The St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor. COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1900. VOL. XXV—NO. 29.

WHEN THE QUAILS CALLED.

There are never days as joyous as the
childhood days at home,
And no spots so full of glory as the places
where we'd roam;
Say within some wayside orchard, where
their lace the spiders spun,
And the shade was an oasis in the desert
of the sun;
And the green fields spread about us, and
the blue fields spread above,
And the whisper of the leaflets was as
low as murmured love;
While a rent was torn through silence
when, from out their green retreat,
Pairing doves began their cooing, and the
quails called in the wheat.

Why, to tarry by some streamlet was a
glory for the sight,
As we watched the shoaling suckers flash
like bars of splintered light;
There was peace within the singing of the
farm hands in the vale;
There was cadence in the beating of the
red-head's tiny flail;
Out among the clover blossoms or the
grapevine's fragrant glooms
Bee-hums sounded like a hymn that lingered tangled in the blooms;
And we had our childish fancies, saw our
castles rise, complete,
When the doves began their cooing and
the quails called in the wheat.

Would that we could call back one short
day of all those days,
For a stroll about the meadows and the
old familiar ways;
And while drinking in the beauty where
the wild rose cheers the dawns
With the fragrance spilled from censers
swinging on celestial lawns,
See an old form at the homestead, as her
singing meets our ear
In a voice whose music somehow is the
dearest one may hear!
And we half wish life had ended with the
childhood visions sweet,
When the doves began their cooing and
the quails called in the wheat.
—Will T. Hale, in Nashville Visitor.

Entertaining a Burglar

I HAVE two peculiarities—and a wife with a will of her own.

My wife's name is Maria.

I have not named the peculiarities yet, though I expect to some day.

They have generic names, however. One of them is timidity. I am not reckless and I do not want to be. I have seen too many reckless men hustled into untimely graves to be anxious to emulate them. I saw Bill Jenkins, who was at Gettysburg, kicked into heaven by a mule. That settled my mind so far as violent death is concerned.

Just here, however, my wife comes in. She always does what I don't want her to. She thinks church "socials" the essence of life, and declares she couldn't get along without them. So she goes to the socials and I stay at home.

The village is eight miles away, and when she goes she stays all night with one of the "sisters" and takes our boy with her. That is where my timidity comes in to bother me. I have to stay all night alone in a big house, and I don't like it. From the time that Maria goes till she comes back I worry constantly about burglars, tramps, footpads and highwaymen. I never feel secure until I hear her dear familiar voice singing out from the front gate:

"Well, Bill, haven't you got the wood chopped yet?"

After that I brighten up a good deal.

Well, the incident I am about to relate has to do with both my peculiarities and my wife. There was a church social. Maria insisted on going, as usual; and when Maria insists, I, as a natural consequence, have nothing to say. I let her go, therefore. But I was unusually nervous at being left all alone in a dark house at night. I had quite a sum of money in the house, the proceeds of our hay crop, so I loaded the shotgun with a double load of buckshot and placed it at the head of my bed. I hoped to be able to fire this shotgun, or rather its contents, into any burglar who might chance my way. I had never fired it, however, in my life, and I am sure I was as much afraid of the hind end of it as any burglar would be of the other.

Night fell and I retired to my chamber. I did not undress and go to bed, for I knew very well I would be unable to sleep. So I sat down at the open window and looked out at the yellow moonlight of the autumn night. Though wide awake all the time, I must have been exceedingly quiet, perhaps more so than I would have been in actual repose; for it was to a spot near the window on the first floor, directly under my own, that my attention was attracted about midnight.

As the clock struck that lonely hour I heard a dull, rasping sound directly beneath me, and guessed correctly that my long-expected burglar had arrived. I peered over the window sill. There he was beyond a doubt. The rasping sound was caused by a ladder brushing against the side of the house. He was placing it in position so that he could climb into the very window at which I sat. No doubt he had noticed that it was open and afforded an easy entrance to the house. Otherwise I suppose he would have picked the lock of one of the doors. I wish he had done that. I have always had a burning curiosity to see a lock picked. I have seen a tooth picked, but I never saw a lock picked.

In a few moments more he was climbing the ladder. He appeared to be a great, shaggy, unkempt rascal. The shotgun was within five feet of me, and I could undoubtedly have blown his brains out then and there had the thought occurred to me. But I must confess that the gentle arts of diplomacy are much more to my taste than the horrors of war, so I paused and considered. I have often paused and considered in my life without appreciable effect; but on this occasion a plan of action occurred to me so opportunely that I regard it as Napoleonic to this day. It was simply this: I, too, would be a burglar, and would join forces with the invader in robbing my own house. Such a plan would undoubtedly save my life, for they say that there is honor among thieves. It is well that there is, by the way. There is mighty little among honest men.

My idea grew in my mind. Perhaps I could do more than save my life. Knowing where all my valuables were, I could be of material use to my burglar, and perhaps he would give me something for my pains.

I slipped noiselessly down the back stairs and out through the kitchen door. Then I went to the corner of the house and said "Hello!" in a sort of whispered shout. I never knew I could frighten anybody before, but my salutation certainly had that effect on my burglar. He dropped from about the seventeenth round on the ladder to the ground with what the newspapers call a "dull, sickening thud."

"What do yer want?" he asked, after he had recovered his breath.

"I just want to be friendly," I answered, advancing toward him. "I'm a burglar myself, and I thought we might just as well join forces, you know. I had just effected an entrance when you came up. I heard you, and feared we might disarrange each other's plans."

"Humph!" said he. "You don't look much like a burglar. But you're no sotty if you can get into a house sooner than I can. Have you ever done time?"

"Just been released from 20 years in Sing Sing," I answered. But I was glad it was dark, for I am only 30 years old, and I might have looked too young to suit the story.

"Whew!" he remarked. "You must be a corker." I nodded a dignified assent to this.

"Come along," said I. "We will go in by the door."

"That's dangerous," he answered. "There are people in the house, aren't there?"

"There were lots of them," I replied, "but I've scared them all away."

"How'd you do it?" he asked, in an awed manner.

"Made believe I was a ghost," I answered.

"Say, pard, you're a Jim Dandy," said my burglar, with enthusiasm. "Is there any stuff in the house?"

"I've located lots of it," I replied. "There's money, solid silver, jewelry, silk dresses, half a pie, an autograph album—everything you can imagine."

"Say, you're a chief," said my burglar. "I'll follow you anywhere and do anything you say."

I may make a long story short by saying that my bold demeanor and apparent professional skill completely captivated him. He was both astonished and delighted at the brave manner in which I entered rooms, tripped up and down stairs, lighted lamps and ransacked bureau drawers and closets. Moreover, he was amazed at my knowledge of the interior of the premises and the whereabouts of the valuables. He said he recognized in me an expert, compared with whom he was a veritable tyro. He hazarded many guesses as to my professional name, and admired me all the more for declining to "give myself away," as he termed it. In the end he followed me around like a dog and obeyed every instruction I gave him unquestioningly.

I had succeeded admirably so far in my plan, as you will observe, but how to complete the affair was a difficult matter. I knew that Maria would be at home bright and early, and I would have to get rid of my new-found friend before she arrived if I hoped for any peace and comfort for at least the ensuing year. My burglar had become so devoted to me that I was sure he would follow me wherever I went, so there was no use in trying to leave the house.

After proving to the satisfaction of my burglar that there was no one in the mansion, I finally hit upon the plan of inviting him to spend the night and take an early breakfast with me before we departed. He was charmed with the idea, and declared that if I could risk it he could. So we went to sleep side by side in my own bed. could have killed him a hundred times during the night if I had not been so afraid of the rear end of my gun. I had got that gun as "boot" in a horse trade, and there is no telling how anything will kick that you get in a horse trade. So I let him sleep peacefully on, even after I had risen myself, chopped the day's wood and prepared the breakfast.

We were just sitting down to the meal when Maria appeared on the scene of action. It would grieve me even at this late day to describe the manner and language of my good wife on seeing me entertaining a visitor, as it were. Suffice it to say that she gave me a dressing down that scared my burglar into a hasty departure. He was influenced, I have no doubt, by my own change in demeanor. He saw his "chief," as he was pleased to call me, quail before the enemy and he was unnerved. So he took the first opportunity to slip out of the side door and make for the corn lot, and I have never seen him since.

I have done all I could to convince Maria that I acted for the best on this occasion, but whenever I mention it she simply remarks: "Liar!"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

No Use for a Throne.

Napoleon Bonaparte is quoted as saying to Dr. O'Meara at St. Helena: "If I was in England now, and the French nation was to offer me the throne again, I would not accept of it, because if I was to do so I would be obliged to turn bourreau (executioner). I would be obliged to cut off the heads of thousands to keep myself upon it, which would not be pleasing to me. Oceans of blood must be shed to keep me there. No, no; I have made enough of noise already in the world; perhaps more than any other man will make; perhaps too much. I am getting old, and only want retirement. What could I do in France? Alone, to set myself against all the powers of Europe. Madness!"—Century.

Troubles of Jamaica.

Jamaica is in a perilous condition. The finances are in an even greater tangle than usual. Trade is depressed, and the people are in a miserable condition of poverty. Successive officials, each more dishonest and corrupt than his predecessor, have sown the wind, and now the nation is reaping the whirlwind.

Few Cossack Merchants.

The Cossacks are almost never merchants, although they alone maintain nearly 60,000 fighting men and can muster 128,000 in an emergency, there are but 440 of their own people engaged in business.

Two Sides of This Question.

Since the United States has cast grave doubts on the safety of German toys, etc., says the Indianapolis News, Germany has discovered that tariff discrimination is no child's play.

Smoking by Boys.

The Japanese house of representatives has passed a proposal to prohibit boys below the age of 20 from smoking.

BAN ON PARIS BULLFIGHTS.

Successful War Against Brutal Sport Has Been Waged by the Civil Authorities.

Visitors to Paris during the exposition will not be able to witness a bullfight this year of grace. It is probable that if the question had been settled by a popular vote the bullfight would have won the day. It was greeted with great enthusiasm the past year in the south of France, then toward the center, then at Enghein, within hailing distance of the capital, and finally actually inside the very fortifications. Step by step it was, however, bitterly fought by a few vigorous opponents, who at last got the government interested in checking the invader on the plea that bullfights always created the wildest disorder in French towns and were easily made the excuse for turbulent gatherings of all kinds. At Enghein last September the mayor, his brother officials and a few score residents joined against the rest of the town in fighting the innovation, posted placards calling on "all good and peaceable citizens" to stay indoors on the Sunday when the first bullfight was advertised to take place and called down from Paris an extra force of policemen. A law had hastily been got through the municipal council forbidding all spectacles of the kind which were anything but mere "exhibitions" of the toreador's skill. This was so vague as to mean nothing, and the advocates of the sport trampled down all obstacles. The crowd gathered, 2,000 strong, in the arena; the matadors appeared on the scene, and the torture had gone on for some half hour when the bull finally took things into his own control, jumped the railing, stampeded the public, threw the concourse into screaming confusion and went madly careering through the town. He evidently agreed with the minority. He was dispatched with a bullet, and since this little incident no bullfight has been given within the borders of France.

Sig. Mazzantini, an Italian, made the next effort to introduce the national sport of Spain into France. He wanted to get up a splendid "corrida" for the exposition, and had got his preparations fully under way when the government sent out a fiat to the effect that under no circumstances would bullfights be allowed, even in connection with the exposition. If Spain could not send something better than that to Paris she might keep away altogether seemed the implication, for no less a person than the premier himself took the matter in hand and laid it before the cabinet. He is said to have declared that a brutal sport was trying to fasten itself on France and that the occasion called for an emphatic action on the government's part before it was too late. This shows how seriously the affair was regarded. Mazzantini grew furious. "It is," he said, the other morning, "the object of an exposition to show different national habits and customs. This is part of its educational mission. Now, bullfights are the Spanish passion. Spanish children draw in a love for them with mother's milk, and yet we are not to be allowed to give the world a representation of them. I, too, am against some of the features of the sport—the ripping open of horses, for example—but all these gross possibilities of the corrida would have been guarded against. The action of the premier is not only an insult to Spain, but a display of narrowness on the part of the French government."

Mazzantini used to be the station master at the main depot in Madrid, but on an impulse he threw up his monotonous duties for the adventuresome life of the arena, and has actually of late gone into the fight himself as a toreador. He is of superb stature and looks like the ideal matador of comic opera.

He grows so extremely excited when in a bullfight that he contemplates having to give up the sport on account of its injury to his nerves. His last essay in public was to be in a blaze of glory in the exposition side show known as "Andalusia in the Time of the Moors." The greatest corrida of modern times was to have taken place there, "and," remarked he, sadly, "just think how many thousands of Americans and English would have come! It would have been their chance—and mine—of a lifetime."

Regrets, however, are vain. The bill prohibiting the sport has already been ratified by the chamber.

SUBMARINE BOATS.

They Can Be Detected By Balloons Soaring Directly Above Them.

Should the submarine boat take the place in naval warfare that some nations expect, one of the chief precautions taken by the world's navies will be an immense increase in the number of balloons, with duly trained staffs to work them, carried by war vessels.

The balloons carried by these battle ships are of exactly the same material and pattern as those in use in the army, only smaller. They have a use far in advance of any mere long-distance observational purpose, for, though the wake of a submarine boat sunk deeply in the water can only be traced with difficulty from such an elevation as that afforded by a ship, both such wake and the boat itself can be seen with absolute and undeviating clearness from a captive balloon. This is the result of a scientific and optical law, and when ship balloons were first put to the practical test in regard to this matter, the results attained were of the most surprising kind.

Even where the water is distinctly cloudy, objects of a much smaller kind than a submarine boat, and painted of neutral color, could be seen from a balloon with the utmost clearness at a depth of five fathoms, or 30 feet, though the surface was rough. No submarine boat could in the daytime get within striking distance of a threatened ship that had a balloon without being observed.

Calling and Seeing.

The Young Man—What objections have you to my calling at your house?

The Father—None at all. But I thought you might ultimately become tired of not being admitted.—Philadelphia North American.

REVERSING THE PROCESS.

Maud Wintergreen Shows Harold Billmore How to Successfully Propose to a Young Woman.

"Harold Billmore, are you asking me to be your wife?"

"I think what I have been saying to you is fairly open to that interpretation, Maud Wintergreen. Didn't I do it right?"

She tapped her foot on the floor impatiently.

"No, sir."

"Where did I miss it?" he asked, humbly.

"Everywhere. You seemed to be hedging. You tried to shoot so as to hit if I were a deer and to miss if I should prove to be—"

"Oh, but you are a dear, you know."

"Don't interrupt me, sir. When you propose to a woman, propose to her. I've a great mind to show you how it ought to be done."

"I wish you would take the whole business off my hands, Maud. I'm no good at it, and I'll promise to say the right word when you've—"

"Don't be a coward as well as a bungler, young man. Listen, now. I am the love-stricken youth—"

"All right. You're Harold Billmore."

"Not at all. This is a purely impersonal affair. You are the coy maiden."

"Yes, I'm Maud Wintergreen. Go on."

"Don't be any sillier than you are naturally. Desiring to enthrone myself in the heart of a young woman I first—"

"That sounds too much like giving a newly initiated candidate in a secret society the proper directions for entering a lodgeroom. But go on."

"If you interrupt me again with any remarks like that, Mr. Billmore, this lesson will come to an end. Begin by—no, sir, sit a little farther away. You are acting entirely out of character."

"So I was. I humbly beg your pardon. I forgot. Go on."

"If you want to marry a girl go and tell her so in a manly way. Don't you suppose, if she has any gumption, she has found out your little secret long before you have made up your mind to speak?"

"Then you have known all the time Maud, that I—"

"Once again, sir, keep your distance and let me do the talking."

"Then tell me just what I ought to have said, Maud—that's a dear girl."

"Well, remember, now, I am supposed to be a young man making a declaration of love to a young woman. I say to her: 'Lucy,' or 'Mehitabel,' as the case may be—"

"No, no! You say to her: 'Maud;' I insist on that."

"Let it be Maud, then, if it will keep you quiet. But this is only a suppositious case, just the same. I don't say to her: 'Maud, do you believe in love at first sight?' or 'Maud, do you think you would marry the right fellow if he ever came along?' Nor do I put my arm on the back of her chair as if by accident—"

"I didn't know I was doing that, Maud—"

"Take your arm away from the back of this chair, sir. Neither do I hem and haw—"

"O, but I didn't do that! I may have gasped a little, but what could you expect from a fel—"

"I think I could stand up squarely before her, like a man, as I am doing now—sit down, sir! You are the listener in this conversation — and I should look her straight in the eye, like a man, and say to her: 'Lucy'—"

"No, no! 'Maud!'"

"'Maud,' then, for the sake of the illustration. 'Maud, I love you!'—sit down!—"

"But how would that sound? 'Maud, I love you! Sit down!'"

"I should say: 'Maud, I love you! Will you be my wife?'"

"Maud, I love you! Will you be my wife?"

"Yes, that is what I should say, sir, if I wanted a girl to marry me."

The young man bounded to his feet.

"Very good," he said. "That is what you would say if you were Harold Billmore! Now listen to me!"

"But I protest—"

"Stand right there! Don't sit down! I'm doing the talking. You, speaking for Harold Billmore, have said you loved me, and have asked me to be your wife. I, speaking for Maud Wintergreen—"

"That isn't fair, now. I told you—"

"I know what you told me — as the young man. Now I'm acting as the girl. For all practical purposes I am Maud Wintergreen. I would like to say to that awkward youth: 'Harold, I have known for a long time that you loved me. Do you think I would have accepted your attentions month after month if I did not intend at last—'"

"You have no right to say anything like that. Is a girl supposed to take it for granted—"

"Don't interrupt me. I have not finished my answer yet. 'Harold,' I reply, 'you are a good and worthy young man You may not know exactly how to make a proposal of marriage, in the most approved form, on account of a lack of previous practice, but your heart is right. Here is my answer—I will whisper it in your ear: 'Yes, Harold, I will be your wife!'"

Then of a sudden, says the Chicago Tribune, there was a lightning change of characters, and Harold Billmore was the young man again.

His arm stole around her waist, her head slowly sank on his shoulder, he bent his head downward, and—

P! P—ff!

A Page from Macbeth.

"Talk about murdering sleep!"

Macbeth had been wooing the drowsy god for five hours.

"Talk about murdering sleep! A guilty conscience is a dollar's worth of morphine compared to those cats."

And he threw a coat of mail and a pair of sheet-steel boots at the feline congress across the moat.—Baltimore American.

In Piling China.

When it is necessary to keep finely decorated china plates piled together get some large sheets of blotting paper and cut from them circles large enough to cover the inside of the plates. Place these between the plates.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Fine Feathers.

Fine feathers may not make fine birds, but with the assistance of the milliner they make fine bills.—Chicago Daily News.

PRETTY BODICE NOVELTY.

Smart Women Are Now Decorating Their Fancy Shirt Waists with Double Zephyr Catstitching.

There is a new note in the bodices of fashionable gowns these days, and although one that would have seemed incongruous to our grandmothers, it is extremely pretty, says the Boston Globe.

It is double zephyr worsted, used to lattice work and embroider certain parts of fancy shirts, instead of the Roman silks and flosses that have been familiar so long. One distinctive usage is seen in bodices of black satin or liberty silk, made over white linings.

If it is arranged with tucks—either bias or straight, the interspaces are decorated with a working of the double zephyr. The decoration never represents flowers, leaves or similar designs. Usually it is worked in a catstitch, and, as an added touch, when the needle points out of each side of the goods, the zephyr is thrown about it several times and fastened so as to form a French knot.

The dress goods under the worsted is then cut away, and allows the underlining to show through only slightly, as the catstitching was very closely done. The worsted was of many colors, through which yellow and purple predominated.

Another charming bodice was of cherry-colored liberty silk made over cream white. It was elaborately worked with black double zephyr.

On rather fancy shirt waists this work, though slight, gives them a touch of style and novelty. The edges, also of fancy and adjustable collars with ear points and pointed cuffs, are being finished with double zephyr.

At first they are edged with a satin ribbon of some color in contrast to the collar, and on the ribbon the worsted work is executed. This work is quickly done, and it is greatly in its favor that no advance designing is necessary. A straight eye and an adaptability for such work are all that is required.

It is also feasible to fill in many sharp little corners on gowns with a fan-shaped bit, the stitches being long and graduated. Again the old Roman block design is used on straps to cross over the vests of bodices.

By those that know about up-to-date gowns it seems as though even more attention was paid to what is new in wrinkles, as such little points as this one about worsted are called, than to the excellence of the quality of their goods.

THE LITTLE BUSY BEE.

Sagacious Honeymakers Have a Means of Indicating Desirable Hiving Trees.

Naturalists have long been of the opinion that animals and insects have languages of their own, and well-known facts seem to bear out the claim, says the Chicago Chronicle. Bees have so often displayed their shrewdness in the selection of receptacles for their honey that it would be strange if they were not endowed with the faculty of communicating with each other. An expert who has made a special study of the habits of the busy, buzzing bee insists that they have a language of their own. "They carry different meanings by their buzzings," he says, "and they understand each other like a top, but I found out one thing about them that I don't think anybody else did—bees have got a written language and they send communications to each other. I found this out after years of close observation. When the bees get too awfully numerous in a tree—fill up the hollow so that it's too crowded for comfort—certain wise bees are sent out to prospect.

"When a pioneer of this kind finds a big, likely-looking tree with a hospitable-looking wind crack in it he takes plenty of time and goes all over it carefully. Sometimes he finds that, while the place looks nice and commodious on the outside, the knothole leads to a shallow receptacle or the crack is not deep enough to accommodate even a bachelor bee, much less a whole brood.

"In such a case he gets out and writes a message to all and sundry bees that may come along that way: 'This tree is no good. The knothole is a fake and the wind crack is a frost—pass it up.' He writes this with his tail, stringing honey along as we string ink. If the tree is all right, he puts up a sign to that effect. The next bee scents the honey, lights and reads the first words of the message, and if the report is unfavorable flies off, saying: 'Hm-m-m-h!' and does not worry himself any further about it.

"Oh, yes, bees are cute, and if you've got the idea that they're slow it's because you are slow yourself."

The Quarreling Habit.

Do not permit the children to form the habit of disputing and quarreling with each other. It may be prevented, like other bad habits, by watchfulness, particularly if the training is begun when the children are very young. Separation is the best punishment, breaking up the play and taking away the cause of the dispute. Children are social beings and do not like to play alone. They dislike solitude, and if they find it is invariably the result of quarreling they will take pains to be more amiable, so as not to be forced into it.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Scalloped Salmon.

Take canned or boiled salmon. Flake the fish, removing all the bones, mix with it one-third of its quantity of bread crumbs, and to one pound of fish add a well-beaten egg, a half cup of milk, one spoonful of melted butter and a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Season with salt and pepper and bake in a pudding dish.—Good Housekeeping.

Utilizing His Misfortune.

First Tramp—Say, you did get a bad eye in dat scrap!

Second Tramp—Yes; but de odder feller got two. Why, he's workin' it on de public as an explosion!—Puck.

The Battles That Count.

A soldier's first engagement is of little consequence; it's the battles after marriage that count.—Chicago Daily News.

LESSONS OF MOVING.

Dr. Talmage Preaches a Timely Sermon.

Discourse In Which the Need of Patience and Equipoise Is Set Forth—Moving Into the Father's House.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.]

Washington,

This discourse of Dr. Talmage is pertinent at this time of year, when many people are moving from house to house, and it teaches lessons of patience and equipoise in very trying circumstances. Text, Philippians, 4:12: "I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound."

Happy Paul! Could you really accommodate yourself to all circumstances in life? Could you go up without pride, and could you come down without exasperation? Teach the same lesson to us all.

We are at a season of the year when vast populations in all our cities are changing residence. Having been born in a house, and having all our lives lived in a house, we do not have full appreciation of what a house is. It is the growth of thousands of years. The human race first lived in clefts of rocks, the beasts of the field moving out of the caverns to let the human race move in. The shepherds and the robbers still live in caverns of the earth. The troglodytes are a race which to this day prefer the caverns to a house. They are warm, they are large, they are very comfortable, they are less subject to violent changes of heat and cold. We come on along down in the history of the race, and we come to the lodge, which was a home built out of twisted tree branches. We come further on down in the history of the race, and we come to the tent, which was a home built with a round pole in the center and skins of animals reaching out in all directions, mats on the floor for the people to sit on.

Time passed on, and the world, after much invention, came to build a house which was a space surrounded by broad stones, against which the earth was heaped from the outside. The roof was made of chalk and gypsum and coals and stones and ashes pounded together. After awhile the porch was born, after awhile the gate. Then hundreds of years passed on, and in the fourteenth century the modern chimney was constructed. The old Hebrews had openings in their houses from which the smoke might escape if it preferred, but there was no inducement for it to leave until the modern chimney. Wooden keys opened the door, or the keyhole was large enough to allow the finger to be inserted for the lifting of the latch or the sliding of it. There being no windows, the people were dependent for light upon latticework, over which a thin veil was drawn down in time of winter to keep out the elements. Window glass was, so late as 200 or 300 years ago, in England and Scotland so great a luxury that only the very wealthiest could afford it. A hand mill and an oven and a few leathern bottles and some rude pitchers and plates made up the entire equipment of the culinary department. But the home planted in the old cave or at the foot of a tent pole has grown and enlarged and spread abroad until we have the modern house, with its branches and roots and vast girth and height and depth of comfort and accommodation.

Architecture in other days busied itself chiefly in planning and building triumphal arches and basilicas and hippodromes and mausoleums and columns, while they allowed the people for residences to burrow like muskrats in the earth. St. Sophia's, of Constantinople, St. Mark's, of Venice; St. Peter's, of Rome, are only the Raphaeled walls against which lean the squalor and the pauperism of many nations. I rejoice that, while our modern architects give us grand capitols in which to legislate and grand courthouses in which to administer justice and grand churches in which to worship God, they also give much of their time to the planning of comfortable abodes for our tired population. I have not so much interest in the arch of Trajan at Beneventum as I have in the wish that all the people may have a comfortable shelter, nor have I so much interest in the temple of Jupiter Olympus at Athens as I have in the hope that every man may have an altar for the worship of the true God in his own house. And I have not so much interest in the science of ceramics, which goes crazy over a twisted vase, or a queer handled jug in use 3,000 years ago, or a pitcher out of which the ancient pharaohs poured their drunken debauch, as I have that every man have on his table a plate with plenty of healthful food and an appetite to attack it.

Thank God for your home—not merely the house you live in now, but the house you were born in and the many houses you have resided in since you began your earthly residence. When you go home to-day, count over the number of those houses in which you have resided, and you will be surprised. Once in awhile you will find a man who lives in the house where he was born and where his father was born and his grandfather was born and his great-grandfather was born, but that is not one out of a thousand cases. I have not been more perambulatory than most people, but I was amazed when I came to count up the number of residences I have occupied. The fact is, there is in this world no such thing as permanent residence.

In a private vehicle and not in a rail car, from which you can see but little, I rode from New York to Yonkers and Tarrytown, on the banks of the Hudson—the finest ride on the planet for a man who wants to see palatial residences in fascinating scenery. It was in the early spring and before the gentlemen of New York had gone out to their country residences. I rode into the grounds to admire the gardens, and the overseer of the place told me—and they all told me—that all the houses had been sold or that they wanted to sell them, and there was literally no exception, although I called at many places, just admiring the gardens and the grounds and the palatial residences. Some wanted to sell or had sold because their wives did not want to reside in the summer time in those places while their husbands tarried in town in the night, always having some business on hand keeping them away.

From some houses the people had been shaken out by chills and fever, from some houses they had gone because death or misfortune had occurred, and all those palaces and mansions had either changed occupants or wanted to change. Take up the directory of any city of England or America and see how few people live where they lived 15 years ago. There is no such thing as permanent residence. I saw Monticello, in Virginia, President Jefferson's residence, and I saw on the same day Montpelier, which was either Madison's or Monroe's residence, and I saw also the white house, which was President Taylor's residence and President Lincoln's residence and President Garfield's residence. Was it a permanent residence in any case. I tell you that the race is nomadic, and no sooner gets in one place than it wants to change for another place or is compelled to change for another place, and so the race invented the railroad and the steamboat in order more rapidly to get into some other place than that in which it was then. Aye, instead of being nomadic it is immortal, moving on and moving on. We whip up our horses and hasten on until the hub of the front wheel shivers on the tombstone and tips us headlong into the grave, the only permanent earthly residence. But, bless God, even that stay is limited, for we shall have a resurrection.

A day this spring the streets will be filled with the furniture carts and the drays and the trucks. It will be a hard day for horses, because they will be overloaded. It will be a hard day for laborers, for they will overlift before they get the family furiture from one house to another. It will be a hard day for housekeepers to see their furniture scratched, and their crockery broken, and their carpets misfit, and their furniture dashed of the sudden showers. It will be a hard day for landlords. It will be a hard day for tenants. Especial grace is needed for moving day. Many a man's religion has suffered a fearful strain between the hour on the morning of the 1st of May, when he took his immature breakfast, and the hour at night when he rolled into his extemporized couch. The furniture broken sometimes will result in the breaking of the Ten Commandments. There is no more fearful pass than the hall of a house where two families meet, one moving out and the other moving in. The salutation is apt to be more vehement than complimentary. The grace that will be sufficient for the 1st of January and the 1st of February and the 1st of March and the 1st of April will not be sufficient for the 1st of May. Say your prayers that morning if you find nothing better to kneel down by than a coal scuttle, and say your prayers at night though your knees come down on a paper of carpet tacks. You will want supernatural help if any of you move. Help in the morning to start out aright on the day's work. Help at night to repent. There will be enough annoyances to make a Xantippe out of a Frances Ridley Havergal. I have again and again been in crises of moving day, and I have stood appalled and amazed and helpless in the shipwreck, taking as well as I could those things that floated ashore from the breakers, and I know how to comfort and how to warn and how to encourage the people, so I preach this practical May day sermon. All these troubles will soon be gone, and the bruises will heal, and the stiffened joints will become supple, and your ruffled temper will be smoothed of its wrinkles, and order will take the place of disorder, and you will sit down in your new home seriously to contemplate.

My first word, then, in this part of my discourse is to all those who move out of small houses into larger ones. Now we will see whether, like the apostle, you know how to abound. Do not, because your new house has two more stories than the old one, add two stories to your vanity or make your brightly polished silver doorplate the coffin plate to your buried humility. Many persons moving into a larger house have become arrogant and supercilious. They swagger where once they walked, they simper where once they laughed, they go about with an air which seems to say: "Let all smaller craft get out of these waters if they don't want to be run over by a regular Cunarder." I have known people who were kind and amiable and Christian in their smaller house—no sooner did they go over the doorsill of the new house than they became a glorified nuisance. They were the terror of dry goods clerks and the amazement of ferryboats into which they swept, and if compelled to stand a moment with condemnatory glance turning all the people seated into criminals and convicts. They began to hunt up the family coat of arms, and had lion couchant or unicorn rampant on the carriage door; when, if they had the appropriate coat of arms, it would have been a butter firkin or a shoe last or a plow or a trowel. Instead of being like all the rest of us, made out of dust, they would have you think that they were trickled out of Heaven on a lump of loaf sugar. The first thing you know of them, the father will fail in business, and the daughter will run off with a French dancing master. A woman spoiled by a finer house is bad enough, but a man so upset is sickening. The lavendered fool goes around so dainty and so precise and so affected in the roll of his eyes or the whirl of his cane or the clicking of the ivory handle against his front teeth or his effeminate languor, and his conversation so interlarded with "oh's" and "ah's" that he is to me a dose of ipecacuanha. Now, my friends, if you move into a larger house, thank God for more room—for more room to hang your pictures, for more room in which to gather your friends, for more room in which to let your children romp and play, for more room for great bookcases filled with good reading or wealth of bric-a-brac. Have as large and as fine a house as you can afford to have, but do not sacrifice your humility and your common sense; do not lose your balance; do not be spoiled by your successes.

Years ago we were the guests in an English manor. The statuary, the ferneries, the botanical and horticultural genius of the place had done all they could to make the place attractive. For generations there had been an amassing of plate and costly surroundings. At half past nine o'clock in the morning the proprietor of the estate had the bell rung, and some 20 or 30 manservants and maidservants came in to prayers. The proprietor of the estate read the Scriptures, gave out the hymn, his daughter at the organ started the music, and then, the music over, the proprietor of the estate kneeled down and commended all his guests, all his family, all his employes, to the Lord Almighty. God can trust such a man as that with a large estate. He knows how to abound. He trusted God, and God trusted him. And I could call off the roll of 50 merchant princes as mighty in worldly successes. Ah, my friends, do not be puffed up by any of the successes of this life, do not be spoiled by the number of liveried coachmen that may stop at your door or the sweep of the long trail across the imported tapestry. Many of those who come to your house are fawning parasites. They are not so much in love with you as they are in love with your house and your successes. You move down next year to 320 Low Water Mark street and see how many of their carriages will halt at your door.

But there are others who will move out of large residences into smaller through the reversal of fortune. The property must be sold or the bailiff will sell it, or the income is less and you cannot pay the house rent. First of all, such persons should understand that our happiness is not dependent on the size of the house we live in. I have known people to enjoy a small heaven in two rooms and others suffer a pandemonium in 20. There is as much happiness in a smal house as in a large house. There is as much satisfaction under the light of a tallow candle as under the glare of a chandelier, all the burners at full blaze. Who was the happier, John Bunyan, in Bedford jail, or Belshazzar, in the saturnalia? Contentment is something you can neither rent nor purchase. It is not extrinsic; it is intrinsic. Are there fewer rooms in the house to which you move? You will have less to take care of. Is it to be stove instead of furnace? All the doctors say the modern modes of warming buildings are unhealthy. Is it less pier mirrors? Less temptation to your vanity. Is it old-fashioned toilet instead of water pipes all through the house? Less to freeze and burst when you cannot get a plumber. Is it less carriage? More room for robust exercise. Is it less social position? Few people want to drag you down by their jealousies. Is it less fortune to leave in your last will and testament? Less to spoil your children. Is it less money for marketing? Less temptation to ruin the health of your family with pineapples and indigestible salads. Is it a little deaf? Not hearing so many disagreeables.

I meet you this springtime at the door of your new home, and while I help you lift the clothes basket over the banisters and the carman is getting red in the face in trying to transport that article of furniture to some new destination I congratulate you. You are going to have a better time this year, some of you, than you ever had. You take God and the Christian religion in your home, and you will be grandly happy. God in the parlor—that will sanctify your sociabilities. God in the nursery—that will protect your children. God in the dining-hall—that will make the plainest meal an imperial banquet. God in the morning—that will launch the day brightly from the drydocks. God in the evening—that will sail the day sweetly into the harbor.

And get joy, one and all of you, whether you move or do not move. Get joy out of the thought that we are soon all going to have a great moving day. Do you want a picture of the new house into which you will move? Here it is, wrought with the hand of a master: "We know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." How much rent will we have to pay for it? We are going to own it. How much must we pay for it? How much cash down, and how much left on mortgage? Our Father is going to give it as a free gift. When are we going to move into it? We are moving now. On moving day heads of families are very apt to stay in the old house until they have seen everything off. They send ahead the children, and they send ahead the treasures and the valuables. Then, after awhile, they will come themselves. I remember very well in the country that in boyhood moving day was a jubilation.

On almost the first load we, the children, were sent on ahead to the new house, and we arrived with shout and laughter, and in an hour we had ranged through every room in the house, the barn and the granary. Toward night, and perhaps in the last wagon, father and mother would come, looking very tired, and we would come down to the foot of the lane to meet them and tell them of all the wonders we discovered in the new place, and then, the last wagon unloaded, the candles lighted, our neighbors, who had helped us to move—for in those times neighbors helped each other—sat down with us at a table on which there was every luxury they could think of. Well, my dear Lord knows that some of us have been moving a good while. We have sent our children ahead, we have sent many of our valuables ahead. We cannot go yet. There is work for us to do, but after awhile it will be toward night, and we will be very tired, and then we will start for our new home, and those who have gone ahead of us they will see our approach, and they will come down in the lane to meet us, and they will have much to tell us of what they have discovered in the "house of many mansions," and of how large the rooms are and of how bright the fountains. And then, the last load unloaded, the table will be spread and our celestial neighbors will come in and sit down with our reunited families, and the chalices will be full, not with the wine that sweats in the vat of earthly intoxication, but with "the new wine of the kingdom." And there for the first time we will realize what fools we were on earth when we feared to die, since death has turned out only to be the moving from a smaller house into a larger one, and the exchange of a pauper's hut for a prince's castle, and the going up-stairs from a miserable kitchen to a glorious parlor. O house of God not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!

St. Helena is distant 1,140 miles from Africa and 1,800 miles from America.