Suppose that, because his family is sick and he has extra expenses, he should politely ask you to raise his wages, for this year, and you roughly tell him if he wants a better place to go and get it. Suppose by your manner you act as though he were nothing and you were everything. Suppose you are selfish, and overbearing and arrogant. Your first name ought to be Attila and your last name Attila, because you are the star Wormwood, and you have embittered one-third, if not three-thirds, of the waters that roll past your employes, and operatives, and dependents, and associates; and the long line of carriages which the undertaker orders for your funeral, in order to make the occasion respectable, will be filled with twice as many dry, tearless eyes as there are persons occupying them.

Dear Lord, send us all out on that mission. All around us embittered lives—embittered by persecution, embittered by hypercriticism, embittered by poverty, embittered by injustice, embittered by sin. Why not go forth and seweeten them by smile, by inspiring words, by benefactions, by hearty counsel, by prayer, by Gospelized behavior! Let us remember that if we are wormwood to others we are wormwood to ourselves, and our life will be bitter and our eternity bitterer. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is the only sweetening power that is sufficient. It sweetens the disposition. It sweetens the manners. It sweetens life. It sweetens mysterious Providences. It sweetens afflictions. It sweetens death. It sweetens everything. I have heard people ask in social company: "If you could have three wishes gratified, what would your three wishes be?" If I could have three wishes met this morning I tell you what they would be. First, more of the grace of God; second, more of the grace of God; third, more of the grace of God. In the dooryard of my brother John, missionary in Amoy, China, there was a tree called the emperor tree, the two characteristics of which are that it always grows higher than its surroundings, and its leaves take the form of a crown. If this emperor tree be planted by a rose bush it grows a little higher than the bush, and spreads out above it a crown. If it be planted by the side of another tree it grows a little higher than that tree and spreads above it a crown. Would God that the religion of Christ, a more wonderful emperor tree, might overshadow all your lives! Are you lowly in ambition or circumstance, putting over you its crown; are you high in talent and position, putting over you its crown? Oh, for more of the saccharine in our own lives and less of the wormwood!

What is true of individuals is true of nations. God sets them up to revolve as stars, but they may fall wormwood.

Tyre—the atmosphere of the desert, fragrant with spices, coming in caravans to her fairs; all seas cleft into foam by the keels of her laden merchantmen; her markets rich with horses and camels from Togarmah; her bazars filled with upholstry from Dedan, with emerald and coral and agate from Syria, with wines from Helbon, with embroidered work from Ashur and Chilmad. Where now the gleam of her towers, where the roar of her chariots, where the masts of her ships? Let the fishermen who dry their nets where once she stood, let the sea that rushes upon the barrenness where once she challenged the admiration of all nations, let the barbarians who set their rude tents where once her palaces glittered, answer the question. She was a star, but by her own sin turned to wormwood and has fallen.

Hundred-gated Thebes—for all time to be the study of the antiquarian and hieroglyphist; her stupendous ruins spread over 27 miles; her sculptures presenting in figures of warrior and chariot the victories with which the now forgotten kings of Egypt shook the nations; her obelisks and columns; Carnac and Luxor, the stupendous temples of her pride! Who can imagine the greatness of Thebes in those days when the hippodrome rang with her sports and foreign royalty bowed at her shrines and her avenues roared with the wheels of processions in the wake of returning conquerors? What dashed down the visions of chariots and temples and thrones? What hands pulled up on the columns of her glory? What ruthlessness defaced her sculptured wall and broke obliks and left her indescribable temples great skeletons of granite? What spirit of destruction spread the lair of wild beasts in her royal sepulchers, and taught the miserable cottagers of to-day to build huts in the courts of her temples, and sent desolation and ruin skulking behind the obelisks and dodging among the sarcophagi and leaning against the columns and stooping under the arches and weeping in the waters which go mournfully by as though they were carrying the tears of all ages? Let the mummies break their long silence and come up to shiver in the desolation, and point to fallen gates and shattered statues and defaced sculpture, responding: "Thebes built not one temble to God. Thebes hated righteousness and loved sin. Thebes was a star, but she turned wormwood and has fallen."

Babylon, with her 250 towers and her brazen gates and her embattled walls, the splendor of the earth gathered within her palaces, her hanging gardens built by Nebuchadnezzar to please his bride, Amytis, who had been brought up in a mountainous country and could not endure the flat country round Babylon—these hanging gardens built, terrace above terrace, till at the height of 400 feet there were woods waving and fountains playing, the verdure, the foliage, the glory looking as if a mountain were on the wing. On the tiptop a king walking with his queen, among statues snowy white, looking up at birds brought from distant lands, and drinking out of tankards of solid gold or looking off over rivers and lakes upon nations subdued and tributary, crying: "Is not this great Babylon which I have built?"

What battering-ram smote the walls? What plowshare upturned the gardens? What army shattered the brazen gates? What long, fierce blast of storm put out this light which illumined the world? What crash of discord drove down the music that poured from palace window and garden grove and called the banqueters to their revel and the dancers to their feet? I walk upon the scene of desolation to find answer and pick up pieces of bitumen and brick and broken pottery, the remains of Babylon, and as in the silence of the night I hear the surging of that billow of desolation which rolls over the scene, I hear the wild waves saying: "Babylon was a star, but by sin she turned to wormwood and has fallen."

I pray that our nation may not copy the crimes of the nations that have perished, and our cup of worship turn to wormwood, and like them we go down. I am by nature and by grace an optimist, and I expect that this country will continue to advance until Christ shall came again. But be not deceived! Our only safety is in righteousness toward God and justice toward man. If we forget the goodness of the Lord to this land, and break His Sabbaths, and improve not by the dire disasters that have again and again come to us as a nation, and we learn saving lesson neither from civil war nor raging epidemic, nor drought, nor mildew, nor scourge of locust and grasshopper, nor cyclone, nor earthquake; if the political corruption which has poisoned the fountains of public virtue and beslimed the high places of authority, making free government at times a hissing and a by-word to all the earth; if the drunkenness and licentiousness that stagger and blaspheme in the streets of our great cities as though they were reaching after the fame of a Corinth and a Sodom are not repented of, we will yet see the smoke of our nation's ruin; the pillars of our national and state capitols will fall more disastrously than when Samson pulled down Dagon; the future historians will record upon the page bedewed with generous tears the story that the free nation of the west arose in splendor which made the world stare. It had magnificent possibilities. It forgot God. It hated justice. It hugged its crime. It halted on its high march. It reeled under the blow of calamity. It fell. And as it was going down, all the despotisms of earth from the top of bloody thrones began to shout: "Aha, so would we have it," while struggling and oppressed people looked out from dungeon bars with tears and groans and cries of untold agony, the scorn of those and the woe of these uniting in the exclamation: "Look yonder! there fell a great star from Heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers and upon the fountains of waters, and the name of the star is called Wormwood."

THE DECLINE IN INCOMES.

Return from Investments Cut Down Nearly One-Half.

The returns upon safe investments have fallen so low as to become a serious matter to persons relying for their income upon invested capital. In the next ten or fifteen years most of the railroad bonds issued years ago at 6 and 7 per cent. interest fall due, and as they are abundantly secured they will be extended at a greatly reduced rate of interest. Two such cases are before Philadelphia investors at the present time. The first mortgage 7 per cent. bonds of the North Pennsylvania Railroad company, a perfectly safe investment, are being extended at 4 per cent. The first mortgage 7 per cent. bonds of the Pennsylvania & New York Canal and Railroad company are being replaced at 4½ per cent.. Both these issues were put out 30 years ago and now the new holders have their income cut down from 35 to 43 per cent. Other instances can readily be found. Twenty years ago the consolidated mortgage 6 per cent. bonds of the Pennsylvania railroad sold at par; within a few months the company has sold bonds secured by the same mortgage at 3½ per cent.

This condition is world wide. British consuls have lately sold up to 114 per cent. They bear 2¾ per cent. interest, which is to be reduced to 2½ per cent. in 1903, while the bonds are absolutely payable 20 years thereafter. The rate of interest is falling throughout the civilized world. This has been its course for 30 years, and there is no reason to suppose there will be any change. The wealth of the world is increasing every year at a most wonderful rate. Every movement that tends to conserve energy, to augment production and to facilitate business is one more influence that aids in the creation of wealth. Never was the human intellect so busy as now, so ingenious, so well supported. And with every year the pressure for good investments increases. The supply is not at all equal to the demand, nor can it be. It is still possible to secure investments that yield 6 per cent. interest, but they are not ordinarily such as a trustee would select for his beneficiaries. A risk must be taken. And even these opportunities are not as numerous as they were a few years ago. The truth must be recognized that we have no longer a frontier, our country is developed, all the best favored spots are occupied, and there is no longer a necessity for good borrowers to pay 6 per cent. for money.

From these conditions it seems that a further fall in interest rates is inevitable. Railroads that now borrow money at 3½ per cent. will be able to borrow at 3 before long. The stocks of sound dividend corporations will rise in price. But there will be one important result from this condition that will affect our career as a nation. As the pressure for good investments increases our capitalists will reach out for foreign countries just as England has done. We have Cuba and South America at our doors and we have the carrying trade of the world before us. It is morally certain that our adventurous capitalists will reach out for these new fields. They will retard the declining tendency of income for a time, but they cannot stop the inexorable law of commerce. A generation hence the rates of interest now paid, which we consider extraordinarily low, will seem to our successors to be exceptionally high.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE BICYCLE IN AFRICA.

Natives Regard It as a Horse Sent from Heaven.

A letter from an officer connected with the Italian troops in Abyssinia to an Italian paper speaks of the impression made by his appearance on a bicycle among those children of nature. He says that while riding with a white flag attached to the steering gear towards the lines of the Abyssinians, the outposts and picket guards were so utterly surprised that they forgot all about asking him what errand he came on. He calmly descended when reaching the post and demanded to be shown to the headquarters of the Ras Mangasha. He was shown the direction, and, accompanied by two Abyssinian horsemen, continued on his way. They rode at his side in mute admiration. When they arrived at the camp of the Ras they informed the latter that a messenger of the Italians had come on a horse sent to him by Heaven. The wily chief, not quite as gullible as the rest of his troops, was considerably amused and requested the Italian officer to give an exhibition of riding on the wheel, which the latter gladly did, thinking it would benefit the purpose of his errand. After looking at the different evolutions of the wheel for a time Ras allowed the messenger to return, but gave him no answer to the message he brought.

In this connection it may be noted that there are two more bicycles which have penetrated into the central part of the dark continent. One is ridden by Mr. Gayrand, of the Society of Commercial Geography of France, who is stationed at Kita in the Soudan, while the other is owned by Ensign Baudry, who regularly rides out at Baufulabe, in French equatorial Africa. In both cases the owners describe the effect upon the natives as highly interesting to them, they being regarded as nothing less than miracles.—Chicago Tribune.

Ceylon Scorpions.

A more disagreeable object than a scorpion of Ceylon it would be difficult to imagine. Although as a rule it does not measure more than seven inches in length, there is a species found in the woods that are longer than a foot. They crawl out of some dried wood, and, taking up their position on a convenient rock or stone, look, as they hold their great jointed sting curved over their backs and their claws held aloft, the very picture of aggressive warfare. Here they stretch themselves in the boiling sun and wait their prey. These are the small, beautiful honeybirds that dart from flower to flower, and take the place of the hummingbirds of the west. As one approaches, the scorpion seems to shrink into the stone until it becomes almost imperceptible. Suddenly the great insect will raise its claws and dart at its beautiful victim, which in a moment is destroyed.—Chicago News.

Forest Covered with Lava.

There is a volcano not far from Salvador, Central America, that some years ago discharged lava over a forest. The wood all caught fire, of course, but the lava, being light and easily cooled, hardened into long arcades, through which it is possible to walk. Even now the imprints of the trunks and branches of the trees can be seen.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

FEW PRESIDENTS HAD SONS.

Five Chief Executives of the United States Died Without Issue.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that the presidents of the United States had few male children. Some had none at all, others daughters only, while, sadder still, the sons of several were taken away by the grim angel early in life and the longing ambition of their fathers for an extended family tree was blasted. Washington, Madison, Jackson and Polk had no issue. Jefferson, Monroe, Fillmore and Johnson had no sons. Buchanan was a bachelor. Pierce's two children, both boys, died before reaching maturity. Two sons of Abraham Lincoln died young, leaving Robert, who also lost a boy, but has another living. Benjamin Harrison's son has a daughter, and his daughter has a son, but there is no male child to perpetuate his name.

George Washington's desire for a son must have cost him great disappointment. In his waning years he gratified parental longings by adopting the grandchildren of his wife. These were George Washington Parke Custis and Nellie Custis. But even Washington's adopted son had no male issue, and his only child was married to Gen. Robert E. Lee. More fortunate than the immortal father of his country, Washington's brother had sons galore, and the descendants of these are living in the old dominion and in other parts of the United States. Some reside in Jefferson county, W. Va., others near the old Washington homestead in Westmoreland county, and others in Prince William and Fauquier. Miss Betty Washington, a great-grandniece of the general, inherited the Wakefield estate, where the first president was born, and is still living there to-day with her husband, John E. Wilson.

The name of Adams is legion, and the blood of two presidents of the United States runs in the veins of many men of prominence. The Adamses seem destined to maintain their place in politics and history. The son of John Quincy was minister to England during the civil war, and he, too, was a foremost candidate for presidential honors. Many of the independent republicans and the democrats who nominated Greeley in 1872 were anxious to confer that distinction on Charles Francis Adams.

Four sons were born to him — John Quincy, Charles Francis, Jr., Henry and Brooks. The two former served in the late war, and Charles Francis received the brevet of brigadier general. He attained greatest prominence, however, as president of the Union Pacific railroad. Henry Adams is the well-known historian, and resides in Washington, and Brooks, who also devotes himself to literature, lives in Boston. John Quincy Adams, the second, the son of Charles Francis, was twice nominated for governor of Massachusetts, and his two sons, George and Charles Francis, distinguished themselves in recent years at Harvard in the football field and in aquatics. Another son of John Quincy the second, who emulated the name of his grandfather, has emulated the presidential members of his family in entering politics, and is now mayor of Quincy. A second mayor of a Massachusetts city is also a descendant of the Adamses—Josiah Quincy, of Boston.

John Adams had another son, Judge Thomas B. Adams. Two of his children are living in Boston, and are the only surviving grandchildren of the second president. They are I. Hull Adams and Miss Elizabeth C. Adams. Both resided at the white house for a time while their uncle was president. J. Q. Adams Johnson, Joseph Henry Adams and John Peter Heylige De Wint obtained admission to the Society of the Sons of the Revolution through their descent from the second president. — Washington Post.

BUGS TELL THE TIME.

Missouri Jeweler Who Has Designed a Novel Timepiece.

A jeweler near the junction has a novel clock in his show window. It puzzles and amuses crowds every day. There is simply a dial 1½ feet square, apparently lying on a box an inch in depth. There are no hands and no holes in the dial. In spite of this the clock tells time perfectly. There are two little Mexican beetles of the green-bronze variety that have been more or less popular as scarfpins, etc., and they crawl about and mark the minutes and hours accurately. One of them rests on the outer circle of the dial and moves from one figure to another each hour. The other bug marches on the dial's inner circle and moves one-fifth of the space between the figures every minute. What tells the bugs when and how far to move is a mystery that 99 out of every 100 hundred who look at them give up in despair.

The bugs are plainly enough alive, else how could they walk? And there are no strings to them, so why do they not walk off about their own affairs, as any ordinary bug would do in no time?

"The thing's simple enough," said the man who knows it all, after glancing at the clock the other day. "The bugs are dead as Julius Caesar. Each of them is merely a shell and has a bit of steel set into its base. The clock has hands, only they are underneath instead of above the dial, and they are magnetized. Every time the hand forges ahead its attraction carries the steel and the little green bug shell along. Put a couple of steel pins on a sheet of paper and move a magnet around underneath and you'll see just how it works. It's too easy."

The man who knew went on to say that the jeweler was a shrewd fellow.

"See," he said, "he thought he'd head off all suspicion of magnets by setting those four fine watches on the four corners of his mystery. Just note, please, they are non-magnetic," will you? Oh, it's a cinch how the thing works!"—Kansas City World.

Properly Named.

"This bicycle fever is a monomania, isn't it, doctor?"

"In some cases it seems to be."

"And monomania is closely allied to insanity, is it not?"

"It is."

"Well, then, would you call a bicycle crank a victim of temporary insanity, recurrent insanity, or—or—what?"

"I think it would be more appropriate to call him a victim of circular insanity; don't you?"—Chicago Post.

Pleasant Prospect.

Neighbor—I hear your master has married again and is taking a bridal tour.

Uncle Mose—Don't know 'bout him takin' a bridle to dis one, boss, but he did tuck a paddle to his first wife, shure.—Texas Sifter.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—She—"Tell me, when you were in the army were you cool in the hour of danger?" He—"Cool? Why, I shivered."—N. Y. Herald.

—She (on the avenue)—"There goes a bicycle all in a heap." He—"Well, I guess you'll find a woman at the bottom of it."—Yonkers Statesman.

—Generous Employer (to office boy)—"I shall give you a sausage for lunch every day, and, if you do your work well, at the beginning of next month, I shall add some mustard."—Fliegende Blaetter.

—More Repartee.—"You can't keep a good man down," said the proverb-loving boarder. "Not," said the typewriter boarder, "unless he has a seat in the car. Then you can't get him up."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—"Well," said Yusa, "I've taken a powder for my headache, a pellet for my liver and a capsule for my gouty foot. Now, what puzzles me is how do the things know the right place to go after they get inside."—Philadelphia American.

—Mrs. Greene—"Of course, you read all your husband's stories?" Mrs. White (wife of the popular author) — "Oh, dear, no! They are nothing to the stories he sometimes tells me after he has been out of an evening."—Boston Transcript.

—"But what reason have you to think that Grateman knows anything about the coinage question?" "The best in the world. He has never tried to talk about it. If he didn't know anything about it he would be saying columns."—Indianapolis Journal.

—A Man Easily Pleased.—"Miss Cayenne paid me a compliment lawst night," said Willie Wishington. "One of the sort, of which she makes a specialty. She told me she thought I had a pleasant disposition." "How did she know?" "That's what I asked her. She said anyone could see that I was easy to please by the way in which I laughed at some of my own wemarks."—Washington Star.

EVILS OF OVERSTUDY.

An Example of How the Brain Is Ruined by Stupid Pedantry.

In June, 1894, a beautiful young woman was removed from one of our New England colleges and placed in an asylum for the insane. She had been unwell for some months, owing to overstudy and insufficient sleep; but her aberration of mind was directly brought about by her failure to pass the examination in philosophy at the end of the term.

Being a friend of the family, I visited her soon after her incarceration. I was struck with the change that a few short years of study had made in the girl. She was sitting near the window, apparently reading, when I appeared at the door of her apartment. She looked up, but evidently did not recognize me, and after eyeing me suspiciously for a few moments rose and began to pace the room, laughing at intervals that peculiar mirthless laugh which characterizes the insane.

Finally, with a shudder, she approached me. "So you are another tormentor," she said. "How did you know I failed in that wretched examination? I tell you, I did not fail. I only forgot the words—just the words. I can say them all now. They're from Kant. Listen. 'The teleology of nature is made to rest on a transcendental theology which takes the ideal of supreme ontological perfection as a principle of systematic unity, a principle which—which—oh, how my head aches! Do you know, I worked that problem all right. It took me all night, but I solved it; and when I lay down in the morning I thought that very triangle was in my head, with the apex piercing my forehead. That must have been the beginning; but I am not insane—only studying, studying, studying. I hear people say so much study is of no use, but I only laugh at them. The idiots. I say, give me knowledge—more knowledge. I adore learning. I worship education." (Here she flung herself upon the bed and fairly hugged and kissed two volumes which happened to be lying there. These proved to be a Hebrew grammar and a work on differential calculus.) "When I was a child," she continued, "I rebelled against the good that was in books. I loved the air and sunshine. I hated the schoolroom. The sight of my playmates sitting silent and motionless oppressed me. Then I was a stupid animal. Now I am an intellectual soul. Oh, heavens! How happy I am." (She raised her eyes with an expression of ecstacy.) What care I for the things of the world!" she went on. "I study for eternity. I can speak 14 languages. I will be God's interpreter. He has promised me that position when I go to Heaven. I will be God's favorite child, for was I not always first in my class—did I say always? Oh, that examination!" At this point she sank to the floor, and I could stand the strain no longer.)

I walked slowly out of the building, saying to myself: "Idolatry is not yet dead in this 19th century. Learning is doubtless of inestimable value when rightly applied; but the belief, which so many hold, that there is embodied in a set of college text books that which is intrinsically and necessarily good is mere fetichism."—Washington Star.

Removal of Ocean Obstructions.

The navy department has been informed that the British government is considering a plan for the removal of derelicts and floating wrecks from the paths of navigation on the ocean. Unfortunately, there are no funds available at the disposal of the secretary of the navy which will permit the United States to cooperate in this work. The chief hydrographer is endeavoring, however, to secure a naval vessel whose sole business shall be the destruction of all dangerous objects from the paths of commerce. There is some doubt among naval officials as to the authority to assign vessels to this work, although it is conceded on all sides that such a step would be of incalculable benefit to the navy as well as the merchant marine. There is a probability that the British government may prefer a formal request for the cooperation of this government in the proposed movement. In that event it is possible that the president may decide to stretch his discretion in the matter and assign such vessels as may be found available to assist in ridding the seas of dangerous obstructions.—Washington Star.

Visions.

The Wife—How did you come to propose to me, John?

The Husband—I wanted to be different from other men, I suppose.—Tit-Bits.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

BLENDING THE BREEDS.

Some Cross Purposes That Are Expensive in Both Time and Money.

The general desire among breeders to find an animal that combines all the desirable qualities to be found in several breeds, has created many a cross-purpose—expensive, both as regards time and money. Reflection should teach and convince them that the general purpose animal is an impossibility, because extremes can not be brought together and made to serve harmoniously. The consideration of the claims of any class of stock will show that any effort to blend all breeds into one must result in failure, as such a result will be the obliteration of the breeds. Take the breeds of horses and compare them. The conformation of the thoroughbred runner, which gallops, differs greatly from the trotter, while the structure of the Clydesdale and Percheron is so dissimilar to the fleet runners and trotters as to utterly destroy the breeds should crossing be resorted to. Cattle have been classified into breeds that excel for beef, milk and butter. These characteristics have been secured by centuries of selection. To attempt to combine them in one breed is to destroy them, because where a gain is made in one direction there is a corresponding loss elsewhere, and failure ensues. Two opposites can never be made to meet, and any deviation from the work of centuries will require centuries of work to overcome what has been accomplished.

It has been contended that by the crossing of breeds an animal can be produced that will combine at least some of the advantages of both parents. The fact is that there is no room for experiments in crossing. The breeds themselves are the results of crossing, and all such work has been done long ago, only that the crossing heretofore done has resulted in selections which have given farmers breeds with fixed characteristics. It is, therefore, useless to cross for that which can be had by direct use of the breeds that are really the outcome of crosses. The Shorthorn breed of cattle, so famous for producing beef, is bred with a tendency to increase their weight in flesh, and in a short time. They are not adapted to the production of milk and butter (except in individual cases), hence the crossing of the shorthorn and Holstein will result in an animal that does not possess the capacity to produce as much beef as the shorthorn or milk and butter of the Holstein, the ultimate result being a loss instead of a gain.

Experience teaches that any attempt to secure a general purpose animal is a step backward. Instead of the union being superior to the parent stock, the final outcome is the scrub. The careful selections of centuries can not be improved upon in a year or a decade. Hundreds of attempts have been made to combine the merits of different breeds, but the paths only lead to scrubs and ruin. Each breed has its dominant talent—its superiority in a certain line—and to attempt to give it two talents is to lessen the excellence of the one. The farmer who wishes to improve must not expect a general purpose animal. He should determine in which line of excellence he prefers to improve, and then resort to the source of that improvement. If he pefers a beef-producing animal, he should breed for beef only. He can not get beef, milk and butter of the greatest quantity by any combination. The breeds have long been separated, and he must use them for the purposes for which they are intended. It must be admitted that many of the scrubs of the present day are the results of crossing to secure general purpose animals. In poultry this is particularly noticeable, as hundreds of experiments are made in crossing the breeds every year, but in every case where departure from purity of blood has been made, instead of general purpose stock the scrubs have taken the places of the pure breeds.—Rural World.

THE THOROUGHBRED HOG.

An Animal in Demand With Intelligent Farmers.

Despite the chronic dullness in most industries, there is indubitable evidence of a sharp and increased demand for thoroughbred hogs. While prices of hogs and hog products are still low in the commercial markets, they are as favorable as in any other lines, and the farmers to whom the present season gives promise of another magnificent grain crop, are looking forward to cribbing much of it in hogs to better advantage than they can send it direct from field to market. Large sections are almost bare of swine owing to ravages of disease and sales made to avoid the contagion. All anyone needs do to realize this is to go out among the farmers and try to buy a pig. We know men of small real estate holdings who customarily buy and fatten a pig or two for their own meat who can not get one this year at any price within reason. This goes to show conditions quite generally prevailing. The encouraging feature for breeders lies in the fact that more largely than ever before the farmers who are building up herds anew are after good blood. Breeders who are awake to their own interests will make the most of the advantage thus open to them by pushing sales into new territory as far as possible. In breeding circles the "once a customer always a customer" rule prevails very largely. The breeder who satisfies a new customer fully by his first sale usually gets further orders on the strength of it, and we have known many old breeders who have for years sold to the same parties. There is an advantage in this to both buyer and seller. The average farmer who raises thoroughbred hogs gives no attention to desirable or advisable crossing. To him a hog that shows up well and has pure breeding is all right, no matter how injudicious the cross on his herd may be. But when seller and buyer deal together from year to year the breeder, whose trade it is to keep track of the lines productive of best results, will furnish his customer that animal which he thinks will best [illegible] in the customer's herd, the breeding of which he is familiar with. So, we say to breeders, that this season while the demand is large for stock, every effort should be put forth to secure and hold new clients. That this view is being taken by a great many is shown by our advertising columns, which contain [illegible] a number of firms we have never done business with till this season.—Western Swine Herd.

AN EXPERIENCED FARMER

Tells of Things to Do and Things Not to Do.

In an experience of 40 years one will learn a great many things that are good and more that are bad in any kind of business. This is surely true in breeding jacks and jennets. Many breeders start at the business without any fixed idea of what will be the outcome and result of their line of conduct, and frequently declare it a failure, when a careful study of the matter will show that the breeder himself is almost the sole cause of his failure. In the first place, many breeders want to start on the cheap plan, and, as they say, "breed up." Breeding, like everything else, rests on the maxim, "everything that is worth doing is worth doing well." The breeding up is all right, but if you want to be in the lead, start with good foundation stock and breed up, and then dealers will hunt you and you will not be required, as many do, to take a lot of your produce and hunt a buyer. So don't start on common stock, but get the best you can. After starting don't conclude that everything that is cheap is economy. Two breeders in the same neighborhood started in business the same year, but with two distinct lines of policy—one with everything cheap, regardless of quality, and the other everything good, regardless of price. The one stinted his herd to a convenient and cheap sire, while the other hunted for and patronized the very best and highest-priced animal for a sire. The result was, the cheap man now has a lot of cheap stuff on hand, for which there is little or no demand, while the other has sold at good prices all that he now desires to sell, and has established a reputation for raising and handling good ones, which puts him in the advance of the market for the next season's trade. Many conclude after he has obtained a colt all that is necessary is to turn the dam out in a sage field—there to grow and raise them cheap. Don't! don't! do this; it is suicidal to your business. You must remember that while the dam was carrying the foal she required care and good feed, and now that she has to maintain two instead of one you must increase your allowance. While the dam is suckling the colt the heaviest drain is made on her system, and if you want good produce you must sustain her in her maternal efforts. The colt at this time is making its greatest effort to make bone and muscle, and the first six months is the time in its existence that your time, feed and attention will pay the best. So give the dam the best feed and attention during this important period.

Breed to the best, and when you undertake to raise the colts, raise them well; don't spare feed and attention. Follow the lines of breeding that are regular and well established, giving due care and attention to the growing stock, and the results will be appreciated.—Cor. Farmers' Home Journal.

Chicken Fleas.

Chicken fleas appear to the naked eye to be the same as a rabbit or cat flea, but under a magnifying glass look different. They get on fowls, cats, dogs and people. On fowls they stick around the eyes and ears. Few get on any other part of the body. When once stuck fast—and they commence business very early in life—they stay there until pulled off, or until they get their growth (about half as large as dog fleas). Then they drop off and burrow in the sand or dust to deposit their eggs. When a hennery is once seeded down with fleas you can not raise chickens, as they will put out the eyes, get into the ears and kill the little chicks. They have killed kittens and puppies that were not looked after properly.

Their habitat is Florida and Central America, and were not known here in southwest Texas until railroad connection was made between here and east Florida in 1888.

Chicken houses and places where the fested animals sleep or congregate should be thoroughly washed with kerosene. Then to one pint of kerosene add one ounce of mercurial ointment, mix well and rub this around the eyes, on the head and under the wings of hens that have chicks and brush the poles on which they roost. If these fleas are on your place the first place you will find them will be around the cat's eyes and ears, and the quicker you commence fighting them the better.—Southern Fancier.

HERE AND THERE.

—The cotton acreage for this year instead of showing a decrease, as was expected, shows an increase. Will it pay?

—Mutton can be produced at less cost per pound than beef, and the fleece is clear additional profit. As with all food animals, the greatest profit is in early maturity and early marketing.

—Why is it that farmers' wives do not grow flowers? Certainly no one has a better opportunity, as there is always plenty of space and good soil, and there are many flowers that are of easy culture.

—A gardener claims that when five acres have been brought up to the highest state of cultivation, when the full extent of its usefulness is reached, more money can be made from it than from 200 acres in cereals, as usually cultivated.

—This is a busy time with farmers. Crops and the weeds and grass are growing rapidly, and the over-cropped farmer has to hurry up or he will be left. The forehanded farmer is well up with his work and could smile even if it rained all day.

—Some people wonder how it is that the wages paid farm hands are lower than those paid any other class of laborers. The explanation is easy. At present depreciated prices for agricultural products the business can not afford better wages.

—It requires cheap feed and cheap pasture to make it possible to produce animals for the market now at a profit. And having these, the farmer must know just how to manage and care for stock in the very best manner to even then bring about the desired result.

—It may seem a little out of the regular order, but Europe now affords the best market for American horses. England has been buying largely of late, and wants more. [illegible]