

The St. Tammany Farmer

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THE LESSON OF THE LEAVES.

The autumn lay in glory on the slop of the hills—
All so fancy—red an' yellow, gold an' brown—
As if a mighty evenin' tide was settlin' o'er the hills,
An' the sun a-sheddin' lights a-goin' down—

Oh, the rustlin' of them leaves
As they fell from off the trees,
A-dancin' an' a-prancin' to the music of the breeze,
An' our hearts a-keepin' time
To the laughin' of the rhyme—
A-listenin' to the rustlin' of them leaves.

With the glory round she whispered to me
Savin' I was dear,
An' talked gentle-like an' pretty-like an' true,
'Bout our love bein' all bright colors like the mountains stretchin' every hue.

Oh, the rustlin' of them leaves
As we walked among the trees,
A-blown' an' a-tip-toe'd to the singin' of the breeze,
An' we two fondly dreamin'
Of the days so sweet-like seemin'—
A-listenin' to the rustlin' of them leaves.

An' while the autumn on the hills was yet a-lookin' grand,
An' time so happy passin' quick along,
A shadow sudden 'peared to come an' cover all the land,
An' fallin' on my heart put out its song.

Oh, the rustlin' of them leaves
As I prayed beneath the trees,
Begg'd the angels send a hope a-soundin' on the breeze,
As o'er my darlin' bendin'
I fought the death impendin'—
A-listenin' to the rustlin' of them leaves.

But when the day was growin' dim she said, low-like to me,
'I'm goin', love,' long with the sunset tide,
A-crosstin' of the Bar—its shimmerin' I see,
An' the mornin' light upon the other side—

Oh, the rustlin' of them leaves,
Like whisperin' of a bleasin' from a spirit in the breeze,
While from o'er the evenin' hill
Come the echo—'Peace, be still!'
A-listenin' to the rustlin' of them leaves,
—Florence Bell Cochran, in Leslie's Monthly.

THE BISHOP'S BEARD.

BY C. SEWELL.

"PARDON ME," said the quiet man in the corner, suddenly, "I am about to make a singular request."
Dr. Bigworth, bishop of Steadminster, put down his paper and stared haughtily over his spectacles at his vis-a-vis. He made it a rule never to enter into conversation with strangers on a long railway journey. Generally speaking, he didn't even deign to notice their existence; but on this occasion he had remarked, with a feeling as much akin to irritation as his superior code permitted, that the man who sat opposite possessed a flowing beard of quite unusual length and extreme sickness.

Now, Dr. Bigworth's solitary weakness happened to be pride in his beard—hence the animosity. It certainly was a singularly handsome one. Society papers devoted whole paragraphs to its honor. It had become as much a part of his personality as the collar, orchids and eye-glasses that are from time to time associated with other celebrities.

That a stranger—and a somewhat seedy stranger to boot—should presume to exhibit such a possession, too, was something in the nature of a liberty. No wonder, therefore, that the bishop had looked more severe and repressive than usual.

Truth to tell, he was not in the best of tempers that morning. He had risen at six and swallowed his coffee and egg hurriedly by gas-light, to the accompaniment of suppressed yawns from a very sleepy butler; and there is something so utterly lacking in dignity about a scrambled breakfast before seven!

But he had pressing business in London, and an early train to catch, so he had left Mrs. Bishop snoring peacefully, and had ensconced himself in the corner of an empty first-class, hoping—as there was no stop for two hours—for privacy. And then just at the last minute an apologetic guard had hustled in this man with the beard and slammed the door.

Naturally, when he ventured to speak, the bishop surveyed him with chilling disapproval.
"Indeed, sir?" he said, coldly, in reply to the latter's remark. The man in the corner did not follow up his first observation for a moment or two. He took out his watch and looked at it. Then he raised his eyes.

"There's no stop for an hour and 50 minutes," he announced, politely. "May I point out to you, to save any subsequent misunderstanding, that you are some little distance from the communicating-car?" The bishop's stern grey eyes opened a little wider than usual, but he still preserved his composure, though an unpleasant sensation like the trickling of cold water made itself felt suddenly in the region of his pulse. "Have the goodness to explain yourself," he said, as stiffly as he could.

"Possibly you think I'm a lunatic?" suggested the man in the corner, playfully.
The bishop had his suspicions, but he didn't think it wise to give voice to them. "I have formed," he replied, in an icy tone, "no theories whatever about you." "Be good enough to tell me if—I can serve you, and permit me to go back to my paper."

A light—an ugly, crooked light—leaped all at once into the stranger's eyes; he stood up holding on to the hat-rack to steady himself.
"You can serve me," he said, in a low, vibrating voice. "How clever of you to think of it! I want your clothes."

"Sir," gasped the amazed divine, likewise standing up, "you must be—"
"Mad! I knew you'd say so. You're wrong, as it happens. However, that's

quite beside the point. All you have to do is to undress."

Dr. Bigworth's cheeks went first grey and then purple. He was not used to any tone of authority except his own. Let this fellow be mad or sane, he must, he taught his place. He swelled himself out to the full extent of his pompous size. "Are you aware who I am?" he demanded, in a voice that had been wont to make over-officious curates shake in their shoes.

"I have formed," coolly rejoined the man with the beard, "no theories whatever about you. Your dress will be useful to me, and that's all I care about." As he spoke he felt leisurely in his coat pocket, and then—as if there was nothing outrageous in the action—he produced a revolver and held it up to the window, pointing it and closing one eye as if to try its accuracy.

The bishop gave a smothered exclamation and fell back limply in his corner of the carriage.
"This will tell you that I'm in earnest," said the stranger. "Now, when are you going to begin?"
"To undress."

"M-m-my dear sir," remonstrated the unhappy prelate, abruptly dropping his dictatorial tone for one of extreme humility, "this—this must be some ridiculous jest."
By way of reply the stranger gently moved the weapon round till its muzzle was on a level with the episcopal brow. "Undress!" he repeated, in exactly the same tone.

With a groan of impotent terror the bishop took off his silk-lined overcoat and laid it on the seat beside him.
"Will that satisfy you?" he asked, nervously.
"Satisfy me? No!" roared his companion. "I want every stitch you have on—every stitch. Now, no more shilly-shallying; off with those gaiters!"

He advanced the weapon another hair's breadth nearer and fingered the trigger suggestively. With a spasmodic jerk his lordship bobbed down and hastily unbuttoned the insignia of his office.
"But you're not going to leave me without—without—clothes!" he moaned. It was not yet eight o'clock, and the morning was chilly and raw.

The man with the beard did not reply in words, but with his disengaged hand he drew towards him a large traveling bag, dexterously undid it without moving his weapon, and whisked out in brisk succession a dirty flannel shirt, a pair of villainous plaid trousers, a pea-jacket, a scarlet handkerchief, and a rakish-looking billy-cock hat.

With a meaning gesture he pointed towards them.
Dr. Bigworth paused in his disrobing to look with horror-struck eyes at the obnoxious garments, and then—treatingly at his tormentor, but the man simply tapped his revolver impatiently and signified that he was in a hurry. With shaking fingers the bishop reluctantly took off his remaining clothes, and then very gingerly he picked up the loathsome things that the man had thrown down and proceeded to put them on. When he was dressed his companion surveyed him critically. Then he burst into a short, sinister laugh. "Capital!" he said. Again he plunged his disengaged hand into the bag, and brought out this time a small black leather case. "Your obedience deserves some reward," he observed, and opening the case he displayed to the blinking gaze of the half-stupefied bishop a pile of costly gems—mostly diamonds—that lay glittering inside.

"Now," he remarked, calmly, "you'll perceive why I am not anxious to be myself. Ten minutes more and I've done with you." He shut the case with a snap and pushed it down to the bottom of the bag.
"For Heaven's sake, what next?" demanded Dr. Bigworth, in a terror-stricken tone.
"I'm going to shave you."

For a few moments there was a quivering silence, then the bishop gave a cry of absolute agony. He fell down on his knees and squirmed at the man's feet. "Not my beard," he begged; "for pity's sake, not my beard!"
"Nonsense," snapped the stranger, as with a quick movement he restored the revolver to his pocket and brought out a razor. "You've got your lucky stars to thank that I hold strangely superstitious views about murder or I shouldn't have taken all this trouble. I don't want to resort to extremes, but if you don't sit still—"

He made an expressive gesture, first drawing the razor across his own throat and then throwing out his arms as if casting a heavy body out of the carriage door.
"But my beard!" cried the wretched bishop. "Think, if you shave me, I—"

and then his voice failed; the crooked light in the man's eyes looked so ominous and the razor gleamed so sharply bright in the sunlight that for the first time in his 55 years he fell forward in a dead faint. * * * When he came to himself some time later the train was still buzzing and rocking through space and the whistle was shrieking cheerfully. He felt uncommonly sick and cold, and with frenzied haste he put his hands to his throat. His throat was still intact, but his beautiful beard—the envy of the whole bench of bishops—the theme of poets and journalists—was gone!

He turned his heavy eyes round the carriage. For the first moment he thought he was alone—then he had a misty impression that he had awakened up in another world and was looking at himself—for opposite to him reading his paper, with crossed legs and haughty demeanor, sat to all intents and purposes the bishop of Steadminster! He saw it all now. This villain, housebreaker, diamond thief, or whatever he might be, had conceived this extraordinary daring plan for eluding justice. He would trade on his possession of a handsome beard to pass himself off as Dr. Bigworth, and so get free of the station—perhaps of London.

"What was to be done?" The real bishop lay back in his corner thinking out a plan of campaign. He would sit still till the train stopped—nothing was to be gained by argument—and give this audacious blackguard into charge before he had time to stir. He glanced ruefully at his plaid trousers and rubbed his chin afresh. Of course, he must look odd; but there was sure to be some one on the train who would know their own bishop from

a make-believe. Yes, it all depended on rapidity of action directly they had reached their journey's end. He edged a little nearer to the door. The pseudo-divine went on calmly reading, and seemed entirely unconscious that there was anyone else in the carriage.

At last the train dashed out of the open fields and in between rows of smoky houses; then it slackened and in a few minutes they had crawled into Paddington. Dr. Bigworth, with a sharp movement, put his hand over the door and clasped the handle with his fingers. "Fetch the guard," he whispered to a porter, who had come civilly up and said "Luggage, sir?" to his traveling companion. The porter only stared at him and suppressed a smile. But at that moment, as luck would have it, the guard chanced to pass. "Guard," cried Dr. Bigworth, excitedly, "I wish to give this fellow in charge. I am the bishop of Steadminster, though I am aware I don't look exactly like him at this moment. This villain has taken my clothes, threatened me, and—"

At this point the guard, who had been exchanging signs with the false bishop at the end of the compartment, held up his hand.
"Quietly, my man, quietly!" he said, turning round to wink at an inspector who stood close by. "Oh, yes, you're the bishop of Steadminster right enough. Now, just let this other gentleman get out—he's in a hurry—and then you can tell me all about it."

"But I am the bishop, I tell you—your fool," cried the exasperated divine; "ask anyone in the train who knows me—this man's an impostor."
The impostor meanwhile had quietly gathered up his bag and the bishop's traveling rug, and was engaged in putting on the bishop's hat. He bent across and whispered something rapidly into the guard's ear.

The guard touched his cap respectfully. "Yes, m'lord," he said, deprecatingly, "I hope he hasn't worried you much, m'lord."
"Not at all—not at all," said the false bishop, in a patronizing tone. "I wasn't in such a desperate hurry 'I'd fear to find the poor fellow's friends. I fear he's escaped from somewhere. Good-day."

And before his thunderstruck victim could attempt to recover from his amazement he had pushed past, halled a hansom, and stepped into it. Seeing his tormentor escape, Dr. Bigworth dashed out and began to struggle furiously in his attempts to rush after him. The guard and four porters held him back. "He's a criminal, I tell you," he cried, in wild excitement; "a criminal flying from justice. He's got my keys and my pocket-book—and—and my beard; he's—"

By this time a large crowd had gathered, and a couple of policemen from outside, attracted by the uproar, proceeded to force their stately way to the center. "It's a strait veskit," he wants, Bill," observed one of the bystanders to another; "think 'e's a bishop, do 'e?" "Now, yer reverence," advised a cheeky boy in the rear, "jest go along quiet with them gentlemen. They're a-going to take yer to Westminster Habber."

The policemen closed upon him, and before the bishop could move again or even expostulate he felt two powerful arms round his chest, and a pair of hands in front seized his wrists and snapped on a couple of handcuffs. With a furious cry like that of a wild beast at bay he made a mighty effort to wrench himself free—something seemed to snap, the crowd swam before his eyes, and—

The man in the corner was still there, looking at him certainly, but with a look of frightened surprise. "I beg your pardon, sir," inquired the man in the corner, timidly, "did you speak?"
"No—no," said the bishop, confusedly. "No; I ought to apologize, I believe. I'm afraid—that is to say, I think I've been asleep." His hand stole to his chin fearfully. Joy of joys, his beard was still there, longer and silkier than ever! He breathed a huge sigh of relief, and then glanced quickly at his legs; they were encased in neat gaiters, just as they had been when he started. The man in the corner wore a seedy top-coat, and the bag at his side wouldn't have held anything bigger than an ordinary-sized cat.

Dr. Bigworth experienced a warm sensation of intense, radiant gratitude, such as he had never felt before; a new-born instinct of friendliness prompted him to do something for the man in the corner. He picked up his paper and held it out to him.
"You haven't seen this week's Saturday, perhaps, sir?" he said, affectionately. "There's a capital article on 'The Psychology of Dreams.'"
"Oh, no, you're not depriving me—pray take it."—London Tit-Bits.

FULLY IDENTIFIED.

Story of the Signature "Charles Carroll of Carrollton" on the Declaration of Independence.

There is one episode in history which made a great impression on me the first time I remember hearing about it, and that impression, says a writer in St. Nicholas, has not been lost or even become fainter in the years that have passed since.

It happened in July, 1776, when a group of men, the representatives of the American people, were gathered together about a table, signing their names to that great work known as the declaration of independence.

A group of men, the representatives of the American people, were gathered together about a table, signing their names to that great work known as the declaration of independence. A man from Maryland, and after writing his name, Charles Carroll, one of the others said to him: "If England ever gets us in her power we are sure to be hung as traitors. But there are other men in the colonies by the name of Charles Carroll, so you have more of a chance to escape."

For a moment there was silence; then Carroll picked up the pen and after his signature wrote the words: "Of Carrollton"—the only man in all those 56 to tell the name of the town in which he lived.

Other things, perhaps, of far more importance to the world have taken place than when Charles Carroll wrote the name of his town after his own, but the remembrance of his unselfishness and bravery will ever be treasured in my mind as an evidence of those qualities which I most admire.

HONORED BY CHURCH

New Coadjutor Bishop of New York a Man of Action.

Future Head of the Episcopal Church in the Eastern Metropolis Does Not Defect to Clerical Idea of Dress.

David Hummel Greer, coadjutor elect to Bishop Potter, of New York, refused three bishoprics before he was chosen to fill his new office. He might have been the successor of the late Phillips Brooks as bishop of Massachusetts, and he was later elected coadjutor-bishop of Rhode Island and bishop of Pennsylvania. All these honors he declined.

The New York Sun says that nobody, to look at him, would ever think of him as a bishop, or for that matter, as a priest. There is nothing clerical in his appearance.

A successful physician or banker, yes, or a merchant, he might be, if one judged from his appearance. But in the slight wiry man, wearing a mustache and dressed in a black cutaway suit, there is little to suggest to the spectator the head of the second most important parish of the Episcopal church in this city.

He defers to the traditional idea of clerical dress only in the use of a black necktie, which is a narrow four-in-hand without a pin. He has been known even to wear a colored tie.

Bishop Doane of Albany in his shawl hat and leggings represents one type of bishop in the comprehensive Episcopal body. Certainly Bishop-elect Greer represents the antithesis of that more conservative cleric, with all kinds of bishops intervening between these two extremes.

If he did not live in the rectory adjoining St. Bartholomew's church it might be said that the new bishop-elect's way of life did not in its external aspects distinguish him from other God-fearing, prosperous New York citizens. His two daughters are in society and his sons are members of New York clubs.

The summer home of the family is at Easthampton, and there they are active in the gayeties of the New York colony. Dr. Greer has always been one of the most popular summer residents of the place.

He has been the rector of the most fashionable and richest of New York's Episcopal parishes—not richer than Trinity with its accumulated millions, but possessing greater wealth in relation to its size. It was largely through the initiative of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt that Dr. Greer was called from Providence to take charge of the diocese.

The Vanderbilt family have always been loyal in its devotion to him, and there are many other families among the richest in New York that belong to the congregation which on one Sunday morning contributed to a charity more than \$90,000 in one collection. Few rents there are naturally among the highest in the city and amount to \$3,000 in some cases.

The bishop-elect came to New York city from Providence, where he had been for sixteen years rector of Grace church. He had served before that time at Clarkburg, Va., where for two years he was rector of Christ church, and at Covington, Ky., where, while at Trinity church, he became a popular preacher and attracted widespread attention in the diocese.

He was born at Wheeling, W. Va., on March 20, 1844, and was graduated from Washington college, at Washington, Pa., in 1862. He studied theology in the Episcopal seminary at Cambridge, O. From Brown university and Kenyon college he received the titles of doctor of divinity and doctor of laws.

His popularity in Providence was as great as it became later in New York. St. Bartholomew's is one of the "Low" churches, although there is a fine choir there and the music has been noted for years. The organ is one of the finest in New York.

The decorations, consisting altogether of frescoes and stained glass on the grandest order, and on the white marble altar is a beautiful jeweled cross made in the Byzantine fashion, which is the style of the whole church. Dr. Greer's assistants have always devoted their time chiefly to the work of the parish church.

Discover Honey in Skull.
Thomas Sumner, of Red Rock, Pa., and his two sons felled a tree on a timber tract at Hickory Grove. The tree seemed alive at the top, but dead and hollow at the base. After the trunk had fallen one of the boys began sawing it into sections. Suddenly his saw struck a hard impenetrable substance. The log was split and to Sumner's surprise the skeleton of a large-sized bear fell from the cavity. With it came a swarm of bees which had built their nest in the bear's skull, where they had stored several pounds of honey. It is supposed that years ago the bear crawled into the tree to steal honey which the bees were making in the hollow trunk, and being unable to extricate itself, slowly starved to death.

Nothing Left But Skulls.
Some workmen in Rosedale, Kan., while excavating, discovered a barrel of whisky, which had been buried for over 40 years. The villagers quickly sampled it, smacked their lips and pronounced it good. In less than two hours only the bung hole of the cask was left.

Danger in Rubber Tires.
The rubber tires on the hansom cabs in Berlin make the movement of the vehicles so noiseless that many pedestrians have been injured. A recent ordinance compels these cabs to carry bells, that the constant jingling may warn the people who are on foot

LOVES HIS FELLOWMEN

New President of American Christian Missionary Society Has Had Unique Career.

Hon. Z. T. Sweeney, of Columbus, Ind., who has just mounted one more step in the ladder of fame by his election as president of the American Christian Missionary society by the recent Disciples of Christ convention at Detroit, is a man of many parts. For many years he was a noted preacher; then he took to the lecture platform and is now one of the speakers most in demand. President Harrison appointed Mr. Sweeney United States consul at Constantinople, where the sultan conferred upon him distinctions seldom granted to any foreigner and made him, upon his return to this country, imperial Ottoman commissioner to the Chicago World's Fair. Despite these honors Gen. Sweeney is no admirer of the sultan, who, he says, regards his

When the Catholic majesties of Spain, Ferdinand and Isabella, fired by religious zeal, drove out the Jews from their dominions toward the end of the fifteenth century, the Sultan Bajazet II, of Turkey, in whose dominions many of the refugees settled, is said to have exclaimed: "What kind of monarchs are these who impoverish their own land and enrich mine?" Russia and Roumania to-day are bent upon driving forth, ostensibly for religious reasons, tens of thousands of able-bodied, intelligent, industrious subjects, who, by the wise philanthropists of their wealthier brethren are rapidly becoming thrifty, orderly and generally desirable citizens of the United States. Alien immigration of this character should have no terrors for us; the more of it the better.

Gen. Sweeney comes of a noted family. His father and his grandfather were preachers before him. They early entered the ranks of those who abandoned human creeds in the great year that occurred when the Disciples of Christ began their separate history in 1809. Two of his brothers, too, chose the pulpit as their life work. For a quarter of a century he himself was pastor of the Christian church at Columbus, Ind., but now divides his time between special preaching and lecture work and looking after the game and fish of Indiana, the commissioner'ship of which he holds.

Religious leadership as callip of the Mohammedans as of more importance than his imperial position as sultan. The Turk, declares Gen. Sweeney, has a hatred of everything Christian, and there will never be peace in the near East until he is driven out of Europe.

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PROGRESSIVE WORK OF JEWS.

Large and Influential Organizations Founded for Benevolent Purposes.

No summary of Jewish benevolence in the United States would be complete without the mention of a few of the "orders," whose large and influential aggregations originating in the first systematic attempts made 80 years ago to systematize practical benevolence, says Woman's Home Companion. Oldest of these and most prominent, and the one which has assumed almost an international character by the extension of its influence to central Europe, eastern Asia and northern Africa, is the "B'nai B'rith," founded in New York in 1843. This has a membership of 30,000 "brethren," with over 400 lodges in the United States and elsewhere. The "Independent Order of Free Sons of Israel," founded 1849, has 103 lodges with 11,200 members, and a reserve fund of \$365,000. Since its foundation it has paid to widows and orphans and other beneficiaries, \$3,228,000; for general benevolent and educational purposes, \$1,150,000. Other important orders include the "Free Sons of Benjamin," "B'rith Abraham" and the "Keshet shel Barzel."

But the giant of all the educational institutions of the Jews in the United States is easily seen to be the "Educational Alliance," whose magnificent building towers aloft at the corner of East Broadway and Jefferson street, New York. This was erected in 1889 by the united efforts of the Jews of the metropolis, but its work was vastly extended in 1893, when the funds of the Baron de Hirsch benefaction were made applicable to it. It is a veritable beehive of education. Of the extent of its influence (from no notion may be gleaned from the fact that between 5,000 and 6,000 persons daily visit it in quest of knowledge.

When their Catholic majesties of Spain, Ferdinand and Isabella, fired by religious zeal, drove out the Jews from their dominions toward the end of the fifteenth century, the Sultan Bajazet II, of Turkey, in whose dominions many of the refugees settled, is said to have exclaimed: "What kind of monarchs are these who impoverish their own land and enrich mine?" Russia and Roumania to-day are bent upon driving forth, ostensibly for religious reasons, tens of thousands of able-bodied, intelligent, industrious subjects, who, by the wise philanthropists of their wealthier brethren are rapidly becoming thrifty, orderly and generally desirable citizens of the United States. Alien immigration of this character should have no terrors for us; the more of it the better.

Gen. Sweeney comes of a noted family. His father and his grandfather were preachers before him. They early entered the ranks of those who abandoned human creeds in the great year that occurred when the Disciples of Christ began their separate history in 1809. Two of his brothers, too, chose the pulpit as their life work. For a quarter of a century he himself was pastor of the Christian church at Columbus, Ind., but now divides his time between special preaching and lecture work and looking after the game and fish of Indiana, the commissioner'ship of which he holds.

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