

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.

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TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Discourse on the All-Powerful Song of the Drunkards.

The Vast Army of Chierists Who Sing This Song—A Curse Which Has Its Head Upon the Throne of the Nation.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage delivered a recent sermon in the form of an arousing call to reformation from habits of dissipation. The text was:

Who said that? Was it David or was it Christ? It was both. These Messianic Psalms are like a telescope. Pull the instrument to a certain range, and it shows you an object afar by. Pull it to another range, and it will show you objects far away. David and Christ were both, each in his own time, the song of the drunkards. Holiness of doctrine and life always did excite wicked merriment. Although David had fully reformed and written a psalmody in which all subsequent ages have sobbed out their penitence, his enemies preferred to fetch up his old career, and put into metric measures sins long before forgiven. Christ, who committed no sin, was still more the subject of unholy song, because the better one is the more iniquity hates him. Of the best being whose voice ever moved the heart or whose foot ever touched the earth it might be said:

The worst of the music among the ruler's scoff, the drunkard's song.

The earth fitted up for the human race, in congratulation the morning stars sang a song. The Israelitish army safe on the bank of the Red sea and the Egyptians clear under the reformed water. Messianic song, one of the most important parts of this great old book is Solomon's song. At the birth of our Lord the Virgin Mary and old Simeon and angelic primadonnas in hovering clouds sang a song. What enrichment has been given to the world's literature and enjoyment by the ballads, the canticles, the discants, the ditties, the rhapsodies, the lyrics, the dithyrambs? But my text calls attention to a style of song that I think has never been discarded upon. You sometimes hear this style of music when passing a saloon, or a residence in which dissipation is ascendant, or after you have retired at night you hear it coming out of the street, having been carried long at their cups, are on their way home—the ballad of the inebriate, the serenade of the alcoholized, or what my text calls the song of the drunkards.

For practical, and saving, and warning, and Christian purpose, I will announce to you the characteristics of that well-known cadence mentioned in my text. First, I remark that the Song of the Drunkards is an old song. Much of the music of the world and of the church is old music. First came the music of percussion, the clapping cymbal, which was suggested by a hammer on an anvil, and then the singing of the reeds, and the reeds suggested the flute, and then the strained sinews of the turtle across its shell suggested the harp. But far back of that, and nearly back as far as the moral collapse of our first parentage, is the "Song of the Drunkards." That tune was sung at least 4,343 years ago, when, the deluge fresh, Noah, came out of the ark, and as if disgusted with too much prevalence of water, he took to strong drink and staggered forth, for all ages the first-known drunkard. He sounded the first note of the old music of inebriety. An Arab author of A. D. 1210 wrote: "Noah, being out of the ark, ordered each of his sons to build a house. Afterward they were occupied in sowing and in planting trees, the peppins and fruits of which they had found in the ark. The vine alone was wanting, and they could not discover it. Gabriel then informed them that the devil had desired it, and indeed had done so right to it. Hereupon Noah summoned him to appear in the field, and said to him: 'O, accursed! Why hast thou sown in the vine field?' 'Because,' replied the devil, 'it belonged to me.' 'Shall I part it for you?' said Gabriel. 'I consent,' said Noah, 'and will leave him a fourth.' 'That is not sufficient for him,' said Gabriel. 'Well, I will take half,' replied Noah, 'and he shall take the other.' 'That is not sufficient yet,' responded Gabriel, 'with a new oratorio entered a room where a group of gentlemen had assembled and said: 'Gentlemen, you all read music?' They said: 'Yes, we play in church.' 'Very well,' said the great composer, 'play this.' But the performance was so poorly done Handel stopped his ears and said: 'You play the Lord is long suffering, of great kindness, and forgiving of iniquity, transgression and sin. But you shall not play for me.' Pure music, whether fingered from instrument or trilled from human lips, is most difficult. But one of the easiest songs to learn is the song of the drunkards. Anybody can learn it. In a little while you can touch the highest note of conviviality or the lowest note of boisterousness. Begin moderately—a sip here and a sip there. Begin with claret, go on with ale and wind up with Cognac. First take the stimulant at a wedding, then take it at meals, then take it between meals, then all the time keep your pulse under its steady touch. It is the song of the drunkard. This apologetic music may become an expert. First it will be sounded in a hiccough. After awhile it will be heard in a silly hal hal Farther on it will become a wild whoop. Then it will enable you to run up and down the five lines of the musical scale infernal. Then you will have mastered it—the song of the drunkard.

The most skillful way is to adopt the modern theory and give the intoxicant to your children, saying to yourself: 'They will in after life meet the intoxicants everywhere, and they must get used to seeing them and tasting them and controlling their appetites.' That is the best way of

teaching them the song of the drunkards. Keep up that mode of education, and if you have four boys, at least three of them will learn the drunkard's song and lie down in a drunkard's grave, and if I ever laid a wager I would lay a wager that the fourth will die again in the other three. Or, if the education of the children in this music should be neglected, it is not too late to begin at 21 years of age. The young man will find plenty of young men who drink. They are in every circle to be found. Surely, my boy, you are not a coward, and afraid of it? Surely you are not going to be hindered by a sumptuary law or the prejudices of your old father and mother? They are behind the times. Take something. Take it often. Some of the greatest poets and orators have been notorious imbibers. If you are to enter a parlor, it makes you more vivacious and Chesterfieldian. If you are to transact business, your customer is apt to buy more if you have taken with him a sherry cobbler. If you are to make a speech it will give you a glibber tongue. Gluck could compose his best music by having his piano taken into the midst of a meadow, and a bottle of champagne placed on each side of him. The earlier you begin to learn the song of the drunkards, the earlier it is; but none of you are too old to learn. You can begin at 50 or 60, under prescription of a doctor for aids to digestion or breaking up of infirmities, and close life by rendering the song of the drunkards so well that all Pandemonium will score the performance and want it as a libretto in already. You see this sermon is not so much for cure as for prevention. Stop before you start, if you will forgive the solecism. The clock of St. Paul's cathedral struck 13 one midnight, and so saved the life of a sentinel. The soldier was arrested and tried for falling asleep at his post one midnight; but he declared that he was awake at midnight, and in proof that he was awake he said that he had heard the unusual occurrence of the clock striking 13 instead of 12. He was laughed to scorn and sentenced to death, but three or four persons, hearing of the case, came up in time to swear that they, too, heard the clock strike 13 that same midnight, and that man's life was spared. My hearer, if you go on and thoroughly learn the drunkard's song, perhaps in the deep midnight of your soul there may sound something that will yet effect your moral and eternal rescue. But it is a risky "go ahead." It is exceptional. Go ahead on that wrong road and the clock will strike 13, and you will close your day of opportunity, that it will strike 13, the sound of your deliverance.

A few Sabbaths ago, on the steps of this church, a man whom I had known in other years confronted me. At the first glance I saw that he was in the fifth and last stage of the tragedy of inebriation. Splendid, even in his ruin. The same brilliant eye, and the same courtly manners, and the remains of the same intellectual endowments; but a wreck. I had seen that craft when it plowed the waters, all sails set and running by true compass; wife and children, and friends on board, himself coming and going in a way that he expected would be glorious, putting into prosperous harbors of earth, and at last putting into the harbor of Heaven. But now a wreck, loved along by low appetites, that ever and anon run him into the breakers—a wreck of body, a wreck of mind, a wreck of soul.

"Where is your wife?" "I do not know." "Where are your children?" "I do not know." "Where is your God?" "I do not know." That man is coming to the last verse of that long cantata, that protracted threnody, that terrific song of the drunkards.

But if these words should come—for you know the largest audience I reach never see at all, say these words should come, though I am not a man, let me say to him: Be the exception to the general rule, and turn and live, while I recall to you a scene in England, where some one said to an inebriate as he was going out of church where there was a great awakening. "Why don't you pledge?" He answered: "I have signed it 20 times, and will never sign it again." "Why, then," said the gentleman talking to him, "don't you go up and kneel at that altar, amid those other patients?" He took the advice and went and knelt. After awhile a little girl, in rags and soaked with the rain, looked in the church and saw some one who was doing her, little girl? She said, "Please, sir, I heard as my father is here. Why, that is my father up there, kneeling now." She went up and put her arms around her father's neck and said, "Father, what are you doing here?" and he said, "I am asking God to forgive me." "Said she, 'Will you forgive me, will you be happy again?'" "Yes, my dear." "Will we have enough to eat again?" "Yes, my dear." "And will you never strike us again?" "No, my child." "Wait here," she said, "till I go and call mother." And soon the child came with the mother, and the mother, kneeling beside her husband, said: "Save me, too, save me, too!" And the Lord heard the prayers of that altar, and one of the happiest homes in England is the home over which that father and mother now lovingly preside. So, if in this sermon I have warned others against a dissipated life, with the fact that so few return after they have come gone away for the encouragement of those who would like to return, I tell you God wants you to come back, every one of you, and to come back now, and more tenderly and lovingly than any mother ever lifted a sick child out of a cradle and folded it in her arms, and crossed over it a lullaby, and rocked it to sleep, the Lord will take you to and fro in the arms of His pardoning love.

There's a witness to God's mercy. Like the witness of the sea, There's a kindness in His justice, Which is more than mercy.

making necessary most of the almshouses, causes the most of the ravings of the insane asylum, and puts up most of the iron bars of the penitentiaries. It has its hand to-day on the throat of the American republic. It is the taskmaster of nations, and the human race crouches under its smothering hand. The song of the drunkards has for its accompaniment the clank of chains, the chattering teeth of poverty, the rattle of the executioner's scaffold, the creaking door of the deserted home, the crash of shipwrecks, and the groan of empires. The \$2,000,000,000 which run costs this country in a year, in the destruction of grain and sugar and the supporting of the paupers and invalids and the criminals which strong drink causes, is only a small part of what is paid for this expensive song of the drunkards.

Again, this song of the drunkards is a multitudinous song—not a solo, not a duet, not a quartet, not a sextet; but millions on millions are this hour singing it. Do not think that alcoholism has this field all to itself. It has powerful rivals in the intoxicants of other nations; hashish, and arrack, and opium, and opium, and quavo, and mastic, and wedro. Every nation, barbaric as well as civilized, has its pet intoxicant. The song of the drunkards is rendered in Chinese, Filipino, Arabian, Assyrian, Persian, Mexican, and all the languages. All songs join in it. No continent would be large enough for the choir gallery if all those who have this libretto in their hands should stand side by side to chant the international chorus. Other throngs are just learning the eight notes of this libretto, which is already mastered by the orchestras in full voice under the batons in full swing. All the musicians assembled at Dusseldorf, or Berlin, or Boston Peace jubilee, rendering symphonies, requiems or grand marches of Mendelssohn, or Wagner, or Chopin, or Handel, were insignificant in numbers as compared with the innumerable throngs, host beside host, gallery above gallery, who are now pouring forth the song of the drunkard.

Again, the song of the drunkards is a suggestive song. You hear a nursery refrain, and right away you think of your childhood home, and brothers and sisters with whom you played, and mother, long since gone to rest. You hear a national air, and you think of the encampment of 1861, and the still night on the river bank, and the campfires that shook their reflections up and down the faces of the regiment. You hear and old church tune, and you are reminded of the revival scenes amid which you were brought to God. Nothing so brings up associations as a song sung or played upon an instrument, and the drunkard's song is full of suggestion. As you hear it on the street quite late some night, you begin to say to yourself, "I wonder if he has a mother? Is his wife waiting for him? Will his children be frightened when he enters the front door and staggers, knocking up the stairs? What chance is there for a young man started so early on the down grade? In what business will he succeed? How long before that man will run through his property? I wonder how he got so far astray? Can any influence be wielded to fetch him back? He must have got into bad company who led him off." So you soliloquize and guess about the man whose voice you hear on the street under the starlight.

Again, the song of the drunkards is easily learned. Through what long and difficult drill one must go to succeed as an elevated and inspiring singer. Emma Abbott, among the most eminent cantatrices that ever enchanted academies of music, told me on an ocean ship's deck, in answer to my question: "Whether you see you are going to Berlin and Paris to study music." "What!" I said, "after all your world-renowned successes in music, going to study?" Then she told me through what hardships, through what self-denials, through what almost killing fatigues she had gone in order to be a singer, and that when, in her earlier days, a great teacher of music had told her there were certain notes she could never reach, she said: "I will reach them," and through doing nothing else but practice for five years she did reach them. Oh, how many heroes and heroines of musical achievement! There are songs which are easy to learn, but most difficult to render. When Handel, with a new oratorio entered a room where a group of gentlemen had assembled and said: "Gentlemen, you all read music?" They said: "Yes, we play in church." "Very well," said the great composer, "play this." But the performance was so poorly done Handel stopped his ears and said: "You play the Lord is long suffering, of great kindness, and forgiving of iniquity, transgression and sin. But you shall not play for me." Pure music, whether fingered from instrument or trilled from human lips, is most difficult. But one of the easiest songs to learn is the song of the drunkards. Anybody can learn it. In a little while you can touch the highest note of conviviality or the lowest note of boisterousness. Begin moderately—a sip here and a sip there. Begin with claret, go on with ale and wind up with Cognac. First take the stimulant at a wedding, then take it at meals, then take it between meals, then all the time keep your pulse under its steady touch. It is the song of the drunkard. This apologetic music may become an expert. First it will be sounded in a hiccough. After awhile it will be heard in a silly hal hal Farther on it will become a wild whoop. Then it will enable you to run up and down the five lines of the musical scale infernal. Then you will have mastered it—the song of the drunkard.

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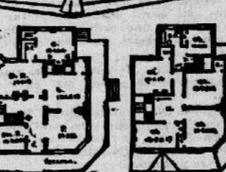
WOMAN AND HOME.

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

Copyright, 1896, by Herbert C. Chivers, Architect, St. Louis, Mo.

In residence work, gray and granite-faced brick are becoming popular on all colors and varieties for this purpose, but the white brick are light in color they do not seem to be easily discolored by dust and smoke.

For roofing material, the unassuming varieties of sea-green slate are taking the place of the gloomy dark kind. Light colors in architectural structures of any kind have a tendency to enlarge and lighten the appearance. This is quite noticeable in a building that is newly painted with a light shade of paint. With the light-colored bricks, slate and terra cotta, the architect now



PERSPECTIVE AND FLOOR PLANS.

has a perfect combination of materials at hand that can be used without making a building unnecessarily expensive.

The accompanying design of a city house is designed for a corner lot, with a large veranda on the two street sides. The entrance is through a tiled and marble-walled vestibule 5x7 feet in size. The rooms on the first floor include reception room, parlor, library, dining-room and kitchen. The second story has five chambers and bathroom. The bathroom is tiled with large glazed tile in a colonial design and the plumbing is of the very best. The servants' quarters in the attic consist of two large chambers and a storage room.

Height of stories: Cellar, 7 feet; first story, 9 feet 6 inches; second story, 9 feet; attic, 8 feet.

Exterior treatment: Foundation, stone; first and second stories, gray brick; roof covered with sea-green slate, trimmings white.

Interior finish: Two coat plaster, white; walls, yellow pine flooring in parlor and all rooms above the first floor, reception room hall and dining-room, floored with quartered oak and polished; kitchen floors is of maple.

Doors and casing: Parlor ivory white, reception room and hall quartered white oak, all other rooms select heart cypress.

Cost, \$6,500 to \$7,500, according to location.

CURED OF JEALOUSY.

A Sight of the Suspected Evident Perfect Confidence.

They are old friends, and sometimes when husbands are out of the way they meet for a long, confidential talk, such as they used to have when they were girls.

"You had one the other day, and in the last of it one of them said: 'You know I've been married eight years—it doesn't seem so long, but it really is. Well, the truth is, that all that time I've been jealous of the woman to whom my husband was engaged before I ever saw him.'"

"You goose, why he is a devoted husband! Why on earth—"

"Yes, I know now as silly, but I just couldn't help it. Many a night I've awake thinking about it. Why, every time the dinner wasn't good, I'd imagine he was thinking that she'd have given him a better one. O, I can't tell you all the things I thought. Sometimes I just wanted to die and be out of it."

"But you—"

"Yes, then, I just wouldn't die and let her perhaps have the pleasure of using my visiting cards, wearing my jewelry, and maybe even making him think me a tyrant for not allowing him to smoke in the parlor! But that is all over now; I am cured forever."

"O, I suppose you spoke to your husband and found that there was no cause for jealousy?"

"No—no! I didn't say anything to him, he thinks enough of himself, as it is—a man's vanity has to be kept down if you want to save your own."

"Then, if you haven't spoken to your husband on the subject, how do you know there is no cause for jealousy?"

"I've seen the woman!" — Chicago Tribune.

Hot Sandwiches with Cider. Hot sandwiches are excellent served with cider. The cider should not be too sweet, or it will not be agreeable with the flavor of the nuts. For the filling of the sandwiches use one-half of almonds chopped very fine and the other two parts of hickory nuts and English walnuts in equal proportions. Put very little butter on the thin slices of bread, sprinkle with salt and then with a very little graded mild cheese.

Don't Hide Bicycles. The Archbishop of Paris prohibits his clergy from riding the wheel on the ground that "it is incompatible with ecclesiastical dignity, calculated to lower the estimation of the faithful and expose him to the taunts and mockeries of the infidel."

Fashionable Color Structure. Hyacinth-blue and a certain pale rosy shade of mauve is a very fashionable French color mixture, and as a rule is a becoming one. Milliners especially favor the combination.

FLOWERS FOR WEARING.

Proper Selection is Part of the Fine Art of Dressing.

People who are fond of wearing flowers for personal decoration might well give the subject a little thought before proceeding to ornament themselves indiscriminately with blossoms. To cut all colors and varieties for this purpose destroys one's individuality in a way that is very disappointing indeed.

As a rule, light delicate colors and white should be assumed by blondes, while to brunettes are relegated the dark, rich shades and brilliant colors. In addition to this, flowers having long, flexible stems and pendulous, drooping blossoms should be selected. Geranium flowers are very pretty in the window, or on beds outside, but a bunch of them pinned to the corsage does not impress one as being very artistic. The same may be said of all flowers that bloom in close heads or masses.

Of course, the first choice with most women is roses, and, if these are cut with a good long stem, their arrangement upon the dress is a simple matter. Roses, however, cannot be had at all times, and it is well to know of a few other flowers that are, almost, if not quite, their equal in the matter of personal decoration.

The graceful pendulous blossoms of the arbution, or flowering maple, make lovely corsage bouquets. The rich, bright reds and clear yellows, that have lately been added to the list of varieties, are very handsome, and can be effectively worn by blonde or brunettes.

Perhaps the next best choice are the blossoms of the fuchsia. They are very graceful in pose, but care should be taken that they harmonize with the costume worn, as most fuchsias show two distinct colors in their flowers.

Last, but not least, I may mention the blossoms of the sweet pea—for how many beautiful arrangements can be made of them! From boutonniere, corsage, to the hat, they are very delicate, softly shaded, self colors, and one deep, rich flower of velvety darkness, an odd leaf or two of cool pale green, and a saucy curling tendril to the corsage bouquets, in which the delicate flowers float, like a bevy of bright butterflies, the leaves and tendrils and long-stemmed blossoms drooping and nestling along the curve to the waist—Housekeeper.

NEAT CENTER CLOTH.

The Delft Crane Has at Last Invented the Neat Center Cloth. The design is simple and elegant, and the crane does not waste in the least degree. One of the latest is a delft doily and is designed for a center cloth in conjunction with a dinner or tea service of the popular blue. The foundation is fine white linen. The shape is approximately circular, for the round doily continues to be given first place. To make it select material that

is soft finished and of good quality without being too fine. On it have stamped or drawn a design similar to the one given. The essential element is the introduction of the quiet Dutch scene. The connecting conventional border may vary as much as you please. It is only necessary to make sure that it allows of working in buttonhole stitch all around the edge to insure firmness of finish.

Either silk or fine embroidery cotton may be used, but in either case select the shade with care. Real delft blue can be had in both materials, and one should be content with nothing else. Silk is undoubtedly handsomer at the start, but cotton of the best sort has the inestimable advantage of outlasting the best made and of far better withstanding the wear and tear of the laundry.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Five-O'Clock Tea. Cuddled orange flowers added to the Oolong or Peko of the five o'clock tea just before the hot water is poured over, the whole to remain under the cozy for five minutes, impart it is said by those who have tried it, a delicious and unguessed aroma.

A New Woman's Latest Venture. Miss Lillian Debenham, the owner of the English comic weekly Judy, has made a new departure for a woman by undertaking to edit that paper. A woman as editor of an intentionally humorous periodical occupies an almost unique position.

A Neatly Legal Question. Judges have often very knotty points to decide. In a recent case an immense amount of argument was expended over the question whether a tooth, after being drawn, is the property of the dentist or his victim.

The Exception. Mrs. Barlow (severely)—All men are fools! Mr. Barlow (sweetly)—You forget, my dear, there are some men that have never married.—Up-to-date.

She Is Not New. He—I have loved, Miss Manyyears, that I will never marry a new woman. She—And who can blame you? I'm a great deal older woman than I look.—Detroit Free Press.

A Home Librarian. He—Mrs. Pracker can read her husband a book. She—Yes; and she can shut him up like one, too.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE OLD STORY TELLER.

The Sage of Rocky Creek Tells Good Short Ones.

Demons Chase the Most Contented Thing in the World—The County Fair—A "Hot Salutation Had Fight"—"The Yaller Dog Chase."

Take in the vain and feeble things of this life as they come and go—up one side and down the other—I am bound to maintain that good common sense is one of the gonelest things in all the round created world. And I have likewise also took

sometimes find great jobs of common sense where you ain't lookin' for goods and chastein of that description. You can't sometimes always take the measure of a man by his general personal appearance.

After "the Hallowed Thing." You can see from the newspapers that our last county fair was a roarin' big success. Everybody was there for miles and miles around. The gate money piled up scandinavian fast, and consequently the fair is now out of debt—ahead of the bounds, with no fences to climb.

In these days of hard and hard times you might wonder how that come to pass.

Well, the fair come out way behind the music last year, and it took our level blamsted to raise the necessary mangers to give another performance. But in the main time old man Bunk Weatherford had been elected to a place on the board. And when they met to count noses and figure on the question whether to take out and quit or proceed with the performance, and man Bunk 'ris up, he did, and took the floor.

"The mainest thing which we want, fellow citizens, is the crowd and the money which the crowd would consequently bring in," says he. "We don't need no marvellous big show, but we must have horse races—good horse races and plenty of horse races—high steppers and record breakers.

"I know human nature as she is in this country," old man Bunk went on, "and everybody loves to see a tip-top good horse race. Give us plenty of fast horses, and races steady and constant every day, and we are bound to draw the people, and when the crowd comes it will bring the money.

"Understand me now, I am for the county fair, and you can put me in the fight—boots, blanket, saddle and bridle. We can't give up the sideshow, but yet still at the same time the mainest thing is the crowd and the money. In order to let all farmers in we must have a few big puntkins and a hamper basket of corn-meal and yaller corn, with the shucks turned backwards so it will look pretty. On them general grounds the farmers can come to the county fair and bring their folks, pay the gate money and—see the races.

"Then we must have at least one large and lovely quilt and a whole passle of fancy homemade garments so the ladies can turn out in great froves to take in the fair and—see the races.

"Moreover, fellow citizens, I rather think it might be best to scrap up a few fine chickens and fantail pigeons, and pigs and animals and things to please the children, you understand, so the old folks can turn out anonymously and bring all the children to view the sights and—see the races. It never would do to give up the show for good and all, but the mainest thing is the crowd and the money—and the races."

Well, the board had all to win and nothing to lose, so with a plain vote they passed the movement made by the level-headed gentleman from the Flat Woods. They went in for horse races and let the fair mostly take care of itself. They had the fastest horses and the most races in all the recorded history of the county. There was a little something scattered around in all the various and sundry departments—just enough to call it a fair, so everybody could come and bring all their biminy, for the honor and glory of the grandest and most loveliest country on the broad bosom of the earth, and to see the races. At the people, at the people, at the people!

From the way things turned out the fair was give up to be a tremendous big success. And to everybody on the grand stand it is as plain as a painted horse rack in ten acres of burnt woods that old man Bunk Weatherford's second wife's husband totes a head as big as a hamper basket and as level as a squash.

The "Yaller Dog Chase." I was right smart tickled the other day in regards to a red-hot political argification which was going on over the Cross Roads between Blev Scroggins and Lige Runnels.

In the main time, you must recollect, Lige he had took and jumped the fence in the general fall election and wouldn't vote for the regular democratic congressmen. Whereas, Blev was sayin' everything he could think of, except his Sunday school lesson, to Lige and give him the all-overrun druggin you ever heard tell of, perhaps.

"Lige Runnels," says Blev, "many and many's the time I have heard you stand on the housetop, as it were, and preach forth the doctrines of all-well democracy. Many and many's the time I have heard you swear by the Hires and the dead if you would vote for a yaller dog if the democratic party put him on the ticket. Now, what yer got to say?"

"No doubt but what you have heard me make some such remarks to that general extent, Blev," says Lige. "But, dadblame it, you see, Blev, at that time I didn't have no idea that the party ever would put a yaller dog on the ticket."

Lige Runnels is one of the few and scatterin' men which have now abolished the yaller dog clause from their politics. But Blev Scroggins and Andy Lucas—they ain't gone nowhere.

That Notation Had Fight. But if you ever saw a white man that needed a good soft place to lay down and laugh all over, it was me at the Cross Roads on last election day.

It was way long in the shank of the events before old man Dick Wallace showed up to vote, and when he did come he bring with him all the marks and signs of a fight. He was black and blue in spots, and all bunged and bruised up to a scandinavian extent. Some of the boys wanted to know of him where he was when the cyclone passed, and old man Dick responded back and said:

"Well, boys, I have jest naturally had a most hellacious had fight."

Now, as everybody knows, old man Dick Wallace is one of those good, any, good-for-nothin' kind of men, and didn't come from fightin' stock nobow. So the crowd was powerful surprised to hear the news, and at once the boys wanted to know all about the fightin'.

"It was all on account of politics, no doubt—which I have been stickin' my finger in the pie considerable here of late," says the old man. "But at any rates, way long in the dead hours of last night three men rode up to my house and hitched their horses and wanted to see me in a hurry. When I responded to the call they met me at the door, they did, led me out through the front gate and took me off down there in the woods, and tied me to a tree and beat me up scandinavian."

"Was that all?"

"Yes, thank the Lord, that was all," says old man Dick, "and I tell you, boys, it was a most hellacious had fight."

Along in midst of the summer and fall campaign Col. Bob Milligan has made 316 stump speeches, more or less, for the cause of free silver and the people. And now consequently the colonel is knocked out and laid up for repairs of various and sundry complaints of the throat.

As for me and Col. Bob—we have been friends and fellow servants close and constant from way back there in our young and gallin' days. But here of late he always puts me in mind of Tom Billy Simpkins and his old army musket.

Years and years ago Tom Billy had one of those old long army muskets, which stood about six feet and three ax handles to the first peckered hole. And the way Tom Billy used to cock about with that old musket was plain marvellous to behold.

"Whenever you see me throw long Betsy across my shoulder and go forth into the woods something is bound to drop and there is meat in the pot right now," Tom Billy was wont to say. "The never flickers and she never falls. Rufe. Every time I draw a bead and pull the trigger there is death and destruction abroad in the land."

But about a year ago I met up with Tom Billy down there at the bridge in Bear Creek swamp. He had his "long Betsy" with him, but in his hand no game he bring, and he was lookin' powerful down in the mouth. When I belt him up and wanted to know what in the name of love and mercy was the matter, with a sad and tremblin' voice he told me that "long Betsy" had flickered and went back on him—that whereas he use to call for fresh meat at every fire, he couldn't take her and hit the woods a meekin' woman now.

"What in all the round discovered world do you reckon has got the matter with her all of a sudden, Tom Billy?" says I.

"Rufe, Rufe, I couldn't say for certain what is the matter with her," says Tom Billy, in a sad and chokin' voice, "but the other day I shot her uphill and hit a lightwood stump, and I reckon I must of started her."

WIT AND WIZARD. Bill Nye's Clever Trick on Post. Messengers the Magicians. A few years ago, Bill Nye and Herrmann, the magicians, were for the first time in a small Ohio town. They stopped at the same hotel, and were given seats at the same table in the dining-room. They bowed politely and began talking about the weather, each believing that the other did not recognize his vis-a-vis. Just as Nye raised his knife and fork to cut a dish of lettuce salad, Herrmann uttered a cry of protest. "Excuse me, sir," remarked the wizard, "but I thought I saw something queer there in your lettuce."

The humorist carefully looked over the salad, leaf by leaf, but found nothing, and again raised his knife to eat it. Again he was stopped by a sharp cry from Herrmann, who added, apologetically: "I beg a thousand pardons, but there is something there. Excuse me,"—and he pointed to a large lettuce-leaf, raised it, and disclosed underneath a magnificent diamond cluster ring. Nye slowly picked up the ring, and without the slightest manifestation of surprise, drawled out: "This sort of thing has gone just far enough. I'm continually shedding diamonds wherever I go. Day before yesterday I lost a solitaire in a sugar-bowl in Pittsburgh, and in Cleveland this morning the chambermaid, in sweeping my room, found three or four more. It is positively giving me brain-ache to keep track of these things, and I'm going to give it up as a bad job." Backing to a waiter, he slipped Herrmann's ring into his hand and said: "Here's a trifle for you. Keep it to remember me by; it's yours." It took the owner of the ring about half a day to recover it.—San Francisco Argonaut.