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 27, 1899. VOL. XXIV.—NO. 22.

The Cottage on the Fell

By J. T. Kingsley Tarpey

ON THE old road between Langton and Fazerley, half way up the fell, there stands the ruin of a pretty little thatched cottage. Roses and honeysuckles twine over the porch; and, though there is no garden to speak of, the old road is so overgrown with grass and flowers that it is a garden in itself. There is no traffic this way now, except on market days, when the carts from a few scattered farmsteads go past Fazerley; so the long, green ribbons on the road and the wide borders gradually encroach year by year, until in some places they meet in a level stretch of grass. The heather comes down the hillside almost to the wall, and through it, laughing and dancing, runs a little beck, which crosses the road a few yards below the cottage.

Some ten years ago the place was occupied by a young widow and her twin children, a boy and a girl. She had come there with her babies five years before, on her husband's death, and had earned a scanty living ever since by working for one of the shops at Fazerley. She was either too shy or too proud to make friends easily, and no one knew whether she had friends or kindred elsewhere. On market days some one of the passing farmers would bring her small purchases up from Fazerley, or take her bundle of work down to the shop. The bustling farmer's wife at the Fellside farm had always a kindly word, and sometimes a bun or an apple, for the twins, when they went to fetch the milk two or three times a week. The old shepherd, when his sheep were on that side of the fell, liked to have a chat with the little ones in passing, or to have them trot beside him for a mile along the road; but these were the nearest approaches to intimacy the country folk had with the occupants of the cottage. The children always looked clean and neat and rosy, the cottage was a miracle of order and trimness; and no one guessed till it was too late the terrible poverty that had been hidden under this cheerful air of independence.

During the winter and spring the mother had been constantly ailing; she had a troublesome cough, and more than once when the farmers passed on market days the twins had taken messages from her in bed. It was no matter of surprise to Farmer Bleasdale, therefore, when, to his usual inquiry one morning in August, the little girl replied that "Mother was poorly, and nothing was wanted." When he passed back in the evening the two children were sitting on the doorstep contentedly eating bread and gooseberries for their tea, and sharing a mug of milk between them. They had played about the cottage and the lane all day, paying tiptoe visits now and then to their mother, who was strangely quiet and had taken none of the tea they had so carefully prepared for her. The twins slept at their mother's feet to make more room in the narrow bed, and when it grew dusk they crept quietly in without disturbing her. In the night the boy awoke, crying, with the touch of something cold.

"Mairly, Mairly, what is it? I'm frightened!" he sobbed.

"Hush, Don! Don't wake mother," whispered the little girl; and so, cuddling close together, they slept again.

Early in the morning they were wakened by a shaft of sunlight through the eastern window, when the sun rose over the fell. They sat up together, feeling lonely and frightened; Don began to cry.

"Why doesn't mother wake?" he sobbed. He crept along the bed, and patted her cheek gently; at the touch he screamed and slid to the ground.

"Mairly, Mairly, what is it? Why is mother so cold?"

An hour later the two children were found by the old shepherd, barefoot in the road, clinging fast together and crying bitterly. When the doctor came it was found that the mother had been dead some hours.

Two weeks afterwards the future of the twins was already decided upon, and they were told to bid good-by to one another. They had been living at the Fellside farm since their mother's death, but the vicar had interested himself in them, and he had decided that Don must be near the school; so, a small subscription having been raised, he was to board with a family in the village until he could work for a living. Mairly was to go to an orphanage some 30 miles away, where she would eventually be trained as a servant. More than one house would have been open to the children, in the first tide of pity and wonder at the tragedy, but the vicar thought that their future welfare would be best considered by this arrangement; and when he took the matter up no one ventured to protest.

The twins parted quietly, without tears. Mrs. Bleasdale had tried to mitigate what she considered "a cruel shame" by whispering that it would only be for a little while, and they implicitly believed her. Indeed, the past two weeks had seemed to them like an ugly bustling dream, and they hardly realized that worse could befall them. It was only at bedtime, when he found himself without Mairly, in a room with three or four other children, that some sense of his desolation burst upon Don. He lay sobbing far into the night, and refused to be comforted. Mrs. Smith had every wish to be kind to him, but she had a houseful of unruly children to manage, and Don's ways were strange to her. She complained to the neighbors that he made himself "fair silly wi' frettin'." When he was not crying he was perplexed and frightened by his new surroundings. The children quarreled over their games and their mother usually quelled the disturbance by dealing out slaps with a generous hand. Don came in for a share of these with the rest; he was missing soon after and was not found till nightfall, fast asleep on his mother's grave. Mrs. Smith considered she must break him of a bad habit, so she beat him again, and told him he should not see Mairly if he went there any more. That night he cried so that the other children could not sleep, and after a week in which blows, scoldings and cajolings all failed to "break him of the habit," he was put to sleep in an out-building, that the household might have peace. For the rest he was dull and docile enough, listening with pathetic credulity to Mrs. Smith's assurance that Mairly would come soon, which was her formula when she wanted to be kind.

Mairly had been taken by the vicar to her new home. She looked such a quaint little figure in her long lilac print gown and white apron, the uniform of the orphanage, that the vicar's daughters called her a "sweet little dear," and gave her silver six-pences, and the servants kissed her and cried over her. She was some years younger than the usual age of admission, and the girls at the home seemed very big to her. The long rows of lilac print frocks and white aprons bewildered her, and the sameness of voice and expression never ceased to perplex and distress her. If there were some who were inclined to tease and torment her, there were others who would have liked to make a pet of her, but Mairly never distinguished between these; she suffered the caresses of one in exactly the same spirit as she endured the petty tyranny of another.

The teachers found her good and obedient, and she went through the daily routine with immovable patience, but without interest. When there was some unusual sound in the house, or a visit from a stranger, Mairly's face sharpened into a look of intense expectancy, and then settled back in awhile to the same dull patience. One day, when a visitor had come and gone, Mairly's disappointment expressed itself in a sudden demand of the matron:

"Please, ma'am, when shall I see Don?"

"You will see him some day, if you're a good girl," said the matron, kindly.

"But when, ma'am, please?"

"I can't tell you that, Mary."

"It's much easier to be good if I know when," pleaded the child; but the matron could make no promises, and Mairly abandoned her hope from that day.

One night in the early spring she awakened with the sound of Don's voice in her ears, crying "Mairly!" most piteously. She lay quiet until the usual time for getting up, and when the household assembled for prayers she went up to the matron with the customary bob and curtsey.

"Please, ma'am, I must go to Don."

"You can't do that, Mary, I'm afraid."

"I must go, I must go!" sobbed the child, her fortitude giving way for the first time. "Don wants me, he keeps crying and crying; he waked me last night with his crying!"

It was in vain they tried to comfort her—Don was in trouble, she must go to Don. She kept sobbing this out, till at last she was pronounced "naughty," and put in a room by herself to get over it.

Mairly was very quiet when she was let out, and by evening the scene was forgotten. In the early morning she awoke again, and sat up listening, but without making any sound. She crept out of bed and put on her clothes in the dark, pausing now and then to hear the steady breathing of the sleepers in the long dormitory; then she took her shoes and went out along the corridor, past the open door of the teacher's room and down the creaking stairs. In the basement she got her cloak and bonnet, and, by standing on a chair, shot the heavy bolt of the playroom door, and so into the yard. There was no way out of the grounds, but at the end was a space railed off for hens, and out of this a small opening had been made for them into the field beyond. The door into the henroop was only latched, and, by dint of a great struggle, Mairly was out through the hole, leaving part of the lilac print behind her.

There had been sickness and fever at Langton, and one of Mrs. Smith's children had been dangerously ill. With this trouble in the house, it was not noticed that Don was ailing also. One day he could eat nothing, and at night he tossed about, dreaming, when he slept, of strange places and people. Toward morning he awoke in a fright and fell to calling: "Mairly!" In the day he was better, he took his meals with the rest and played on the doorstep with the other children; but at night the same tormenting dreams came back, and he awoke again crying: "Mairly! Mairly!" This time it seemed to him she answered: "Wait a bit, Don, I'm coming." He lay still contentedly till it was time to get up, and then, without waiting for breakfast, he ran off unnoticed toward Langton Fell. Outside the village he met his old friend the shepherd, and stopped to tell him that Mairly was coming home, and that he was going to meet her. The old man laughed and nodded kindly, saying: "Ay, ay, lad, hurry along; mind you're not late;" and Don trotted on up the hill.

It was some hours before Mairly's flight was discovered at the orphanage, and at first she was only looked for in the grounds, for it was thought impossible she could have got out. At length the piece of torn lilac print in the henroop gave a clew, and by noon she was traced to the roadway station. The booking clerk had booked a half-fare to Fazerley by the workmen's train; he thought the child was with some workmen; he had seen one of them lift her into the carriage. At Fazerley the porter remembered that a workman in the early train had asked him to show a little girl the road to Langton; he had put her on the way when he went to breakfast.

The matron drove to Langton; and it was only when she arrived with the vicar at Mrs. Smith's that Don's absence was discovered. No one thought of going to the little fellside cottage until the old shepherd came through the village again in the afternoon; and by that time it was early dusk. There was a bitter east wind blowing, and the promise of a hard frost; and the whole village turned out with lanterns and went up to the fell. After some hours' fruitless search they were forced to wait for daylight, when they set to work, reinforced by help from the countryside.

They found the children by the beck, 400 or 500 yards from the cottage, lying in the heather tightly clasped in each other's arms. They were both dead; but the brown cloak of the orphanage was round Don, and it seemed as if Mairly had been trying to keep him warm.—London Speaker.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

COTTON AT A PROFIT.

There Is a Way to Reach the Result if One Only Goes at It in the Right Way.

The way to make cotton and money in one and the same crop, is very neatly laid down in the books and bulletins but it's a little harder to do it in the soil. Good faithful working, after planting as well as before, is necessary of course, but there are other things to look after as well. The crop must have good seed, a clean bed, and last but not least, good and sufficient food.

This fertilizer matter seems hard to agree upon; that is, just what is the best fertilizer. We all know that fertilizers pay, but some pay better than others, and we all want to know just what kinds pays best. Cotton has been planted straight ahead on most cotton lands for years, and the natural query is: "What has it taken away?" When the credit at the store gives out, we pretty well know what's wrong: we've taken away more than we've put back.

A crop of 200 pounds of lint takes from the soil about 35 pounds of ammonia, 33 pounds of potash, and 10 pounds of phosphoric acid. Now, if this has been going on for years with very little return, the credit at the store must soon give out; even if the cotton seed meal is returned the account doesn't balance. Ammonia is an important fertilizer ingredient; for every 100 pounds of ammonia carried off in the crop, 94 pounds of potash and 3 pounds of phosphoric acid are also carried away. Suppose the cotton seed meal is returned as manure; for every 100 pounds of ammonia returned, there is also returned 2 pounds of potash and 3 pounds of phosphoric acid. Place the account side by side for comparison.

	Taken off the soil.	Returned to the soil.
Ammonia	100 lbs.	100 lbs.
Potash	94 lbs.	2 lbs.
Phosphoric acid	3 lbs.	3 lbs.

Let the planter do a little figuring for himself on this basis. How long will the account keep good at this rate? Potash and phosphoric acid account at the store is apt to be very low, while the ammonia is in better shape when we consider that cow peas will supply ammonia very cheap.

We all know that fertilizers pay better with heavy crops than with light crops. It costs very little more to make 350 pounds of lint per acre than it does to make 200 pounds. The cost of picking nearly covers the extra. If a fertilizer cost of about $2 per acre will give that extra 150 pounds of lint, the investment is a paying one. While double the amount of fertilizer may not bring the lint up to 500 pounds per acre, it will so much reduce the other expenses in proportion to the yield, as to be even more profitable than with the smaller application. A little of what the Yankees call "gumption" helps out a great deal in making money and cotton in one and the same crop.—R. Garwood.

WHY DO WE PLOW THE SOIL?

A Question, the Clear Understanding of Which Will be a Material Held in Farm Work.

A clear understanding of this question will help us in nearly all the work upon the farm. We plow because we can not farm successfully without plowing. The earth will produce without plowing, but the growth will be composed mainly of the hardier plants.

Plant food exists in the earth as abundantly before we plow as afterward. We do not create plant food with the plow. Before we plow the plant food is largely in an insoluble condition. In this state plants can not use it; hence we say it is unavailable. Much of our food is not digestible in its raw state. We cook it to help digestion. We chew it to help digestion still more. Plants can not digest solids of any kind; so we must dissolve the food we wish our crops to feed upon.

Almost any substance will dissolve in water more rapidly when crushed than when in lumps. The potash, phosphoric acid, lime and other elements of plant growth are mixed in all our soils. They exist in abundant quantities. Any soil will produce if these are made soluble in water and plenty of water is present to dissolve them.

The chief object of plowing is to secure and maintain these two conditions.

The same result may be gained by using the spade or any other tool which will tear the soil to pieces; but the universal verdict of mankind is that the plow will do this work at less expense and more satisfactorily than any other tool.

The soil must be broken in small particles. If these particles are very small, the soil will give up its food readily and produce large crops. If made as fine as the dust under our carriage wheels on the highways, we would call it pulverized. Such soil would produce very large crops. Bottom lands are made up of such particles, which have been floated down from the hills and left on the lowlands. In this condition the plant food is easily dissolved and readily taken up by the plant roots.

Chemical analysis shows that the hills contain as much plant food as the bottoms. Why, then, do they not produce as large crops? Because the soil is compact and the plant food is not soluble. By intelligent use of the plow we can change this. We can increase the depth of the soil and make it fine, so that the food will dissolve. At the same time we largely increase the supply of water in the soil.

We plow to break up the crust of the earth and turn it into soil. The deeper we plow, the more soil we have; the oftener we plow, the larger supply of plant food we have ready to dissolve. Hence to farm successfully we must speed the plow. The great philosopher's stanza.

Plow deep while sluggards sleep,
And you will have corn to sell and to keep.

is not a mere poetic fancy; it is the statement of a great scientific truth.—Southern Cultivator.

GARDEN AS PART OF A FARM?

No Farm Complete Without a Kitchen Garden to Supply the Home Table.

No farm is complete without a kitchen garden. It is very late, but not too late, to have a good garden. Let the ground get dry; then break thoroughly. Use all the manure your conscience will let you; spread it broadcast; mix it thoroughly with the soil. Throw up very light beds—just enough to keep the rainwater from settling around the little plants. Plant your seed, if convenient, just before night; cover lightly with a handrake. Small seed should be planted near the surface. Then be sure to press the soil tightly around the seed. You can do this with a plank. Lay the plank along on the seed row and walk upon it, or roll the beds with an empty barrel. This is easily done and does good work.

If your soil bakes, loosen it up with handrake each side of seed row. No work in the garden pays better than this rolling and raking. The rolling will nearly always secure a good stand. All gardeners know how important this is. The rakings kill weeds or grass in the sprout or soon as up, and makes the soil warmer, which is very important to the health of young plants.

This is one spring when every one should plant freely of Irish potatoes. The early varieties, such as Rose, Goodrich, Hebron and Triumph, will very soon furnish palatable and wholesome dishes for the table.

We desire to say that we hope every farmer will grow and save his own Irish potato seed. Our second crop are the very best of seed. Southern seed are as good as eastern, if saved with care.

Turnips, kale, cabbage, collards, spinnach and other salad crops should be sown in abundance. They are good for the table, the pantry, the pigs and the cows.

Beets, beans, onions cucumbers, salsify, canteloupes, squashes, peas and others, according to taste, can soon furnish variety and plenty.

Look after the garden. A good garden, a good cow, a few pigs and hens will almost support any ordinary family.—Southern Cultivator.

Farm Buildings in the South.

It has been largely owing to the desolation and poverty caused by the civil war, that southern farms have been so poorly equipped with comfortable and capacious buildings for sheltering stock and also for taking care of the products grown on the land.

Yet it must be confessed that the south before the war was not attentive and regardful on this line save in notable exceptions. Northern farmers were compelled by stress of climate to build better barns, and the profit that followed made the enterprise contagious among the agricultural classes.

Now, it is an established fact, that the farmer who builds a good barn and hay sheds will soon save enough to pay for the expense of erection, in better stock and more economical feeding.

Even in the south cattle need good shelters and swine always do better with clean quarters to sleep in. I do not suppose there is a farmer in this broad land who takes proper pride in his calling, who does not feel easier in mind and body when he lies down at night knowing that every animal on the premises has a good place to stand or lie and enough food to be satisfied against hunger.

And nothing less than this should be allowed in a land of Christian civilization. Cruelty to animals is not confined to beatings and overwork. The poor, shivering beasts that stands in a muddy lot with snow on their backs are as badly mistreated as the cab horse that falls in the street from exhaustion, with a full stomach. There is nothing more pleasing than to see comfortable farm buildings as you ride along the public roads, and nothing speaks more plainly for the thrift and industry of the owner.—Dixie Farmer.

A Complete Fertilizer.

A complete fertilizer in the literal sense of the word is one which contains every kind of food a plant needs. Ashes come nearer meeting the definition than any other substance used as manure, except stable manure, which meets the definition entirely, as it contains every element of plant-food. But as many of the elements of plant-food are present in sufficient quantity in ordinarily good soils, it is common to speak of any fertilizer which contains the elements in which soils are usually deficient as complete fertilizers. The substances most generally deficient in soils are phosphoric acid, potash and nitrogen, and any fertilizer containing these in reasonable quantity is usually spoken of as a complete fertilizer. In that sense the combination you mention is a complete fertilizer. If the acid phosphate contains 12 per cent. of available phosphoric acid, which is the usual average, the mixture will analyze as follows: Phosphoric acid, six per cent., and potash three per cent. Standard guanos, which by law in some states are required to contain eight per cent. of that substance.—Dixie Farmer.

HERE AND THERE.

—Brood sows should not be fed much corn at this time of year. They should be fed slops of bran, middlings, barley or ground oats. An excellent thing for them are roots, cabbages, culled potatoes and clover hay.

—It is useless to confine hogs in a close pen in which the sun rarely shines and expect them to make rapid growth and remain in good health. Sunshine is life-giving and health-bestowing.

—There is everywhere an increased demandd for farm horses. Farmers who were going out of business a year or two ago, have concluded to stay on the farm a little longer. Better prices for wheat has had much to do with this change of front.

—Until private dairies glut the nearby markets, they will be found more profitable than creameries. It is only where the number and capacity of cows exceed the local demand that butter making on a wholesale scale becomes a necessity.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

There are only 16 breweries in Mexico, of which three are in the capital. The largest is in Monterey.

Every other Austrian household and every third Italian family contribute one member to the national army.

Cremation is largely on the increase in Germany. Last year 403 bodies were cremated—21 at Jena, 179 at Gotha, 10 at Heidelberg, and 98 at Hamburg.

A Copenhagen brewer, Herr Jacobsen, has presented his art collections whose value is placed at 5,000,000 kronen ($1,350,000), to the city authorities.

A mountain of salt is one of the natural curiosities of San Domingo. The mountain is about five miles square at the base, and is estimated to contain about 90,000,000 tons of salt.

Poetic justice has been dealt to a British sportsman, who died of blood poisoning brought about by the scratch of a wild rabbit he was letting loose for the hounds in a coursing match.

Londoners consume 275,000,000 gallons of water a year, according to the Home Magazine; they do not drink all of it, and what they do drink is not always taken clear, as they use 25,000,000 pounds of tea as well. They do put down 153,600,000 gallons of beer, however, as well as 4,400,000 gallons of spirits, besides 50,000,000 gallons of mineral waters.

Mr. Lionel Philips, the South African millionaire who was implicated in the Jameson raid, has offered the Italian government the money needed to buy a block of houses now standing over the remains of Basilica Aemilia, near the Roman Forum. It is believed that the excavation of the Basilica may bring to light some of the Greek spoils taken to Rome after the victory over Perseus at Pydna.

A parliamentary report on water gas, street railway, electric lighting and other reproductive undertakings carried on by municipal boroughs in England, shows that at the end of March, 1898, the total capital invested amounted to £88,152,600, of which £83,379,300 had been borrowed. But of the borrowings, £11,496,100 had been repaid by the boroughs. Average annual income from these undertakings during five years was £8,898,400, and average annual net profit £3,612,700.

FREE LUNCHES PROVIDED.

Several Big Establishments in England Doing This for Employes.

For some years past several of the large manufacturing firms of this country have found it profitable in various ways to set apart a by no means unimportant portion of their space for the purpose of a messroom or dining-hall for their employes. Where the employes include members of both sexes separate rooms are provided.

The question now arises: Would it not be still more profitable to the principals of large firms generally to provide free lunches for those employed by them? One firm in London, employing about 70 hands in its factory, has already decided to give a free tea, the determination being based on business ideas rather than on philanthropic principles.

"The tea will cost us so much," reason the principals, "but our work people will remain on the premises, and there will be less time lost in leaving off and recommencing work. In winter they can stay in the warm shops, and in summer they can walk about our own piece of land. The morale will be better in any case, and at the very least we shall reap more benefit than we could purchase at the cost of the free tea. And our employes will get a far better tea than they could afford to buy outside."

From a purely business point of view, the question of free lunches is well worth the consideration of large employers. The plan has been adopted by several big companies in the United States, so far as their large clerical force is concerned, and is working very successfully. Here, also, philanthropy enters to a very small degree into the transaction.

A dining-room is set apart for the clerks, who go to lunch in parties at stated times. The food is prepared on the premises by an experienced cook, and, on reaching the dining-room, is carved by a carver and handed to the clerks by waiters. Both the food and attendance are much superior to what the men could expect from such restaurants as their means would allow them to patronize, while the room is as exclusive as a club, no visitors being admitted during the luncheon time.

The time allowed for this midday meal is reduced to half an hour; but as there is no walking or journeying to a restaurant, the men do not in the least complain. In fact, although in one firm the employes may go out to lunch if they choose, it is very seldom that anyone takes advantage of the option.

Despite the cost, the employers are well satisfied with the result. The saving of half an hour per day on each man's time goes a long way toward recouping them for the outlay. Then, as in the case of the London firm previously mentioned, there is not so much time wasted in recommencing work.

Finally, the men are not subject to the temptation to spend their time in the public house, especially in wet weather, and, having had a good lunch, go to work with that contented frame of mind which a good square meal generally induces. The net result to the employers is a profit on the transaction.—Pearson's Weekly.

Just Like a Boy.

A Washington Sunday school superintendent who is very young at the business made an address to the scholars one Sabbath recently, in which his concluding remarks stated that "this beautiful Sabbath was only a promise of the blissful hereafter, of the happy land to which we all want to go."

"And what is that happy land?" he asked. The small boys on the front seat kicked each other superstitiously and viciously, but nobody spoke till little Georgie said, with a tone midway between a sniff and a gurgle:

"Heaven."

"Ah, that's it! that's it!" said the superintendent. "Little Georgie knew it. It is Heaven. And we all want to go there. And now, children, can you tell me what kind of little boys go there?"

George was emboldened by praise. His head was dizzy with success. He rose in his place.

"Dead ones," he bawled.—Washington Post.

A LESSON FROM LIFE.

Dr. Talmage Eulogizes the Late Justice Stephen J. Field.

Religious Training Laid the Foundation of His Character — The Great Divine's Tribute to a Departed Friend.

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Washington.

One of the most notable characters of our time is the subject of Dr. Talmage's discourse, and the lessons drawn are inspiring. Text, 2 Samuel, 3:38: "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

Here is a plumed catafalque, followed by King David and a funeral oration which he delivers at the tomb. Concerning Abner, the great, David weeps out the text. More appropriately than when originally uttered we may now utter this resounding lamentation: "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

It was 30 minutes after six, the exact hour of the sunset of the Sabbath day, and while the evening lights were being kindled, that the soul of Stephen J. Field, the lawyer, the judge, the patriot, the statesman, the Christian, ascended. It was sundown in the home on yonder Capitol hill, as it was sundown on all the surrounding hills, but in both cases the sun set to be followed by a glorious sunrise. Hear the Easter anthems still lingering in the air. "The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall rise."

Our departed friend came forth a boy from a minister's home in New England. He knelt with father and mother at morning and evening prayer, learned from maternal lips lessons of piety which lasted him and controlled him amid all the varied and exciting scenes of a lifetime and helped him to die in peace an octogenarian. Blot out from American history the names of those ministers' sons who have done honor to judicial bench and commercial circle and national legislature and presidential chair, and you would obliterate many of the grandest chapters of that history. It is no small advantage to have started from a home where God is honored and the subject of a world's emancipation from sin and sorrow is under constant discussion. The Ten Commandments, which are the foundation of all good law—Roman law, German law, English law, American law—are the best foundation upon which to build character, and those which the boy, Stephen J. Field, so often heard in the parsonage at Stockbridge were his guidance when, a half century after, as a gowned justice of the supreme court of the United States, he unrolled his opinions. Bibles, hymn books, catechisms, family prayers, atmosphere sanctified, are good surroundings for boys and girls to start from, and if our laxer ideas of religion and Sabbath days and home training produce as splendid men and women as the much-derided Puritanic Sabbath and Puritanic teachings have produced it will be a matter of congratulation and thanksgiving.

Do not pass by the fact that I have not yet seen emphasized that Stephen J. Field was a minister's son. Notwithstanding that there are conspicuous exceptions to the rule—and the exceptions have built up a stereotyped defamation on the subject—statistics plain and undeniable prove that a larger proportion of ministers' sons turn out well than are to be found in any other genealogical table. Let all the parsonages of all denominations of Christians where children are growing up take the consolation. See the star of hope pointing down to that manger!

Notice also that our departed friend was a member of a royal family. There were no crowns or scepters or thrones in that ancestral line, but the family of the Fields, like the family of the New York Primes, like the family of the Princeton Alexanders, like a score of families that I might mention, if it were best to mention them, were "the children of the King," and had put on them honors brighter than crowns and wielded influence longer and wider than scepters. That family of Fields traces an honorable lineage back 800 years to Hubertus de la Feld, coadjutor of William the Conqueror. Let us thank God for such families, generation after generation on the side of that which is right and good. Four sons of that country minister, known the world over for extraordinary usefulness in their spheres, legal, commercial, literary and theological, and a daughter, the mother of one of the associate justices of the supreme court. Such families counterbalance for good those families all wrong from generation to generation—families that stand for wealth, unrighteously got and stingily kept or wickedly squandered; families that stand for fraud or impurity or malevolence; family names that immediately come to every mind, though through sense of propriety they do not come to the lip. The name of Field will survive centuries and be a synonym for religion, for great jurisprudence, for able Christian journalism, as the names of the Pharaohs and the Caesars stand for cruelty and oppression and vice.

While all parents cannot aspire to have such conspicuous households as the one the name of whose son we now celebrate, all parents may by fidelity in prayer and holy example have their sons and daughters become kings and queens unto God, to reign forever and ever. But the work has already been done, and I could go through this country and find a thousand households which have by the grace of God and blessing upon paternal and maternal excellence become the royal families of America.

Let young men beware lest they by their behavior blot such family records with some misdeed. We can all think of households the names of which meant everything honorable and consecrated for a long while, but by the deed of one son sacrificed, disgraced and blasted. Look out how you rob your consecrated ancestry of the name they handed to you unsullied! Better as trustee to that name add something worthy. Do something to honor the old homestead, whether a mountain cabin or a city mansion or a country parsonage.

Rev. David Dudley Field, though 32 years passed upward, is honored to-day by the Christian life, the service, the death of his son Stephen.

Among the most absorbing books of the Bible is the book of Kings, which again and again illustrates that though piety is not hereditary, the style of patentage has much to do with the style of descendant. It declares of King Abijam: "He walked in all the sins of his father which he had done before him," and of King Azariah: "He did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, according to all that his father Amaziah had done." We owe a debt to those who have gone before in our line as certainly as we have obligations to those who subsequently appear in the household. Not so sacred is your old father's walking staff, which you keep in his memory, or the eyeglasses through which your mother studied the Bible in her old age as the name they bore, the name which you inherited. Keep it bright, I charge you. Keep it suggestive of something elevated in character. Trample not underfoot that which to your father and mother was dearer than life itself. Defend their graves as they defended your cradle. Family coat of arms, escutcheons, ensigns armorial, lion couchant, or lion rampant, or lion combatant, may attract attention, but better than all heraldic inscription is a family name which means from generation to generation faith in God, self-sacrifice, duty performed, a life well lived and a death happily died, and a Heaven gloriously won. That was the kind of name that Justice Field augmented and adorned and perpetuated—a name honorable at the close of the eighteenth century, more honored now at the close of the nineteenth.

Notice also that our illustrious friend was great in reasonable and genial dissent. Of the 1,042 opinions he rendered none was more potent or memorable than those rendered while he was in small minority and sometimes in a minority of one. A learned and distinguished lawyer of this country said he would rather be the author of Judge Field's dissenting opinions than to be the author of the constitution of the United States. The tendency is to go with the multitude, to think what others think, to say and do what others do. Sometimes the majority are wrong, and it requires heroes to take the negative, but to do that logically and in good humor requires some elements of make up not often found in judicial dissenters or, indeed, in any class of men.

The Declaration of American Independence was a dissenting opinion. The Free Church of Scotland, under Chalmers and his compeers was a dissenting movement. The Bible itself, Old Testament and New Testament, is a protest against the theories that would have destroyed the world, and is a dissenting as well as a Divinely inspired book. The Decalogue on Sinai repeated ten times "Thou shalt not." For ages to come will be quoted from law books in courtrooms Justice Field's magnificent dissenting opinions.

Notice that our ascended friend had such a character as assault and peril alone can develop. He had not come to the soft cushions of the supreme court bench stepping on cloth of gold and saluted all along the line by handclapping of applause. Country personages do not rock their babies in satin-lined cradle or afterward send them out into the world with enough in their hand to purchase place and power. Pastors' salaries in the early part of this century hardly ever reached $700 a year. Economies that sometimes cut into the bone characterized many of the homes of the New England clergymen. The young lawyer of whom we speak today arrived in San Francisco in 1849 with only ten dollars in his pocket. Williamstown college was only introductory to a postgraduate course which our illustrious friend took while administering justice and halting ruffianism amid the mining camps of California. Oh, those "forty-niners," as they were called, through what privations, through what narrow escapes, amid what exposures they moved! Administering and executing law among outlaws never has been an easy undertaking. Among mountaineers, many of whom had no regard for human life; and where the snap of pistol and bang of gun were not unusual responses, required courage of the highest metal.

Behind a dry goods box, surrounded by tallow candles, Judge Field began his judicial career. What exciting scenes he passed through! An infernal machine was handed to him, and inside the lid of the box was pasted his decision in the Pueblo case, the decision that had balked unprincipled speculators. Ten years ago his life would have passed out had not an officer of the law shot down his assailant. It took a long training of hardship and abuse and misinterpretation and threat of violence and flash of assassin's knife to fit him for the high place where he could defy legislatures and congresses and presidents and the world when he knew he was right. Hardship is the grindstone that sharpens intellectual faculties and the sword with which to strike effectively for God and one's country.

Notice also how much our friend did for the honor of the judiciary. What momentous scenes have been witnessed in our United States supreme court, on the bench and before the bench, whether far back it held its sessions in the upper room of the exchange at New York or afterward for ten years in the city hall at Philadelphia or later in the cellar of yonder capitol, the place where for many years the congressional library was kept, a sepulcher where books were buried alive, the hole called by John Randolph "the Gave of Trophonius!" What mighty men stood before that bar pleading in immortal eloquence on questions of national import!

How suggestive the invitation which William Wirt, the great Virginian, wrote his friend inviting him to yonder supreme courtroom: "To-morrow a week will come on the great steamboat question from New York. Emmett and Oakley on one side, Webster and myself on the other. Come down and hear it. Emmett's whole soul is in the case, and he will stretch all his powers. Oakley is said to be one of the finest logicians of the age, as much a Phocion as Emmett is a Themistocles, and Webster is as ambitious as Caesar. He will not be outdone by any man if it is within the compass of his power to avoid it. Come to Washington. It will be a combat worth witnessing." The supreme court has stood so high in England and the United States that the vices of a few who have occupied that important place have not been able to disgrace it, neither the corruption of Francis Bacon, nor the cruelty of Sir George Mackenzie, nor the Sabbath desecration of Lord Castlereagh.

To that highest of all tribunals Abraham Lincoln called our friend, but he lived long enough to honor the supreme court more than it had ever honored him. For more than 34 years he sat in the presence of this nation and of all nations a model judge. Fearlessness, integrity, devotion to principle, characterized him. No bribe ever touched his hand. No profane word ever scalded his tongue. No blemish of wrong ever marred his character. Fully qualified was he to have his name associated in the history of this country with the greatest of the judiciary.

As at 12 o'clock day by day on yonder hill the gavel falls in the supreme courtroom, and it is announced that the chief justice of the United States and the associate justices are about to enter, and all counselors at the bar and all spectators rise to greet them, and the officer with the words: "Oyez, oyez, oyez!" announces that all is now ready for a hearing and exclaims: "God save the United States of America," so I wish we could in imagination gather together those who have accupied that high judicial place in this and other lands, and they might enter, and after the falling of some mighty gavel had demanded attention we could look upon them—Marshall, the giant of American jurisprudence, and John Jay, of whom Daniel Webster said in commemoration: "When the spotless ermine of the judicial robe fell on John Jay, it touched nothing less spotless than itself," and Rutledge and Cushing and Ellsworth and Joseph Storey, called the Walter Scott of common law, and Sir Matthew Hale and Lord Eldon and Lord Tenterden and Sir James McIntosh and Mansfield and the long line of lord chancellors and the great judges from both sides of the sea, and after they had taken their places in our quickened imagination and distinguished cases of centuries which they decided might again be called on, after the assembled nations had ejaculated: "God save the United States of America," "God save Great Britain," "God save the nations."

Ah, how the law honors and sanctifies everything it touches! Natural law. Civil law. Social law. Commercial law. Common law. Moral law. Ecclesiastical law. International law. Oh, the dignity, the impressiveness, the power of law! It is the only thing before which Jehovah bows, but He bows before that, although the law is of His own making. The law! By it worlds swing. By it the fate of centuries is decided. By it all the affairs of time and all the cycles of eternity will be governed. We cannot soar so high, or sink so deep, or reach out so far, or live so long as to escape it. It is the throne on which the Almighty sits. To interpret law, what a profession! What a responsibility! What an execration when the judge be a Lord Jeffreys! What a benediction if he be a Chancellor Kent!

Have you ever realized how much God has honored law in the fact that all up and down the Bible He makes the judge a type of Himself and employs the scene of a courtroom to set forth the grandeurs of the great judgment day? Book of Genesis: "Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?" Book of Deuteronomy: "The Lord shall judge His people." Book of Psalms: "God is judge Himself." Book of the Acts: "Judge of quick and dead." Book of Timothy: "The Lord is the righteous judge." Never will it be understood how God honors judges and courtrooms until the thunderbolt of the last day shall pound the opening of the great assize—the day of trial, the day of clearance, the day of doom, the day of judgment. The law of the case on that occasion will be read, and the indictment of ten counts, which are the Ten Commandments. Justice will plead the case against us, but our glorious advocate will plead in our behalf, for "we have an advocate with the Father—Jesus Christ, the righteous." Then the case will be decided in our clearance, as the Judge announces: "There is now, therefore, no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus." Under the crowded galleries of cloud on that last day and under the swaying upholstery of a burning heavens and while the Alps and Himalayas and Mount Washington are falling flat on their faces we will be able to understand the significance of those Scripture passages which speak of God as Judge and employ the courtroom of earth as typical of the scene when all nations shall be brought into tribunal.

To have done well, all that such a profession could ask of him, and to have made that profession still more honorable by his brilliant and sublime life, is enough for national and international, terrestrial and celestial congratulation. And then to expire beautifully while the prayers of his church were being offered at his bedside, the door of Heaven opening for his entrance as the door of earth opened for his departure, the sob of the earthly farewell caught up into raptures that never die. Yes, he lived and died in the faith of the old-fashioned Christian religion.

Young man, I want to tell you that Justice Field believed in the Bible from lid to lid, a book all true either as doctrine or history, much of it the history of events that neither God nor man approves. Our friend drank the wine of the holy sacrament and ate the bread of which "if a man eat he shall never hunger." He was the up and down, out and out friend of the church of Christ. If there had been anything illogical in our religion he would have scouted it, for he was a logician. If there had been in it anything unreasonable, he would have rejected it, because he was a good reasoner. If there had been in it anything that would not stand research he would have exploded the fallacy, for his life was a life of research. Young men of Washington, young men of America, young men of the round world, a religion that would stand the test of Justice Field's penetrating and all-ransacking intellect must have in it something worthy of your confidence. I tell you now that Christianity has not only the heart of the world on its side, but the brain of the world also. Ye who have tried to represent the religion of the Bible as something pusillanimous, how do you account for the Christian faith of Stephen J. Field, whole shelves of the law library occupied with his magnificent decisions?

And now may the God of all comfort speak to the bereft, especially to her who was the queen of his life, from the day when as a stranger he was shown to her pew in the Episcopal church, to this time of the broken heart. He changed churches, but did not change religions, for the church in which he was born and the church in which he died alike believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, His only begotten Son, and in the communion of saints, and in the life everlasting. Amen.