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, JUNE 11, 1898. VOL. XXIII.—NO. 24.

A BOY'S LAMENT.

I'd like to hunt the Injuns, 'at roam the boundless plain!
I'd like to be a pirate an' plow the ragin' main!
An' capture some big island, in lordly pomp to rule,
But I just can't be nothin', 'cause I got to go to school.

Most all great men, so I have read, has been the ones 'at got
The least amount o' learnin' by flickerin' pitch-pine knot.
An' many a darin' boy like me grows up to be a fool
An' never 'mounts to nothin' 'cause he's got to go to school.

I'd like to be a cowboy, an' rope the Texas steer!
I'd like to be a sleuth-houn' er a bloody buccaneer!
An' leave the foe to welter where their blood has made a pool,
But how kin I git famous? 'cause I got to go to school.

I don't see how my parents kin make the big mistake
O' keepin' down a boy like me 'at's got a name to make.
It ain't no wonder boys is bad an' balky as a mule,
Life ain't worth livin' if you've got to waste yer time in school!

I'd like to be regarded as "The Terror of the Plains!"
I'd like to hear my victims shriek an' clank their prison chains!
I'd like to face the enemy with gaze serene an' cool,
An' wipe 'em off the earth! but, pshaw! I got to go to school!

What good is 'rithmetic an' things exceptin' jest fer girls,
Er them Fauntleroys 'at wears their hair in twisted curls?
An' if my name is never seen on his'try's page, why you'll
Remember 'at it's all because I got to go to school.

—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

MRS. O'GRADY WATCHES

Moloch, the Great Dane, Helps. Bad 'Cess to Him.

YOUNG SAMUEL PERKINS and his sister Sarah were both away at a house party. Cordelia, the maid, and Helen, the cook, had begged this particular night off for a month in advance, on the plea that they were to be bridesmaids at the wedding of Cordelia's sister. Mrs. Perkins knew when they asked that the Arion ball must be set for that particular Friday night. Cordelia's and Helen's relatives always selected the same night for their weddings as that on which the Arion festivities were held. Father and Mother Perkins also had planned to take part in their annual poker game with the Petersons on that identical night at the Petersons' home. This disposition of the household, however, would leave no one in the house except Moloch, the Great Dane. Up to the time of the occurrences here chronicled Moloch had never been credited with any particular intelligence. In this emergency the Perkinses summoned Mrs. O'Grady. She arrived at six o'clock and was instructed to keep the fires burning in the study, the kitchen range and the furnace and to open a third-story window and yell bloody murder if anyone not known to her as a member of the household attempted to get into the house.

All these things Mrs. O'Grady cheerfully promised to do. She laid her bonnet and umbrella in the middle of the dining-room table, hung her cloak on the hall rack and set her overshoes on the study hearth to dry. She surveyed the premises over with evident approval and pride. She saw the Perkinses out of the door with as much ceremony as if they were the guests and she the proprietor.

"My dear," said Mrs. Perkins to Samuel the elder as they stood on the corner waiting for a car, "Mrs. O'Grady is such a comfort. If only that silly dog doesn't take fright from a stranger being in the house and jump out of a window or something, I am sure, aren't you?"

"Of course I am," said Samuel, who was so well acquainted with Mrs. Perkins that he never wasted time asking her to fill out a hiatus.

At half-past five o'clock the next morning the Perkinses approached their home once more. Before Mr. Perkins' hand reached the knob the door opened and Mrs. O'Grady marched out upon them.

"Good morning, Bridget," said Mrs. Perkins, pleasantly.

"It's divil a word of good morning I have to say to you, Mis' Perkins," replied Mrs. O'Grady with surprising hauteur.

"Why, Bridget," said Mr. Perkins, observing the utter dumfounding of Mrs. Perkins. "What is it?"

"Well may ye ask 'what is it?'" she said, standing on the sidewalk and brandishing the umbrella at him. "Well may ye ask, you who keep the divil's own dog to worrit the soul of a respectable lady that until the present day had no thought but of the greatest respect for you and all your family."

"Ye black-faced, red-eyed, long-toothed, lazy vilyun," she screamed with suddenly increased venom.

"Bridget, how dare you speak to Mr. Perkins so?" said Mrs. Perkins.

"Oi dare spake to anny man as I plaze," half screamed Mrs. O'Grady, "but Oi was not regardin' the man, but the baste!"

The Perkinses looked down and saw that Moloch, the dog, stood between them. There was a drawing up of the left side of his upper lip that suggested a satirical grin. Otherwise his face was as stupid as ever.

"What in the world has the dog done, Bridget?" asked Mrs. Perkins. "Did he bite you?"

"Bite! Let the baste try onct to do it."

She lowered her tone from that of wild denunciation to that of spirited narration.

"Sit ye both down," she said, "whilst I tell ye the tale of what the baste has done by way of putting insult and bodily misery on me this night."

Side by side the Perkinses sat on the top step and the dog sat behind them and blinked serenely over their heads.

"The two of yez," began Mrs. O'Grady, "went out of the house and left me alone in it but for the two girls, and they went soon after. I had looked to the fires and they needed no tending. The windows they were all down and bolted. I went to the top floor, and the door to the roof it was likewise shut and bolted. So then I sat meself down by the lamp in the parlor with me lace work, for there was naught else to do, and it was too early to think of sleeping. I had no sooner set down than up comes that same divil's baste that sits behind ye now, for all the world as if he were presuming to judge a human being's conduct. He set down before me and then he laid down and turned his bad red eyes up to me. And he never took 'em off. I would have paid no attention to him, but he annoyed me so. So at last I says to him, says I:

"'G'wan wid yez, for ye are well known to be no more than a fool,' says I, 'so the mistress tells me.'

"He blinked one eye and then the other, but beyond that he did not stir. He made me that uneasy a-blinkin' his eyes at me that I thought to quiet me feelings with a cup of tay and a bite to eat, which it was yeself, ma'am, told me to take when it pleased me. I got up to go to the kitchen and the dog he got up, too.

"'Lie down, ye brute!' says I to him.

"But the divil a bit he lay down, but he wagged his tail and looked at me with the same insulting smile that be sitting on his countenance now. I went on to the kitchen and he went on behint me. I stopped and he stopped, and though I be a Christian woman, I lost me patience then.

"'To the divil with yez!' says I, and the dog he wagged his tail.

"And I went to the pantry and laid my hand on the door of the ice box. The beast was standing in front of me, looking me in the eye.

"'What business of yours is it?' says I, 'if I choose to be taking a bite, as the mistress has said I had the right to?' But the beast he only come a step nigher to me. I turned the latch of the ice box door. What does he do but have the owdaciousness to growl at me like I was a thief. I am an honest woman and a lady, and I hold meself too high to mix up in a dog fight. So I left the ice box and went to the tay chest, for, says I to mesilf, if I cannot ate, there's no son of a gun of a dog shall keep me from a cup of tay.

"No sooner had I laid my hand on the cover of the tay chest than the dog stands up on the floor and puts his feet on the shelf beside me. The ugly face of him was forninst me ear and I could feel his hot breath.

"'What will ye now?' says I.

"And, desperate like, I unhooked the cover of the tay chist, and he growled again.

"With that I was not only mad but grieved, for it seemed like he was a watch over me, and I turned me back on the brute and come on out to the parlor. I was weary and faint and sick at heart. Says I to mesilf, I will lie on the lounge and take a bit of a nap. And it may be that the beast will be asleep when I wake and will not trouble me. So I fixed the pillows on the lounge. And as I was about to lay mesilf down up came the despicable dog. First he put one big black foot upon the lounge and then another, and then his whole self, looking me in the eye, cautious like, the while. And he stretched himself out on his lazy side. And the contemptible creature laid his black head on the very pillow I had laid out for mesilf.

"'Git up,' says I. But the beast wagged his tail and never moved.

"'Git up,' says I. But he only kept on wagging his tail. He closed one of his eyes and regarded me most insulting with the other. I am a patient woman and not one to lose my temper or act unladylike, but I could stand no more. I went and got me umbrella and I poked the beast with it. I stood off as far as I could for fear I should be attacked by the brute. He took no notice except to swing his tail a little more free each time as I gave him a poke. With that I turned the handle around and give him a smash with it in the ribs. Then he stopped wagging his tail and growled at me once more, most intimidating. What could I do the rest of the night but sit on a chair and look at the red and blinking eye of the unclean beast. For so soon as I rose up he rose likewise. So soon as I sat down so did he, laying out his head on the pillow as I told you. Likewise he blinked. And the minute I closed my eyes to rest them from the light he growled like he feared I would sleep despite all his interference.

"So have I been sitting on me chair a-cursing of the dog through the night and him a-sleeping in comfort saving when I stirred or closed me eyes, and then he was most villainous awake. And as I sat there lookin' at the baste, at first I thought it was his nature to be so. But then the more I thought the more it was a wonder to me that you, Mis' Perkins, who I had always thought to be such a lady, would be kapin' a animal so vile. And the more I considered your keeping the baste the more I come to regard it as intended to be an insult to mesilf. And I have now concluded that I was left in the house with the dog with the purpose that the creature should insult me, as he did, most faithful. And so it stands. I want no more of ye and yours. Never will I come into the house again, not if the two of yez go down on your knees to ask it. So help me.

"Good mornin'."

Samuel Perkins, Sr., and Mrs. Perkins threw their arms about the dog's neck and told him that he was lots more fun than a poker game and much less expensive.—N. Y. Sun.

SHE BEGGED OFF.

And Why Under the Circumstances She Had a Good Excuse for So Doing.

A certain popular young woman is a member of a patriotic society which lately held an "open meeting," says the Washington Post.

The woman who had the affair in charge notified each member of the toast she would be expected to respond to ten days or so before the meeting. To one young woman, whom, as it happened, she did not know personally, she sent the toast "Our Flag."

The young woman received it, and at once went to call on the head of the society, in a state of great distress. She simply could not respond to the toast, she said. She didn't know whether a joke was intended, but she had been chaffed unmercifully already, and wouldn't go near the meeting if she were to be called on to speak on that subject.

"Why, what on earth is wrong with that sentiment?" asked the head of the society.

The pretty young woman hesitated. She blushed.

"Well," she said, "you see, I'm going to marry a man named Flagg."

HUMOROUS.

Fair Visitor—"What a lovely parrot!" (To parrot)—"Polly want a cracker?" Polly (cautiously)—"Did you make it yourself?"—Truth.

Little Clarence—"Pa, what is the difference between firmness and obstinacy?" Mr. Cailipers—"Merely a matter of sex, my son."—Puck.

"They say poor Clara consulted the stars before marrying him." "And what was the result?" "They all gave him a good character, except one vaudeville star."—Life.

Mistress (severely)—"If such a thing occurs again, Norah, I shall have to get another servant." Norah—"I wish yez wud—there's easily enough worruk for two av us."—Boston Traveler.

Mrs. Booser (to Mr. Booser)—"Why, you disgraceful creature, you're never sober!" Mr. Booser—"No? Mus' have been 'toxicated when I married you, an' not 'ponsible for actions!"—Fun.

Villainous-looking Character—"Wot's ther time, guv'nor?" Mr. Bluff (hitting him over the head)—"It's just struck one!" Villainous-looking Character (groaningly)—"I 'ope your watch ain't a repeater!"—Tit-Bits.

Fuddy—"Do you really think that Baskers cares much for his wife?" Duddy—"Cares for her? He dotes on her. Scores of times I've known him to make faces for his wife when she had to take nasty-tasting medicine."—Boston Transcript.

A Misinterpretation.—Hair Cutter (to parent)—"Shall I give your boy a bang on his forehead, sir?" Parent (busily)—"Yes; and if that doesn't quiet him give him one in the neck. He's been warned not to fidget in the barber's chair."—Judge.

"Good-by, professor," said the sweet girl graduate; "I shall always remember you kindly, for to you I am indebted for all I know." "Say no more," replied the professor, "say no more. Such a trifle is not worthy of a thought, I assure you."—Chicago News.

NEWSPAPER REPORTERS.

Common Error Corrected—Facts Concerning Their Reliability and Integrity Are Given.

A very common error is prevalent that the work of reporters given in newspapers as a rule is not entitled to respect or credence. It is generally assumed that the reporter writes chiefly or wholly to make a sensation, or in some way interest readers without regard to facts, while just the reverse is the truth in all reputable newspaper establishments.

It is safe to assume that the statements of reporters given in the leading reputable journals of the country are quite as truthful as are the general statements from the pulpit when the minister gets outside of strictly religious teachings, and very much more truthful than are the public expressions of most, if not all, of the leading professions.

With very few exceptions the management of our leading daily newspapers enforce truthfulness and fairness as the supreme attributes for a newspaper writer, and yet it is common for all who are displeased with any reportorial statement to say that "it's a mere newspaper story."

Not only are the managers of our leading newspapers entitled to great credit for the scrupulous care they enforce on their reporters and correspondents to present the truth with as exact fairness as is possible, but the public little know the ceaseless care that is exercised in every reputable newspaper office to prevent the publication of even the truth when it would be more harmful to publish than to suppress it.

There is not a week, indeed, hardly a day, that the newspapers of this city do not suppress the facts proper for public information which would make a most interesting story, solely because it would bring a flood of sorrow to the innocent and helpless and cast an imperishable shadow upon their lives.

With all the errors necessarily committed in a newspaper office by reason of the haste with which the articles must often be prepared, the public little knows with what thorough integrity the newspapers, as a rule, protect the innocent even at the cost of suppressing legitimate and interesting information. The skeletons of hundreds of households are carefully guarded in the newspaper offices of the country, and generally without even the knowledge of the people who are thus protected.—Philadelphia Times.

Respect for the Dead.

"I just want a leetle notice put in the paper," said the little pale man as he came in and sat down on the corner of the editor's table.

"All right," said the editor.

"Wall, jest put in thar that John Henry Wilson has showed his deep love and respect fur his deceased wife, Matilda, by puttin' up a $40 tombstone of the latest style."

"Well, what else?"

"You might say suthin' about how considerate an' thoughtful hit is in me to spend that much on sich a matter."

"All right, Mr. Wilson; what else?"

"Then jest add that if this kind an' 'fectionate husband ever gits another wife he'll spend not less than $100 on her tombstone."

"Is that all?"

"That's all, thanky, 'cept you mout jest drap into another place that the prospect is that Squire John Henry Wilson an' the Widder Posey will hitch up purty soon, an' be shore to say that any woman that gits Squire Wilson will be doin' might well."

"All right."

"Don't fergit to sorter lay stress on the doin' well part. Good-by."—Atlanta Journal.

Knew It All.

"By the way, Tom," said Mr. Manning to his son, fresh from academic groves, "I have been thinking the matter over, and I have come to the conclusion that I had better go to school somewhere and that you had better take the business and run it. It cannot help improving under the eye of one so gifted as yourself."—Boston Transcript.

His Idea.

Little Tommy—Papa, did you ever see a cyclone that blowed everything up in the air; cows and horses, and houses and things, upside down?

Papa—Well, no, Tommy, although I've heard of it often.

"Well, I think it'd be rather tiresome to live so long and never see anything."—Harlem Life.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

THE GREAT AMERICAN HOG.

How to Produce the Quality of Pork Most in Demand in the Various Markets of the World.

[Paper read by H. F. Work before the Kentucky Swine Breeders' association, at Elizabethtown, April 12, 1898.]

This subject is of vast import to every swine-raiser and is receiving the direct attention of every live stock journal in the land. As I was the first writer in the United States to attack the excessively fat hog as not conforming to the consumer in the evolutions of trade and methods of preparing the product, and have subsequently contributed many articles to the press on the subject, what I may say to-night may be regarded as a summary of former expressions.

For a number of years hogs of excessive fat, abounding in lard and "prime mess," topped the market. The profits in swine growing while cotton ruled king of the southland and during the war of the rebellion were so great that the hogs were worked for all that was in them, and every effort was directed toward producing excessively fat animals of immense size. But now the customs have changed. "Sow belly" has been superseded in the armies of the world by canned meats, and bacon and "prime mess" have been almost entirely discarded the world over. Yea, even the differences in the price of bacon in the European market have been constant for many years. Owing to the extreme fatness of our bacon it only brings from 8 to 11 cents in England, while the British and Danish product brings from 15 to 17 cents. Does it not appeal to our intelligence as a matter of business to change the quality of our hogs and have a better quality of bacon, breed and feed "the hog the market demands" and get better prices? There are three prime conditions which we will have to consider if we reach the attainment of raising hogs producing a product most in demand in the markets of the world, namely, breeding, care and feeding.

In seeking the type of hog producing the greatest proportion of lean meat choose as breeders only those of sufficient bone, sound feet and legs, of good length, devoid of all excess of grossness of head, jowl and flabby belly, with just enough shoulder to give symmetry to the animal. It is absolutely impossible to produce a large proportion of lean meat without the animal has ample bone, sound feet and legs, with organs of digestion and respiration unimpaired, thus ensuring constitutional vigor and muscular action. Muscle is lean meat, and the vigorous, active hog during his entire existence is taking on flesh of that streaked kind, firm and fine in texture, with equal facility that his weak-legged, helpless brother takes on his bunches of flabby fat. Give your hogs plenty of range throughout their entire existence. Close confinement of the breeding stock and overfeeding with rich and highly fermentatious foods, often consisting of a single corn diet, is more largely responsible for the troubles of the modern swine breeder than all other causes combined.

The people of every nation are condemning pork of excessive fatness, which, let us hope, may be the means of wiping out many of the abominations of modern breeding to produce excessively fat types. It will take some time to get some of the breeds down to a bacon hog, as the bacon hog is the great desideratum, and we should reach a conservative point between the lank, active hog of the pioneer age, which possessed a vigorous constitution, and the present condition of his over-burdened descendants.

Now as to care of the hog to produce the best quality of pork. He should not be confined to cramped quarters, but should have access to sunshine and the pure air of heaven, pure water and sufficient range to exercise at will and develop muscle and take on solid flesh, instead of being in confinement and taking on puffy fat. In the development of young swine, green vegetation is not only a luxury but a necessity, and they should be put on pasture in the spring as soon as it can be had, and fed on bone and muscle-forming food in connection with a light corn ration until the time for ripening them for market. Then, in addition to the lighter foods which should be kept up, increase the corn ration to the extent of their ability to digest and assimilate such foods, avoiding over-feeding, yet pushing them to a marketable weight as fast as circumstances will allow. There was a time when the hog developed his muscles and added largely to the percentage of lean meat in hunting their own living, which was composed of the masts of the forests and picked up in stubble fields where much grain was left by the scythe and cradle. The forest has been changed into fertile fields, and our small grain is so carefully gleaned by the self-binders that those ranges for the swine are a thing of the past, and our hogs, as a consequence, have suffered correspondingly. While conditions have so radically changed that we can not expect to give our hogs the most unlimited range that they formerly enjoyed, but we can make them add to the per cent. of lean meat in having them work for part of their living in the clover fields and bluegrass pastures. Both clover and bluegrass are bone and muscle builders much relished by the hogs and valuable adjuncts to solid foods. Scores of writers tell us that there is nothing in the breed, that it is all in the feed, but if we were put into possession of all the facts we should find these writers were breeders of fat types and were ready to dispose of their accumulations. It is useless to argue that you can finish a hog ready for the knife on light foods. A grass range and all the light foods, such as milk, middlings, bran, etc., are all right and necessitous, especially for young stock, but to make a finished product on such food you will find the meat flabby and as tough as India rubber. Poor hogs, not lank, flabby hogs produce the quality of pork most in demand in the markets of the world, but the animal making the choicest cuts and largest per cent. of lean meat is largely governed by the type and care and food while growing, but in finishing for the market it is a very small factor, and for the product to attain its greatest excellence make corn one of the chief agents.

—Good butter is not made in five minutes, nor ten minutes. The best article requires 30 to 40 minutes, and you can't save time and quality both.

The Sheep's Likes and Dislikes.

Sheep are the epicures among farm animals. The hog will eat corn in filth, knee deep, and cattle gather living from muddy stalk fields; but the sheep asks for clean food, in clean troughs, standing in clean yards. No farm animal has such strong likes and dislikes, and we must cater to its tastes if we expect it to do its best for us.

The sheep will not touch hay that other stock have nosed over. They must eat at the first table or not all. We throw the refuse from the sheep racks to the cattle, but it would be useless to throw the stubs left in the cattle mangers to the sheep. So with corn and oats; they like them none the better if the rats have played over, or the sparrows roosted above the feed bins. The best corn shellers have a fan attachment which blows out all dust and loose particles of husk. Hereafter our corn will be shelled by horse power and then passed through the fanning mill.

Sheep dislike to have their hay-racks used for hen roosts. In these days of pure food laws, one of the children should be appointed a special deputy to see that such trangressors are promptly put in the chicken house. Mud is another of sheep's dislikes. Had they their chice, they would take lady-like care of their golden slippers. I saw a flock stand half an hour this morning studying whether or not to cross a muddy road.

In November we had a cistern built to supply the main sheep with water. The water has yet such a strong taste of cement that nothing will drink it, so the sheep must be let out to drink. These muddy days it is no uncommon sight to see a whole flock of sheep crowded on the stone walk that leads to the barn. Soon we hope to house our sheep during the entire fattening period, as they will fatten better when they are confined. When sheep must be fed out of doors, a few loads of coal ashes, that make the back yard unsightly, should be thrown on each side of the feeding troughs. No one since the days of Job can start down a line of troughs with mud ankle deep and a flock of hungry sheep at his heels and not lose his patience.

Sheep like pure water, several degrees warmer than they find it in the brook. These are reasons that they hunt the springs and close up to where it bubbles out; or cross the run to drink in the barn, where pure water is provided and warmed several degrees by passing through the underground pipes. These may be considered the niceties of sheep husbandry. You can not say to the sheep: "Eat what is set before you, asking no questions." They want clean service, pure food and pure drink, with clover blossoms for dessert. It pays to give them what they want.—National Stockman.

Small Farms.

The West Virginia Farm Review believes in small areas with high cultivation as a cure for the sad but universal evils of heavy taxation, heavier mortgages and absence of general agricultural prosperity. Its attitude is strongly presented in the following language:

"Far too many men are owning more land than they can cultivate—part of it absolutely growing up in weeds. This same land, if cleared up and cultivated, would be sufficient for one man with a family to subsist on and have money to lay by. No man ought to keep more land than he can keep under the highest and best cultivation, and when this is done prosperity is certain and sure. It is very common for a man in this state to be land poor. Some have grown old by worrying and toiling to pay taxes on large tracts of land, when if they had sold or given away probably two-thirds of their land years ago, they would now be healthy, wealthy and wise. Suppose one of these men had cut his farm into 50, 80 or 100 acre lots, and sold them to men who would have put them under high cultivation. Can any man estimate the difference in value they would be to all concerned? I am in favor of small farms, for only a few men know how to cultivate a large one to advantage. One hundred acres is as much as one man should undertake to cultivate thoroughly. We keep our vegetable gardens in the best possible cultivation; then can any man give a good reason why every foot cultivated for other crops should not be cared for just the same? If this pays in one instance it will pay in all. If farmers would sell off every acre of land which they own beyond that which they are able to cultivate, mortgages would go glimmering into the mists, and taxes would be paid as soon as the books are opened.—Cotton Planters' Journal.

HERE AND THERE.

—A hog fed at a fair profit until it reaches 200 pounds will be fed at a loss soon after passing that point, and if fed to 350 or 400 pounds all profit will be destroyed.

—Give the hogs as good care as any other stock. Do not go on the theory that anything is good enough for a hog. Anything which comes handy for a feed will never bring the hogs to a profitable market.

—Never let your cows be moving manure piles; they do not look pretty; and some neighbor might call you a thoughtless, lazy farmer, and that would not be nice. Moreover, they might tell of it, and that would make you ashamed.

—The amount of milk a cow will give in a day or a week, is not decisive of her merit; it is the quantity she will give in a year. Some cows demand a long rest spell, while others do not. Persistency is a cow's most valuable characteristic.

—During the summer, while eggs are abundant, why not put up a few dozens in lime water for "hard times?" In this connection we will call attention to the article on keeping eggs in this issue. Moderate abundance all the time is better than a feast followed by an egg famine.

—A horse is really none the better for being sleek fat. In fact the fat may be hurriedly applied and may conceal blemishes that would appear if the horse was in good condition for actual service. And yet a fat horse will sell better on any market for the simple reason that he is fat.

—As the weather becomes warmer, slack up on feeding corn. One feed of whole corn at night is all any fowl ought to have unless fattening for market or the table. For growing chicks or laying hens, wheat bran and oats, sorghum seed, with plenty of green vegetable matter, are the foods required.

INSPIRING LESSONS.

Moses' Defense of the Daughters of Jethro, the Midianite.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Points Out God's Unerring Wisdom in Choosing the Men to Do His Work—God's Long Memory.

In the following sermon Rev. T. De-Witt Talmage points out practical and inspiring lessons for all conditions of people. The text is:

Now Moses kept the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law, the priest of Midian.—Exodus iii. 1.

In the southeastern part of Arabia a man is sitting by a well. It is an arid country, and water is scarce, so that a well is of great value, and flocks and herds are driven vast distances to have their thirst slaked. Jethro, a Midianite sheik and priest, was so fortunate as to have seven daughters; and they are practical girls, and yonder they come, driving the sheep and cattle and camels of their father to the watering. They lower the buckets and then pull them up, the water splashing on the stones and chilling their feet, and the troughs are filled. Who is that man out there sitting unconcerned and looking on? Why does he not come and help the women in this hard work of drawing water? But no sooner have the dry lips and panting nostrils of the flocks begun to cool a little in the brimming trough of the well than some rough Bedouin shepherds break in upon the scene, and with clubs and shouts drive back the animals that were drinking, and affright these girls until they fly in retreat, and the flocks of these ill-mannered shepherds are driven to the troughs, taking the place of the other flocks. Now that man sitting by the well begins to color up, and his eye flashes with indignation, and all the gallantry of his nature is aroused. It is Moses, who naturally had a quick temper anyhow, as he demonstrated on occasion when he saw an Egyptian oppressing an Israelite and gave the Egyptian a sudden clip and buried him in the sand, and as he showed afterward when he broke all the ten commandments at once by shattering the two granite slabs on which the law was written. But the injustice of this treatment of the seven girls sets him on fire with wrath, and he takes this shepherd by the throat, and pushes back another shepherd till he falls over the trough, and aims a stunning blow between the eyes of another, as he cries: "Begone, you villains!" And he hoots and roars at the sheep and cattle and camels of these invaders and drives them back; and having cleared the place of the desperadoes, he told the seven girls of this Midianite sheik to gather their flocks together and bring them again to the watering.

Oh, you ought to see a fight between the shepherds at a well in the orient as I saw it in December, 1890. There were here a group of rough men who had driven the cattle many miles, and here another group who had driven their cattle as many miles. Who should have precedence? Such clashing of buckets! Such hooking of horns! Such kicking of hoofs! Such vehemence in a language I fortunately could not understand! Now the sheep with a peculiar mark across their woolly backs were at the trough, and now the sheep of another mark. It was one of the most exciting scenes I ever witnessed. An old book describes one of these contentions at an eastern well when it says: "One day the poor men, the widows and the orphans met together and were driving their camels and their flocks to drink, and were all standing by the water side. Daji came up and stopped them all and took possession of the water for his master's cattle. Just then an old woman belonging to the tribe of Abs came up and accosted him in a suppliant manner, saying: 'Be so good, Master Daji, as to let my cattle drink. They are all the property I posses, and I live by their milk. Pity my flock, have compassion on me. Grant my request and let them drink.' Then came another old woman and addressed him: 'O, Master Daji, I am a poor, weak old woman as you see. Time has dealt hardly with me. It has aimed its arrows at me, and its daily calamities have destroyed all my men. I have lost my children and my husband, and since then I have been in great distress. These sheep are all that I possess. Let them drink, for I live on the milk that they produce. Pity my forlorn state. I have no one to tend them. Therefore grant my supplication and of thy kindness let them drink.' But in this case the brutal slave, so far from granting this humble request, smote the woman to the ground."

A like scrimmage has taken place at the well in the triangle of Arabia between the Beduoin shepherds and Moses championing the cause of the seven daughters who had driven their father's flocks to the watering. One of these girls, Zipporah, her name meaning "little bird," was fascinated by this heroic behavior of Moses; for however timid woman herself may be, she always admires courage in a man. Zipporah became the bride of Moses, one of the mightiest men of all the centuries. Zipporah little thought that that morning as she helped drive her father's flocks to the well she was splendidly deciding her own destiny. Had she stayed in the tent or house while the other six daughters of the sheik attended to their herds, her life would have been a tame and uneventful life in the solitude, but her industry, her fidelity to her father's interest, her spirit of helpfulness brought her into league with one of the grandest characters of all history. They met at that famous well, and while she admired the courage of Moses, he admired the filial behavior of Zipporah.

The fact that it took the seven daughters to drive the flocks to the well implies that they were immense flocks and that her father was a man of wealth. What was the use of Zipporah's bemeaning herself with work when she might have reclined on the hillside near her father's tent, and plucked buttercups and dreamed out romances and sighed idly to the winds and wept over imaginary songs to the brooks? No, she knew that work was honorable, and that every girl ought to have something to do, and so she starts with the neighing droves to the well for the watering.

Around every home there are flocks and droves of cares and anxieties, and every daughter of the family, though there be seven, ought to be doing her part to take care of the flocks. In many households, not only in Zipporah, but all her sisters, without practical and useful employments. Many of them are waiting for fortunate and prosperous matrimonial alliance; but some lounger like themselves will come along, and after counting the large number of father Jethro's sheep and camels, will make proposals that will be accepted; and neither of them having done anything more practical than to chew chocolate caramels, the two nothings will start on the road of life together, every step more and more a failure. That daughter of the Midianitish sheik will never find her Moses. Girls of America, imitate Zipporah. Do something practical. Do something helpful. Do something well. Many have fathers with great flocks of absorbing duties, and such a father needs help in home, or office, or field. Go out and help him with the flocks. The reason that so many men now condemn themselves to unaffianced and solitary life is because they can not support the modern young woman, who rises at half-past ten in the morning and retires after midnight, one of the trashiest of novels in her hands most of the time between the late rising and the late retiring—a thousand of them not worth one Zipporah.

There is a question that every father and mother ought to ask the daughter at breakfast or tea table, and that all the daughters of the wealthy sheik ought to ask each other: "What would you do if the family fortune should fail, if sickness should prosterate the bread-winner, if the flocks of Jethro should be destroyed by a sudden excursion of wolves and bears and hyenas from the mountain? What would you do for a living? Could you support yourself? Can you take care of an invalid mother or brother or sister as well as yourself?" Yea, bring it down to what any day might come to a prosperous family. "Can you cook a dinner if the servants should make a strike for higher wages and leave that morning?" Every minute of every hour of every day of every year there are families flung from prosperity into hardship, and alas! if in such exigency the seven daughters of Jethro can do nothing but sit around and cry and wait for some one to come and hunt them up a situation for which they have no qualification. Get at something useful; get at it right away! Do not say: "If I were thrown upon my own resources I would become a music teacher." There are now more music teachers than could be supported if they were all Mozarts and Wagners and Handels. Do you say: "I will go to embroidering slippers." There are more slippers now than there are feet. Our hearts are every day wrung by the story of elegant women who were once affluent, but through catastrophe have fallen helpless, with no ability to take care of themselves.

Our friend and Washingtonian townsman, W. W. Corcoran, did a magnificent thing when he built and endowed the "Louise House" for the support of the unfortunate aristocracy of the south—the people who once had everything, but have come to nothing. We want another W. W. Corcoran to build a "Louise House" for the unfortunate aristocracy of the north. But institutions like that in every city of the land could not take care of one-half the unfortunate aristocracy of the north and south whose large fortunes have failed, and who, through lack of acquaintance with any style of work, can not now earn their own bread.

There needs to be peaceful yet radical revolution among most of the prosperous homes of America, by which the elegant do-nothings may be transformed into practical do-somethings. Let useless women go to work and gather the flocks. Come, Zipporah, let me introduce you to Moses! But you do not mean that this man affianced to his country girl was the great Moses of history, do you? You do not mean that he was the man who afterwards wrought such wonders? Surely you do not mean the man whose staff dropped, wriggled into a serpent, and then, clutched, stiffened again into a staff? You do not mean the challenger of Egyptian thrones and palaces? You do not mean him who struck the rock so hard it wept in a stream for thristy hosts? Surely you do not mean the man who stood alone with God on the quaking Sinaitic ranges; not him to whom the Red sea was surrendered? Yes, the same Moses defending the seven daughters of the Midianitish sheik; who afterward rescued a nation.

Why, do you not know that this is the way men and women get prepared for special work? The wilderness of Arabia was the law school, the theological seminary, the university of rock and sand, from which he graduated for a mission that will balk seas, and drown armies, and lift the lantern of illumined cloud by night, and start the workmen with bleeding backs among Egyptian brick kilns toward the pasture lands that flow with milk and the trees of Canaan dripping with honey. Gracious God, teach all the people this lesson. You must go into humiliation and retirement and hidden closets of prayer, if you are too fitted for special usefulness. How did John the Baptist get prepared to become the forerunner of Christ? Show me his wardrobe. It will be hung with silken socks and embroidered robes and attire of Syrian purple. Show me his dining table. On it the tankards ablush with the richest wines of the vineyards of Engedi, and rarest birds that were ever caught in net, and sweetest venison that ever dropped antlers before the hunter. No, we are distinctly told, "the same John had his raiment of camels' hair"—not the fine hair of the camels which we call camelet, but the long, coarse hair, such as beggars in the east wear—and his only meat was of insects, the green locust, about two inches long, roasted, a disgusting food. These insects were caught, and the wings and legs torn off, and they were stuck on wooden spits and turned before the fire. The Bedouins pack them in salt and carry them in sacks. What a menu for John the Baptist! Through what deprivation he came to what exultation!

And you will have to go down before you go up. From the pit into which his brother threw him and the prison in which his enemies incarcerated him, Joseph rose to be Egyptian prime minister. Elijah, who was to be the greatest of all the ancient prophets; Elijah, who made King Ahab's knees knock together with the prophecy that the dogs would be his only undertakers; Elijah, whose one prayer brought more than three years of drought, and whose other prayer brought drenching showers; the man who wrapped up his cape of sheepskin into a roll and with it cut a path through raging Jordan for just two to pass over; the man who with wheel of fire rode over death and escaped into the skies without mortuary disintegration; the man who, thousands of years after, was called out of the eternities to stand beside Jesus Christ on Mount Tabor when it was ablaze with the splendors of transfiguration—this man could look back to the time when voracious and filthy ravens were his only caterers.

See also in this call of Moses that God has a great memory. Four hundred years before He had promised the deliverance of the oppressed Israelites of Egypt. The clock of time has struck the hour, and now Moses is called to the work of rescue. Four hundred years is a very long time, but you see God can remember a promise 400 years as well as you can remember 400 minutes. Four hundred years includes all your ancestly that you know anything about and all the promises made to them, and we may expect fulfillment in our heart and life of all the blessings predicted to our Christian ancestry centuries ago. You have a dim remembrance, if any remembrance at all, of your great grandfather, but God sees those who were on their knees in 1598 as well as those on their knees in 1898, and the blessings He promised the former and their descendants have arrived, or will arrive. While piety is not hereditary, it is a grand thing to have had a pious ancestry. So God in this chapter calls up the pedigree of the people whom Moses was to deliver, and Moses is ordered to say to them: "The Lord God of your fathers, the God of Araham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob hath sent me unto you." If that thought be divinely accurate, let me ask: What are we doing by prayer and by a holy life for the redemption of the next four hundred years? Our work is not only with the people of the latter part of the nineteenth century, but with those in the closing of the twentieth century, and the closing of the twenty-second century, and the closing of the twenty-third century. For four hundred years, if the world continues to swing until that time, or if it drops, then, notwithstanding, the influence will go on in other latitudes and longitudes of God's universe.

Notice, also, that Moses was 80 years of age when he got his call to become the Israelitish deliverer. Forty years he had lived in palaces; another 40 years he had lived in the wilderness of Arabia. I should not wonder if he had said: "Take a younger man for this work. Eighty winters have exposed my health; eighty summers have poured their heats upon my head. There are the 40 years that I spent among the enervating luxuries of a palace, and then followed the 40 years of wilderness hardship. I am too old. Let me off. Better call a man in the forties or fifties, and not one who has entered upon the eighties." Nevertheless, he undertook the work, and if we want to know whether he succeeded, ask the abandoned brick kilns of Egyptian task masters, and the splintered chariot wheels strewn on the beach of the Red sea, and the timbrels which Miriam clapped for the Israelites passed over and the Egyptians gone under.

Do not retire too early. Like Moses, you may have your chief work to do after 80. It may not be in the high places of the field, it may not be where a strong arm and an athletic foot and a clear vision are required, but there is something for you yet to do. Perhaps it may be to round off the work you have already done; to demonstrate the patience you have been recommending all your lifetime; perhaps to stand a lighthouse at the mouth of the bay to light others into the harbor; perhaps to show how glorious a sunset may come after a stormy day.

You see, religion is a tremendous personality. We all have the general call to salvation. We hear it in songs, in sermons, in prayers; we hear it year after year. But after awhile, through our own sudden and alarming illness, or the death of a playmate, or the decease of a business partner, or the demise of a next-door neighbor, we get the especial call to repentance, and a new life and eternal happiness, and we know that God means us. Oh, have you noticed this way in which God calls us twice? Two failures of investments, two sicknesses; two persecutions; two bereavements; two disappointments; two disasters. Moses! Moses!

Still further notice that the call of Moses was written in letters of fire. On Sinai peninsula there was a thorn bush called the acacia, dry and brittle, and it easily goes down at the touch of the flame. It crackles and turns to ashes very quickly. Moses, seeing one of these bushes on fire, goes to look at it. At first, no doubt, it seemed to be a botanical curiosity, burning, yet crumbling no leaf, parting no stem, scattering no ashes. It was a supernatural fire that did no damage to the vegetation. That burning bush was the call. Your call will probably come in letters of fire. Ministers get their call to preach in letters on paper, or parchment, or type-written, but it does not amount to much until they get their next call in letters of fire. You will not amount to much in usefulness until somewhere near you find a burning bush. It may be found burning in the hectic flush of your child's cheek; it may be found burning in business misfortune; it may be found burning in the fire of the world's scorn or hate or misrepresentation. But harken to the crackle of the burning bush!

A great snow storm came on a prairie in Minnesota, and a farmer in a sleigh was lost, but after awhile struck the track of another sleigh, and felt cheered to go on, since he had found the track of another traveler. He heard sleigh-bells preceding him, and hastened on and caught up with his predecessor, who said: "Where are you going?" "I am following you," was the answer that came back. The fact is that they were both lost and had gone round and round in a circle. Then they talked the matter over, and, looking up, saw the north star; and toward the north was their home, and they started straight for it. Oh, instead of imitating man like ourselves and circling round and round, let us look up and take some starry guide like Moses, and follow on until we join him amid the "delectable mountains." You say you can not reach his character. Oh, no. Neither can you reach the north star, but you can be guided by its [illegible]