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 27, 1901. VOL. XXVI—NO. 24.

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

From the window of the chapel softly
sounds an organ's note,
Through the wintry Sabbath gloaming
drifting shreds of music float.
And the quiet and the firelight and the
sweetly solemn tunes
Bear me dreaming back to boyhood and
its Sunday afternoons;

When we gathered in the parlor, in the
parlor stiff and grand,
Where the haircloth chairs and sofas stood
arrayed, a gloomy band,
Where each queer oil portrait watched us
with a countenance of wood,
And the shells upon the whatnot in a dustless splendor stood.

Then the quaint old parlor organ, with the
quaver in its tongue,
Seemed to tremble in its fervor as the
sacred songs were sung,
As we sang the homely anthems, sang the
glad revival hymns
Of the glory of the story and the light no
sorrow dims.

While the dusk grew ever deeper and the
evening settled down,
And the lamp-lit windows twinkled in the
drowsy little town,
Old and young we sang the chorus and the
echoes told it o'er
In the dear familiar voices, hushed or
scattered evermore.

From the windows of the chapel faint and
low the music dies,
And the picture in the firelight fades before
my tear-dimmed eyes,
But my wistful fancy, listening, hears the
night wind hum the tunes
That we sang there in the parlor on those
Sunday afternoons.
—Joe Lincoln, in Saturday Evening Post.

THE PAMUNKEY POST OFFICE

A TRUE STORY.

By C. W. Hartley.

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THE outgoing postmaster retired in disgrace, but that fact did not seem to deter the hosts of young and old who asked their congressman to recommend them to the president for appointment. In fact, in less than a week the whole town seemed to be afflicted with a sort of madness—an unappeased hungering for office bordering on frenzy.

The first move of the bondsmen was to install one of their number acting postmaster until the vacancy could be filled. He was a rotund, rosy-cheeked farmer with a slight inclination toward politics. He had not learned the delivery boxes until he became saturated with a consuming desire to remain. There was something fascinating about it; something infectious. He contracted a dangerously severe case of desiring office at the very outset.

In the meantime down the ravines and lanes came trooping, figuratively speaking, a large portion of pulsating, anxiously throbbing Pamunkey to line up in front of the post office building and gaze wistfully at the structure.

The acting postmaster did not live within 16 miles of the post office under consideration, but distance in his case seemed to lend enchantment to the view. Between handling the mails and rustling for signatures in his petition, with an occasional dash into the country to keep his wife informed as to his progress, he was kept pretty busy.

The G. A. R. element had a candidate; the Germans centered on a man; the Spanish-American soldiers thought they ought to be recognized; the Irish wanted to know what was the matter with them; the young politicians wanted to have something to say in the matter, and the ladies, bless their innocent souls, thought they knew something about handling reluctant congressmen and mail matters.

Although mails went out of Pamunkey on fast flying trains, they were not swift enough for applicants. The aid of the electric current, as subserved by the Western Union Telegraph company, was invoked for greater speed. The second day after the vacancy was announced the desk of the congressman for that district was piled high with telegraphic applications, which were followed in the next mail by more lengthy messages at lighter tolls.

The congressman moved slowly in the matter, as his renomination and election was close at hand. He did not desire to make a mistake just at that critical juncture.

The Nicaragua canal was a mere trifle to handle in comparison to the Pamunkey post office. He could fearlessly vote to refuse to seat a fellow member of congress with a plurality of wives, but the good people of Pamunkey presented a problem difficult of solution.

About the time he had his mind made up in favor of one candidate, along would come a voluminous bunch of papers in support of another candidate, which sent him to sea again. One candidate was denounced as an outsider, another had never done anything for the party, a third was a very recent convert to the party principles the congressman represented, and therefore needed proving, and so on. Each candidate had his friends and each had his enemies, and the enemies seemed more ready to speak and more persistent than the friends.

At one time the congressman had reached such a dire state of distress that he had about made up his mind to have his private secretary write the names of all the candidates on slips of paper, place them in a hat, shake them up, close his eyes and pull out a name, hit or miss, and take his chances on the result, relying on his guardian angel to guide his hand to the right piece of paper. He must have doubted the constant attendance of that invisible presence, for on second thought he abandoned the whole scheme of settling the troublesome question and attempted to put the matter aside for a new inspiration.

That inspiration came sooner than was expected. The congressman, who was a general in the great civil war, brushed aside the papers with an impatient hand and went out for a stroll in the bracing air which came in the form of a gentle breeze down over the Bull Run battlefield, withholding the soothing odor of fields and farms as it rolled up Pennsylvania avenue. The general sniffed the refreshing atmosphere as he involuntarily quickened his pace. It will probably never be known what turned his thoughts to other days when shot and shell rained about him and he advanced rapidly from the ranks to the position of captain, then major and colonel, coming home wearing the straps of a general, all his advancements being achieved by bravery. It may have been these memories were refreshed in his mind by the murmuring breezes that came gently down from far-famed Alexandria and the undulating domains of the lamented Lady Fairfax. At any rate he paused in his walk and remarked half aloud: "I have half a mind to give it to a soldier." A passerby hearing that remark would not have been able to interpret its meaning, but the reader of this story will know that he still had his mind on the Pamunkey post office. "But there is the rub," he went on. "Which one? There is McMurry—he is a veteran of the civil war, and no better soldier ever shouldered a musket. Then there is Randall, a soldier of the Spanish-American war, and he must not be slighted, and last comes Murphy who now has a son at the front. Well, I have no choice in the three, now which shall it be?"

The troubled man walked on in deep thought for a few moments, then pulling out his watch to ascertain the time he exclaimed: "I have it! I will leave it to chance, and may the disappointed candidates and their friends have mercy on me. I can make no mistake in the three. Either of them would fill the bill. To-night I will not wind my watch. It will stop in the morning at about the time I awake. If it stops on an even number of minutes, McMurry gets the post office; if it stops on an odd number Randall is the winner, and if it stops five seconds either way from the minute mark Murphy will be open for congratulations."

With that the old warrior and statesman thrust the watch into his pocket and went back to his work of framing a caustic speech against a measure prepared by the other side of the house. The matter of the post office vacancy at Pamunkey was out of his head so far as he was concerned. He had left it to a mechanical agency which would soon settle the fate of the multitude of aspirants.

In the meantime great anxiety prevailed at Pamunkey. The newspapers had caught the spirit of the contest and published all sorts of predictions as to the result. One started a guessing contest and sold coupons on the result. The acting postmaster squandered the proceeds of the sale of a fine Jersey cow in purchasing coupons for his friends to vote for him. A large installment of his votes came into the office of publication on the very night the congressman's bejeweled watch was counting off the minutes to decide whether it would stop at odd or even, or for the man with the son at the front.

When the general awoke the next morning he lay still for several moments and looked at his watch, which reposed on his dresser. He wondered whether or not it had stopped, and if it had who had won. Finally he arose, placed the watch to his ear and listened. It was as dead as the chances of a host of candidates at Pamunkey. He hesitated to look at the face of the watch, and finally dropped it into his pocket with the thought that he could just as well look at it after breakfast.

On coming out of the breakfast-room the general was about to draw his watch from his pocket and decide the momentous question, when he noticed a young second lieutenant coming up the steps. A moment later the general advanced toward the young volunteer infantryman, extending his hand and exclaiming: "Hello, Ferguson, where did you drop from?"

"Just in from the Philippines," responded the soldier, grasping the hand of the congressman. The two went into the hotel and had a long talk over the situation in the orient. Felix Ferguson was a son of an old comrade of the general's, and his home was in Pamunkey. When the two reappeared from the steps the congressman was asking the question: "Well, now that you have received your discharge, what do you expect to do?"

To be frank with you, general, I am going back to old Pamunkey and marry pretty Elsie St. Clair and settle down," responded Lieut. Ferguson, coloring slightly.

At that the general took out his watch and appeared to wind it in a mechanical sort of way. This act set the wheels going and ruined the chances of some post office aspirant. It will never be known who won on the stopping of the wheels, but it is known that one of them lost on their starting.

"You are just the man I am looking for," said the congressman. "They need a man in the post office down at Pamunkey and I'll have you appointed this very day. This will give you and your young bride a good start in life."

"Thank you," said Ferguson, "this is more than I expected."

The papers the next day bore the news to Pamunkey, and thus ended the great post office fight.

The British Wolf.

Britain has been infested with wolves from that remote period conventionally termed "the earliest times." Their fossilized remains are frequently discovered, their bones lie about the untidy floors of prehistoric caves, the barrow-folk made necklaces of their teeth. They are mentioned in Welsh and Saxon laws. The Norman, however, fond of the "tall deer," was not affectionate toward the wolf, for in many feudal tenures, down to the year 1439, appears an obligation to hunt him. An entry in the account rolls of Whitby Abbey (quoted by Mr. Harting) records a payment for dressing wolf skins in the year 1394—possibly the latest strictly historical evidence as to the English wolf. Mr. Harting mentions a tradition that one Barnes, in the time of Henry VII., was nicknamed "Roast Wolf," because he destroyed so many of these animals, which infested Durham and Yorkshire (according to another legend) during the reign of Elizabeth. In Scotland, owing to its physical character, they existed until a much later period. So recently as 1577 an act of the Scottish parliament ordained a wolf hunt in each barony four times a year. Sir Ewen Cameron slew the last wolf in Lochaber in 1680.—London Spectator.

After Conversion.

"Have you noticed any change in Smithers since he joined the church?"

"Yes. He uses a jointed fish pole instead of the old long one."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Oh! he carries it under his coat when he goes fishing on Sunday."—Chicago Daily News.

RELIGIOUS REVIVALS

Dr. Talmage, in a Timely Discourse, Declares His Belief in Them.

Sermon Adapted from the Story of Simon and the Fishers—Greatest Obstacle to Revivals Is an Unconverted Ministry.

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

This discourse of Dr. Talmage is most pertinent at this time when a widespread effort for religious awakening is being made; text, Luke, verse 6: "They inclosed a great multitude of fishes and their net brake."

Simon and his comrades had experienced the night before what fishermen call "poor luck." Christ steps on board the fishing smack and tells the sailors to pull away from the beach and directs them again to sink the net. Sure enough, very soon the net is full of fishes, and the sailors begin to haul in. So large a school of fishes was taken that the hardy men began to look red in the face as they pull, and hardly have they begun to rejoice at their success when snap goes a threal of the net, and snap goes another thread, so there is danger not only of losing the fish, but of losing the net.

Without much care as to how much the boat tilts or how much water is splashed on deck the fishermen rush about, gathering up the broken meshes of the net. Out yonder there is a ship dancing on the wave, and they hail it: "Ship ahoy! Bear down this way!" The ship comes, and both boats, both fishing smacks, are filled with the floundering treasures.

"Ah," says some one, "how much better it would have been if they had staid on shore and fished with a hook and line and taken one at a time instead of having this great excitement and the boat almost upset and the net broken and having to call for help and getting sopping wet with the sea!"

The church is the boat, the Gospel is the net, society is the sea, and a great revival is a whole school brought in at one sweep of the net. I have admiration for that man who goes out with a hook and line to fish. I admire the way he unwinds the reel and adjusts the bait and drops the hook in a quiet place on a still afternoon and here catches one and there one, but I like also a big boat and a large crew and a net a mile long and swift oars and stout sails and a stiff breeze and a great multitude of souls brought—so great a multitude that you have got to get help to draw it ashore, straining the net to the utmost until it breaks here and there, letting a few escape, but bringing the great multitude into eternal safety.

In other words, I believe in revivals. The great work of saving men began with 3,000 people joining the church in one day, and it will close with 40 or a hundred million people saved in 24 hours when nations shall be born in a day. But there are objections to revivals. People are opposed to them because the net might get broken, and if by the pressure of souls it does not get broken, then they take their own penknives and slit the net. "They inclosed a great multitude of fishes, and the net brake."

It is sometimes opposed to revivals of religion that those who come into the church at such times do not hold out. As long as there is a gale of blessing they have their sails up. But as soon as strong winds stop blowing then they drop into a dead calm. But what are the facts in the case? In all our churches the vast majority of the useful people are those who are brought in under great awakenings, and they hold out. Who are the prominent men in the United States in churches, in prayer meetings, in Sabbath schools? For the most part they are the product of great awakenings.

I have noticed that those who are brought into the Kingdom of God through revivals have more persistence and more determination in the Christian life than those who come in under a low state of religion. People born in an icehouse may live, but they will never get over the cold they caught in the icehouse. A cannon ball depends upon the impulse with which it starts for how far it shall go and how swiftly, and the greater the revival force with which a soul is started the more far-reaching and far-resounding will be the execution.

But it is sometimes objected to revivals that there is so much excitement that people mistake hysteria for religion. We admit that in every revival of religion there is either a suppressed or a demonstrated excitement. Indeed, if a man can go out of a state of condemnation into a state of acceptance with God or see others go without any agitation of soul he is in an unhealthy, morbid state and is as repulsive and absurd as a man who should boast he saw a child snatched out from under a horse's hoofs and felt no agitation, or saw a man rescued from the fourth story of a house on fire and felt no acceleration of the pulses.

Salvation from sin and death and hell into life and peace and Heaven forever is such a tremendous thing that if a man tells me he can look on it without any agitation I doubt his Christianity. The fact is that sometimes excitement is the most important possible thing. In case of resuscitation from drowning or freezing the one idea is to excite animation. Before conversion we are dead. It is the business of the church to revive, arouse, awaken, resuscitate, startle into life. Excitement is bad or good according to what it makes us do. If it make us do that which is bad, it is bad excitement, but if it make us agitated about our eternal welfare, if it make us pray, if it make us attend upon Christian service, if it make us cry unto God for mercy, then it is a good excitement.

It is sometimes said that during revivals of religion great multitudes of children and young people are brought into the church, and they do not know what they are about. It has been my observation that the earlier people come into the kingdom of God the more useful they are. Robert Hall, the prince of preachers, was converted at 12 years of age. It is likely he knew what he was about. Matthew Henry, the commentator, who did more than any man of his century for increasing the interest in the study of the Scriptures, was converted at 11 years of age; Isabella Graham, immortal in the Christian church, was converted at ten years of age; Dr. Watts, whose hymns will be sung all down the ages, was converted at nine years of age. Jonathan Edwards, perhaps the mightiest intellect that the American pulpit ever produced, was converted at seven years of age, and that father and mother take an awful responsibility when they tell their child at seven years of age: "You are too young to be a Christian," or "You are too young to connect yourself with the church." That is a mistake as long as eternity.

If during a revival two persons present themselves as candidates for the church and the one is ten years of age and the other is 40 years of age, I will have more confidence in the profession of religion of the one ten years of age than the one 40 years of age. Why? The one who professes at 40 years of age has 40 years of impulse in the wrong direction to correct, and the child has only ten years in the wrong direction to correct. Four times ten are 40. Four times the religious prospect for the lad that comes into the kingdom of God and into the church at ten years of age than the man at 40.

I am very apt to look upon revivals as connected with certain men who fostered them. People who in this day do not like revivals nevertheless have not words to express their admiration for the revivalists of the past, for they were revivalists—Jonathan Edwards, John Wesley, George Whitfield, Fletcher, Griffin, Davies, Osborne, Knapp, Nettleton, Moody and many others whose names come to my mind. The strength of their intellect and the holiness of their lives make me think they would not have had anything to do with that which was ephemeral. Oh, it is easy to talk against revivals!

A man said to Mr. Dawson: "I like your sermons very much, but the after meetings I despise. When the prayer meeting begins I always go up into the gallery and look down, and I am disgusted." "Well," said Mr. Dawson, "the reason is you go on the top of your neighbor's house and look down his chimney to examine his fire, and of course you get only smoke in your eyes. Why don't you come in the door and sit down and warm?"

Oh, I am afraid to say anything against revivals of religion or against anything that looks like them, because I think it may be a sin against the Holy Ghost, and you know the Bible says that a sin against the Holy Ghost shall never be forgiven, neither in this world nor the world to come. Now, if you are a painter and I speak against your pictures, do I not speak against you? If you are an architect, and I speak against a building you put up, do I not speak against you? If a revival be the work of the Holy Ghost, and I speak against that revival, do I not speak against the Holy Ghost? And whoso speaketh against the Holy Ghost, says the Bible, he shall never be forgiven, neither in this world nor in the world to come. I think sometimes people have made a fatal mistake in this direction.

Now I come to the real, genuine cause of objection to revivals. That is the coldness of the objector. It is the secret and hidden but unmistakable cause in every case, a low state of religion in the heart. Wide awake, consecrated, useful Christians are never afraid of revivals. It is the spiritually dead who are afraid of having their sepulcher molested. The chief agents of the devil during a great awakening are always unconverted professors of religion. As soon as Christ's work begins they begin to gossip against it and take a pail of water and try to put out this spark of religious influence, and they try to put out another spark. Do they succeed? As well when Chicago was on fire might some one have gone out with a garden water pot trying to extinguish it. The difficulty is that when a revival begins in a church it begins at so many points that while you have doused one anxious soul with a pail of cold water there are 500 other anxious souls on fire. Oh, how much better it would be to lay hold of the chariot of Christ's Gospel and help pull it on rather than to fling ourselves in front of the wheels, trying to block their progress. We will not stop the chariot, but we ourselves will be ground to powder.

But I think, after all, the greatest obstacle to revivals throughout Christendom is an unconverted ministry. We must believe that the vast majority of those who officiate at sacred altars are regenerated, but I suppose there may float into the ministry of all the denominations of Christians men whose hearts have never been changed by grace. They are all antagonistic to revivals. How did they get into the ministry? Perhaps some of them chose it as a respectable profession. Perhaps some of them were sincere, but were mistaken. As Thomas Chalmers said, he had been many years preaching the Gospel before his heart had been changed, and as many ministers of the Gospel declare they were preaching and had been ordained to sacred orders years and years before their hearts were regenerated. Gracious God, what a solemn thought for those of us who minister at the altar! With the present ministry in the present temperature of piety, this land will never be enveloped with revivals. While the pews on one side the altar cry for mercy, the pulpits on the other side of the altar must cry for mercy. Ministers quarreling. Ministers trying to pull each other down. Ministers struggling for ecclesiastical place. Ministers, lethargic with whole congregations dying on their hands. What a spectacle!

Aroused pulpits will make aroused pews. Pulpits aflame will make pews aflame. Everybody believes in a revival in trade, everybody likes a revival in literature, everybody likes a revival in art, yet a great multitude cannot understand a revival in matters of religion. Depend upon it, where you find a man antagonistic to revivals, whether he be in pulpit or pew, he needs to be regenerated by the grace of God.

I could prove to a demonstration that without revivals this world will never be converted and that in 100 or 200 years without revivals Christianity will be practically extinct. It is a matter of astounding arithmetic. In each of our modern generations there are at least 32,000,000 children. Now add 32,000,000 to the world's population and then have only 100,000 or 200,000 converted every year, and how long before the world will be saved? —Never—absolutely never!

During our civil war the president of the United States made proclamation for 75,000 troops. Some of you remember the big stir. But the King of the universe to-day asks for 1,200,000,000 more troops than are enlisted, and we want it done softly, imperceptibly, no excitement, one by one. You are a dry goods merchant on a large scale, and I am a merchant on a small scale, and I come to you and want to buy 1,000 yards of cloth. Do you say: "Thank you. I'll sell you 1,000 yards of cloth, but I'll sell you 20 yards to-day and 20 to-morrow and 20 the next day, and if it takes me six months I'll sell you the whole thousand yards. You will want as long as that to examine the goods, and I'll want as long as that to examine the credit, and besides that 1,000 yards of cloth is too much to sell all at once?" No; you do not say that. You take me into the counting-room, and in ten minutes the whole transaction is consummated. The fact is we cannot afford to be fools in anything but religion.

That very merchant who on Saturday afternoon sold me the thousand yards of cloth at one stroke the next Sabbath in church will stroke his beard and wonder whether it would not be better for a thousand souls to come straggling along for ten years instead of bolting in at one service.

It seems to me as if God is preparing the world for some quick and universal movement. A celebrated electrician gave me a telegraph chart of the world. On that chart the wires crossing the continents and the cables under the sea looked like veins red with blood. On that chart I see that the headquarters of the lightnings are in Great Britain and the United States. In London and New York the lightnings are stabled, waiting to be harnessed for some quick dispatch. That shows you that the telegraph is in the possession of Christianity.

It is a significant fact that the man who invented the telegraph was an old-fashioned Christian, Prof. Morse, and that the man who put the telegraph under the sea was an old-fashioned Christian, Cyrus W. Field, and that the president of the most famous of the telegraph companies of this country was an old-fashioned Christian, William Orton, going from the communion table on earth straight to his home in Heaven. What does all that mean?

I do not suppose that the telegraph was invented merely to let us know whether flour is up or down or which horse won the race at the Derby or which marksman beat at the latest contest. I suppose the telegraph was invented and built to call the world to God.

In some of the attributes of the Lord we seem to share on a small scale. For instance, in His love and His kindness. But until of late foreknowledge, omniscience, omnipresence, omnipotence, seem to have been exclusively God's possession. God, desiring to make the race like Himself, gives us a species of foreknowledge in the weather probabilities, gives us a species of omniscience in telegraphy, gives us a species of omnipresence in the telephone, gives us a species of omnipotence in the steam power. Discoveries and inventions all around about us, people are asking what next?

I will tell you what next. Next, a stupendous religious movement. Next, the end of war. Next, the crash of despotism. Next, the world's expurgation. Next, the Christlike dominion. Next, the judgment. What becomes of the world after that I care not. It will have suffered and achieved enough for one world. Lay it up in the drydocks of eternity, like an old man of war gone out of service, or fit it up like a Constellation to carry bread of relief to some other suffering planet or let it be demolished. Farewell, dear old world, that began with paradise and ended with judgment conflagration.

Last summer I stood on the Isle of Wight, and I had pointed out to me the place where the Eurydice sank with 200 or 300 young men who were in training for the British navy. You remember when that training ship went down there was a thrill of horror all over the world. Since then there was another training ship missing. The Atalanta, gone down with all on board. By order of her majesty's government vessels went cruising up and down the Atlantic trying to find that lost training ship in which there were so many young men preparing for the British navy. Alas, for the lost Atalanta! Oh, my friends, this world is only a training ship! On it we are training for Heaven. The old ship sails up and down the ocean of immensity, now through the dark waves of midnight, now through the golden crested wave of the morn, but sails on and sails on. After awhile her work will be done, and the inhabitants of Heaven will look out and find a world missing. The cry will be: "Where is that earth where Christ died and the human race was emancipated? Send out fleets of angels to find the missing craft." Let them sail up and down, cruise up and down the ocean of eternity, and they will catch not one glimpse of her mountain masts or her topgallants of floating cloud. Gone down! The training ship of a world perished in the last tornado. Oh, let it not be that she goes down with all on board, but rather may it be said of her passengers, as it was said of the drenched passengers of the Alexandrian corn ship that crashed into the breakers of Melita: "They all escaped safe to land!"

A Failure.

"Did anybody ever try to start a newspaper here?" asked the intellectual-looking man with glasses.

"Yes," answered Broncho Bob. "But it failed. The editor wouldn't 'tend to business."

"Was he a dissipated man?"

"No. But he insisted on sitting at his desk with his back to the door, when he ought to have been standing with a six-shooter in his hand and his eye at a knot-hole." — Washington Star.

Not Always Necessary.

"I tell you it takes a mighty smart and shrewd man to accumulate a large fortune these days."

"Oh, I don't know; not while heiresses are so easily satisfied as some of them seem to be."—Chicago Post.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Frank Doster, chief justice of the supreme court of Kansas, is said to have started in life with the intention of becoming a railroad engineer, next a soldier, next an actor, and finally a lawyer.

James J. Hill, the famous railroad magnate, when recently asked of his start in business, replied: "Forty years ago I came over the Canadian frontier a boy without money or friends, and—well, I just started."

Six ladies now rank in the professorate of Swiss universities. Berne has four; one is the professor of history of philosophy, others are in the departments of surgery and of the Telluric observatory, while the fourth is civic librarian. At Zurich there are two, both in the department of surgery.

Archbishop Baker, the Anglican rector of Ladysmith, proposes to commemorate the historic siege of that city by replacing the battered church with a new and handsome building, on the walls of which are to be tablets bearing the names of the British soldiers who fell in or about the town during the present war.

Lord Salisbury, it is said, generally speaks best when he can rest his elbow on something. In the house of lords he usually piles up some books for this purpose on the corner of the table. On one occasion somebody removed one of these books—a work of reference—and he was visibly embarrassed in his speech until it was replaced.

J. Saxton Mills, the newly appointed editor of the Cape Times, Cape Town, takes the most important editorial position in South Africa from the hands of F. Edmund Garrett, one of the group which gathered around W. T. Stead in the days of the Pall Mall Gazette. Mr. Mills made his way in journalism first as an outside contributor and then as a leader writer on the Daily Mail. Later he joined the editorial staff of the Echo, which journal he left more than a year ago for the Daily News.

FIDDLED INTO FAME.

With a Violin as Capital, Luke Pryor Became Rich and a Senator.

Luke Pryor, who fiddled himself into the United States senate, died a little while ago at his home in Athens, Ala. He was a lawyer, and, besides being a senator, had been a representative in congress from the Eighth Alabama district. Pryor used to like to tell how, through his knowledge of the fiddle, he became started on his career of prosperity and politics.

Sixty-five years ago, 'way down in the greenbriar bottoms of Limestone county, there nestled a primitive village named Mooresville, in honor of the pioneer who first settled on the slope above the Tennessee backwater. This section was noted in those days for rich soil, breakbone fever, greenbriars and coons. In the village dwelt in a two-story house Capt. Gamble, the richest man in the village, the head of the Mooresville aristocracy. There also dwelt in the same village a poor widow who was left to rear a family of children; good stock, but run down to poverty through misfortune. Among the children was a red-headed, freckle-faced 14-year-old boy named Luke. He was a hustler, industrious and ambitious, and when night came and he had stabled his steers he sawed on an old family fiddle until he attained considerable skill, and was the pride of his little sisters. But his mother did not admire Luke's talent or taste. The family lived in the regulation log cabin with stick chimney. Their pride of family position lost made them keenly sensible to their poverty. One November afternoon, as the good widow Pryor was sitting by her fireside, the only carriage in the village, owned by the society leader, the rich Mrs. Gamble, drove up to the bars in front of the house. Widow Pryor was called out, with her hands wrapped in her white cotton apron. Mrs. Gamble said: "Mrs. Pryor, I have come to invite your son Luke to my dance on Thursday night, so fix him up and let him come." The delighted mother, sensitive to the compliment paid to her red-headed boy, assured the rich lady that Luke would be sure to be there.

When Luke came in he was told of the good fortune; that he was to go to the big house. His bright eyes glistened; Luke was happy, and so was his honest mother. The next day she spent her savings to buy Luke a pair of trousers, and all the house was aglow in fixing Luke for the feast. In the afternoon Luke went up to the store, where he met Capt. Gamble, the proprietor of the house.

The captain said: "Luke, Mrs. Gamble invited you to the party, I believe?"

"Yes," replied Luke; "I thank her; I will be sure to come."

"Yes," replied Capt. Gamble, "I don't doubt you will come, but be sure to bring your fiddle; can't dance without a fiddle." The heart of poor Little Luke dropped within him. He "caught on" and replied: "Captain, it was my fiddle you wanted, not me, I suppose." The night of the dance Luke played the fiddle, and when the dance was over Mrs. Gamble not only fed him sumptuously, but sent a great basketful by him for his family.

In years after Pryor often said: "They wanted my fiddle, not me; but the use of my fiddle by my friends has fed me and my family, and we have grown rich upon it."

William's Idea of a Monarch.

Not long ago an American professor attended a reception in the royal palace given by the kaiser to an association of scientists, at which William appeared in the gorgeous robes of royalty, preceded by liveried chamberlains bearing the crown and insignia. It was a most impressive display, and when the professor came away he said to a friend: "I am a republican to the backbone, but I believe that if monarchs are necessary they should be monarchs to the last bit of gold lace, just as William is kaiser." The next day his friend had an audience with the kaiser, and in the course of the conversation told him what the American professor had said. The kaiser laughed heartily. "That is exactly what I believe," he said; "Dom Pedro of Brazil illustrated the folly of trying to be a republican on a throne."—Chicago Times-Herald.

IDEA HAD A FATAL DEFECT

Drawback to Plan of an Inventor to Thwart the Enterprising Burglar.

"I ran across a queer old relic in my line of business recently," said a safe and lock expert, relates the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "I was prowling around a machine shop in a town up in Iowa, trying to find a fitting that I needed, when I happened to notice a sheet iron box which seemed to have once been entirely covered with glass tubes attached to the surface by cement. All of the tubes were broken, and most of them were missing, but the general arrangement could be easily traced and the contrivance impressed me at once with a sense of familiarity. Presently I remembered about it. It was all that was left of the one-time famous 'anaesthetic safe,' an invention which ought to have been sponsored by a society for the prevention of cruelty to burglars. The idea of the thing was that any cutting or drilling through the outer casing should release certain chemicals which would promptly stupify everybody in range of the fumes. In the morning the owner would find his valuables intact and could simply call a dray and pack off the unconscious burglars to jail.

"With such a device it was necessary to have massive steel walls, and the model which I chanced to resurrect was made of one-eighth-inch sheet iron. The inner box was entirely surrounded with glass tubes about the diameter of a lead pencil and filled alternately with two chemicals which were supposed to produce a stupifying gas when they came in contact. There was a thin outside casing, and the theory was that any effort to break in would necessarily fracture two or more of the fragile glasses. It seems incredible, but several prominent capitalists became greatly interested in the scheme, and stood ready to back it with unlimited means until actual tests finally convinced them of its grotesque impracticability. How the model ever drifted to the Iowa machine shop I couldn't find out. It had been there for years and was probably part of the plunder of some forgotten junk sale. The only other safe I know of fit to rank with the 'anaesthetic' as a freak was one designed by an inventor in Washington. It was circular in shape, with a pivot at the bottom, and at nighttime the plan was to connect it with an engine belt and spin it like a top. The inventor was very much in earnest and made a large working model. He admitted modestly that the safe could only be used 'where steam power was available.' What would prevent the burglars from throwing off the belt he didn't state."

SURGERY ON WHALE SHIPS.

Difficult Operations on Members of the Crews Sometimes Performed by the Captains.

Some remarkable surgery has been performed by captains of the whaling ships in the Arctic ocean. Accidents sometimes happen on board the whalers, and as there is rarely a medical man in the fleet the captain is obliged to treat the injured men, says the New York Sun.

Guided only by common sense, some of these captains have managed to perform even amputations with success. When Surgeon Call, of the revenue cutter Bear, was in Alaska recently he was much impressed with the work of this character that had been done by Capt. George B. Leavitt, of the whaler Newport. He asked him for an account of his experience. Capt. Leavitt's reply, which has been published by the revenue cutter service, is in part as follows:

"The first of the amputations since the ships began wintering on Herschel's island was on a man belonging to the Mary D. Hume. Half his right foot was taken off, the instruments used being a butcher knife and a hack saw. It was the first attempt of the kind up there, and putting the patient under chloroform, which was out of our line, was a slow process.

"We placed the bottle under his nose, and after he had taken a whiff we would ask him if he were sleepy. This was kept up for half an hour without any effect. We then made a paper cone, put in some waste saturated with chloroform, and the man went right off. It was a square cut across the foot. It turned out well, but the big toe, or the bone the big toe grows on, was a long time healing.

"My next big contract was taking off the right arm of Mr. West, the third officer of the Navarch. The arm was amputated a few inches below the shoulder, cleaning off all the burnt flesh. In putting a ligature on the large artery, gut was used. The small veins were touched with caustic. Later I had to make a second operation, this time laying open the entire shoulder and taking out the bone to within an inch of the joint.

"Iodoform was the only antiseptic that I had in all my surgery. After such operations as these I used cocaine or morphine (whichever I happened to have on hand) to deaden the pain. All the subjects we have worked on have turned out well. I have not studied medicine nor had I seen anything of the kind done until I was compelled to do it while at Herschel island."

The Resemblance.

They watched little Eva pass away for the millionth time and then resumed their cooing, much to the disgust of the bald-headed man, who sat behind.

"What beautiful hair the child has!" the girl rattled on.

"Yes," answered the pale young man, "and do you know, dear, your hair reminds me so much of little Eva's."

"Really! You think it does? Why so?" gurgled the girl.

At this juncture the bald-headed man leaned forward.

"Because little Evas dye so many times," he hoarsely whispered.—Indianapolis Sun.

His Fame Secure.

Mrs. Grogan—Who was George Washington, Mrs. Hogan? Did he ivvir do anything?

Mrs. Hogan—He probably did, Mrs. Grogan; but nobody got onto it!—Puck.

SEEM ALIVE THOUGH DEAD.

A Number of Instances in Which Corpses Have Had the Semblance of Life.

Live persons have feigned death with marvelous exactness, but when the dead feign life, or seem to feign life, the spectacle is as grewsome as can well be imagined.

Not long ago a Russian cemetery was the scene of as weird a wedding as ever has been witnessed. A young girl who had been betrothed died on the eve of her marriage and her friends decided that, in spite of the intervening hand of death, her marriage must take place. The wedding ceremony was performed at the side of the grave, and after the marriage the body was returned to the coffin and lowered to its long resting place, says a London paper.

It is less than a year ago that a valuable cup was won in a bicycle race in Australia by a man who was dead when he passed the winning post. The race took place at an "electric light carnival," so-called, in the presence of 10,000 spectators. In the last lap James Somerville, a rider forged to the front and secured such a lead that his victory was assured. When within 25 yards of the finish he was seen to relax his hold on the handle-bar and lose his footing on the pedals. He did not fall from the machine, however, and amid frantic cheers dashed by the goal, winning the race by half a wheel. As he passed the finishing post he pitched forward and fell to the ground. When he was picked up he was found to be dead, and what was more, the doctors declared that death had come to him when he was seen to lose his hold of the handle-bars. It was a dead body that had ridden the last 25 yards of the race.

On a recent voyage the sealing schooner Arietis was cruising about 200 miles off the coast of British Columbia, when she sighted a dismasted ship. The Arietis bore down upon the derelict, and as she got near enough a man was seen on board grasping the wheel and apparently steering the craft. No other sign of man was seen on the ship. The man at the wheel was hailed, but returned no answer—just stood there grasping the spokes of the wheel and looking straight ahead. A boat was lowered and the mysterious ship boarded. When they came close to the man at the wheel they saw with horror that he was dead and had evidently been dead for many days. The ship, which was named the General Siglin, had sailed from San Francisco for Alaska. She had clearly been dismantled in a gale and then abandoned by her crew. The captain had refused to leave the ship, and, finding his strength failing, he had lashed himself to the wheel and literally died at his post, steering his craft for hundreds of miles with hands that held the wheel in as firm a grasp as when alive.

Since the plague has been prevalent in India searching parties go through the villages inspecting the houses with the idea of seeing that all cases of death by the plague are reported to the authorities. On entering a suspected house one day the inspectors saw a group of natives playing cards. Something in the appearance of one of the players attracted the attention of one of the inspectors, who placed his hand upon the man's shoulder. To his amazement the man swayed and fell to the floor. Upon examination it was found that he had been dead some time, but in order to avoid having the house marked as plague-stricken the other inmates had concealed the fact of his death.

FLATTERY MADE THE MATCH.

Poor Young Man Wins Rich Girl by His Flattering Style of Proposal.

A short time ago the engagement of a North Clark street young man was announced to an heiress of no small amount of bank notes, real estate and railroad bonds. He worked at an insignificant position down town and received only $15 a week, and many there were who wondered how and by what manner of means he had won the heart of the envied girl, says the Chicago Chronicle.

His friends and her friends did wonder until a few days ago, but now they know, or at least his friends know, for at a dinner, a bachelor affair, he consented to tell them how it all came about.

"You see," he said, "I knew she was quite vain about a few things, and after thinking it all over I mapped out a plan of action. One night when I was sitting close to her before a dull-burning grate that threw out a few flickering streams of light I felt that the time had come for me to propose.

"Dropping before her on my knees I exclaimed in my most passionate and winning tone that I loved her and that I would throw my fortune at her feet.

"'Why,' she said, 'I did not know you had a fortune.'

"Then I told her it would not take much of a fortune to cover her tiny feet. That's the way I got 'er, fellows."

Last Battle in Great Britain.

This was the battle of Culloden Moor, April 16, 1746 (O. S.). It was fought on a plain about five miles from Inverness, Scotland. It was the last attempt on the part of the Stuarts to get possession of the throne of Great Britain. This attempt was made by Charles Edward Stuart ("Bonnie Prince Charlie"), a grandson of James II. He defeated the English in the battle of Falkirk, but in a second battle, at Culloden, was finally defeated by the duke of Cumberland. He wandered as a fugitive in the highlands for five months, finally succeeded in getting out of the country and died in Rome January 30, 1788.—Chicago Chronicle.

Classic.

He—Which do you prefer, Homer or Virgil?

She—Virgil.

"Why?"

"Didn't he begin the Aenid with something about arms and the man?"—Syracuse Herald.

Won't Let Well Enough Alone.

Nine out of ten men who get into business trouble finally credit it to refusal to let well enough alone.—Atchison Globe.