pipes in it, so that it can be heated, and by a thermometer the temperature is kept just at the right point till the tobacco is cured. This requires days and nights of firing, and the tobacco must be watched steadily during this time. When the tobacco is cured all the moisture has been dried out of it. It has turned yellow, and it is ready to be prepared for the market. It has to be sprinkled to make the leaves soft, that they may be stripped from the stalk and sorted. Different parts of the plants go into different piles. The leaves nearest the ground are placed in one class, those next higher in another, and so on to the top. Then a half dozen or more leaves are tied together by wrapping another leaf about their stems, and in such bundles the whole crop is carried to the market or auctions, where it is sold and the farmer at once gets the cash for it. A thousand pounds to the acre would be a very good yield."

I shall not soon forget the auction rooms at Danville, which I visited today with Colonel J. M. Neal, one of the oldest of the tobacco buyers. There are here eleven immense warehouses, each of which covers several acres, in which thousands of pounds of tobacco are sold at auction every day. The sales during the tobacco year which closed last month amounted to 40,000,000 pounds, which brought more than $3,000,000 in cash. The warehouses are under the control of the Danville Tobacco Association, and everything is done by rule. The tobacco, raised as Colonel Walker has described it, is brought in by the farmers and laid in long rows of piles, each about as big around as a washtub, upon the floor. Each man's crop is separate, and each pile is marked with a card which bears the name of the owner. The warehouses are lighted by many skylights and windows, and the lemon-colored tobacco shines out in all its beauty. A rich tobacco aroma fills the room. It is not like that of store tobacco, but sweeter and purer. Walking about among the piles are scores of tobacco buyers. They are shrewd-looking men who have been in the business for many years, and who in the dark could tell to a cent the value of tobacco by the smell and feel. The sales go on, from warehouse to warehouse, each taking its turn. Now the auctioneer appears. He is a hard-featured, buzzsaw-voiced man of forty. He begins at one end of the room and walks down a row of piles, selling each lot as he goes. The crowd follow him. They pull out the bunches and smell and feel them. He talks all the while in that high, rasping voice, his jaws going like a corn-sheller and making much the same sound. He has to talk fast, for the rules are that he must auction off 175 lots every hour, or almost three to the minute; still some of these lots are worth hundreds of dollars, and each is the year's work of at least one farmer. The bidders, however, are accustomed to the work and they speak quickly. After finishing one row the auctioneer starts down another, and so on to the close, when he takes another warehouse and talks on. As soon as a sale is made a bookkeeper, who follows the auctioneer, marks it down, and within two minutes thereafter the farmer can get the cash from the warehouse, which acts, as it were, as a clearing house for the buyers. The prices of tobacco so sold range all the way from 1 cent up to 75 cents a pound, and the best of judgment is required in the bidding.

Leaving the warehouses, I next visited a large tobacco factory where the yellow leaf is converted into the toothsome plug. The chewing of tobacco, so far from decreasing, seems to be increasing yearly, and millions of pounds of plug and fine cut are sold every year. St. Louis has today the biggest plug factory in the world, but plug tobacco of different grades is made in many places, and the factors tell me there is money in it. The factory I visited is doing a good business, and this seems to be the case with the tobacco establishments of North Carolina. Plug tobacco is as different in its qualities as coffee or tea. It is made in different grades and sold at different prices. The tobacco has to go through many processes before it is ready for chewing. First, it must be stemmed, or stripped; that is, the stems must be pulled from the leaves. This is done by negroes in a room at a warm temperature, and the probability is that the perspiration of the employes aids in the favor of the plug. The next process, however, removes the evidence of any such odor. The tobacco chewer is not satisfied with the pure leaf. His chew must be sweetened and flavored to taste. A black liquid composed of licorice, sugar, glycerine, salt and flavoring extracts is evenly sprayed on the tobacco, as it is carried through an immense copper cylinder. It is then taken to the rolling room, where hundreds of colored men and women, boys and girls stand at tables and press the leaves out into shape, and then roll them into bundles, a little larger than the size of the plugs which are to be made from them. Here the bundles are weighed as they are made, and are carried off to be squeezed by hydraulic pressure into the plugs of the chewer.

It was at Durham, N. C., that I saw the process of making smoking tobacco. I went through rooms where the leaves are cut into the bits composing the granulated tobacco used for the pipe. Parts of the factory were almost suffocating with their smell and dust, and I sneezed again and again as I made my way through them. The machines which handle the tobacco make you think of those of an immense flouring mill. The tobacco is raised by elevators from one floor to another, and at the top it lies in great piles as big as haystacks, and containing hundreds of thousands of pounds. The tobacco machines cut the leaves into bits, and separate the stems and the dust from the stuff saved for smoking. After the tobacco is cut it is flavored by squirting a mixture of what smelled much like rum and some flavoring extracts over it. This is done with a hose. I remember as I saw the gallons of aromatic spirit flying in streams over a big stack of tobacco the story of the Irishman and the plum pudding came back to me. Pat had had his first taste of the pudding, and was smacking his lips over the rum dressing: 'Och!" said he, "what an illigant pudding this would be if it was every bit dressing."

The same tobacco as that for the pipe is used for cigarettes. There are immense cigarette factories at Richmond, Virginia, at Durham, North Carolina, and in many southern cities. Cigarettes are made almost altogether by machines which are manipulated by white girls. This is the only branch of tobacco making I have seen which is not run almost entirely by negro labor. The managers of the different establisments tell me that they consider their colored help the best help in the world, and that it is both efficient and steady. The tobacco area of the United States is increasing. We are producing better tobacco than ever before, and our shipments of cigarettes to foreign countries are enormous. We now send them by the million to China and Japan, and American cigarettes are smoked in every part of the world.

Frank G. Carpenter

ANGLICAN ORDERS.

[The following article was offered to the press of Cincinnati, Ohio, and declined by them, for reasons obvious to the Latter-day Saints.]

The decision of Pope Leo XIII in respect to the invalidity of Anglican Orders, appears to be creating not only a very great amount of discussion through the columns of the religious press, but also considerable ill feeling. The "Religions Telescope" for example, published at Dayton, Ohio, in its issue of the 14th Inst., under the caption "Absolutely Invalid," says:

"This is the decision of Pope Leo XIII, respecting all ordinations under the Anglican rule. After a long study of the subject he has confirmed the decision of his predecessors in regard to this matter. His decision sets aside all ordinations outside of the Roman Catholic Church as absolutely invalid.

So there we have it; all ministers of the Lutheran, the Episcopal, the Baptist, the Presbyterians, the Methodists, in short all Protestant churches—are posing under false ordination vows! So his holiness declares! And is he not infallible? Is it not impossible for him to make a mistake? Is he not the successor of St. Peter—Christ's Vicegerent on earth? Does he not hold the Keys of the kingdom of heaven? Does not that aged, decrepit old man, Leo XIII., now in his dotage, have the power to bind and to loose—to admit into or shut out from heaven whomsoever he will? Does any Protestant minister or layman doubt this? Perish the thought. How will this august decision handed down from the Vatican affect the ministry of the Protestant churches? In our judgment only about as sensibly as a puff of the Pope's breath would have affected the St. Louis cyclone when in the heighth of its fury.

"They will go right on preaching the unsearchable riches of the Gospel of Christ in demonstration of the spirit and power of the Lord Jesus, as heretofore, leaving the Pope and his liberty-destroying church polity and superstitions to work out their own destruction by demonstrating their disastrous effects on human progress as they have done and are still doing in Mexico, Spain, Central and South America, and in every Roman Catholic dominated country in the world."

This is scarcely the spirit in which one would expect to see a subject of so grave importance treated. Sarcasm and ridicule doubtless have their place even in polemics, but it is only as they may be incidentally used that they can be of force.

One could no more think of succeeding in an argument on a serious question by using them exclusively, than he would think of making a hearty meal on condiments alone. That the subject of the Apostolic letter of Leo XIII is a serious one, no one will deny. That it calls for earnest thought and not sarcasm