The St. Tammany Farmer.

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

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor. COVINGTON, ST. TMMAANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1897. VOL. XXII.—NO. 5.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Human Life Likened Unto a Great Charge of Cavalry.

Glories of the Christian Soldier Portrayed—Armed, Booted, Spurred and Mounted, Sweeping Away the Hosts of Sin.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage delivered the following sermon before his Washington congregation, taking for his text:

I will deliver thee two thousand horses, if thou art able on thy part to set riders upon them.—II. Kings, xviii., 23.

Up by the water works, the upper reservoir of Jerusalem, the general of the besieging army and the generals of besieged Jerusalem are in consultation. Though Gen. Rab-shakeh had been largely paid to stop the siege, he kept the money and continued the siege—the military miscreant! Rab-shakeh derides the capacity of the city to defend itself, and practically says: "You have not 2,000 men who can manage horses. Produce 2,000 cavalrymen, and I will give you a present of 2,000 cavalry horses. You have not in all your besieged city of Jerusalem 2,000 men who can mount, and by bit and bridle control a horse." Rab-shakeh realized that it is easier to find horses than skillful riders, and hence he makes the challenge of the text: "I will deliver thee 2,000 horses if thou be able to set riders upon them."

Rab-shakeh, like many another bad man, said a very suggestive thing. The world is full of great opportunities, but few know how to bridle them and mount them and manage them. More spirited horses than competent riders! The fact is that in the church of God we have plenty of fortresses well manned, and plenty of heavy artillery, and plenty of solid columns of brave, Christian soldiery, but what we most need is cavalry—mounted troops of God—for sudden charge that seems almost desperate. If Washington, if New York, if London are ever taken for God, it will not be by slow bombardment of argumentation, or by regular unlimbering of great theological guns from the portholes of the churches, but by gallop of sudden assault and rush of holy energy that will astound and throw into panic the long lines of drilled opposition, armed to the teeth. Nothing so scares the forces of sin as a revival that comes, they know not whence, to do that which they can not tell, to work in a way that they can not understand. They will be overcome by flank movement. The church of God must double up their right or left wing. If they expect us from the north, we will take them from the south. If they expect us at 12 o'cock at noon, we will come upon them at 12 o'clock at night. The opportunities for this assault are great and numerous, but where are the men? "I willl deliver thee 2,000 horses, if thou be able to set riders upon them."

The opportunities of saving America and saving the entire planet were never so many, never so urgent, never so tremendous as now. Have you not noticed the willingness of the printing press of the country to give the subject of evangelism full swing in column after column? Such work was formerly confined to tract distribution and religious journalism. Now the morning and evening newspapers, by hundreds and thousands of copies, print all religious intelligence and print most awakening discourses. Never since the world has stood has such a force been offered to all engaged in the world's evangelization. Of the more than 15,000 newspapers on this continent, I do not know one that is not alert to catch and distribute all matters of religious information. Oh, now I see a mighty suggestiveness in the fact that the first book of any importance that was ever published, after Johann Guttenberg invented the art of printing, was the Bible. Well might the poor man toil on, polishing stones, and manufacturing looking-glasses, and making experiments that brought upon him the charge of insanity, and borrowing money, now from Martin Brether and now from Johan Faust, until he set on foot the mightiest power for the evangelization of the world. The statue in bronze which Thorwaldsen erected for Guttenberg in 1837, and the statue commemorating him by David D'Angers in 1840, and unveiled amid all the pomp that military processions and German bands of best music could give the occasion, were insignificant compared with the fact, to be demonstrated before all earth and all Heaven, that Johann Guttenberg, under God, inaugurated forces which will yet accomplish the world's redemption. The newspaper press will report Christ's sermons yet to be delivered, and describe His personal appearance, if, as some think, He shall come again to reign on earth. The newspapers press may yet publish Christ's proclamation of the world's emancipation from sin and sorrow and death. Tens of thousands of good men in this and other lands have been ordained by the laying on of hands to preach the Gospel, but it seems to me that just now, by the laying on of the hands of the Lord God Almighty, the newspaper presses are being ordained for preaching the Gospel with wider sweep and mightier resound than we have ever yet imagined. The iron horses of the printing press are all ready for the battle, but where are the men good enough and strong enough to mount them and guide them? "I will deliver thee 2,000 horses, if thou be able to set riders upon them."

Go out to the soldiers' home and talk with the men who have been in the wars, and they will give you right appreciation of what is the importance of the cavalry service in battle. You hear the clatter of the hoofs and the whirr of the arrows and the clash of the shields and the bang of the carbines as they ride up and down the centuries. Clear back in time, Osymandyas led 20,000 mounted troops in Bactriana. Josephus says that when the Israelites escaped from Egypt 50,000 cavalrymen rode through the parted Red Sea. Three hundred and seventy-one years before Christ, Epaminondas headed his troops at full gallop. Alexander, on a horse that no other man could ride, led his mounted troops. Seven thousand horsemen decided the struggle at Arbela. Although saddles were not invented until the time of Constantine, and stirrups were unknown until about 450 years after Christ, you hear the neighing and snorting of war-chargers in the greatest battle of the ages. Austerlitz, and Marengo, and Solferino were decided by the cavalry. The mounted Cossacks re-enforced the Russian snow storms in the obliteration of the French army. Napoleon said if he had only had sufficient cavalry at Bautzen and Lutzen his wars would have triumphantly ended. I do not wonder that the duke of Wellington had his old war horse Copenhagen turned out in best pasture, and that the duchess of Wellington wore a bracelet of Copenhagen's hair. Not one drop of my blood but tingles as I look at the arched neck and pawing hoof and panting nostril of Job's cavalry horse: "Hast thou clothed his his neck with thunder? He paweth in the valley; he goeth on to meet the armed men. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

I think it is the cavalry of the Christian hosts, the grand men and women who, with bold dash and holy recklessness and spurred-on energies, are to take the world for God. To this army of Christian service belong the evangelists. It ought to be the business of the regular churches to multiply them, to support them, to cheer them, to clear the way for them. Some of them you will like, some of them you do not like. You say some are too sensational, and some of them are not enough learned, and some of them are erratic, and some of them are too vehement, and some of them pray too loud! Oh, fold up your criticism and let them do that which we, the pastors, can never do. I like all the evangelists I have ever seen or heard. They are busy now; they are busy every day of the week. While we, the pastors, serve God by holding the fortress of righteousness and drilling the Christian soldiery, and by marshaling anthems and sermons and ordinances on the right side, they are out fighting the forces of darkness "hip and thigh, with great slaughter." All success to them! The faster they gallop, the better I like it. The keener the lances they fling, the more I admire them. We care not what conventionality they infract if they only gain the victory. Moody, and Chapman, and Mills, and Jones, and Harrison, and Munhall, and Maj. Cole, and Crittenden, and a hundred others are now making the cavalry charge, and they are this moment taking New York and Philadelphia and Cincinnati for God, and I wish they might take our nation's capital.

Hear the tremendous facts: There are now in this country nearly 166,000 church congregations, with nearly 21,000,000 communicants and seating capacity in church for more than 43,000,000 people; in other words, room in the churches for three-fourths of the population of this country, and about one-third of the population of this country already Christian. In other words, we will have only to average bringing two souls to God during the next three years and our country is rodeemed. Who can not, under the power of the Holy Ghost, bring two souls to God in three years? And so many will bring hundreds and thousands to God, most of you have to bring only one soul to God and the Gospel campaign for this continent will be ended. If you can not bring one soul to God, or two souls, or three souls, in three years, you are no Christian, and deserve yourself to be shut out of Heaven. The religious pessimists of this country are all the time depicting the obstacles as so great and our forces as so small that we half of the time feel that we are attempting an impossibility. Take out of your prayers and preaching some of your stuffing of groans and put in something of acclamation and triumph, and the United States will be gospelized, and if the United States be gospelized America will be gospelized, and America gospelized, we will take Asia from the Pacific beach, and Europe from the Atlantic beach, and not far from now the lost star we live on will take its place among the constellations that never fell. Let the more than 21,000,000 communicants, as they lift the sacramental cup to their lips, take oath that they will not rest until the other 40,000,000 are saved. The opportunities are all saddled and bridled. Where are the men and women to guide them? "I will deliver thee 2,000 horses, if thou be able to set riders upon them." What two men can do for good or evil is impressed upon me by the fact that two Scotchmen, going to California, each took something that would remind him of his native country. Then one took a thistle, the national emblem of Scotland. The other took a hive of bees. Years went by, and the work of the two Scotchmen is widely seen. The curse of the Pacific slope is the thistle, and the blessing of the Pacific slope is the honey found everywhere in woods and fields. In your life are you responsible for honey or thistles, and if one man can do so much good, and another so much evil, how much could be done for the ransom of this country by 21,000,000 people all consecrated?

Get out of the way with your dolorous forebodings, and charge your dirges for what we have not done for the grand march of what we may do and will do. The woman at Sedan, in whose house Napoleon the Last was waiting to make surrender of himself and his army, said to the overthrown French emperor: "What can I do for you?" And the despairing ex-monarch replied: "Nothing; but draw down the blind so that I can not be stared at." In this Gospel campaign we have plenty to draw down the blinds. In God's name, I say, pull up the blinds, and let the morning sun of the coming victory shine upon us. What we want in this campaign for God is the self-abnegation and courage of the men of Sir Colin Campbell, who, as Lord Bishop Cowle, of New Zealand, once chaplain of his army, told me, said to the troops: "Men, no retreat from this place. Die right here." And they shouted: "Yes, Sir Colin, we will do it." And they did!"

Temporary defeats ought not to dishearten. What is Bunker Hill monument? Monument of defeat. But from that bloody mount American independence started for its grandest achievement, and all the defeats of the cause of God are incipient victory.

The saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though the die.
They see the triumph from afar
And seize it with their eye.

And now, standing as I do, in this national capital, let me say that what we want in the senate and house of representatives and the supreme court is a pentecostal blessing that will shake the continent with Divine mercy. There recently came into my hands the records of two congressional prayer meetings, on the rolls of which were the names of the most eminent senators and representatives who then controled the destinies of this republic—the one congressional prayer meeting in 1857 and the other in 1866. The record is in the handwriting of the philanthroplst, William E. Dodge, then a member of congress. There are now more Christian men in the national legislature than ever before. Why will they not band together in a religious movement which, before the inauguration of the next president, shall enthrone Christ in the hearts of this nation? They have the brain, they have the eloquence, they have the influence. God grant them the grace sufficient! Who in congressional circles will establish the capitoline prayer meeting in 1897? Let the evening of the last decade of this century be irradiated with such a religious splendor. There are the opportunities for a national and international charge, all bridled and saddled. Where are the riders to mount them?

Here, also, are opportunities all ready for those who would enter the Kingdom of God. Christ said that the Kingdom of Heaven was to be taken by violence. By one flash you may enter. Quicker than any equestrian ever dashed through castle gate you may pass into the pardon and hope of the Gospel. As quickly as you can think "Yes" or "No," as quickly as you can make a choice, so quickly may you decide the question of eternal destiny. No one was ever slowly converted. He may have been thinking about it 40 years, but not one inch of progress did he make until the moment of assent, the very second in which he said "I will." That instant decided all. Bring out the worst 2,000 men in all the earth, and here are 2,000 opportunities of immediate and eternal salvation. "I will deliver thee 2,000 horses if thou be able to set riders upon them."

The cavalry suggests speed. When once the reins are gathered into the hands of the soldierly horseman, and the spurs are struck into the flanks, you hear the rataplan of the hoofs. "Velocity" is the word that describes the movement—acceleration, momentum—and what we want in getting into the kingdom of God is celerity. You see, the years are so swift, and the weeks are so swift, and the days are so swift, and the hours are so swift, and the minutes are so swift, we need to be swift. For lack of this appropriate speed many do not get into Heaven at all. Here we are in the last Sabbath of the year. Did you ever know a twelfth month quicker to be gone? The golden rod of autumn speaks to the golden rod of the next autumn, and the crocus of one springtime to the crocus of another springtime, and the snowbanks of adjoining years almost reach each other in unbroken curve. We are in too much hurry about must things. Business men in too much hurry rush into speculations that ruin them and ruin others. People move from place to place in too great haste, and they wear out their nerves, and weaken the heart's action. But the only thing in which they are afraid of being too hasty is the matter of the soul's salvation. Yet did anyone ever get damaged by too quick repentance or too quick pardon or too quick emancipation? The Bible recommends tardiness, deliberation and snail-like movement in some things, as when it enjoins us to be slow to speak, and slow to wrath, and slow to do evil, but it tells us: "The King's business requireth haste," and that our days are as the flight of a weaver's shuttle, and ejaculates: "Escape for thy life. Look not behind thee; neither stay thou in all the plain." Other troops may fall back, but mounted years never retreat. They are always going ahead, not on an easy canter, but at full run. Other regiments hear the command of "Halt!" and pitch their tents for the night. The regiments of the years never hear the command of "Halt!" and never pitch tent for the night.

Then let the creaking door of the closing year go shut. When that closes better doors will open. The world's brightest and happiest years are yet to come. Toward them we speed on in the swiftest stirrup. Cavalry charge at Inkerman was not so rapid. At last the equestrians equal the chargers! At last the riders are as many as the horses!

Pauperism and Crime.

The saloon is the greatest breeder of pauperism and crime there is. It is not the man with a clear mind and eye, who is holding a good position, that commits a crime; it is the man with a ruined life and a brain reeling with liquor. Last year there there were 10,200 murders committed in America, and of these nearly 10,000 were the direct result of liquor.—Rev. Dr. Williams, Evangelist, Marshalltown, Ia.

ON HUCKLEBERRY RIDGE.

The Story of One "Sad and Orful" Christmas Day.

Trials and Tribulations That Befell a Panther Creek Boy—Little Steer Brindle, Red Leather Shoes and a Long-Tail Winchester Coat.

Stories I have told now and then—stories on top of stories—but if

my remembrance ain't dead wrong I never did tell you Brit Foster's Christmas story in regards to his little steer by the name of Brindle, his red leather shoes and his long-tail Winchester coat. Many and many's the time I have heard Brit tell that story, which at the same time, you understand, it was the unwashed truth—and I have laughed and laughed till by gracious I would ache all over in spots as big as a saddle blanket.

But Brit he never could find where the laughin part come in. With him it was "a passle of most hellatious sad and solemcholy facts in history."

"The Man and the Surroundins Met."

Hit was way out there in the Pan Handle country of Texas, in a town by the name of Vernon, one Christmas eve night, where me and Brit met up together the last time in this vain and fleetin world below. Seven long years had then come and went since me and him had shook hands acrost the bloody chasm of the past. There was a warm and hearty "howdy Rufe" and "howdy Brit," and that night when we fell in with the town gang around a blazin good fire in the back room—all hands braced up to about six bits in the dollar and mellow onto the occasion—I lowed to Brit that the man and the surroundins had met oncst more—that the day and hour had now come for him to tell them Texas fellows about the sad and terrible Christmas which he had spent one time back there in the states in durin of our young and better days. Well, as usual, Brit pulled on the bits considerable, but under the general pressure of the surroundin circumference he finally at last give in and come forth with that famous chapter from our local history.

"Tremendius Sad Wherefores."

"Hits been so monstrous long ago, Rufe, and the whenceness and the wherefores thereof are so tremendius sad unto my wanderin thoughts till durned if I don't raley hate to tell the truth whilst history repeats herself. Hit was the ups and downs, the trials and tribulations of that orful day, Rufe, which driv me away from the old home where I had spent the golden days of boyhood. Hit was the scandlous scrape brung down on me by that little scrub steer of mine, Brindle, them red leather shoes and that infernal long tail coat, which took me as a green and tender boy, fresh from the woods and hills—with the dew drops and the hayseed in my hair—throwed me out into the cold world alone and made me what you see and what I am to-night—a gambler which has bet his pile on two pair, queens up, as it were, whilst the other man helt four aces or a straight flush."

"Over on Huckleberry Ridge."

"You must recollect, Rufe, that in them plain old days some of God's own people lived right down there in the Panther Creek settlement. Most in generally speakin they belonged to the Old School Baptists—God fearin, debt payin, dram drinkin, democratic people. But they were pore, Rufe, most hellatious pore—which I always did maintain they didn't mean no harm by that. And let me tell you, fellow citizens, money was money then, and it took some tall scratchin and starvin stintin to pay off the feed bills and keep up with the store account. Consequentially as you no doubts recollect, Rufe, in our young and gallin days the wherewithals and raiments with which I clothed my awkward body were the plainest and but blame few at that. Now I can remember the skeerce and scanty manner of my dress the same as if it was but only yesterday. Honest to God, fellow citizens, I was passin out from boyhood into manhood with whiskers sproutin on my face and women bearin on my mind before I ever climed up on the inside of a full suit of clothes. In the summertime I had to wear a long tail homespun shirt, and in the winter it was that same long tail shirt spliced out below with a pair of wool socks to keep my wayward feet from freezin slap off.

"But finally at last I was feelin my oats so promiscus and plentiful till nothin would do but I must go out amongst the female generation. In the main time old man Larry Benton was livin over there on Huckleberry Ridge and raisin of a tremendius large and lovely crop of girls. And it did look to me like of all the places in the discovered world for a youngster to go and have a high heel good time that was the mainest place. But from that bright day down unto this blessed hour, so far as anybody knows, I never have been caught foolin and fumblin around with a passle of gay and gorgeous girls. By gatlins, I give em all the road now till they git broke and bridle wise and quit pullin on the bit. Anyhow, after stayin wake of nights for a week—wrastlin with the question which would be the best, to go or not to go—thinkin about that drove of girls over at old man Larry's, and pickin out the prittiest one in the pack for my own and onlyest sweetheart—I lowed that I would go. After that the mainest thing with me was the riggins and the fixments to put on."

With His "Riggins On."

"By this time some of the women folks at home had fixed me up with a pair of new coperas breeches for Sunday," Brit went on, "and along indurin of the week I had took and swapped a right tolerable good fiddle to Lum Hankins for a long tail black coat—a reglar Winchester, as Aunt Liza Ralborn use to say—and six bits to boot. That want no rale, genuine, store bought coat, you understand. From the best of my recollection I reckon Lum Hankins must of got it made outen one of his mother's old black dresses. But at any rates it was a reglar calf wiper, wind splitter and earth sweeper. But the general style and cut of my shirts was so infernal broad and long and full and bountiful like till durned if I had room enough to wear one with my coperas breeches—which they did fit me as snug as a bug in a rug—and there I was, as the man says in the show.

"So when Christmas come—it was a warm and windy winter day—I clum into my red leather shoes and them coperas breeches, pulled on my long-tail black coat and buttoned it up tight and clost in front so nobody couldn't tell for certain that I did't have no signs of such a garment—tied a lovely red handkerchief around my neck—put on my hat and sprinkled a few cinnamon drops on my hair—hooked up my little steer, Brindle, to the cart, and lit out for Huckleberry Ridge with the riggins and the fixments on.

"Say, Rufe, don't you remember that blame little slab-sided, razor-back, wobbledy-legged steer, which I called his name Brindle, and which I driv over to Huckleberry Ridge that Christmas day? Well, man, sir, Brindle went all the gaits and worked anywheres, single or double, and then he would also do his level durndest to eat up everything in sight—from a hay stack to a cord of gum stumps.'

"A Mighty Scatteration."

"When I driv up to the front gate at old man Larry Benton's that Christmas mornin, by gollys, I was feelin like a four-year-old shod all around, with packs in every foot. Right then I didn't give a continential durn if the creeks all run up stream and meat was goin at four bits a pound. I lit out, I did, and roped Brindle to the palins. By this time the girls had caught sight of me and here they come. They were all monstrous glad to see me, and I was more than proud to meet with them oncst more. In my bold and reckless and ondifferent way I then leant up agin the gate, whilst the girls they clustered around me like bees around a molasses jug, and we pitched in to have a reglar Christmas confabulation jest amongst us gals, as it were. Everybody was havin sich a felonious good time till I couldn't take notice of anything but the female generation. By and by the girls they got to giggling and goin on at a scandlous lick. And me, like a ded-burned idiot, I thought was all because Christmas had come oncst more, whilst the air was full of music and the turkey in the pot. About that time I felt somethin blowin his warm breath on the back of my neck, and when I turned round to see what was goin on, durn my cats if Brindle hadn't chawed out a full section of my long-tail coat, right up and down the back from collar to hem. Right about then a high west wind sprung up behind, and jest naturally shucked off my coat and blowed it clean out into the middle of the big road.

"Now, white people, if anybody ever heard tell of a tremendius confusionment and mighty scatteration, we had it right over there on Huckleberry Ridge that Christmas mornin. The girls they blushed and laughed and screamed and made a dash for the house, whilst I lit into my cart, poured the whip to Brindle and we burnt the wind for home."

"That Sad and Orful Day."

With that I laughed as I had laughed a hundred times before at Brit Foster and his Christmas story. And as for them Texas fellows, they laughed and laughed till they jest naturally had to lay down and roll over in it. But Brit never could find where the laughin part come in, and there was a far-away solemcholy look on his face as he breshed the tears from his eyes and went on with the story:

"When I got back home I up and told my Uncle Griffin—which you remember, Rufe, my own dear father was dead and gone then, and me and mother we had went to live with Uncle Grif—I told him what had come to pass and bantered him to buy my little steer Brindle. He laughed at me till it was a sin and a scandalation, but I finally at last harnsnoggled him into a trade and sold him Brindle for seven dollars and six bits ($7.25), spot cash.

"That night I packed up a little wallet which helt all I had in the way of this world's goods exceptin the torn and tattered remains of that durned infernal old long tail Winchester coat, slipped out of the back window and down through the orchard and run away from home. The next day I made it to Belle's Landin down on the Alabama river and there I struck a steamboat goin to Mobile. I up and told the captain all about the orful time I had the day before over on Huckleberry Ridge, and soon as he could stop laughin long enough he told me if I would promise to tell my troubles to the crowd on the boat he would let me ride with him to Mobile free gratis for nothin. That was a sad and terrible thing for me to tell, but money was money then, and the captain was traded with on the spot.

"When I struck the city I was a plum show to them town folks, and somehow the gamblers they took to me as quick and natural as a sick kitten to a pan of sweet milk. In the run of time I fell in and learnt the game and went to gallopin with the gang. Sometimes the documents have come my way, Rufe, and sometimes they have run from me like a shot. But accordin to what the Scripture says, everything that goes up must come down.

RUFUS SANDERS.

DUTIES OF ELECTORS.

How the Vote Is Counted and Transmitted to the Capitol.

Just how or where or when the electoral vote is cast seems to be something of a mystery to many voters who are well-informed on all other subjects.

The votes are cast in each state, on the same day, in accordance with a provision of the United States which reads:

"The electors for each state shall meet and give their votes upon the first Wednesday in December, in the year in which they are appointed, at such place in each state as the legislature of each state may direct."

In Ohio and in most of the other states, there is special legislation providing that the votes shall be cast at the state capitol.

The federal statutes have provided for any contingency that might arise. Each state may, by law, provide for the filling of any vacancies which may occur in its college of electors, when such college meets to give its electoral vote.

In Ohio, should a vacancy occur, the Ohio electoral college has power to elect persons to fill such vacancies, and should it happen that two persons receive the same number of votes, the governor makes the choice by lot. It will be seen, therefore, that no adverse state administration could affect the electoral vote.

After the votes are formally cast, three certificates are made, in which the votes for president and vice president are given in separate lists.

The college then chooses a person, not necessarily a member of its body, to personally take one certificate to Washington. This he must deliver to the president of the senate before the first week in January. In the event of that officer not being in Washington when the messenger arrives, the secretary of state is empowered to take charge of the certificate.

The second certificate must be sent to the president of the senate by mail, so as to reach Washington before the first week in January.

The third certificate is delivered to the federal judge of the district in which the electoral college meets.

On the second Wednesday of February, congress is in session, and the electoral vote is formally canvassed.

Should it happen that neither of the first two certificates reach Washington by the second Wednesday in February, the secretary of state at once sends a special messenger to the federal judge who is in possession of the third certificate, and that is then taken to Washington.

Each messenger is paid mileage upon the surrender of the certificate, to the amount of 25 cents for each mile he has traveled by the most direct route. As his transportation does not usually exceed six cents per mile for the round trip, he is a few dollars to the good. Messengers from the remote states are thus quite well paid for their time. The man who will carry the certificate for California will be ahead about $600 on the trip.—Toledo Blade.

BETTER THAN STEAM PIPES.

The Transmission of Power by Electricity on Naval Vessels.

There can be no question that electric transmission of power will in the near future largely displace the objectionable steampiping, of which such a great amount is now necessary in our modern naval vessels in order to supply steam to much of the auxiliary machinery. It is easy to see that such piping is objectionable to many ways. It is bulky and takes up valuable space when protected, as it must be, from non-conducting covering. The covering is subject to more or less deterioration with the vibration of the ship and the machinery. The heat from the pipes is objectionable in every closed space, while the necessity of providing for the exhaust and of keeping the pipes drained of water of condensation is a constant source of trouble. More serious still is the danger which such steampipes threaten in time of action, since the cutting of any one of them by a projectile would result in severe injury to all within reach. To meet these objections suggestions have been made advocating the substitution of hydraulic power, while others again point to the advantages which compressed air possesses under these particular conditions. As to what can be done in the latter direction is shown by the very complete installation with which the United States monitor Terror has been equipper. On this vessel compressed air is used for performing all the various mechanical operations on board, from moving the rudder to hoisting ammunition. This is far superior to a system of steampipe distribution or to the scattering of donkey boilers over various parts of the vessel, and, as we have said, the only system that promises even better results is electrical power distribution. It would appear that compressed air would be superior to this in simplicity for direct hoisting, while where a rotary motion is required the electric motor would have the advantage. So far as injury during action is concerned, it is, however, clear that the electrical system has the advantage, since injury to the air pipes might easily occur, while it would be far more difficult to make them good than would be the case with an electric cable.—Mechanical World.

How the Bostonian Proposed.

Dick—And how did you proceed?

Fred—Why, I just went up to her and asked her if she would marry me.

"Without first telling her how much you loved her and all that sort of thing?"

"Of course; I did not want to prejudice her judgment."

"My dear boy, don't you know that when folks fall in love they don't have any judgment?"—Boston Transcript.

—The cobra is said to be the only serpent that emits a cry, which resembles the squeak of a rat.

WINTER MOTHS.

Carry on Their Ravages in Steam Heated Houses.

As every cloud is said to have its silver lining, so every blessing seems to have its shadow. No sooner has every one discovered the blessing of steam-heated houses than it is found that these homes, where the heat is kept at a wholesome and uniform temperature during the cold weather, are places where the clothes moth luxuriates.

Under ordinary conditions the winter puts an end to the ravages of the moth. He is usually frozen out by the cold of winter, and even in houses thoroughly heated by furnaces or by stoves he is never known to affect much activity, but remains quiescent until the warm days of April.

In our steam-heated houses we have an atmosphere most favorable to animal and plant life, and it is discovered that the common clothes moth, and especially the buffalo moth, that pest of recent importation, continue their ravages. They do not die at their appointed time, and they even hatch out fresh generations under the favorable influence of the heat, so that their work of destruction goes on without interruption.

Sometimes under such conditions it may be necessary to fumigate with sulphur a closet where this "moth" has taken up his quarters. There are some portions of the country where the buffalo beetle has not yet arrived, or is just taking up quarters. For the benefit of such localities we give his description. The grub which is the only creature that is likely to be seen about the house is a hairy little creature not over an eighth of an inch long or so large as a common lady bug. It moves very fast. Benzine poured freely around the edges of any carpet that has been attacked by buffalo "moths" is an effectual remedy. The creature seems especially fond of certain colors. It has been known to eat all the red figures and stripes in the border of a carpet and leave the rest alone. One housekeeper, taking advantage of this peculiarity, placed bits of red flannel in the corner of a closet inhabited by buffalo moths, and each day destroyed all she found collected on the flannel. Finally they ceased to appear. The peculiarity of this moth is that it may be introduced with hardware, china, straw or in almost anything. In one new house it was discovered that buffalo bugs were introduced before the house was inhabited in a box of window weights. All the crevices of the floor around the weights had become inhabited and large numbers were found in the box of weights.

There is no remedy so effectual as a prompt upheaval of the carpet where this pest has become established, with a thorough scrubbing of the floor. Benzine must then be poured around the edges of the room and in the cracks of the floor. It can be purchased at an oil store or a paint store at so low a price that it can be freely used around the edges of the floor and in any crack where this bug may lodge. If the room is well aired afterward there is no danger from its use.—N. Y. Tribune.

FINGER RINGS THIS WINTER.

One of the Pretty Conceits is the Dinner Ring.

The ruby is the favorite stone this winter. The engagement ring is of diamonds, largely, but there are rubies alternating with the other stones. The effect of red and white stones is beautiful, as every girl knows, and, from the point of taste, no one can find fault with the maiden for preferring her ring brightened by the ruby.

Among the jewels worn by society buds this winter will be amethysts, opals and the topaz. These stones have passed through so many vicissitudes in the favor of women within the last 50 years that a girl is not sure to-day whether she is invoking some superstitious fate or not in wearing them. She has a general idea that the opal used to be unlucky, but seems to have emerged from its hoodoo, and that the amethyst and the topaz are more fit for gouty old men who cling to old style than for a fin-de-siecle American maid; but she wears them, nevertheless, if she can get them, and will even take them from her old grandfather—if he will give them to her—which usually he won't.

One of the particular conceits in rings for this winter will be the "dinner ring." This is a portentous affair, that covers the whole finger to the first joint, like a brilliant finger stall. One design is a diamond snake curving up the finger, almost up to the root of the nail, and another is a diamond band from which ferns branch in an airy manner, suggesting a conservatory of jewelry.

It is well known that the ordinary "marquise" ring makes a hand look slender and graceful. These new dinner rings, which are like exaggerated marquise rings, will, therefore, be sure to retain their hold on the affections of women, because that will make the hand more beautiful than ever. Not that women are vain, but that they feel they owe it to their husbands and fathers and brothers to be as attractive as nature will allow; and when nature will not do enough in this direction, why, they can call on art to lend a hand.

As to ring settings, it is noticeable that the antique, dull gold band is displacing the airy wire that has held away for years. What the woman of to-day wants is a heavy gold setting, several diamonds, a few rubies, an amethyst or two, a topaz, and perhaps an opal. With these worked into an up-to-date pattern, she is ready to go to dinner, to be engaged, or to be married. Her new ring is good form for all three.—N. Y. Press.

The Better Part.

"What a self-contained man Platt is! He never rejoices publicly over his victories."

"No. He gets enough satisfaction out of the sorrow of other people."—N. Y. Truth.