# 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 11, 1900. VOL. XXV—NO. 39.


### WHEN SUMMER REALLY COMES

When we got back to town, last fall,
We one and all agreed
That going to the mountains was
A foolish thing indeed;
It meant a long and dusty trip,
With little at the end
Except a hot and stuffy room,
With nothing to commend.

The table was but ill supplied,
The service worse than none,
And there was naught to do all day
But keep out of the sun;
At night we'd sometimes have a hop
(Though hating to take part),
Or from the parlor would arise
Sweet "Paddy Duffy's Cart."

When more than tired of the life
We led from day to day,
We'd struggle up some mountain side,
And try to think it play;
So, when we got back home, last year,
We cried, with might and main:
"How glad we'll be to stay in town
When summer comes again!"

But, now that summer is so near
The city's—well, you know;
My wife's begun to tell me where
Our diff'rent friends will go;
Upstairs I hear a banjo twang
The old vacation strains,
And I, myself, to tell the truth,
Am looking up the trains.
—Brooklyn Life.

## Prettiest Girl in the Pageant

By Grace E. Cody.

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THE 21st of April had come and with it the Pageant of Roses, about which Pasadena girls and boys had been thinking and talking for weeks. The opera house was one great bower, for the whole framework of the stage, boxes and galleries was hidden by trailing green branches, dotted with roses. Every seat in the house was filled and people were even packed in the aisles, when the curtain finally rose, and the audience suddenly stopped complaining about the heavy fragrance of the flowers, in their wonder at the beautiful tableau on the stage.

A lovely girl, dressed to represent the goddess of flowers, was lying asleep on moss-covered rocks, and, clustered all about her, were little children whose costumes made them look like yellow poppies, and whose soft little eyelids were folded like hers. The time was supposed to be a California autumn, when, after a long, dry summer, everyone was watching and wishing for rain. Presently, the awful Breath-of-the-Desert came stealing in. He was a man in a suit of dark green tights covered with bright spangles, and his face had been painted the color of ashes. It was a horrible sight to see him panting and curving and twisting about in his wicked glee at finding the Goddess Flora fast asleep. Suddenly, the soft music of the orchestra grew loud and warlike, as the Breath-of-the-Desert, by a wave of his sword, called his army to follow him. In they trooped and what do you think they were but a crowd of boys, dressed to look like the ugly cactus that grows all over the desert! A moment more and they would have killed the lovely Goddess and all the poppies, too, but flash!—like a streak of white lightning, down from the mountains at the back of the stage, came the glittering Rain God—all in dazzling white and silver—and the way his bright sword went gleaming about, killing one cactus after another, was enough to make you hold your breath. Last of all, he fought the Breath-of-the-Desert and when he had him, like the rest, lying dead upon the stage, the Rain God looked up and smiled, for he saw coming toward him the Maiden Spring, who was really a sweet girl dressed in green gauze, with bare white arms holding high above her head an immense green fern. Behind her came little children in white gauze and shining wings. They were the Fairy Raindrops, and, a moment later, the Goddess Flora and the poppies roused from their sleep and all joined in a happy dance to joyous music.

"Beautiful!" "Perfect!" people were saying, as the curtain went down.

"But you just wait until you see Stella Bird and Ethel Douglas!" whispered a Pasadena boy to the stranger beside him. "This is only the beginning. Now, after the Rain God comes, you see, they'll have all the California wild flowers represented, and then the different kind of roses, just in the order that they really come. And Ethel and Stella take part in everything. My, but they can dance. Mrs. Hackett wrote the story of the Pageant and planned the whole thing, but she says she doesn't believe she could have made it go without those two girls. Stella Bird used to be called the prettiest girl in Pasadena, but since Ethel Douglas came here, it's a tie. 'Sh! there goes the curtain."

And the audience seemed to agree with this enthusiastic boy, for as Ethel and Stella, dressed like purple blossoms, came leading the wild-flower carnival upon the stage there was a sudden, deafening burst of applause and people began to murmur: "Oh, give me the opera glass, quick!"

Some one threw a great bunch of violets that fell at Stella's feet and she caught them up so gracefully, without losing step in the march, that everybody cheered. She smiled and bowed a little before reading the name on the card with the violets, but a minute later she handed them to Ethel, when all the people cheered again without a thought of the shade that had fallen on Stella's pretty face.

Then, after the wild flowers, came the Pageant of the Roses, and truly enough, Stella Bird and Ethel Douglas proved the twin stars of the evening. First, they appeared as snowy-robed nuns in the march of the White Rose, picturing the old mission days in California; next, they led a court quadrille as haughty Duchesse Roses in blushing gowns and with great pink hats resting on their powdered hair; then they were Gold and Ophir Roses from the Orient, dressed in pink and yellow and carried in rose-covered sedan chairs; after that they danced gayly out as Roses of Castile, in black lace Spanish costume, tossing basketfuls of red roses about; and, finally, they fluttered forth with great wavering wings, as the yellow butterflies that are said to be born in the heart of the Marechal Niel rose. But, always, through the evening it was when these two with their sparkling eyes and fairy-like dancing came near the footlights that the audience showed most delight of all.

"The prettiest girl in the Pageant," Stella heard some one say. And she caught the name of Ethel Douglas.

When the performance was over, two tired, excited young girls, behind the scenes, were braiding their hair and getting ready to go home.

"I thought you'd be pleased about my compliments," Ethel was saying. "I never dreamed you'd be jealous!"

"Jealous! I never dreamed a little praise would make you conceited," cried Stella.

"Conceited!"

"Yes, I've been dreadfully mistaken in you, Ethel!"

"You mistaken in me!" Ethel's eyes filled with tears. "Well, I'm horribly disappointed in you. You needn't think I'd have danced with you all through the Pageant if I had dreamed you'd act like this. I only wish Mrs. Hackett hadn't promised to give it again to-morrow night."

"Well, you needn't worry about that! You won't have to dance with me again. I won't be in the Pageant to-morrow night—not if it spoils the whole thing."

"Why, Stella Bird! Think how Mrs. Hackett will feel!"

"I can't help that!"

"Well, if you don't come, I won't either—that's all."

"Suit yourself about that," said Stella, in a most provoking way, as she drew on her cloak and went away to find her father.

After breakfast, next morning, Stella Bird was walking down the street in a very unhappy frame of mind, when Ethel passed, driving her father's horse. Mamie White was with her and neither of the girls saw Stella, who went on with bitter, slighted feelings in her heart. She wished she had not said she wouldn't be in the Pageant that night, for, to her dismay, her mother had not sympathized at all about the quarrel with Ethel, and had quite insisted that Mrs. Hackett should not be disappointed in that way.

As Stella was walking slowly back from town, a half hour later, she saw little Neddie Baker running toward her as fast as his feet could go.

"A tur'ble accident, Stella!" he cried, his eyes wide with horror, "runaway an' smash-up, down here at the railroad crossing! Train ran into the carriage an' threw 'em out!"

"Who?" cried Stella.

"Oh, both of 'em—but she's hurt worse! Oh, it's awful!" he almost sobbed. "An' she was the prettiest one of 'em all, last night!"

Stella's knees began to shake.

"Is it very bad?" she asked, but Ned was rusing on.

"'Fraid so," he called back. "Blood all over her face. Can't stop now—I'm on an errand for the doctor."

Stella gave one horrified glance up the street at the crowd gathering in front of Mr. Douglas' cottage. Then she turned with a great sob, and ran almost as fast as Neddie had gone, down the walk that led to Mrs. Hackett's house.

"Oh, Mrs. Hackett!" she cried, brusting into the sunny room where that lady sat comfortably reading her morning paper. "Oh, Mrs. Hackett!" and down she went on her knees, with her head in Mrs. Hackett's lap.

"Why, Stella, child!" began Mrs. Hackett, kindly, but her quiet manner changed, as Stella tried to tell her what had happened. "Come, dear, come!" she cried. "It may not be as serious as Neddie thought. We'll go over and see."

She rose, gently lifting Stella's tear-stained face, but Stella only dropped her head into the empty chair and went on weeping.

"I can't go!" she sobbed. "Oh, Mrs. Hackett, you don't know—I've been so wicked to her!"

At that instant came another rush of steps, another bursting open of the door and another breathless girl with frightened face.

"Oh, Mrs. Hackett!" began Ethel, and there she stopped short, and stood like a statue at sight of Stella, kneeling there.

But there was not much of the statue about Stella. At first sound of that voice she sprang to her feet. "Ethel Douglas, you're alive!" she screamed.

"Oh, Stella, I thought it was you in that accident! Ned Baker said so!"

And then they rushed into each other's arms and laughed and cried and promised everything, and "took back everything," all at once, while Mrs. Hackett stood and wondered what it was all about.

Before she had wondered many minutes, though, Ned Baker's oldest brother dropped in, long enough to tell them that it was little Lottie Page, one of the fairy Raindrops in the Pageant, who was injured. "But it isn't serious," he added. "Mr. Douglas says she's scratched up badly, but not in danger. You ought to have seen Ned, poor little fellow! He thought she was killed, and you know his devotion to little Lottie Page is a regular neighborhood joke."

That evening everyone, except Ned Baker, thought the Pageant even more beautiful than the night before. After it was all over, Ethel and Stella sat on a trunk together in the dressing-room. Each had an immense bouquet labeled: "For the Prettiest Girl in the Pageant," and each was counting the roses in the bunch she held.

"Seventy-five," said Ethel, finally. "Now what would eastern people think of that?"

"Seventy-five," finished Stella at the same instant. "That's what we get by living in the land of sunshine." Then she added, honestly: "I wish, Ethel, that yours had been more or nicer, because you are the prettiest girl in the Pageant, anyway!"

"Oh, Stella I'm not! You're the prettiest, and the dearest, and the—"

"'Tisn't so!" pipes a small voice, so close behind them that it made them start. "Either of you isn't! It's Lottie Page!"

Irrepressible Neddie Baker had slipped away from his mother and found his way behind the scenes.

"Poor, little Lottie!" said Stella, softly. "She was so disappointed not to be here, to-night!"

Then, at the same instant, she and Ethel had the same idea, and a moment later, Ned Baker marched proudly off with a huge bouquet under each of his chubby arms

He had agreed to take them to the prettiest girl in the Pageant.

## RELIGION OF CHRIST.

### Dr. Talmage Says It Is a Preventive of This World's Ills.

**An Active Principle Which Constantly Works for the Welfare of Body, Mind and Spirit—Mighty Antiseptic.**

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

Dr. Talmage is now traveling in Norway, where he has been deeply interested in the natural phenomena and the quaint social life of that wonderful land. In his discourse this week he argues, contrary to the opinion of many, that religion is an active principle which works constantly for the welfare of body, mind and soul. His text is Luke 14:34: "Salt is good."

The Bible is a dictionary of the finest similes. It employs among living creatures, storks and eagles and doves and unicorns and sheep and cattle; among trees, sycamore and terebinths and pomegranates and almonds and apples; among jewels, pearls and amethysts and jacinths and chrysoprases. Christ uses no stale illustrations. The lilies that He plucks for His sermons are dewy fresh; the ravens in His discourses are not stuffed specimens of birds, but warm with life from wing tip to wing tip; the fish He points to are not dull about the gills, as though long captured, but a-squirm in the wet net just brought up on the beach of Tiberias. In my text, which is the peroration of one of His sermons, He picks up a crystal and holds it before His congregation as an illustration of divine grace in the heart, when He says what we all know by experiment: "Salt is good."

I shall try to carry out the Saviour's idea in this text and in the first place say to you that grace is like salt in its beauty. In Galicia there are mines of salt, with excavations and underground passages reaching, I am told, 280 miles. Far under ground there are chapels and halls of reception, the columns, the altars and the pulpits of salt. When the king and the princes come to visit these mines, the whole place is illuminated, and the glory of crystal walls and crystal ceilings and crystal floors and crystal columns, under the glare of the torches and the lamps, needs words of crystal to describe it. But you need not go so far as that to find the beauty of it. You live in a land which produces millions of bushels of it in a year, and you can take the morning rail train and in a few hours get to the salt mines and salt springs. And you have this article morning, noon and night on your table. Salt has all the beauty of the snowflake and water foam with durability added. It is beautiful to the naked eye, but under the glass you see the stars and diamonds and the white tree branches and the splinters and the bridges of fire as the sun glints them. There is more architectural skill in one of these crystals of salt than human ingenuity has ever demonstrated in an Alhambra or St. Peter's.

It would take all time, with an infringement upon eternity, for an angel of God to tell one-half the glories in a salt crystal. So with the grace of God. It is perfectly beautiful. I have seen it smooth out wrinkles of care from the brow. I have seen it make an aged man feel almost young again. I have seen it lift the stooping shoulders and put sparkle into the dull eye. Solomon discovered its therapeutic qualities when he said: "It is marrow to the bones." It helps to digest the food and to purify the blood and to calm the pulses and quiet the spleen, and instead of Tyndal's prayer test of 20 years ago, putting a man in a philosophical hospital to be experimented upon by prayer, it keeps him so well that he does not need to be prayed for as an invalid. I am speaking now of a healthy religion—not of that morbid religion that sits for three hours on a gravestone reading Harvey's "Meditations Among the Tombs"—a religion that prospers best in a bad state of the liver! I speak of the religion that Christ preached. I suppose when that religion has conquered the world that disease will be banished and that a man a hundred years of age will come in from business and say: "I feel tired. I think it must be time for me to go," and without one physical pang Heaven will have him.

But the chief beauty of grace is in the soul. It takes that which was hard and cold and repulsive and makes it all over again. It pours upon one's nature what David calls "the beauty of holiness." It extirpates everything that is hateful and unclean. If jealousy and pride and lust and worldliness lurk about, they are chained and have a very small sweep. Jesus throws upon the soul the fragrance of a summer garden as He comes in, saying, "I am the rose of Sharon," and He submerges it with the glory of a spring morning as He says: "I am the light." Oh, how much that grace did for the three Johns! It took John Bunyan, the foul mouthed, and made him John Bunyan, the immortal dreamer. It took John Newton, the infidel sailor, and in the midst of the hurricane made him cry out: "My mother's God, have mercy upon me!" It took John Summerfield from a life of sin and, by the hand of a Christian maker of edge tools, led him into the pulpit that burns still with the light of that Christian eloquence which charmed thousands to the Jesus whom he once despised. Ah, you may search all the earth over for anything so beautiful or beautifying as the grace of God. Go all through the deep mine passages of Wieliczka and amid the underground kingdoms of salt in Hallstadt, and show me anything so exquisite so transcendently beautiful as this grace of God fashioned and hung in eternal crystals.

Again, grace is like salt in the fact that it is a necessity of life. Man and beast perish without salt. What are those paths across the western prairies? Why, they were made there by deer and buffalo going to and coming away from the salt "licks." Chemists and physicians all the world over tell us that salt is a necessity of life. And so with the grace of God; you must have it or die. I know a great many speak of it as a mere adornment, a sort of shoulder strap adorning a soldier, or a light, frothing dessert brought in after the greatest part of the banquet of life is over, or a medicine to be taken after powders and mustard plasters have failed to do their work, but ordinarily a mere superfluity, a string of bells around a horse's neck while he draws the load, and in nowise helping him to draw it. So far from that, I declare the grace of God to be the first and the last necessity. It is food we must take or starve into an eternity of famine. It is clothing without which we freeze to the mast of infinite terror. It is the plank, and the only plank, on which we can float shoreward. It is the ladder, and the only ladder, on which we can climb up into the light. It is a positive necessity for the soul. You can tell very easily what the effect would be if a person refused to take salt into the body. The energies would fail, the lungs would struggle with the air, slow fevers would crawl through the brain, the heart would flutter, and the life would be gone. Salt a necessity for the life of the body; the grace of God a necessity for the life of the soul.

Again I remark that grace is like salt in abundance. God has strewn salt in vast profusion all over the continents. Russia seems built on a salt-cellar. There is one region of that country that turns out 90,000 tons in a year. England and Russia and Italy have inexhaustible resources in this respect. Norway and Sweden, white with snow above, white with salt beneath. Austria, yielding 900,000 tons annually. Nearly all the nations rich in it—rock salt, spring salt, sea salt. Christ, the Creator of the world, when He uttered our text, knew it would become more and more significant as the shafts were sunk and the springs were bored and the pumps were worked and the crystals were gathered. So the grace of God is abundant. It is for all lands, for all ages, for all conditions. It seems to undergird everything. Pardon for the worst sin, comfort for the sharpest suffering, brightest light for the thickest darkness. Around about the salt lakes of Saratov there are 10,000 men toiling day and night, and yet they never exhaust the saline treasures. And if the 1,600,000,000 of our race should now cry out to God for His mercy there would be enough for all—for those farthest gone in sin, for the murderer standing on the drop of the gallows. It is an ocean of mercy; and if Europe and Asia, Africa, North and South America and all the islands of the sea went down in it to-day they would have room enough to wash and come up clean. Let no man think that his case is too tough a one for God to act upon. Though your sin may be deep and raging, let me tell you that God's grace is a bridge not built on earthly piers, but suspended and spanning the awful chasm of your guilt, one end resting upon the rock of eternal promises and the other on the foundations of Heaven. Demetrius wore a robe so incrusted with jewels that no one after him ever dared to wear it, but our King, Jesus, takes off the robe of His righteousness, a robe blood dyed and Heaven impearled, and reaches out to the worst wretch in all the earth and says: "Put that on! Wear it now! Wear it forever."

Again, the grace of God is like salt in the way we come at it. The salt on the surface is almost always impure—that which incrusts the Rocky mountains and the South American pampas and in India; but the miners go down through the shafts and through the dark labyrinths and along by galleries of rock and, with torches and pickaxes, find their way under the very foundations of the earth, to where the salt lies that makes up the nation's wealth. To get to the best saline springs of the earth huge machinery goes down, boring depth below depth, depth below depth, until from under the very roots of the mountains the saline water supplies the aqueduct. This water is brought to the surface and is exposed in tanks to the sun for evaporation, or it is put in boilers mightily heated, and the water evaporates, and the salt gathers at the bottom of the tank—the work is completed, and the fortune is made. So with the grace of God. It is to be profoundly sought after. With all the concentered energies of body, mind and soul we must dig for it. No man stumbles accidentally on it. We need to go down to the very lowest strata of earnestness and faith to find it. Superficial exploration will not turn it up. We must strive and implore and dig until we strike the spring foaming with living waters. Then the work of evaporation begins, and as when the saline waters are exposed to the sun, the vapors float away, leaving nothing but the pure white salt at the bottom of the tank, so, when the Christian soul is exposed to the Sun of Righteousness, the vapors of pride and selfishness and worldliness float off, and there is chiefly left beneath pure white hollness of heart. Then, as in the case of the salt, the furnace is added. Blazing troubles, stirred by smutted stokers of darkness, quicken the evaporation of worldliness, and the crystallization of grace.

Have you not been in enough trouble to have that work go on? I was reading of Aristotle, who said there was a field of flowers in Sicily so sweet that once a hound, coming on the track of game, came to that field and was bewildered by the perfumes and so lost the track. Oh, that our souls might become like "a field which the Lord hath blessed" and exhale so much of the sweetness of Christian character that the hounds of temptation, coming on our track, might lose it and go howling back with disappointment!

But, I remark again, that the grace of God is like the salt in its preservative quality. You know that salt absorbs the moisture of articles of food and infuses them with brine, which preserves them for a long while. Salt is the great antiputrefactor of the world. Experimenters, in preserving food, have tried sugar and smoke and air-tight jars and everything else, but as long as the world stands Christ's words will be suggestive, and men will admit that as a great preservative "salt is good." But for the grace of God the earth would have become a stale carcass long before this. That grace is the only preservative of laws and constitutions and literatures. Just as soon as a government loses this salt of divine grace it perishes. The philosophy of this day, so far as it is antagonistic to this religion, putrefies and stinks. The great want of our schools of learning and our institutions of science to-day is, not more Leyden jars and galvanic batteries and spectroscopes and philosophical apparatus, but more of that grace that will teach our men of science that the God of the universe is the God of the Bible. How strange it is that in all their magnificent sweep of the telescope they have not seen the morning star of Jesus and that in all their experiments with light and heat they have not seen the light and felt the warmth of the Sun of Righteousness! We want more of the salt of God's grace in our homes, in our schools, in our colleges, in our social life, in our Christianity. And that which has it will live; that which has it not will die. I proclaim the tendency of everything earthly to putrefaction and death—the religion of Christ the only preservative.

My subject is one of great congratulation to those who have within their souls this gospel antiseptic. This salt will preserve them through the temptations and sorrows of life and through the ages of eternity. I do not mean to say that you will have a smooth time because you are a Christian. On the contrary, if you do your whole duty, I will promise you a rough time. You march through an enemy's country, and they will try to double up both flanks and to cut you off from your source of supplies. The war you wage will not be with toy arrows, but sword plunged to the hilt and spurring on your steed over heaps of the slain. But I think that God omnipotent will see you through. I think He will. But why do I talk like an atheist when I ought to say I know He will? "Kept by the power of God through faith unto complete salvation."

When Gov. Geary, of Pennsylvania, died, years ago, I lost a good friend. He impressed me mightily with the horrors of war. In the eight hours that we rode together in the cars he recited to me the scenes through which he had passed in the civil war. He said that there came one battle upon which everything seemed to pivot. Telegrams from Washington said that the life of the nation depended on that struggle. He said to me: "I went into that battle, sir, with my son. His mother and I thought everything of him. You know how a father will feel toward his son who is coming up manly and brave and good. Well, the battle opened and concentered, and it was awful. Horses and riders bent and twisted and piled up together. It was awful, sir. We quit firing and took to the point of the bayonet. Well, sir, I didn't feel like myself that day. I had prayed to God for strength for that particular battle, and I went into it feeling that I had in my right arm the strength of ten giants." And as the governor brought his arm down on the back of the seat it fairly made the car tremble. "Well," he said, "the battle was desperate, but after awhile we gained a little, and we marched on a little. I turned round to the troops and shouted: 'Come on, boys!' and I stepped across a dead soldier, and, lo, it was my son! I saw at the first glance he was dead, and yet I did not dare to stop a minute, for the crisis had come in the battle. So I just got down on my knees, and I threw my arms around him, and I gave him one good kiss and said, 'Good-by, dear,' and sprang up and shouted 'Come on, boys!'" So it is in the Christian conflict—it is a fierce fight. Eternal ages seem depending on the strife. Heaven is waiting for the bulletins to announce the tremendous issue. Hail of shot, gash of saber, fall of battle ax, groaning on every side. We cannot stop for loss or bereavement or anything else. With one ardent embrace and one loving kiss we utter our farewells and then cry: "Come on, boys! There are other heights to be captured; there are other foes to be conquered; there are other crowns to be won."

Yet, as one of the Lord's surgeons, I must bind up two or three wounds. Just lift them now, whatever they be. I have been told there is nothing like salt to stop the bleeding of a wound, and so I take this salt of Christ's Gospel and put it on the lacerated soul. It smarts a little at first, but see—the bleeding stops, and, lo, the flesh comes again as the flesh of a little child. "Salt is good." "Comfort one another with these words."

**An Example of Homely Thrift.**

A few years ago two women and a man strolled into a bicycle store in Glasgow early one morning. They explained that they had reached the city only that morning, and they had seen an advertisement announcing second-hand bicycles for sale at an adjoining store. But it was not open. They asked the storekeeper if he had any second-hand ladies' bicycles for sale. He had not, but he showed them some new ones. After examining several, the man said: "Well, my dear, I'll buy you a new one, but it must do for your Christmas box." This was in September. The storekeeper asked whither it should be sent. "The Marquis of Lorne, Rosneath," was the reply. The members of this party, which was looking up second-hand bicycles at an early hour in the morning, consisted of the marquis of Lorne, his wife, the Princess Louise and her lady-in-waiting. With the storekeeper the incident became history, and one from which he drew a highly moral lesson in thrift.—Chicago Evening News.

**Metropolis of Song Birds.**

Capt. G. E. Shelley, an English ornithologist who has devoted special attention to African birds, says that Africa may fairly claim to be "the metropolis of song birds." It is the winter home of a large proportion of the most attractive small birds of northern Europe, including the nightingale, the swallow and many of the warblers, and the bush resounds with their melody. Africa also possesses a great number of remarkable and beautiful birds of its own.—Youth's Companion.

**A Hopeless Case.**

Lawyer—Perhaps we can make out an alibi!

Prisoner—I'se 'fraid not! Dar warn't no pra'r-meeting dat night, no revival, de Tennyson club didn't meet dat night, nor de Social Purity league—and, besides, dey kotched me comin' right out ob de coop wif de chickens! —Puck.

**Obliging.**

Mrs. Youngwife—I want five pounds of sugar, please.

Dealer—Yes, ma'am; shall I send it for you?

"No, I'll take it with me if it isn't too heavy."

"I'll make it as light as possible for you, ma'am."—Philadelphia Press.

## THE ORIENTAL SIDE.

### How Chinese Dignitaries View the Present Trouble in the East.

**In Charity and Good Conscience Their Arguments Are Worthy of Consideration by the American People.**

[Special Washington Letter.]

THE Ptolemaic theory of the universe was accepted by the scientific world until Copernicus demonstrated its errors. The earth is round, not flat. And yet, upon the theory of the flatness of the earth, the ancient astronomers calculated eclipses and and returnings of comets.

Truth is difficult to obtain, that is, the whole truth. Consequently mankind gropes in error on many points, sometimes for many centuries. Well-established beliefs are so well entrenched that even when their errors are demonstrated people grudgingly take the truth at its full value. There is a race of people on earth which consistently and persistently refuses to accept the truth, as it is seen and acknowledged by hundreds of millions of people. Earnestly and conscientiously the Jews cling to the belief that God gave to their ancestors all of the truths of religion which are worth knowing, and they sincerely believe that all inspired writings were made by the hands of their prophets, priests and kings.

As a matter of fact every brain is capable of receiving inspired truth. Inspiration came not only to the writers of the Old Testament, and to the writers of the New Testament, but to many others, even unto this day and generation. The utterances of Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg were inspired from the same source whence came the inspiration of the authorship of the book of Job. We may as well go back and accept the Ptolemaic theory of the universe, and reject that of Copernicus, as to permit ourselves to believe that inspiration ceased when a few men died, and that the universal Father ceased to communicate with His children when the sage of Patmos was gathered unto his fathers.

"Your Christian religion is good, but it assumes that the Father loved a limited few of His children," says the Chinese minister to this republic. "Where is there any foundation in the history of mankind to warrant the assumption that the thousands of millions of human beings in the orient were overlooked by their Creator? They do not believe that they have been overlooked. They know to the contrary."

One of the intelligent members of the Chinese embassy here (and they are all learned men) says: "Diplomats cannot talk about religion. They must particularly avoid talking on such subjects for publication. Nevertheless you may be sure that all of us have views, and not one of us for a moment believes, or will ever believe, that the Creator sent many thousands of millions of people to dwell in China without religion and without the love of the Father of all mankind, or that positive information concerning the plans and purposes of God was communicated alone to a few people in one of the smallest corners of the earth."

We were talking about the conditions in China, and the hatred manifested towards the missionaries there. Speaking in perfect English, he said: "I notice that Salvation Army men and women have been mobbed in Denver and other large cities of this country, and yet they were teaching the Christian religion, as they understand it. I have read in your newspapers that Mormon teachers in Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama and other states have been mobbed and driven away. Supposing that the people of China have less intelligence than your own people, is it strange to you that they should resent the efforts which have

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been made to foist upon them a religion which they do not want? If they resort to mob violence, are they not doing exactly what your own people do when they are wrought to frenzy upon the subject of religion?"

If we consider all of the doctrines and graces of our accepted religions, and admit that "the greatest of these is charity," we must admit the force of these observations. We must hesitate to assume that "we know it all," and that others created like unto ourselves have been ignored by their Creator. We must admit that they have as much right, according to their lights, to believe that Confucius, their great teacher, was inspired and spoke as one having authority, as we have to believe in the teacher who has sent unto us as one speaking by authority. Christian charity must compel us to admit this much, even though we are saturated with the belief that they are wrong, and that they will ultimately see the light as we have been taught to see it.

The reference to the persecution of Salvation Army and Mormon people pertinently leads us to wonder what our people would do if they saw missionaries coming to their homes and taking the children away to lead them to believe that Buddha or Confucius alone gave the whole truth concerning the emancipation, elevation and salvation of the soul.

Conversation with the learned men of the orient leads up to the proposition that we must charitably consider the people to whom a different religion has been given. By whom was Buddhism and Brahmanism given? By whom was Confucius taught, and whence came the impulses which led Zoroaster and Mahomet to stand forth with such strength to teach their people? If those men came as spirits of evil, surely it is strange that they taught people how to be good and how to worship. If they came from the same source whence our Teacher came, have we license to fight and oppose them? These are problems too mighty to be decided without reflection, particularly by people who believe in charity for all mankind.

When we read of the blind fanaticism of the Chinese mobs, and when we are incensed beyond measure with their deeds, might it not be well for us to remember the inquisition, St. Bartholomew's day, Latimer, Ridley and the alleged witches of Salem? Before we cast out the mote from the eyes of the Chinamen let us look for the beams in our own eyes. When we read of the treatment of our missionaries and are moved to anger and wrath, might it not be well for us and for our missionaries who are persecuted to repeat the words of One who suffered: "Father, forgive them. They know not what they do."

Talking with a learned Chinaman, and hearing his appeal for charitable consideration, necessarily stirs the

OCCIDENTAL CRUELTY.

memory and the heart of one taught to believe that the greatest of Christian graces is charity, and impels the mind in the direction of kindly consideration for the people who have another side of the story to tell; a side which we do not understand.

They believe, and who shall gainsay their right to believe, that the same God who loved our little part of the world, also loved their greater part of the world, and gave them a religion which is as well adapted to their quality of brain as our religion is calculated for our quality of brain. They believe that we have no right to assume that we are better than they are and that God has favored us with greater light and love. Therefore they resent our assumption of superiority, and ask us to take our missionaries away from their land, to cease proselyting their children.

The people called "Boxers" are not the brutal and degrading monsters they have been pictured. On the contrary they are patriots resenting the efforts which are being made to destroy their religion, their customs, their self-respect—everything that men and nations hold in reverence and honor.

One Sunday night recently in a church where a large missionary collection was taken the writer listened to the stories of missionaries about the terrible doings of the people in so-called heathen lands, how mothers threw their babes into the Ganges, and all that sort o' thing. That very night in South Washington a young white girl was brutally beaten and killed by a negro; and on the following Monday morning, in an alley on the same block where the church stands, a mother took a strap and beat her child almost to death with a heavy strap, and would have killed her little one but for the interference of others. There are many thoughtful men and women who believe that home missionaries are needed all over this Christian land, and that they are needed more than foreign missionaries.

Missionaries are unfortunately the advance guards of the civilization of pelf; the unconscious and innocent agents of merchants and kings, who seek not the salvation of souls, but the acquisition of wealth and territory. Great Britain produces opium in India, sends it to China, and with the pulp of the poppy she destroys the body and brain of the Chinaman; she follows her drug with large consignments of missionaries. Other nations pursue the same course, knowing that ultimately the missionaries will be sacrificed. Then, for the sake of "the national honor," armies are sent, China will be dismembered, and rapine rule where once was peace and plenty.

This is the Chinaman's side of the story. Is it not worthy consideration, in charity and good conscience?

SMITH D. FRY.

**No Harm in Trying It.**

"Do you know of any preparation that will make one's hair wavy and inclined to curl?"

"Well, you might try this mixture. I've been putting it on my hair to take the kinks out, and it won't do it."—Chicago Tribune.

**Her Cynicism.**

"Why does a fairy tale customarily end: 'And they were married and lived happily ever after?'"

"That has come to be essential," replied Miss Cayenne. "That is what shows it is a fairy tale."—Washington Star.

**Only One Danger.**

"With my arm around you, you should fear nothing," he said.

"Except gossip," she replied, as she quietly disengaged herself.

After all, there are some things that woman understands better than man. —Chicago Post.

**Two Views of It.**

Mr. Dix. (at the reception)—What a charming lady Miss Hix is, my dear. It's a lucky thing I didn't meet her before I married you.

Mrs. Dix—Indeed it is—for Miss Hix —Chicago Daily News.

**What It Was.**

Teacher (after some explanation)—Now, children, what is an epidemic?

Bright Scholar—It's where everybody gets sick and we don't have to go to school for ever so long.—Detroit Free Press.

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

The queen of England has witnessed the Derby just once in her long reign.

In Kansas it is proposed to start a magazine which shall be contributed to only by residents of Kansas.

Col. Baden-Powell, the defender of Mafeking, was a corespondent of the London Chronicle during the Matabele war.

The queen's footmen wear wigs which have eight rows of curls, whereas those of the prince of Wales are allowed seven rows, and those of the lord mayor of London are given only six.

A big undertaking has been begun by the publishing house of Constable, in the "Victoria History of the Counties of England." It will be in 160 large octavo volumes, and will cost $1,464 a set.

Count Leo Tolstoi is ably assisted in his literary work by his two daughters, Tatjana and Marcha, who have more than ordinary talent. "However great I may be as a novelist," says the count, "I am much greater as a correspondent, but that's because my two girls write all my letters."

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton does not approve of the recommendation made by several New York magistrates that wife-beating should be punished by flogging. She says: "The real cure for wife-beating is to be found not in disciplining an occasional brute, but in teaching men to respect women."

Travelers to Drumtochty, Scotland, will now miss the familiar figure of Peter Bruce, the historic guard (immortalized by "Ian Maclaren"), who for the long period of 35 years has guided the train between Kildrummie and the junction. Though still a hale and hearty septuagenarian, railway requirements have necessitated his removal to the less onerous post of gatekeeper at the Moss house, a crossing about three-quarters of a mile from the junction.

### THE HINKSEY DIGGERS.

**Finest Undergraduates of Oxford University Under John Ruskin's Leadership.**

"The Hinksey Diggers" sounds not unlike the nomenclature of modern baseball teams, and was, indeed, the literal title of a memorable group of college athletes. So far, however, from being characterized by tousled hair and turbulent manners, as the name might suggest, the Hinksey Diggers numbered some of the finest undergraduates of Oxford university, under the captaincy of John Ruskin himself, says Youth's Companion.

In 1873 the great art lecturer let fall some words about the aimlessness of Oxford sports. He could not but believe that the same training of muscles might be turned to better account in some work of local or national benevolence. The idea captured the students' fancy, and Ruskin was urged to embody it in a working plan.

A neighboring village of Hinksey was inhabited by very poor people. The single road was so full of ruts, depressions and rubbish that carts avoided it and worked their individual way over the tiny village green, which was thus spoiled both as a park and a playground. The question came: Would the undergraduates volunteer to mend this road?

Sixty men having done so, Prof. Ruskin supplied picks, spades and shovels, and brought down his own gardener to superintend the digging. Drains were scientifically laid, hollows filled, banks turfed and planted, and native ferns and mosses conserved. For months the master himself, in blue coat and ear-tabbed blue cap, worked gayly with his boyish adherents—some representing the proudest families of England—by the roadside, breaking stones.

From the disk-thrower of antique sculpture to the moving pictures of the latest prize-fight; from the occasional "kill him, kill him," of the football enthusiast to the devoted helpfulness of the Hinksey Diggers; from the tobacco-reeking hall of the six-days' bicycle race to the Brokaw field, commemorative of that student who gave his life to save two servants, athletics in their age have played many parts. Rightfully apprehended, they are sinews of war and of peace, of health and grace, and wholesomeness to the youth of any land. The Hinksey digging will probably never be repeated, but its principle — that strength of body and health of mind ought to result in a happier life all around—goes marching on. In this movement, happily, the very breath of the best modern life, every one of us, the rank and file, may quicken the pace.

### MISTAKES IN FLAG RAISING.

**"Old Glory" Must Go to the Top of the Mast Every Time and All Else Below.**

It isn't everybody who knows how to throw the American colors to the breezes, says a writer in the Philadelphia Record. Flag raisings are everyday occurrences, but there are few people among those in charge, be they ever so patriotic, who are cognizant of the fact that Old Glory tops everything in the American possessions, and must never go below under any circumstances. At many of the flag raisings there are pennants unfolded on the same poles, and generally the mistake of placing the pennant at the top, over the flag, is made. This is very irritating to the regular navy men, who regard such an act in their ranks as deserving of dismissal. A number of the officers stationed at League island navy yard have time and again had the flag given its proper place on poles in various parts of the city, especially over schoolhouses downtown. On last Decoration day there was a flag raising over the Matthew W. Baldwin school, Sixteenth and Porter streets, and the pennant, which contained the school name, was placed at the top of the pole. Word came from League island that the country's colors should be put at the top, and the error was immediately corrected. Recently the same mistake was made at National park, on the Delaware river. The irritating sight was seen from League island, and a messenger was dispatched in a boat to have the positions of the flag and pennant reversed.