The St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

W. G. K[illegible]NTZEL, Editor. COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1901. VOL. XXVI—NO. 23.

THE FORSAKE[illegible] GRAVEYARD.

No costly granite ma[illegible] the graves,
No fresh-cut flowe[illegible] grace,
No new-made footp[illegible] in the clay
To tell a well-love[illegible] ace;
Only a few old, tot[illegible] ng stones
Grown weary wit[illegible] he years.
With faded letters [illegible] rn and dim,
But more with [illegible] than tears.

Across a grave with[illegible] sunken breast
A timid wild rose[illegible] creeps;
Who knows but [illegible] h its perfumed leaves
A pitying heart [illegible] keeps?
Sometimes a wild [illegible] rd rests upon
A crumbling rock [illegible] and sings;
Who knows but fr[illegible] m a pitying heart
That tender note [illegible] he brings?

Here lies a grave[illegible] so short and small,
'Twould touch [illegible] a mother's heart;
Within some bre[illegible] st at some sweet time
It held a larger [illegible] part.
And here around [illegible] a faded name
Are green and [illegible] linging vines;
Who knows with [illegible] what a pitying touch
The tender ivy [illegible] vines?

And here's a long [illegible] and narrow grave,
With naught to m[illegible] ark the place
Except a blue forg[illegible] et-me-not
That lifts its dain[illegible] ty face;
But who can say it [illegible] blooms less fair
Upon the pauper's [illegible] bed
Than where yon tot[illegible] ering stone is seen
Above his neighbor's head?

The wind blows sad [illegible] through the pines;
Alone, it seems to [illegible] sigh.
Forgotten, whisper [illegible] low the leaves
That rustle softly [illegible] by.
But ah! we do not need to lie
Beneath a stone to be
Forgotten and alone; [illegible] haps
They live in memory [illegible]
—May Rapley McNab [illegible], in Boston Transcript.

THE DOCTOR'S LOVE STORY.

By JOH[illegible] A GASTON.

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MR. HENRY WHARTON was in lo[illegible]ve. In fear and trembling he admitted it to himself at 1:48 o'clock a. m. on October 14, in the year of Our Lord 1900, after a season of wrestling with himself which had lasted for five mortal hours in the lonesomeness of his apartments. Over and over again he had denied it to himself, but at last had been compelled to admit it.

Dr. Henry Wharton was compelled to be honest with himself. His entire success had been built upon the analytical clearness of his brain. The reason of his phenomenal rise in his profession at an age when most men of his years were struggling for the faintest recognition, was that he never sought to convince himself of anything. He observed and then drew his conclusions with the accuracy and impersonality of a machine.

He had found it very hard to do this in the present emergency, but the crisis was so important and the issue so vital that he had compelled himself to apply the rule of his professional life to the matter, and the habit of years had triumphed and he had faced himself with the hard, cold (or rather the warm, pulsating) fact that he was heels over head in love, and, try as he could, he could not help it. And what made matters worse, all his phenomenal professional success and the glowing promise of the future which all indications held out to him, appeared as naught to the dream of the successful culmination of his desires regarding pretty Elsie Burns, the pink and white daughter of the bluff old major, whose case he had taken at the earnest request of a friend and retained partly because of genuine admiration of the sturdy qualities of the old soldier and partly (he confessed in his relentless self-examination) through the attraction of the self-sacrificing daughter.

Dr. Henry Wharton was a southerner by birth and training. His people of the foregoing generation had all been slave owners, and all the men of any account had been in the confederate army. He had grown up in the stupefying atmosphere of the south in the years following the war, but after graduating from college and lying around on the decaying and bankrupt plantation for two or three years he had rallied one day and announced his intention to become a great physician. More of the meager patrimony of the house had been expended on his professional education, and the moment he received his sheepskin he had headed for the great northern city determined to win the first laurels of his profession or go down in ignominious defeat. It had been a hard struggle, but he had clung to it with a persistence foreign to the traditional qualities of the people of the south. Selecting a specialty—that of lung diseases, he had pursued it with a persistence which savored of the Yankee character, added to all the ardor of the south. It was a hard struggle, but he won, not only as all persistent effort wins, but with the added success which comes from brilliant attainments. In the great commercial metropolis of the north he became at the age of 38 the foremost authority in his chosen specialty, a lecturer in the most famous medical colleges, counselor in the most important hospitals and the man most sought after by the wealthiest patients.

It was about this time that a friend begged him to lend his great talents to the case of old Maj. Burns. The major was a veteran of the union army who had seen gallant service in the rebellion. He was a pensioner—with a most modest pension, and resided in the most inexpensive of apartments with his daughter Elsie, a daughter who had come to him late in life, and whose birth had cost his wife her life. The major was afflicted with pulmonary trouble, and a mutual friend had interested Dr. Wharton. He went at the behest of friendship. He found himself little interested in the case, which, in sooth, was commonplace enough from the standpoint of a specialist. He continued, however, to attend the major, although he had seen after a few visits that there was nothing he could do to bring permanent relief. Instead of dropping the case when he satisfied himself of this—as was the case usually in the course of his practice, he found himself making visits more and more frequently; and what was more scandalous, he found himself indulging in divers and sundry deceits tending to comfort the major's state of mind, but more particularly to bring to Elsie's rosy cheeks a glad smile and a look of gratitude. This had been going on for some weeks, when Dr. Wharton held high counsel with himself and decided, greatly to his perturbation, as noted above, that he was in love with the fair daughter of his patient.

The discovery distracted him greatly. He was not a lady's man in any sense of the word. His entire life since he was a boy had been given up to the most exacting work along the lines of his profession. He was getting old. He was prematurely gray. He had none of the graces admired by women. He had forgotten how to be interested in the everyday affairs of the world and he was far too intelligent not to know that a specialty in any department, and particularly in his, could not interest permanently any person not a specialist and least of all a young and pretty woman.

His discovery filled him with despair. He did not know what to do about it. At first he resolved to overcome it and he plunged into his work as he never had done before. But it was no use. He could not work. He was consumed with his passion and the more he sought to stifle it the stronger it seemed to grow. He tried to avoid the Burns home, but he found that he might as well try to avoid the laws of gravitation. Finally after some two months' struggle he succumbed and went to the old major and made a manly speech about it all. He avowed his love and asked the advice of the veteran.

The major was delighted. He fairly beamed at the idea. The one terror of the old man's life had been the thought that he would die and leave his "little girl" unprovided for to struggle with the world alone. Then, too, his pension was sufficient to permit them to live only in the most economical fashion and his dim eyes saw many good things that would come to gladden his declining days, as well as the luxury his daughter would be able to live in. His enthusiasm imparted itself to the suitor and the upshot of it was that he was encouraged to make the proposal he so desired—but not that day nor until the major had had a talk with Elsie.

She accepted, but there was a frightened look in her eyes as she said "yes" and the doctor thought there was a slight shrinking when he planted the first kiss, reverently, upon her fair forehead. But he was too happy to think of such trifles and he accepted his new-found bliss at full par value. Then there were happy days full of long rides, gay theater parties and all the delights a lover can conjure for the object of his devotion. And it is an open question whether the lover or the old major was the happiest.

Then came the awakening. One evening the doctor sprang gayly into the little parlor and beheld Elsie with a face more radiant that he had ever seen it. He also found there a stalwart young fellow wearing the uniform of Uncle Sam adorned with the straps of a first lieutenant. He was duly presented as Archie Cunningham, a boyhood friend of Elsie's, an officer of the volunteers in the Philippines, home on sick leave, in proof whereof was his right arm slung in a bandage. There was a merry evening in which the old major discussed with enthusiasm the military problems of the day with the young officer and the doctor watched with sinking heart the bright eyes of the girl resting ever upon the handsome face over the shoulder-straps.

The doctor excused himself early and went to his bachelor apartments with anguish in his heart. There he gave the entire night to a long struggle with himself. It was evident that the girl's heart was not his. Her promise was and he knew her well enough to feel assured that she would keep her promise and become his wife. He had not the slightest doubt as to her loyalty, and knew that once his wife would be as true as steel. But he was equally assured (curse that infernal habit of analysis) that he did not possess her heart and that the stalwart young fellow in the blue uniform did. All night long he ran hot and cold. The thought of going back to his old life of work and loneliness after standing on the threshold of bliss, was intolerable to him. But ever and anon the picture of a home in which presided a wife, however loyal, whose heart belonged to another, sickened him.

In the morning, haggard and still sleepless, he went again to the Burns home and sought an interview with Elsie. What was said in that interview is not for prying ears—only this: As the door opened for his departure the girl flung her arms about the neck of Henry Wharton, who seemed to have aged 20 years since the previous day, and said:

"Forgive me! Oh, forgive me! I was so weak, but papa wanted me to so much and I had none to talk to. Truly—truly I love you and honor you—but not that way. Please forgive me. But I can't help it. I can't. I can't. I can't. I have no right to let you go away this way, but you asked me so plainly and I could not help telling you the truth."

The doctor gently disengaged her arms and staggered out into the street.

Archie Cunningham thought it a trifle queer that his wife was so insistent that the first boy should be named "Henry Wharton Cunningham," but he was too much in love with his pretty wife to question her wishes in the matter.

Indian Woman's Club.

The only club of Indian women united with the general federation is one on a little island in Maine, whose membership is entirely made up of squaws, the association having been formed for the purpose of preserving Indian tradition and folklore. The club became a member of the Maine state federation soon after its formation, and last year paid its dues in Indian baskets—the work of its members. These were sold for a sum considerably in excess of the amount of the dues, and the surplus was duly returned to the club.—Chicago Chronicle.

Just Called.

"I called to see your father this afternoon," remarked Charlie, as he took a seat in the parlor.

Dora fluttered visibly. Recovering herself with an apparent effort, she said, simply: "Did you?"

"Yes," replied Charlie. "He has been owing our firm a little account for a long time."—N. Y. World.

A Gentle Hint.

Mr. Nicefellow—What do you think is the proper age for girls to marry?

Miss Lena—Oh, about 19.

"Indeed! And how old are you?"

"Oh, about 19."—Town Topics.

HEATHEN HAVE POPULAR CULT

Christian Science as It Is Practiced by Inhabitants of the South Sea Islands.

Those who believe in "Christian Science" are recommended to study the beliefs of the South Sea islanders. Even in those archipelagoes of "far-off isles of Eden, lying in dark purple spheres of sea," the fundamental principles of the "Scientists" seem to be known, according to the Medical Record, for among the South Sea islanders no man falls sick or dies from natural causes. They would argue, if called upon to analyze their belief, that health is the natural condition, and that every departure from it must be caused by supernatural agency, and since disease is an evil, you must look for its agents among those who wish you evil.

Thus far they are at one with many good people in Europe, who take comfort in the thought that every visitation of sickness is a divine judgment for their sins, but savages push their logic further. Their gods do no mischief for mischief's sake, and since all men have enemies, and are all free to invoke the unseen powers for either good or evil, the sick man has only to make his choice among the number of his ill-wishers and charge his heirs to avenge him.

"Every skilled craft tends to specialization. A few successes in causing illness by spells gave a man a reputation as an expert. The unsuccessful found him ready to remove their enemies for a consideration, he took to the business as a profession, handing his secret down to his son, and his son's son, until the trade became hereditary. A family that once acquired it took good care not to lose it by bungling, as the 'wise women' sometimes did, for the art of killing by witchcraft had this decided advantage over the art of healing, that if the spell failed there were other ways—a dose of something in the kava cup or a club stroke on a dark night. Thus among some of the Melanesian tribes it is not too much to say that the population is divided between the companies of those that caused disease and those that healed it."

THE DECAY OF MANNERS.

The Common People of Our Land Alone Are Truly Polite.

I have, in this ungrateful task, taken most of my instances from the east, writes John Gilmer Speed in Ainslee's. I believe the manners of men in the west and in the south are very much better. But the east sets the fashion and makes the pace. What is the vogue in New York reaches San Francisco and New Orleans in time, and the nearer place sooner. So, if it be the thing to be rude in the east, we may expect that it will be the fashion also on the Pacific and Gulf before very long. But there is one class of people in America, which, I fancy, is not likely ever to become infected with the bacilli of rudeness. I allude to the plain people, the common people. They are too good and too substantial at bottom ever to become very vulgar. They have never been adepts in the graceful social arts. On the contrary, they have never been acquainted with them, and care nothing about them. But they are honest and kind, and they hate meanness and nastiness for the deadly sins that they are. And they know them, too, at sight. They are simple and unaffected, but they are as far as possible from being foolish. A lady of experience told me the other day that she believed the plain, every-day, common American man was the most dependable creature alive. They never fail you. There is no kindness they will not undertake, no service they will not render. And I recently learned of a young girl who knew this fact by instinct. She had to journey to Chicago alone. From the start she was molested by the attention of this man and that. She became almost frantic in her nervousness. In desperation she gave up her seat, and to quote her own words: "I went over to where there was a plain, common kind-looking, middle-aged man sitting and asked if I might sit with him. He said: 'Certainly,' and made room for me. That was the end of it. He seemed to understand, and the other men also."

Toys for English Children.

The ingenuity displayed in the production of penny toys is marvelous, novelties coming out nearly every week. The foreign producers are quite alive to the fact that a child soon tires of a plaything and wants another; so they keep up a supply of things bright, novel and ingenious. Moreover, each toy has its season. As the summer approaches, when children delight to be out of doors, the Germans send us musical rollers and jingling cars; and for the long winter evenings they supply novel indoor games and intricate puzzles—amusement for many evenings—at the cost of one penny. Then the United States sends lead pencils, wood blocks and colored toy books; the French, dolls and tin toys, as well as all the more expensive articles of this class. However much or little the Germans may have sympathized with the Boers, the toy manufacturers did not fail to profit by the struggle. They dressed dolls in khaki and caricatured Mr. Kruger—his top hat and pipe were exaggerated, and his teeth extracted. Were these playthings the outcome of British malice and English spite? The answer is on the toy itself: "Made in Bavaria."—Chambers' Journal.

Enlightening Him.

"Marjorie Fleming has very pretty feet, hasn't she?"

"She has very pretty shoes—and loses no opportunity to show them."

"But isn't it necessary to have pretty feet in order to wear pretty shoes?"

"Not if you have as much heroism as Marjorie Fleming."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Oh, Base Duplicity.

Angeline—He says he's goin' ter give me suthin' "real swell" fer me birthday.

Daisy—Uv course you know he's got de mumps?—Judge.

IN FASHION'S FIELD.

Items of Apparel That Will Be Popular with the Ladies Next Season.

Fashionable color combinations for delicate silks, trimmings and French millinery, next season, will be white and green, pink and green, and gold, mauve, and green.

White and tinted chiffon, in the forms of various kinds of flowers, some with jeweled centers and petals simulating dewdrops, will be used on some of the handsomest of the evening round hats for next season, says a fashion authority.

Black mousseline de soie, buttonholed with lusterless black silk around the edges, is used for draping and trimming mourning bonnets and toques. In place of the stiff crimped blue-white ruche inside the widow's cap appears a delicate plaiting of white chiffon, or a shirring of crepe lisse, sewed in beneath the small brim.

The Empire, Gainsborough, Maintenon, and shepherdess models will appear among the exclusive styles in high-priced French millinery. The shapes are large, and show the eccentricity of crown and brim characteristic of these historical styles. Many of the Milan, Neapolitan and other straw shapes will be draped everywhere with tulle, ending in choux or huge roses of the same. Other models, decorated with expensive lace and gem-set buckles, show draperies of the lace drooping about the brim, with all the grace of a Spanish echarpe, the resemblance being further produced by the addition of one or two large glowing roses under the brim, just above the ear, and matching the half wreath laid upon the arched brim.

Hip-yokes, both deep and narrow, appear upon many of the skirts of dress-models for both spring and summer wear. Some of them are laid in fine lingerie tucks; others are braided, when the gown is of cloth or light wool, and, again, for very slender figures, the yoke is arranged in alternating bands of insertion and puffing. On very expensive spring costumes of Muscovite silk, French faille, peau de soie, etc., in black, the vest, or guimpe, the collar, sleeve, cuffs and hip-yoke are covered with elaborate designs in black silk and chenille passementeries en applique.

A useful design for a fancy waist, used by fashionable modistes, can be worn in winter or spring; and, while elaborate enough for theater wear, is not too smart for almost any occasion. The body and elbow sleeves are of flowered taffeta silk. The waist is covered with sheer muslin and entre-deux of Venise or Valenciennes lace. A deep, square collar of the muslin and lace over pale silk is so arranged that it can be worn or not, as desired, and there are fore-arm pieces to match the collar, which fasten invisibly to the elbow sleeves and reach far down over the hands. Entire waists of embroidered batiste and cut-work are again exhibited for the spring. The embroidery is more elaborate than ever. Sometimes the body of the waist will be of the cut-work, and the sleeves and lining of silk, satin, or brocade.

JEFFRIES' STRONG ARM.

It Was in a Plaster Cast and the Major Thought It Was the Real Thing.

Maj. Hughes' admiration for the once mighty John L. Sullivan is so well known in sporting circles that it no longer excites curiosity or comment. The major does not regard the present-day champions as being in the same class as the once great fighter, and his contempt sometimes leads him astray. He and Jefferies recently met in the same city, and, of course, the conversation drifted around to the prize ring and the pugilists.

"Why," exclaimed the major, "you fellows were not in it with Sullivan. You should have seen him in his prime. He had the toughest arm that I ever saw. The muscles were like iron, and it was impossible to indent the flesh."

"Why, Sullivan in his palmiest days never had an arm such as mine," replied the champion, says the Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Why, that's ridiculous," retorted the major.

"Well, feel this arm, then," and Jeffries held out his left.

The major felt the arm and found it as hard as steel. Then he thumped on it, but with no better result. He might as well have struck a brick wall for all the impression that he made. He tried hard and long; then turning to the champion he said: "Well, I never expected to see an arm like that. I must admit that you have Sullivan beat a block, and I take off my hat to you."

The crowd laughed, and the major felt uncomfortable.

"Well, it's on you, major," said one of the sports. "You were feeling Jeffries' game arm. It is done up in a plaster of paris cast."

The major treated.

How to Renovate Velvet.

French chalk rubbed in lightly will remove grease spots from velvet; or the chalk may be dropped on and allowed to remain for 12 hours. To restore the pile on velvet hold it very taut over the steam from a pan of boiling water, keeping the right side on top and having some one beside you to brush the pile up with a stiff whisk until it looks as it should. If this part of the work is carefully done the results will be most satisfactory.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Oxtail Soup.

Oxtail soup is a very rich, dark potage, in which the oxtails, cooked tender and browned to a rich color, are served. It owes its peculiar excellence to the consomme which it is made of and the mixture of one-third Spanish sauce. It is a very different soup, as it is served to-day in fashionable restaurants, from the simple and more wholesome potage of our fathers, and as now made in the country.—N. Y. Tribune.

Cure of the Hair.

Many a girl has ruined a fine head of hair by the too frequent use of astringents. Nothing turns the hair gray so quickly. Ammonia in very small quantities is good for the scalp, removing the dead skin and acting as a cleanser, but used too freely it will destroy the tiny follicle at the root of the hair and dry out the natural oil.—Detroit Free Press.

PREFERRED THE PUPS.

And His Lordship Lost His Chance of Winning an American Bride.

Just how and why an engagement between an American heiress and an English nobleman was broken off is told by the Marquise de Fontenoy, says the Troy Times. "Lord Hardwicke was at one time very nearly marrying a lovely American girl, a southerner, who was being chaperoned by her aunt, the now widowed marchioness of Anglesey, who herself is an American woman, being a daughter of the late Col. Sands, of Georgia. Lord Hardwicke, who at that moment had not yet succeeded to his father's earldom and who bore the title of Viscount Royston, was living at Vienna as an attache of the British embassy to the Austrian court, and Lady Anglesey and her beautiful niece, who was very rich, were likewise sojourning in the Austrian capital. The engagement between Lord Royston and the fair American had been already announced, and arrangements were being discussed for celebrating the marriage at the British embassy chapel in the Metternich Casse when the following correspondence took place. Lady Anglesey wrote:

"'Dear Lord Royston: I am leaving Vienna with my niece for the Semmering for two or three days. Perhaps you could meet us at 11 o'clock to-morrow at the South railway station, to say good-by. Yours sincerely,

"'MINNIE ANGLESEY.'

"To this invitation Lord Hardwicke replied with the following characteristic missive:

"'Dear Lady Anglesey: Awfully sorry I cannot be at the South railway station to say good-by to you and your niece, but just at the time you name I have to be at the West railway station to meet two fox terrier pups. Awfully sorry. Yours sincerely, ROYSTON.'"

"That of course ended the match, for not even the prospect of becoming a peeress of the realm could reconcile the high-spirited southern girl to the idea of becoming the wife of one who, on the eve of marriage, thus openly preferred fox terrier pups."

AN IDEA IN CHILD CULTURE

Course That Is Intended to Develop Individuality and Broaden the Mind.

The world is gradually becoming aware of a few practical facts that it has persistently ignored. One of these is that there is such a thing as individuality in childhood. This idea is being carried out in a few experimental schools, notably that of Dr. John Dewey, of Chicago, which aims to prepare children for college in 12 years, beginning with the kindergarten. The course of study is as unique as it is practical. When taking the subject of textiles the raw material is brought in and the children are shown how to wash the wool, card, spin and weave it, says Katherine Louise Smith, in Woman's Home Companion.

In somewhat the same spirit a new departure has been attempted in France. At the age of 15 French girls begin a course on morals, developing from practical talks on conduct and moral philosophy to psychology. Such subjects as the family, one's country and personal duties are discussed. These subjects cover a realm of suggestions which in America the teachers leave to the parents, who frequently ignore them. It is therefore interesting to note these lessons as being taught to girls of 15. Acting on the words of Mme. Neckar that "woman is intended to perfect life, to animate, beautify and sanctify it," these girls are taught that woman is the center of the family, the soul of the household, and that on all superior men the influence of an intelligent mother is apparent.

CARE OF PLANTS IN SPRING.

Begin Early to Train Trees and Shrubbery in the Way They Should Grow.

In the springtime when plants are making strong and rapid growth, particular attention must be given to training them, writes Eben E. Rexford, in Ladies' Home Journal. If neglected in this respect they soon get beyond control, and the only way to bring them into subjection then is by sacrificing a good deal of the growth they have made. This there is no need of doing if the training is begun in the right way and at the right time. If a branch is inclined to outgrow others pinch off the end of it, and keep all such branches from growing by pinching until other branches have had a chance to catch up. If a plant is not bushy and compact make it so by pinching off the end of all its branches. Keep up this treatment until as many branches have started as you think the plant ought to have. If you desire a plant to grow in tree form train it to one stalk until it reaches the height you desire, and then nip off its top and force it to branch. Save the branches at the top to form the head of the tree. If you want a shrubby plant begin the pinching process when it is small, thus forcing it to branch close to the pot. The old saying of "as the twig is bent the tree inclines" applies pertinently to the training of plants when in their early stages of development.

Lisbon Eggs.

Two tablespoonfuls butter, one tablespoonful onion, tablespoonful green pepper, one cup tomatoes, two drops tabasco, one tablespoonful capers, one tablespoonful pickles, four eggs, four tablespoonfuls milk, four slices toast, one-half teaspoonful salt, one-fourth teaspoonful pepper. Melt butter, add onion and pepper and fry two minutes, add tomatoes, tabasco, capers, pickles and salt to taste, cook five minutes, cover and set aside while cooking eggs. Beat eggs slightly, add milk and cook three minutes, stirring constantly with a fork, season with salt and pepper while cooking, pour onto toast and serve with sauce.—Good Housekeeping.

The Kind of Bird.

Bibbs—That thief was so expert that he stole $500 from the inside pocket of a sleeping Indian. Oh, he was a bird.

Gibbs—I should say so. A regular robin redbreast.—Judge.

MISSION OF INKHORN

Power for Good or Evil Its Contents May Wield.

Dr Talmage Discourses on Influences Brought to Bear for World's Improvement—The Inkhorn of God's Mercy.

[Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.] Washington.

In a new way and from a peculiar text Dr. Talmage discourses of good influences brought to bear for the world's improvement. The text is Ezekiel 9:2: "And one man among them was clothed with linen, with a writer's inkhorn by his side."

The poem from which my text is taken is epic, lyric, dramatic, weird and overpowering. It is more than Homeric or Dantesque. No one ever had such divine dreams as Ezekiel. In a vision this prophet had seen wrathful angels, destroying angels, each with a sword, but in my text he sees a merciful angel with an inkhorn. The receptacle for the ink in olden time was made out of the horn of a cow or a ram or a roebuck, as now it is made out of metal or glass, and therefore was called the inkhorn, as now we say inkstand. We have all spoken of the power of the sword, of the power of wealth, of the power of office, of the power of social influence, but to-day I speak of the power for good or evil in the inkstand. It is upon your tables, holding a black or blue or red liquid. It is a fortress, an armory, a gateway, a ransom or a demolition. "You mistake," says some one; "it is the pen that has the power." No my friend. What is the influence of a dry pen? Pass it up and down a sheet of paper, and it leaves no mark. It expresses no opinion. It gives no warning. It spreads no intelligence. It is the liquid which the pen dips out of the inkstand that does the work. Here and there a celebrated pen, with which a Declaration of Independence or a Magna Charta or a treaty was signed has been kept in literary museum or national archives, but for the most part the pens, whether, as of old, made out of reed or still later of wing of bird or still later of metallic substance, have disappeared, while the liquid which the pens took from the inkstand remains in scrolls which, if put together, would be large enough to enwrap the world. For practical, for moral, for religious, for eternal purposes, I speak of the mission of "the writer's inkhorn."

First, I mention that which is purely domestic. The inkstand is in every household. It awaits the opportunity to express affection or condolence or advice. Father uses it; mother uses it; the sons and daughters use it. It tells the home news; it announces the marriage, the birth, the departure, the accident, the last sickness, the death. That home inkstand, what a mission it has already executed, and what other mission will it yet fulfill! May it stand off from all insincerity and all querulousness. Let it tell only that which it would be well to read after the hand that wrote it and the hand that received it can write no more. Dip out of that inkstand only that which is paternal, maternal, filial, sisterly, brotherly. Sacred let it be not to what are sometimes called the "household gods," but to the one and the only God who "setteth the solitary in families." Dip out of it solace for parents on the descending grade of years and encouragement for those who are climbing the steeps.

The carvers and glass blowers are ever busy making more ornate and skillful bowls for the ink, but not one of them will be so sacred as the old-fashioned inkstand out of which was dipped the liquid for the making of the family record on the blank leaves in the Bible between the Old and the New Testaments, not so many leaves now blank as before recent years made birthday or mortuary insertions. From that home inkstand the child dips out material for those large and awkward letters that one always makes when learning to write, and from it are taken the trembling letters that show the wrinkled hand is gradually forgetting its cunning.

O ye who have with recent years set up homes of your own, out of the new home inkstand write often to the old folks, if they be still living! A letter means more to them than to us, who are amid the activities of life and to whom postal correspondence is more than we can manage. They await the coming of the letter. Undertake no great thing in life without their advice. Old people for counsel; young people for action. Even though through decadence they may be incompetent to give valuable opinions on important affairs, compliment them by asking their counsel. It will do them good. It will make their last days exhilarant. Make that home inkstand a source of rejuvenescence to those who are near the terminus of the earthly journey. Domestic correspondence is not attended to as once. The newspaper, joining with the telegraph, bears the tidings of all the neighborhood, but swiftest revolving wheel of modern printing press and quickest flash along the electric wires can never do the sympathetic work of the home inkstand.

Furthermore, the inkstand of the business man has its mission. Between now and the hour of your demise, O commercial man, O professional man, there will not be a day when you cannot dip from the inkhorn a message that will influence temporal and eternal destiny. There is a rash young man running into wild speculation, and with as much ink as you can put on the pen at one time you may save him from the Niagara rapids of a ruined life. On the next street there is a young man started in business who, through lack of patronage or mistake in purchase of goods or want of adaptation, is on the brink of collapse. One line of ink from your pen will save him from being an underling all his life and start him on a career that will win him a fortune which will enable him to become an endower of libraries, an opener of art galleries and builder of churches.

Furthermore, great are the responsibilities of the author's inkhorn. All the people, or nearly all the people, read, and that which they read decides their morals or immorals, their prosperity or failure, their faith or their unbelief, their purity or corruption, their heaven or hell. Show me any man's library, great or small, and after examining the books, finding those with leaves uncut, but displayed for sake of the binding, and those worn with frequent perusal, and, without ever seeing the man or knowing his name, I will tell you his likes and his dislikes; his morals, good or bad or indifferent; his qualification for business or artistic or professional or mechanical life. The best index to any man's character is the book he prefers above all others. Oh, the power of a book for good or evil!

Abraham Lincoln in early life read Paine's "Age of Reason," and it so influenced him that he wrote an essay against Christianity, but afterward some Christian books came into his hands and gloriously changed his mind and made him a most ardent friend of the Bible and a man of prayer. A letter in Mr. Lincoln's own handwriting is in my house, the letter in response to some resolutions passed by a Methodist conference, saying: "In response to your address, allow me to attest the accuracy of its historical statements, indorse the sentiments it expresses and thank you in the nation's name for the sure promise it gives. Nobly sustained as the government has been by all the churches, I would utter nothing which might in the least appear invidious against any. Yet without this it may fairly be said that the Methodist Episcopal church, not less devoted than the best, is by its great numbers the most important of all. It is no fault in others that the Methodist church sends more soldiers to the field, more nurses to the hospital and more prayers to Heaven than any. God bless the Methodist church—bless all the churches—and blessed be God who in this our great trial giveth us the churches."

What a great thing it was that the Christian books which Mr. Lincoln read obliterated from his mind the infidel literature! William Carey became a missionary by reading "The Voyages of Captain Cook." John Wesley's life was shaped by reading Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying." There are books in your library or lying on your parlor table or secreted in some place by your child that will decide for two worlds, this and the next, the character of its reader.

Through books we sit down and talk with the mightiest spirits of all the ages. We accompany Tennyson on his spring-time walk as he falls upon his knees in the meadows, crying to his companion: "Violets, man, violets! Smell them." Or we ride with Trajan in his triumphal march, or stand with Godfrey at the taking of Jerusalem, or with arctic explorer hear the crash of the icebergs, or are received with Hernando Cortes in the halls of Montezuma, or watch in the observatory as Herschel with his telescope captures another star, or the ink in the inkhorn turns red as blood, and we are at Marengo and Arbela and Eylau and Borodino and Leipsic; or we sail with Hamilcar from Carthage to Palermo, or we see Galileo fighting for the solar system, and around us gather for conversation Aristotle and Plato and Robert South and Sydney Smith and Locke and Samuel Rogers and Chaucer and Paul Richter and Swift and Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt and Talleyrand and Burke and Edward Irving, while to make music for us Handel and Mozart and Mendelssohn come in, and we watch Columbus landing and see John Harvard's legacy of £900 paid over for the founding of Harvard university, and Joshua Reynolds and David Wilkie and Rembrandt tell us of their pictures. Oh, the books! Thank God for the books, and thanks be to all the authors! May the inkhorn ever be under divine inspiration!

A wrong theory is abroad that the newspaper impression is ephemeral. Because we read and cast it aside in an hour and never see it again we are not to judge that we are parted from its influence. No volume of 500 pages makes such impression upon the people as the daily newspaper. It is not what we put away carefully upon the shelf and once in awhile refer to that has as close relation to our welfare as the story of what the world is now doing or has recently done. Yesterday has more to do with to-day than something occurring a century previous. The engineers who now guide the rail trains, the sea captains who now command the ships, the architects who now design the buildings, the batons that now control the orchestras, the legislators who now make the laws, the generals who now march the hosts, the rulers who now govern the nations, the inkhorns that now flood the world with intelligence—these are what we have most to do with.

You have all seen what is called indelible ink, which is a weak solution of silver nitrate, and that ink you cannot rub out or wash out. Put it there, and it stays. Well, the liquid of the editorial and reportorial inkstands is an indelible ink. It puts upon the souls of the passing generations characters of light or darkness that time cannot wash out and eternity cannot efface. Forever indelible. Be careful how you use it. The impression made with it will be resplendent or repulsive on the day for which all other days were made.

But how shall I speak of the inkhorn of the world's evangelization? Oh, how may loving and brilliant and glorious pens have been dipped into it! Thomas a Kempis dipped into it and brought up his "Imitation of Christ." Horace Bushnell dipped into it and brought up "Every Man's Life a Plan of God." Thomas Binney dipped into it and brought up his "Weigh House Chapel Discourses." Conybeare dipped into it and brought up the "Life and Epistles of Paul." Archbishop Trench dipped into it and brought up the "Epistles to the Seven Churches." Stuart Robinson dipped into it and brought up "Discourses of Redemption." Austin Phelps dipped into it and brought up "The Still Hour." Mary Hopkins dipped into it and brought up "Evidences of Christianity." Thomas Guthrie dipped into it and brought up "The Gospel in Ezekiel." John Cumming dipped into it and brought up "The Apocalypse." Oh, the opulence of Christian literature! Oh, the mighty streams of evangelistic power that have poured from the writer's inkhorn that appeared in Ezekiel's vision!

While you recognize the distinguished ones who have dipped into the inkstand of the world's evangelization do not forget that there are hundreds of thousands of unknown men and women who are engaged in inconspicuous ways doing the same thing! How many anxious mothers writing to the boys in town! How many sisters writing encouragement to brothers far away! How many invalids bolstered up in bed, the inkhorn on the stand at their side, writing letters of condolence to those worse off than themselves! They are flying all the time kind words, gospel words, helpful words, saving words. Call the evangelistic inkhorn into service in the early morning, when you feel well and you are grateful for the protection during your sleeping hours, and write before you retire at close of day to those who all night long will be saying: "Would to God it were morning!" How many bruised and disappointed and wronged souls of earth would be glad to get a letter from you! Stir up that consolatory inkhorn.

All Christendom has been waiting for great revivals of religion to start from the pulpits and prayer meetings. I now suggest that the greatest revival of all time may start a concerted and organized movement through the inkhorns of all Christendom, each writer dipping from the inkhorn nearest him a letter of gospel invitation, gospel hope, gospel warning, gospel instruction. The ink is all ready on a hundred thousand tables, and beside it are the implements with which to dip it out. Why not, through such process, have millions of souls brought to God before next summer? By letter you could make the invitation more effective than by word of mouth. The invitation from your lips may be argued back, may evoke querulous reply, may be answered by a joke, but a good, warm, gospel letter, written in prayer and started with prayer and followed by prayer, will be read over and over again and cannot be answered in a frivolous way. It will speak from the table by day and night or, if pettishly torn up, will, in its scattered fragments, speak louder than when it remained whole. Within arm's reach of where you sit there may be a fluid that you may put on wing with message of light and love.

The other angels spoken of in my text were destroying angels, and each had what the Bible calls a "slaughter weapon" in his hand. It was a lance or a battleax or a sword. God hasten the time when the last lance shall be shivered and the last battleax dulled and the last sword sheathed, never again to leave the scabbard, and the angel of the text, who, Matthew Henry says, was the Lord Jesus Christ, shall, from the full inkhorn of His mercy, give a saving call to all nations. That day may be far off, but it is helpful to think of its coming. As Dr. Raleigh declared that when 50 miles at sea off the coast of New England the cattle on board the ship, as well as himself, scented the clover on the New England hills, so we, amid all the tossing waves of the world's controversies, inhale the redolence of the white lilies of universal peace. Is it not time that the boasted invention of new and more explosive and more widely devastating weapons of death be stopped forever and the Gospel have a chance and the question be not asked: "How many shots can be fired in a minute?" but "How many souls may be ransomed in a day?" The world needs less powder and more grace, fewer fortresses and more churches, less power to destroy and more power to save. Oh, I am sick of the war cries and the extinguished eyesight and the splintered bones and the grave trenches and the widowhood and orphanage and childlessness which sob and groan and die in the wake of the armies on both sides of the sea! Oh, for less of the slaughter weapon and more of the evangelizing inkhorn! Oh, for the stopping of the science of assassination, that crime of crimes, that woe of woes, that horror of horrors, that hell of hells—war, which this moment stands reeking with blood and washing itself in tears and blaspheming the heavens and pushing off the edge of this life men who have as much right to live as you and I have and blasting homes in which there dwells as much loveliness as in our own! Would that the merciful angel of my text take the last weapon of war and fling it off and fling it down with such force that it shall clang on the lowest round of the perdition where the first keen edge of human strife was sharpened! War! In the name of Almighty God and of all the homesteads it has destroyed and is now destroying, I hate it, I denounce it, I curse it!

If our Bible is true—and no other book that was ever printed is as true as that book, which Moses began and John finished—then the time will come when all the weapons of cruelty will stop and the inkhorns of evangelization will have their way. In the museums of the world the carbine and the cannon and the bomb will be kept as curiosities, and children will be incredulous as parents tell them that civilized nations once employed such instruments of death and more incredulous when told by their parents that the army that killed the most men was considered the most glorious army. The red horse of carnage that St. John saw in vision, and the black horse of famine, and the pale horse of death will be stabled, and the white horse of prosperity and peace, mounted by the King of Kings, will lead the great army with banners. Through the convicting, converting, sanctifying power of the Eternal Spirit may we all march in that procession! Hail, thou Mighty Rider of the white horse in the final triumph! Sweep down and sweep by, thou Angel of the New Covenant, with the inkhorn of the world's evangelization! "The mountains and the hills shall break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shal come up the myrtle tree and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

Mix ginger cookies with cold coffee instead of water; it will improve them.