

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

TAKEN FROM ST. PAUL TO THE CORINTHIANS.

"Through a Window in a Basket Was I Let Down by the Wall"—How Great Events Often Hang on a Slender Thread.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.)
 Washington, Aug. 25.—A Bible incident not often noticed is here used by Dr. Talmage to set forth practical and beautiful truth; text, II Corinthians 11, 35, "Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall."

Sermons on Paul in jail, Paul on Mars hill, Paul in the shipwreck, Paul before the sanhedrin, Paul before Felix, are plentiful, but in my text we have Paul in a basket.

Damascus is a city of white and glistening architecture, sometimes called "the eye of the east," sometimes called "a pearl surrounded by emeralds," at one time distinguished for swords of the best material, called Damascus blades, and upholstery or richest fabric called damask. A horseman of the name of Saul, riding toward this city, had been thrown from the saddle. The horse had dropped under a flash from the sky, which at the same time was so bright it blinded the rider for many days and, I think, so permanently injured his eyesight that his defect of vision became the thorn in the flesh he afterward speaks of. He started for Damascus to butcher Christians, but after that hard fall from his horse he was a changed man and preached Christ in Damascus till the city was shaken to its foundation.

The mayor gives authority for his arrest, and the popular cry is: "Kill him! Kill him!" The city is surrounded by a high wall and the gates are watched by the police lest the Cilician preacher escape. Many of the houses are built on the wall, and their balconies projected clear over and hovered above the gardens outside. It was customary to lower baskets out of these balconies and pull up fruits and flowers from the gardens. To this day visitors at the monastery of Mount Sinaï are lifted and let down in baskets. Detectives prowled around from house to house looking for Paul, but his friends hid him, now in one place, now in another. He is no coward, as 50 incidents in his life demonstrate, but he feels his work is not done yet and so he evades assassination. "Is that preacher lunatic here?" the foaming mob shout at one house door. "Is that lunatic here?" the police shout at another house door. Sometimes on the street incognito he passes through a cloud of clanked fists and sometimes he secretes himself on the house top.

Paul's Providential Escape.
 At last the infuriate populace get on sure track of him. They have positive evidence that he is in the house of one of the Christians, the balcony of whose home reaches over the wall. "Here he is! Here he is!" The vociferation and blasphemy and howling of the pursuers are at the front door. They break in. "Fetch out that gospeller and let us hang his head on the city gate. Where is he?" The emergency was terrible. Providentially there was a good stout basket in the house. Paul's friends fasten a rope to the basket. Paul steps into it. The basket is lifted to the edge of the balcony on the wall, and then while Paul holds the rope with both hands his friends lower away, carefully and cautiously, slowly but surely, farther down and farther down, until the basket strikes the earth and the apostle steps out and afoot and alone starts on that famous missionary tour the story of which has astonished earth and heaven. Appropriate entry in Paul's diary of travels: "Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall."

I observe first on what a slender tenure great results hang. The rope-maker who twisted that cord fastened to that lowering basket never knew how much would depend upon the strength of it. How if it had been broken and the apostle's life had been dashed out? What would have become of the Christian church? All that magnificent missionary work in Pamphylia, Cappadocia, Galatia, Macedonia would never have been accomplished. All his writings that make up so indispensable and enchanting a part of the New Testament would never have been written. The story of resurrection would never have been so gloriously told as he told it. That example of heroic and triumphant endurance at Philippi, in the Mediterranean Euroclydon, under flagellation, and at his beheading, would not have kindled the courage of 10,000 martyrs. But that rope holding that basket, how much depended on it! So again and again great results have hung on slender circumstances.

Did ever ship of many thousand tons crossing the sea have such an important passenger as had once a boat of leaves, from raffal to stern only three or four feet, the vessel made waterproof by a coat of bitumen and floating on the Nile with the infant lawgiver of the Jews on board? What if some crocodile should crunch it? What if some cattle wading in for a drink should sink it? Vessels of war sometimes carry 40 guns looking through the portholes ready to open battle, but the tiny craft on the Nile seems to be armed with all the guns of thunder that bombarded Sinal at the lawgiving. On how fragile craft sailed hom much of historical importance!

Early Struggle and Sacrifice.
 There are said to be about a hundred and fifty thousand ministers of religion in this country. About 30,000, I warrant, came from early homes which had to struggle for the necessities of life. The sons of rich bankers and merchants generally become bankers

and merchants. The most of those who become ministers are the sons of those who had terrific struggle to get their everyday bread. The collegiate and theological education of that son took every luxury from the parental table for eight years. The other children were more scantily apparelled. The son at college every little while got a bundle from home. In it were the socks that mother had knit sitting up late at night, her sight not as good as once it was. And there also were some delicacies from the sister's hand for the voracious appetite of a hungry student. The father swung the heavy cradle through the wheat, the sweat rolling from his chin bedewing every step of the way, and then sitting down under the cherry tree at noon tinking to himself, "I am fearfully tired, but it will pay if I can once see that boy through college, and if I can know that he will be preaching the gospel after I am dead." The younger children want to know why they can't have this and that, as others do, and the mother says, "Be patient, my children, until your brother graduates, and then you shall have more luxuries, but we must see that boy through."

The years go by, and the son has been ordained and is preaching the glorious gospel, and a great revival comes, and souls by scores and hundreds accept the gospel from the lips of that young preacher, and father and mother, quite old now, are visiting the son at the village parsonage, and at the close of a Sabbath of mighty blessing father and mother retire to their room, the son lighting the way and asking them if he can do anything to make them more comfortable, saying if they want anything in the night just to knock on the wall, and then, all alone, father and mother talk over the gracious influences of the day and say: "Well, it was worth all we went through to educate that boy. It was a hard pull, but we held on till the work was done. The world may not know it, but mother, we held the rope, didn't we?" And the voice, tremulous with joyful emotion, responds: "Yes, father, we held the rope. I feel my work is done. Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." "Pshaw!" says the father. "I never felt so much like living in my life as now. I want to see what that fellow is going to do, he has begun so well."

Something occurs to me quite personal. I was the youngest of a large family of children. My parents were neither rich nor poor. Four of the sons wanted a college education, and four obtained it, but not without great home struggle. We never heard the old people say once that they were denying themselves to effect this, but I remember now that my parents always looked tired. I don't think they ever got rested until they lay down in the Somerville cemetery. Mother would sit down in the evening and say, "Well, I don't know what makes me feel so tired." Father would fall immediately to sleep, seated by the evening stand, overcome with the day's fatigues. About 35 years ago the one and about 37 years ago the other put down the burdens of this life, but they still hold the rope.

Recognition of Blessings.
 O men and women, you brag sometimes how you have fought your way in the world, but I think there have been helpful influences that you have never fully acknowledged. Has there not been some influence in your early or present home that the world cannot see? Does there not reach you from among the New England hills or from the western prairie or from southern plantation or from English or Scottish or Irish home a cord of influence that has kept you right when you would have gone astray and which, after you had made a crooked track, recalled you? The rope may be as long as 20 years or 500 miles long or 3,000 miles long, but hands that wait out of mortal sight long ago still hold the rope. You want a very swift horse, and you need to rowl him with sharpest spurs and to let the reins lie loose upon the neck and to give a shout to the racer if you are going to ride out of reach of your mother's prayers. Why, a ship crossing the Atlantic in six days can't sail away from that. A sailor finds them on the lookout as he takes his place and finds them on the mast as he climbs the ratlines to disentangle a rope in the tempest and finds them swinging on the hammock when he turns in. Why not be frank and acknowledge it? The most of us would long ago have been dashed to pieces had not gracious and loving hands steadily and lovingly and mightily held the rope.

But there must come a time when we shall find out who these Damascenes were who lowered Paul in the basket, and greet them and all those who have rendered to God and the world unrecognized and unrecorded services. That is going to be one of the glad excitements of heaven, the hunting up and picking out of those who did great good on earth and got no credit for it. Here the church has been going on 19 centuries, and yet the world has not recognized the services of the people in that Damascus balcony. Charles G. Finney said to a dying Christian, "Give my love to St. Paul when you meet him." When you and I meet him, as we will, I shall ask him to introduce me to those who got him out of the Damascus peril.

We go into long sermons to prove that we will be able to recognize people in heaven, when there, is one reason we fail to present, and that is better than all—God will introduce us. We shall have them all pointed out. You would not be guilty of the impoliteness of having friends in your parlor not introduced, and celestial politeness

will demand that we be made acquainted with all the heavenly household. What rehearsal of old times and recital of stirring reminiscences! If others fail to give introduction, God will take us through, and before our first 34 hours in heaven—if it were calculated by earthly timepieces—have passed we shall meet and talk with more heavenly celebrities than in our entire mortal state we met with earthly celebrities. Many who made great noise of usefulness will sit on the last seat by the front door of the heavenly temple, while right up within arm's reach of the heavenly throne will be many who, though they could not reach themselves or do great exploits for God, nevertheless held the rope.

Fatigue, Uncomplaining Service.
 Come, let us go right up and account those on the circle of heavenly thrones. Surely they must have killed in battle a million men. Surely they must have been buried with all the cathedrals sounding a dirge and all the towers of all the cities tolling the national grief. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I lived by choice the unmarried daughter in a humble home that I might take care of my parents in their old age, and I endured without complaint all their querulousness and administered to all their wants for 30 years. Let us pass round the circle of thrones. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I was for 30 years a Christian invalid and suffered all the while, occasionally writing a note of sympathy for those worse off than I, and was general confidant of all those who had trouble, and once in awhile I was strong enough to make a garment for that poor family in the back lane." Pass on to another throne. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I was the mother who raised a whole family of children for God, and they are out in the world Christian merchants, Christian mechanics, Christian wives, and I have had full reward for all my toil." Let us pass on in the circle of thrones. "I had a Sabbath school class and they were always on my heart, and they all entered the kingdom of God, and I am waiting for their arrival." But who are thou, the mighty one of heaven on this other throne? "In time of bitter persecution I owned a house in Damascus, a house on the wall. A man who preached Christ was hounded from street to street and I hid him from the assassins, and when I found them breaking into my house and I could no longer keep him safely I advised him to flee for his life, and a basket was let down over the wall with the maltreated man in it, and I was one who helped hold the rope." And I said: "Is that all?" And he answered: "That is all." And while I was lost in amazement I heard a strong voice that sounded as though it might once have been hoarse from many exposures, and triumphant as though it might have belonged to one of the martyrs, and it said: "Not many mighty, not many noble are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world and things which are despised hath God chosen, yes, and things which are not to bring to naught things which are, that no flesh should glory in his presence." And I looked to see from whence the voice came, and lo! it was the very one who had said, "Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall."

Henceforth think of nothing as insignificant. A little thing may decide your all. A Cunarder put out from England for New York. It was well equipped, but in putting up a stove in the pilot box a nail was driven too near the compass, put the ship 200 miles off her right course, and suddenly the man on the lookout cried, "Land ho!" and the ship was halted within a few yards of her demolition on Nantucket shoals. A sixpenny nail came near wrecking a Cunarder. Small ropes hold mighty destinies.

A minister seated in Boston at his table, lacking a word, puts his hand behind his head and tilts back his chair to think, and the ceiling falls and crushes the table and would have crushed him. A minister in Jamaica at night, by the light of an insect called the candle fly, is kept from stepping over a precipice a hundred feet. F. W. Robertson, the celebrated English clergyman, said that he entered the ministry from a train of circumstances started by the barking of a dog. Had the wind blown one way on a certain day the Spanish inquisition would have been established in England. But it blew the other way, and that dropped the accursed institution, with 75 tons of shipping, to the bottom of the sea or flung the splintered logs on the rocks.

Nothing unimportant in your life or mine. Three naughts placed on the right side of the figure one make a thousand, and six naughts on the right side of the figure one a million, and our nothingness placed on the right side may be augmentation limitless. All the ages of time and eternity affected by the basket let down from a Damascus balcony.

An Industrious Potentate.
 Czar Nicholas of Russia is one of the most industrious potentates in Europe. He works about fourteen hours a day and seldom retires before 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning.

Securely lashed on the forward deck of the German steamer Hohenfels, which has arrived at New York from Calcutta, is an Egyptian boat, said to be 400 years old, recently dug up out of the bed of the Nile. The boat was shipped at Port Said.

The higher the mountain the lower the vale, the taller the tree the harder the fall.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

Anthrax.
 The recent outbreak of anthrax or charbon near Palatine, Ill., has directed wide attention to the disease, seeing that it proved not only fatal to cattle attacked, but to at least one man in attendance upon the bovine victims. Some particulars about the disease will prove of interest to our readers, as there is quite a misunderstanding of the difference between anthrax and the more common disease of young cattle known as "black leg." In this department of the paper we have taken pains to impress upon the minds of stockmen the necessity of keeping cattle away from stagnant water in ponds or sloughs and even from running rivers or creeks. The importance of this precaution will be the better understood when it is stated that most cases of anthrax are found where cattle have been so exposed to the rod-like, microscopic organism to which the disease is due. The "bacillus," as it is called, is found in such places. It either originates there or is brought there by water coming from a place where a dead anthrax animal has been cast. For the latter reason it should be made a misdemeanor punishable by fine or imprisonment for anyone to throw a dead animal into a running stream or drinking place. In Iowa a bad outbreak of the disease was traced at once to a pond into which a dead anthrax animal had been cast and at which a large herd of cattle took drinking water daily. The disease properly called anthrax occurs in different forms. In some cases there are diffuse swellings seen about the head and neck and when pressed these swellings are found to be solid and do not contain gas. On cutting into them there is found a yellowish, jelly-like mass, more or less stained with blood. In other cases the animal dies almost immediately from a form of apoplexy and discharges stained with blood come away from the natural orifices of the body. The body bloats and decomposes at once. This form is not so common as the other. In a third form the disease is subacute and the victim may live for five to seven days. In the form characterized by external swellings the animal dies in from one to two days. In man the disease usually takes the form of "malignant pustule" or carbuncle and is contracted through a wound or abrasure of the skin when a person skins an animal dead of anthrax. The disease may also be carried in the same form to man by insects and it is probable that flies are the means of spreading the disease to other animals when dead bodies are left to decompose in the open air. In this way anthrax may be spread to sheep and horses. Swine and dogs are largely immune from the disease. From what has been said it will be seen that it is very important to destroy the carcass of an anthrax victim so that the disease may not be spread by this means. The best way to get rid of the carcass is to totally destroy it by fire, but if this cannot be done it should be buried deeply in quick lime. It is not enough to bury it deeply, for Darwin has shown that earth worms may bring the spores of the disease to the surface, where they may be taken into the systems of cattle pasturing over the graves and again cause the disease. When an anthrax victim is opened the spleen is always found to be greatly enlarged and filled with tar-like matter; the blood is dark and does not coagulate; the mucous membranes of the chest and abdominal cavities are covered with dark red spots and blood-stained discharges issue from the natural orifices of the body. When an animal is attacked with black leg the disease is characterized by external swellings, which are found to be filled with gas, which makes the swellings give out a crackling sound when handled. After death the spleen is found to be unchanged and the blood coagulates and turns red on exposure to the air. Blackleg does not attack animals other than young cattle. Cattle may be safely inoculated against blackleg and with some degree of success against anthrax. In case of an outbreak of anthrax cattle should be changed to a fresh pasture away from stagnant water. Disinfectants (such as the tar product disinfectants advertised in this paper) should be freely used around the buildings and for washing the hands. Dead animals should be destroyed and not skinned. Cases should not be treated.

Fall Pasturing Stock.
 Press Bulletin 98, of the Kansas Experiment Station, says: Where it is possible to keep the stock off dried-up pastures and put them on sorghum or other pasture, it should be done. If the stock are kept entirely off the grass it will make a slight growth, no matter how dry and hot the weather may be, and then when we get fall rains the pastures kept free from stock now will furnish much more feed and feed later in the season than if tramped while dry.

Sorghum, Kafir corn, cow peas and alfalfa make pasture after cattle become accustomed to them, but great care must be used in starting stock on such pastures. At the College we fill the cattle with straw or hay in the morning and then turn them on the sorghum or other green crops only fifteen minutes the first day, the next day thirty minutes, and then increase the time fifteen minutes each day un-

til we reach an hour and a half, when it is safe to let them stay on all the time and not give them other food. Cattle turned on such pastures at first, if hungry, will often eat a few mouthfuls and die in a few minutes or hours.

Rape sown as late as September 1 will furnish pasture for hogs. Sow Dwarf Essex rape, five pounds per acre broadcast, or three pounds per acre drilled. It will do to feed in six weeks after seeding. An acre will pasture ten to twenty hogs and as seed costs only ten to fifteen cents per pound the cost is light. Rape is a fair pasture for cattle, but some dry feed must be given with it to prevent scouring. It takes a heavy frost to kill rape, so that it furnishes late pasture, and Kansas farmers should sow a large acreage to this crop.

Turnips should also be sown largely as the seed is cheap, and if a crop is secured the turnips will save a great deal of other feed needed for the cattle, young stock and hogs.

We have not had success with late sown millet, but if the fall should be damp and cool, millet would make a fair crop.

Wheat, oats and rye will furnish a large amount of pasture if the season is favorable, and while these crops are in good condition cattle will do well on them without any other food than straw. A farmer pastured his dairy cows on oats and sold during the fall \$7.00 worth of milk for each acre of oats pastured, the cows having no other feed.

Outlook for Tree Fruits.
 Scott Remington, Lenawee County, Michigan: We have no pears and no plums. Apples will be a light crop; but peaches promise well.

H. R. Kelsey, Miller County, Indiana: The outlook is for 75 per cent of crops of tree fruits. My own trees promise good crops.

Geo. J. Kellogg & Sons, Rock County, Wisconsin: In this section the prospects for fruit are very poor. What few apples there were have mostly dropped because of continued dry weather. There will be a light crop of plums.

L. E. Hartwig, Benton County, Missouri: In the spring we had a splendid prospect for a big crop of fruit. But the long continued drought has completely ruined the peach crop. It has caused the apples to drop badly, and on the south side they are sun scalded. The hot sun and wind together have caused a great many of the young trees to die. A great many forest trees have also perished. Should we have an abundance of rain from now on we would have enough fruit for home use and perhaps some to sell.

C. P. Haskins, Cuyahoga County, Ohio: Apples will give 10 per cent of a crop; pears 25. Peaches will be a fair crop, but there are but few orchards here, and there will not be enough fruit for home consumption.

C. M. Johnson, Fulton County, Illinois: The tree fruits in my locality will not make one-half average crop, and the quality will be very inferior.

L. G. Hubbard, Champaign County, Illinois: Apples are very scarce, but are smooth and fair. Peaches will be plentiful, but the dry weather is checking their growth. Only a few pears have set and the trees are blighting badly. Wild goose plum trees are loaded with fruit; others are stung badly.

Agriculture in Missouri Normal Schools.
 The study of agriculture has already been introduced into two of the State Normal schools of Missouri, by the election of separate teachers of this subject. The Normal at Cape Girardeau recently elected Prof. R. W. Clothier, a graduate of the Kansas Agricultural College to this work. The Normal at Kirksville, Mo., was so well pleased with the work of Miss C. R. Jackson for the past year, that she was re-elected teacher of agriculture, but she was granted a year's leave of absence for graduate work in the agricultural college, and Mr. Luther Winchester, one of the senior students from the college at Columbia, was elected to fill her place for the coming year.

McKinley to Be at Exposition.
 President McKinley will pay his official visit to the Exposition of all the Americas on Sept. 8. That day has been designated at the exposition as President's Day. It will witness the most notable gathering of distinguished statesmen, jurists and diplomats which has occurred for some time, as the President will be accompanied by members of his cabinet, justices of the Supreme Court, and many members of the diplomatic corps, who will gather at the Pan-American and meet the representatives there from Pan-American countries, and join in a special inspection of the exhibits representing the progress of civilization in the Western hemisphere. Military pageants, banquets and receptions will mark the President's stay at the Exposition. He will speak from the bandstand in the West Esplanade, addressing perhaps an audience of several hundred thousand persons, for the Esplanade is capable of holding 250,000 people. President's Day will therefore be in many respects the greatest day among all the great days of the Exposition season. The formal entrance to the exposition grounds is through the Lincoln Parkway gate, on the south, and the roadway leads by the military camp, across the park lake, and the U. S. life-saving station, and the famous statue of General Washington, by French. Along this route the Presidential party will pass into the main court of the exposition, via the Triumphal Causeway, which expresses the welcome of the United States to visiting nations. On arrival at the Esplanade the President will be introduced to the assembled thousands by President Milburn of the exposition, and he will then make his address.

NORWAY AND AMERICA.
 Our People and Products Much Admired by the Scandinavians.
 At a certain railway station, writes William E. Curtis, who is traveling in Norway, I found a station agent who was inclined to be grumpy and sarcastic, said that the farmers were so ambitious to own American machinery that they starved themselves to buy it, and then to gratify their pride let it on the platform of the station for days at a time to advertise their extravagance and make other farmers jealous. He called us Amerikaner, and said that we were putting all sorts of false notions into the heads of his innocent countrymen, who were ruining themselves trying to be like us.

But this pessimism was only an affection. He insisted upon my going inside the office of the station, where he showed me a newspaper he had just received from a son who lived at Brainerd, Minn., and seemed surprised that I did not know him. He seemed to think that his son was about the whole thing in America, and that we ought to be proud because a member of his family had condescended to emigrate. The newspaper contained an account of some church proceedings in which his son participated, and the proud father assured me that he received a similar token of his importance nearly every week.

We find Minnesota, Dakota and Wisconsin papers everywhere, taken by people who have friends in the United States, and Dowie's pious publications are on the tables of the reading rooms of every inn and railway station. There was a copy in the cabin of the little steamer. They appear to be distributed gratuitously and are sent in large numbers.

An Immense Anchor.
 There was recently completed at the Charlestown navy-yard for one of the new battleships of the United States navy what is probably the largest forged anchor that has ever been made. The anchor, which weighs 12,000 pounds, is resting now on some wooden supports outside the forge and anchor shops of the equipment department at the yard awaiting assignment.

Fought for the Union.
 Justice Harlan's father was a slaveholder, and most of the afflictions of the family at the outbreak of the war were with the south, but the justice raised the Tenth Kentucky Infantry Regiment and served in Gen. Thomas' division. A member of the younger generation was once talking with the justice about this phase of his history, and asked how it happened that he "fought for the north."

"I never did fight for the north," replied the old man, sternly. "I fought for the Union. I fought for my country."

This is typical of the feeling of Kentucky loyalists of the civil war era; they resent the notion that it was a sectional struggle in which they fought for one section or against another.

Chou Chou a Bright Pupil.
 Minister Wu Ting-fang's son Chou Chou attends the Washington high school and while there dresses after the American fashion, tucking his pig-tail under his coat. He is reported to be a very bright pupil.

"Good" is Everything.
 A writer in the New York Press says he asked a lawyer what he regarded as "nine points of the law." The lawyer answered in this wise: 1. A good deal of money. 2. A good deal of patience. 3. A good cause. 4. A good lawyer. 5. A good counsel. 6. A good witness. 7. A good jury. 8. A good judge. 9. Good luck. These nine points make an annulet which secures success in a lawsuit—the remaining point, presumably in the possession of the other fellow, is literally the submerged tenth.

Stem Rot of Sweet Potatoes.—Dark lines appear on the stem just at the surface of the ground. Vine turns yellow, then black throughout, unless rooted at some node, beyond which it remains green. Disease extends downward, and causes upperpart of tuber to decay. Short shoots from partly decayed tubers. Remedy—Rotate crops. Use only vigorous sets.

A very successful New York poultryman says that it pays better to feed the farm grain to poultry than to any other farm stock, so far as that can be done. Of course there is much produce on the farm that cannot be eaten by fowls and this must be taken into consideration. A few cows would seem to be the natural adjunct to a poultry farm.

J. H. Menard: The daily milk consumption in the United States does not aggregate less than 5,000,000 gallons. It takes about 2,000,000 cows to produce this and an army of 250,000 men to care for them and milk them.

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