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. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1898. VOL. XXIII.—NO. 20.

WEST HEMISPHERE FASHIONS.

It's kind of understood, I know,
To be the reg'lar thing
To watch the way the fashions go
An' foller 'em each spring.
I never studied coats an' gowns;
But you kin bet your pile
I'm right when I predict that crowns
Is goin' out of style.

Fur gals there's feathers bonnets queer
An' silk hats fur the men.
The kind's'll change from year to year
And all come back again.
But all the various ups and downs
That shift with fortune's smile
Won't never bring 'em back when crowns
Is clean gone out of style.
—Washington Star.

Four Clever Beggars

All Had Good Stories, and Two Were Successful.

SOMEHOW the talk drifted around to the devious ways of the panhandlers, the loafers who prey upon the sympathies of those persons who believe that it is better to give money to many undeserving professional beggars than to let one poor fellow go in actual want. Each of the four men had had more experiences than one with street beggars, and among them they had met some unusual games.

"The other night, as I came down off the bridge at the New York end," said the merchant, "I was approached by a very good-looking young fellow, apparently about 25 years old. His clothing was all apparently tailor-made, and he looked like a man in fairly comfortable circumstances. His hat was good and his gloves were not much worn. He wore a little mustache, and had been shaved within 36 hours. His overcoat was of this winter's style, and altogether his appearance was that of a man entirely unused to financial distress of the acute type that forces a man to beg. He stopped me by going squarely at the point.

"'I'm McDowell,' he said, 'John McDowell, of Milwaukee. My father is John McDowell, of 65 Wall street, Milwaukee. I get remittances at 195 Broadway, but it hasn't come, and I haven't a cent.' He laughed an embarrassed but pleasant little laugh. 'This is absurd,' he said, and by that he won me. 'I don't know what my father would say if he thought I had to ask any man for money.' He pulled out a card case as I put my hand in my pocket. 'If you'll give me your card,' he said, 'I'll be very glad to see you. There's my card.' He offered me a card, but I said I didn't want it, it was all right and I was glad to help him out. Then I gave him a dollar. 'I'll be glad to send it to you,' he said, 'if you'll give me your card. Well, then,' as I said again that it was all right, 'I assure you I'll give it to some poor devil who needs it worse than I do ordinarily.'

"Now, that's a fairly complete report of our conversation, and I realize as I think it over now that the least questioning probably would have poked that young fellow's story full of holes. There was no explanation at all satisfactory of his reason for begging. For the small sum he needed to tide him over until that 'remittance from Milwaukee' came along, he surely had something to pawn. There was no reason apparently for his being absolutely without money. It was his manner that got me. He seemed so frank and honest and so genuinely embarrassed that he convinced me. I suppose if I met him again I'd give up another dollar. It has always been my theory that the man who begs for the first time is very much embarrassed. I know I should be, and if a man began to ask me questions I should just go on. This fellow acted just that way."

"That isn't a sure test," said the clergyman, "as I know from experience. There came to my house not long ago a clean-shaven, smooth-looking, well-kept young Englishman who told me a perfectly straightforward story. But as soon as I began to question him he replied at once that he wouldn't trouble me, but would try to get along in some other way. He had been but a few days in the country, he said at first, and he was en route to a little town near Toronto. He had carried his money in a wallet, and he had lost the wallet. He had letters to persons in Toronto who might have been persons of importance, he said, for all I knew. Well, he won me, largely as your young man won you, by his manner, though that was not the actuating consideration. I was about to send him away with the advice that he try the British consul, when the thought of the possible situation of my own boy came to me. My son had been in the west for some time and was coming home. I had telegraphed some money to him at Council Bluffs, where he was to stop over to see his uncle. Well, there was an epidemic of some sort at Council Bluffs, and while I was talking to this Englishman, I suddenly thought: 'What if my boy should get caught out there and be unable to get his money? Suppose he should go to a clergyman of his father's church, as this boy says he has done, and should be turned away.' Well, I didn't pursue that any further. I just gave the Englishman the money he needed and sent him away. Of course, he made the most faithful assurances that at once after his arrival at Toronto, where he had friends and relatives, he would return the money, and, of course, he hasn't sent a cent and never will."

"That was a good game," said the newspaper man. "He didn't have to work it very often, because every time he succeeded he got a good sum. The cheap 'few-cents-for-a-lodging' beggars undoubtedly get a good many coppers and other coins, but they have to work too hard for it and endure too much hardship. It's the odd story, the new game, that tells and produces substantial results. There was the fellow who had got a job for that day but hated to go unshaven, and got 15 cents to go to a barber shop before he appeared before his new employer. That fellow got a lot of money until he was exposed thoroughly.

"I met a man in Broadway late one night who had a very good game. There was hardly a flaw in it, in fact there was but one, and that one most persons would not notice. But to me it was fatal. I saw him first when I went uptown after a late night at the office. I stopped at a restaurant for supper, and when I started on in the gray early dawn I saw my beggar leaning against a lamp-post and looking so dejected that I wondered if I should read about his suicide in the evening papers. As I passed him he straightened up a little and said:

"'I beg your pardon, sir, but I—well, the fact is—well, can you let me have 40 cents?'

"Then he stopped as if that were all there was to it.

"'Forty cents,' I said, 'what for?'

"'Thirty-five would do,' he answered. 'I could walk to the ferry.'

"'What's the matter?' I asked again.

"He hesitated a bit, and then he said, with a nervous little cackle that was half a laugh. 'Well, the fact is, I haven't got a cent, and I've got to get out to Orange in the morning or lose my job.' The story went more smoothly as he got along with it. 'You see,' he went on, 'I'm a railroad man. I was paid off yesterday and came in to town last night with my money. Well, the fact is, I got to bucking the tiger and I lost it all. If I get to Orange this morning in time to go to work again I'm all right, but if I don't I'll lose my place.'

"That was an explanation of his penniless condition that would have caught a great many men and they would have given up to him. But it made me suspicious. Somewhere I had read or heard that gamblers never permit a man to go out of their places in that condition if they know it. And if he actually had lost his money in a gambling house it was certain that the gambler would have staked him to enough to get home. So I hesitated about giving him anything, and for lack of something better to say said again: 'How's that? I don't understand.'

"He went over the whole story again very gently and smoothly this time, and put in a few little extra flourishes that convinced me that he was a fakir. As he talked he stepped a little in front of me and noticed the badge of my college fraternity which I wore on my waistcoat. 'Ah!' said he, 'you belong to that fraternity, eh? I was a Psi U from Columbia.' He went on with a lot about college fraternities that made me think he had eaten a fraternity book. He knew more about them than I had ever heard, and I had had a foremost place in the rush line in my senior year. He seemed to be familiar with them all, and he talked about them in very interesting fashion for nearly half an hour before he got back to the subject of the fare to Orange. Then I said:

"'No, I shall not give you any money, because I believe you are a professional beggar. But you've got a good game, and you probably make a good thing out of it. However, I should advise you to modify it a little. Gamblers, you know, will always grubstake a man who has gone broke in their places, so that's a weak point in your story. Patch it up a little, and don't be so glib, and you're all right for some time.'

"'I assure you,' he protested, 'that I never asked a man for money in my life before I saw you. I realize that I am not in a position to resent your insult, but I want you to understand that it is an insult and that you have mistaken me. I am actually in need of that money to save my place, and if I don't get it I don't know what I shall do; I can send it back to you, and will do so gladly as soon as I get back to my friends.'

"'No,' I said, and turned away; 'I don't believe you.'

"'I am a mason, too,' he called after me. I turned and walked back to him at once. I have been a member of an upstate lodge ever since I was in college, and I thought I would try him. 'Where were you made a mason?' I asked. He hesitated an instant and then replied: 'In Hornellsville.' Well, I suppose masons are made in Hornellsville, but they don't admit it in that way, and I said to the beggar: 'Never try that game again, for you can't tell when some mason will try you and you don't square.' Then I went away.

"Well, that fellow met me three times on the street after that, and each time began his story. At last I told him that he was a fool as well as a beggar, because he couldn't remember the faces of the men he addressed, whereas any man would remember forever such a story as he told. Then he shifted his ground, and I never saw him again."

The doctor laughed. "Your experience was something like one I had just the other day, but it didn't result in the same way. About six weeks ago a tall, gray-haired, distinguished-looking man came into my office and presented a card which read:

> JOHN JENKINS, M. D.,
> 117 West 117th Street,
> New York.

"It gave office hours and was to all appearances the card of a respectable physician. He carried a case that looked like a surgeon's instrument case. 'Doctor,' he said to me, with a forced little effort at a laugh, 'I am in a most embarrassing predicament. I came over here to see a patient, and either I have lost my purse or I have been robbed, and I find that I have no change in my change pocket. I am obliged to ask you to let me have car fare home.' There wasn't a question in my mind about him, and of course I produced a dime, that happening to be the first coin I felt in my pocket and being enough to take him home. 'I'm very glad to be of assistance to you, doctor,' I said. 'Thank you very much,' he replied, and went out. I heard nothing more from him until the other day, when my office maid told me a gentleman wanted to see me in the waiting-room. I went in, and it was Dr. Jenkins, white beard, instrument case and all. I thought he'd come to give back my ten cents, but before I could say a word he began by pushing out his card and starting on the story again. I heard him through and realized that he was a professional beggar. Then I got between him and the door and said:

"'You confounded old scoundrel, this is the second time you've been here with this story. The first time it worked, but this time it won't. Now, you don't get out of this house until you give up my ten cents.'

"He saw at once, of course, that he had been caught in a mistake, and so he begged my pardon and handed over ten cents, and there's the dime," and the doctor exhibited it.

"That fellow had a mighty good game," continued the doctor, "but he should have kept an address book. He could have got money from every doctor and clergyman in town if he had been shrewd."—N. Y. Sun.

Wages of Mexican Miners.

Mexican miners get 37½ cents a day.

BLOOD IS THE PRICE.

The Radical Theory of Christianity Broadly Set Forth.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Says There was Nothing Abnormal in Christ's Self-Sacrifice—Incident of the Principle of Substitution.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, in the following discourse sets forth the radical theory of Christianity, substitution, or vicarious sacrifice, basing it upon the text:

Without shedding of blood is no remission.—Hebrews ix., 22.

John G. Whittier, the last of the great school of American poets that made the last quarter of this century brilliant, asked me in the White mountains, one morning after prayers, in which I had given out Cowper's famous hymn about "The Fountain Filled with Blood:" "Do you really believe there is a literal application of the blood of Christ to the soul?" My negative reply then is my negative now. The Bible statement agrees with all physicians, and all physiologists, and all scientists, in saying that the blood is the life, and in the Christian religion it means simply that Christ's life was given for our life. Hence all this talk of men who say the Bible story of blood is disgusting, and that they don't want what they call a "slaughter-house religion," only shows their incapacity or unwillingness to look through the figure of speech toward the thing signified. The blood that, on the darkest Friday the world ever saw, oozed, or trickled, or poured from the brow, and the side, and the hands, and the feet of the Illustrious Sufferer, back of Jerusalem, in a few hours coagulated and dried up, and forever disappeared; and if man had depended on the application of the literal blood of Christ, there would not have been a soul saved for the last 18 centuries.

In order to understand this red word of my text, we only have to exercise as much common sense in religion as we do in everything else. Pang for pang, hunger for hunger, fatigue for fatigue, tear for tear, blood for blood, life for life, we see every day illustrated. The act of substitution is no novelty, although I hear men talk as though the idea of Christ's suffering substituted for our suffering were something abnormal, something distressingly odd, something wildly eccentric, a solitary episode in the world's history, when I could take you out into this city and before sundown point you to 500 cases of substitution and voluntary suffering of one in behalf of another.

At two o'clock to-morrow afternoon go among the places of business or toil. It will be no difficult thing for you to find men who, by their looks, show you that they are overworked. They are prematurely old. They are hastening rapidly toward their decease. They have gone through crisises in business that shattered their nervous system and pulled on the brain. They have shortness of breath and a pain in the back of the head, and at night an insomnia that alarms them. Why are they drudging at business early and late? For fun? No; it would be difficult to extract any amusement out of that exhaustion. Because they are avaricious? It many cases no. Because their own personal expenses are lavish? No; a few hundred dollars would meet all their wants. The simple fact is, the man is enduring all that fatigue and exasperation, and wear and tear, to keep his home prosperous. There is an invisible line reaching from the store, from that bank, from that shop, from that scaffolding, to a quiet scene a few blocks, a few miles away, and there is the secret of that business endurance. He is simply the champion of a homestead, for which he wins bread, and wardrobe, and education, and prosperity, and in such battle ten thousand men fall. Of ten business men whom I bury, nine die of overwork for others. Some sudden disease finds them with no power of resistance and they are gone. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

At one o'clock to-morrow morning, the hour when slumber is most uninterrupted and profound, walk amid the dwelling-houses of the city. Here and there you will find a dim light, because it is the household custom to keep a subdued light burning; but most of the houses from base to top are as dark as though uninhabited. A merciful God has sent forth the archangel of sleep, and he puts his wings over the city. But yonder is a clear light burning, and outside on a window casement a glass or pitcher containing food for a sick child; the food is set in the fresh air. This is the sixth night that mother has sat up with that sufferer. She has to the last point obeyed the physician's perscription, not giving a drop too much or too little, or a moment too soon or too late. She is very anxious, for she has buried three children with the same disease, and she prays and weeps, each prayer and sob ending with a kiss of the pale cheek. By dint of kindness she gets the little one through the ordeal. After it is all over the mother is taken down. Brain or nervous fever sets in, and one day she leaves the convalescent child with a mother's blessing and goes up to join the three departed ones in the kingdom of Heaven. Life for life. Substitution! The fact is that there are an uncounted number of mothers who, after they have navigated a large family of children through the diseases of infancy, and got them fairly started up the flowering slope of boyhood and girlhood, have only strength enough left to die. They fade away. Some call it consumption; some call it nervous prostration; some call it intermittent or malarial indisposition; but I call it martyrdom of the domestic circle. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

Or perhaps a mother lingers long enough to see a son get on the wrong road, and his former kindness becomes rough reply when she expresses anxiety about him. But she goes right on looking carefully after his apparel, remembering his every birthday with some memento, and, when he is brought home worn out with dissipation, nurses him till he gets well, and starts him again, and hopes, and expects, until her prays, and counsels, and suffers, until her strength gives out and she fails. She is going, and attendants, bending over her pillow, ask her if she has any message to leave, and she makes a great effort to say something, but out of three or four minutes of indistinct utterances they can catch but three words: "My poor boy!" The simple fact is she died for him. Life for life. Substitution!

About thirty-eight years ago there went forth from our northern and southern homes hundreds of thousands of men to do battle. All the poetry of war soon vanished and left them nothing but the terrible prose. They waded knee-keep in mud. They slept in snowbanks. They marched till their cut feet tracked the earth. They were swindled out of their honest rations, and lived on meat not fit for a dog. They had jaws fractured, and eyes extinguished, and limbs shot away. Thousands of them cried for water as they lay on the field the night after the battle and got it not. They were homesick, and received no message from their loved ones. They died in barns, in bushes, in ditches, the buzzards of the summer heat the only attendants on their obsequies. No one but the infinite God who knows everything knows the ten thousandth part of the length, and breadth, and depth, and height of anguish of the northern and southern battlefields. Why did these fathers leave their children and go to the front, and why did these young men, postponing the marriage day, start out into the probabilities of never coming back? For a principle they died. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

But we need not go so far. What is that monument in the cemetery? It is to the doctors who fell in the southern epidemics. Why go? Were there not enough sick to be attended in these northern latitudes? Oh, yes; but the doctor puts a few medical books in his valise, and some vials of medicine, and leaves his patients here in the hands of other physicians, and takes the rail-train. Before he gets to the infected region he passes crowded rail-trains, regular and extra, taking the flying and affrighted populations. He arrives in a city over which a great horror is brooding. He goes from couch to couch, feeling the pulse and studying systoms, and prescribing day after day, night after night, until a fellow-physician says: "Doctor, you had better go home and rest; you look miserable." But he can not rest while so many are suffering. On and on, until some morning finds him in a delirium, in which he talks of home, and then rises and says he must go and look after those patients. He is told to lie down; but he fights his attendants until he falls back, and is weaker and weaker, and dies for people with whom he had no kinship, and far away from his own family, and is hastily put away in a stranger's tomb, and only the fifth part of a newspaper line tells us of his sacrifice—his name just mentioned among five. Yet he has touched the furthest height of sublimity in that three weeks of humanitarian service. He goes straight as an arrow to the bosom of Him who said: "I was sick and ye visited me." Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

In the legal profession I see the same principle of self-sacrifice. In 1846, William Freeman, pauperized and idiotic negro, was at Auburn, N. Y., on trial for murder. He had slain the entire Van Nest family. The foaming wrath of the community could be kept off him only by armed constables. Who would volunteer to be his counsel? No attorney wanted to sacrifice his popularity by such an ungrateful task. All were silent save one, a young lawyer with feeble voice, that could hardly be heard outside the bar, pale and thin and awkward. It was William H. Seward, who saw that the prisoner was idiotic and irresponsible, and ought to be put in an asylum, rather than put to death, the heroic counsel uttering these beautiful words:

I speak now in the hearing of a people who have prejudged prisoner and condemned me for pleading in his behalf. He is a convict, a pauper, a negro, without intellect, sense or emotion. My child with an affectionate smile disarms my careworn face of its frown whenever I cross my threshold. The beggar in the street obliges me to give because he says: "God bless you!" as I pass. My dog caresses me with fondness if I will but smile on him. My horse recognizes me when I fill his manger. What reward, what gratitude, what sympathy and affection can I expect here? There the prisoner sits. Look at him. Look at the assemblage around you. Listen to their ill-suppressed censures and excited fears, and tell me where among my neighbors or my fellowmen, where, even in his heart, I can expect to find a sentiment, a thought, not to say of reward or of acknowledgment or even of recognition. Gentlemen, you may think of this evidence what you please, bring in what verdict you can, but I asseverate before Heaven and you, that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, the prisoner at the bar does not at this moment know why it is that my shadow falls on you instead of his own.

The gallows got its victim, but the post-mortem examination of the poor creature showed to all the surgeons and to all the world that the public were wrong, and William H. Seward was right, and that hard, stoney step of obloquy in the Auburn court room was the first step of the stairs of fame up which he went to the top, or to within one step of the top, that last denied him through the treachery of American politics. Nothing sublimer was ever seen in an American court room than William H. Seward, without reward, standing between the furious populace and the loathsome imbecile. Substitution!

In the realm of the fine arts there was as remarkable an instance. A brilliant but hypercriticised painter, Joseph William Turner, was met by a volley of abuse from all the art galleries of Europe. His paintings, which have since won the applause of all civilized nations, "The Fifth Plague of Egypt," "Fishermen on a Lee Shore in Squally Weather," "Calais Pier," "The Sun Rising Through Mist" and "Dido Building Carthage," where then targets for critics to shoot at. In defense of this outrageously abused man, a young author of 24 years, just one year out of college, came forth with his pen and wrote the ablest and most famous essay on art that the world ever saw or ever will see—John Ruskin's "Modern Painters." For 17 years this author fought the battles of the maltreated artist, and after, in poverty and broken-heartedness, the painter had died and the public tried to undo their cruelties toward him by giving him a big funeral and burial in St. Paul's cathedral, his old-time friend took out of a tin box 19,000 pieces of paper containing drawings by the old painter, and through many weary, uncompensated months assorted and arranged them for public observation. People say John Ruskin in his old days is cross, misanthropic and morbid. Whatever he may do that he ought not to do, and whatever he may say that he ought not to say between now and his death, he will leave this world insolvent as far as it has any capacity to pay this author's pen for his chivalric and Christian defense of a poor painter's pencil. John Ruskin for William Turner. Blood for blood. Substitution!

What an exalting principle, this which leads one to suffer for another! Nothing so kindles enthusiasm or awakens eloquence, or chimes poetic canto, or moves nations. The principle is the dominant one in our religion—Christ the martyr, Christ the celestial hero, Christ the defender, Christ the substitute. No new principle, for it was old as human nature; but now on a grander, wider, higher, deeper and more world-resounding scale! The shepherd boy, as a champion of Israel with a sling, toppled the giant of Philistine braggadocio in the dust; but here is another David, who, for all the armies of churches militant and triumphant, hurls the Goliath of perdition into defeat, the crash of his brazon armor like an explosion at Hell Gate. Abraham had at God's command agreed to sacrifice his son Isaac, and the same God, just in time, had provided a ram of the thicket as a substitute; but there is another Isaac bound to the altar, and no hand arrests the sharp edges of laceration and death, and the universe shivers, and quakes, and recoils, and groans at the horror.

When did attorney ever endure so much for a pauper client, or physician for the patient in the lazaretto, or mother for the child in membraneous croup, as Christ for us, and Christ for you, and Christ for me? Shall any man or woman or child in this audience who has ever suffered for another find it hard to understand this Christly suffering for us? Shall those whose sympathies have been wrung in behalf of the unfortunate have no appreciation of that one moment which was lifted out of all the ages of eternity as most conspicuous, when Christ gathered up all the sins of those to be redeemed under His one arm, and all their sorrows under His other arm, and said: "I will atone for these under my right arm, and will heal all those under my left arm. Strike me with all Thy glittering shafts, O Eternal Justice! Roll over me with all thy surges, ye oceans of sorrow!" And the thunderbolts struck Him from above, and the seas of trouble rolled up from beneath, hurricane after hurricane, and cyclone after cyclone, and then and there in presence of Heaven and earth and hell, yea, all worlds witnessing, the price, the bitter price, the transcendent price, the awful price, the glorious price, the infinite price, the eternal price, was paid that sets us free.

It was a most exciting day I spent on the battlefield of Waterloo. Starting out with the morning train from Brussels, Belgium, we arrived in about an hour on the famous spot. A son of one who was in the battle, who had heard from his father a thousand times the whole scene recited, accompanied us over the field. There stood the old Hougomont chateau, the walls dented, and scratched, and broken, and shattered by grape-shot and cannon-ball. There is the well in which 300 dying and dead were pitched. There is the chapel with the head of the infant Christ shot off. There are the gates at which, for many hours, English and French armies wrestled. Yonder were the 160 guns of the English, and the 250 guns of the French. Yonder the Hanoverian hussars fled for the woods.

Yonder was the ravine of Ohain, where the French cavalry, not knowing there was a hollow in the ground, rolled over and down, troop after troop, tumbling into one awful mass of suffering, hoof of kicking horses against brow and breast of captains and colonels and private soldiers, the human and the beastly grown kept up until, the day after, all was shoveled under because of the malodor arising in that hot month of June.

"There," said our guide, "the Highland regiments lay down on their faces waiting for the moment to spring upon the foe. In that orchard 2,500 men were cut to pieces. Here stood Wellington with white lips, and up that knob rode Marshal Ney on his sixth horse, five having been shot under him. Here the ranks of the French broke, and Marshal Ney, with his boot slashed of a sword, and his hat off, and his face covered with powder and blood, tried to rally his troops as he cried: 'Come and see how a marshal of France dies on the battlefield.' From yonder direction Grouchy was expected for the French re-enforcement, but he came not. Around those woods Blucher was looked for to re-enforce the English, and just in time he came up. Yonder is the field where Napoleon stood, his arms through the reins of the horse's bridle, dazed and insane, trying to go back." Scene of a battle that went on from 25 minutes to 12 o'clock on June 18 until four o'clock, when the English seemed defeated, and their commander cried: "Boys, you can't think of giving way? Remember old England!" and the tides turned, and at eight o'clock in the evening the man of destiny, who was called by his troops Old Two Hundred Thousand, turned away with broken heart, and the fate of centuries was decided.

No wonder a great mound has been reared there—hundreds of feet high—a mound at the expense of millions of dollars in rising, and on the top is the great Belgian lion of bronze, and a grand old lion it is. But our great Waterloo was in Palestine. There came a day when all hell rode up, led by Apollyon, and the Captain of our salvation confronted them alone. The rider on the white horse of the Apocalypse going out against the black horse cavalry of death, and the battalions of the demoniac, and the myrmidons of darkness. From 12 o'clock at noon to 3 o'clock in the afternoon the greatest battle of the univers went on. Eternal destinies were being decided. All the arrows of hell pierced our Chieftain, and the battle-axes struck Him, until brow and cheek and shoulder and hand and foot were incarnadined with oozing life; but He fought on until He gave a final stroke with sword from Jehovah's buckler, and the commander-in-chief of hell and all his forces fell back in everlasting ruin, and the victory is ours. And on the mound that celebrates the triumph we plant this day two figures, not in bronze, or iron, or sculptured marble, but two figures of living light, the lion of Judah's tribe and the Lamb that was slain.

OLD CHURCH SOCIETY

Original Congregation Was Formed as Early as 1772.

History of an Organization of Which All Methodists Are Proud—Dumbarton Hospital Church.

[Special Washington Letter.]

While the warlike people have been talking of war, the peace-loving people have been erecting a temple of peace. Every Christian church is a temple of peace, for worshipers at its shrine are taught that new commandment: "That ye love one another." And when the world accepts that new commandment and people

DUMBARTON AVENUE M. E. CHURCH.

years, had made the mistake of calling Dumbarton hospital Bombarden hospital. Upon a mere guess, the record of Dumbarton hospital was searched, and really love one another, we will see that time of poetic prophecy:

When the war drum throbs no longer
And the battle flags are furled
In the parliament of man
The federation of the world.

When Ninian Beall, the rich Scotchman, sailed up the Potomac to its head waters, and arrived at the eminence which constituted the central portion of the domain which had been granted to him by his sovereign, he saw a remarkable likeness to the Rock of Dumberton, which William Wallace captured, with his trusty Lanarkmen, at the beginning of his campaign of revenge for the death of Lady Marion and for the freedom of Scotland. Therefore Ninian Beall, the Scotchman, called the place Dumbarton.

Upon that eminence grew the town of Georgetown, which was named after the first son of Ninian Beall; and it was quite a shipping port long before the city of Washington was dreamed of, or before the colonies rebelled and fought for independence. The principal street of that ancient town (which is now a part of the national capital) was called Dumbarton avenue. Many people still called the colonial village by its original name of Dumbarton, but old Ninian Beall, the Scotchman, who still wore kilts, called it Georgetown, after his beloved son, and he preserved the original name of the place by giving it to the principal street, where all of the business was transacted with the original farmers, and with the ships coming into the port.

This is a digression, but you will be interested in the story. The writer, almost 20 years ago, was a clerk in the office of the surgeon general of the army; and his duty was to search the records of soldiers applying for pensions. The books would show whether or not a pension applicant was wounded or sick, as alleged in his application for pension. One old soldier claimed that he had been wounded at Bull Run, and had been treated in the "Bombarden hospital, in Washington."

There was a great deal of bombarding during the civil war, but there was no Bombarding or Bombarden hospital in this city. All of the clerks in the office tried to find some record in the case, but all gave it up. The clerk then gave the case to the clerk who is now a newspaper writer. He kept the case on his desk for several days, and one morning, by chance, it occurred to him that maybe the old soldier, after many there was recorded the name of the old soldier, with a diagnosis of the wound for which he claimed to have been treated in Bombarden hospital. He got his pension, and the clerk who helped him to it has ever since been proud of the inspiration which led to that search.

In 1849 a church was erected by Methodists upon Dumbarton avenue, and during the civil war it was used as a hospital, and that church was called Dumbarton hospital. There is where the soldier was taken after the battle of Bull Run, and there, by careful nursing, he recovered.

And now, growing in numbers as well as in grace during all these years, after nearly half a century, a magnificent edifice has been erected on the original site, by the Dumbarton Avenue Methodist Episcopal church. It is probably the most commodious church building in Georgetown, which, by the way, is now officially known as West Washington, for it is part of the corporation of the capital city. It is worthy of mention and description.

On a recent Sunday the new church was dedicated, and all day long there were jubilee meetings. There was a Sunday school rally at nine o'clock in the morning, and at 11 o'clock there was delivered an earnest, affecting and effective sermon by Rev. Dr. Elliott, a former pastor under whose ministrations the congregation thrived and many conversions were hopefully recorded. In the afternoon and evening there were Epworth league meetings, love feasts, sermons by the presiding elder and pastor, and addresses by some of the venerable and sanctified men and women who have worshiped on that site during their entire lifetimes.

In fact, all Georgetown participated. People of every Protestant denomination joined with the members of that church in all of their devotions. For, although the "hospital church," as it has been called, was not erected until 1849, the original congregation was formed in 1772, and often did they listen Bishop Asbury and other leaders of those early days of Methodism in this country. There is a tradition that on one occasion Barbara Heck came there, and at a prayer meeting astounded the little congregation by praying that the time might speedily come when this entire new world would be freed from European domination.

That was before Patrick Henry had eloquently declaimed: "Give me liberty or give me death." It was before the continental congress made its immortal declaration. It startled everybody, and the prayer was regarded as seditious. But Barbara Heck's prayer was a prophecy, the fulfillment of which she lived to see.

It was in this Dumbarton church that Bishop Asbury prayed, at the conclusion of the conference: "Lord, keep the preachers humble!" and all the preachers said: "Amen;" "Lord, keep the preachers hard at work," and all the preachers said: "Amen;" "Lord, keep the preachers poor;" and all the preachers didn't say: "Amen."

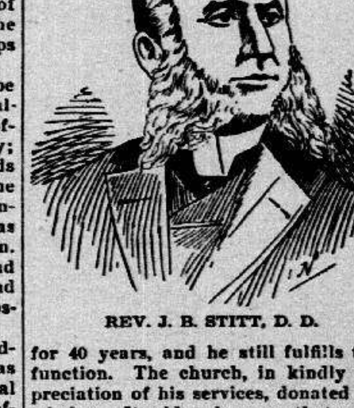
That prayer has often been alluded to at annual conferences, by bishops, elders and deacons, but few of them know that it was delivered in Dumbarton Avenue church. Very few of the preachers of to-day would say "Amen" to a prayer that they be kept poor. Indeed, it is not likely that any bishop of to-day, holding conference in this beautiful structure, would offer such a prayer. The men who proclaim the gospel of Methodism to-day wear broadcloth, and the women wear fashionable garments and jewelry. In those olden days the Methodists were a plain people, and were known by their dress, just as the earnest people of the Salvation Army are known to-day.

The Baltimore conference is regarded as the richest conference in American Methodism. The recent conference in this city was presided over by Bishop Merrill, and while the preachers were here many of them attended services in the new Dumbarton Avenue church. Bishop Merrill was there one evening, and made a short address, and Bishop Hurst also spoke to the young people of this old church.

There is great rivalry in Dumbarton between the Ladies' Home Missionary society and the Ladies' Foreign Missionary society. Both of them raise more money annually than the Ladies' Mite society, and their accumulations are approximately even. In this church, as well as in many others, the people seem gradually to be losing interest in foreign missions. There are so many heathen in our own country, particularly in our greater cities, they say, that it is regarded as a misdirection of energy to send money to heathen in whom we have only a secondary interest.

Because of the growth of this feeling, which some call purely selfish, the ladies of the foreign missionary society have a hard time of it. But they keep bravely at work, and give entertainments constantly, which help to swell their funds. They claim that during the coming year they will raise more money for foreign missions than any other church in the Baltimore conference.

All of the stained glass windows in the audience room of this church were presented in commemoration of the saints whose names are inscribed upon them; and every one of them has been a faithful worshiper here at some time. There is one window, however, which is a monument to the living, and he gazes upon it with grateful tears. J. Henry Wilson has been chorister of the church



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for 40 years, and he still fulfills that function. The church, in kindly appreciation of his services, donated this window. It seldom happens that a man living gazes upon the monument which will commemorate his services after he has gone to the land o' the leal.

The description of this church would be incomplete without notice of the pastor, Rev. Joseph Stitt, D. D., who has managed the rebuilding and directed the collection funds for the work. He ns a man without pretense to eloquence. His great learning is conceded, and his lovable nature enshrines him in the hearts of the people. Therefore his utterances of the truth fall upon the hearts which love him, as good seed on fertile soil. The young people love him, and therefore the conversions have been exceptionally large under his ministry. One of his favorite and oft-repeated Scriptural quotations is that verse from the Gospel of St. John: "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth."

And they walk in truth, and love the man who teaches them the way, the truth and the life. SMITH D. FRY.

Rank Ingratitude.

Mrs. Newritch—I declare, Henry, it's too bad! After all my thoughtfulness in inviting Uncle Homespun to our dinner party—for one doesn't quite want to ignore one's poor relations—to think he should have treated us in this fashion.

Mr. Newritch—Why, he hasn't refused, has he?

Mrs. Newritch—No; he's actually accepted!—Puck.

Real Mean.

"Before a man is married," said the minstrel orator, "before a man is married, he is only half a man."

"There!" said the married women to their escorts, "how do you like that?"

"And after he is married," continued the orator, "he is nobody at all."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Discriminating Hostess.

"What intensely red hair that young man has!" exclaimed Maud. "I'm surprised that you seem to like him so well."

"Oh," replied Mamie, "I don't like him very well. I never invite him to anything but pink teas." — Washington Star.

The Time Not Ripe.

Anxious Patron—Doctor, don't you think you'd better call in some other physician for consultation?

Family Doctor (cheerfully)—Oh, no, not yet. There is still some hope.—N. Y. Weekly.

The March of Civilization.

Mrs. Perkins—Did you see any of them horseless kerridges up in the city?

Si Perkins—No-o; but I had sum of their cowless milk.—Up to Date.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Quite True.—"What is the rest of that quotation: 'Art is long; but—?'" "Art is long, but artists are usually short."—Truth.

"Doctors say that weeping is beneficial for women." "Yes; when I cry real hard my husband generally gives me $10."—Chicago Record.

"Why do you never applaud at the theater?" "When I pay $1.50 for a seat, I let the deadheads attend to the physical demonstration." — Chicago Record.

Willie (who has eaten his piece of cake as fast as possible)—"I say, Ethel, let's play menagerie. I'll be the monkey and you feed me with your cake."—Tit-Bits.

Freddie—"Papa, what's a generation?" Papa—"Why, my son?" Freddie—"'Cause Nellie told me she was the first child in their family for four generations."—Truth.

"Hit nevuh pays," said Uncle Eben, "foh er man ter lose 'is temper. But dar is 'casions when he do seem jestified in deliberately gettin' rid o' his good nature."—Washington Star.

"Gold-hunters are not to be permitted to go to the Klondike without two years' supply of food." "Gracious! If I could raise two years' supply of food I'd stay right here and enjoy myself."—Detroit Free Press.

Simmons—"Timmins' most striking literary works have never been published." Watts—"You are right. I have several letters of his striking me for fives and tens, that have never seen publicity."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Witness," said the cross-examining lawyer, "are you willing to swear that the prisoner was smoking a pipe at the time?" "No, sir," replied the witness; "I never swear. But I am willing to bet you $10 to $5 that he was."—Chicago News.

IN LAND OF IDOLS.

Chinamen Pray by Aid of an Apparatus Something Like the Yankee Slot Machine.

With Germany, Russia, France, England and Japan spoiling, or threatening to spoil the seaboard of the celestial empire, all eyes have been turned for some little time past upon the far east. China we are all pretty familiar with from the writings of travelers—that portion of China, though, which lies along the coast. Whether this great country of 400,000,000 inhabitants or thereabouts is to be cut up and parceled out among the European powers yet remains to be seen. If it is, a queer lot of people will come under the sway of the different flags of European civilization.

Mongolia, for instance, which is threatened by Russian absorption, that practically unexplored country in the neighborhood of Shamo, the sea of sand, or better known to European geographists as the Gobi desert. This is part of China; at least this tremendous tract of country, embracing mountains, rivers and plains, owes suzerainty to the Chinese emperor. But, although in personal appearance the inhabitants of Mongolia are Chinese to a degree, yet the few civilizing influences which have crept in on the seaboard have not yet reached them.

Mongolia may be set down as a country of barbarians, if not of religious fanatics. They are idol worshipers of the most pronounced type, and at Urga, the capital town and the seat of the grand lama, religious intoleration is to be seen in its most despotic form. Urga is a town with a considerable population, a town of mud, wattle-roofed houses, pigtailed inhabitants and innumerable dogs. Its center is occupied by the house or palace of the lama, who is practically ruler over all Mongolian Chinese.

Should any reader happen upon Urga and walk through its streets, the first thing that will strike him will be a peculiar clanging noise on all sides. It will not take him long to discover whence proceeds this strange clangor of bells, for at every corner, in almost every open space, he will see a peculiar erection, like nothing so much as a gigantic turnstile, the center of which is box-shaped and from whose sides protrude several bars of wood. This turnstile arrangement is covered by a conical canopy to protect it from the elements, and forms the celebrated praying mill of Mongolia. The drum or wooden box in the center is filled, sometimes to overflowing, with prayers written on all sorts of materials. A passerby, wishing for something good, writes a prayer (if he has the ability), and then puts it in the box, after which he seizes one of the handles of the machine and walks solemnly around, the idea being that this system of grinding is necessary before the prayer can reach its proper destination.

In front of the palace itself there are some score of these praying mills, while, not dependent entirely upon these, every Mongol who has any respect for himself will carry a miniature mill in his hands, and as he walks, or as he sits, or as he eats or drinks, he will from time to time turn this mill, in which he has already deposited his latest prayer to his particular idol.

To approach the palace of the grand lama is, indeed, a ceremony. Nothing in the shape of a vehicle is allowed within a couple of hundred yards of the entrance, nor is any visitor allowed to approach on foot. No, he must go down on his stomach and squirm along through the mud into the presence of the second god.—London Mail.

Ninety Million Candle-Power.

Tests have recently been made at the Lighthouse depot on Staten Island of an electric light beacon which, it is expected, will be set up at some important point on the Atlantic coast. The illumination is furnished by an arc light of 9,000 candle power, but this is refracted by a series of concentric prismatic segments, so that the light is projected in a parallel beam nine feet in diameter, which is estimated to be of no less than 90,000,000 candle-power! Such a light would be visible in a straight line at a distance of 169 miles, but owing to the curvature of the earth, the actual distance at which it could be seen would depend on its elevation above the sea.—Youth's Companion.

Not So Slow Himself.

"Yes," said Miss Languish, "I am proud to say that I can point back to a long line of ancestors."

"So can I," declared Mr. Clipperton, drawing himself up to his full height. "My father was six feet two in his socks, and my grandfather was a good inch taller."—Cleveland Leader.