SUNDAY'S SERMON.

ONE OF DR. T. DEWITT TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "The Bread Question."

TEXT: *"Ye have the poor always with you."*—Matthew xxvi., 11.

Who said that? The Christ who never owned anything during His earthly stay. His cradle and His grave were borrowed. Every fig He ate was from some one else's tree. Every drop of water He drank was from some one else's well. To pay His personal tax, which was very small, only 37½ cents, He had to perform a miracle and make a fish pay it. All the heights and depths and lengths and breadths of poverty Christ measured in His earthly experience and when He comes to speak of destitution He always speaks sympathetically, and what He said then is as true now—"Ye have the poor always with you."

For 6000 years the bread question has been the active and absorbing question. Witness the people crowding up to Joseph's storehouse in Egypt. Witness the famine in Samaria and Jerusalem. Witness the 7000 hungry people for whom Christ multiplied the loaves. Witness the uncounted millions of people now living, who, I believe, have never yet had one full meal of healthful and nutritious food in all their lives. Think of the 354 great famines in England. Think of the 25,000,000 people under the hoof of hunger year before last in Russia. The failure of the Nile to overflow for seven years in the eleventh century left those regions depopulated. Plague of insects in England. Plague of rats in Madras Presidency. Plague of mice in Essex. Plague of locusts in China. Plague of grasshoppers in America. Devastation wrought by drought, by deluge, by frost, by war, by hurricane, by earthquake, by comets flying too near the earth, by change in the management of National finances, by baleful causes innumerable. I proceed to give you three or four reasons why my text is markedly and graphically true in this year 1894.

The first reason we have always the poor with us is because of the perpetual overhauling of the tariff question, or, as I shall call it, the tariffic controversy. There is a need for such a word, and so I take the responsibility of manufacturing it. There are millions of people who are expecting that the present Congress of the United States will do something one way or the other to end this discussion, but it will never end. When I was five years of age, I remember hearing my father and his neighbors in vehement discussion of this very question. It was high tariff or low tariff or no tariff at all. When your great-grandchild dies at ninety years of age, it will probably be from over-exertion in discussing the tariff. On the day the world is destroyed, there will be three men standing on the post-office steps—one a high tariff man, another a low tariff man, and the other a free trade man—each one red in the face from excited argument on this subject. Other questions may get quieted, the Mormon question, the silver question, the pension question, the civil service question. All questions of annexation may come to peaceful settlement by the annexation of islands two weeks' voyage away and the heat of their volcanoes conveyed through pipes under the sea made useful in warming our continent, or annexation of the moon, dethroning the queen of night, who is said to be dissolute, and bringing the lunar populations under the influence of our free institutions; yea, all other questions, National and International, may be settled, but this traffic question never. It will not only never be settled, but it can never be moderately quiet for more than three years at a time, each party getting into power taking one of the four years to fix it up, and then the next party will fix it down. Our finances cannot get well because or too many doctors. It is with sick Nations as with sick individuals. Here is a man terribly disordered as to his body. A doctor is called in, and he administers a febrifuge, a spoonful every hour. But recovery is postponed, and the anxious friends call in another doctor, and he says: "What this patient needs is blood letting: now roll up your sleeve!" and the lancet flashes. But still recovery is postponed, and a homeopathic doctor is called in, and he administers some small pellets and says: "All the patient wants is rest."

Recovery still postponed, the family say that such small pellets cannot amount to much anyhow, and an allopathic doctor is called in, and he says, "What this patient wants is calomel and jalap." Recovery still postponed, a hydropathic doctor is called in, and he says, "What this patient wants is hot and cold baths, and he must have them right away. Turn on the faucet and get ready for the shower baths." Recovery is still postponed, an electric doctor is called in, and he brings all the schools to bear upon the poor sufferer, and the patient, after a brave struggle for life, expires. What killed him? Too many doctors. And that is what is killing our National finances. My personal friends, Cleveland and Harrison and Carlisle and McKinley and Sherman, as talented and lovely and splendid men as walk the earth, all good doctors, but their treatment of our languishing finances is so different that neither treatment has a full opportunity, and under the constant changes it is simply wonderful that the Nation still lives. The tariff question will never be settled because of the fact—which I have never heard any one recognize, but nevertheless the fact—that high tariff is best for some people and free trade is best for others. This tariffic controversy keeps business struck through with uncertainty, and that uncertainty results in poverty and wretchedness for a vast multitude of people. If the eternal gab on this question could have been fashioned into loaves of bread, there would not be a hungry man or woman or child on all the planet. To the end of time, the words of the text will be kept true by the tariffic controversy—"Ye have the poor always with you."

Another cause of perpetual poverty is the cause alcoholic. The victim does not last long. He soon crouches into the drunkard's grave. But what about his wife and children? She takes in washing, when she can get it, or goes out working on small wages, because sorrow and privation have left her incapacitated to do a strong woman's work. The children are thin blooded and gaunt and pale and weak, standing around in cold rooms, or pitching pennies on the street corner, and munching a slice of unbuttered bread when they can get it, sworn at by passers-by because they do not get out of the way, kicked onward toward manhood or womanhood, for which they have no preparation, except a depraved appetite and frail constitution, candidates for almshouse and penitentiary. Whatever other cause of poverty may fail, the saloon may be depended on to furnish an ever increasing throng of paupers. Oh, ye groceshops of Brooklyn and New York and of all the cities; ye mouths of hell, when will ye cease to craunch and devour? There is no danger of the liquor business failing. All other styles of business at times fail. Dry goods stores go under. Hardware stores go under. Grocery stores go under. Harness makers fail, druggists fail, bankers fail, butchers fail, bakers fail, confectioners fail, but the liquor dealers never. It is the only secure business I know of. Why the permanence of the alcoholic trade? Because, is the first place, the men in that business, if tight up for money, only have to put into large quantities of water more strychnine and logwood and nux vomica and vitriol and other congenial concomitants for adulteration. One quart of the real genuine pandemoniac elixir will do to mix up with several gallons of milder damnation. Besides that, these dealers can depend on an increase of demand on the part of their customers. The more of that stuff they drink, the thirstier they are. "Hard times," which stop other business, only increase that business, for men go there to drown their troubles. They take the spirits down to keep their spirits up. There is an inclined plane down which alcoholism slides its victims—claret, champagne, port, cognac, whisky, tom and jerry, sour mash, on and down until it is a sort of mixture of kerosene oil, turpentine, toadstools, swill, essence of the horse blankets and general nastiness. With its red sword of flame, that liquor power marshals its procession, and they move on in ranks long enough to girdle the earth, and the procession is headed by the nose blotched nerve shattered, rheum eyed, lip bloated, soul scorched inebriates, followed by the women, who, though brought up in comfortable homes, now go limping past with aches and pains and pallor and hunger and woe, followed by their children, barefoot, uncombed, freezing, and with a wretchedness of time and eternity seemingly compressed in their agonized features. "Forward, march!" cries the liquor business to that army without banners. Keep that influence moving on, and you will have the poor always with you. Report comes from one of the cities, were the majority of the inhabitants are out of work and dependent on charity, yet last year they spent more in that city for rum than they did for clothing and groceries.

Another warranty that my text will prove true in the perpetual poverty of the world is the wicked spirit of improvidence. A vast number or people have such small incomes that they cannot lay by in savings bank or life insurance one cent a year. It takes every farthing they can earn to spread the table and clothe the family and educate the children, and if you blame such people for improvidence you enact a cruelty. On such a salary as many clerks and employes and many ministers of religion live, and on such wages as many workmen receive, they cannot, in twenty years, lay up twenty cents. But you know and I know many who have competent incomes, and could provide somewhat for the future, who live up to every dollar, and when they die their children go to the poorhouse or on the street. By the time the wife gets the husband buried, she is in debt to the undertaker and gravedigger for that which she can never pay. While the man lived he had his wine parties and fairly stunk with tobacco, and then expired, leaving his family upon the charities of the world. Do not send for me to come and conduct the obsequies and read over such a carcass the beautiful liturgy, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," for, instead of that, I will turn over the leaves of the Bible to I Timothy v., 18, where it says "If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel," or I will turn to Jeremiah xvii., 19, where it says, "He shall be buried with the burial of an ass, drawn and cast forth beyond the gates of Jerusalem."

I cannot imagine any more unfair or meaner thing than for a man to get his sins pardoned at the last minute, and then go to heaven, and live in a mansion, and go riding about in a golden chariot over the golden streets, while his wife and children, whom he might have provided for, are begging for cold victuals at the basement door of an earthly city. It seems to me there ought to be a poorhouse somewhere on the outskirts of heaven, where those guilty of such improvidence should be kept for awhile on thin soup and gristle instead of sitting down at the King's banquet. It is said that the church is a divine institution, and I believe it. Just as certainly are the savings banks and the life insurance companies divine institutions. As out of evil good often comes so out of the doctrine of probabilities, calculated by Professor Hughes and Professor Pascal for games of chance, came the calculations of the probabilities of human life as used by life insurance companies, and no business on earth is more stable or honorable, and no mightier mercy for the human race has been born since Christ was born. Bored beyond endurance for my signature to papers of all sorts, there is one style of paper that I always sign with a feeling of gladness and triumph, and that is a paper which the life insurance company requires from the clergyman after a decease in his congregation, in order to the payment of the policy to the bereft household. I always write my name then so they can read it. I cannot help but say to myself: "Good for that man to have looked after his wife and children after earthly departure. May he have one of the best seats in heaven!" Young man! The day before or the day after you get married, go to a life insurance company of established reputation and get the medical examiner to put the stethoscope to your lungs and his ear close up to your heart with your vest off, and have signed, sealed and delivered to you a document that will, in the case of your sudden departure, make for that lovely girl the difference between a queen and a pauper.

I have known men who have had an income of $3000, $4000, $5000 a year, who did not leave one farthing to the surviving household. Now, that man's death is a defalcation, an outrage, a swindle. He did not die: he absconded. There are 100,000 people in America to-day a-hungered through the sin of improvidence. "But," say some, "my income is so small I cannot afford to pay the premium on a life insurance." Are you sure about that? If you are sure, then you have a right to depend on the promise in Jeremiah xlix., 11, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in Me." But if you are able to, remember you have no right to ask God to do for your household that which you can do for them yourself.

For the benefit of those young men excuse a practical personality. Beginning my life's work on the munificent salary of $800 a year and a parsonage, and when the call was placed in my hands I did not know how in the world I would ever be able to spend that amount of money, and I remember indulging in a devout wish that I might not be led into worldliness and prodigality by such an overplus of resources, and at a time when articles of food and clothing were higher than they are now, I felt it a religious duty to get my life insured, and I presented myself at an office of one of the great companies, and I stood pale and nervous lest the medical examiner might have to declare that I had consumption and heart disease and a half dozen mortal ailments, but when I got the document, which I have yet in full force, I felt a sense of manliness and confidence and quietude and re-enforcement, which is a good thing for any young man to have. For the lack of that feeling there are thousands of men today in Greenwood and Laurel Hill and Mount Auburn who might as well have been alive and well and supporting their families. They got a little sick, and they were so worried about what would become of their households in case of their demise that their agitations overcame the skill of the physicians, and they died for fear of dying. I have for many years been such an ardent advocate of life insurance, and my sermon on "The Crime of Not Insuring" has been so long used on both sides of the sea by the chief life insurance companies that some people have supposed that I received monetary compensation for what I have said and written. Not a penny. I will give any man $100 for every penny I have received from any life insurance company. What I have said and written on the subject has resulted from the conviction that these institutions are a benediction to the human race. But, alas, for the widespread improvidence! You are now in your charities helping to support the families of men who had more income than you now have, and you can depend on the improvidence of many for the truth of my text in all times and in all places, "Ye have the poor always with you."

Another fact that you may depend upon for perpetual poverty is the incapacity of many to achieve a livelihood. You can go through any community and find good people with more than usual mental caliber, who never have been able to support themselves and their households. They are a mystery to us, and we say, "I do not know what is the matter of them, but there is a screw loose somewhere." Some of these persons have more brain than thousands who make a splendid success. Some are too sanguine of temperament, and they see bargains where there are none. A common minnow is to them a gold fish, and a quail a flamingo, and a blind mule on a towpath a Bucephalus. They buy when things are highest and sell when things are lowest. Some one tells them of city lots out West, where the foundation of the first house has not yet been laid. They say, "What an opportunity!" and they put down the hard cash for an ornamented deed for ten lots under water. They hear of a new silver mine opened in Nevada, and they say, "What a chance!" and they take the little money they have in the savings bank and pay it out for as beautiful a certificate of mining stock as was ever printed, and the only thing they will ever get out of the investment is the aforesaid illuminated lithograph. They are always on the verge of millionairedom and are sometimes worried as to whom they shall bequeath their excess of fortune. They invest in aerial machines or new inventions in perpetual motion, and they succeed in what mathematicians think impossible, the squaring of a circle, for they do everything on the square and win the whole circle of disappointment. They are good honest, brilliant failures. They die poor, and leave nothing to their families but a model of some invention that would not work and whole portfolios of diagrams of things impossible. I cannot help but like them, because they are so cheerful with great expectations. But their children are a bequest to the bureau of city charities. Others administer to the crop of the world's misfortune by being too unsuspecting. Honest themselves, they believe all others are honest. They are fleeced and scalped and vivisected by the sharpers in all styles of business and cheated out of everything between cradle and grave, and those two exceptions only because they have nothing to do in buying either of them. Others are retained for misfortune by inopportune sickness. Just as that lawyer was to make the plea that would have put him among the strong men of the profession, neuralgia stung him. Just as that physician was to prove his skill in an epidemic, his own poor health imprisoned him. Just as that merchant must be at the store for some decisive and introductory bargain, he sits with a rheumatic joint on a pillow, the room redolent with liniment. What an overwhelming statistic would be the story of men and women and children impoverished by sicknesses! Then the cyclones. Then the Mississippi and Ohio freshets. Then the stopping of the factories. Then the curculios among the peach trees. Then the insectile devastation of potato patches and wheat-fields. Then the epizootics among the horses, and the hollow horn among the herds. Then the rains that drown out everything, and the droughts that burn up half a continent. Then the orange groves die under the white teeth of the hoar frost. Then the coal strikes, and the iron strikes, and the mechanics' strikes, which all strike labor harder than they strike capital. Then the yellow fever at Brunswick and Jacksonville and Shreveport. Then the cholera at the Narrows, threatening to land at New York. Then the Charleston earthquake. Then the Johnstown flood. Then hurricanes sweeping from Caribbean Sea to Newfoundland. Then there are the great monopolies that gulley the earth with their oppressions. Then there are the necessities of buying coal by the scuttle instead of the ton, and flour by the pound instead of the barrel, and so the injustices are multiplied. In the wake of all these are overwhelming illustrations of the truth of my text. "Ye have the poor always with you."

Remember a fact that no one empnasizes—a fact, nevertheless, upon which I want to put the weight of an eternity of tonnage—that the best way of insuring yourself and your children and your grandchildren against poverty and all other troubles is by helping others. I am an agent of the oldest insurance company that was ever established. It is nearly 3000 years old. It has the advantage of all the other plans of insurance—whole life policy, endowment, joint life and survivorship policies, ascending and descending scales of premium and tontine—and it pays up while you live and it pays up after you are dead. Every cent you give in a Christian spirit to a poor man or woman, every shoe you give to a barefoot, every stick of wood or lump of coal you give to a fireless hearth, every drop of medicine you give to a poor invalid, every star of hope you make to shine over unfortunate maternity, every mitten you knit for cold fingers, is a payment on the premium of that policy. I have about 500,000,000 policies to all who will go forth and aid the unfortunate. There are only two or three lines in this policy of life insurance—Ps. xli., 1, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble."

Other life insurance companies may fail, but this celestial life insurance company never. The Lord God almighty is at the head of it, and all the angels of heaven are in its board of direction, and its assets are all worlds, and all the charitable of earth and heaven are the beneficiaries. "But," says some one, "I do not like a tontine policy so well, and that which you offer is more like a tontine and to be chiefly paid in this life."

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." Well, if you prefer the old fashioned policy of life insurance, which is not paid till after death, you can be accommodated. That will be given you in the day of judgment and will be handed you by the right hand, the pierced hand of our Lord Himself, and all you do in the right spirit for the poor is payment on the premium of that life insurance policy. I read you a paragraph of that policy: "Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand, 'Come, ye blessed of My Father, for I was hungered, and ye gave Me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took Me in: naked and ye clothed Me.'

In various colors of ink other life insurance policies are written. This one I have just shown you is written in only one kind of ink, and that red ink, the blood of the cross. Blessed be God, that is a paid up policy, paid for by the pangs of the Son of God, and all we add to it in the way of our own good deeds will augment the sum of eternal felicities. Yes, the time will come when the banks of largest capital stock will go down, and the fire insurance companies will all go down, and the life insurance companies will all go down. In the last great earthquake all the cities will be prostrated, and as a consequence all banks will forever suspend payment. In the last conflagration the fire insurance companies of the earth will fail, for how could they make appraisement of the loss on a universal fire? Then all the inhabitants of the round world will surrender their mortal existence, and how could life insurance companies pay for depopulated hemispheres? But our celestial life insurance will not be harmed by that continental wreck, or that hemispheric accident, or that planetary catastrophe. Blow it out like a candle—the noonday sun! Tear it down like wornout upholstery—the last sunset! Toss it from God's finger like a dewdrop from the anther of a water lily—the ocean! Scatter them like thistledown before a schoolboy's breath—the world! They will not disturb the omnipotence, or the composure, or the sympathy, or the love of that Christ who said it once on earth, and will say it again in heaven to all those who have been helpful to the down-trodden, and the cold and the hungry, and the houseless, and the lost, "Inasmuch as ye did it to them, ye did to Me!"

Lime and Lime Water.

The uses of so homely an article as lime about the household are almost innumerable. One sees the hod-man on a new building keep their drinking water in a pail coated with lime, and one thinks it is poor receptacle for the universal beverage. Yet it would not be so good or so pure served in a silver ice pitcher. The lime water of the druggist is indeed nothing more than the solution of the hodmen. A piece of lime unslacked in a perfectly clean bottle, with cold water poured over it, the bottle corked and kept in a cool, dark place, is a full recipe for lime water. It is ready for use in a few moments. A spoonful of this in a glass of milk is a remedy for summer complaint. It corrects acidity of the stomach. It prevents the turning of milk or cream, and a cupful added to bread sponge will keep it from souring. Allowed to evaporate from a vessel on the stove, it will alleviate the distresses due to lung fever, croup, or diphtheria. It will sweeten and purify bottles, jugs, etc.

Lime itself, as every one knows, is invaluable as a purifier and disinfectant. Sprinkle it in cellars or closets, where there is a slight dampness, it will not only serve as a purifier, but will prevent the invasion of noxious animals. It is one of the notable instances of the economy and the bounty of nature that this article so common and cheap is serviceable in so many instances.

Monkeys.

Monkeys, with some notable exceptions, are some degrees worse than savage men in their treatment of the sick. On the new Jumna Canal, at Delhi, monkeys swarm in trees upon the banks, and treat their sick comrades in true monkey fashion.

The colony by the canal being overcrowded, and as a consequence unhealthy, did, and probably does still, suffer from various unpleasant diseases. When one monkey is so obviously unwell as to so offend the feelings of the others, a few of the larger monkeys watch it, and taking a favorable opportunity, knock it into the canal. If it is not drowned at once, the sick monkey is pitched in again after it regains the trees, and either drowned or forced to keep aloof from the flock.

At the London Zoological Gardens the monkeys torment a sick one without mercy, and unless it is at once removed from the cage it has little chance of recovery. The small monkeys bite and pinch it; the larger ones swing it around by the tail. When it dies, as many moneys as can find room sit on its body.—New York Dispatch.

New Process for Enameling.

Fletcher, Russell & Co., London, have introduced a new process to supersede the use of Berlin black and black lead for protecting cast iron. The casting is coated with a film of enamel, which is so thin that even the finest details on the metal are preserved. This enamel is said to be absolutely proof against rust, and preserves its qualities at any temperature up to bright red heat. All colors are

[illegible] on the arch suspension principle, each span being 1,150 feet long and 150 feet above the river at high water.

Politicians may legislate and Congress legislate, but there is one element of suffering which makes the times very hard indeed, and that is a cold winter and physical suffering. Pains and aches are not set down in the tariff list, and there is one reformer, Dr. Thomas' Jacobs Oil, that does not delay a pain or a cure of such evils.

Faithful Maoris.

That was a touching story told in the papers the other day about the accident in the Motu bush, twenty-four miles from Opotiki, says the Auckland News. A party were clearing brush, when a European got his leg broken. One of the Maoris bound up his leg with a skill that subsequently elicited the praise of the surgeon; then five white and five Maoris started to carry the wounded man to Opotiki by the Motu road, which for miles is a mere ledge on the side of a precipice. The rivers were in flood and the fords washed away. The waters were up to the necks of the bearers, and the tallest of the men had to hold the stretcher up above their heads. They had to start in the evening, when tired by a hard day's work.

The Maoris behaved like men and heroes, some of them taking a double turn in the carrying when from excessive fatigue their white companions were unequal to it. When they got to the journey's end they fell on the ground and went fast asleep. I have known of a good many accidents in the bush at the Thames and elsewhere, and the behavior of men on these occasions is really a honor to human nature.

And an incident such as I have narrated shows how much of the heroic there is in the nature of the Maori.

Diamonds so small that 1,500 go to the carat have been cut in Holland.

Miss Ortencia E. Allen
Salem, Mich.

Liver and Kidney

trouble caused me to suffer all but death. Eight weeks I lived on brandy and beef tea. The doctor said he had not a ray of hope for my recovery. I rallied and commenced taking

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and from the first felt better. I continued and am now able to assist my mother in her household work. I owe my life to Hood's Sarsaparilla.
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The demand for paper in the world is growing greater steadily. In order to supply it many new vegetable materials have been made to serve as stock, rags to-day furnishing only a minor fraction of the raw stuff employed for the purpose. Among these substances wood pulp stands first. A very important contribution is made also by the famous esparto grass of northern Africa and southwestern Europe. But the time is approaching when the leaves of Indian corn may be utilized in this way to an enormous extent. In Vienna the manufacture of paper from maize is already conducted on an extensive scale. The Allgemeine Zeitung, a scientific journal of importance, is printed on sheets of this product, the yellowish tint of which is doubtful to the eyes. It has a number of other advantages. Very little sizing is required; it bleaches well and it is stronger than rag paper. No machinery is required for tearing up the corn leaves. The latter are merely soaked in hot water for a few days, after which they are easily separated into three parts by the large veins and ribs, the material between the ribs and a coarse paste. The first are utilized for making gunny sacks, cordage and certain kinds of cloth; the second furnishes material for a peculiar sort of bread, described as having an agreeable flavor; the third is employed for paper pulp.

All of these uses for maize are new, as is likewise the process of obtaining a valuable oil from corn. For this last purpose the grain is crushed, and the germs, which contain the oil, are separated by winnowing. The germs are then subjected to hydraulic pressure, yielding 15 per cent. of oil, which is of a pale, golden-yellow color, and has a pleasant taste and odor. It is employed as a dressing wool and to lubricate machinery. The yield is sixteen pounds to every one hundred bushels of maize.

Maize oil is well adapted for illuminating purposes, giving a bright, white flame. It is also good for heating, developing a high temperature in burning. In the first, where the supply of fuel is often precarious, corn cobs are frequently used in stoves, three tons of them being reckoned as equal to one ton of hard coal. Sometimes, when there has been a fuel famine, the whole ear has been employed. In France the cobs, saturated with resin and tar, are utilized as fire lighters, each, when thus prepared, from $2.40 to $4 per thousand, according to size.

The husks are used for packing oranges and cigars, as well as in stuffing pillows, mattresses and lounges. As stoppers for bottles also the cobs are sometimes employed. Toasted cornmeal is utilized in some parts of this country as a substitute for coffee. The cobs yield a large amount of potash. A mill sheiling 500 bushels an hour turns out 7,000 pounds of cobs every sixty minutes, or 70,000 pounds for each working day. The cobs are consumed as fuel in the mills, and the refuse ashes are collected for the extraction of the potash. A factory of the above-mentioned capacity will furnish as a by-product 535 pounds of potash per diem.

Science has devoted much attention to finding out where this most valuable of American farm products had its origin. An overwhelming weight of testimony goes to show that the earliest home of maize was the highlands of Central Mexico. All of the plants closely related to Indian corn are indigenous to that part of the world. It is believed that the vegetable originated in a circumscribed locality, above 4,500 feet elevation, north of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec and south of the twenty-second degree of north latitude, near the ancient seat of the Maya tribes. There is hardly a doubt that the Mayas were the first to cultivate maize, and that they distributed it in every direction. From them the use of the cereal spread north and south.

It is considered probable that the plant was known along the Rio Grande by 700 A. D. Three hundred years later it had reached the coast of Maine. In Peru the Incas used it before the year 700. By the time of Columbus it was found everywhere. It was one of the products of American soil which the great navigator took back with him to Spain and showed to Queen Isabella. From Spain it soon spread over Europe, and in the sixteenth century grains of it were sowed in Italian, French, German and English gardens before long it was cultivated upon a larger scale in the fields. It became widely known as "Turkish wheat," because the New World as confused in the popular mind with the East Indies, the native of which was carried on by way of Turkey.

The ancient Mexicans, to whom the development of the usefulness of India corn is due, were a highly civilized people. They were skillful builders, made fossils of copper and tin, worked gold and silver into ornaments, had an elaborate religious system, preserved their literature on parchment, cultivated the maguey plant, kept a calendar and understood the arts of agriculture, raised beans, pepper, gourds and many other fruits of tillage. Their country was densely populated that floating gardens were constructed, on which all products of the soil known to them, particularly maize and beans, were sown. These floating gardens were constructed of logs overlaid with earth. They have been described by historians as "fairy islets of verdure overshadowed by trees of considerable size." Even to this day such floating islands are built and anchored on the lakes for purposes of pleasure. The ruins of great irrigation works