

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.

A Practical Sermon to the Great Army of Clerks.

Advice as to Conduct in Business—Importance of the Tablets of Industry, Fidelity and Obedience to Employers.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage addresses the following sermon to the great host of clerks in stores, offices and other places. It is based on the text:

And a certain woman named Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira, which worshipped God, brought us, whose heart the Lord opened.—Acts xvii, 14.

Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings.—Proverbs, xxiii, 23.

The first passage introduced to you Lydia, a Christian merchantess. Her business is to deal in purple cloths or silks. She is not a giggling nonentity, but a practical woman, not ashamed to work for her living. All the other women of Philippi and Thyatira have been forgotten; but God has made immortal in our text Lydia, the Christian saleswoman. The other text shows you a man with head, and hand, and heart, and feet all busy toiling on up until he gains a princely success. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings."

Great encouragement in these two passages for men and women who will be busy, but no solace for those who are waiting for good luck to show them, at the foot of the rainbow, a basket of buried gold. It is folly for anybody in this world to wait for something to turn up. It will turn down. The law of thrift is as inexorable as the law of the tides. Fortune, the magician, may wear her wand in that direction until castles and palaces come; but she will, after awhile, invert the same wand, and all the splendors will vanish into thin air.

There are certain styles of behavior which lead to usefulness, honor and permanent success, and there are certain styles of behavior which lead to dust, dishonor and moral default. I would like to fix the ambition of young people. I have no sympathy with those who would prepare young folks for life by whittling down their expectations. That man or woman will be worth nothing to church or state who begins life covered down. The business of Christianity is not to quench but to direct human ambition. Therefore, it is that I utter words of encouragement to those who are occupied as clerks in the stores, and shops, and banking houses of the country. They belong to a great company of tens of thousands who are in this country, amid circumstances which will either make or break them for time and for eternity. Many of these people have already achieved a Christian manliness and a Christian womanliness which will be their passport to any position in the world's commerce. I have watched their perplexities. There are evils abroad which need to be hunted down, and dragged out into the noonday light.

In the first place, I counsel clerks to remember that for the most part their clerkship is only a school from which they are to be graduated. It takes about eight years to get into one of the learned professions. It takes about eight years to get to be a merchant. Some of you will be clerks all your lives, but the vast majority of you are only in a transient position. After awhile, some December day, the head men of the firm will call you into the back office, and they will say to you: "Now, you have done well by us; we are going to do well by you. We invite you to have an interest in our concern." You will bow to that edict and go gratefully. Getting into a street car to go home, an old comrade will look you and say: "What makes you look so happy to-night?" "Oh," you will say, "nothing, nothing." But in a few days your name will blossom on the sign. Either in the store or bank where you are now, or in some other store or bank, you will take a higher position than that which you now occupy. So I feel I am not addressing people who will yet have their hearts on the heels of the world's commerce; and you will turn it this way or that; now clerks, but to be bankers, importers, insurance company directors, shippers, contractors, superintendents of railroads—your voice might "on change"—standing foremost in the great financial and religious enterprises of the day. For, though we who are in the professions may, on the platform, plead for the philanthropies, after all, the merchants who come forward with their millions to suspend the movement.

Be, therefore, patient and diligent in this transient position. You are now where you can learn things you can never learn in any other place. What you consider your disadvantages are your grand opportunity. You see an affluent father some day come down a prominent street with his son who has just graduated from the university, and establishing him in business, putting \$50,000 of capital in the store. Well, you are envious. You say: "Oh, if I only had a chance like that young man—if I only had a father to put \$50,000 in a business for me, then I would have some chance in the world." Be not envious. You have advantages over that young man which he has not over you. As well might I come down to the docks where a vessel is about to sail for Valparaiso, and say: "Let me pilot this ship out to sea." Why? I would sink crew and cargo before I got out of the harbor, simply because I know nothing about pilotage. Wealthy sea captains put their sons before the mast for the reason that they can learn to be successful sailors. It is only under drill that people get to understand pilotage and navigation, and I want you to understand that it takes no more skill to conduct a vessel out of the harbor and across the sea than to steer a commercial establishment clear of the rocks. You see every day the folly of people going into a business they know nothing about. A man makes

a fortune in one business; thinks there is another occupation more comfortable; goes into it and sinks all. Many of the commercial establishments of our cities are giving their clerks a mercantile education as Yale, or Harvard, or Princeton are giving scientific attainment to the students matriculated. The reason there are so many men foundering in business from year to year, is because their early mercantile education was neglected. Ask the men in high commercial circles, and they will tell you they thank God for this severe discipline of their early clerkship. You can afford to endure the wilderness march, if it is going to end in the vineyards and orchards of the promised land.

But you say: "Will the womanly clerks in our stores have promotion?" Yes. Time is coming when women will be as well paid for their toll in mercantile circles as men are now paid for their annoyances. I would say "dry goods clerks." All the indignation of customers about the high prices comes on the clerk. For instance: A great war comes. The manufacturers are closed. The people go off to battle. The price of goods runs up. A customer comes into a store. Goods have gone up. "How much is that worth?" "A dollar." "Why, those to blame for the fact that it has got to be a dollar?" Does the indignation go out to the manufacturer on the banks of the Merrimac, because they have closed up? No. Does the indignation go out toward the employer, who is out at his country seat? No. It comes on the clerk. He got up the war! He levied the taxes! He puts up the rents. Of course, the clerk!

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My word is to all clerks: Be mightier than your temptations. A Sandwich Islander used to think when he slew an enemy all the strength of that enemy came into his own right arm. And I have to tell you that every misfortune you conquer is so much added to your own moral power. With omnipotence for the kind seen here, the word of God for a fulcrum, you can move earth and Heaven. While there are other young men putting the cup of sin to their lips, you stoop down and drink out of the fountain of God, and you will rise up strong to thresh the mountains. The ancients used to think that pearls were fallen rain drops, which, touching the surface of the sea, hardened into gems, and dropped to the bottom. I have to tell you to-day that storms of trial have showered imperishable pearls into many a young man's lap. O, young man, while you have goods to sell, remember you have a soul to save. In a hospital a Christian captain, wounded a few days before, got delirious, and in the midnight hour he sprang out on a mysterious air, thinking he was in the battle, crying: "Come on, boys! Forward! Charge!" Ah! He was only battling the specters of his own brain. But it is no imaginary conflict into which I call you, young man, to-day. There are 10,000 spiritual foes that would capture you in the name of God, up and at them.

After the last store has been closed, after the last bank has gone down, after the shuffle of quick feet on the customer's steps has stopped, after the long line of merchants on the sea have taken sail of fame, after Washington, and New York, and London, and Vienna, have gone down into the grave where Thebes, and Babylon, and Tyre lie buried, after the great bells of the judgment day have tolled at the burning of a world—that day all the affairs of banking houses and stores will come up for inspection. Oh, what an opening of account books! Side by side, the clerks and the men who employed them. Every invoice made out—all the labels of goods—all certificates of stock—all lists of prices—all private marks of the firm, now explained so everybody can understand them. All the maps of cities that were never built, but in which lots were sold. All bargains. All gouging. All swindlements. All false entries. All adulterations of liquors with copper and strychnine. All mixing of teas, and sugars, and coffees, and sirups, with cheaper material. All embezzlements of trust funds. All swindlers in coal, and iron, and oil, and silver, and stocks. On that day when the cities of this world are smoldering in the last conflagration, the trial will go on; and down in an avalanche of destruction will go those who wronged man or woman, in the name of God, and defied the judgment. Oh, that will be a great day for you, honest Christian clerk. No getting up early; no retiring late; no walking around with weary limbs; but a mansion in which to live, and a realm of light and love and joy, over which to hold everlasting dominion. Hoist him up from glory to glory, and from song to song, and from throne to throne; for while others go down into the sea with their gold like a millstone hanging to their neck, this one shall come up the heights of amethyst and alabaster, holding in his right hand the pearl of great price in a sparkling, glittering, flaming casket.

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of goods—not one cent of which did that man or woman buy or expect to buy. Now I call that a dishonesty on the part of the customer. If a boy runs into a store and takes a roll of cloth off the counter, and sneaks out into the street, you all join in the cry pell-mell: "Stop thief!" When I see you go into a store, not expecting to buy anything but to price things, stealing the time of the clerk and stealing the time of his employer, I say, too: "Stop thief!" If I were asked which class of persons most need the grace of God amid their annoyances, I would say "dry goods clerks." All the indignation of customers about the high prices comes on the clerk. For instance: A great war comes. The manufacturers are closed. The people go off to battle. The price of goods runs up. A customer comes into a store. Goods have gone up. "How much is that worth?" "A dollar." "Why, those to blame for the fact that it has got to be a dollar?" Does the indignation go out to the manufacturer on the banks of the Merrimac, because they have closed up? No. Does the indignation go out toward the employer, who is out at his country seat? No. It comes on the clerk. He got up the war! He levied the taxes! He puts up the rents. Of course, the clerk!

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DELUSION OF THE BICYCLE.

Disappointing Riders Who Look Well When Seen from the Wheel.

"I have found that the experience was the same with both the men and the women," said a regular bicyclist, "and during two years of observation I have never known the rule to fail. The slim, tailor-made woman, who looks tidy and prettily from behind, and is as a matter of fact neither young nor pretty when her full face is seen, is already an old hag, with faded hair and wrinkled skin. But it took the bicycle to put a new phase on the theme. Nine times out of ten the woman who sits erect, wears a well-fitting suit, and displays a particularly slim and graceful figure is certain to be—well, old when you ride past her and look around to get a good view of her face. She is likely to be thin, with a wrinkled face, having as much freshness and youth about it as a dried apple. It's unfortunate that such should be the case, but it is so, and in the majority of cases, the pretty, fresh-looking girl will not ride half as well as her own rival, who can keep a spick-and-span on the wheel that nobody can exceed. The latter will dress better, hold herself better, and so long as she is viewed only by the men riding behind her she will be far more impressive than any of the younger and better looking women on wheels. It is of course disappointing when the opportunity for seeing the full face comes. But the spectacle is pleasant enough for awhile.

"Something of the same kind is true of the men. I have known slim fellows, with finely developed calves, to turn out mallow-faced, dyspeptic-looking men with eyeglasses and a discontented expression. Riding behind them they looked like young athletes, and the contrast with their real looks was something awful. Not only physically, but also as far as their dress goes, such men look better, when seen from the rear, than nine out of any ten men one sees on the boulevard, and they ride along so slowly and delicately that they are never ruffled and never wilt their collars. They are like the disappointing women, the spick-and-span riders on the road. But they are never able to stand the front view."—Chicago Tribune.

Italiana Gather Them to Make Medicine and Newsboys to Gamble. Since cherries have become cheap enough to be handled by the push-cart peddlers a number of Italians have been picking up the pits thrown away on the streets by cherry-eaters. A diminutive Italian girl is the most persistent worker of the kind seen hereabouts. She appears at the entrance to the Brooklyn bridge soon after noon, and few cherry pits round there escape getting into the wooden box she carries under her arm. A bridge policeman stopped the girl a few days ago and asked her what she was going to do with the cherry pits. "Make medicine," she replied. "What kind of medicine?" asked the copper. "No speak English," said the girl, as she went on gathering the pits. "That's always the way with them Italian women," said the policeman to a bystander. "If you ask them a question they'll give you a knock-out blow by telling you they can't talk the language."

Park row is a fertile hunting ground for the pit gatherers, and the quantity of pits that can be gathered in a few hours is surprising. With a box or two which to carry the pits the pickers work along the streets where the cherry push-carts are stationed. They scour the gutters and roadways, and seem to be oblivious to everything but what they are seeking. Cable cars and trucks have to stop for them. Besides the use made of the pits as a medicine, the newsboys gather them to play with. They play a sort of marble game with the pits, but it is not a popular game, because cherry pits are easy to obtain. Two players take part in the game. Each player furnishes a pit, and the players alternately take the two pits in one hand, shake them and drop them on the ground. Then the player lays the index finger of one hand on the ground between the pits and with one of his other fingers drives one pit toward the other. If he hits it he wins. If he misses the other player wins. The stakes are the pits used in playing.—N. Y. Sun.

Uncle Sam's Great Land Possessions. The area of the United States is 3,025,500 square miles; Texas alone is 792,000 square miles, equal to the area of all Europe, with Italy and Turkey excepted. Texas, its largest state, is 212 times the size of Rhode Island. Texas might invite every man, woman and child now living in the world to settle within its territory, offering each individual a plot of ground 40 1/2 feet by 100 feet. The state would not be really crowded, for each individual would have four times the space taken by each person in New York city, England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Italy and Portugal could be transplanted to Texas and there would still be room for a good-sized promenade made where curious Americans could walk while studying this bit of Europe. Three of the cattle ranches of Texas cover as much territory as the Sandwich Islands, which we were to annex four years ago.—William George Jordan, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Where the Leak Came In. "Say, Joe, how'd yer like ter try one of 'em 'ere summer 'etels where they gives yer ice cream reg'lar every day?" "Aw! Git along with yer." "Fact—and waiters ter hand it ter yer." "Ugh, waiters! I bet knowed they wur too durnd mean ter let yer help yerself!"—Brooklyn Life.

He Wonder. "I understand that Jones has a hard time getting along with his wife." "How's that?" "They ride a tandem, and the madam weighs 80 pounds."—Philadelphia Call.

HOW RUSSIA AMUSES ITSELF. Has No Knowledge of the Healthy Anglo-Saxon Game. Unfortunately young Russia has not the faintest glimmering of knowledge of the practice or even of the existence of such things as football, cricket, fives, rackets, golf, athletic sports, hockey or any other of the numerous pastimes which play so important a part in the life of every schoolboy in this merry island of England. Therefore there is no question, for him, of staying behind at the school premises after working hours, in order to take part in any game. He goes home; that much is certain; most of his time is loafed away—that, too, is beyond question. He may skate a little, perhaps, in the winter, if he happens to live near a skating pond, but he will not go far for it; and in the summer, which is holiday time for him from June till September, he walks up and down the village street, clothed in white calico garments, or plays cup and ball in the garden; fishes a little, perhaps, in the river or pond if that happens to be one, and wastes his time away without exertion. Of late years "ortenece," as lawn tennis is called in the czar's country, has been slightly attempted; but it is not really liked; too many balls are lost, and the rules of the game have never yet been thoroughly grasped. A quartette of men will occasionally rig up their net, which they raise to the height of about 1 1/2 feet, and play a species of battledore and shuttlecock over it until the balls disappear; but it is scarcely tennis. As a matter of fact, a Russian generally rushes at the ball and misses it; on the rare occasions when he strikes the object, he does so with so much energy that the ball, unless stopped by the adversary's eye, or his partner's, disappears forever into "the blue." Croquet is a mild favorite, too; but it is played very languidly and unscientifically.

Well do I remember a scene at the custom house some years—a good many years, I fear—ago! I was a schoolboy at the time, and had arrived from England in order to spend the summer holidays in Russia. Among my impedimenta was a box of croquet paraphernalia which I had been commissioned to bring out for an English resident. At that time the game was as yet unknown to the country, and the custom house authorities on opening the box retreated in horror and alarm when they beheld its awe-inspiring contents. Instruments of assault, bombs, mysterious weapons of every kind were contained in that awful box; not one of them would go near it! Amid exclamations of warning and horror, I drew forth one of the bombs and placed it upon the ground; then a second; to the accompaniment of cries of terror and consternation I took from the case a terrible weapon (known to croquet players as a mallet), and to the inexpressible alarm of all present I commenced a little exhibition game of croquet upon the floor of the custom house, in order to demonstrate the uses of the various implements. As the hoops could not well be utilized on the wooden boards these innocent articles were gravely suspected. I believe the officials took them to be boomerangs of a novel and peculiar description, and the whole box was consequently detained for further and fuller investigation. I believe they sunk it in deep water and sent down a scientifically disposed diver to inspect it in safety. My friends got their croquet set eventually, but the balls bore marks of careful testing; those officials had felt sure they were bombs, and had done their very best to convict them of containing dynamite.—Chambers' Journal.

WON HIS CASE. A Philadelphia Lawyer's Idea of "Treats and Bait" Worked. Over in Philadelphia dwelt a young law student who fell in love just as he was about to be admitted to practice. The girl's father also belonged to the profession and was reckoned pretty smart. The old fellow gave a partial consent to the young man's pleadings, but he concluded to try the student to see if he was worthy to be his son-in-law. So he said: "The case of Blank against Blank has been on the calendar several years. It has been tried, appealed, decision reversed, tried again and comes up again for argument at the next general term. I am counsel for the plaintiff. I have had the case four years, but now I turn it over to you. Here are the papers. See what you can do." The young man took the papers and went to work with a vim born of love; for if he won the case would he not also win a bride? At last life seemed to him worth the living. He studied the case thoroughly. He consulted the authorities and was loaded and primed for a brilliant argument when the court convened. He made his plea and won the case without any trouble. With a heart overflowing with joy he returned to his prospective father-in-law, and slapping down the papers, he exclaimed: "See here, sir! The case is won! These are the proofs. What you tried for years to do I have accomplished at a single term of court. Now, may I have your daughter?" The old fellow looked up with a smile upon his face as he replied: "I think you a fool and you can't have my daughter. But I will just give you a little gratuitous advice: It is true I had the case four years without winning it, but it is also true that I made thousands of dollars out of it. But you have gone and settled it, and what have you made? About \$50. No, sir, you can't have my daughter!"—N. Y. Journal.

With Reservations. "I'm always willing to work," said the tramp. "Be careful," cautioned the philanthropic citizen, who hated a lie. "I repeat," said the tramp, with simple dignity, "that I am always ready to work—when there is nothing to be done."—Chicago Post.

THE KITCHEN RANGE.

Points to Be Observed When Purchasing One.

As a matter of fact the modern kitchen range is clumsy, is unsatisfactory, is, sometimes, even cracked, but it is never mangle. Treat it well, give it proper attention, keeping it clean inside and out, and take the trouble to understand its construction, and the philosophy of its construction, and, unless it is attached to the wrong kind of chimney, it will do its work fairly well.

The first point to be considered in the management of the range is the selection of it. The more expensive are the best without doubt because made of better and more durable materials, and yet one of the cheaper and lighter makes, not the cheapest and flimsiest, is often very satisfactory if carefully handled, and it is doubtful whether in view of the improvements which are being made in the range, it is better to buy a large sum into a range or to pay a less price and renew the tool more frequently. On principle this is a bad plan, but there are occasions when a bad plan becomes a good one.

The two main points to be considered when purchasing a range are the size of the fire-box, and of the oven; the fire-box should be comparatively small, the oven comparatively large, so using as little fuel as possible and securing the greatest results. The small fire-box may be objected to as excluding the idea of maintaining the kitchen fire during the night. But the kitchen fire should not be maintained; an old fire means a cool oven, and the wear and tear of the excessive raking and shaking necessitated by the old fire is bad for the range, worse than the frequent and excessive variation of temperature, which the frequently renewed fire involves.

Then there should always be a damper near or in the pipe; but the absence of this is not irremediable, as one can usually be inserted at a small expense. Without the pipe damper much fuel must be wasted; as the oven damper only slightly checks the suction through the stove, its main office being to cut off direct communication with the pipe and so force the heated gases to travel through the flues around the oven, heating the oven in their passage, a rapid formation of gases and their rapid passage around the oven securing a very hot oven.—Washington Home Magazine.

WELL ENOUGH. Makeshifts Which Soon Fill Up the Home. Makeshifts are the bane of house-keeping. Women who have but little means at their command are forced to make all sorts of things answer temporarily, and the consequence is that they soon drift into the habit of rushing things along, with the idea and remark: "Oh, that'll do well enough for now," and after awhile their entire experience and home are filled with well enoughs. One little woman whose ingenuity and tact got her ahead of her pocketbook has for a long time supplied her children with clothes, upon the cast-offs from her own adult household, and her brothers, who are single men. She rips the garments, sponges and presses them, and puts them away until wanted. She never hangs them in some out-of-reach clothes-press, where moth and dust hold court, but, all ready for the shears, she wraps them in moth-proof envelopes, and feels safe about them. She knows what patterns fit best, and can cut the goods to the best advantage. Little trousers and jackets, cutaways and caps come out of this stock, and ear-muffs and mittens have demands for the smaller bits.

It is possible for every woman to whom rigid economy is an object to become an expert in making up garments for boys out of the clothes of their elders. The most important requirement is a thorough understanding of how such articles are made, and this is best acquired by purchasing a high-class garment and studying it carefully and intelligently. Make the new one up in precisely the same fashion, and if you feel that you can afford it, rip one-half of the one you have bought and use it as a pattern. You can put it together again with very little trouble.—N. Y. Ledger.

Serving Cherries. At a suburban luncheon the other day the artistic serving of a cherry course was especially noted. They were hand-rolled round temptingly piled with their own leaves in a graceful wicker basket. As each guest attempted to take some she found that little bunches of them on their stems had been separately tied to small twigs taken from the cherry tree. The dark red and so-called "white" cherries, with their vivid scarlet blush were intermingled with admirable effect, and their service in this manner permitted the nibbling of the fruit from the stems without touching them with the fingers. This is a pretty device of them for an al-fresco luncheon or tea. The cherries are found on the twigs in bunches of four or five with green twigs or fine wire, the bunches repeated until the little twig is nearly covered, leaving enough of it only for a handle.—N. Y. Post.

Cream Toast. Heat one pint of milk. Stir into it one large tablespoonful flour, wet with a little cold milk. Add a good-sized piece of butter and one cupful of cream or milk. Place on back side of stove to keep warm. While cooking stir it often to keep it free from lumps and have it creamy. Then toast nicely some bread, dip into the cream, put into a dish, and when there is sufficient toast pour the cream over it.—Ladies' World.

Don't Feed It. Three-quarters of a pound of flour, the same of sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, five eggs, the white and yolks beaten separately, one teaspoonful of soda and a teaspoonful of sour cream. Beat the cream until it froths, cream the butter, mix all together and bake. Good Housekeeping.

WIT AND WISDOM.

He Was Safe.—Rusty Rufus.—"Dis here paper says work ain't what kills men." Weary Waggle—"Dat's right, too. 'Tain't a loaded gun what shoots folks; 'tain't pisen what pisen of 'em, and 'tain't work what kills 'em. It's not knowin' enough to let them things alone—dat's what!"—Truth.

—Those stories about the distress in the agricultural districts on account of the threatened failure of crops, "observed the real estate man, "are enough to melt a heart of stone." "I don't know," remarked the board of trade operator. "They don't seem to be having much effect on the curb."—Chicago Tribune.

—Matrimony. —"Oh, mamma," the beautiful girl exclaimed, "he adores me so, and he is so noble and handsome, and—" "Yes, my child." "And he brings such lovely references from his last wife." Mother and daughter mingled their tears of joy. Presently they grew somewhat calmer and were able to speak of tresses and things.—Detroit Journal.</