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 26, 1900. VOL. XXV—NO. 28.

MOTHER'S KINGDOM.

There is a kingdom dear on earth
Known by the name of home
Where love and happiness have birth,
With mother on the throne.
And with her love-bright scepter fair
She reigns in saint-like glory there.

If shadows dim the sacred place,
And touch the subjects dear,
With tender lovelight on her face
That shows no signs of fear,
She smiles and prays until the night
Wears the bright crown of morning light.

And if some foe seeks to invade
The peace-crowned fair domain,
The brave, true mother, undismayed,
Is on Love's altar lain,
To live or die for the weak child
By sin and sorrow both defiled.

O holy kingdom, ruled by love
And earnest prayer and smile,
The kingdom most like that above,
Which knows no sin or guile,
Forever may thy holy light
Banish the gloom of sin and night.

O faithful mother, evermore
May thy true woman's hand
Wave love's sweet scepter gently o'er
The little household band!
While thou dost reign in thy great worth
God's angels white shall walk the earth!
—Mrs. M. A. Hilt, in Christian Work.

The Story of a Lost Dog

PERSONALLY, I don't like so-called domestic animals, and, therefore, when my children came dragging after them a Scotch collie, with his hair all matted and his muddy feet leaving nasty-looking tracks on the library rugs, I spoke to them rather sharply and ordered Jawkins to kick the dog out.

"But he's lost, papa," said my eldest.

"Well, let him stay lost," I responded, rather gruffly.

"I speck somebody's nawful sorry to lose him," said Jack, my five-year-old.

I was busy with my essay on "The Milk of Human Kindness," so when Jawkins (Jawkins is our general factotum—my wife calls him the butler)—dragged the dog out of my sight I forgot him. It seems the children considered the dog as treasure-trove, and they took him out and locked him in the stable, feeding him expensive steaks, which they found in the larder. He disturbed my rest that night with his mournful howling, and early in the morning I went down, opened the stable door and turned him loose.

Unfortunately, the treatment accorded that dog by my children had been so generous that the dog had sense enough not to stay lost. For days he continued to hang around my place, making life miserable for me, and my wife watched my cheeks growing sallow and my appetite diminishing with unconcealed alarm.

It was rather a relief, therefore, when on the fourth day she brought me a copy of the News and pointed triumphantly to the following advertisement:

FOUND—A SCOTCH COLLIE DOG; EVIdently of fine breeding. The dog has been at our house for four days. Owner can regain possession of the animal by applying in person and proving property. No questions asked. Apply after nine a. m. at 6932 Delaware street.

"Thanks, my dear," I said, gratefully; "do you think that will get rid of him?"

"Not a doubt of it," said my wife.

Next morning, having finished a good breakfast and being just settled down to reading chapter 12 in Tupper's "Moral Philosophy," there was a ring at the front doorbell, and Jawkins said:

"A gent to see you, sir."

"Show him up," I replied, laying my book down with a sigh.

The individual who presented himself and calmly took a seat in my new Morris chair smirked and said:

"I am Rev. Theophilus Jubes, of the Third Theosophical church. I called in regard to the following:"

From his greasy garments he drew a dirty copy of the News and pointed with a chubby forefinger to the advertisement inserted by my wife.

"Ah," said I. "Yes, you want your dog. He is now tied up in the stable. Jawkins, show this gentleman his dog."

"Yes, sir," said Jawkins, leading the Theosophist out.

In a moment he returned. "Beg pardon, sir, but there's three gents and a lady waiting to see you, sir."

"Indeed," said I; "show them up—one at a time, Jawkins."

The first visitor, clad in blue overalls and carrying an odor of stale fish about his person, came hesitatingly in, looked with a senile smile at the books on the shelves, blushed a little as his eyes lighted on a full-length statuette of Psyche and said:

"I called about that dawg."

"Oh, yes," I replied. "Very sorry, but the dog turns out to be the property of a minister. He is out in my stable getting him, now."

"Well, but—that's—my—dawg—I reckon," slowly drawled my acquaintance. "I seed—that—ad.—last—night. I live out—at—Broad—Ripple. I—lost—hix—last—week. 'Tain't—no—minister's dawg."

"What color was your dog?" I asked him.

"Brindle—gray—I—reckon," was the reply.

"Well, I'm sorry, but this can't be your dog, for he's black and tan."

"Wall," he replied, "I—guess—then—'tain't mine. Good—day—sir."

"Good day," I rejoined, shortly.

But still he lingered.

"Pardon me," I said. "There are others waiting to see me."

"Yes—I—know. Only—only—only—you—see—'t—cost—me—ten—cents—to—come—in—here—from—Broad—Ripple—'n' I—thought—"

"Jawkins!" I shouted, "show the next man in."

The next man was a colored man, who was evidently employed in the whitewashing business. He was white everywhere except on his skin, and he powdered lime all over my apartment.

"Jes' called t' see 'bout that dorg, mister," he explained, with a grin.

"Dog's gone," I grunted.

"No, siree; no, he ain't. I seed that air preacher fellow a-wrestling with the dorg, and I done tole 'im he'd better drap him, 'cause he's mine, 'n' the dorg's out there a-waitin' for me now."

"Well, hang it all, go out and get him, then. I don't care who gets him, so long as some of you take him away."

"All right, air; that dorg cert'nly am mine, 'n' I'se gwine to have 'im."

Then a young lady with an abbreviated skirt and an affected manner sidled into my room.

"Thank you so much," she giggled, "for advertising my Fido. You know I lost him while I was shopping in the Baltimore store last Friday. Dear little fellow, I do hope you've fed him. I know he won't eat meat. We always give him bread and milk. I'd like to pay you for your trouble, and how much did the advertisement cost? I suppose I'll have to pay that?"

"Miss," I said, "there's some mistake. The dog I've advertised is not named Fido. I do not know what his name is, but it's not Fido. As for feeding him bread and milk, this dog has eaten two dollars' worth of porterhouse steak and—"

"Well, I do think the police ought to get after these people who put misleading advertisements in the papers. I suppose they're too busy arresting gamblers to pay any attention to these confidence men; if my brother were here, he'd show you how to—"

"Jawkins," I shouted, "show the lady out."

"Beg pardon, sir," said Jawkins, with a suspicion of a smile. "There's seven boys of varying ages, about 36 men, nine women and a policeman waiting in the front yard to see you, sir; I believe it's in regard to an advertisement."

"O, Lord!" I ejaculated. "Show up the most respectable, Jawkins."

It was a middle-aged woman of hard visage that came in, and took the most comfortable chair in the place.

"Would you mind throwing that nasty cigar down," she said, looking at me from over her spectacles. "I can't abide smoke."

"Certainly, madam," I said, throwing my cigar in the fireplace. "What can I do for you? Did you come about the lost dog?"

"I came, sir, as the representative of the Associated Workers in the Cause of Right Living, to ask you for a subscription to—"

"Madam, I never subscribe thus early in the morning," I replied.

"They're still a-coming, sir," broke in Jawkins.

They were coming indeed!

They came on foot, in carriages, in farm wagons, in buggies. Each street car that stopped by my door discharged half a dozen or more passengers, who rushed pell-mell to my garden, which was by this time a seething mass of humanity. As I went to the front porch and looked out over the sea of faces, I could hear many in the crowd calling some one a "swindler," a "cheat," and saying: "Don't believe he's got any dog." "It's all a put-up game," "He ought to be arrested," and similar remarks.

I sneaked back into the front hallway. "Jawkins," I said, "where is that dog?"

"That minister's trying to coax him out of the stable, sir," was the reply.

I went back to the stable and found the collie still tied there, but he was getting excited at the noise outside and at the strange manner of the Theosophist, who was, I believe, trying to hypnotize him. Under my instructions, Jawkins loosened the chain, and the dog, with a savage snarl, sprang at the Theosophist, who turned and fled. So did I. The dog caught the minister before he had gone very far, and took a good taste of theosophical blood; then he turned on the darky and got a mouthful of whitewash, and then, catching a glimpse of the large crowd, he ran around the house, and, with a battle cry in his throat, sailed in.

I was so excited and so exasperated at the events of the morning that I forgot myself, and in the midst of the melee found myself shouting: "Sic 'em, Tige! Take 'em, old man! Good doggie! Sic 'em! Sic!"

The crowd parted, wavered, fled, and the dog, hoarse with much barking, lay down on the front lawn, right in the midst of a bed of calla lilies, and panted with exhaustion.

"He's mad," went up the cry.

The street cars had stopped, the whole street in front of my house was filled with an excited mob, breathing dire vengeance on my devoted head. The policeman who had, in the meantime, sent in a hurry-up call for help to the police station, came stealthily around the house. He had a shining revolver in his hand. He crept up to the dog and with a well directed shot that startled the neighborhood, and broke one of my parlor windows, he ended the dog's troubles forever. I saw him bleeding all over my calla lilies. I saw the crowd, still growing in proportions as additional editions of the News gave my "ad" wider publicity, and, coward that I am, fearing the consequences, I fled out of the back door and am now spending more money than I can afford in Chicago, waiting for the effects of my want ad. to pass away.—Indianapolis News.

FORTUNE TELLING BY ADEPTS

There Is a Movement Afoot to Abolish the Growing Evil in Paris.

In accordance with a recommendation made in a recent report of the prefecture of police in Paris, extraordinary measures will shortly be taken to suppress "the social evil of fortune-telling," says the New York Times. According to the report there are over 2,000 persons in Paris who make an excellent living by telling fortunes by cards. They dress in the most fashionable style and have apartments fitted up like those of prosperous dentists or physicians.

There are no theatrical surroundings or mysterious appliances. It is said that the advance of science has caused the fortune teller to discard the weird and magical features that were formerly identified, with his profession, while his success has seemed to augment for the same reason. The fees run from a franc or two to several hundred.

The grave danger to society in these fortune-tellers, the report points out, is not owing to the fact that "they deceive persons, who, indeed, would desire to be deceived," but that soon or late they become blackmailers, which is "their actual, although hidden, character from the first."

Attractive.

Agent—If we advertise that your patent food is for brain workers, we shall attract almost everybody.

Proprietor—Yes?

Agent—Yes, everybody except the actual brain workers.—Detroit Journal.

TALMAGE ON CREEDS.

Preacher Would Rid Humanity of Ecclesiastical Dogma.

Moves for a Creed for All Denominations Made Out of Scripture Quotations—Things That Hamper Christians.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.] Washington.

At a time when the old discussion of creeds is being vigorously and somewhat bitterly revived this discourse of Dr. Talmage has a special interest. The text is John xi., 44: "Loose him and let him go."

My Bible is at the place of this text written all over with lead pencil marks made at Bethany on the ruins of the house of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. We dismounted from our horses on the way up from Jordan to the Dead sea. Bethany was the summer evening retreat of Jesus. After spending the day in the hot city of Jerusalem he would come out there almost every evening to the house of his three friends. I think the occupants of that house were orphans, for the father and mother are not mentioned. But the son and two daughters must have inherited property, for it must have been, judging from what I saw of the foundations and the size of the rooms, an opulent home. Lazarus, the brother, was now at the head of the household, and his sisters depended on him and were proud of him, for he was very popular, and everybody liked him, and these girls were splendid girls—Martha, a first-rate housekeeper, and Mary, a spirituelle, somewhat dreamy, but affectionate and as good a girl as could be found in all Palestine. But one day Lazarus got sick. The sisters were in consternation. Father gone, and mother gone, they felt very nervous lest they lose their brother also. Disease did its quick work. How the girls hung over his pillow! Not much sleep about that house—no sleep at all.

From the characteristics otherwise developed, I judge that Martha prepared the medicines and made tempting dishes of food for the poor appetite of the sufferer, but Mary prayed and sobbed. Worse and worse gets Lazarus until the doctor announces that he can do no more. The shriek that went up from that household when the last breath had been drawn and the two sisters were being led by sympathizers into the adjoining room all those of us can imagine who have had our own hearts broken. But why was not Jesus there as He had so often been? Far away in the country districts, preaching, healing other sick, how unfortunate that this omnipotent Doctor had not been at that domestic crisis in Bethany. When at last Jesus arrived in Bethany, Lazarus had been buried four days and dissolution had taken place. In that climate the breathless body disintegrates more rapidly than in ours. If, immediately after decease, the body had been awakened into life, unbelievers might have said he was only in a comatose state or in a sort of trance and by some vigorous manipulation or powerful stimulant vitality had been renewed. No! Four days dead.

At the door of the sepulcher is a crowd of people, but the three most memorable are Jesus, who was the family friend, and the two bereft sisters. We went into the traditional tomb one December day, and it is deep down and dark, and with torches we explored it. We found it all quiet that afternoon of our visit, but the day spoken of in the Bible there was present an excited multitude. I wonder what Jesus will do? He orders the door of the grave removed, and then he begins to descend the steps. Mary and Martha close after him, and the crowd after them. Deeper down into the shadows and deeper! The hot tears of Jesus fall over his cheeks and plash upon the back of His hands. Were ever so many sorrows compressed into so small a space as in that group pressing on down after Christ, all the time bemoaning that He had not come before?

Now all the whispering and all the crying and all the sounds of shuffling feet are stopped. It is the silence of expectancy. Death had conquered, but now the vanquisher of death confronted the scene. Amid the awful hush of the tomb, the familiar name which Christ had often had upon His lips in the hospitalities of the village home came back to His tongue, and with pathos and an almightiness of which the resurrection of the last day shall only be an echo, He cries: "Lazarus, come forth!" The eyes of the slumberer open, and he rises and comes to the foot of the steps and with great difficulty begins to ascend, for the cerements of the tomb are yet on him, and his feet are fast and his hands are fast and the impediments to all his movements are so great that Jesus commands: "Take off these cerements! Remove these hindrances! Unfasten these grave-clothes! Loose him, and let him go!"

Oh, I am so glad that after the Lord raised Lazarus He went on and commanded the loosening of the cords that bound his feet so that he could walk and the breaking of the cerements that bound his hands so that he could stretch out his arms in salutation and the tearing off of the bandage from around his jaws so that he could speak. What would resurrected life have been to Lazarus if he had not been freed from all those cripplements of his body? I am glad that Christ commanded his complete emancipation, saying: "Loose him, and let him go."

The unfortunate thing now is that so many Christians are only half-liberated. They have been raised from the death and burial of sin into spiritual life, but they yet have the grave-clothes on them. They are, like Lazarus, hobbling up the stairs of the tomb bound hand and foot, and the object of this sermon is to help free their body and free their souls, and I shall try to obey the Master's command that comes to me and comes to every minister of religion: "Loose him, and let him go!"

Many are bound hand and foot by religious creeds. Let no man misinterpret me as antagonizing creeds. I have eight or ten of them—a creed about religion, a creed about art, a creed about social life, a creed about government, and so on. A creed is something that a man believes, whether it be written or unwritten. The Presbyterian church is now agitated about its creed. Some good men in it are for keeping it because it was framed from the belief of John Calvin. Other good men in it want revision. I am with neither party. Instead of revision I want substitution. I was sorry to have the question disturbed at all. The creed did not hinder us from offering the pardon and the comfort of the Gospel to all men, and the Westminster Confession has not interfered with me one minute. But now that the electric lights have been turned on the imperfections of that creed—and everything that man fashions is imperfect—let us put the old creed respectfully aside and get a brand new one.

What a time we have had with the dogmatics, the apologetics and the hermeneutics. The defect in some of the creeds is that they try to tell us all about the decrees of God. Now the only human being that was ever competent to handle that subject was Paul, and he would not have been competent had he not been inspired. I believe in the sovereignty of God and I believe in man's free agency, but no one can harmonize the two. It is not necessary that we harmonize them. Every sermon that I have ever heard that attempted such harmonization was to me as clear as a London fog, as clear as mud. My brother of the nineteenth century, my brother of the sixteenth century, give us Paul's statement and leave out your own. Better one chapter of Paul on that subject than all of Calvin's institutes, able and honest and mighty as they are. Do not try to measure either the throne of God or the thunderbolts of God with your little steel pen. What do you know about the decrees? You cannot pry open the door of God's eternal counsels. You cannot explain the mysteries of God's government now; much less the mysteries of His government five hundred quintillion years ago.

I move for a creed for all our denominations made out of Scripture quotations pure and simple. That would take the earth for God. That would be impregnable against infidelity and Apollyonic assault. That would be beyond human criticism. The denomination, whatever its name be, that can rise up to that will be the church of the millennium, will swallow up all other denominations and be the one that will be the bride when the Bridegroom cometh. Let us make it simpler and plainer for people to get into the kingdom of God. Do not hinder people by the idea that they may not have been elected. Do not tag on to the one essential of faith in Christ any of the innumerable nonessentials. A man who heartily accepts Christ is a Christian, and the man who does not accept Him is not a Christian, and that is all there is of it. He need not believe in election or reprobation. He need not believe in the eternal generation of the Son. He need not believe in everlasting punishment. He need not believe in infant baptism. He need not believe in plenary inspiration. Faith in Christ is the criterion, is the test, is the pivot, is the indispensable.

But there are those who would add unto the tests rather than subtract from them. There are thousands who would not accept persons into church membership if they drink wine of if they smoke cigars or if they attend the theater or if they play cards or if they drive a fast horse. But do not substitute tests which the Bible does not establish. There is one passage of Scripture wide enough to let all in who ought to enter and to keep out all who ought to be kept out: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Get a man's heart right, and his life will be right. But now that the old creeds have been put under public scrutiny, something radical must be done. Some would split them, some would elongate them, some would abbreviate them. At the present moment and in the present shape they are a hindrance. Lazarus is alive, but hampered with the old grave-clothes. If you want one glorious church, free and unincumbered, take off the cerements of old ecclesiastical vocabulary. Loose her, and let her go!

Again, there are Christians who are under sepulchral shadows and fears and hoppled by doubts and fears and sins long ago repented of. What they need is to understand the liberty of the sons of God. They spend more time under the shadow of Sinai than at the base of Calvary. They have been singing the only poor hymn that Newton ever wrote:

'Tis a point I long to know;
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I His or am I not?

Long to know, do you? Why do you not find out? Go to work for God, and you will very soon find out. The man who is all the time feeling his pulse and looking at his tongue to see whether it is coated is morbid and cannot be physically well. The doctor will say: "Go out into the fresh air and into active life and stop thinking of yourself, and you will get well and strong." So there are people who are watching their spiritual symptoms, and they call it self-examination, and they get weaklier and sicklier in their faith all the time. Go out and do something nobly Christian. Take holy exercise and then examine yourself, and instead of Newton's saturnine and bilious hymn that I first quoted you will sing Newton's other hymn:

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

What many of you Christians most need is to get your graveclothes off. I rejoice that you have been brought from the death of sin to the life of the Gospel, but you need to get your hand loose, and your feet loose, and your tongue loose, and your soul loose. There is no sin that the Bible so arraigns and punctures and flagellates as the sin of unbelief, and that is what is the matter with you. "Oh," you say, "if you knew what I once was and how many times I have grievously strayed you would understand why I do not come out brighter!" Then I think you would call yourself the chief of sinners. I am glad you hit upon that term, for I have a promise that fits into your case as the cogs of one wheel between the cogs of another wheel or as the key fits into the labyrinths of a lock.

A man who was once called Saul, but afterward Paul, declared: "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." Mark that—"of whom I am chief." "Put down your overcoats and hats, and I will take care of them while you kill Stephen." So Saul said to the stoners of the first martyr. "I do not care to exert myself much, but I will guard your surplus apparel while you do the murder." The New Testament account says: "The witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet, whose name was Saul." No wonder he said: "Sinners, of whom I am the chief."

Christ is used to climbing. He climbed to the top of the temple. He climbed to the top of Mount Olivet. He climbed to the top of the cliffs about Nazareth. He climbed to the top of Golgotha. And to the top of the hills and the mountains of your transgression He is ready to climb with pardon for every one of you. The groan of Calvary is mightier than the thunder of Sinai. Full receipt is offered for all your indebtedness. If one throws a stone at midnight into a bush where the hedge bird roosts, it immediately begins to sing, and into the midnight hedges of your despondency these words I hurl, hoping to awaken you to anthem. Drop the tunes in the minor key and take the major. Do you think it pleases the Lord for you to be carrying around with you the debris and carcasses of old transgressions? You make me think of some ship that has had a tempestuous time at sea and now that it proposes another voyage keeps on its davits the damaged lifeboats and the splinters of a shivered mast and the broken glass of a smashed skylight. My advice is: Clear the decks, overboard with all the damaged rigging, brighten up the salted smokestacks, open a new logbook, haul in the planks, lay out a new course and set sail for Heaven. You have had the spiritual dumps long enough. You will please the Lord more by being happy than by being miserable.

Again, my text has good advice concerning any Christian hampered and bothered and bound by fear of his own dissolution. To such the book refers when it speaks of those who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage. The most of us, even if we have the Christian hope, are cowards about death. If a plank fall from a scaffolding and just grazes our hat, how pale we look! If the Atlantic ocean plays with the steamship, pitching it toward the heavens and letting it suddenly drop, how even the Christian passengers pester the steward or stewardess as to whether there is any danger, and the captain, who has been all night on the bridge and chilled through, coming in for a cup of coffee, is assailed with a whole battery of questions as to what he thinks of the weather. And many of the best people are, as Paul says, throughout their lifetime in bondage by fear of death. My brothers and sisters, if we made full use of our religion we would soon get over this.

Heaven is 95 per cent. better than this world, a thousand per cent. better, a million per cent. better. Take the gladdest, brightest, most jubilant days you ever had on earth and compress them all into one hour, and that hour would be a requiem, a fast day, a gloom, a horror, as compared with the poorest hour they have had in Heaven since its first tower was built or its first gate swung or its first song caroled. "Oh," you say, "that may be true, but I am so afraid of crossing over from this world to the next, and I fear the snapping of the cord between soul and body." Well, all the surgeons and physicians and scientists declare that there is no pang at the parting of the body and soul, and all the restlessness at the closing hour of life is involuntary, and no distress at all. And I agree with the doctors, for what they say is confirmed by the fact that persons who were drowned or were submerged until all consciousness departed and were afterward resuscitated declare that the sensation of passing into unconsciousness was pleasurable rather than distressful. The cage of the body has a door on easy hinges, and when that door of the physical cage opens the soul simply puts out its wings and soars.

"But," you say, "I fear to go because the future is so full of mystery." Well, I will tell you how to treat the mysteries. The mysteries have ceased bothering me, for I do as the judges of your courts often do. They hear all the arguments in the case and they say: "I will take these papers and give you my decision next week." So I have heard all the arguments in regard to the next world, and some things are uncertain and full of mystery, and so I fold up the papers and reserve until the next world my decision about them. I can there study all the mysteries to better advantage, for the light will be better and my faculties stronger, and I will ask the Christian philosophers, who have had all the advantages of Heaven for centuries, to help me, and I may be permitted myself humbly to ask the Lord, and I think there will be only one mystery left; that will be how one so unworthy as myself got into such an enraptured place. Come up out of the sepulchral shadows. If you are not Christians by faith in Christ, come up into the light; and if you are already like Lazarus, reanimated, but still have your grave clothes on, get rid of them. The command is: "Loose him, and let him go."

The Family Described.

A Savannah sportsman who recently went on a fishing trip up the Savannah river tells a story of an old darky whom he saw on the bank of the stream. To engage the old man in conversation just for fun the sportsman called out:

"Whose place is this, old man?"

"Hit Mr. Swinnin place," was the reply.

"Good big place, isn't it?"

"Yassir, purty big place."

"Has Mr. Swinnon any children?"

"Yassir," was the answer; "he got four head ob daughter, but he ain't got no son."—Savannah (Ga.) News.

Policy to Keep Quiet.

When you have done a charitable act don't boast of it. If you do, you may be called upon to do another.—Somerville Journal.

A first-class watchmaker gets credit for his good works. — Chicago Daily News.

REMEDY FOR SEASICKNESS.

A Prominent St. Louisan Makes a Discovery That May Be of Value to Ocean Voyagers.

The time is approaching when many contemplate crossing the Atlantic ocean, and most are likely to feel the unpleasant effect of seasickness. Even those who think they are good sailors will realize that the motion of the ship is something they are not accustomed to.

A great many people do not go to Europe because they find the ocean voyage very unpleasant, in fact, unendurable; while others would go oftener if it were not for the seasickness from which they suffer so much. There have been quite a number of articles recommended, and some have quite a sale for this unpleasant malady, but a real specific has not yet been found. When in the year 1898 my wife and I were about to sail for home from South Africa, a gentleman who had been very kind to us during our stay at Rosebank (a suburb of Cape Town), handed us a piece of dried beef, wrapped in paper, stating that this was an excellent remedy for seasickness, and he called it "biltong." I had never heard that name before, and hence I asked him to write it down, which he did. He said it was meat from antelopes, salted and dried in the air. We remarked that we were good sailors, had crossed the Atlantic ocean a great many times, and had not been seasick during the last ten years, but our friend and his good wife, however, insisted on our taking it along, and if we did not need it, some of our fellow-passengers might need it.

Our voyage from Cape Town to Southampton was so calm that we had no occasion to use it or offer it to others, but our trip from Southampton to New York was exceedingly rough—it being in the month of December, and here we found ample use for the biltong. At the first breakfast on the steamer Paris, a few of our table friends did not make their appearance, and, upon inquiry, it was learned that they were indisposed (and, by the way, they live in St. Louis). It then occurred to me that we had something that had been recommended to us for seasickness, and we spoke of it. One lady said she would like to have her daughter try it, so I went to our cabin and cut a number of thin slices and gave it to her. In less than 30 minutes the young lady was at the breakfast table, and in spite of the fact that the entire voyage was very rough, she did not miss a meal thereafter.

But this was not the only case where its efficacy was demonstrated. A few more at our table failed to appear and I also gave them a little of the biltong, and the results were the same. It soon became noised about the ship and the demand for this remedy was brisk. In every case the results were quite astonishing, so that the stock on hand was almost exhausted; but it was a very pleasant experience for myself and wife that we could, in such a simple way, relieve our fellow-passengers, as we had both in our younger days experienced to our heart's content what it is to be seasick.

As before stated, this article, "biltong," was entirely unknown to me—that is, I had never heard the name before—but since then I have come across the word several times, and I am told it is the same as jerked beef, and this word I have found in connection with articles written in Cuba and seems to be well known by that name. I am told that it is almost identical with "biltong."

I am also led to believe that it need not necessarily be from antelope—dried loin of beef, air-dried and strongly salted, is virtually the same thing, and I am even of the opinion that smoked beef would have very similar effect, as its pungency is apt to affect the stomach pleasantly when a person is inclined to be nauseous. All that is required when the same is to be used is to cut it in thin shavings or slices, thoroughly masticate and chew it, and gradually swallow it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

COMMANDEERING.

An English View of the Practice That Has Been Followed Out by the Boers.

Commandeering of private property on the part of the Boers began on the first day of the war, and has continued ever since. It has been practiced with all the greater gusto that the chief part of it has so far been done at our expense. It will be much less pleasant to the Boers by and by, when it has to be done in their own territory. To drive them out of Natal and Cape Colony would be no less advantageous as a financial than as a military operation. They would then have brought home to them for the first time the terrible price of the struggle they have rushed into. Until they are driven back on their own soil they will not seriously feel the cost of the war. Hitherto, unfortunately, they have been able to live, to a large extent, on the enemy. It will be a very different thing for their war chest when they have to live on themselves.

Commandeering is a very wide word in the Boer vocabulary nowadays. There is immense scope for it in the republic, not on the field of war only, but wherever seizable property may happen to be. In the international code of the Boers private property has no existence. Everything that can be laid hold of, from a gold mine to a roadside store, is contraband of war. Before the campaign was a month old the Boers practically commandeered the whole of the Rand gold field. It is not often that a belligerent has a chance to loot 30 miles of gold-bearing reef at a stroke. But this fabulous prize has not yielded much to the enemy so far. Evidently they cannot work the mines to great advantage, for they have now started an alternative scheme to tax them from 30 to 50 per cent on their gross output. About a dozen of the richest mines on the Rand are being worked under government supervision, ostensibly for account of the owners, but the gold passes, in the first instance, into the treasury, and the reckoning with the owners may not take place for years, if ever. Meanwhile, the government will have the use of the gold.—National Review.

ABOUT APPENDICITIS.

A Popular Belief That Is Erroneous—Symptoms and How It Should Be Treated.

The vermiform appendix, inflammation of which constitutes appendicitis, is a curious little offshoot from the large intestines near the point where it is joined by the small intestine. It is a hollow tube about as thick as a lead-pencil, from an inch to several inches in length, which communicates with the cavity of the large intestine but is closed at its free extremity. Nobody knows definitely what its use is, and many think it has no use at all.

It is a popular belief that inflammation of the appendix is often caused by the lodgment in it of a grape-seed or some similar little body, but as a matter of face this very seldom occurs, and no one need deprive himself of a delicious and nourishing fruit from any such fear.

There are probably very few persons of middle age who have not had appendicitis, but fortunately they did not know it. It is only when the inflammation becomes severe and involves the parts about the appendix that violent symptoms appear, and this occurs in only a small proportion of cases.

The disease is more frequent with the young than with the middle-aged or old.

In mild cases the only symptom is a slight dull or colicky pain in or near the right groin. When the inflammation is more severe, or extends to the neighboring parts, the symptoms become more pronounced. There is a sharp pain in the abdomen, signs of dyspepsia—loss of appetite, nausea or vomiting, and bowel disturbances—are present, and there is often slight fever.

In the most serious cases a sudden, violent pain occurs, there is marked fever, and the patient is depressed and presents all the signs of being very ill. Hiccough is often a distressing symptom.

The treatment of appendicitis is one of the points upon which doctors disagree. Some believe that in nearly every case a cure will follow rest in bed, a milk diet, cold applications to the abdomen and sedative remedies. Others assert that an operation is necessary in every instance, and that this should be performed the instant a diagnosis of appendicitis is made, before serious symptoms appear.

The proper course, here as elsewhere, is doubtless the middle one, for in many cases an operation is absolutely necessary to save life, while in others recovery will take place without subjecting the patient to this serious risk. In any case a sufferer from appendicitis is in danger, and should be under the constant care of his physician.—Youth's Companion.

BITS OF FASHION.

The Latest Styles in Women's Waists and Gowns for the Current Season.

Newer than the pearl cuff buttons for wash waists are the crocheted cuff links. The white ones are of cotton and will wash with the waists. There are others in black and colors of silk. They are only 75 cents a pair, come from a smart shop, and are "something different."

Handsome pattern gowns are of point d'esprit in a large coarse net, with an all-over design in silk appliqued on. All black is handsome, and black on a steel ground effective. Nothing has been more stylish, however, in appliqued gowns than the black cloth appliqued on to black silk.

The handkerchief waists, the handkerchief stocks, and the same material in Persian designs, on outing hats, are all stylish and pretty or not according to individual tastes. It takes three large handkerchiefs to make a waist, and one will be made at a woman's haberdasher's for five dollars, $20, the waist complete. With the handkerchief waists are others in large flowered surah on plain grounds, for instance, big brown roses on a pale blue ground, the roses outlining the fronts to the waist. These flowered waists can be worn by women whose complexions are not suited to the brilliant hues to be found in most of the handkerchiefs. There are some in dark blues, but the greater number are more becoming to brunettes than blondes.

The stripes running lengthwise predominate in most of the shirt waists this season. The sleeves fit more closely and even the cuffs are smaller, fitting quite snugly to the wrist. Pretty wash flannels are made plain and blousing quite a little in front, with a single narrow box plait in the center of the back, and running from the shoulders on either side three side plaits facing toward the box plait in the center. The waist plaits run well in at the waist line, which gives them a diagonal course and shows off the stripe of the material. Blue and white stripes predominate, but all colors are to be found.

A simple little morning gown that the heroine of an old-fashioned novel might have worn is made of dimity, a real old-school novel material, blue on a white ground, a simple little stripe. The little frock is made perfectly plain in one piece, white lace jaboted down the front and finishing the inner seams of the sleeve, which reaches to the elbow, and is open full length. The sleeve is cut in a straight piece to fall away from the arm.—N. Y. Times.

Diurnal Range of Rain.

The British meteorological council issued a discussion of the diurnal range of rain in Great Britain. The general conclusion drawn by Dr. Scott is that everywhere in the British islands the forenoon hours, from about ten o'clock, are drier than the rest of the day, and that although the temperature has not then nearly reached its maximum, invalids would be less likely to get wet if they went out in the morning.—Chicago Tribune.

Roast Oysters.

Cut stale bread into thin slices, fit these in patty-pans, toast and butter, moisten with oyster liquor, then lay oysters over the toast, season with a little salt and cayenne, dot with bits of butter. Cover closely and bake in a hot oven ten minutes. Serve hot.—Good Housekeeping.

Crowding the Seasons.

Author—I have here a spring poem.

Editor—Spring is not the time for chestnuts.—Town Topics.

WALL PAPER FOR COTTAGES.

Departures from the Conventional Suggested for Summer Homes—Wood Finish.

A departure from the conventional rule for wall papering is admissible in cottages that serve only as summer houses. The reason is apparent when one gives a thought to the comparatively short period of time in which houses of this kind are occupied, the coming and going of different guests, and the absence of the permanent decorations of the city residence. These three elements, then, are the guide to a choice of certain daring color effects and striking designs, a combination that conduces in a great measure to unique finishing.

The wall hangings and wood finish to be happily united must be planned while the house is in the hands of the builder. Situation, environment, use and artistic merit may then receive their due value with a greater certainty of reaching ideal results. As a preparation for the right selection of wood, the wall papers themselves may be turned to as teachers, and among the unnumbered varieties made nowadays some are distinctive enough to suggest their own accompaniments of wood work and furniture.

Backgrounds, in general, make their own plea for a duplicate setting of woodwork. White paint is demanded by flowered designs printed upon white ground. A quiet-toned paper applied to a room flooded with sunlight or exposed to a glaring water view, requires a soft, dull paint on window casings and doors.

Southern pine rubbed down with shellac is often adopted for the interior finish of cotages. To offset its monotonous appearance the wall papers should be chosen for their variety of expression, with due regard to the tone of their setting. Different shades of yellow—cream, buff, canary, buttercup—may be united with blue or green, and the latter color used alone. Reds need to be avoided.

Picture papers carry a decorative charm that will pleasantly characterize the walls of the summer cottage. "The Troubadour" in its white-and-green printing makes a cool, fresh and comfortable-looking wall hanging for a music room. For accessories it suggests white woodwork, muslin curtains, a green carpet and willow furniture.

As a contrast to the heat of summer and the pervasive outdoor greens, there is winter landscape in deep blue and white that speaks for white enameled furniture in a bedroom. For the dining-room a high dado could be made of a Dutch landscape showing windmills. A plain paper above would graphically outline some pieces of china. A novel design of the favorite pine cone motive is made in brown and blue, and indicates the use of two colors in oak furniture and azure window draperies. A pear blossom pattern on a light green groundwork can be applied to bedroom walls, and the blossoms adopted also upon the toilet china and bureau linen.

For a north room a good choice is one of the full-blown red roses on a white ground. Curtains for bed covers and and chair cushions can be matched in color and design with excellent effect. Two flower papers vivid with summer loveliness, and novel in conception, are those of pink poppies and daisies, and purple lilacs. An entertaining wall covering for a reception room is a reproduction of the colonial scenes, and for the dining-room the English hunting scenes.

For the single chambers of a cottage there is a call for a paper with a fine, almost indistinguishable figure. The armure printed in two tones of one color meets most closely this special need, or, for a substitute a small, geometrical design made for ceilings. The picturesque outlines of the sharp-pointed roofs of a cottage offer a distracting problem when the treatment of the inside walls is attempted. The difficulties of frieze, moulding and dado can all be obliterated by selecting a small pattern without perpendicular lines and hanging it over side walls and ceiling. A rose climbing over a trellis, or flower powdered thickly, are charming used in this manner.

For every artistic utilitarian need of the cottage walls there is a superabundance of happy ideas, varied colors, clever designs, that will contribute more than any other feature to the interior delights of the summer home.—N. Y. Sun.

The Real Secret of Tidiness.

The real secret of tidiness is to leave things where they can be found by the persons who require them, and not to hide them away in blotters and presses and drawers; not to go into a man's study and put all his papers indiscriminately into packages or a receipted bill into an envelope which he is sure to destroy. In a woman's eye every business papr is an unsightly object, which she considers it her duty to dispose of, and though she may hear the man who owns it cursing about the house, she never has the grace of the jackdaw of Rheims to come forward and say what she has done with it. Indeed, she will deny with indignant innocence and tears that she ever touched his papers, and when, if happily it is discovered, he looks reproachfully or smiles, she simply says: "Oh! is that what you are looking for? My dear, you should not leave such things about." Just as if he had no right to the use of a table or the corner of a chimney-piece in his own house.—From "Domestic Blunders of Women," by a Mere Man.

A Fetching Combination.

White and ecru is a combination extensively employed. A lovely summer gown is made of white Swiss embroidered with a small ecru dot. There is a double skirt to this gown, and both top and bottom skirts are trimmed with three plaited frills of Swiss, two plain with an ecru one between them. The same style of trimming is used on the bodice, the plaits being put on with a fichu effect. An ecru linen has bands of white linen stitched on, while a white linen is run with ecru lines and has vest, cuffs and bands on the skirt of ecru linen, edged with a heavy ecru linen lace.—Detroit Free Press.

Preparatory.

Bookkeeper—Your wife is at the door, sir, and would like to speak to you a moment.

Mr. Sellers—Yes; just see what my balance at the bank is—!" you?—Harper's Bazar.