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, APRIL 13, 1901. VOL. XXVI—NO. 22.

AS ONE MAN TO ANOTHER.

You know my pa, he always says,
When we have company,
A-pattin' me upon the head;
"This is my son," says he;
"Perraps the future president,"
And then, with wink an' grin,
He'll give my head another pat,
Or pinch my cheeks an' chin.

The other day my pa an' me
Went out into the shed.
Pa—well—he had his hick'ry switch,
An' I just up an' said;
"Pa," but my voice was awful weak.
Says he: "Speek up, my son."
"When I am president," says I,
"I'll 'member what you've done,
An'," here I shouted big an' loud,
"I'll lock you up in jail!"
Then I just turned my back myself,
Expectin' him to whale.

But first I knew, I heard him laugh;
He laughed until he cried;
Then he sat down on the wood
An' pulled me to his side,
An' talked to me a long, long while
'Bout when he was a boy,
An' all the games he used to play,
"Ol' cat," an' "Siege of Troy."
An' now my pa an' I are chums,
Pa's broke his switch in two,
When I think what I said that day
I'm shamed, all through an' through.

—Philadelphia Inquirer.

When CHARLEY Caught the Cough

HIS Fond Parents had talked about it for months, and when the Child finally actually started for his first day in the public schools, that morning they felt that a distinct step in the world's progress had been taken. They watched him out of sight from the front windows and felt exceedingly proud of the sturdy little figure, topped by its closely trimmed yellow hair. Nobody went with the Child to school, because the theory on which the Fond Parents were working just then was to cultivate as early as possible his independence and self-reliance.

The Child enjoyed it greatly. He came home at night enthusiastic over some of the new friends he had made.

"'Reddy' Edwards," he assured his Fond Mother, "is a great kid. I belong to his gang."

"What sort of a boy is 'Reddy?'" asked the Fond Mother.

"He's a big kid, with red hair. He kin lick any kid in the room. He licked 'Fatty' Rawlins at recess this afternoon. 'Fatty' bawled, and then he started to cough. He coughed till he got red and blue in the face, and I'll bet he won't try to fool with any of the kids in our gang again."

The Fond Mother, with maternal intuition, felt sure at once that the Child had been exposed to some malignant disease, and told her husband so when he got home from his day on the board of trade.

"Nonsense," said he. "It couldn't be anything worse than whooping cough, anyway, and every boy has to have that before he amounts to anything. I'd be glad if Charley did catch it."

Ten days passed. Then Charley woke up in the middle of the night with a sore throat. He had never been sick before, but his mother knew in an instant what was the matter with him. It was croup. For the six years of Charley's existence she had been preparing for an emergency of this kind. Five distinct and separate sure cures for croup were on hand and within ten minutes the family doctor had been roused by telephone and had added his advice on the situation.

"I'll come down in the morning," he said, "unless something more develops before. Meanwhile follow my directions."

Finally the Child got to sleep and seemed much better when the doctor came in the morning. After a fierce struggle he allowed his mouth to be pried open with a tablespoon while the doctor gazed wisely down into the exposed cavity.

"It's just possible," said the doctor, finally, "that it's whooping cough. Keep him in the house a few days and we'll see."

The idea seemed to amuse the Fond Father greatly.

"Whooping cough, eh?" he said. "Well, that's a pretty good joke, isn't it, doctor? Nothing much to do, is there, except just to let the little cuss cough?"

The doctor expressed his opinion that the disease was not likely to be serious, though it might prove to be tedious. Then he took his departure. A few days later it developed so that there was no longer any doubt. Little Charley showed himself possessed of an amount of lung power which was surprising. Three or four times a night he woke his parents and most of the people in the flat building with a series of shrill and penetrating whoops, which would have done credit to a siren steam whistle. After the Fond Father had leaped suddenly out of his warm bed on an average of six times each night for three weeks it began to lose some of its humorous effect and grew somewhat monotonous. He went to see the doctor.

"Is there nothing we can do to stop the infernal whooping?" he said.

"There are 267 specifics for whooping cough laid down in the books," the doctor said with a smile. "We might try some of them." Then he wrote a prescription.

Next day a friend to whom the Fond Father told his troubles gave him a certain remedy. He was to get a certain decoction of black tar and sulphur and burn a pint of it in the sleeping rooms every night before going to bed. The Fond Father tried it. He thought he might as well make the trial good and strong while he was about it, so he got a quart of the stuff instead of a pint and set it going at ten o'clock. His friend had warned him that the odor might seem unpleasant at first but they would soon get used to it, and before the cough was cured they would get so they would like it. But for this warning it is doubtful if either of the Fond Parents could have staid in the neighborhood after the remedy began to throw off its clouds of thick and stifling black vapor. It spread and penetrated all through the flat, and it was two hours before any member of the family could get to sleep. Half an hour later they were roused by a furious ringing at the front door. The Fond Father rushed to the door in his bath robe and opened it. There stood the janitor of the building in scanty apparel with a chemical fire extinguisher strapped to his back.

"What's on fire in your flat?" he said. "Everybody in the building has been smelling smoke for an hour and we've finally traced it down here."

The Fond Father smiled weakly and said he supposed it was a new cure for whooping cough they had been trying which had caused the trouble. He was sorry if the other tenants had been disturbed.

Next morning when he got up he had a slight tickling in his own throat, due, no doubt, as he concluded, to the effects of the tar vapors of the night before. But the tickling did not leave him during the day. In fact, it was worse when he got home that night. After dinner he even coughed a little. Then an awful thought struck him.

"Whooping cough is exclusively a child's disease, isn't it?" he asked his wife, artlessly.

"O, no," she promptly answered. "When I had it my father caught it from me, and I remember he almost coughed his head off before it was cured."

He spent the next two or three days in trying to prevent himself from coughing while at home, though on the streets and downtown he gave free vent to unmistakable whoops. Finally, he confessed to his wife, and then he felt free to add his deep bass whoops to the treble explosions of the Child. Shortly it dawned upon the Fond Father that whooping cough was not a joking matter. He coughed sometimes till he was purple and black in the face, and finally, in shame and despair, he called one evening at the doctor's office.

"Doctor," he began, "I think I'm going to die. I—"

A spasm of coughing seized him just then, and he gave a demonstration in the whooping line which was strong and convincing.

"O, whooping cough is just a joke, you know," said the hard-hearted physician. "It does a boy good to have it."

But the Fond Father was beyond feeling any insult. He begged for something to help his cough, and finally he got it. Then things went on a little more easily for a few days. Finally it got so that if either the Fond Father or the Child commenced to cough in the presence of the other the second invalid would immediately start whooping as if in sympathy.

But not even yet had the climax arrived. It was when the recent corn corner was at its height and the Fond Father had accumulated a fairly large line of the cereal, which he was waiting to sell at a big advance. One night he got a "tip" that the corner would be broken the next day. He went down to the board the next morning prepared for action. He knew that he must dispose of his stuff in the first few minutes of the session if he wished to clean up the handsome profit which he had on paper. Finally business began in the corn pit, and he plunged into the thick of it. The first sales showed that the price was still at the top notch, and he determined to unload without a moment's delay. The king of the corner had just sold 50,000 at the top, and everything seemed propitious. His hand was raised and he was about to shriek out his offer when he felt that terrible tickling in his throat. He crushed it down with a mighty effort.

"One hundred thou—"

The cough seized him in its remorseless grip. He bent over nearly double with the paroxysm. The other frantic brokers pushed and shoved him out of the way. He stood on the bottom step of the pit and whooped for a solid minute. In the babel of voices the sound of his coughing was entirely swallowed up and lost. He could hear, even as he shook and strained with effort, the pit break out into a fresh riot of confusion. The corner had broken. Corn had dropped 15 cents in two minutes. The Fond Father was barely able to save his distance by letting go his holdings at the low figure.

The family has now recovered its normal condition of health. But little Charley is now being reared on the "sheltered and protected" policy, while the Fond Father sees nothing approaching humor in jest about the diseases of children.—Chicago Tribune.

HIS FEELINGS OVERCAME HIM.

Thackeray Was Unnerved by Reading His Daughter's First Story.

Thackeray was proud of the literary talent his daughter displayed, yet he did not use his great personal influence with the editors of the magazines to secure publicity for her productions, wisely preferring to let them stand on their own merits. "The first novel written by Miss Thackeray, the charming 'Story of Elizabeth,' writes G. W. Smith, editor of Cornhill, "appeared in the Cornhill Magazine toward the end of 1862. As I was coming away from her father one morning early in that year she slipped out of the dining-room, put a packet into my hand, and said, in a pretty, shy manner: 'Will you please read this, Mr. Smith?' and disappeared. The packet contained the 'Story of Elizabeth.' After reading it I had it put into type for the Cornhill and sent a proof to her father. When I next saw him I asked if he had read it. 'No,' he said; 'I tried to, but I broke down.' This was only one of a thousand indications of Thackeray's sensibility and of the great love between the father and daughter. The first article Miss Thackeray wrote for the magazine was called 'Little Scholars' and was printed in the fifth number. Thackeray sent it to me with a letter containing the following passage: 'And in the meantime comes a little contribution called "Little Scholars," which I send you and which moistened my paternal spectacles. It is the article I talked of sending to Blackwood. But why should Cornhill lose such a sweet paper because it was my dear girl who wrote it? Papas, however, are bad judges—you decide whether we shall have it or not.'"

American Commission at Paris.

The cost of the American commission at the Paris exposition was nearly $1,000,000.

MINISTRY OF TEARS.

Dr. Talmage Puts Misfortunes of Life in a Cheerful Light.

Shows That If They Were Borne in the Right Spirit They Might Prove to Be Advantages—Sympathy of Jesus.

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New York.

A vast audience crowded the Academy of Music in this city to-day to hear Dr. Talmage. Discoursing on "The Ministry of Tears," he put the misfortunes of life in a cheerful light, showing that if they were borne in the right spirit they might prove to be advantages. His text was Rev. vii., 17: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

What a spectacle a few weeks ago when the nations were in tears! Queen Victoria ascended from the highest throne on earth to a throne in Heaven. The prayer more often offered than any prayer for the last 64 years had been answered, and God did save the queen. All round the world the bells were tolling, and the minute guns were booming at the obsequies of the most honored woman of many centuries. As near four years ago the English and American nations shook hands in congratulation at the queen's jubilee, so in these times two nations shook hands in mournful sympathy at the queen's departure. No people outside Great Britain so deeply felt that mighty grief as our people. The cradles of many of our ancestors were rocked in Great Britain. Those ancestors played in childhood on the banks of the Tweed or the Thames or the Shannon. Take from our veins the English blood or the Welsh blood or the Irish blood or the Scotch blood and the stream of our life would be a mere shallow. They are over there bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. It is our Wilberforce, our Coleridge, our De Quincey, our Robert Burns, our John Wesley, our John Knox, our Thomas Chalmers, our Walter Scott, our Bishop Charnock, our Latimer, our Ridley, our Robert Emmett, our Daniel O'Connell, our Havelock, our Ruskin, our Gladstone, our good and great and glorious Victoria.

The language in which we offered the English nation our condolence is the same language in which John Runyan dreamed and Milton sang and Shakespeare dramatized and Richard Baxter prayed and George Whitefield thundered. The prince of Wales, now king, paid reverential visit to Washington's tomb at Mount Vernon, and Longfellow's statue adorns Westminster abbey, and Abraham Lincoln in bronze looks down upon Scotland's capital. It was natural that these two nations be in tears. But I am not going to speak of national tears, but of individual tears and Bible tears.

Riding across a western prairie, wild flowers up to the hub of the carriage wheel, and while a long distance from any shelter, there came a sudden shower, and, while the rain was falling in torrents, the sun was shining as brightly as I ever saw it shine, and I thought: What a beautiful spectacle is this! So the tears of the Bible are not midnight storm, but rain on pansied prairies in God's sweet and golden sunlight.

You remember that bottle which David labeled as containing tears, and Mary's tears and Paul's tears and Christ's tears, and the harvest of joy that is to spring from the sowing of tears. God mixes them; God rounds them; God shows them where to fall; God exhales them. A census is taken of them, and there is a record as to the moment when they were born and as to the place of their grave. Tears of bad men are not kept. Alexander in his sorrow had the hair clipped from his horses and mules and made a great ado about his grief, but in all the vases of Heaven there is not one of Alexander's tears. I speak of the tears of God's children. Alas, me! they are falling all the time! In summer you sometimes hear the growling thunder, and you see there is a storm miles away, but you know from the drift of the clouds that it will not come anywhere near you. So, though it be all bright around about you, there is a shower of trouble somewhere all the time. Tears, tears!

What is the use of them, anyhow? Why not substitute laughter? Why not make this a world where all the people are well and eternal strangers to pains and aches? What is the use of an eastern storm when we might have a perpetual nor'wester? Why, when a family is put together, not have them all stay, or, if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live, the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no deaths? Why not have the harvests chase each other without fatiguing toil? Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile or a success or a congratulation, but come now and bring all your dictionaries and all your philosophies and all your religions and help me explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made up of salt and lime and other component parts, but he misses the chief ingredients—the acid of a soured life, the viperine sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is. It is agony in solution. Hear, then, while I discourse of the ministry of tears or the practical use of sorrow:

First, it is the design of trouble to keep this world from being too attractive. Something must be done to make us willing to quit this existence. If it were not for trouble, this would be a good enough Heaven for us. You and I would be willing to take a lease of this life for a hundred million years if there were no trouble. The earth, cushioned and upholstered and pillared and chandeliered at such expense, no story of other worlds could enchant us. We would say: "Let well enough alone. If you want to die and have your body disintegrated in the dust and your soul go out on a celestial adventure, then you can go, but this world is good enough for me." You might as well go to a man who has just entered the Louvre at Paris and tell him to hasten off to the picture galleries of Venice or Florence. "Why," he would say, "what is the use of my going there? There are Rembrandts and Rubenses and Titians here that I have not looked at yet." No man wants to go out of this world or out of any house until he has a better house.

To cure this wish to stay here God must somehow create a disgust for our surroundings. How shall He do it? He cannot afford to efface His horizon or to tear off a fiery panel from the sunset or to subtract an anther from the water lily or to banish the pungent aroma from the mignonette or to drag the robes of the morning in mire. You cannot expect a Christopher Wren to mar his own St. Paul's cathedral or a Michael Angelo to dash out his own "Last Judgment" or a Handel to discord his "Israel in Egypt," and you cannot expect God to spoil the architecture and music of His own world. How, then, are we to be made willing to leave? Here is where trouble comes in

After a man has had a good deal of trouble he says: "Well, I am ready to go. If there is a house somewhere whose roof does not leak, I would like to live there. If there is an atmosphere somewhere that does not distress the lungs, I would like to breathe it. If there is a society somewhere where there is no tittle tattle, I would like to live there. If there is a home circle somewhere where I can find my lost friends, I would like to go there." He used to read the first part of the Bible chiefly; now he reads the last part of the Bible chiefly. Why has he changed Genesis for Revelation? Ah, he used to be anxious chiefly to know how this world was made and all about its geological construction. Now he is chiefly anxious to know how the next world was made and how it looks and who live there and how they dress. He reads Revelation ten times now where he reads Genesis once. The old story, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," does not thrill him half as much as the other story, "I saw a new Heaven and a new earth." The old man's hand trembles as he turns over this apocalyptical leaf, and he has to take out his handkerchief to wipe his spectacles. That book of Revelation is a prospectus now of the country into which he is soon to immigrate; the country in which he has lots already laid out and avenues opened and mansions built.

It is trouble, my friends, that makes us feel our dependence upon God. We do not know our own weakness or God's strength until the last plank breaks. It is contemptible in us that only when there is nothing else to take hold of we catch hold of God. Why, do you know who the Lord is? He is not an autocrat, seated far up in a palace, from which He emerges once a year, preceded by heralds swinging swords to clear the way. No. He is a father, willing at our call to stand by us in every crisis and predicament of life. I tell you what some of you business men make me think of. A man is unfortunate in his business. He has to raise a good deal of money, and raise it quickly. He borrows on word and note all he can borrow. After awhile he puts a mortgage on his house. After awhile he puts a second mortgage on his house. Then he makes over his life insurance. Then he assigns all his property. Then he goes to his father-in-law and asks for help. Well, having failed everywhere, completely failed, he gets down on his knees and says: "Oh, Lord, I have tried everybody and everything; now help me out of this financial trouble." He makes God the last resort instead of the first resort.

A young man goes off from home to earn his fortune. He goes with his mother's consent and benediction. She has large wealth, but he wants to make his own fortune. He goes far away, falls sick, gets out of money. He sends for the hotel keeper where he is staying, asking for lenience, and the answer he gets is: "If you do not pay up Saturday night, you'll be removed to the hospital." The young man sends to a comrade in the same building. No help. He writes to a banker who was a friend of his deceased father. No relief. Saturday night comes, and he is moved to the hospital. Getting here, he is frenzied with grief, and he borrows a sheet of paper and a postage stamp, and he sits down and he writes home, saying: "Dear mother, I am sick unto death. Come." It is 20 minutes of ten o'clock when she gets the letter. At ten o'clock the train starts. She is five minutes from the depot. She gets there in time to have five minutes to spare. She wonders why the train that can go 40 miles an hour cannot go 80 miles an hour. She rushes into the hospital. She says: "My son, what does all this mean? Why did you not send for me? You sent to everybody but me. You knew I would and could help you. Is this the reward I get for my kindness to you always?" She bundles him up, takes him home and gets him well very soon.

Now, some of you treat God just as that young man treated his mother. When you get into a financial perplexity, you call on the banker, you call on the broker, you call on your creditors, you call on your lawyer for legal counsel, you call upon everybody, and when you cannot get any help then you go to God. You say: "Oh, Lord, I come to Thee. Help me now out of my perplexity." And the Lord comes, though it is in the eleventh hour. He says: "Why did you not send for me before? As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." It is to throw us back upon God that we have this ministry of tears.

I like what Martin Luther said to Philip Melancthon when Melancthon has gone to bed discouraged and saying to Luther: "Our cause is lost. We have had all our work for nothing. I am in a state of despair!" Then Luther said: "Come, Philip; we have had enough of such talk! Let us sing the forty-sixth Psalm of David: 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble, therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed and the mountains cast into the midst of the sea. Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah'"

Again, it is the use of trouble to capacitate us for the office of sympathy. The priests, under the old dispensation, were set apart by having water sprinkled upon their hands, feet and head, and by the sprinkling of tears people are now set apart to the office of sympathy. When we are in prosperity, we like to have a great many young people around us, and we laugh when they laugh, and we romp when they romp, and we sing when they sing, but when we have trouble we like plenty of old folks around. Why? They know how to talk. Take an aged mother, 75 years of age, and she is almost omnipotent in comfort. Why? She has been through it all. At seven o'clock in the morning she goes over to comfort a young mother who has just lost her babe. Grandmother knows all about that trouble. Fifty years ago she felt it. At 12 o'clock of that day she goes over to comfort a widowed soul. She knows all about that. She has been walking in that dark valley 20 years. At four o'clock in the afternoon some one knocks at the door, wanting bread. She knows all about that. Two or three times in her life she came to her last loaf. At ten o'clock at night she goes over to sit up with some one severely sick. She knows all about it. She knows all about fevers and pleurisies and broken bones. She has been doctoring all her life, spreading plasters and pouring out bitter drops and shaking up hot pillows and contriving things to tempt a poor appetite. Drs. Abernethy and Rush and Hosack and Harvey were great doctors, but the greatest doctor the world ever saw is an old Christian woman. Dear me! Do we not remember her about the room when we were sick in our boyhood? Was there anyone who could ever so touch a sore without hurting it? And when she lifted her spectacles against her wrinkled forehead so she could look closer at the wound it was three-fourths healed. And when the Lord took her home, although you may have been men and women 30, 40, 50 years of age, you lay on the coffin lid and sobbed as though you were only five or ten years of age.

Where did Paul get the ink with which to write his comforting epistles? Where did David get the ink to write his comforting psalms? Where did John get the ink to write his comforting Revelation? They got it out of their own tears. When a man has gone through the curriculum and has taken a course of dungeons and imprisonments, he is qualified for the work of sympathy.

Jesus had enough trial to make him sympathetic with all trial. The shortest verse in the Bible tells the story, "Jesus wept." The scar on the back of his either hand, the scar on the arch of either foot, the row of scars along the line of the hair, will keep all Heaven thinking. Oh, that Great Weeper is just the one to silence all earthly trouble, wipe out all stains of earthly grief! Gentle! Why, His step is softer than the step of the dew. It will not be a tyrant bidding you hush your crying. It will be a Father who will take you on His left arm, His face beaming into yours, while with the soft tips of the fingers of the right hand He shall wipe away all tears from your eyes.

Have you any appreciation of the good and glorious times your friends are having in Heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here! It is the difference between embarkation and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river, you rejoice that they come. Oh, the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubilee in Heaven—between requiem here and triumph there! Together! Have you ever thought of it? They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land and another in another, but together in different rooms of the same house—the house of many mansions! Together!

Take this good cheer home with you. These tears of bereavement that course your cheek and of persecution and of trial are not always to be there. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting about anything? Oh, what an exhilaration it ought to be in Christian work! See you the pinnacles against the sky? It is the city of our God, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the days that remain for us!

The Saxons and the Britons went out to battle. The Saxons were all armed. The Britons had no weapons at all, and yet history tells us that the Britons got the victory. Why? They went into battle shouting three times, "Halleluiah!" and at the third shout of "Halleluiah!" their enemies fled panic struck, and so the Britons got the victory. And, my friends, if we could only appreciate the glories that are to come we would be so filled with enthusiasm that no power on earth or hell could stand before us, and at our first shout the opposing forces would begin to tremble, and at our second shout they would begin to fall back, and at our third shout they would be routed forever. There is no power on earth or in hell that could stand before three such volleys of halleluiah.

I put this balsam on the wounds of your heart: Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of and that you have a prospect of so soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended.

Do you not this moment catch a glimpse of the towers? Do you not hear a note of the eternal harmony? Some of you may remember the old Crystal palace in this city of New York. I came in from my country home a verdant lad and heard in that Crystal palace the first great music I had ever heard. Julien gave a concert there, and there were 3,000 voices and 3,000 players upon instruments, and I was mightily impressed with the fact that Julien controlled the harmony with the motion of his hand and foot, beating time with the one and emphasizing with the other. To me it was overwhelming. But all that was tame compared with the scene and the sound when the ransomed shall come from the east and the west and the north and the south and sit down in the kingdom of God, myriads above myriads, galleries above galleries, and Christ will rise, and all Heaven will rise with Him, and with His wounded hand and wounded foot He will conduct that harmony. "Like the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunderings, worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive riches and honor and glory and power, world without end."

HE FOUND A FRIEND.

Penniless Iowa Barber Strikes His Congressman for Help.

And Col. Hepburn Gave Him More Than He Asked For—How Frank Hatton Disposed of a Drunken Constituent.

[Special Washington Letter.]

"I AM poor, sick and far from home, and am in need of help to get back to my home."

These words were uttered this morning by a tall, haggard, feeble young man in the room of the committee on interstate and foreign commerce, to the chairman of that committee, Congressman Hepburn, of Iowa.

The correspondent of this paper was ascertaining some salient facts about the Nicaraguan canal bill, and the interruption was exceedingly disagreeable. The writer has seen so many unworthy alms-seekers in the capitol building during the past quarter of a century that he does not kindly incline towards any who seeks alms in that place. This is not because of a natural disposition to unkindness, but because the worthy are so few, and the unworthy so many.

But Congressman Hepburn is always approachable, and he gives every man a chance. He listened to the words quoted above, and his face showed a fleeting sign of annoyance at the interruption, but he courteously said: "Come here and take this chair. Do not feel embarrassed, but make yourself at home. Tell me your story."

The writer stepped back, took a chair near another desk in the big room, and heard the following conversation:

"I am an Iowa man; was born in Creston, Ia., in your district. I am a barber by trade, and learned my trade in Creston. I left home two years ago and have been in many places. I came here from Baltimore, where I had been sick for some time. I was told that if I could see you, I could get transportation home, and I know that if I can get back to Creston I will be taken care of by my good old father until I am well and able to work again."

"I know Creston quite well," said Col. Hepburn. "Will you tell me the names of the barbers there, and the name of the barber from whom you learned your trade?"

The young man named several barbers in Creston, including the name of the barber who taught him his trade. He told also of several men in Creston who had helped him in his earlier manhood, while he was endeavoring to get along. He mentioned men who had advised him not to leave there and venture forth into the world. In reply to inquiries he manifested other intimate acquaintance with the prairie town, and at last Col. Hepburn said:

"I am satisfied that you are a young man from my district in need of help, and I will give it to you." Thereupon he wrote a short letter to an official of this district, and handed it to the young man, saying: "This letter will procure you the transportation which you desire. There is an official here who has an annual appropriation for just such cases, when they are properly presented. My messenger will accompany you, and see that you are started off all right. I hope you will get home and recover your health and that you will be an ornament to society in your future years."

The sick young man was profuse in his thanks and was leaving the room, when Col. Hepburn called him back, and asked: "How are you going to get food while on your way?"

"I have a good overcoat which I can pawn, and my father will give me another when I get home," was the cheerful reply.

Col. Hepburn replied: "You are weak and sick and in danger of a cold. You will cross over the mountains, and you will need your overcoat. Here is a five-dollar bill, which I hand you as a loan on honor. I will expect you to return it when you are able, so you need not hesitate to accept it. I give it not as a charity, but as a loan, and there is no humiliation in accepting a loan."

The young man leaned heavily on the table, and tears filled his eyes as he took the money and stammered a few words of gratitude. Col. Hepburn assured him that he need not feel under any special obligations and walked

NEEDY AND FAR FROM HOME.

to the door with him, telling him that as a representative of the people of that district it was a very great pleasure to him to help one of the needy boys of Creston or any other town out there.

Now be it understood that Congressman Hepburn is substantially a poor man himself. After his 20 years of public service he has neither property nor other pecuniary savings. But he never allows a worthy applicant for aid to leave him unassisted. That is one of the reasons that he is a poor man himself in his declining years.

After the poor fellow had gone with the messenger of the committee to look after him, Col. Hepburn said: "That is a worthy case. I am very sure of it, because he knows some obscure men in Creston, whose names could not be known to anybody who had not been a resident there. But there are scores of bogus cases, and then there are other cases where a congressman gets abuse instead of gratitude for his benefaction.

"When Coxey's army was here I was approached by a man from my district who showed me a letter from his wife, begging him to come home, because both of the children were sick, she was not able to work, and destitution reigned in their house, where the rent was five months overdue. The postmark on the envelope showed that the letter was genuine and of recent date. I presumed that the man was ignorant and that he had been misled by the literature of that day into following Coxey in his crazy-quilt political scheme. But, aside from the man himself, my sympathies for the forsaken wife were fully aroused, and I procured transportation for him. I also gave him $10 in cash. My committee clerk saw him off on the train and gave his tickets to the conductor.

"Surprising as it may seem to you, and surprising as it was to me, that fellow was out working against my reelection when the next campaign was on. He told the people that I was a nabob living in the lap of luxury; and that when he asked justice of me I simply gave him alms. Some of the newspapers printed his statements, and he actually caused me to lose a

"I HAVE NO MONEY FOR YOU."

number of votes. That is only one experience of ingratitude. But there have been others, so that I am rather chary of helping objects of charity from my district, but this young man is all right and I am glad he came to me."

The late Postmaster General Frank Hatton was noted for his charities, but the writer was with him one evening when he peremptorily refused to contribute one penny to an applicant for his aid. There was formerly a strong editorial writer in the Mississippi valley who fell down before the demon of the still and worshiped him. From bad to worse he went, until he became a creature with no ambition other than to secure another drink. He drifted to Washington and one evening he accosted Mr. Hatton on Pennsylvania avenue as we were walking towards the capitol building, where there was a night session of the congress. He said: "Frank, old boy, I want a quarter to buy some more whisky. I'm actually suffering for just two more good drinks to-night."

The smile which once illumined his handsome face and strong features was the leer of a sneak. Mr. Hatton said: "I have no money of my own. What I have belongs to my wife and little son, Dick. As between you and my family I must choose for my family. My wife and Dick would not approve of such disposition of a quarter. Therefore you can't have it."

As we passed on the fallen one hurled after Mr. Hatton a tirade of the vilest billingsgate. After going half a block, and being beyond the sound of the voice of the drunkard, Mr. Hatton suddenly stopped, turned around and walked back, the writer accompanying him without a word. We soon overtook the fellow, and Mr. Hatton asked him if he had a place to sleep. He replied in the negative. Then Mr. Hatton called a cab, ordered the driver to go to the St. James hotel, where we put the brilliant drunken beggar to bed, Mr. Hatton paying for the night's lodging. But he wouldn't give him any money with which to buy whisky. We then went on our way to the capitol.

There are many such cases here every year. Only a few days before his fatal illness Senator Hearst, of California, hired a special train and employed a physician to travel all the way to California to look after a pauper inebriate who had once been prominent in California and who had rendered Senator Hearst superior service in a celebrated mining case which was long in litigation. The senator said to the writer: "I paid him a big fee at the time, but his services netted me many thousands of dollars, and I could not have rested at night if I had failed to do what I could for him." The special train and physician's services cost upwards of $3,000. Few paupers find such friends as that.

Stories of real life in Washington are not often written and printed, because the correspondents here are hesitant to tell all of the truths which come before them. They do not tend to elevate the ideas of the people concerning the national capital; and yet the facts here set forth may prove to be a warning to some of those who are treading the pathway with the degraded "whose feet take hold on hell." There is a temperance lecture in these facts.

SMITH D. FRY.

Nothing of the Kind.

"Why, that's a genuine Raphael!" said the caller, surprised and delighted.

"Not at all," replied Mrs. Gaswell, with cold distinctness. "My husband never engages in raffles. He bought that picture in the regular way and paid cash for it!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Trifling Delay.

Philanthropist—Poor fellow! After you get out of here wouldn't you like to come and join our church and teach a class in Sunday school and—

Convict—Yes, lady, I will—jess as soon as I kin kill Spike Hennessy an' Kid McGurk, w'ot peached on me an' put me in here.—Judge.

What He Wanted.

Pete Jackson—I hain't had no work fo' six months, pahson, and—

Parson Johnson—But I don't need yo'r services.

Pete Jackson—No; but I needs youahs! I'se finally decided to get married, and I wants to get youah best terms!—Puck.

The Only Way Out.

Patient—Doctor, I don't know what is the matter with me. I can't sleep, have no appetite, no interest in business—

Doctor—Well, why don't you propose to the girl? — Tit-Bits.

THEATERS IN WINTER.

Patrons Did Not Suffer for Ventilation in the Old Days in New York.

The recent cold snap brought with it some discomforts, and complaint has been made of the imperfect heating of the surface cars, schools and places of public amusement; but what would a metropolitan public think of such an announcement on the theater programmes as this, asks the New York Times.

"N. B.—It is permitted to bring your stoves to the theater."

Yet such an announcement was a common thing on the programmes and in the advertisements of the early theaters of New York; and it illustrates forcibly the difference in the climate, and the customs, and the theaters of Gotham then and now. An old-fashioned winter, with the thermometer ranging about zero for weeks at a stretch, and deep snow in the streets for a month at a time, is as much out of fashion now as the old stage coaches; and as the degree of cold out of doors has lessened, our facilities for warmth indoors have increased.

But the early theaters of New York, up to the time when the old Park fell into the hands of John Astor and James Beekman, were mere barns—not even as well constructed as are rich men's barns at the present day. They were, according to all accounts, airy enough at all seasons, but in the depth of winter they were frightfully cold, even with their big stoves, which had to be constantly supplied with wood—coal was not yet brought into use.

A lady and gentleman who went to the theater, if they were tightly wrapped up, and carried their roomy, old-fashioned sleigh with heated bricks at their feet and bearskin rugs over them, shivered when they entered the barn-like places, and counted themselves lucky, not if their seats were near the stage, but near the stove.

The ultra-rich and aristocratic New Yorker was often followed to his sleigh by some attendant on foot, who carried on a board on a box a little stove. With this apparatus he generally entered the theater with his mistress, placed the stove on the floor at the lady's seat, arranged the lady's feet nicely on top of the little stove, and then departed. There was a good deal of style in that, perhaps, but what comfort compared with that now enjoyed by theatergoers?

And yet there are some people who have growled the past week at our baby winter, with the thermometer ranging only between 15 and 20 degrees.

CENTRAL AMERICAN PIPES.

Survivals from Aboriginal Days—The Extreme of Sociability in Smoking.

The increasing commerce with Honduras and Nicaragua is bringing to this country many of the odd implements and curios of those lands. The Spanish population has a large admixture of Aztec or other aboriginal blood, and preserves many of the implements as well as customs which prevailed in the time of the Montezumas. One of the queerest survivals in this regard is the long pipe which is still employed in the rural districts of both republics. It is made from a shrub or a sapling which grows somewhat like the elder. The bush is cut down and the pith extracted from the stem, which is afterwards peeled, polished, dried and painted with primary colors in barbaric style. The simplest form is a straight stem from three to six feet in length. A more expensive kind is made from a stem with two terminal branches. This demands much more care in extracting the pith, and enables the owner to offer a friend a mouthpiece on one branch while he is enjoying another upon a second. Three-stemmed sticks are also made, and, very rarely, four-stemmed ones. These are kept as curios rather than as useful articles, and are supposed to have been employed upon especial occasions in the days of the Incas, says the New York Post.

The bowl is of red clay, gray clay, or sandstone, and the mouthpiece may be of bone or horn or decorated silver and amber. The length of the stem causes the tobacco smoke to cool appreciably in its passage from the bowl to the lips, and gives a taste almost as mild as that produced by the oriental nargile. The tobacco used with it is of a rich red-brown color, about intermediate in flavor and appearance between Virginia and Havana leaf. These pipes make very pretty ornaments for a mantel or for a wall, being much more pleasing to the eyes than the "church warden" familiar to all smokers. They are strong and durable, but, unless oiled or varnished now and then, they are apt to split in a dry climate. Collectors make it a rule to oil them on the inside once a year.

A Mean Retort.

A young man and a young woman leaned over the front gate. They are lovers. It is moonlight. He is loth to leave, as the parting is the last. He is about to go away. She is reluctant to see him depart. They swing on the gate.

"I'll never forget you," he says, "and if death should claim me, my last thoughts will be of you."

"I'll be true to you," she sobs; "I'll never see anybody else or love them as long as I live."

They parted.

Six years later he returns. His sweetheart of former years has married. They meet at a party. She has changed greatly; between the dances the recognition takes place.

"Let me see," she muses, with her fan beating a tattoo on her pretty hand, "was it you or your brother who was my old sweetheart?"

"Really, I don't know," he says. "Probably my father."—Tit-Bits.

Tit for Tat.

Mrs. Kingsley—Wasn't your husband out very late last night?

Mrs. Von Blumer (sweetly) — Yes; but I felt sure he would be. He told me he was going to meet your husband.—Tit-Bits.