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, JANUARY 12, 1901. VOL. XXVI—NO. 9.

THE STATION AGENT'S STORY.

They never did much for me till I got a
chance, one day,
To take a better station, and prepared to
come away;
I'd worked down there in Watertown for
thirteen years, and passed
From messenger to agent and was called
up here at last.

And when they heard about it they came
in with smiles and praise,
And told me how it tickled them to hear
I'd got the raise;
They knew I'd have it, some day; they had
seen it all the time,
"For a fellow with such talents as I had
was bound to climb."

And they put their heads together and got
up a splendid spread—
A gorgeous farewell dinner, with the mayor
at the head;
And they made a lot of speeches and they
praised me to the skies,
And I felt my cheeks turn crimson and the
dampness in my eyes.

And the ladies that I danced with, when the
band began to play,
Said the place would seem so lonesome
after I had gone away,
And the wealthy banker's daughter who
had seemed so proud before
Almost confessed she loved me, as we
sailed across the floor.

And pretty Janet Flemming, who had let
me understand
That she felt herself above me, trembled
when I held her hand—
Trembled, sighed, and, looking at me, said
she wished I wouldn't go;
"It'll be so very stupid here without you,
don't you know!"

I had never, till that evening, guessed how
well they liked me there;
I had worked and hoped and waited and
they hadn't seemed to care,
And, oh, what a world of gladness had been
mine, if I had known—
But they let me wait and worry and keep
toiling on alone.

How I might have held my head up if I
only could have guessed—
Had I but known they thought that I was
worthy of the best
The wait had been less dreary and my work
had been as play—
But they kept their feelings hidden till I
had to come away.

Yes, it's just the same old story, people
somehow never know
What a man is worth, or care to, till it
comes his turn to go—
And perhaps it's best they shouldn't, for
begin to flatter men—
Give them all the praise they earn—and
there's no living with them then—
Still, I wish their celebration might have
been arranged before
They found out that I was going and would
wander back no more.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

A Pleasure Voyage

By Lynn Roby Meekins.

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A FEW minutes before the steamship Pontic left San Francisco a young woman, followed by a porter carrying two satchels, hurried up the gang-plank. She proceeded at once to the purser's office and said in an anxious but business-like tone:

"You got my telegram—Miss Percy Hartwell, of Denver?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Then you have a stateroom for me?"

"Yes," he answered again, "but you know this ship is making a round trip to Honolulu and does not go to Japan?"

"That will be all right," she said, as she paid her fare. By the time the gang-plank was hauled in and the ship had cast off she was safely quartered in her stateroom.

The indescribable journey through the Golden Gate, with all the glorious play of color and contrast and scene, seemed to have no attraction for her. Not until the ship with the happy crowd of travelers was well out to sea did she make her appearance on deck. She was of medium height, well built and perfectly dressed. Even the dust and weariness of a long railroad ride had not dulled the beauty of her blue eyes nor paled the glow of her fine complexion.

It takes several days to find out that the captain of a ship is not an information bureau, and after that sensible people leave him to his uncommunicative ways.

Miss Percy Hartwell began where the others left off. She did not ask Capt. Wheelton questions. In some way which made the others jealous she compelled him to seek her. In sunshine and in storm she was equally in evidence, and after awhile the grizzled old captain began to admire her seaworthy qualities. She was cheerful, she was interesting, and she was full of vigor and common sense. Like every good diplomatist, she did not force the point until she reached it, and then with a smile, which would have won the confidence of any man who had a spark of feeling left, she said in a calm voice that had in it an undertone of pleading which even a steamship captain could feel:

"Captain, I want to be perfectly frank with you. I understand, of course, that this is an excursion to Hawaii and return. Now, I do not like excursions at all, and a few days ago I had no more idea of coming on this trip than of going up in a balloon. My reason in coming was the hope that you might overtake the transport David, which sailed 24 hours ahead of you. There is some one on that ship that I must see and I thought there was a possibility of overtaking the vessel before we reached Honolulu. Now, I want to ask you frankly if you think it can be done? She is slower than you are."

The captain looked at her with his weather eye opened wider than usual, and she continued:

"Do not give me one of your excursion replies, but think over it and figure it out."

"Well, well, well!" he exclaimed, but before he could answer a call took him away.

Miss Percy Hartwell's next efforts were exerted upon the chief engineer, whom she managed to meet, and whose engine room she visited, distributing well balanced praise that pleased the old Scotsman mightily. The result was that in the course of 48 hours she had these two worthies of the ship calculating for her benefit, and when she finally drew from them the points that they might overtake the David some hours before they reached Honolulu, she expressed her satisfaction, and then the captain let her into an official confidence.

"You must not mention it," he said, "but we have important dispatches from the government which we must deliver to the David if possible."

Then Miss Percy Hartwell did a very surprising thing. She jumped up, clapped her hands, and exclaimed: "Hurrah!"

The voyage went on pleasantly and swiftly and Miss Hartwell laughed and joked with the captain and the chief engineer, urging them to push the ship a little faster.

Finally there came a fine gray morning, when there was a blur on the horizon in front, and Miss Hartwell cared for neither breakfast nor luncheon. While the chase was going on the blur was growing into the distinctness of a great steel hull freighted with human beings.

It was afternoon when the ships came within hailing distance. Just before signaling the captain approached Miss Hartwell and asked:

"What is his name and what do you want me to do?"

"Lieut. Edward Ledman," she replied, "and I want you to either bring him over to me or to send me over to him," and the signaling began.

"Government dispatches for the David, and, if you please, send Lieut. Edward Ledman."

Soon a boat put out from the other ship and the passengers crowded over to watch its coming. The sailors pulled with steady stroke and the little craft rose and fell with the billows, while the hands of Miss Percy Hartwell clutched the railing as if human life were at stake.

There upon the broad wastes of the Pacific the great mass of machinery paused. The boat circled like a frightened bird, but finally the rope was caught and one of the sailors ran up the ladder as easily as if everything were smooth and quiet. The tall young man in the lieutenant's uniform did not do as well, but his nerves were steady, even if his legs wabbled. The passengers were inclined to laugh at his lack of skill, but that did not deter him. He reached the deck and asked the captain quickly why he was summoned.

In the meanwhile Miss Percy Hartwell had retired to the further side of the ship. The captain directed one of the stewards to conduct the officer to Miss Hartwell.

"You have only five minutes, sir," was his warning, "and I advise you to be as expeditious as possible."

There were three minutes of grace, but at the end of that time the lieutenant returned radiant.

"I happen to know," said the captain, "that the dispatches are for your ship to proceed with all haste to Manila and if the weather had been stormy I should have signaled to that effect, so now it is not right for me to detain you even for a minute, and I wish you good-by and God speed."

Lieut. Ledman thanked him and there was a sudden rush in which the arms of the officer were around Miss Hartwell, followed by rapid kisses, which the crowd would have applauded if they dared. Down the ladder again he went, and once more the little boat see-sawed through the waves. There were many kisses thrown and the soldier's cap was raised until his arm must have approached paralysis.

Then after the farewells had been blown by the sirens of the ships, Miss Percy Hartwell for the first time showed indications of weakness. The dear old spinster who sat near her at the table approached to offer her assistance, and she could not help calling attention to a ring on the third finger of the young lady's left hand!

This brought Miss Percy Hartwell very much to her senses and she darted for her stateroom. The next day in honest gratitude she told the captain all about it. The lieutenant was with his regiment in San Francisco and was ordered to sail before he expected. He did not have time to carry out his programme of returning and placing the ring upon her finger, but did the best he could to send it by mail.

"That did not suit me at all," said Miss Percy Hartwell, "and I was determined that he should put it on himself, and that is why I came."

She does not remember much about Hawaii or Honolulu, or any of the scenes in the mid-Pacific islands, but when she is asked if she enjoyed her pleasure trip her reply is:

"Pleasure? You mean bliss!"

And that is all there is about it until Lieut. Edward Ledman gets back from the Philippines.

Restful Rooming.

The energy of one of the oldest inhabitants of a Massachusetts town is a byword among his neighbors and a trial to his grandchildren, who have not inherited their full share of his active temper, says the Youth's Companion.

His grandson John, in particular, suffers from the old man's untiring industry, for John is his assistant in the little grocery shop, where everything from codfish to brooms may be had. A purchaser of ginger snaps lingered one day to hear the noontime address delivered to poor John by his grandfather.

"Now, Johnny, I'm a-going home for my dinner," said the old man, briskly, "and on the way I'll carry up these pails to Mis' Manson and fetch back her kerosene can. I shall be gone up'ards of half an hour. You'll have plenty of time to eat your luncheon, and whilst you're resting after it I wish you'd saw up that little mess of wood that lays out by the back door and split it up for stove kindling, for the weather's turning sharp a'ready.

"Most likely I'll be back 'fore you get out o' work, and anyways I don't want you to keep at it all the time; so if there's a few extry minutes jest set down and make out a bill or two; the fust of the month'll be upon us 'fore we know it!"

Oldest Tree in the World.

The town of Kos, the capital of the small Turkish island of that name lying off the coast of Asia Minor, possesses the oldest tree in the world. Under its shades Hippocrates inculcated his disciples in his methods and views concerning the healing of 2,000 years ago. Tradition carries the age of the tree back to the time of Aesculapius (of whom Hippocrates was a lineal descendant), which would add some 400 years to its age.—Chicago Chronicle.

From Ma's Point of View.

Mother—Gertrude, I'm afraid you made a mistake in refusing that Mr. Jones.

Daughter—Why, mother?

"Why, the meek manner in which he took your refusal shows he is of the stuff that husbands should be made of."—Judge.

CROSSING THE FERRY

Dr. Talmage Tells of David's Passage Over the Jordan.

He Draws a Lesson of Comfort and Hopefulness to All God's Children—The Ferry to Heaven.

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

From an unnoticed incident of olden time Dr. Talmage in this discourse draws some comforting and rapturous lessons. The text is 2 Samuel 19:18: "And there went over a ferryboat to carry over the king's household."

Which of the crowd is the king? That short man, sunburnt and in fatigue dress. It is David, the exiled king. He has defeated his enemies and is now going home to resume his palace. Good! I always like to see David come out ahead. But between him and his home there is the celebrated river Jordan which has to be passed. The king is accompanied to the bank of the river by an aristocratic old gentleman of 80 years, Barzillai by name, who owned a fine country seat at Rogelim. Besides that, David has his family with him. But how shall they get across the river? While they are standing there I see a ferryboat coming from the other side, and as it cuts through the water I see the faces of David and his household brighten up at the thought of so soon getting home. No sooner has the ferryboat struck the shore than David and his family and his old friend Barzillai, from Rogelim, get on board the boat. Either with splashing oars at the side or with one oar sculling at the stern of the boat they leave the eastern bank of the Jordan and start for the western bank.

That western bank is black with crowds of people, who are waving and shouting at the approach of the king and his family. The military are all out. Some of those who have been David's worst enemies now shout until they are hoarse at his return. No sooner has the boat struck the shore on the western side than the earth quakes and the heavens ring with cheers of welcome and congratulation. David and his family and Barzillai from Rogelim step ashore. King David asks his old friend to go with him and live at the palace, but Barzillai apologizes and intimates that he is infirm with age and too deaf to appreciate the music, and has a delicate appetite that would soon be cloyed with luxurious living, and so he begs that David would let him go back to his country seat.

I once heard the father of a president of the United States say that he had just been to Washington to see his son in the white house, and he told me of the wonderful things that occurred there, and of what Daniel Webster said to him, but he declared: "I was glad to get home. There was too much going on there for me." My father, an aged man, made his last visit at my house in Philadelphia, and after the church service was over, and we went home, some one in the house asked the aged man how he enjoyed the service. "Well," he replied, "I enjoyed the service, but there were too many people there for me. It troubled my head very much." The fact is that old people do not like excitement. If King David had asked Barzillai 30 years before to go to the palace, the probability is that Barzillai would have gone, but not now. They kiss each other good-by, a custom among men oriental, but in vogue yet where two brothers part or an aged father and a son go away from each other never to meet again. No wonder that their lips met as King David and old Barzillai, at the prow of the ferryboat, parted forever.

This river Jordan, in all ages and among all languages, has been the symbol of the boundary line between earth and Heaven. Yet when on a former occasion I preached to you about the Jordanic passage I have no doubt that some of you despondingly said: "The Lord might have divided Jordan for Joshua, but not for poor me." Cheer up! I want to show you that there is a way over Jordan as well as through it. My text says: "And there went over a ferryboat to carry over the king's household."

All our cities are familiar with the ferryboat. It goes from San Francisco to Oakland and from Liverpool to Birkenhead, and twice every secular day of the week multitudes are on the ferryboats of our great cities, so that you will need to hunt up a classical dictionary to find out what I mean while I am speaking to you about the passage of David and his family across the river Jordan.

My subject, in the first place, impresses me with the fact that when we cross over from this world to the next the boat will have to come from the other side. The tribe of Judah, we are informed, sent this ferryboat across to get David and his household. I stand on the eastern side of the river Jordan, and I find no shipping at all, but while I am standing there I see a boat plowing through the river, and as I hear the swirl of the waters and the boat comes to the eastern side of the Jordan and David and his family and his old friend step on board that boat I am mightily impressed with the fact that when we cross over from this world to the next the boat will have to come from the opposite shore.

Every day I find people trying to extemporize a way from earth to Heaven. They gather up their good works and some sentimental theories, and they make a raft, shoving it from this shore, and poor, deluded souls get on board that raft, and they go down. The fact is that skepticism and infidelity never yet helped one man to die. I invite all the ship carpenters of worldly philosophy to come and build one boat that can safely cross this river. I invite them all to unite their skill, and Bolingbroke shall lift the stanchions, and Tyndall shall shape the bowsprit, and Spinoza shall make the maintopgallant braces, and Renan shall go to tacking and wearing and boxing the ship. All together in 10,000 years they will never be able to make a boat that can cross this Jordan. Why was it that Spinoza and Blount and Shaftesbury lost their souls? It was because they tried to cross the stream in a boat of their own construction. What miserable work they made of dying! Diodorus died of mortification because he could not guess a conundrum which had been proposed to him at a public dinner; Zeuxis, the philosopher, died of mirth, laughing at a caricature of an aged woman, a caricature made by his own hand, while another of their company and of their kind died saying: "Must I leave all these beautiful pictures?" and then asked that he might be bolstered up in the bed in his last moments and be shaved and painted and rouged. Of all the unbelievers of all ages not one died well. Some of them sneaked out of life, some wept themselves away in darkness, some blasphemed and raved and tore their bed covers to tatters. This is the way worldly philosophy helps a man to die.

A guide at Niagara falls said to me: "Do you see that rock down in the rapids?" I said: "Yes." "Well," he said, "some years ago a man got into the rapids and floated down until he came to that rock, and he clutched that and held on. We sent five lifeboats at different times out to him, and they were all broken to splinters. After awhile we got him some food, but he could not eat it. He seemed to have no appetite. He wanted to get ashore, and the poor fellow held on and held on, and with a shriek louder than the thunder of the cataract he went over." When a man puts out from the shore of this world on the river of Death in a boat of his own construction, he has worse disaster than that—shipwreck, eternal shipwreck.

Blessed be God, there is a boat coming from the other side! Transportation at last for our souls from the other shore; everything about this Gospel from the other shore; pardon from the other shore; mercy from the other shore; pity from the other shore; ministry of angels from the other shore; power to work miracles from the other shore; Jesus Christ from the other shore. "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and from a foreign shore I see the ferryboat coming, and it rolls with the surges of a Saviour's suffering; but as it strikes the earth the mountains rock, and the dead adjust their apparel so that they may be fit to come out. That boat touches the earth, and glorious Thomas Walsh gets into it in his expiring moment, saying: "He has come! He has come! My Beloved is mine, and I am His." Good Sarah Wesley got into that boat, and as she shoved off from the shore she cried: "Open the gates! Open the gates!" I bless God that as the boat came from the other shore to take David and his men across, so, when we are about to die, the boat will come from the same direction. God forbid that I should ever trust to anything that starts from this side.

Again, my subject suggests that when we cross over at the last the King will be on board the boat. Ship carpentry in Bible times was in its infancy. The boats were not skillfully made, and I can very easily imagine that the women and the children of the King's household might have been nervous about going on that boat, afraid that the oarsman or the helmsman might give out and that the boat might be dashed on the rocks, as sometimes boats were dashed in the Jordan, and then I could have imagined the boat starting and rocking, and they crying out: "Oh, we are going to be lost. We are going down!" Not so. The King was on board the boat, and those women and children and all the household of the king knew that every care was taken to have the king—the head of the empire—pass in safety.

Now, I want to break up a delusion in your mind, and that is this: When our friends go out of this world, we feel sorry for them, because they have to go alone; and parents hold on to the hands of their children who are dying, and hold on to something of the impression that the moment they let go the little one will be in the darkness and in the boat all alone. "Oh," the parent says, "if I could only go with my child, I would be willing to die half a dozen times. I am afraid she will be lost in the woods or in the darkness; I am afraid she will be very much frightened in the boat all alone." I break up the delusion. When a soul goes to Heaven, it does not go alone; the King is on board the boat. Was Paul alone in the last extremity? Hear the shout of the sacred missionary as he cries out: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." Was John Wesley alone in the last extremity? No. Hear him say: "Best of all, God is with us." Was Sir William Forbes alone in the last extremity? No. Hear him say to his friends: "Tell all the people who are coming down to the bed of death from my experience it has no terrors." "Oh," say a great many people, "that does very well for distinguished Christians, but for me, a common man, for me, a common woman, we can't expect that guidance and help." If I should give you a passage of Scripture that would promise to you positively when you are crossing the river to the next world the King would be in the boat, would you believe the promise? "Oh, yes," you say, "I would." Here is the promise: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Christ at the sick pillow to take the soul out of the body; Christ to help the soul down the bank into the boat; Christ midstream; Christ on the other side to help the soul up the beach. Be comforted about your departed friends. Be comforted about your own demise when the time shall come. Tell it to all the people under the sun that no Christian ever dies alone; the King is in the boat.

Again, my text suggests that leaving this world for Heaven is only crossing a ferry. Dr. Shaw estimates the average width of the Jordan to be about 30 yards. What, so narrow? Yes. "There went over a ferryboat to carry the king's household." Yes, going to Heaven is only a short trip—only a ferry. It may be 80 miles—that is, 80 years—before we get to the wet bank on the other side, but the crossing is short. I will tell you the whole secret. It is not five minutes across, nor three, nor two, nor one minute. It is instantaneous transportation. People talk as though leaving this life, the Christian went plunging and floundering and swimming, to crawl up exhausted on the other shore, and to be pulled out of the pelting surf as by a Ramsgate lifeboat. No such thing. It is only a ferry. It is so narrow that we can hail each other from bank to bank. It is only four arms' lengths across. The arm of earthly farewell put out from this side, the arm of Heavenly welcome put out from the other side, while the dying Christian, standing midstream, stretches out his arms, the one to take the farewell of earth, and the other to take the greeting of Heaven. That makes four arms' lengths across the river.

Blessed be God, that when we leave this world we are not to have a great and perilous enterprise of getting into Heaven. Not a dangerous Franklin expedition to find the northwest passage among icebergs. Only a ferry. That accounts for something you have never been able to understand. You never supposed that very nervous and timid Christian people could be so unexcited and placid in the last hour. The fact is, they were clear down on the bank, and they saw there was nothing to be frightened about. Such a short distance—only a ferry. With one ear they heard the funeral psalm in their memory, and with the other ear they heard the song of Heavenly salutation. The willows on this side the Jordan and the Lebanon cedars on the other almost interlocked their branches. Only a ferry.

My subject also suggests the fact that when we cross over at the last we shall find a solid landing. The ferryboat as spoken of in my text means a place to start from and a place to land. David and his people did not find the eastern shore of the Jordan any more solid than the western shore where he landed, and yet to a great many Heaven is not a real place. To you Heaven is a fog bank in the distance. Now, my Heaven is a solid Heaven. After the resurrection has come you will have a resurrected foot and something to tread on and a resurrected eye and colors to see with it and a resurrected ear and music to regale it. Smart men in this day are making a great deal of fun about St. John's materialistic descriptions of Heaven. Well, now, my friends, if you will tell me what will be the use of a resurrected body in Heaven with nothing to tread on and nothing to hear and nothing to handle and nothing to taste then I will laugh, too. Are you going to float about in ether forever, swinging about your hands and feet through the air indiscriminately, one moment sweltering in the center of the sun and the next moment shivering in the mountains of the moon? That is not my Heaven. Dissatisfied with John's materialistic Heaven, theological thinkers are trying to patch up a Heaven that will do for them at last. I never heard of a Heaven I want to go to except St. John's Heaven. I believe I shall hear Mr. Toplady sing yet and Isaac Watts recite hymns and Mozart play. "Oh," you say, "where would you get the organ?" The Lord will provide the organ. Don't you bother about the organ. I believe I shall yet see David with a harp, and I will ask him to sing one of the songs of Zion. I believe after the resurrection I shall see Massillon, the great French pulpit orator, and I shall hear from his own lips how he felt on that day when he preached the king's funeral sermon and flung his whole audience into a paroxysm of grief and solemnity. I have no patience with your transcendental, gelatinous, gaseous Heaven. My Heaven is not a fog bank. My eyes are unto the hills, the everlasting hills. The King's ferryboat, starting from a wharf on this side, will go to a wharf on the other side.

Again, my subject teaches that when we cross over at the last we shall be met at the landing. When David and his family went over in the ferryboat spoken of in the text, they landed amid a nation that had come out to greet them. As they stepped from the deck of the boat to the shore there were thousands of people who gathered around them to express a satisfaction that was beyond description. And so you and I will be met at the landing. Our arrival will be like stepping ashore at Antwerp or Constantinople among a crowd of strangers. It will be among friends, good friends, those who are warm-hearted friends, and all their friends. We know people whom we have never seen by hearing somebody talk about them very much; we know them almost as well as if we had seen them. And do you suppose that our parents and brothers and sisters and children in Heaven have been talking about us all these years, and talking to their friends? So that, I suppose, when we cross the river at the last we shall not only be met by all those Christian friends whom we knew on earth, but by all their friends. They will come down to the landing to meet us. Your departed friends love you now more than they ever did. You will be surprised at the last to find how they know about all the affairs of your life. Why, they are only across the ferry, and the boat is coming this way, and the boat is going that way. I do not know but they have already asked the Lord the day, the hour, the moment when you are coming across and that they know now, but I do know that you will be met at the landing. The poet Southey said he thought he should know Bishop Heber in Heaven by the portraits he had seen of him in London, and Dr. Randolph said he thought he would know William Cowper, the poet, in Heaven, from the pictures he had seen of him in England; but we will know our departed kindred by the portraits hung in the throneroom of our hearts.

On starlight nights you look up—and I suppose it is so with anyone who has friends in Heaven—on starlight nights you look up, and you cannot help but think of those who have gone, and I suppose you look down and cannot help but think of us. But they have the advantage of us. We know not just where the world of joy is; they know where we are.

But there is a thought that comes over us like an electric shock. Do I belong to the King's household? Mark you, the text says: "And there went over a ferryboat to carry over the king's household," and none but the king's household. Then I ask: "Do I belong to the household? Do you?" If you do not, come to-day and be adopted into that household. "Oh," says some soul here: "I do not know whether the King wants me!" He does; he does. Hear the voice from the throne: "I will be a father to them, and they shall be my sons and daughters, said the Lord Almighty." "Him that cometh unto me," Christ says, "I will in nowise cast out." Come into the King's household. Sit down at the King's table. Come in and take your apparel from the King's wardrobe, even the wedding garment of Christ's righteousness. Come in and inherit the King's wealth. Come in and cross in the King's ferryboat.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

There are about 117,000 novels in the Paris national library, and nearly 69,000 volumes of French poetry.

A Norwegian scientist, C. A. Munster, believes that by connecting two islands under water with galvanized iron plates and sending electric currents through them one might get $1,500,000 of gold and silver out of sea water annually.

Prof. Lewin, of Berlin, has found among 300 laborers who constantly handle copper eight men whose hair had in consequence obtained a greenish tinge which no washing would remove. The phenomenon has been known, he says 200 years, but it takes several years to produce it.

Juan Valera, the Spanish novelist and statesman, has started a magazine at Madrid with the name Gente Vieja ("Old Folks"). It is intended as a protest against the eccentricities and self-advertisement of the "young school," and will uphold the established standards of art and of language. Editors and contributors will all be over 55 years of age.

John Ruskin said that for people to be happy in their work three things are needed: They must be fit for it; they must not do too much of it; they must have a sense of success in it—not a doubtful sense, such as needs some testimony of other people for its confirmation, but a sure sense, or rather knowledge, that so much work has been done well, and fruitfully done, whatever the world may say or think about it.

Here is a new story on Jane Austen, the incident in which might have been possible 100 years ago, but not in these days of commercially boomed literature: To her Bath publisher she sold her book, "Northranger Abbey," for $50 outright. He allowed the story to lie in his desk untouched for 15 years. Meantime the author had won fame, but apparently the Bath publisher was in blissful ignorance, for he permitted Miss Austen to buy back her manuscript at its original figure.

SOUTH AMERICA.

A Country About Which Most of Us Are Very Much in Ignorance.

Suppose you close your eyes and frame to yourself an answer to this question: "What do I know about South America?"

The chances are that the conclusion will be that South America is a large piece of land below us inhabited by some nations who have revolutions every three or four months.

But go to your cyclopaedia or your geography and you will find that South America amounts to something big in every sense of the term. It is a great continent with millions of people, with untold richness of undeveloped wealth, and with a commercial importance that we have never adequately appreciated—a vast extent of country 4,500 miles long and, at its widest part, 3,200 miles broad. With an area of 7,000,000 square miles it comprises almost every variety of product and of climate that the world can offer, says the Saturday Evening Post.

Ten republics and three colonies occupy this magnificent continent. In spite of all the sensational reports that come through the news columns, human life is as safe as in any other part of the world, and the average of happiness is as high. They may not have the luxuries and the comforts of the most advanced civilization, but there are happy homes, and the people grow old gracefully.

Physically, South America is one of the most interesting and amazing of continents. It has the longest range of mountains in the world. It has the largest rivers. Think of a river navigable for 2,500 miles, or almost as far from the Atlantic to the Pacific across the United States, and you will get some idea of the magnificent length of the Amazon. Think of plains that stretch for illimitable miles and you get an idea of the vast prairies of Brazil and the Argentine Republic.

Mention gold and you probably will not realize, at the first thought, that South America has furnished more of it to the world than California. In fact Brazil itself goes ahead of California's total, and, to add to its record, it has furnished many thousands of the diamonds that are now worn. In other mineral wealth South America is wonderfully rich. It has silver, copper, platinum, lead and iron, and the mines have only begun to furnish their treasures.

In climate and in all the things that make for the welfare of mankind South America is wonderful. South Africa with its wealth cannot compare with it.

And the friendship and the trade of the millions of people who occupy this continent are of great importance to any nation.

Negroes with Long Arms.

It is stated that certain natives of Dahomey now in Paris have longer arms than any negroes ever measured. The lower the race to which a man belongs the longer is his arm—the nearer the Darwinians would say, is his kinship to the ape. When standing upright and reaching down with the middle finger the chimpanzee can touch its knee, the orang its ankle and the gibbon its foot. The average European can touch only half way down his thigh. The negro greatly excels the European in this. It has often been remarked that negro soldiers standing at drill bring the middle finger tops an inch or two nearer the knee than the white man can do. Negroes have often been known to touch the kneepan without bending.—Chicago Chronicle.

Concentrated Food.

A restaurant for concentrated food is to be started in Paris by an enterprising French chef. The happy diner will enjoy a menu of tabloids. From the hors d'oeuvres to dessert his entire meal will be presented to him in a few square inches. In this way a busy man will be able to eat his dinner in a few minutes, and carry it about with him in his waistcoat pocket to swallow in spare moments.—N. Y. Sun.

The Professor's Dilemma.

Booker—Prof. Delvington is in a terrible quandary.

Booker—Why, what's the trouble?

"He has discovered a new disease and can't find any germ for it."—Chicago Daily News.

WIDOWS OF LATEST STYLE.

A Fashion Authority Says Crape-Wrapped Women Are No Longer in the Mode.

The widow of tradition is becoming a thing of the past. No longer does a woman typify her bereavement by those eloquent frills of white, deeply bordered handkerchiefs and sweeping crape veils. One rarely sees one of these widows nowadays, except on the stage. Mourning was overdone and elaborated to such an extent in recent years that in many cases it was positively gay. When modistes began to put chic little crape rosettes and jaunty bows of the same grewsome material on the shoulders of the bereaved one it became one of the horribly humorous effects that are indissolubly connected with the undertakers and their trapping of woe. The hideous crape vail, which was the distinguishing badge of the widow, is rarely seen except at funerals; in fact, crape has lost its fashion as an emblem of sorrow. Likewise the inch-deep borders that were seen on handkerchiefs and on note paper, and even visiting cards, have been ruthlessly swept out of sight.

The modern widow does not accentuate her woe by clothes, and there is little doubt that the new century will gradually see the custom of wearing black disappear into the mists where so many other ideas have vanished. But before then the still more unpleasant habit of wearing half-mourning designated by various stages of color from black to white, then to purple, lightening up to violet, will die a natural death, and there will be no mourning for it among the sensibly minded women of the present. It would be a most interesting thing to know just where this half mourning idea originated. It seems like a conceit that might emanate from the brain of a man milliner, and have gained its vogue through the acceptance of women led blindly by their dressmaker in days when the feminine sense of humor was not so well developed as now. The heavily black-bordered note paper, cards and other stationery are rarely used, except by the old-fashioned. Nor are the servants and coachmen and footmen condemned to sable livery as formerly. Children are never put in black nowadays by those sufficiently educated to know the evil effects on the mind and health that result from keeping a bereavement so constantly in mind.

PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR.

The Latest Notions in Dress Materials, Evening Waists and Fancy Hats.

One of the prettiest and most serviceable fabrics for evening gowns is black spotted Russian net. It is equally appropriate for demi-toilet and occasions of extreme formality, and is universally becoming. A charming mode of making is to have a full flounce edged with two or three rows of black lace and four or five rows of black satin ribbon, finished above with ruching of net lace edged. The bodice is low and trimmed around the decolletage with a narrow lace edged ruffle and ruching. For demi-dress a guimpe of black or white lace may be worn, says the New York Tribune.

A startling example of the craze for fur is an Eton of ermine, with sable collar and revers. This audacious jacket is to be worn with a black velvet tailored gown and black velvet turban, with ermine heads and white tips as trimming.

Evening waists grow more and more elaborate as the season advances. A lovely ready to wear bodice, V-shaped back and front, is of white satin veiled with plisse chiffon. A loose bolero of yellowish lace is outlined at the V by a band of richly embroidered light green panne, and the corselet is of gold tissue, appliqued with lace flowers. The sleeves are mere flounces to the elbow, of the lace, with a band below the shoulder to confine the fullness. With such a waist it is easy to complete the costume by getting a white satin skirt covered with white chiffon.

An extremely smart hat is of twine colored Russian guipure, bordered with wide black velvet and turned up at the side front, with a large gold buckle and a handsome black ostrich plume sweeping over the left side. The crown has a soft band of black velvet twisted around, with three small gold buckles clasping it at intervals.

Another attractive hat is triple brimmed and is made of soft felt of a delicate blue, each brim edged with brown panne. It is somewhat Napoleonic in shape, with a curve upturned directly in front, and on each side is a large chou of brown chiffon. A cache peigne of pink roses rests on the hair in the back.

Remodeled Sealskins.

Women who have sealskin coats too worn for renovation by the fashionable furrier can utilize the upper part of the sleeves and the skirt portion to make a collarette, or to form revers, cuffs, standing collar or narrow borderings to little walking jackets or boleros. There are many women furriers who work very deftly, having learned the occupation at some of the leading houses in the fur trade, and they make fur bands that look smart and fresh out of the remnants of a worn wrap. It requires the skill and patience of a practiced hand to cut out and evenly join the darkest pieces from a garment which would seem to contain no quantity worthy of redemption, but they succeed admirably in reclaiming enough at least from a shabby, edge-worn coat to decorate a new cloth one; and oftener they make an entire neckpiece, with a matching muff or hat trimming.—St. Louis Republic.

Stained Knife Handles.

A lemon has many uses—for the toilet, for the household, for the palate. It is of great assistance in cleaning stained knife handles. Rub them with a piece of soft flannel dipped in lemon juice till all the stains have disappeared. Then polish with a soft chamois leather.—N. Y. Journal.

Not the Usual Sort.

"There's one thing strange about this rabbit stew, I've noticed," said the facetious boarder.

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Starvem.

"It has a hare in it."—Philadelphia Press.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Gratuitously Given by a Facetious Member of a Boston Newspaper's Staff.

Young housekeepers may not be aware that the heavy brown paper which they buy of the butcher at from 15 to 50 cents a pound is not readily disposed of at equally high rates. It is better, upon the whole, to utilize it in the kindling of fires than to keep it in the expectation of ever getting back what it cost, says the Boston Transcript.

Potatoes may be peeled or not for boiling, and it is not bad form to serve them either with or without their jackets; but it is not the custom of good society to eat the epidermis of the boiled tuber. It can easily be detached with the assistance of a knife.

In patching clothing it may be well to remind young housewives that the inserted material is apparent upon the exposed as well as upon the hidden side of the clothing. Consequently, it is important that the patch should bear some resemblance in pattern and color to the garment into which it is incorporated.

If a little boy (or girl) gets his rubber boot filled with water it is not requisite to cut a hole in the bottom of the boot to let out the water. It is only necessary to remove the boot from the boy's foot and turn it upside down, when the water will flow out in accordance with the universal law of gravitation.

It is not considered good form to open tomato or fruit cans with your husband's razor; and, on the other hand, it is not au rigueur for the husband to shave with a razor which has been put to such use.

Chapped hands can frequently be avoided by letting your help do all the washing and permitting your husband to sift the coal and build and replenish the fires.

CARE OF THE PANTRY.

Proper Renovation Is an Essential to the Preservation of Its Contents.

The advent of a fresh supply of stores should be made the opportunity for a thorough turn-out of the storeroom, which should take place at least once a month. The shelves ought to be scrubbed with hot water and soap. No soda should be used, for it is apt to discolor the wood and turn it yellow. Kitchen paper put on the shelves will, of course, lessen labor, but it is not so nice from point of view of appearance. Unless absolute cleanliness is maintained in older houses the inevitable consequence will be roaches. And, unfortunately, roaches are too often made a peg upon which to hang the grievances of the cook, who will plead them as an excuse for not keeping the cupboard tidy, and on the same principle if breakages occur it is due to the cat, says the Washington Star.

Sometimes, of course, roaches will appear upon the scene even in the best regulated storerooms, when stringent measures must be taken. Everything should be removed from the floor, and carbolic powder must be thickly scattered every night on the ground and floor of the kitchen, too. In replenishing jars and tins they should first be emptied and then be refilled with fresh supplies, while that which remained from the previous month should be put on the top. The duty of keeping the store cupboard tidy might well be intrusted to one of the younger members of the family, for thus they learn to take an interest in the work of the house, besides gaining practical knowledge and a sense of order.

RULES DID NOT DETER HIM.

How a Visitor Took Liquor Into the Hospital Despite the Doorkeeper.

The one-legged watchman who stands guard at the visitors' gate of Bellevue hospital is ever on the alert to prevent visitors from taking in liquor or other intoxicants to their friends who are ill. There is a strict rule against it, says the New York World.

Among the hundreds who had passes to visit relatives recently was a gray-haired old man in his best black suit, whose pistol pocket had a suspicious bulge beneath the tails of his coat.

"What you got in your pocket, there?" demanded the gatekeeper, indicating the bulge.

"It's a milk punch for my boy Mike," said the old man, producing a bottle full of white fluid.

"You can't take a milk punch in here," said the keeper.

"Indeed I will," said the old man.

"Indeed you won't, for a million dollars," retorted the keeper. "It's against the rules."

"I'll take it in anyhow," and pulling the cork he put the bottle to his lips and drained it.

"I told you I'd take it in," he said, triumphantly, "and here's a present of the bottle for you."

"That there was the most obstinate old lad I've seen in many a day," said the keeper, as the old man passed in.

Broiled Calves' Liver with Bacon.

Have the liver sliced at the market, wash it well in salt water, then drain it dry. Brush it well over on each side with melted butter. Lay it on the broiler and broil till done, first on one side and then on the other. Place on a hot platter and season with salt and pepper and butter. Broil the bacon one minute and place it around the liver; this is far better than frying.—Boston Budget.

In a Girl's Bedroom.

A pretty plan adopted by young girls for separating and keeping in order the lingerie in their linen bureaus is the use of an embroidered belt of linen or satin. To this belt is attached at either end strings of ribbon, which, when the belt has encircled the bundle of linen, are tied in a smart little bow.—N. Y. Journal.

Tea and Coffee Stains.

It is sometimes difficult to remove large coffee stains. First pour boiling water through the stain, then dip the spot in strong ammonia water, rinse in cold water, and put out in the sun to bleach. For tea stains, nothing is needed but plain water.—People's Home Journal.