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, JULY 28, 1900. VOL. XXV—NO. 37.

THE PLEASURES OF EGOTISM.

Would I were such an egotist
As one I chance to know—
Who deems himself the greatest man
Of all men here below—
Who thinks himself the handsomest
Of all God's creatures here—
Who thinks his smile makes women glad,
His frown a thing they fear.

Ay, tell him, if you please, that he's
No better than the rest;
Reveal to him the truth that they
Who praise him only jest,
And he will flout your words and look
With lofty scorn on you,
Declaring that you're jealous, and
Sincerely think it, too!

Would I were fashioned as he is,
With all his lack of wit;
The butt of people's feeble jests,
But ne'er believing it;
Why toil for knowledge or for wealth,
Or why should fame be sweet,
When one might be so happy in
His own immense conceit?
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

DECEIVERS EVER

By Gwendolen Overton.

IT IS all a mistake to suppose that good judgment and a level head are the outcome of experience. They are born, not acquired. The man of the world who has tried all things and held fast that which is bad may go all to pieces over some Henrietta, through whose wiles the green boy from the country district would see in an instant. The capitalist and the bank president fall victim to quite as many bunco games as the farmer and the cowboy. And the same lack of rule holds good in the world of women. The blushing maiden from a French convent may be quite as able to take care of herself as the young woman who has absorbed modern fiction, seen men and manners of many sorts and been given her own head in all things. It is a matter of common sense and intuition, and it all depends upon the girl.

But Miss Porter's father did not see that. He had theories to the contrary, and he believed in letting a girl from her earliest infancy see all she wanted of the world, that, having attained to maturity, she might be able to judge accurately for herself. It was a comfortable theory, moreover, and saved Judge Porter trouble. There were those—certain neighbors and friends of little Miss Porter's deceased mother—who would not admit that it was a theory at all. They said that Porter neglected his only child and let her run wild.

At the age of five little Miss Porter was a gourmet; smoked her cigarettes with an air, and swore fluently. But at the age of 20 she was as innocent—if not as ignorant—as the aforesaid convent maiden is popularly supposed to be.

It was at this period that she met Calverley. He was English, and handsome and agreeable. One of her not entirely unobjectionable girl friends had presented him, and, after the custom of America, and more especially of the west, nothing further was necessary. If Miss Porter thought about it at all she thought it would have been the height of folly and inhospitality to have asked further questions.

But by and by one of the aforesaid friends of her mother decided, after much prayer and fasting, that it was her obvious duty to warn Miss Porter, since there was no one else to do it. She trembled at the necessity. Once, in the days of Miss Porter's tender infancy, some other good advice had been met with a storm of bad language, at the mere memory of which the good lady had shuddered and shriveled ever since. But that had been long years before. Miss Porter's language was moderate now, not only moderate but slightly British, as appeared when she received her mother's friend and led her to a cozy corner and proceeded to brew tea.

The five-o'clock tea habit had never been very strong with Miss Porter. Doubtless it was another result of the influence of Calverley—who was just then in the library across the hall, smoking and reading and making himself entirely at home.

"I saw you at the theater the other night," began the elder woman.

"Yes," said Miss Porter.

"Who was the man you were with?"

It was the scandal of Miss Porter's set—which was a good one in spite of all—that she did without chaperons upon most occasions. "I daresay it was Mr. Calverley," said Miss Porter. She knew it was, and so did the other.

"Calverley? Do I know him? What is the rest of his name?"

Miss Porter tried not to look proud as she spoke the sonorous syllables and emphasized the hyphen. "It was Giles Hartpole Clayton-Calverley," she said.

"Oh!" said her mother's friend; "and where is he from?"

He was from England, from London.

"Oh!" she said again; "and who is he?"

Miss Porter informed her that he was well connected—splendidly connected. She was a little vague, but that was because she could not keep all the names at her tongue's end.

How had she met him? It was becoming decidedly cross-questioning, and Miss Porter raised her brows. There was the same look in the baby-blue eyes beneath them that had preceded the evil language years ago. But she was quite deadly civil now. "I met him through a friend. Were you at the dance last night?" she said.

"I'll tell you about that later. Tell me about Mr. Calverley first, dear. Are you perfectly sure about him? One has to be so careful of these Englishmen who are not properly accredited."

Miss Porter laughed—a haughty laugh. Not properly accredited, indeed! A friend of the prince, a relative of more or less half the peerage, on nickname terms with all sorts of dukes, and lords, and things, a man of his perfectly apparent means! Not properly accredited, indeed! Her rebuke was terrible, though brief. She mentioned her own judgment and knowledge of the world, and her mother's friend withdrew, baffled yet doubting.

As she went she caught sight of Calverley in a big leathern chair before the fire, smoking his briar pipe, and that night she told her husband about it: "What can John Porter be thinking of?" she demanded.

"His own troubles, perhaps," he suggested.

"The man is taking possession of the whole place."

Her husband dropped into poetry:

"'His easy, unswept hearth he lends
From Labrador to Guadaloupe;
Till, elbowed out by sloven friends,
He camps, at sufferance, on the sloop.'
The Spanish is bad, but the sentiment's all there."

"Some one ought to put a stop to it."

"Don't you be the some one, then. Let her work out her own—salvation. If she is in love with him, she'll do as she likes; if she isn't, it won't matter."

There was presently no doubt about her being in love with him. She was frank in most things, was Miss Porter. There was but one matter in which she could bring herself to dissemble, and only then because Calverley impressed the great necessity for it upon her. He explained that though he loved her to madness and must marry her, there were sometimes reasons which Americans could not understand why it was best for Englishmen who were friends of the prince, and so very well connected as he was, to keep their marriages secret for a time.

The girl from the French convent might have seen through that. But Miss Porter believed it. Anyway, the notion of an elopement rather appealed to her Californian love of the picturesque. Upon the day set she went over across the bay with a light heart and made her way to the sequestered spot where he was to meet her and take her to the church. He was not there. She waited, but he did not come.

At sunset she recrossed the bay alone, a sadder but not yet a wiser girl. Such was her judgment and knowledge of the world that she thought Calverley must have met with some horrible accident.

A note which she found at the house explained otherwise. It was all about circumstances over which he had no control, and sudden financial reverses, and how he should always love her and cherish her memory. Miss Porter believed it. And her heart was broken—really broken. She even went so far as to be desperately ill for six weeks. At the end of which time she came forth again, pale, subdued and wilted, but with unshaken faith in Calverley.

The faith remained unshaken through long months of silence, a silence so profound that she thought it must be of the grave, and decided that he had probably killed himself. But one day that happened which filled her constant heart with hope once more.

"I say," a man said to her, casually, "I saw your friend, Clayton-Calverley, down south the other day."

Miss Porter turned white, after the most approved fashion of the shilling shocker, and clutched at her throat. The man very naturally wondered what the deuce he had gotten into, anyway, and explained, in answer to her hoarse entreaty, that he had been in Randsburg on business and had met the Britisher in the street.

Miss Porter asked if he lived there.

"Give it up. I didn't speak to him and he didn't see me. Only he doesn't go by the name of Clayton-Calverley down there. They call him Myers."

There was the suspicion of a twitch about the corners of his mouth, but Miss Porter could not see that it was funny. She could readily understand why he had chosen to hide his identity. A name like Clayton-Calverley would naturally be unwieldy in a rough mining town.

Now, she was a young woman who had always done exactly as she pleased without asking anyone's leave—frequently for the excellent reason that there was no one about of whom to ask it. Such was at present the case. Judge Porter was away, to be gone indefinitely. So she packed her own bag and bought her own ticket, and took that night's express for the south, and in due time the stage set her down in the town of Randsburg, where her appearance—although she was gowned with what had seemed shabby simplicity in San Francisco—caused considerable excitement and some little levity.

The hotel man was very civil, however, when she asked where she could find a man named Myers. He took her out into the street and pointed out a small, unpainted house some distance away. "That there's his shack," he told her, with a distinct note of inquiry in his voice, which she chose to ignore; "but he's on day shift, and he won't come up until six o'clock."

So she went to her room and threw herself on the bunk and waited until six o'clock. It began to be borne in upon her that she had done a decidedly bold thing even for her, and the way out of it was not altogether apparent. But then Calverley would show her that; and at six o'clock she went in search of him.

It was very much of a shack, indeed, his place of abode. Her soul yearned toward him, that she should have lived in luxury all these months, the while his fortunes had been so low as this. It was also a very untidy woman who opened the shaky door in answer to her not too confident knock; an untidy woman and weary-looking, but pretty withal, and young. And the two children who clung to her skirt were pretty, also. There was a third child. It was sitting on Calverley's knee before a red-covered supper table, and Calverley was feeding it something. He sat with the spoon poised, and a blank look in his eyes.

A terrible misgiving took hold of Miss Porter. With most women it would have been a certainty. "Giles!" she wailed, losing all presence of mind.

But he kept his. It was not the first trying situation he had lived through, though it was, perhaps, the most so. He rose from his chair and spilled the child. His voice rose above its injured howl. "Miss Porter!" he exclaimed. "How charming! How unexpected! Let me present my wife—Mrs. Myers, Miss Porter."

She tried hard to take it well, to accept her cue from him and turn the tragedy of her life into a society skit, after the manner of women and of the day. But she failed. When she opened her mouth to speak no words would come, and she fell forward into Mrs. Myers' arms.

Mrs. Myers was very kind to her. She took her back to the hotel and stopped there with her that night. "You should not be here all alone," she said, in her sweet English voice. And when the girl started to sobbingly explain she checked her. "I understand," she said; "you need not tell me. He had sold a claim well and he went away to have a 'good time.'" She looked at Miss Porter with a wistful sort of pity and admiration. "And I dare say," she added, "that he had it."—San Francisco Argonaut.

OF DIVINE ORIGIN.

Dr. Talmage's Reasons for His Belief in the Scriptures.

The Good Accomplished in the World as an Evidence—An Answer to Agnosticism—Prophecies Fulfilled.

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Washington

In the great conflict now raging in Europe as in this country between Christianity and agnosticism Dr. Talmage has taken a decided stand, and in this sermon declares his unwavering belief in the divine origin of the Scriptures; text, Matthew, 7:16, "Do men gather grapes of thorns?"

Not in this country. Not in any country. Thorns stick, thorns lacerate, but all the thorns put together never yielded one cluster of Catawba or Isabella grapes. Christ, who was the master of apt and potent illustration, is thus setting forth what you and I well know, that you cannot get that which is pleasant and healthful and good from that which is bad. If you find a round, large, beautiful cluster of grapes, you know that it was produced by a good grapevine and not from a tangle of Canada thistle. Now, if I can show you that this holy Bible yields good fruit, healthful fruit, splendid fruit, you will come to the conclusion that it is a good Bible, and all the arguments of the skeptic against it when he tries to show it is a bad book will go overboard.

"Do men gather grapes of thorns?" Can a bad book yield good results? Skeptics with great vehemence declare that the Bible is a cruel book. They read the story of the extermination of the Canaanites and of all the ancient wars and of the history of David and Joshua, and they come to the conclusion that the Bible is in favor of laceration and manslaughter and massacre. Now, a bad book will produce a bad result, a cruel book will produce a cruel result.

You have friends who have been in the habit of reading the Bible a great many years. Have you noticed a tendency to cruelty on their part? Have you ever heard any of them come out and practically say: 'I have been reading the story about the extermination of the Canaanites, and I am seized upon with a disposition to cut and slash and maul and pinch and murder and knock to pieces everything I can lay my hands on?' Have your friends in proportion as they become diligent Bible students and disciples of the Christ of the Bible shown a tendency toward massacre and murder and manslaughter? Has that been your observation?

What has been the effect upon your children of this cruel book? Or if you do not allow the book to be read in your household, what has been the effect upon the children of other households where the word of God is honored? Have they as a result of reading this cruel book gone forth with a cruel spirit to pull the wings of flies and to pinion grasshoppers and to rob birds' nests? A cruel book ought to make cruel people. If they diligently read it and get absorbed with its principles that cause must produce that effect. At what time did you notice that the teachings of this holy Bible created cruelty in the heart and the life of George Peabody, of Miss Dix, of Florence Nightingale, of John Howard, of John Frederick Oberlin, of Abbot Laurence? Have you noticed in reading the biography of these people that in proportion as they became friends of the Bible they became enemies to humanity? Have you not, on the contrary, noticed that all the institutions of mercy established or being established were chiefly supported by the friends of this book? There is the hospital in war time. There are 20 Christian women. They are binding up wounds; they are offering cordials; they are kneeling down by the dying praying for their departed spirits. Where does the cruelty crop out? They have been reading the Bible all their lives. They read it every morning; they read it every night; they carry it under their arm when they go into the hospital.

Where does the cruelty of the book crop out? Is it in the gentleness of their step? Is it in the cadence of their voice? Is it in the sympathetic prayer they offer at the bedside of the dying? Your common sense tells you that a cruel book must produce cruel results. When you can make a rose leaf stab like a bayonet, and when you can manufacture icicles out of the south wind, and when you can poison your tongue with honey got from blossoming buckwheat, then you can get cruelty out of the Bible. That charge of the skeptics falls flat in the presence of every honest man.

Again, infidels go on and most vehemently charge that this Bible is an impure book. You all know that an impure book produces impure results. No amount of money could hire you to allow your child to read an unclean book. Now, if this Bible be an impure book, where are the victims? Your father read it—did it make him a bad man? Your mother read it—did it make her a bad woman? Your sister 15 years in Heaven died in the faith of this gospel—did it despoil her nature? Some say there are 200,000,000 copies of the Bible in existence, some say there are 400,000,000 copies of the Bible. It is impossible to get the accurate statistics, but suppose there are 200,000,000 copies of the Bible abroad, this one book read more than any 20 books that the world ever printed, this book abroad for ages, for centuries—where are the victims? Show me 1,000. Show me 500 victims of an impure book. Show me 100 despoiled of the Bible. Show me 50. Show me ten. Show me two. Show me one! Two hundred million copies of an impure book and not one victim of the impurity! On the contrary, you know very well that it is where the Bible has the most power that the family institution is most respected.

Again, agnostics go on still further, and they say the Bible is a mass of contradictions, and they put prophet against prophet, evangelist against evangelist, apostle against apostle, and they say if this be true, how, then, can that be true? Mr. Mill, who was a friend of the Bible, said he had discovered 30,000 different readings of the Scriptures, and yet not one important difference—not one important difference out of 30,000—only the difference that you might expect from the fact that the book came down from generation to generation and was copied by a great many hands. And yet I put before you this fact to-day, that all the Bible writers agree in the four great doctrines of the Bible.

What are those four great doctrines? God—good, kind, patient, just, loving, omnipotent. Man—a lost sinner. Two destinies—one for believers, the other for unbelievers; all who accept Christ reaching that home and only those destroyed who destroy themselves; only those who turn their back upon Christ and come to the precipice and jump off, for God never pushes a man off, he jumps off. Now, in these four great doctrines all the Bible writers agree. Mozart, Beethoven, Handel and Hadyn never wrote more harmonious music than you will find in this perfect harmony of the Word of God, the harmony in providence and in grace.

You must remember also that the authors of the Bible came from different lands, from different ages and from different centuries. They had no communication with each other; they did not have an idea as to what was the chief design of the Bible, and yet their writings, got up from all these different lands and all these different ages and all these different centuries, coming together make a perfect harmony in the opinion of the very best scholars of all lands. Is not that a most remarkable fact?

The Bible is made up of the Old Testament and the New Testament. Let us take the New Testament first. Why do I believe it? Why do I take it to my heart? It is because it can be traced back to the Divine heart just as easily as that aisle can be traced to that door, and that aisle to that door.

Jerome and Eusebius in the first century and Origen in the second century and other writers in the third and fourth centuries gave a list of the New Testament writers just exactly corresponding with our list, showing that the same New Testament which we have they had in the fourth century and the third century and the second century and the first century. But where did they get the New Testament? They got it from Irenaeus. Where did Irenaeus get it? He got it from Polycarp. Where did Polycarp get it? He got it from St. John, who was the personal associate of the Lord Jesus Christ. My grandfather gave a book to my father, my father gave it to me, I give it to my child. Is there any difficulty in tracing this line?

On communion day I will start the chalice at that end of the aisle, and the chalice will pass along to the other end of the aisle. Will it be difficult to trace the line of that holy chalice? No difficulty at all. This one will say: "I gave it to that one," and this one will say: "I gave it to that one." But it will not be so long a line as this to trace the New Testament. It is easier to get at the fact. But you say: "Although this was handed right down in that way, who knows but they were lying imposters? How can you take their testimony?" They died for the truth of that Book. Men never die for a lie cheerfully and triumphantly. They were not lying imposters. They died in triumph for the truth of that New Testament.

"Well," says someone, "now I am ready to believe that the New Testament is from the heart of Christ, but how about the Old Testament? Why do you believe that?" I believe the Old Testament because the prophecies foretold events hundreds and thousands of years ahead—events which afterward took place. How far can you see ahead? Two thousand years? Can you see ahead a hundred years? Can you see ahead five minutes? No, no! Human prophecy amounts to nothing. Here these old prophets stood thousands of years back, and they foretold events which came accurately true far on in the future centuries. Suppose I should stand here and say to you: "Twenty-five hundred and sixty years from now three miles and a half from the city of Moscow, there will be an advent, and it will be in a certain family, and it will be amid certain surroundings." It would make no impression upon you because you know I cannot foresee a thousand years or one year or one minute, and I cannot tell what is going to transpire in a land far away. But that is what these old prophets did.

You must remember that Tyre and Babylon and Nineveh were in full pomp and splendor when these prophecies, these old prophecies, said they would be destroyed. Those cities had architecture that make the houses of modern cities perfectly insignificant. Yet these old prophets walked right through those magnificent streets and said: "This has all got to come down. This is all going to be leveled."

Suppose a man should stand up in these cities to-day and say: "There will be harvests of wheat and corn where these cities now stand, and these streets will be pasture for cattle." Such a man would be sent to the insane asylum. Yet the old prophets did that very thing. Where is Babylon to-day? You go and walk over the ruins of Babylon and you will not find a leaf or a grass blade of those splendid hanging gardens, and in the summer time the ground actually blisters the feet of the traveler. Babylon destroyed according to the prophecy.

Where is Tyre? In the day of its pomp the prophet said: "The fishermen will dry their nets where this city stands." If you should go to that place to-day, you would find that literally. The fishermen are drying their nets on the rocks where the city of Tyre once stood. Tartar and Turk and Saracen drying their nets on the rocks.

Go up Chatham street, New York, and find the fulfillment of a prophecy made thousands of years ago. Why is it the Israelite is always distinguishable, whether you see him in New York or Peking or Vienna or Stockholm or London or Paris? The Englishman goes to America and after awhile he loses his nationality. The American goes to England and after awhile he loses his nationality. The Norwegian his, the Russian his, the Italian his, the Spaniard his, the Israelites never. Why? Because this book provided thousands of years ago that the Israelites should be scattered in all lands and that they should be kept separate, separate, until the Lord took them back to Jerusalem.

Besides all this, you must remember that the most of the writers of this book were uneducated men. How can you account for the fact that when Thomas Babington Macaulay, standing in the house of parliament in London, wanted to finish off a magnificent sentence he quoted from the fishermen of Galilee, or, sitting in his house, wanting to finish one of his great paragraphs of history, he quoted the words of the fishermen of Galilee? Why is it that those uneducated men have more influence on modern times than all the scholars of antiquity? Because they were divinely inspired, because God stood back of them. They were not educated and scholarly. It was not by force of rhetoric that they triumphed, but to-day those humble fishermen, those uneducated fishermen, wield more influence in all our modern cities than any 25 men living in this generation and day. They must have been inspired. There must have been a Divine influence behind them, and before them, and above them, and within them.

Besides that, you must remember that this Book has been under fire for centuries, and after all the bombardment of the skeptics of all the centuries, they have not knocked out of this Bible a piece as large as the small end of a sharp needle. Oh, how the old Book sticks together. Unsanctified geologists try to pull away the book of Genesis. They say they do not believe it; it cannot be there was light before the sun shone; it cannot be all this story about Adam and Eve; and they pull at the book of Genesis, and they have been pulling a great while, yet where is the book of Genesis? Standing just where it stood all the time. There is not a man on earth who has ever erased it from his Bible.

Then all the undevout astronomers went to work to pull away the book of Joshua. They say: "That cannot be true, the sun's halting above Gibeon and the moon over the valley of Ajalon; it cannot be possible, we must pull that book of Joshua away." And they pull away at it, and they pull away at it, and yet what has become of the book of Joshua? Like the sun above Gibeon and like the moon over the valley of Ajalon, it stands still. All the undevout anatomists and physiologists get hold of the book of Jonah, and they pull away and they say: "That story about Jonah and the whale can't be true." Every infidel carries a harpoon especially for that whale, and they pull away at the book of Jonah, but where is the book of Jonah to-day? Just where it has been all the time—the grandest thing that was ever written to prove that when God sends a man to Ninevah, he cannot get to Tarshish, if God to stop him has to upset the Mediterranean sea with a cyclone.

And so the infidels have been trying to pull away the miracles, pulling away at the blasted fig tree, at the turning of the water into wine, at the raising of Lazarus from the dead. Can you show me a Bible from which one of these miracles has been erased? How marvelously the old Book sticks together! All the striking at these chapters only driving them in deeper until they are clinched on the other side with the hammers of eternity. And the Book is going to keep right on until the fires of the last day are kindled. Some of them will begin on one side and some on the other side of the old Book. They will not find a bundle of loose manuscripts easily consumed by fire. When the fires of the last day are kindled, some will burn on this side, from Genesis toward Revelation, and others will burn on this side, from Revelation toward Genesis, and in all their way they will not find a single chapter or a single verse out of place. That will be the first time we can afford to do without the Bible. What will be the use of the book of Genesis, descriptive of how the world was made, when the world is destroyed? What will be the use of the prophecies when they are all fulfilled? What will be the use of the evangelistic or Pauline description of Jesus Christ when we see Him face to face? What will be the use of His photograph when we have met Him in glory? What will be the use of the book of Revelation, standing, as you will, with your foot on the glassy sea and your hand on the ringing harp and your forehead chapleted with eternal coronation amid the ameythstine and 12-gated glories of Heaven? The emerald dashing its green against the beryl and the beryl dashing its blue against the sapphire and the sapphire throwing its light on the jacinth and the jacinth dashing its fire against the chrysoprase and you and I standing in the chorus of 10,000 sunsets.

But I do not think we will give up the Bible even at that time. I think we will want the Bible in Heaven. I really think the fires of the last day will not consume the last copy, for when you and I get our dead children out of the dust we want to show them just the passages, just the promises, which comforted us here in the dark day of interment, and we will want to talk over with Christians who have had trials and struggles, and we will want to show them the promises that especially refreshed us. I think we shall have the Bible in Heaven.

Oh, I want to hear David with his own voice read, "The Lord is my Shepherd." I want to hear Paul with his own voice read, "Thanks be unto God that giveth us the victory." I want to hear the archangel play Paul's march of the resurrection with the same trumpet with which he awoke the dead. O blessed Book, good enough for earth, good enough for Heaven. Dear old book—Book bespattered with the blood of martyrs who died for its defense—Book sprinkled all over with the tears of those who by it were comforted. Put it in the hand of your children on their birthday. Put it on the table in the sitting-room when you begin to keep house. Put it under your head when you die. Dear old Book! I press it to my heart, I press it to my lips.

"Where shall I go?" said a dying Hindoo to the Brahmitic priest to whom he had given money to pray for his salvation. "Where shall I go after I die?" The Brahmitic priest said: "You will first of all go into a holy quadruped." "But," said the dying Hindoo, "where shall I go then?" "Then you shall go into a singing bird." "But," said the dying Hindoo, "where then shall I go?" "Then," said the Brahmitic, "you will go into a beautiful flower." The dying Hindoo threw up his arms in an agony of solicitude as he said: "But where shall I go last of all?" Thank God, this Bible tells the Hindoo, tells you, tells me, not where I shall go to-day, not where I shall go to-morrow, not where I shall go next year, but where I shall go last of all!

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

The gold medal of the British Linnaean society has this year been awarded to Prof. Alfred Newton in recognition of his important contributions to zoological science.

Dr. Roswell Park, professor of surgery at the University of Buffalo and at the head of the Buffalo general hospital, has been appointed medical director of the pan-American exposition.

When George B. M. Harvey, the editor of the North American Review, was a reporter on a New York daily, his declaration that he would some time edit a large magazine was a joke among his companions.

A complete set of "The Snob" and "The Gownsman," with all of Thackeray's contributions, was sold for $660 in London lately. "The Orphan of Pimlico" brought $77, "The Corsair" (New York) $82 and "Vanity Fair," 1848, $61.

The Cafe Procope, in Paris, founded by an Italian of that name in the middle of the eighteenth century, has just been closed. Voltaire, Rosseau, Marat, Danton and Gambetta were among its frequenters. It was closed about 20 years ago, but was reopened in 1893. Now it vanishes permanently.

The trustees of Indiana state university have acceded to the unanimous request of the students and faculty that their new athletic field be called Jordan field, after President David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford, Jr., university, who was for several years president of Indiana university.

A heavy burden of poetic ancestors weighs on the little son born to Hon. Neville Lytton, heir presumptive to the earldom of Lytton. Through his father he is grandson of Owen Meredith and great-grandson of Bulwer Lytton and through his mother great-grandson of Lord Byron and grandson of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt.

DECIDE ANYTHING BY CHANCE.

Some Instances of the Gambling Spirit That Is Prevalent in Arizona.

The gambling spirit seems to pervade a large share of the population down here in the southwest. It goes from the sublime to the ridiculous. Cards and dice sit as judges on many questions that affect the future welfare of people. Recently two young fellows were arrested on the charge of burglary, given a preliminary hearing, held to the grand jury, and were subsequently indicted. In the district court later, says a special to the Chicago Inter Ocean, one of them pleaded guilty to the charge of breaking into a house and stealing clothing and other articles, and was sentenced to two years and a half in the territorial penitentiary at Yuma.

After the trial was finished and the prisoner sent to the penitentiary it became known that the mode of defense had been previously agreed upon by the two men by a game of seven-up, played in the county jail with the other prisoners gathered round as witnesses to the transaction. They had agreed that the one beaten in the game of cards should plead guilty to the charge, exonerate his accomplice, and take whatever punishment was meted out by the presiding judge. The younger of the two won the game by one point, and his opponent abided strictly by the terms of the agreement, and pleaded guilty, accepted the sentence without a murmur, and is now in durance vile, while his partner, equally guilty, is free and unhampered by chains or conscience.

Another bet that turned out badly for one of the principals happened a short time after. A young fellow who had been arrested on some charge of a not very serious nature, made a wager with a fellow prisoner that he would break jail and ride out of town with the sheriff's own private saddle horse. He had in some manner secreted a pick in his cell and the following night succeeded in digging his way out through the stone wall and made his escape from the jail. He failed, however, to properly locate the sheriff's barn and got into one belonging to a neighbor. He stole the horse and rode out of town all right, but was captured at the rim of the Grand Canyon, 70 miles away, while asleep at a camp, the next night, and is now in jail again with riveted irons on his legs awaiting trial for a serious crime for his folly.

CONSCIENCE OR POLICY?

The Puzzling Problem a Fond Memphis Mother Is Worrying Herself Over.

A certain fond mother of Memphis is worrying herself over an incident which occurred a few days since. She is trying to decide whether her four-year-old son, who figured so prominently in the incident, made a display of deep penitence or whether he worked a "con" game on her. If the lad showed the humility and penitence which his action indicates, he may make a minister when he grows up, but if he "conned" his mother, a different line of life work will probably be adopted, says the Memphis Scimitar.

Some time ago the boy in the case was presented with a toy hammer, which he appreciated very much. He appeared before his mother about 30 minutes after he received the hammer, wearing a woe-begone expression.

"Mamma," he said, "I feels awful bad."

"Why, what is the matter, my son?" asked his mother.

"I feels bad right here, mamma," the lad answered, putting his hand on his heart.

"Well, tell mamma what it is, son"

"I feels like I do when you are going to whip me." He was whimpering by now, and his mother was so sorry for him that the tears were welling up into her eyes.

"What have you done, darling?"

"I've hammered a hole in your bedstead," he said, and burst into tears.

He was not whipped, but his mother is wondering whether he will be a preacher or a "wise gazabo."

Uninflammable.

Jingle—I see they have just invented a new kind of non-combustible paper out of asbestos.

Jangle—What is it good for?

"It is used by Mrs. Ella Squealer Pillbox and other passion poetesses for manuscript paper."—Harlem Life.

FEMININE FASHIONS.

Fresh Finery for Summer Costumes and New Ideas in Dressmaking.

In the pretty little Eton jackets in black taffeta which are so inexpensive is one tucked diagonally and with most attractive small buttons, black steel in tiny squares set with a few dots of cut steel in the center, says the New York Times.

Fruits of all kinds continue to be popular for hat trimmings, and with their popularity they are following the example of all flowers that are much used for millinery, in that they are changing their colors. At one time one was reasonably sure to see everything in the fruit line true to nature, but this year the popular cherries, which heretofore looked as if they came from the wax flower frame of the old New England parlor, are made in silk and velvet, in pale blue and—oh, painful color!—apple green. Strawberries have turned black, and small peaches are green or shade from yellow to pink and into an overripe crimson.

Ostrich feathers, which have been resting for a time, are to be seen again chiefly in black and white and may become popular later in the season.

There is a fad just now for showing off models of gowns and hats in illustrations taken from photographs instead of drawings. That is a good thing in some ways, for the drawings require the work of an artist to show pretty and natural looking women inside of the frocks and not one of the awful, wooden, doll-like creatures which were to be seen in old fashion plates and are now at times. But there are disadvantages. There is not a gown built that will have style on a woman whom it does not fit. In many of the gowns illustrated from photographs they are so obviously not built for the wearers that both gown and wearer look as if they had come from Kamchatka or whatever wild place may be considered representatively lacking in style.

A pretty waist arrangement which it is said will be popular this summer is a sash of black tulle carried snugly around the waist, fastened at the back with a pretty buckle, then falling in long ends to the edge of the skirt. The ends are finished with plaitings of the tulle. This sash completes a pretty light costume when there are touches of black, as, for instance, a pretty pink or blue lawn with black embroidered figures.

A durable and waterproof skirt binding is made of rubber with one side velveteen. There is a cord of it and an edge to hem up inside the skirt. There is a body to it which makes a firm edge to the skirt. It is ten cents a yard.

VALUE OF THE FISH WORM.

Not at All Confined to His Use at the End of a Line and Hook.

Not one fisherman in a hundred thinks how valuable to him and the rest of humanity is the common earthworm which he digs up so often while on fishing excursions to the near-by lakes along the Illinois-Wisconsin line. After all his pains in digging for the worms he and they are scarcely acquaintances, says the Chicago Chronicle. To see really what sort of a fellow the common earthworm is, first put him into a bowl of water. He will soon wriggle himself free from every particle of dirt, and you may then make him more comfortable on some dry, smooth surface while you study the peculiar movements of his remarkable body, which consists of a series of segments, or rings, all alike in form, except at the two ends; the anterior end tapering to a blunt point, the hinder end being broad and flattened.

Watch the worm shorten himself after a long stretch. Projecting from the sides and the lower part of each ring you will see the tiny bristles, called setae, with which he manages to walk. When he lengthens his body the setae on the higher rings prevent him from stretching backward, because they, in pointing backward, stick into the ground. The worm can, therefore, stretch only forward. In the same manner, when he shortens his body, the setae in the front rings stick into the ground and the hinder part of the body is drawn up; he repeats this process every time he moves along.

That way of walking may seem very complicated and wonderful, but it is no more wonderful than that you should be able to balance your body on your two feet and walk without giving a thought to how you do it, or to how wonderful it is that it can be done without thought. Watch a baby's efforts to keep his balance in learning to toddle only a few steps, and you will understand that walking seems easy to you because you have had so much practice.

The usefulness of the worms may be seen at once when you compare some of the things that they do with those that they are unjustly accused of doing. They do not destroy the roots of trees and of plants. They eat half-decayed leaves, which they are able to grind with the muscles of the mouth, but they have no teeth with which to gnaw. They are useful to men in boring through the ground and loosening the soil to make it ready for the fibers of plants to enter. Surface soil is more or less loose, but the subsoil is hard and compact until the earthworms have worked it. Our tallest trees even would soon die if no opening were made by the worms for their root fibers to enter.

Vanity Puffs.

Boil one cupful of milk and add quickly one-half cupful of flour; this should boil and be a stiff dough; let cool and add three eggs, unbeaten, one by one, beating well after adding each; then add one tablespoonful of melted butter; dip a tablespoon into hot fat; then take up some of the mixture and drop into the frying kettle; when they are brown lift them out with a skimmer; let them drain on paper; roll them in cinnamon and sugar mixed.—Philadelphia Press.

Changes.

"You need a change," said the doctor. "I think you should take a trip to Europe."

"Well, doctor," said the man with a large and expensive family, "you need a change, too, I'm thinking."

"Really?"

"Yes. You want to change your mind."—Philadelphia Press.

PEANUT ADVERTISING.

A Promoter's Novel Method of Advertising the Interests of a Shin Plaster Concern.

"Gimme two cents' worth of those peanuts," said the smooth-faced young man, walking up to the Italian vender in front of the post office. The Italian, relates the New York Sun, measured the peanuts out, and, at the young man's suggestion, dumped them into the pocket of his coat. They went into the right-hand pocket, but the young man plunged his hand into the pocket on the left-hand side, and, hauling out a nut, cracked it open and started to put the contents into his mouth. Suddenly he gave a loud exclamation, and then with apparent indignation, turned to the Italian and said:

"Say, John, what kind of peanuts do you call these?"

"They all right," protested the Italian.

"All right nuthin'," said the young man. "Just look at this," and from inside the peanut that he had just broken open, he pulled a small piece of paper neatly folded up. Unfolding the paper he read aloud:

"This is no shell game. Use the famous Bumm Bumm Shin Plasters."

The young man took another peanut from the left-hand pocket and cracked that open. Out fell another fold of paper containing the same advertisement. The Italian's eyes were nearly popping out of his head. The young man put on a great show of indignation.

"That is the worst bunco game that I ever ran against," he exclaimed. "Take these peanuts back and keep them. I don't want the blame things," and, with a rapid motion, he extracted a handful of peanuts from the same left-hand pocket, and, throwing them in with the Italian's stock, mixed them up, and went on his way, leaving the Italian gesticulating wildly, and making frantic efforts to explain.

This much was witnessed by a reporter, who decided forthwith that the young man was up to some game, an impression which was strengthened when he saw him approach another peanut vender and go through the same performance. So when the young man went on his way the reporter accosted him and asked him what the game was. The man was delightfully frank. Here is what he said:

"I get enough fun out of this thing watching the faces of those dagos to pay me for doing it, even if I wasn't getting good pay. Say, it's the greatest game ever. You see, it's this way. I make a living suggesting ways to advertise to big concerns. Now the Bumm Bumm Shin Plaster company wanted to reach the common people with advertisements of their stuff. So they send for me and ask me for a suggestion. The peanut game was one that I thought out a long time ago, but had never put into operation. The Bumm Bumm people thought it was all right and were willing to put up good money. I had a couple of women open up a bushel of peanuts, fold up these little circulars, put them inside, and then, by the use of a very small quantity of paste on each shell, put them together again. I sold the meat of the nuts to a candy man and got more for them than I paid for the original bushel.

"I took the lot down to the office of the Bumm Bumm company, and they were dead stuck on the game. They gave me a fat check, and, that being the end of my contract, I bobbed up with another suggestion. "You can reach a lot of people with those things just scattering them around the street,' I says, 'but I've got a better game than that.' Then I told them that for $10 I would mix those fake peanuts up with the stocks of venders, so that every man who bought peanuts on the street would be bound to get at least one of ours. Say, they were dead stuck on the game, and we closed at once. That's all there is to it. You've seen me at work and know how I do it. Say, but isn't it a peach of a game? I bet I've put 40 peanut stocks on the bogus since I started out, and I've only been working three days."

MAID OR MATRON?

Features of Dress That Now Indicate Whether a Woman Is Married or Single.

At all smart functions in future, or wherever evening dress is worn, there is to be a distinguishing mark between matron and maiden. Unmarried women are to wear their bows, aigrettes or flowers on the left side; matrons on the right. It is only a matter of decoration, but fashion has decreed it, says the New York Herald.

In Paris and London the custom has been adopted, to the infinite satisfaction of the matrons, but not altogether to that of the unmarried women. What one of them cares to proclaim to the world at large the fact of her single blessedness?

Heretofore the only distinguishing mark between the married and unmarried woman has been the wedding ring, of no particular consequence at evening functions, where, with the exception of dinners, a woman's hands are never uncovered.

Now all is changed. Coiffeurs insist that madame must wear her aigrette on the right side of her head; mademoiselle on the left. If mademoiselle desires to enhance her beauty by a flower instead of an aigrette, let her have it by all means, tucked in with seeming artless grace, but let her make sure it is the left side of her profile she studies while arranging the effect, lest later on she be accused of endeavoring to seem that which she is not.

Dressmakers are following the same unwritten law with flowers or the huge chou bow so indispensable this season to all smart frocks. Let no unpracticed hand be so misguided as to imagine that this chou can be carelessly put on either the right or left side. Its proper adjustment is a matter of art; its inartistic adjustment is enough to ruin an otherwise chic gown. The size of the chou should bear some relation to the figure of the woman who is to wear it. It is prettiest made of lace, but may be of chiffon, or even silk or velvet if desired. Commonly, it is the size of a peony, of a contrasting color to the gown, and may have ends or not, as one likes. On a slender, flat chested woman ends that fall below the waist line are most desirable; a woman of good curves, on the contrary, prefers the chou without ends. But with or without on matron right or maiden left, the chou must be set down on one side of the bodice just below the "decolletage."