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 21, 1898. VOL. XXIII.—NO. 21.

The Arizona Kicker.

BY M. QUAD.

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NO TOWN CLOCK.

WE UNDERSTAND that there is considerable feeling against us around town because, as mayor, we vetoed the common council resolution to purchase a town clock for the city hall tower. Our opposition arises solely from a desire to save money to the tax payers. A town clock wouldn't have time to tick 15 ticks before old Jim Hewson and his crowd would be popping away at the face of it. We can't say that we could be personally restrained. On the contrary, we are almost sure that the sight of the dials up there would result in our whooping a whoop and banging away with the crowd. Ten minutes after fire would be opened the town would be several thousand dollars out of pocket. No, we are not captious, nor do we wish to oppose the will of the people. One has but to count the 250 bullet-holes in the front doors of the city hall to realize what the fate of a town clock would be. If the town wants to set up a flagstaff with a gilt ball we'll favor the project, and if the ball isn't shot to pieces within 24 hours we'll say that we don't know the idioms of Giveadam Gulch.

THE COLONEL GOT RILED.

LAST week we had something to say about Col. Jim Crocker, who is punishing a big stock of poor whisky while waiting to be nominated for some political office. The colonel believes in "pap." He's always lived on it, and he'd starve without it. We simply asked our readers if he was honest, capable, and so on, and the colonel got riled over it. There's no doubt in our mind that he got Hank Scott, the half-breed, tight, and then gave him a keg of powder to blow up the Kicker office. We have it from a man who overheard part of the conversation. Hank is willing enough to blow us sky-high, for we've had his left ear among our office relics for the last year. The trouble, however, was that he was too drunk to carry out his programme, and in fooling around with the powder, he brought about an explosion on the vacant lot next, west of our office, and sailed away to unknown lands in sections.

What we could find of Hank we buried the next day at our expense, and we don't feel particularly hard against the colonel. We shan't go looking for him especially, but if we should happen to run across him some day while we feel aabsent-minded, we shall very likely gather him in and mark his tombstone No. 14 in our private graveyard.

"THE FUSILADE WAS LIVELY."

HE EXPECTED US.

LAST week, as noticed by our contemporary in a double-leaded article with three scare heads on it, Jim Renshaw, who owns the Cactus ranch out on the Tucson road, refused to take his copy of the Kicker out of the post office. Jim not only owed us $1.50 on subscription but refused his paper to hurt our feelings. He's been sore on us ever since we refused to lend him our white shirt—the only one in town—to go on a drunk in.

We want to show an accommodating spirit towards all, and we have the name of being a good fellow, but we want to say right here and now that we believe a common blue wool shirt is good enough for any man in this town to get drunk in. If it isn't, he'd better stay sober.

When we saw Jim's little game we mounted our mule and rode over to interview him. He was expecting us. One bullet went through our hat and another raked our mule, but after that Jim lay down, and we dug the bullet out of his shoulder and helped him into his dug-out. He not only paid us all his arrears in spot cash, but a dollar on advance subscription; and as soon as able to move about he will personally canvass for subscribers.

CASE OF WILLIAM HOPEWELL.

ABOUT the middle of last month Maj. Jack Williams found the body of a man hanging to the limb of a tree about half a mile above the crossing of Horse Shoe creek, and upon his arrival in town notified the coroner. We were one of the half-dozen who rode out with that official to view the body and hold an inquest. Nothing was found by which the man was identified, but certain indications pointed to the fact that he had been lynched by a small but enthusiastic crowd. The verdict was "heart failure," as usual, and the body was buried under the tree from which it had been suspended.

Tuesday last a man named Hopewell, from Iowa, arrived in this town in search of his wayward son William, who was last heard of in this neighborhood, and who had been "missing" for several months. We looked through our notebook and finally came to our memorandum regarding the man on Horse Shoe creek. It did not take two minutes to satisfy the anxious father that this was his long-lost son, and we lent him our mule that he might go out and view the spot and bend over the last resting place of his wandering offspring. While he was absent we ascertained that William was hung by five cowboys from XXX ranch, who overtook him just as he had dismounted from a cayuse belonging to the ranch, which he had borrowed on a dark night without consulting the owner. This information we did not communicate to the father. He left here Wednesday evening, fully believed that William had been chased a mile and a half by a cinnamon bear, and that heart failure was the direct result. It were better so. He will return to his wife and mother and tell them that William joined the innumerable caravan from over-exertion while trying to keep 15 rods ahead of a hungry bear; and, though she will grieve for her first born, she will be spared the knowledge that he was choked with a lariat for two or three minutes before his heart went back on him.

LIVELY TIMES AT THE GULCH.

IF there is a more lively town than Giveadam Gulch in this glorious territory of Arizona we don't know the geographical location of it. During the past week, when every other town was asleep and couldn't even get up a dog fight in front of the courthouse, we had four shooting affairs, hung one man, warned two out of town, pulled off a horse race, had three marriages and started two new saloons. In addition to the above, over $10,000 worth of real estate changed hands, a cowboy broke his neck by falling off his horse, a mountain lion was shot in our private graveyard and Col. Hopkins challenged us to fight a duel. Everything came off in good shape except the duel. We were on hand at the appointed time, but the colonel had an engagement with the dentist and forgot all about the affair until next day. For a little chunk of a town, tucked away in a back county and off the railroad, Giveadam Gulch is full of ginger, and eastern invalids who are in search of a climate with a tonic in it will either die or get well here in the course of a fortnight. New York and Chicago are larger, while Boston is more literary and St. Louis rather more wicked; but for the number of population and the high price of cartridges, the Gulch does its full share towards making North America a red-hot country to live in.

IT WAS A BLUFF.

MONDAY morning, while his honor the mayor (who is ourself) was transacting official business in his room at the city hall, a Pine Hill cowboy named Joe Scott sent in word that he was on the public square prepared to take and hold the town. In just 13 seconds after receiving the message, his honor had buckled two revolvers about his waist and was at the foot of the stairs. His prompt response to the defi rattled Scott, who put spurs to his broncho and clattered out of town without firing a shot. His honor got two shots at the flying coward, one of which passed through his hat, but he got away unhurt, and people who met him seven miles out say that he was still on the gallop.

The Pine Hill chaps might as well quit their bluffing and knock under. They could scare the former mayor out of his boots with one war whoop, but things have changed. The present mayor (who is ourself) doesn't scare, and he is bound to run this town on the law and order principle if it necessitates adding ten more acres to the graveyard.

STILL A CITIZEN.

THE Grass Valley Herald takes us to task for being one of the spectators of the dog fight which took place at Hill City last Saturday, and says that a senator, mayor and postmaster ought to set a better example to his fellow men. In assuming the duties of the offices named we did not sacrifice our rights as private citizens, and it was as a private citizen that we attended the performance referred to. In fact, we own one of the dogs, and it is perhaps needless to add that he came out victorious. We think we know our gait without advice from the Recorder or any other source. As a senator, representing this glorious territory, we put on more dignity than a horse can draw, and even stand the governor off. As mayor of this town we are "boss," and have the right of way over all vehicles on the street and deadhead passes to all shows which come along. As postmaster we cock our hat on our ear and step high, and as editor and proprietor of the Kicker we can borrow money at the bank without an indorser. All this is all right, and as it should be, but when the fit takes us to throw off these mantles of dignity and become a private citizen for a few hours, we propose to follow our inclinations and let the carping public go to grass.

A STRANGER'S MISTAKE.

THE other day a man who gave his name as Hurricane Jim arrived in this town on a mule. He was a piratical-looking critter, and was armed with four guns and a knife. We were taking our regular afternoon nap when he halted on the public square and uttered a dreadful yell, and we got out doors just as he began shooting all over town, and announcing that Arizona had seceded from the United States of America and was going it alone under his leadership. We don't run the territory, and never claimed to, but most everything within a radius of 50 miles around this town takes off its hat to Jim Hellso. It was our duty to point out this stranger's mistake, but he was a man who wouldn't listen to argument or reason. Before we could address him as a fellow citizen he had opened fire on us, and our only recourse was to shoot back. The fusillade was lively while it lasted, and it's only justice to Hurricane James to say that he was no duffer. Three of his bullets grazed us as they flew, and he was still popping away when he lurched from the saddle. The doctors have picked four bullets out of his anatomy up to date, and are on the trail of two more, but they say he will pull through all right. We are glad to know it. He was simply laboring under a mistake, and there is the making of a good citizen in him if he recovers. It is just as well that all others of his ilk should know that we are the man who runs things in this locality, and that any attempt to usurp our privileges or belittle our dignity means a row right off quick.

HOW IT WORKED HERE.

EVERY eastern man coming this way invariably refers to the custom prevailing among the eastern editors of secluding themselves and obliging would-be callers to send up their cards. We have wanted to try the experiment for the last year or two, but feared results, and our little experience of three or four days ago proved that we were correct in our judgment of these people. After dinner Tuesday we "retired" to our sanctum and instructed the boy that all callers must send up their names and state their business. We felt very metropolitan for about five minutes. Then old Lem Jones arrived. Lem lives up in the mountains, and has killed more grizzlies than any two other men in the territory. He wanted to renew his subscription to The Kicker and have a drink with us. The boy stopped him at the door and explained, but Lem did not send his card. Instead of that he sent 16 bullets from his repeater through our sanctum door, and was loading up for a second fusillade when we opened up and gave him a smiling welcome. We promised Mr. Jones before he left that we would give up the "metropolitan idea," and we meant it and are going to keep our word. The idea may work all right in the east, where no editor permits a subscriber to slap him on the back or borrow his only white shirt, but it can't be made to go here for the next 20 years. When a man starts out to see a western editor, he's going plumb into the sanctum sanctorum or shoot at somebody or something, and we keenly bow our head and promise not to try any further experminents in that direction.

THERE IS A DIFFERENCE.

From certain nautical expressions let fall by the man with the briar-root pipe we judged that he was a mariner, and when the colonel asked him the question direct he replied that he had been a whaler for 20 years.

"Then you must have some interesting adventures to relate," continued the colonel.

"Wall, I dunno. I have been knocked about now and then, but nuthin' to brag of. I think the mystery of the Lucy Jane was my greatest adventure."

We pressed him to relate it, and after exchanging his pipe for a cigar tendered him, he said:

"I was the skipper of the Two Brothers, and one day we met the Lucy Jane off the cost of Java. There was a calm for two days, and the ships was clus together. On the third mornin', jest arter daylight, we looked fur the Lucy Jane, but she had disappeared."

"You don't mean she had gone down?" asked the colonel.

"My mate allus thought so, but I didn't. I hev allus felt sure that a whale swallered her durin' the night."

"But how could a whale swallow a ship?"

"I dunno, but he must hev dun it, Thar' was no wind to sail her away, and she had disappeared."

"But she might have sprung a leak, as you call it."

"Skassly. If she had sprung a leak Capt. Tobias would hev called on me to borry a gallon of whisky fur the men at the pumps. That was allus his way. He never expected a man to pump ship without a drink of whisky. No, he never sprung a leak."

"But a current might have drifted him away."

"If it had he would hev come aboard to borry some plug terbacker, as he was about out. That was allus his way. He never went adrift without plenty of plug terbacker aboard."

"But you don't seriously think a whale could have swallowed his ship?" asked the colonel.

"I can't see how it could hev bin otherwise," was the answer. "I'd like to think some other way, but I can't."

"Well, that's all nonsense, of course. If she was close to your ship you ought to have heard some noise."

"That's what we did, sir. I had two men on watch, and they said that when the whale swallered the Lucy Jane he uttered an awful groan."

"What did he groan for?"

"I never could exactly understand, but I'll tell you what I think. When I was aboard of her that afternoon half a dozen of the men had out their fish-lines. I think they was left lying around the decks, and when the whale swallered the ship them fish hooks sort o' stuck in his throat and made him groan!"

There was a painful silence for a couple of minutes, and then the colonel asked:

"Is a whaler and a liar the same thing?"

"Skassly, sah—skassly!" replied the mariner, as he sat stiffly erect. "A whaler, sah, is a person who ketches whales and tells the truth, while a liar is a person who don't ketch nuthin' and lies about it." M QUAD.

The Vital Point.

Mr. Brown—Do you know anything about this young man who comes to see your daughter?

Mrs. Brown—Oh, yes. He's of a very good family, a member of the Presbyterian church, never drinks nor smokes and—

Mr. Brown (impatiently)—Yes, yes, but what wheel does he ride?—N. Y. Truth.

THE WISDOM OF GOD.

Discourse by Rev. Dr. Talmage on the Human Ear.

The Architect and Architecture of One of Man's Most Important Faculties—Man Does Not Hear Alone, God Hears Also.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, in the following sermon, discourses instructively on man's organ of hearing. It is based on the text:

He that planted the ear, shall he not hear?—Psalms xciv. 9.

Architecture is one of the most fascinating arts, and the study of Egyptian, Grecian, Etruscan, Roman, Byzantine, Moorish, Renaissance styles of building has been to many a man a sublime life work. Lincoln and York cathedrals, St. Paul's and St. Peter's, and Arch of Titus, and Theban temple Alhambra and Parthenon are the monuments to the genius of those who built them. But more wonderful than any arch they ever lifted, or any transept window they ever illumined, or any Corinthian column they ever crowned, or any Gothic cloister they ever elaborated, is the human ear.

Among the most skillful and assiduous physiologists of our time have been those who given their time to an examination of the ear and the study of its arches, its walls, its floor, its canals, its aqueducts, its galleries, its intricacies, its convolutions, its Divine machinery, and yet, it will take another thousand years before the world comes to any adequate appreciation of what God did when He planned and executed the infinite and overmastering architecture of the human ear. The most of it is invisible and the microscope breaks down in the attempt at exploration. The cartilage which we call the ear is only the storm door of the great temple clear down out of sight, next door to the immortal soul.

Such scientists as Helmholtz and Conte and De Blainville and Rank and Buck have attempted to walk the Appian way of the human ear, but the mysterious pathway has never been fully trodden but by two feet—the foot of sound and the foot of God. Three ears on each side the head—the external ear, the middle ear, the internal ear, but all connected by most wonderful telegraphy.

The external ear in all ages adorned by precious stones or precious metals. The Temple of Jerusalem, partly built by the contribution of ear-rings, and Homer in the Iliad speaks of Hera, "the three bright drops, her glittering gems suspended from the ear;" and many of the adornments of modern times were only copies of her ear jewels found in Pompeiian museum and Etruscan vase. But while the outer ear may be adorned by human art, the middle and internal ear are adorned and garnished only by the hand of the Lord Almighty. The stroke of a key of yonder organ sets the air vibrating, and the external ear catches the undulating sound and passes it on through the bonelets of the middle ear to the internal ear, and the 3,000 fibers of the human brain take up the vibration and roll the sound on into the soul. The hidden machinery of the ear by physiologists called by the names of things familiar to us, like the hammer, something to strike—like the anvil—something to be smitten—like the stirrup of the saddle with which we mount the steed—like the drum, beaten in the march—like the harp strings, to be swept with music. Coiled like a "snail shell," by which one of the innermost passages of the ear is actually called—like a stairway, the sound to ascend—like a bent tube of a heating apparatus, taking that which enters round and round—like a labyrinth with wonderful passages into which the thought enters only to be lost in bewilderment. A muscle contracting when the noise is too loud, just as the pupil of the eye contracts when the light is too glaring. The external ear is defended by wax which with its bitterness discourages insectile invasion. The internal ear embedded in by what is far the hardest bone of the human system, a very rock of strength and defiance.

The ear is so strange a contrivance that by the estimate of one scientist it can catch the sound of 73,700 vibrations in a second. The outer ear taking in all kinds of sound, whether the crash of an avalanche or the hum of a bee. The sound passing to the inner door of the outside ear halts until another mechanism, Divine mechanism, passes it on by the bonelets of the middle ear, and coming to the inner door of that second ear the sound has no power to come further until another Divine mechanism passes it on through into the inner ear, and then the sound comes to the rail track of the brain branchlet, and rolls on and on until it comes to sensation, and there the curtain drops, and a hundred gates shut, and the voice of God seems to say to all human inspection: "Thus far and no farther."

In this vestibule of the palace of the soul, how many kings of thought, of medicine, of physiology, have done penance of life-long study and got no further than the vestibule. Mysterious home of reverberation and echo. Grand central depot of sound. Headquarters to which there come quick dispatches, part the way by cartillages, part the way by air, part the way by bone, part the way by nerve—the slowest dispatch plunging into the ear at the speed of 1,090 feet a second. Small instrument of music on which is played all the music you ever heard, from the grandeurs of an August thunder-storm to the softest breathings of a flute. Small instrument of music, only a quarter of an inch of surface and the thinness of one two hundred and fiftieth part of an inch and that thinness divided into three layers. In that ear musical staff, lines, spaces, bar and rest. A bridge leading from the outside natural world to the inside spiritual world; we seeing the abutment at this end of the bridge, but the fog of an unlifted mystery hiding the abutment on the other end of the bridge. Whispering gallery of the soul. The human voice is God's eulogy the ear. That voice capable of producing 17,592,186,044,415 sounds, and all that variety made, not for the regalement of beast or bird, but for the human ear.

About 15 years ago, in Venice, lay down in death one whom many considered the greatest musical composer of the century. Struggling on up from six years of age when he was left fatherless, Wagner rose through the oblogay of the world, and ofttimes all nations seemingly against him, until he gained the favor of a king, and won the enthusiasm of the opera houses of Europe and America. Struggling all the way on to 70 years of age, to conquer the world's ear. In that same attempt to master the human ear and gain supremacy over this gate of the immortal soul, great battles were fought by Mozart, Gluck and Weber, and by Beethoven and Meyerbeer, by Rossini and by all the roll of German and Italian and French composers, some of them in the battle leaving their blood on the keynotes and the musical scores. Great battle fought for the ear—fought with baton, with organ-pipe, with trumpet, with cornet-a-piston, with all ivory and brazen and silver and golden weapons of the orchestra; royal theater and cathedral and academy of music the fortresses for the contest for the ear. England and Egypt fought for the supremacy of the Suez canal, and the Spartans and the Persians fought for the defile of Thermopylae; but the musicians of all ages have fought for the mastery of the auditory canal and the defile of the immortal soul and the Thermopylae of struggling cadences.

For the conquest of the ear Haydyn struggled on up from the garret where he had neither fire nor food, on and on until under the too great nervous strain of hearing his own oration of the "Creation" performed, he was carried out to die, but leaving as his legacy to the world 118 symphonies, 163 pieces for the baritone, 15 masses, 5 oratorios, 42 German and Italian songs, 39 canons, 365 English and Scotch songs with accompaniment, and 1,536 pages of libretti. All that to capture the gate of the body that swings in from the tympanum to the "snail shell" lying on the beach of the ocean of the immortal soul.

To conquer the ear, Handel struggled on from the time when his father would not let him go to school lest he learn the gamut and become a musician, and from the time when he was allowed in the organ loft just to play after the audience had left, to the time when he left to all nations his unparalled oratorios of "Esther," "Deborah," "Sampson," "Jephthah," "Judas Maccabeus," "Israel in Egypt," and the "Messiah," the soul of the great German composer still weeping in the Dead March of our great obsequies and triumphing in the raptures of every Easter morn.

To conquerer the ear and take this gate of the immortal soul, Schubert composed his great "Serenade," writing the staves of the music on the bill of fare in a restaurant, and went on until he could leave as a legacy to the world over 1,000 magnificent compositions in music. To conquer the ear and take this gate of the soul's castle Mozart struggled on through poverty until he came to a pauper's grave, and one chilly, wet afternoon the body of him who gave to the world the "Requiem" and the "G-minor Symphony" was crunched in on top of two other paupers into a grave which to this day is epitaphless.

For the ear everything mellifluous, from the birth hour when our earth was wrapped in swaddling clothes of light and serenaded by other worlds, from the time when Jubal thrummed the first harp and pressed a key of the first organ, down to the music of this Sabbath day. Yea, for the ear the coming overtures of Heaven, for whatever other part of the body may be left in the dust, the ear, we know, is to come to celestial life; otherwise, why the "harpers harping with their harps?" For the ear, carol of lark, and whistle of quail, the chirp of cricket, and dash of cascade, and roar of tides oceanic, and doxology of worshipful assembly and minstrelsy, cherubic, seraphic and archangelic. For the ear all Pandean pipes, all flutes, all clarinets, all hautboys, all bassoons, all bells, and all organs—Luzerene and Westminster abbey, and Freyburg, and Berlin, and all the organ pipes set across Christendom, the great Giant's Causeway for the monarchs of music to pass over. For the ear, all chimes, all ticklings of chronometers, all anthems, all dirges, all glees, all choruses, all lullabies, all orchestration. Oh, the ear, God honored the ear, grooved with Divine sculpture and poised with Divine gracefulness and upholstered with curtains of Divine embroidery, and corridored by Divine carpentry, and pillared with Divine architecture, and chiselled in bone of Divine masonry, and conquered by processions of Divine marshalling. The ear! A perpetual point of interrogation, asking how? a perpetual point of apostrophe appealing to God. None but God could plan it. None but God could build it. None but God could work it. None but God could keep it. None but God could understand it. None but God could explain it. Oh, the wonders of the human ear.

How surpassingly sacred the human ear. You had better be careful how you let the sound of blasphemy or uncleanness step into that holy of holies. The Bible says that in the ancient temple the priest was set apart by the putting of the blood of a ram on the tip of the ear, the right ear of the priest. But, my friends, we need all of us to have the sacred touch of ordination on the hanging lobe of both ears, and on the arches of the ears, on the Eustachian tube of the ear, on the mastoid cells of the ear, on the tympanic cavity of the ear, and on everything from the outside rim of the outside ear clear in to the point where sound steps off the auditory nerve and rolls on down into the unfathomable depth of the immortal soul. The Bible speaks of "dull ears," and of "uncircumcised ears," and of "itching ears," and of "rebellious ears," and of "open ears," and of those who have all the organs of hearing and yet who seem to be deaf, for it cries to them: "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

To show how much Christ thought of the human ear, He one day met a man who was deaf, came up to him and put a finger of the right hand into the orifice of the left ear of the patient, and put a finger of the left hand into the right ear of the patient, and agitated the tympanum, and started the bonelets, and with a voice that rang clear through the man's soul cried: "Ephphatha!" and the polyphoid growths gave way and the inflamed auricle cooled off, and that man, who had not heard a sound for many years, that night heard the wash of the waves of Galilee against the limestone shelving. To show how much Christ thought of the human ear, when the Apostle Peter got mad and with one slash of his sword dropped the ear of Malchus into the dust, Christ created a new external ear for Malchus corresponding with the middle ear and the internal ear that no sword could clip away.

And to show what God thinks of the ear we are informed of the fact that in the millennial June which shall precede all the earth, the ears of the deaf will be unstopped, all the vascular growth gone, all deformation of the listening organ cured, corrected, changed. Every being on earth will have a hearing apparatus as perfect as God knows how to make it, and all the ears will be ready for that great symphony in which all the musical instruments of the earth shall play the accompaniment, nations of earth and empires of Heaven mingling their voices together with the deep bass of the sea and the alto of the woods, and the tenor of the winds, and the baritone of the thunder: "Alleluiah!" surging up, meeting the "Alleluiah!" descending.

Oh, yes, my friends, we have been looking for God too far away instead of looking for Him close by and in our own organism. We go up into the observatory and look through the telescope and see God in Jupiter, and God in Saturn, and God in Mars, but we could see more of Him through the microscope of an aurist. No king is satisfied with only one residence, and in France it has been St. Cloud and Versailles and the Tuileries, and in Great Britain it has been Windsor and Balmoral and Osborne. A ruler does not always prefer the larger. The King of earth and Heaven may have larger castles and greater palaces, but I do not think there is any one more curiously wrought than the human ear. The Heaven of Heavens can not contain Him, and yet He says He finds room to dwell in a contrite heart, and I think, in a Christian ear.

Are you now ready for the question of my text? Have you the endurance to bear its overwhelming suggestiveness? Will you take hold of some pillar and balance yourself under the semi-omnipotent stroke? "He that planted the ear, shall He not hear?" Shall the God who gives us the apparatus with which we hear the sounds of the world, Himself not be able to catch up song and groan and blasphemy and worship? Does He give us a faculty which He has not himself? Doctors Wild and Gruber and Toynbee invented the acoumeter and other instruments by which to measure and examine the ear, and do these instruments know more than the doctors who made them? "He that planted the ear, shall He not hear?" Jupiter of Crede was always represented in statuary and painting as without ears, suggesting the idea that he did not want to be bothered with the affairs of the world. But our God has ears. "His ears are open to their cry." The Bible intimates that two workmen on Saturday night do not get their wages Their complaint instantly strikes the ear of God: "The cry of those that reaped hath entered the ears of the Lord of Sabbaoth." Did God hear that poor girl last night as she threw herself on the prison bunk in the city dungeon and cried in the midnight: "God have mercy?" Do you really think God could hear her? Yes, just as easily as when, 15 years ago, she was sick with scarlet fever, and her mother heard her when at midnight she asked for a drink of water. "He that planted the ear, shall He not hear?"

When a soul prays, God does not sit bolt upright until the prayer travels immensity and climbs to His ear. The Bible says He bends clear over. In more than one place Isaiah said He bowed down His ear. In more than one place the Psalmist said He inclined His ear, by which I come to believe that God puts His ear so close down to your lips that He can hear your faintest whisper. It is not God away off up yonder, it is God away down here, close up, so close up that when you pray to Him, it is not more a whisper than a kiss. Ah! yes, He hears the captive's sigh and the plash of the orphan's tear, and the dying syllables of the shipwrecked sailor driven on the Skerries, and the infant's, "Now I lay me down to sleep," as distinctly as He hears the fortissimo of brazen bands in the Dusseldorf festival, as easily as He hears the salvo of artillery when the 13 squares of English troops open all their batteries at once at Waterloo. He that planted the ear can hear.

Just as sometimes an entrancing strain of music will linger in your ears for days after you have heard it, and just as a sharp cry of pain I once heard while passing through Bellevue hospital clung to my ear for weeks, and just as a horrid blasphemy in the street sometimes haunts one's ears for days, so God not only hears, but holds the songs, the prayers, the groans, the worship, the blasphemy. How we have all wondered at the phonograph, which holds not only the words you utter, but the very tones of your voice, so that a hundred years from now, that instrument turned, the very words you now utter and the very tone of your voice will be reproduced. Amazing phonograph! But more wonderful is God's power to hold, to retain. Ah! what delightful encouragement for our prayers. What an awful fright for our hard speeches. What assurance of warm-hearted sympathy for all our griefs. "He that planted the ear, shall He not hear?"

Better take that organ away from all sin. Better put it under the best sound. Better take it away from all gossip, from all slander, from all innuendo, from all bad influence of evil association. Better put it to school, to church, to philharmonic. Better put that ear under the blessed touch of Christian hymnology. Better consecrate it for time and eternity to Him who planted the ear. Rousseau, the infidel, fell asleep amid his skeptical manuscripts lying all around the room, and in his dream he entered Heaven and heard the song of the worshipers, and it was so sweet he asked an angel what it meant. The angel said: "This is the Paradise of God, and the song you hear is the anthem of the redeemed." Under another roll of the celestial music Rousseau wakened and got up in the midnight and, as well as he could, wrote down the strains of the music that he had heard in the wonderful tune called "The Songs of the Redeemed." God grant that it may not be to you and to me an infidel dream, but a glorious reality. When we come to the night of death and we lie down to our last sleep, may our ears really be wakened by the canticles of the Heavenly temple, and the songs and the anthems and the carols and the doxologies that shall climb the musical ladder of that Heavenly gamut.

Servant Girls.

God bless the servant girls of America, whose years are nothing but hard, bitter, hopeless drudgeries. Born in an unknown home, to be buried in an unknown grave.—Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

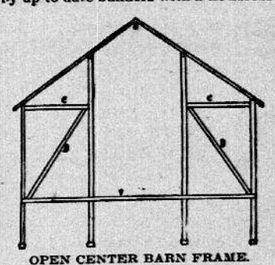
FARM AND GARDEN.

ABOUT BARN FRAMES.

Description of One That Is Said to Possess Absolute Simplicity and Very Great Strength.

Inventions change conditions. Once any high barn was a white elephant. Next the harpoon fork running up to a track under the roof-peak made height an essential of the model barn. Then came the invention of the hay-sling, that final perfection in unloading of hay. With the sling came the problem of waste of power, of time, in hoisting the draughts over the great beam or "tie" that in all old barns connects the tops of the posts at the upper ends. Not only was there prodigious waste of energy and time in hoisting these great draughts of hay to the peak before running in, but when it was dropped from the height, if at all green, it might pack so solidly as to "mow-burn" at that place.

Next followed the "open center" barn, and to-day there is no barn built by up-to-date builders with a tie across



OPEN CENTER BARN FRAME.

the center of it. The Shawver frame has the open center; the joint frame that I have invented has no tie and there is no tie in the modern solid-timber, pin-and-mortise frame.

The cut illustrates perhaps the most common and generally applicable sort of frame possessing the advantages of open center, simplicity and great strength. I supposed that I had invented this frame, did, in fact, invent it, yet this winter I have seen more than one barn built on exactly the same model and built before our barn was planned.

I have said that the modern barn has no tie across it. This is true, yet not just an accurate way of stating the facts. The barn must of course have a tie to hold the thrust of the rafters, else it would spread and the roof sag. Really, the tie is at the level of the mow floor, at T, Fig. 1. From here the strain is taken by the standing-brace, B, to the short ties, C, C. With this arrangement the building is quite as solid as though the ties, C, C, were continuous.

Perhaps I should have stated that the modern hay carrier has the faculty of gripping the rope at any desired height and taking the load in whenever it is high enough to clear the mow floor or height of hay in the mow. Thus it is readily seen how convenient it is not to have the tie, C, cross the path of the traveling draught of hay that may perhaps be quite below its level.

When we built our barn our carpenter was quite anxious for fear something would give way and the thing wreck itself. I had no fears, yet I watched it curiously when first we began to lift the hay. Our barn takes in hay at the end, from outside, so that it is not tied together above at this end. We often hauled up as much as 1,000 pounds of hay at a draught and not the least fraction of an inch of giving was anywhere noted, although I watched it very closely. It amuses me, however, to see how anxiously some old gentlemen even yet advise that I spike on some plank for collar-beams, for fear that it may "spread."—Joseph E. Wing, in Ohio Farmer.

MODERN ECONOMICS.

How They Have Been Applied, with Great Success, to the Milk Business of Scranton, Pa.

An application of modern economics to the milk business, profitable alike to the producer, the consumer and the middleman, is reported from Scranton, Pa. All the wholesale and retail dealers were bought out by a syndicate, which concentrated the distribution of the milk at one central creamery in the city. Another radical innovation was a reduction of the number of peddlers by three-fourths. It was found that by the establishment of a proper system of distribution the public were served better than ever by only one-fourth the number of peddlers, to say nothing of the great saving in working expenses. Under the old system the winter price of milk to consumers in Scranton was eight cents per quart, and five to six cents in the summer. Now the price is six cents in winter and five cents in summer. A contract has been entered into for all the milk produced within a radius of 20 miles of the city, and armers are receiving 1¾ cents a quart in summer and 2¾ cents in winter, for all the milk they make, delivered at the company's creameries in various parts of the milk-producing territory. These prices average nearly 1½ cents higher than under the old competitive system, and producers get full pay for all their milk, instead of suffering heavy losses by the failure of irresponsible peddlers.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

Don't neglect to grow petunias.

Handle fruit as if you were handling eggs.

It is the early sprayer that catches the worm.

The Bartlett pear beats the world in popularity.

Akebia quinata is a hardy, pretty vine for the porch.

The Norway and sugar maples are desirable trees.

Pear growers say that clay soil is the best for the pear.

Cut out all the limbs from the pear tree that show blight.

Send for what you want to any reputable nursery and you will get what you order.

There is no difference between budded and grafted apple trees as to superiority.

It is cheaper to buy fruit trees and plants than to buy fruit—a good deal cheaper.—Western Plowman.

LIGHT AS SEA FOAM.

A Secret Which Is Worth Knowing About Every Day Cooking.

There is certainly no witchery about plain every-day cookery, and yet it recently seemed to a practical experienced housewife as if there must be. She had always been famous for a light touch whenever she wielded the rolling pin or the wooden spoon, and yet here was a Swedish girl not yet a year in the country whose cake was certainly better than hers. "What's your rule, Selma?" asked her mistress. "A cupful of butter, two of sugar, three of flour, four eggs and a cupful of milk." "Simply this and nothing more? Are you sure?" The girl was truthful, and the catch phrase caught her, for she gave a side glance and looked down, saying: "Well, mistress, I'll tell you what the secret is. On Friday we always have caramel custard without a meringue on top, and I save out the whites of two eggs and use them as well as the other four in the cake on Saturday. You taught me to be very careful about creaming the butter, blending it with the sugar. Until you told me, I did not notice that the grocer had two kinds of this sugar, although my cake had sometimes been spoiled by the coarse kind."

This was the secret of cake of velvety texture and light as sea foam and also the kind, if properly shut away in the cake box and kept from family marauders, will be fresh at the end of a week, especially if a thin rag is spread on top to help to keep it: The icing is made by boiling a cupful of granulated sugar and half a cupful of boiling water until the sugar spins a heavy thread. Beat the whites of an egg until stiff, then stir in quarter of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, now add the sirup and beat until cold.

One has only to glance at the fruit stalls, which are not yet crowded from the corners of our city streets, to find that nuts of all sorts are particularly fine this year. Although apples are expensive, cider may be bought at about the usual price, and a pretty and delicious jelly made with this and any nuts fancied. Soak half a package of gelatin in half a pint of cold cider for five minutes, then stir in a pint and a half of boiling cider and a pint of sugar; when clear stir in a cupful of the meat of English walnuts or the like and stand in a cool place until set.

Very shortly birds will be so expensive that only the very rich can indulge in them. While they are comparatively cheap, there is an easy and economical way to preserve them so that they will keep for several months. They are first to be cooked and carved as if to be served at table, the pieces put in a crock and covered with melted lard. When the lard hardens cover closely and keep in a dry, cool place. When needed they are to be recooked as quickly as possible in a very hot frying pan. The grease that adheres to each piece is sufficient for the cooking.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

IMPROVEMENT IN DRESS.

An Observant Woman Notes That Men Show a Decided Increase in Their Care of Costume.

"Men are, as a rule, trying to make themselves more attractive," says an observant woman, "and I am glad to see them giving more thought to their personal appearance. It is not foppishness, only a bit of commendable estheticism. Some men, in the matter of dress, are blots on the social landscape. There was a time when certain men of prominence in art or literature studied an 'artistic negligence.' They let their hair grow over the tops of ears and collars. They wore seedy undress at afternoon receptions and studied general disregard of things conventional. If one commented on their appearance some one would be sure to answer, invariably: 'Oh, it is so delightfully odd.' At a number of affairs last winter I came across a most remarkable-looking man, and when I asked who he was the answer was: 'Why, he is Mr. So-and-So. He writes short stories and lectures. He is so charmingly natural.' This particular man expressed his naturalness by attending an afternoon tea in tan shoes, brown trousers, gray coat and celluloid collar that was liberally cracked around the rim. He was tolerated because of his alleged brilliancy and naturalness. I am glad to note that this cult of unconventional men in society is disintegrating.

"Did you ever see more picturesque figures than you find in the photographs and paintings of the men of three or even two generations ago? They are pictures of the men who made the first chapters in the mercantile and professional history of this city—men of sound sense. Yet they were paragons of correctness in their dress. They studied effect. Customs have changed in 50 years, but why should a change of custom dispel the idea that it is becoming for a man to make himself attractive? In the coming of figured waistcoats, golf, bicycle and riding suits I see signs for the better."—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

How to Stop Coughing.

The following is from a doctor connected with an institution where there are many children: "There is nothing more irritable to a cough than a cough. For some time I had been so fully assured of this that I determined, for one minute at least, to lessen the number of coughs heard in a certain ward in a hospital of the institution. By the promise of rewards and punishments I succeeded in inducing them to simply hold their breath when tempted to cough, and in a little while I was myself surprised to see how some of the children entirely recovered from the disease. Constant coughing is precisely like scratching a wound on the outside of the body. So long as it is done the wound will not heal. Let a person when tempted to cough draw a long breath and hold it until it warms and soothes every air cell, and some benefit will soon be received from this process. The nitrogen which is thus refined acts as an anodyne to the mucous membrane, allaying the desire to cough, and giving the throat and lungs a chance to heal. At the same time a suitable medicine will aid nature in her effort to recuperate.—N. Y. Ledger.

Sweet Nut Loaf.

Two cupsful of crushed zwieback or dried rusk, one cupful of ground hickory nuts, one cupful of washed and seeded raisins, half a teaspoonful of salt, 4½ cupfuls of boiling water. Bake slowly until nearly all of the moisture is absorbed.—N. Y. Ledger.