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, MARCH 31, 1900. VOL. XXV.—NO. 14.

THE ROADS TO WRINKLE TOWN.

Have you ever heard of the many roads
That lead to Wrinkle Town?
Or talked with the people who every day
Travel them up or down?
There are numberless roads and wise folks tell
Of some, nor glad nor fair,
Like wearisome paths to the mountain top—
Storm-blighted, cold and bare.

Now, some of these roads are winding, 'tis said,
Some broad, like great highways;
While others are steep and abruptly end
Like showers on April days;
And journeying over these desert tracks
Throng thousands old and young,
The lowly of earth, the wealthy, the great,
Are found the crowds among.

Name anger and scoffing and cruel hate,
Name haughty, boastful pride,
And count the self-seeking and eager greed
Of avarice, beside;
Then reckon the malice and envy and fret,
That linger through the days—
And you will know how to reach Wrinkle Town,
For these are constant ways.

But why should we follow these roads so drear
That lead where sadness broods,
When others are open whose ends invite
To gladsome, happy moods?
Now ponder this truth—be the willing steps
However cast or led—
The face will discover and show their trend—
Reflect the paths we tread.

—Irvin C. Lambert, in N. W. Christian Advocate.

THE SECOND ACT

By Owen Oliver.

"DR. STRANGE has told you of my delusion," he said, with an unmirthful smile. "Let us start from the delusion. I cannot very well tell my story in any other way."

He pushed his papers aside, leaned back in the cozy reading chair and folded his hands. The scene haunts me yet. His dark, grave face, with its raven hair and long, pointed beard; his soft, weary voice; the chirping of the birds, the humming of the bees, and the hare breaths of summer air, stealing in through the barred windows—I remember them all. This is the story:

Four thousand years ago, when men worshiped God under the name of Osiris and Isis, I was Amenemhat IV., king in Kem—which you call Egypt. My conquests and my learning are graven upon the great tablets, but the scribes left unsaid what should be unsaid. Therefore you will seek in vain for mention of Numidea, the slave.

Felix, the trader, brought her from over the Mediterranean. When she stood before me with flushed cheeks and tears in her pale blue eyes, the cunning knave refused to name a price.

"The world is thine, O king," he said, "and the maid, if it be thy will. Give to me only what she seemeth worth to thee."

So I gave him a nome—or province—and dealt somewhat niggardly with him, methought. Then I took her to the palace to be queen, under the name of Sebek-nefru-ra, which is on the tablets. The people murmured, yet none dared to complain to my face, but Numidea, the blue-eyed slave, with her soft looks and her frightened voice, was braver than they.

"Kill me, if thou wilt, oh king," she said, tauntingly, "for in truth I love thee not at all." A whole month I wooed her, disdaining force, and she said no more. Then she cast her eyes upon Kales, the captain of the guard, and cared less than ever for me.

I sent Kales on a journey beyond the seas. I would have slain him, but he was a brave man, and we had played and fought together as children. And then Numidea struck me with her small, soft hand.

"Take her to the deathsmen," I commanded; "in the morning she shall die." Lest I should break a king's word I rode to the great temple far away. But I could not sleep for the thought of her great blue eyes, wide with fear. So I rose and bade them harness the swiftest horses to the lightest chariot, and Charmicles drove for me, whose hand was the lightest upon the reins. All the night we sped in the moonlight with the sand flying in long clouds behind us and the great pyramids scowling upon us from afar.

"If thou lovedst a slave, Charmicles," I asked him, "and she loved not thee?"

"If I loved her a little," he said, "haply she would perish, oh lord."

"And if thou lovedst her much?" He looked at the moon fleeting through the clouds for a long time, and his face grew sad.

"If I loved her enough, oh king—perchance I should set her free."

I covered my head in my robe and said nothing. Was I not racing the flying hours to open her prison doors?

Ra, the sun-god, sprung up, and laughed upon the land, and Charmicles wiped the sweat from his brow and ceased to strike the horses as they panted and struggled to the base of the great pyramid, where the prison was.

And behold they had tortured her; and she had died in the night!

I drew my sword upon myself, but Charmicles stayed my hand. "Shall they write upon the tablets that Amenemhat of the holy line died for love of a slave?" he said.

So I went back to the temple and dwelt. Presently I made a spell, from my arts, that I might be reborn when she was reborn, and another spell that I died, and none knew why. So I fell asleep, and my sleep was 4,000 years.

. . .

When I was newborn a child I knew none of these things; but one by one they came back to me.

One evening my father held me upon his knee and showed me a quaint picture book, and I trembled with vague remembrance.

"This is how people drew in Egypt thousands of yesterdays ago," he said. "The lines are all straight, because they were cut upon stone. See, these are archers, and these are horses, and this looks like a big bull."

I touched the figure of Apis reverently with my hand.

"This," I said, "is a god."

Another time they took me to a museum, and I stopped by a carven sarcophagus and would not move away. There were things graven upon it that I seemed almost to understand, and names that were half familiar.

When I went back to school I stood aloof from the games to dream of flying spears and racing chariots. My playfellow—I will call him Rupert—was always in the memories with me. Often when we wrestled together the playground seemed to swim away. Instead there came a vision of yellow sand and blue skies, and dark, black-haired playmates around, and a shouting of "Well striven, little king!" Once, when he had been ill for a long time, and I went to see him, a name sprung up almost to my lips—the name was forgotten, but I knew it had been his name long before.

After leaving school I devoted myself to Egyptian antiquities. They seemed to present no difficulty to me, and I soon made a great name. Meanwhile the conviction grew upon me that I had lived in Egypt many years before. I even began to realize dimly that I was Amenemhat IV., of whom the histories said so litle.

Then I met Nerissa, and for awhile I studied no more. There was no one, nothing else in all the world that mattered the least to me. I became her accepted lover, and for a few months I lived in paradise.

After this I had a strong fever. In the dreams and delirium the past came back to me, and when I was well again I remembered. I was Amenemhat and she was Numidea, the blue-eyed slave. As I had ordered by the spell, I was reborn to live with her again. Kales, her lover, had known no spells, I told myself. So he was in the future or the past, perhaps by a thousand years, as the gods had ordered, and she was not for him but for me. The thought of her wrong in the past made me wondrously tender to her, and she was always gentle. Yet I tortured myself that she did not love me as I loved her. "When we are married—it will come," I told myself. "It shall come."

One day in the spring we were sitting together. Rupert had come home on a furlough from his regiment in India, and came first to see me. They looked at one another for a long time. There was remembrance in their eyes. Fool that I had been to think myself wiser than the gods! He was Kales.

The room grew dark and I fainted. When I came to they propped me up with pillows and sat beside me. They spoke as if they had known one another for years. It seemed, they said, that they must have met before, and they talked jestingly of a transmigration of souls.

After that they seemed always meeting. The light leaped into their faces when they saw each other. They looked wistfully backward when they parted. I entreated Nerissa to hasten our wedding day, but she tearfully refused.

"Suppose," she said, "that we had made a mistake, after all? Sometimes I think—" She paused here, and when I questioned her she was silent.

One evening I went slowly into her boudoir and heard them talking passionately. I lingered behind a great screen. It was an unworthy thing to do; but I would have done worse—far worse—for love of her.

"You love me," he said, triumphantly. "You love me! You are mine by right, Nerissa—my dear!"

"Hush," she sobbed. "Hush! I am his—your friend's. I promised."

"You do not love him. You cannot love him."

"Oh, I have tried!" she cried. Then he took her in his arms and comforted her—he who had been my friend.

I went stealthily away. It was well that I had no weapon then.

That night I dreamed the old dream of her death. In the morning I concealed a small sharp dagger about me and went to see her. When I kissed her she half turned her face away.

"Have you anything to say to me, Nerissa?" I asked.

"No," she answered, with a little catch in her voice. "I do not think so. Oh, no!"

"Nothing?" I asked again. "Think." My fingers fumbled at the dagger. When she confessed that she was faithless, I would slay her, I thought.

"Nothing," she said, slowly. "Only—name the day that you will." She was loyal, since she knew how greatly I loved her. I might have known.

"Kiss me!" I cried fiercely. She yielded just one faint little embrace. I caught her in my arms and kissed her hair, her eyes and her lips a thousand times. * * * Then the words of Charmicles, the charioteer, came back to me. "If I loved her enough, oh king, perchance I should set her free."

I snapped the dagger before her and threw the pieces away.

"I—I came to kill you," I said. Then I fled into the street. People leaped aside from my path as I sped along to my old friend, Dr. Strange.

"Put me away," I demanded, "or some day I shall kill her. I am mad!" So they put me away.

That is ten years ago. I have stayed here since, except twice, when they have taken me to Egypt for some researches. I am seeking for the spell. Soon I shall find it. Then I shall sleep—to wake again. This time she loved me a little. There will be a third act—and who knows?

He dropped his head in his hands and was silent. I left him thus. * * *

"A sad case," said the doctor. "A very sad case. Homicidal mania, complicated with the delusion that he is an ancient king. It is a thousand pities. He is the authority of the century on Egyptian antiquities, you know, and on most points as sane as you or I."—Madame.

Murder of the Duc d'Enghien.

Five of the soldiers refused to fire at him. They were immediately shot before his face and their bodies thrown into a ditch. They desired to put a bandage before his eyes. He answered he had looked death in the face before, and could face it again. Seventeen soldiers had fired at him. Mme. Buonaparte did everything possible to save the duke. She implored Buonaparte on her knees, holding the skirt of his coat, which was torn off by his violent manner in going from her. She seized the other skirt, which was likewise torn off, and Buonaparte declared he would never go to bed until the duke was dead. Lucien Buonaparte also exerted himself to the utmost, and, finding he had no excuse, in a rage took out a watch Buonaparte had given him, dashed it on the ground, breaking it in pieces, and said to his brother: "You will be treated in the same manner."—Maria Josepha.

A Sure Sign.

"Those people next door are newly married."

"How do you know?"

"I see the husband helping with the housework."—Ohio State Journal.

A MODERN LAUNDRY.

Conducted Like Any Other Great Manufacturing Plant.

Thousands of Dollars Invested in Costly Machinery — How Soiled Clothes Are Disinfected, Washed and Ironed.

[Special New York Letter.]

"NO TICKEE, no washee," says John Chinaman.

The customer begins to argue, but he of the pigtail never argues, and the customer decides to call on his best girl wearing a soiled collar and no cuffs at all.

"No tickee, no washee" is the sum and substance of John Chinaman's philosophy. It is the secret of his success in the laundry business. Considered from a Caucasian point of view his trade is of the simplest character.

Have you ever been on the inside of a great American steam laundry, one that turns out, say, 8,000 or 10,000 shirts every week, one with monster mangles, gigantic ironers, washers, belts, ma-

"NO TICKEE, NO WASHEE."

chines, wheels and wheels within wheels?

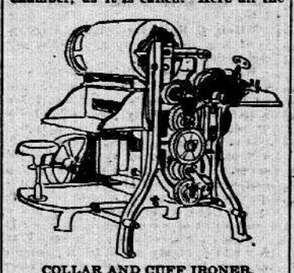
It is indeed a wonderful establishment. The housewife who does her little washing and ironing, John Chinaman with his "no-tickee-no-washee" system, and all those who are accustomed to see an ordinary sized laundry in operation can hardly appreciate this. The engineer, the chemist, the physician and other students of science have cooperated to bring about a complicated system for the most efficient results in nothing more than cleaning dirty clothes.

Let us step into one of the great steam laundries and accompany one or two articles as they pass from room to room. There are not many of these great laundries in the country, by the way, but there is one in New York which occupies a six-story building heated, lighted and ventilated like a model factory.

On the first floor front is the office with a row of bookkeepers, bill clerks and stenographers. We pass through a long corridor and enter the laundry proper.

The first room is the one in which the dirty linen is received. It is thrown in like loads of coal from a big window that leads to the alley. And such loads of it! Bundles and bundles, shirts, collars, cuffs, bed sheets, table linen and shirts again. Five girls are employed day after day doing nothing but unpacking the bundles, marking each piece with its appropriate number in indelible ink, which is refreshed every time it fades; sorting the stock and throwing it into huge baskets. All the starched goods are then placed in baskets by themselves; the fancy laundry, ladies' waists and gowns, are another specialty, while large, plain pieces are again sorted out from handkerchiefs, towels and similar paraphernalia.

"Make room there!" Two burly young fellows are coming up. They take hold of one of the baskets, drag it over the floor and dump the entire contents into a vault, the disinfecting chamber, as it is called. Here all the



COLLAR AND CUFF IRONER.

linen is stirred around for several hours with the fumes of microbe killing disinfectants passing to and into them.

Then the same two men take the linen out of the chamber and begin some more sorting. There are now three piles of it, the dirty linen, the very dirty, and the dirtiest, filthiest of all. You ought to see some of the stuff in that third pile.

Essentially the process of cleaning the clothing in the three dirty heaps is the same. But each is subjected to a correspondingly severe process, while in the washing of the dirtiest, chemicals are thrown in sometimes in profusion and the clothes are tossed about like the football of an eastern college team. First these clothes are placed in a "washer," so called. This is as different from John Chinaman's washtub as a locomotive from a horse cab. There is a row of 12 washers run by a series of belts, which lead down to an electric machine in the basement. Circular boxes about six feet in diameter revolve at a rapid rate, tossing the clothes inside from side to side. On the inside there are spokes and broad flays, which catch hold of the linen and shake it thoroughly in the inside of a foam of soapy water. The time for washing is differently regulated, according to the dirtiness of the linen. After awhile, the soapy water is drained off and clean water is put in, the revolutions continuing at a lower rate. When at last the water comes out clear, the linen is taken out.

Another gang of hustlers now approaches, dips baskets of snow-white, dripping clothes out of the circular tub, and takes them to the so-called drying chambers. These again are monster affairs. In the laundry I visited there were long narrow compartments, stretching almost the full length of the building, with beams on which the clothes hung. On either side these chambers are lined with steam coils covered with asbestos, which keep the clothes at a moderate, perfectly dry and even temperature.

Now comes the mangle or the plain ironer or the fancy ironer, and here the wisdom of having sorted the clothing in advance when the starch was still in it becomes apparent; for a process of sorting at this stage with all the crumpled-up wares in the drying chamber would be a most laborious task. The mangles are used for plain ironing; they are of different sizes, some of them over a story in height, and resembling in many ways a great printing press. The linen is fed in at one end, passes over a series of steam-heated rollers, in and out and over again, until it is caught up at the further end, and neatly folded in the shape desired. Like the press in a printing office, the mangle is the largest and most expensive piece of furniture in a laundry, costing sometimes thousands of dollars. Smaller mangles are used for smaller pieces, though sometimes these are fed dozens at a time into a large machine.

Starched goods go from the drying room to the starcher. This is a simple machine, which takes one piece at a time, floods it with starchy fluid, and then presses it down with a fine gloss. In the finest steam laundries hand work is used in addition. From the starcher, the shirt or collar goes to the ironer, the moistener, the collar turner, the button-hole opener, and sometimes to several other machines, which put the finishing touches on the finest work. Then the marks on every piece are again examined, sorted by number, and on Saturday night you get your bundle, never stopping to think of the many perambulations your shirt and your handkerchief have taken since you last saw them.

Of course, we should add that only few laundries are so elaborately furnished as the one described above. Laundries throughout the United States figure their business on the basis of the number of shirts they turn out. Ten thousand shirts is the maximum. The great laundries in the vicinity of Boston do the largest business in the country. New York, San Francisco and Chicago have several large ones, but the concentration of the industry in the hands of a few large firms has but just begun. In this direction much has been done within the last ten years by the manufacture of wonderfully improved laundry machinery. Troy, N. Y., and Boston, Mass., are the great centers, and from them machines are now be-

THE QUEEN OF THE LAUNDRY.

ing shipped almost every month to England and to the continent. One day about three years ago a Boston manufacturer told me that he had received an order for a mangle to be shipped to Pretoria, then an unknown village in the Transvaal. I understand that since then dozens of American laundry machines have been shipped to South Africa, to southern Europe and even to China.

In this connection one might mention the many profound problems which the simple process of washing clothes has developed. For instance, the study of chemistry has aided greatly in making combinations of starches, and to-day the American laundry starches also are sent to all quarters of the globe. To some extent our laundry soaps are also in foreign demand.

Just now the study of disinfectants is occupying attention, and the board of health in different parts of the country are planning to force all laundry establishments to adopt safeguards against the spread of disease through infected linen.

E. T. GUNDLACH.

POINT TO POINT HURDLING.

A Popular English Sport That Offers Opportunity for Daring Riding.

A point to point steeplechase is for members of the hunt only. They are started in the center of a field, and a place some eight or ten miles distant is named, generally some church with a steeple—hence the origin of the word steeplechase—to which the riders make their best way. To know the country is of great advantage, as after getting over the first fence the field spreads out in all directions, each member having his own idea of the quickest way of arriving at his destination. There are prizes of silver plate for the first three horses in.

Every year members of the house of lords have a point to point, for which the fashionables turn out in great numbers. This winter, however, will be devoid of all these pastimes; in fact, it is awful to think of the hundreds that will never again be seen in scarlet.

"Will the Hurlingham club open this season?" is a question often asked, and "Will there be any polo?" One thing is certain, there will be no hunt balls. The warlike energy of the nation is stripping the country quarters of many pleasurable associations. The usual shooting parties have been but few, and as before stated the hunt fixtures have been poorly attended, the best men, in many cases, including the master of the hounds, being engaged in recruiting for the Imperial yeomanry.

An Interchange.

She—You are the very nicest fellow on earth.

He—But I am not on the earth.

She—No?

He—No; because your admiration lifts me quite to the stars, don't you know.—Detroit Free Press.

They Are Exceptions.

"There seems to be a general impression that fat men are always contented."

"It can't be true. Some fat men are married."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Considerate.

"They say he is a very careful, conscientious husband."

"He is. Whenever he is going to be home to dinner he always lets his wife know beforehand."—Puck.

RELIGION OF GHOSTS.

Dr. Talmage Warns People Against Modern Spiritualism.

The Witch of Endor a Type of the Fallacies of the Present Day—Denounces It as Witchcraft and Sorcery.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.]

Washington, Feb. 13.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage discusses a theme never more under exploration than at this time and warns people against what he calls a religion of ghosts; text, I Samuel 28:7: "Behold, there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at Endor. And Saul disguised himself and put on other raiment, and he went, and two men with him, and they came to the woman by night."

Trouble to the right of him and trouble to the left of him, Saul knew not what to do. As a last resort he concluded to seek out a spiritual medium or a witch or anything that you please to call her—a woman who had communication with the spirits of the eternal world. It was a very difficult thing to do, for Saul had either slain all the witches or compelled them to stop business. A servant one day said to King Saul: "I know of a spiritual medium down at the village of Endor." "Do you?" said the king. Night falls. Saul, putting off his kingly robes and putting on the dress of a plain citizen, with two servants, goes out to hunt up this medium.

Saul and his servants after awhile reached the village, and they say: "I wonder if this is the house," and they look in, and they see the haggard, weird and shriveled up spiritual medium sitting by the light and on the table sculptured images and divining rods and poisonous herbs and bottles and vases. They say: "Yes, this must be the place." One loud rap brings the woman to the door, and as she stands there, holding the candle or lamp above her head and peering out into the darkness, she says: "Who is here?" The tall king informs her that he has come to have his fortune told. When she hears that she trembles and almost drops the light, for she knows there is no chance for a fortune teller or spiritual medium in all the land. But Saul having sworn that no harm shall come to her, she says: "Well, who shall I bring up from the dead?" Saul says: "Bring up Samuel." That was the prophet who had died a little while before.

I see her waving a wand, or stirring up some poisonous herbs in a caldron, or hear her muttering over some incantations, or stamping with her foot as she cries out to the realm of the dead: "Samuel, Samuel!" Lo, the freezing horror! The floor of the tenement opens, and the gray hairs float up and the forehead, the eyes, the lips, the shoulders, the arms, the feet—the entire body of the dead Samuel—wrapped in sepulchral robe, appearing to the astonished group, who stagger back and hold fast and catch their breath and shiver with terror.

The dead prophet, white and awful from the tomb, begins to move his ashen lips, and he glares upon King Saul and cries out: "What did you bring me up for? What do you mean, King Saul?" Saul, trying to compose and control himself, makes this stammering and affrighted utterance as he says to the dead prophet: "The Lord is against me, and I have come to you for help. What shall I do?" The dead prophet stretched forth his finger to King Saul and said: "Die to-morrow! Come with me into the sepulcher. I am going now. Come, come with me!" And, lo, the floor again opens, and the feet of the dead prophet disappear and the arms and the shoulders and the forehead! The floor closes. Oh, that was an awful seance!

We are surrounded by mystery—before us, behind us, to the right of us, to the left of us, mystery. There is a vast realm unexplored that science, I have no doubt, will yet map out. He who explores that realm will do the world more service than ever did a Columbus or an Amerigo Vespucci. There are so many things that cannot be accounted for, so many sounds and appearances which defy acoustics and investigation, so many things approximating to the spectral, so many effects which do not seem to have a sufficient cause.

To unlatch the door between the present state and the future state all the fingers of superstition have been busy. We have books entitled "Footfalls on the Boundaries of Other Worlds," "The Debatable Land Between This World and the Next," "Researches Into the Phenomena of Spiritualism" and whole libraries of hocus pocus, enough to deceive the very elect. I shall not take time to rehearse the history of divination, Delphic oracle, sibyl or palmistry or the whole centuries of imposture.

Modern spiritualism proposes to open the door between this world and the next and put us into communication with the dead. It has never yet offered one reasonable credential.

When I find Saul in my text consulting a familiar spirit, I learn that spiritualism is a very old religion.

Spiritualism in America was born in the year 1847, in Hydesville, Wayne county, N. Y., when one night there was a loud rap heard against the door of Michael Weekman; a rap a second time, a rap a third time, and all three times, when the door was opened, there was nothing found there, the knocking having been made seemingly by invisible knuckles. In that same house there was a young woman who had a cold hand passed over her face, and, there being seemingly no arm attached to it, ghostly suspicions were excited.

After awhile Mr. Fox with his family moved into that house, and then they had bangings at the door every night. One night Mr. Fox cried out: "Are you a spirit?" Two raps—answer in the affirmative. "Are you an injured spirit?" Two raps—answer in the affirmative. Then they knew right away that it was the spirit of a peddler who had been murdered in that house years before and who had been robbed of his $500. Whether the spirit of the peddler came back to collect his $500 or his bones I do not know.

The excitement spread. There was a universal rumpus. Hon. Judge Edmonds declared in a book that he had actually seen a bell start from the top shelf of a closet, heard it ring over the people that were standing in the closet; then, swung by invisible hands, it rang over the people in the back parlor and floated through the folding doors to the front parlor, rang over the people there and then dropped on the floor. A senator of the United States, afterward governor of Wisconsin, had his head quite turned with spiritualistic demonstrations. The tables tipped, and the stools tilted, and the bedsteads raised, and the chairs upset, and it seemed as if the spirits everywhere had gone into the furniture business! Well, the people said: "We have got something new in this country. It is a new religion!" Oh, no, my friend, thousands of years ago, we find in our text, a spiritualistic seance!

Nothing in the spiritualistic circles of our day has been more strange, mysterious and wonderful than things which have been seen in past centuries of the world. In all ages there have been necromancers, those who consult with the spirits of the departed; charmers, those who put their subjects in a mesmeric state; sorcerers, those who by taking poisonous drugs see everything and hear everything and tell everything; dreamers, people who in their sleeping moments can see the future world and hold consultation with spirits. Yes, before the time of Christ, the Brahmans went through all the table moving, all the furniture excitement, which the spirits have exploited in our day, precisely the same thing over and over again, under the manipulation of the Brahmans. Now, do you say that spiritualism is different from these? I answer, all these delusions I have mentioned belong to the same family. They are exhumations from the unseen world.

What does God think of all these delusions? He thinks so severely of them that He never speaks of them but with bold thunders of indignation. He says: "I will be a swift witness against the sorcerer." He says: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." And, lest you might make some important distinction between spiritualism and witchcraft, God says, in so many words: "There shall not be among you a consulter of familiar spirits, or wizard, or necromancer, for they that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord." The Lord God Almighty in a score of passages which I have not now time to quote utters His indignation against all this great family of delusions. After that be a spiritualist if you dare!

Still further, we learn from this text how it is that people come to fall into spiritualism. Saul had enough trouble to kill ten men. He did not know where to go for relief. After awhile he resolved to go and see the witch of Endor. He expected that somehow she would afford him relief. It was his trouble drove him there. And I have to tell you now that spiritualism finds its victims in the troubled, the bankrupt, the sick, the bereft. You lose your watch, and you go to the fortune teller to find where it is.

You lose a friend; you want the spiritual world opened, so that you may have communication with him. In a highly wrought, nervous and diseased state of mind you go and put yourself in that communication. That is why I hate spiritualism. It takes advantage of one in a moment of weakness, which may come upon us at any time. We lose a friend. The trial is keen, sharp, suffocating, almost maddening. If we could marshal a host and storm the eternal world and recapture our loved one, the host would soon be marshaled. The house is so lonely. The world is so dark. The separation is so insufferable. But spiritualism says: "We will open the future world, and your loved one can come back and talk to you." Though we may not hear his voice, we may hear the rap of his hand. So, clear the table. Sit down. Put your hands on the table. Be very quiet. Five minutes gone. Ten minutes. No motion of the table. No response from the future world. Twenty minutes. Thirty minutes. Nervous excitement all the time increasing. Forty minutes. The table shivers. Two raps from the future world. The letters of the alphabet are called over. The departed friend's name is John. At the pronunciation of the letter J, two raps. At the pronunciation of the letter O, two raps. At the pronunciation of the letter H, two raps. At the pronunciation of the letter N, two raps. There you have the whole name spelled out—J-o-h-n, John. Now, the spirit being present, you say: "John, are you happy?" Two raps give an affirmative answer.

Pretty soon the hand of the medium begins to twitch and toss and begins to write out, after paper and ink are furnished, a message from the eternal world. What is remarkable, the departed spirit, although it has been amid the illuminations of the Heaven, cannot spell as well as it used to. It has lost all grammatical accuracy, and cannot write as distinctly. I received a letter through a medium once. I sent it back. I said: "Just please to tell those ghosts they had better go to school and get improved in their orthography." Now, just think of spirits, that the Bible represents as enthroned in glory, coming down to crawl under the table and break crockery and ring tea bells before supper is ready and rap the window shutter on a gusty night! What consolation in such miserable stuff as compared with the consolation that our departed friends free from toil and sin and pain are forever happy, and that we will join them, not in mysterious and half utterance which makes the hair stand on end and makes cold chills creep the back, but in a reunion most blessed and happy and glorious!

"And none shall murmur or misdoubt
When God's great sunrise finds us out."

I learn still further from this subject that spiritualism and necromancy are affairs of darkness. Why did not Saul go in the day? He was ashamed to go. Besides that, he knew that this spiritual medium, like all her successors, performed her exploits in the night. The Davenports, the Fowlers, the Foxes, the spiritual mediums of all ages, have chosen the night or a darkened room. Why? The majority of their wonders have been swindles, and deception prospers best in the night.

I indict spiritualism also because it is a social and marital curse. The worst deeds of licentiousness and the worst orgies of uncleanliness have been enacted under its patronage. The story is too vile for me to tell. I will not pollute my tongue or your ears with the recital. Sometimes the civil law has been invoked to stop the outrage. Families innumerable have been broken up by it. It has pushed off hundreds of young women into a life of prodigacy. It talks about "elective affinities" and "affinital relations" and "spiritual matches" and adopts the whole vocabulary of free loveism. In one of its journals it declares "marriage is the monster curse of civilization." "It is a source of debauchery and intemperance." If spiritualism could have its full swing, it would turn this world into a pendemonium of carnality. It is an unclean, adulterous, damnable religion, and the sooner it drops into hell from which it rose the better both for earth and Heaven. For the sake of man's honor and woman's purity I say let the last vestige of it perish forever. I wish I could gather up all the raps it has ever heard from spirits blest or damned and gather them all on its own head in thundering raps of annihilation!

If God is ever slapped in the face it is when a spiritual medium puts down her hand on the table, invoking spirits departed to make a revelation. God has told you all you ought to know, and how dare you be prying into that which is none of your business. You cannot keep the Bible in one hand and spiritualism in the other. One or the other will slip out of your grasp, depend upon it. Spiritualism is adverse to the Bible, in the fact that it has in these last days called from the future world Christian men to testify against Christianity. Its mediums call back Lorenzo Dow, the celebrated evangelist, and Lorenzo Dow testifies that Christians are idolators. Spiritualism calls back Tom Paine, and he testifies that he is stopping in the some house in Heaven with John Bunyan. They call back John Wesley, and he testifies against the Chistian religion, which he all his life gloriously preached. Andrew Jackson Davis, the greatest of all the spiritualists, comes to the front and declares that the New Testament is but "the dismal echo of a barbaric age" and the Bible only "one of the pen and ink relics of Christianity."

I have in my house a book used in spiritualistic service. It contains a catechism and a hymn book. The catechism has these questions and answers:

Q. What is our chief baptism? A. Frequent ablution in water.

Q. What is our inspiration? A. Fresh air and sunshine.

Q. What is our love feast? A. Clear conscience and sound sleep.

Q. What is our prayer? A. Physical exercise.

And then it goes on to show that a great proportion of their religious service is a system of calisthenics. Then when they want to arouse the devotion of the people to the highest pitch, they give out the hymn on the sixty-fifth page:

The night hath gathered up her silken fringes.

Or, on the fifteenth page:

Come to the woods, heigh ho!

"But," says some one, "wouldn't it be of advantage to hear from the future world? Don't you think it would strengthen Christians? There are a great many materialists who do not believe there are souls, but if spirits from the future world should knock and talk over to us they would be persuaded." To that I answer in the ringing words of the Son of God: "If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead."

I believe these are the days of which the apostle spake when he said: "In the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits." Audiences in this day need to have reiterated in their hearing the passages I quoted some minutes ago: "There shall not be among you a consulter of familiar spirits, or wizard, or necromancer, for they that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord," and: "The soul that turneth after such as have familiar spirits I will set my face against them, and they shall be cut off from their people."

But I invite you now to a Christian seance, a noonday seance. This congregation is only one great family. Here is the church table. Come around the church table; take your seats for this great Christian seance; put your Bible on the table, put your hands on top of the Bible and then listen and hear if there are any voices coming from the eternal world. I think there are. Listen! "Secret things belong unto the Lord, our God, but things that are revealed belong unto us and to our children." Surely that is a voice from the spirit world. But before you rise from this Christian seance I want you to promise me that you will be satisfied with the Divine revelation until the light of the eternal throne breaks upon your vision. Do not go after the witch of Endor. Do not sit down at table rappings, either in sport or in earnest.

Teach your children there are no ghosts to be seen or heard in this world save those which walk on two feet or four—human or bestial. Remember that spiritualism at the best is a useless thing, for if it tells what the Bible reveals it is a superfluity, and if it tells what the Bible does not reveal it is a lie. Instead of going out to get other people to tell your fortune, tell your own fortune by putting your trust in God and doing the best you can. I will tell your fortune: "All things work together for good to them that love God." Insult not your departed friends by asking them to come down and scrabble under an extension table. Remember that there is only one spirit whose dictation you have a right to invoke, and that is the holy, blessed and omnipotent spirit of God. Hark! He is rapping now, not on a table or the floor, but rapping on the door of your heart, and every rap is an invitation to Christ and a warning of judgment to come. Oh, grieve Him not away! Quench Him not. He has been all around you this morning. He was all around you last night. He has been around you all your lives. Hark! There comes a voice with tender, overmastering intonation, saying: "My spirit shall not always strive."

A Manhattan Diagnosis.

Surgeons removed a scarf-pin from the vermiform appendix of a New York man and then announced that his death, which followed immediately, was due to pneumonia. This was a peculiar place for a man to wear a scarf-pin, says the Washington Post, and it was enough to give him any fatal disease the physicians might care to select.

DRAFT HORSE POINTS.

Every Feature of the Animal Should Indicate Kindliness, Intelligence and Strength.

Size is an important item in the draft horse, provided, of course, that his disposition is such that his size and strength can be used to advantage.

The 1,200 or 1,300-pound horse cannot draw the load that the 1,800-pound horse can, so that the buyer of a good draft team usually wants them as large as possible, provided they are as good as they are big.

While there will always be a considerable difference of opinion among buyers on minor points, in general the main points will be similar.

The neck should be deep, but not too thick above, and should appear to be a part of the animal rather than stuck on. The head, neck, ears, and, indeed, the whole horse, should indicate kindliness, intelligence, energy and vigor.

The shoulder must be strong and muscular, and should stand at nearly right angles, as he will thus get hold of his load better. In a coach or carriage horse a sloping shoulder is desirable, but not so in a heavy draft horse. While the leg should be clean below, it should be well muscled above, with strong, well-defined tendons, especially behind, and gracefully thickening and widening up the arm and thigh, until their outlines are lost in a symmetrical arch at their connection with the body. Such a formation sets the legs under the horse, rather than stuck on his sides and ends like the legs of a trestle. A horse may get along if he is a little loose in front but any weakness behind unfits him for draft purposes. An open gait behind is often desirable in a trotter, but a draft horse must travel with his legs under him, rather than spraddled.

The hind legs are the fulcrum upon which the power and the load must rest in heavy draft horses, and it is important that they be in the best position of correct formation. A deep, well-sprung rib makes room for large, healthy vital organs. A large, sound muscle with a full flank, denotes good feeding qualities, while being well ribbed denotes an easy keeper. A short, strong back and long, heavy, muscular quarters are elements of strength as well as of beauty.—St. Louis Republic.

ENLARGING A BARN.

How to Add Space to a Structure Whose Capacity Has Become Entirely Too Small.

The cuts given herewith show a very practical method of enlarging a barn whose capacity has become too small. Fig. 1 shows the common form of barns, with the driveway lengthwise straight through the middle—an ex-

FIG. 1.—THE OLD BARN.

travagant use of space. Fig. 2 shows that two "shed-roof" additions have been placed upon the ends, the roof being made continuous with the newly-constructed additions to the old roof. The feeding floor and driveway is thus changed to a crosswise position of the barn, taking less space and affording greater room on either side

FIG. 2.—THE ENLARGED BARN.

for stock and fodder. If the barn has a second floor the new arrangement will afford much greater space above, while the whole of this space above the main floor will be finely lighted from all sides. Though the remodeled barn is changed greatly in appearance the additions are of a nature to make the expense comparatively light.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Two Sides of Sheep Raising.

Sheep raising affords a profit aside from the wool produced. But many farmers seem totally blind to this fact. They do not seem to consider that the sheep is a mutton producer as well as a wool producer, and that mutton has a good cash value. Time will come when there will be growers for both mutton and wool, each specializing. This is true to-day to some extent. There are special wool and distinct mutton types, though a good many sheep raisers seek a breed combining both qualities. However, either type is valuable for more than its one special product—wool or mutton, and in order to secure the largest profit from sheep breeding attention should be given the mutton considerations.—Farmers' Voice.

How Long to Keep a Cow.

So long as the dairy cows prove by their works that they are entitled to the feed given them, so long as they keep a balance on the right side of the ledger, it is unwise to discard them. A paying cow is better than one that in time may be a paying member of the dairy herd. What the dairyman wants is a cow that he knows is paying him. Many cows at the age of 12 or over are good payers, while others in their prime are nonpayers. When once the animal's capacity has accurately been ascertained, and it is known that she is a profitable cow, she should be retained in the herd, and just as long as she maintains her record.—Farmers' Voice.

With nearly all classes of stock the secret of success is superiority in quality. With sheep this is as important as with any other stock, and to make a profit from the growing of wool and mutton superiority must be the aim of the flockmaster.