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, AUGUST 4, 1900. VOL. XXV—NO. 38.

THROUGH LOVE TO LAUGHTER.

Lead your child through love to laughter,
Sorrow soon enough comes after;
Soon enough will real ills find it,
Let not false gloom blur or blind it;
Life has much of glee and gladness,
Smothering smiles in babes is madness,
Rather let them laugh and love it.
With God's smiling skies above it;
Joyous juniors love to caper,
Ills for them are thin as paper,
While the gladness and the glory
Fill life to its upper story;
Smiles for them are finely filling,
Though some tears each may be spilling.

Let them laugh, the years are flying
To where each shall know more crying,
Burdened with the cares and trials,
Sufferings and self-denials,
Which grow greater, stronger, bolder,
As their human slaves grow older.
Let the child laugh long and longer,
Let its love of glee grow stronger,
Better it should turn from troubles,
Laugh at iridescent bubbles,
Than eclipse its sunny gladness
In the atmospheres of sadness,
All too ready to bereave us,
And with ghosts of gloom to leave us.
Let your juvenile be jolly,
Lead him far from melancholy,
Harmless joys jar roof and rafter,
Lead your child through love to laughter.

I. EDGAR JONES.

The Jobsons Dine Out

"I SAW a perfectly lovely gas range to-day for $18," remarked Mrs. Jobson one evening last week.

"Silk-lined, with passementerie trimmings and a V-yoke?" inquired Mr. Jobson, casting away his paper.

"We'll need a gas range this summer, you know," said Mrs. Jobson, "and this one—"

"I'll bet it's not a marker to the automobile a fellow I know was showing me this afternoon," said Mr. Jobson. "Said he'd let me have it for only $3,600."

Mr. Jobson waited for Mrs. Jobson to make some reply to this sarcasm, but she seemed to be very busy with her Honiton lacework.

"By the way," said Mr. Jobson, seeing that Mrs. Jobson didn't feel like arguing, "what do we want with an $18 gas range?"

"Well, we've been needing one for a good many summers past," said Mrs. Jobson. "They're so convenient and so much cooler than coal ranges, and during the hot weather the house would be so much more endurable after dinner if—"

"Oh," interrupted Mr. Jobson, "I knew I had something to mention to you. There are not going to be any more dinners in this house after to-day until the 1st of October."

"No more dinners?" said Mrs. Jobson, with a puzzled look. "Mr. Jobson, I hope you are not going back to any of those vegetarian or non-eating schemes that you tried last year and made such a dismal fail—"

"Never you mind about the schemes that I tried last year, Mrs. Jobson—this is another year," said Mr. Jobson, severely. "It would be a mighty good scheme all around if you could eliminate that little habit you've got of casting up things that happened in the icthyosaurian period. When I say that there are going to be no more dinners served in this household after to-day until the 1st day of October I do not mean that we're not going to have any dinners. I suppose you'll at least do me the justice to admit that you've got enough to eat all these years, won't you?"

"But if there are to be no dinners here, how in the world—"

"This," said Mr. Jobson, with the air of a man who has got everything all arranged after long consideration, "is a matter that I've had in mind for a good many years, and now I'm going to put it into practice. Mrs. Jobson, it is barbarous and unnecessary for people living in these latitudes to cook and eat their dinners in their own houses during the torrid season. There's no sense in it. It is a wholly uncalled-for infliction upon the mistress of the establishment to demand of her that she stand over a cook and watch her when the mercury is hissing in the bulb, and it's not going to happen around here any more. We're going to take our dinners out until the 1st of October."

"Out?" inquired Mrs. Jobson. "Where?"

"At the restaurants," said Mr. Jobson. "You can meet me downtown every afternoon after office hours, and we can go to some restaurant of our mutual selection and get our dinner. Then we'll return to our cool house, and there'll be no dish washing and fooling around a stuffy kitchen or any other bother like that for you. It'll be a good thing in lots of ways, one of them being that we'll have a change of diet, which everybody needs once in awhile. We won't have to stick to any one restaurant, but we'll give 'em all a try, and it'll be sort o' piquant to have dinner around at different places and amid different scenes every day. It'll relieve the monotony tremendously, and the only thing I'm afraid of is that when we've been doing it until the 1st of October you'll be so enamored of the scheme that you'll feel like breaking up housekeeping and living the Bedouin life, from the eating point of view, altogether."

"But," said Mrs. Jobson, "don't you know how you have always disliked eating in restaurants, and how it annoys you to have to wait a little while for the waiter to serve you, and how—"

"No, Mrs. Jobson, I don't know anything of the sort," said Mr. Jobson, decisively. "You've got me mixed with somebody else. You just meet me at the office to-morrow at a little after four, and we'll go and have our first dinner under the new plan, and you'll thank me then for suggesting the scheme to you."

Mrs. Jobson did go to Mr. Jobson's office on schedule time on the following afternoon, but he had forgotten about the arrangement and gone home. She waited for him to come back, and he did.

"The new plan escaped your memory, didn't it?" said Mrs. Jobson.

"I guess not," said Mr. Jobson, shortly. "I went home to get a clean handkerchief, that's all. And as I didn't find one and had to buy one, after all, in spite of the fact that I've bought some 2,000 handkerchiefs since the first of January, I suppose the cat has eaten 'em all up."

"There are at least two dozen in your drawer," said Mrs. Jobson.

"Are, hey?" said Mr. Jobson. "All I found in my drawer were three of your veils and a couple of pairs of your gloves and about 87 yards of that 15-cent lace you bought yesterday because the man who put it on his bargain counter needed the money. But never mind about that. Where are we going to eat? I'm ravenous."

"Oh, any place," said Mrs. Jobson.

"Oh, that's all the interest you have in the scheme, is it?" said Mr. Jobson. "You don't care whether I'm faint from hunger or not, do you?"

"How about the——?" suggested Mrs. Jobson, naming one of the hotel resaurants.

"How about moving the Waldorf-Astoria down here?" said Mr. Jobson. "I hope you haven't become possessed of the idea, Mrs. Jobson, that I'm going to pay about $12.85 a day for our dinners, have you? Because I'm not going to do any such thing. Come on. I know where we'll go. We'll go to ——'s. They don't put on many lugs down there, but they give you enough to eat without assessing you a week's wages for it."

So they went to ——'s. It was very hot, and by the time they arrived there they were perspiring and uncomfortable, Mrs. Jobson particularly so in her new, tight-fitting foulard dress.

It was just after the departments had closed, and the restaurant was so filled that they had difficulty in getting seats at all, and the places they did finally secure were about 40 feet out of range of the electric fans. Mr. Jobson gave vent to numerous "Huhs!" over this, but he picked up the regular dinner bill of fare and beckoned a waiter. The waiter looked Mr. Jobson over carefully and went on about his business. When we passed that way again a few moments later Mr. Jobson snapped his fingers for him again, this time somewhat savagely. The waiter approached the table and inclined his ear.

"Thanks for letting me catch your eye, after sitting here for four solid hours," said Mr. Jobson, sarcastically, to the waiter. "D'ye think you could let us have a bite to eat, now, if we act real humble?"

"Yessuh," said the waiter. "Ah'll be back dis-uhway shotely, suh," and then the waiter went off. After about 12 minutes he again got within Mr. Jobson's finger-snapping range—Mr. Jobson was meantime growling things under his breath that caused the people at the other tables to look around at him—and once more the waiter approached the Jobsons' table.

"Look-a-here," said Mr. Jobson to the waiter, "do we get anything to eat here, or don't we?"

"Yessuh. Ah'se uh-waitin' fo' yo'all's ohduh, suh," said the waiter.

"Two regular dinners," said Mr. Jobson.

"De reg'luh dinnuh, suh," said the waiter, "is suhved at five o'clock, suh, an' hit's on'y uh quahtuh t' five now, suh. Ef yo'all's wants tuh wait, suh, Ah'll tek yo' ohduh an'—"

"Madam," said Mr. Jobson to Mrs. Jobson, rising sternly and taking his hat, "we shall take our immediate departure from this place," and then he clomped out, Mrs. Jobson following him.

"Where are we going now?" said Mrs. Jobson, when they got outside.

"Where are we going, madam?" said Mr. Jobson, in a tone of suppressed fury. "Where else are we going but home? We are going home to get something to eat, that's where we are going, Mrs. Jobson. And the next time you wheedle me into giving my consent to any such idiotic scheme as this—the next time you succeed in bamboozling me into abandoning the comforts of a home that I have slaved and toiled for years to get together—the next time you put up a job like this on me, for the sake of getting out of the necessity of seeing that your husband's dinner is cooked and served for him under his own vine and fig tree—there's going to be a schism and a split in the Jobson family, Mrs. Jobson, and when it's all over I won't be the one wearing the sackcloth and ashes!"

Then the Jobsons went home and dined on canned salmon, sardines, Neufchatel cheese, crackers and tea.—Washington Star.

Wholesome Discipline.

Perhaps fagging in English schools is the one medicine for snobbishness in a land where classes are rigidly defined. For at least a short period in his early life, the "noble lord of high degree" is no better than anybody else. An old Harrow boy says that he can never forget a certain clergyman's look of blank astonishment when he was told that the magnate of his neighborhood had been a breakfast fag at school, and had been "whopped" by his fag master for dropping sardine oil into the teapot. When Lord M——, who became a duke, was at Westminster school, he bought something from an apple woman, and gave her sixpence, out of which she handed back the change. "You may keep them," said his lordship, refusing the pennies. "I never carry coppers." An older boy, a senior, was looking on, and asked him why he refused the change. "Coppers are a horrid bore," said Lord M——. "I can't be troubled with them." Then the big boy sent for a sixpenny worth of halfpence, and ordered his "ludship" to carry them in his trousers pocket, ready to be produced on demand.—Youth's Companion.

Piggish Proclivities at Nome.

Powers of attorney have been used so extensively at Cape Nome this winter that it is doubtful that if many of the 20,000 men now rushing northward will be able to secure claims in Nome, York or contiguous districts. The winter situation is described, in a letter received at Juneau from Abner Ellis, mining expert. He writes that several hundred men at Nome have spent the entire winter stampeding in every direction and locating thousands of claims for themselves and for others by power of attorney. At Cape York one man has located over 400 claims. Ground thus taken up includes the best areas along the chief creeks of the entire gold-bearing country drained into Behring sea. Ellis doubts if the men rushing in from the Pacific coast will be able to secure claims other than hilltops. No beach diggings have been found at Nome, and the creek and valley claims have all been taken in the manner described.—Chicago Record.

Avoiding a Bad Scrape.

The president shaves himself and the Chicago Tribune thinks it may be his only way out of a bad scrape.

THE MARRIAGE FEAST

Joyous Features of the Christian Religion Clearly Presented.

Dr. Talmage Invites the Whole World to Join in Its Holy Merriment—The Wedding in Cana.

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

A remarkable illustration of the ubiquity of English-speaking people is furnished by the requests that have reached Dr. Talmage in northern Europe for a sermon in out-of-the-way places where he did not expect to find a single person who could understand him. There, as here, he presents religion as a festivity and invites all the world to come as guests and join in its holy merriment; text, John ii., 10: "Thou hast kept the good wine until now."

This chapter invites us to a marriage celebration. It is a wedding in common life, two plain people having pledged each other, hand and heart, and their friends having come in for congratulation. The joy is not the less because there is no pretension. In each other they find all the future they want. The daisy in the cup on the table may mean as much as a score of artistic garlands fresh from the hothouse. When a daughter goes off from home with nothing but a plain father's blessing and a plain mother's love, she is missed as much as though she were a princess. It seems hard, after the parents have sheltered her for 18 years, that in a few short months her affections should have been carried off by another, but mother remembers how it was in her own case when she was young, and so she braces up until the wedding has passed and the banqueters are gone, and she has a cry all alone.

Well, we are to-day at the wedding in Cana of Galilee. Jesus and His mother have been invited. It is evident that there are more people there than were expected. Either some people have come who were not invited or more invitations have been sent out than it was supposed would be accepted. Of course there is not a sufficient supply of wine. You know that there is nothing more embarrassing to a housekeeper than a scant supply. Jesus sees the embarrassment, and he comes up immediately to relieve it. He sees standing six water pots. He orders the servants to fill them with water, then He waves His hand over the water, and immediately it is wine—real wine. Taste of it and see for yourselves. No logwood in it, no strychnine in it, but first-rate wine. I will not now be diverted to the question so often discussed in my own country whether it is right to drink wine. I am describing the scene as it was. When God makes wine, He makes the very best wine, and 130 gallons of it standing around in these water pots—wine so good that the ruler of the feast tastes it and says: "Why, this is really better than anything we have had. Thou hast kept the good wine until now." Beautiful miracle! A prize was offered to the person who should write the best essay about the miracle in Cana. Long manuscripts were presented in the competition, but a poet won the prize by just this one line descriptive of the miracle: "The conscious water saw its God and blushed."

We learn from this miracle, in the first place, that Christ has sympathy with housekeepers. You might have thought that Jesus would have said: "I cannot be bothered with this household deficiency of wine. It is not for me, Lord of Heaven and of earth, to become caterer to this feast. I have vaster things than this to attend to." Not so said Jesus. The wine gave out, and Jesus by miraculous power came to the rescue. Does there ever come a scant supply in your household? Have you to make a very close calculation? It is hard work for you to carry on things decently and respectably? If so, don't sit down and cry. Don't go out and fret, but go to Him who stood in the house in Cana of Galilee. Pray in the parlor. Pray in the kitchen. Let there be no room in your house unconsecrated by the voice of prayer. If you have a microscope, put under it one drop of water and see the insects floating about, and when you see that God makes them and cares for them and feeds them come to the conclusion that He will take care of you and feed you.

A boy asked if he might sweep the snow from the steps of a house. The lady of the household said: "Yes; you seem very poor." He says: "I am very poor." She says: "Don't you sometimes get discouraged and feel that God is going to let you starve?" The lad looked up in the woman's face and said: "Do you think God will let me starve when I trust Him and then do the best I can?" Enough theology for older people! Trust in God and do the best you can. Amid all the worriments of housekeeping, go to Him; He will help you control your temper and supervise your domestics and entertain your guests and manage your home economies. There are hundreds of women weak and nervous and exhausted with the care of housekeeping. I commend you to the Lord Jesus Christ as the best adviser and the most efficient aid—the Lord Jesus who performed His first miracle to relieve a housekeeper.

I learn also from this miracle that Christ does things in abundance. I think a small supply of wine would have made up for the deficiency. I think, certainly, they must have had enough for half the guests. One gallon of wine will do; certainly five gallons will be enough; certainly ten. But Jesus goes on, and He gives them 30 gallons and 40 gallons and 50 gallons and 70 gallons and 100 gallons and 130 gallons of the very best wine. It is just like Him—doing everything on the largest and most generous scale. Does Christ, our Creator, go forth to make loaves? He makes them by the whole forest full; notched like the fern or silvered like the aspen or broad like the palm; thickets in the tropics, Oregon forests. Does He go forth to make flowers? He makes plenty of them; they flame from the hedge, they hang from the top of the grapevine in blossoms, they roll in the blue wave of the violets, they toss their white surf in the spiraea—enough for every child's hand a flower—enough to make for every brow a chaplet, enough with beauty to cover up the ghastliness of all the grave. Does He go forth to create water? He pours it out, not by the cupful, but by a river full, a lake full, an ocean full; pouring it out until all the earth has enough to drink, and enough with which to wash.

Does Jesus provide redemption? It is not a little salvation for this one, a little for that and a little for the other, but enough for all. "Whosoever will, let him come." Each man an ocean full for himself. Promises for the young, promises for the old, promises for the lowly, promises for the blind, for the halt, for the outcast, for the abandoned. Pardon for all, mercy for all, Heaven for all. Not merely a cupful of Gospel supply, but 130 gallons. Aye, the tears of Godly repentance are gathered up into God's bottle, and some day, standing before the throne, we will lift our cup of delight and ask that it be filled with the wine of Heaven, and Jesus, from that bottle of tears, will begin to pour in the cup, and we will cry: "Stop, Jesus! We do not want to drink our own tears!" And Jesus will say: "Know ye not that the tears of earth are the wine of Heaven?" Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

I remark, further, Jesus does not shadow the joys of others with His own griefs. He might have sat down in that wedding and said: "I have so much trouble, so much poverty, so much prsecution, and the cross is coming. I shall not rejoice, and the gloom of my face and of my sorrows shall be cast over all this group." So said not Jesus. He said to Himself: "Here are two persons starting out in married life. Let it be a joyful occasion. I will hide my own griefs. I will kindle their joy." There are many not so wise as that. I knew a household where there are many little children, where for two years the musical instrument has been kept shut because there has been trouble in the house. Alas for the folly! Parents saying: "We will have no Christmas tree this coming holiday because there has been trouble in the house. Hush that laughing upstairs! How can there be any joy when there has been so much trouble?" And so they make everything consistently doleful and send their sons and daughters to ruin with the gloom they throw around them.

Oh, my dear friends, do you not know those children will have trouble enough of their own after awhile? Be glad they cannot appreciate all yours. Keep back the cup of bitterness from your daughter's lips. When your head is down in the grass of the tomb, poverty may come to her, betrayal to her, bereavement to her. Keep back the sorrows as long as you can. Do you not know that that son may after awhile have his heart broken? Stand between him and all harm. You may not fight his battles long. Fight them while you may. Throw not the chill of your own despondency over his soul. Rather, be like Jesus, who came to the wedding hiding His own grief and kindling the joys of others. So I have seen the sun on a dark day, struggling amidst clouds, black, ragged and portentous, but after awhile the sun, with golden pry, heaved back the blackness. And the sun laughed to the lake, and the lake laughed to the sun, and from horizon to horizon, under the saffron sky, the water was all turned into wine.

I learn from the miracle that Christ is not impatient with the luxuries of life. It was not necessary that they should have that wine. Hundreds of people have been married without any wine. We do not read that any of the other provisions fell short. When Christ made the wine, it was not a necessity, but a positive luxury. I do not believe that He wants us to eat bread and sleep on hard mattresses unless we like them the best. I think, if circumstances will allow, we have a right to the luxuries of dress, the luxuries of diet and the luxuries of residence. There is no more religion in an old coat than in a new one. We can serve God drawn by golden plated harness as certainly as when we go afoot. Jesus Christ will dwell with us under a fine ceiling as well as under a thatched roof.

What is the difference between a Chinese mud hovel and an American home? What is the difference between the rough bear skins of the Russian boor and the outfit of an American gentleman? No difference, except that which the Gospel of Christ, directly or indirectly, has caused. When Christ shall have vanquished all the world, I suppose every house will be a mansion and every garment a robe and every horse an arch necked courser and every carriage a glittering vehicle and every man a king and every woman a queen and the whole earth a Paradise, the glories of the natural world harmonizing with the glories of the material world until the very bells of the horses shall jingle the praises of the Lord.

I learn, further, from this miracle that Christ has no impatience with festal joy; otherwise he would not have accepted the invitation to that wedding. He certainly would not have done that which increased the hilarity. There may have been many in that room who were happy, but there was not one of them that did so much for the joy of the wedding party as Christ himself. He was the chief of the banqueters. When the wine gave out, He supplied it, and so, I take it, He will not deny us the joys that are positively festal.

I think the children of God have more right to laugh than any other people, and to clap their hands as loudly. There is not a single joy denied them that is given to any other people. Christianity does not clip the wings of the soul. Religion does not frost the flowers. What is Christianity? I take it to be simply a proclamation from the throne of God of emancipation for all the enslaved, and if a man accepts the terms of that proclamation and becomes free has he not a right to be merry? Suppose a father has an elegant mansion and large grounds. To whom will he give the first privilege of these grounds? Will he say: "My children, you must not walk through these paths or sit down under these trees or pluck this fruit. These are for outsiders. They may walk in them." No father would say anything like that. He would say: "The first privileges in all the grounds and all of my house shall be for my own children." And yet men try to make us believe that God's children are on the limits and the chief refreshments and enjoyments of life are for outsiders and not for His children. It is stark atheism. There is no innocent beverage too rich for God's child to drink, there is no robe too costly for him to wear, there is no hilarity too great for him to indulge in and no house too splendid for him to live in. He has a right to the joys of earth; he shall have a right to the joys of Heaven. Though tribulation and trial and hardship may come unto him, let him rejoice. "Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous, and again I say rejoice."

I remark again, that Christ comes to us in the hour of our extremity. He knew the wine was giving out before there was any embarrassment or mortification. Why did He not perform the miracle sooner? Why wait until it was all gone, and no help could come from any source, and then come in and perform the miracle? This is Christ's way, and when He did come in, at the hour of extremity, he made first-rate wine, so that they cried out: "Thou hast kept the good wine until now." Jesus in the hour of extremity! He seems to prefer that hour. In a Christian home in Poland great poverty had come, and on the week day the man was obliged to move out of the house with his whole family. That night he knelt with his family and prayed to God. While they were kneeling in prayer there was a tap on the window pane. They opened the window, and there was a raven that the family had fed and trained, and it had in its bill a ring all set with precious stones, which was found to be a ring belonging to the royal family. It was taken up to the king's residence, and for the honesty of the man in bringing it back he had a house given to him and a garden and a farm. Who was it that sent the raven tapping on the window? The same God that sent the raven to feed Elijah by the brook Cherith. Christ in the hour of extremity!

You mourned over your sins. You could not find the way out. You sat down and said: "God will not be merciful. He has cast me off." But in that, the darkest hour of your history, light broke from the throne, and Jesus said: "Oh, wanderer, come home; I have seen all thy sorrows. In this, the hour of thy extremity, I offer thee pardon and everlasting life!"

Trouble came. You were almost torn to pieces by that trouble. You braced yourself up against it. You said: "I will be a stoic and will not care." But before you got through making the resolution it broke down under you. You felt that all your resources were gone. And then Jesus came. "In the fourth watch of the night," the Bible says, "Jesus came walking on the sea." Why did he not come in the first watch or in the second watch or in the third watch? I do not know. He came in the fourth and gave deliverance to His disciples. Jesus in the last extremity!

I wonder if it will be so in our very last extremity. We shall fall suddenly sick, and doctors will come, but in vain. We will try the anodynes and the stumulants and the bathings, but all in vain. Something will say: "You must go." No one to hold us back, but the hands of eternity stretched out to pull us on. What then? Jesus will come to us, and as we say: "Lord, Jesus, I am afraid of that water; I cannot wade through to the other side," He will say: "Take hold of my arm." And we will take hold of His arm, and then He will put His foot in the surf of the wave, taking us on down, deeper, deeper, deeper, and our souls will cry: "All Thy waves and billows have gone over me." They cover the feet, come to the knee, and pass the girdle and come to the head, and our soul cries out: "Lord, Jesus Christ, I cannot hold Thine arm any longer." Then Jesus will turn around, throw both His arms about us and set us on the beach far beyond the tossing of the billows. Jesus in the last extremity!

The wedding scene is gone now. The wedding ring has been lost, the tankards have been broken, the house is down, but Jesus invites us to a grander wedding. You know that the Bible says that the church is the Lamb's wife, and the Lord will after awhile come to fetch her home. There will be gleaming of torches in the sky, and the trumpets of God will ravish the air with their music, and Jesus will stretch out His hand, and the church, robed in white, will put aside her veil and look up into the face of her Lord, the King, and the Bridegroom will say to the bride: "Thou hast been faithful through all these years! The mansion is ready! Come home! Thou art fair, my love!" And then He will put upon her brow the crown of diminion, and the table will be spread, and it will reach across the skies, and the mighty ones of Heaven will come in, garlanded with beauty and striking their cymbals, and the Bridegroom and bride will stand at the head of the table, and the banqueters, looking up, will wonder and admire, and say: "That is Jesus, the Bridegroom! But the scar on His brow is covered with the coronet, and the stab in His side is covered with a robe!" And "That is the bride! The weariness of her earthly woe lost in the flush of this wedding triumph!"

There will be wine enough at that wedding; not coming up from the poisoned vats of earth, but the vineyards of God will press their ripest clusters, and the cups and the tankards will blush to the brim with their heavenly vintage, and then all the banqueters will drink standing. Esther, having come up from bacchanalian revelry of Ahasuerus, where a thousand lords feasted, will be there. And the queen of Sheba, from the banquet of Solomon, will be there. And the mother of Jesus, from the wedding in Cana, will be there. And they all will agree that the earthly feasting was poor compared with that. Then, lifting their chalices in that light, they shall cry to the Lord of the feast: "Thou hast kept the good wine until now."

An Issue of Veracity.

The head of the household was late getting home. He was very late. It was long past midnight. Indeed, the little clock on the hall mantel had just struck three o'clockwhen he came walking in. He had been out with the boys and his wife reproached him.

"Why, it's early yet. It's not late."

Just then the bedroom clock sounded one, two, three.

The wife looked at him with grim rebuke. He caught her eye and jerked out this reply:

"Well, now, if you want to believe that darned dollar-and-a-half clock before your dear husband I've nothing more to say."—Collier's Weekly.

NEW RELIGION IN LUZON.

Provides That Its Votaries Need Not Work, and It Is Spreading Rapidly.

A new religion has been started in Luzon and some people think it will lead to trouble. Its main doctrine releases its followers from the necessity of working. The supreme being to whom prayers are directed will, it is declared, provide sustenance for all true believers. The religion is therefore attractive to the Filipino, who does not do any more work than is necessary to keep himself in rice, cigarettes and betel nut, anyway, says the New York Sun.

A man named Gabini started the religion and its votaries are known as Gabinists. Gabini and several of his deacons, or chiefs, were quietly and informally shot by the Spanish authorities at Apalit. The new creed was not stamped out, however, for Gabini's chief clerk, Felipe Salvador, took it up. After doing a little service in the Filipino army Salvador now devotes himself to extending the faith. Wonderful stories go abroad concerning miracles Salvador has performed. Sick people are carried to him to be cured, and if they die under his treatment it is said they were not sincere in their faith.

The Gabinistic religion, as nearly as can be learned, is very simple. The people gather and pray long and earnestly to an invisible supreme being who is supposed to provide food to his faithful subjects in some miraculous manner, and to perform cures. The chief duty of the believer is to make at least one pilgrimage a year to the main shrine, which is located five miles above San Luis on a dry spot in the pinac, or swamp, of Candaba. Here Salvador has had a church erected. It is an imposing affair of bamboo and nipa thatch, rudely furnished with a few seats.

Salvador styled himself "General," and by this title he has been called. It was at the suggestion of several people of the village of Balinag that Gen. Otis at last gave orders to have Salvador placed in custody. This happened two months ago. His church was not molested and neither were his services, which went on again after a slight interruption, a new general being installed in the person of Salvador's chief clerk. Salvador's arrest was due to a belief that as an insurgent leader he was simply inciting the people to fresh outbreaks. In addition to the church general there are several chiefs. It is the main duty of these chiefs to collect the fees which are regularly exacted from all believers.

At the present time the Gabinistic church is thriving wonderfully and growing every day.

Planters complain that it is taking away their laborers. It is said the new church has now at least 10,000 members. The members seem to be little affected at the removal of Salvador, for they believe his body consists of two parts, one a material and one a spiritual part. The material part is of course confined in Manila, while the spiritual part returns to pray with the congregation at intervals.

The sick people who are carried to the shrine on litters are expected to make a complete confession of their sins, whereupon they become cured. If the cure does not follow it is a sign the patient has not made full admission of his shortcomings, and therefore cannot be forgiven.

EXTENSIVE HAIR CUT.

Some Forty Thousand Sheep Being Shorn at New Brighton, Minnesota.

Nineteen professional sheep shearers have begun shearing 40,000 sheep at New Brighton. The task will keep them busy for over a month. The men use especially designed power instruments, and they will each draw from seven to ten dollars per day, says the Minneapolis Journal.

The trusting sheep are enticed into pens where they are at the mercy of the shearers, who are paid by the piece, and consequently work with all possible speed. The up-to-date shearing instrument operates on the same plan as a barber's hair clipper, and makes a clean sweep of several inches in its trips back and forth across the body of a sheep. The most skillful shearers work the clippers with great dexterity, and as they proceed the wool falls away in a solid bunch as though the animal had been skinned instead of shorn. When the clipper has finished its work the wool lies on the floor in a bundle, the naked and indignant sheep scampers away and a man with a hand car goes up and down the long row of operators and gathers up the wool, takes it to the packing-room, where it is trampled down into large burlap bags, which, when filled, weigh about 335 pounds each.

The men are paid from seven to nine cents per head for the sheep sheared, and 125 is a good day's work, although there are men who claim to have sheared as many as 250 sheep in a day. When the 40,000 now at New Brighton have all been deprived of their wool the band of shearers will move on westward, the most industrious of them finally ending up in Nevada and California, where there are single ranches with as many as 300,000 sheep belonging to one man. From there they will come up through the south to Minneapolis, whence they will start out to cover the circuit again next March.

Celebrated Russian Painter.

The town of Feodosia, on the Black sea, gave a public funeral to its great citizen, the celebrated marine painter, Alvazofsky, who died there in his eighty-third year, soon after returning from St. Petersburg. No contemporary Russian painter, except Verestchagin, has enjoyed a wider reputation, and most of the great picture galleries of Europe possess examples of Alvazofsky's work.—N. Y. Sun.

Shattered Superstitions.

Mr. Jackson—De night I proposed I had a rabbit's foot in mah pocket. I don't believe in luck no mo'!

Mrs. Jackson—Nor I! De night I accepted yo' I seen a pin-headed dude on de carpet wif its head pinted towards me an' I picked it up an' married it.—Judge.

Two Kinds.

Wigg—Talkalot says he either knows a man, or he doesn't. He has no speaking acquaintances.

Wagg—No; they're all listening acquaintances.—Philadelphia Record.

HUMOROUS.

True love never dies, but it is sometimes perfectly killing to the rest of the family.—Chicago Democrat.

Youngwed—"Ah! married life is a grand, sweet song." Oldwed—"Humph! So was 'After the Ball,'—at first."—Baltimore American.

"What are you doing with that red cross on your arm?" "That's for protection; I have just been vaccinated."—Indianapolis News.

A Paris physician tried on himself a long-life elixir he had compounded, with the result that his life in the other world will be longer than he anticipated.—Boston Globe.

Biggs—"Why does Smith, the undertaker, look so happy this morning?" Jiggs—"He has a new automobile hearse and everybody is dying to ride in it."—People's Home Journal.

Mrs. Brown—"I don't think Miss White will ever marry Mr. Jenks." Mr. Brown—"Why not?" Mrs. Brown—"O! She quarrels with him so constantly." Mr. Brown—"Ah! perhaps they've been secretly married already." — Philadelphia Press.

"Wacha matter?" said the city editor, as he heard a snarl of rage from the copy room. "Ah, nothin'," growled the copy butcher, "only in this bloomin' account of the lynchin', it says that the victim was completely unstrung."—Indianapolis News.

Here a frail woman in a tattered shawl entered and laid a penny on the counter. "Give me 2½ pounds of Sunday newspaper," she said in a hollow voice. After she had gone out the proprietor of the place told us that she would make such a meager supply of this staple necessity suffice for a family of 14 persons.—Detroit Journal.

SECRET OF BASS BAIT.

The Assistant Secretary to Chicago's Mayor Says Use a Bit of Bacon.

During a heated argument the other day Theodore Mayer, assistant secretary to Mayor Harrison, divulged a secret about catching bass. Mr. Mayer has since been trying to suppress the information thoughtlessly given away by him, but it has gone around the city hall like wildfire, and now it threatens to revolutionize fishing methods among local politicians during the summer.

A dispute as to the best way to catch fish caused Mr. Mayer to forget himself. Secretary Lahiff vowed that an angleworm and asafetida was the best bait on earth, and then Mr. Mayer waxed warm.

"There is only one way on earth to catch plenty of fish—bass, I mean," said Mr. Mayer. "I learned it five years ago from a fisherman up in Wisconsin, and since then I have caught enough bass to fill up the city hall. I went to a Wisconsin lake and fished from sunrise till sunset for six days, but did not even get a bite. Then I hired an old fisherman and made him row me about until he almost died from exhaustion, but still no bite. Meantime we had about used up every minnow in the vicinity, and the minnow market was beginning to jump. Why, people were standing around and paying as high as a quarter apiece for this kind of bait.

"One morning after I had been rowed around the lake for the forty-ninth time the old man suddenly stopped and began weeping.

"'Young man,' said the aged fisherman, 'you've bin purty good t' me since yer stay here, and right now I want t' show ye my appreciation of those clothes and that chawin' terbacker ye give me. I'm goin' ter show yer how to catch fish till ye can't rest.'

"Then the old fellow rowed me ashore, left the boat and soon returned with a piece of bacon. This he cut into a sliver about the size and shape of a minnow. Then he attached the part of the sliver near the rind to my hook and told me to fish with it, just as if it were a minnow. I did so, and had not more than thrown my line in before I got a bite and landed a nice five-pounder. In half an hour I had filled the entire boat with fish. I never saw bass go after anything so greedily before. After I had caught enough fish to ship a car load back to Chicago I departed, and now every year I go to Wisconsin, look up that old fisherman, buy a side of bacon and never lack for fish."

Jockeys Take Many Chances.

Speaking of the accident to Jockey Tod Walsh at Morris park recently, one of the prominent jockeys said: "The public do not realize the chances a jockey takes in such a field and on such a track. Coming down the Eclipse course, if we get two or three lengths behind the leaders, we simply are traveling in a cloud of dust, and it is more by good luck than anything else that we get through so safely. If the captain of a steamship should send his vessel along under a full head of steam in a fog he would be accused of being a fool and probably would be rounded up for it, but we must race every inch of the way from the fall of the flag, and if we ain't in front we're racing in a cloud of dust thicker than any fog. Life is as sweet to us as it is to anybody else, and if there are times when we do not seem to care to take chances the public should not be quick to blame us. It would be a great improvement if the sprinkling carts were kept a little busier. In dry weather the track ought to be sprinkled regularly and heavily enough to prevent the dust from rising in a cloud. When this is neglected, accidents may be expected."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Good Character.

"Can you give any evidence in regard to the character of the deceased?" said the judge.

"Yes, my lord," replied the witness. "He was a man without blame, beloved and respected by all men, pure in all his thoughts and—"

"Where did you learn that?"

"I copied it from his tombstone, my lord."—Harlem Life.

All That Was Necessary.

"Pa, I made a nice speech when I gave m' teacher those flowers."

"What did you say, Tommy?"

"Well, pa, when I handed 'em to her I made a long bow an' then, pa, I said: 'Mrs. Jones, I'm me t' you.'"—Indianapolis Journal.

A Good Rule.

Spend more time in improving yourself than reproving others.—Chicago Democrat.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

Munster, Germany, has a high school which has been in existence 1,100 years.

The University of Berlin will soon have three chairs of anthropology and ethnology.

According to Salt Lake City figures, the number of Mormons now in existence is 360,000.

The imposing buildings of the Gordon Memorial college, at Khartoum, are almost completed, but the preparations for putting them to practical account are still in their very early stages.

An oil painting of Frederick Stearns, of Detroit, who gave the Stearns collection of musical instruments to the University of Michigan, has been placed in the Stearns room in the museum building. The painting was a gift to the University from Mr. Stearns' son.

Edward C. Delano, the new superintendent of schools of Chicago, first became attached to the city's public school system 44 years ago as an assistant teacher. He has since continued in the service of the board of education, working his way step by step to his present position.

If the church treated her ministers generously in the matter of holidays she would reap all the gain. For every new idea which comes to the minister's mind, and every new book he reads, and every new sight he sees, and every new gallery he visits during his holidays pass into his words and into his life, and the thoughtfulness and generosity of congregations would come back to their own souls with usury of reward.—Ian Maclaren, in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Russian orthodox congregation in New York contains 500 persons. The congregation decided last year to build a new permanent church, and the Russians bought a lot 75 by 100 feet for $36,000, of which amount $22,000 has been paid. The balance, $1,000, will be paid as soon as more funds arrive from Russia. The czar has contributed 5,000 roubles. The new church will cost $60,000. This amount will be covered by the pan-Russian collection on Sundays in all Russian churches throughout the empire, also by subscriptions raised in St. Petersburg, Moscow and other large Russian cities.

SHOWING OF IGNORANCE.

Revealed by Applicants for Places in the Census Office at Washington.

By the printed reports of a recent examination of applicants for positions in the census office at Washington an astonishing amount of ignorance is shown to exist among the applicants. They are especially and funnily ignorant, says the Washington Star, regarding the famous men of history—as to the time in which they lived and as to what they accomplished. Fifty-two persons entered the competition and only 14 reached a percentage above 90, while 19 failed entirely. Some of the answers would be taken for jokes did they appear anywhere else than in a department report.

There was Jefferson Davis, for instance, who was placed on record by one applicant as "a famous general of the war of 1812." Another stated that Mr. Davis "was president of the United States and wrote the declaration of independence." The first postmaster general was another who worried the applicants considerably. One man suggested George Washington, another Patrick Henry, and a third Wendell Phillips. A young southerner disposed of all argument by stating that it was "a gentleman named Bissell."

William Cullen Bryant, whose boast was, "I am a bookman," had his identity mixed with that of the Nebraska orator by a young woman, who stated "William Cullen Bryant was the democratic candidate for president, a silver advocate and a resident of Nebraska." And even Abraham Lincoln appeared to be examined in varied lights. Here are some of the answers to the inquiry concerning him:

"Lincoln was a great general and distinguished himself in the war of 1812."

"Abraham Lincoln was a personal friend of the colored race and was one of the signers of the declaration of independence."

"Abraham Lincoln was born in Illinois, where he worked from rosy dawn till dewy eve as a farmer's lad, until he became president."

AN EMPRESS AT HOME.

China's Ruler Does Not Seem the Terrible Woman She Is Painted.

Most people who have read of the sanguinary disposition of the dowager empress of China have pictured her as a veritable tigress with an inordinate appetite for human blood. To a casual visitor at her palace, however, she appears much as other women. Recently the wives of foreign representatives and several other European women were entertained by her at Peking. From the entrance gate of the palace grounds they were carried in imperial sedan chairs over the marble bridge; the rest of the way to the reception hall they traveled in a tram drawn at a fairly rapid pace by palace eunuchs. In the reception h