

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

BUSINESS LIFE, LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

A Lecture in Common Honesty—"Not Slothful in Business; Ferrent in Spirit; Serving the Lord"—Rom. 12:11.

(Copyright 1899 by Louis Klopsch.) Industry, devoutness and Christian service—all commended in that short text. What! is it possible that they shall be conjoined? Oh, yes. There is no war between religion and business, between ledgers and Bibles, between churches and country houses. On the contrary, religion accelerates business, sharpens men's wits, sweetens acerbity of disposition, fills the blood of phlegmatics, and throws more velocity into the wheels of hard work. It gives better balancing to the judgment, more strength to the will, more muscle to industry, and throws into enthusiasm a more consecrated fire. You cannot in all the circle of the world show me a man whose honest business has been despoiled by religion.

The industrial classes are divided into three groups: producers, manufacturers, traders. Producers, such as farmers and miners. Manufacturers, such as those who turn corn into food, and wool and flax into apparel. Traders, such as make profit out of the transfer and exchange of all that which is produced and manufactured. A business man may belong to any one or all of these classes, and not one is independent of any other.

When the Prince Imperial of France fell on the Zulu battlefield because the strap fastening the stirrup to the saddle broke as he clung to it, his comrades all escaping, but he falling under the lances of the savages, a great many people blamed the Emperor for allowing his son to go forth into that battlefield, and other blamed the English government for accepting the sacrifice; and other blamed the Zulus for their barbarism. The one most to blame was the harnessmaker who fashioned that strap of the stirrup out of shoddy and imperfect material as it was found to have been afterward. If the strap had held, the Prince Imperial would probably have been alive today. But the strap broke. No prince independent of a harnessmaker! High, low, wise, ignorant, in one occupation, I in another, all bound together. So that there must be one continuous line of sympathy with each other's work. But whatever your vocation, if you have a multiplicity of engagements, if into your life there come losses and annoyances and perturbations as well as percentages and dividends, if you are pursued from Monday morning until Saturday night, and from January to January by inexorable obligation and duty, then you are a business man, or you are a business woman, and my subject is appropriate to your case.

Traders in grain come to know something about foreign harvests; traders in fruit come to know something about the prospects of tropical production; manufacturers of American goods come to understand the tariff on imported articles; publishers of books must come to understand the new law of copyright; owners of ships must come to know winds and shoals and navigation; and every bale of cotton, and every raisin cask, and every tea box and every cluster of bananas is so much literature for a business man. Now, my brother, what are you going to do with the intelligence? Do you suppose God put you in this school of information merely that you might be sharper in a trade, that you might be more successful as a worldling? Oh, no; it was that you might take that useful information and use it for Jesus Christ.

Can it be that you have been dealing with foreign lands and never had the missionary spirit, wishing the salvation of foreign people? Can it be that you have become acquainted with all the outrages inflicted in business life and that you have never tried to bring to bear that Gospel which is to extirpate all evil and correct all wrongs and illumine all darkness and lift up all wretchedness and save men for this world and the world to come? Can it be that understanding all the intricacies of business you know nothing about those things which will last after all bills of exchange and consignments and invoices and rent rolls shall have crumpled up and been consumed in the fires of the last great day? Can it be that a man will be wise for time and a fool for eternity?

I remark, also, that business life is a school for integrity. No man knows what he will do until he is tempted. There are thousands of men who have kept their integrity merely because they never have been tested. A man was elected treasurer of the State of Maine some years ago. He was distinguished for his honesty, usefulness and uprightness, but before one year had passed he had taken of the public funds for his own private use, and was hurried out of office in disgrace. Distinguished for virtue before. Distinguished for crime after. You can call over the names of men just like that, in whose honesty you had complete confidence, but placed in certain crises of temptation they went overboard. Never so many temptations to scoundrelism as now. Not a law on the statute book but has some back door through which a miscreant can escape. Ah! how many deceptions in the fabric of goods; so much plundering in commercial life that if a man talk about living a life of complete commercial integrity there are those who ascribe it to greenness and lack of tact. More need of honesty now than ever before, tried honesty, complete hon-

esty, more than in those times when business was a plain affair and woollens were woollens, and silks were silks and men were men.

How many men do you suppose there are in commercial life who could say truthfully, "In all the sales I have ever made I have never oversteated the value of goods; in all the sales I have ever made I have never covered up an imperfection in the fabric; of all the thousands of dollars I have ever made I have not taken one dishonest farthing?" There are men, however, who can say it, hundreds who can say it, thousands who can say it. They are more honest than when they sold their first tierce of rice, or their first firkin of butter, because their honesty and integrity have been tested, tried and come out triumphant. But they remember a time when they could have robbed a partner, or have absconded with the funds of a bank, or sprung a snap judgment, or made a false assignment, or borrowed illicitly without any efforts at payment, or got a man into a sharp corner and fleeced him. But they never took one step on that pathway of hell fire. They can say their prayers without hearing the chink of dishonest dollars. They can read their Bible without thinking of the time when with a lie on their soul in the custom house they kissed the book. They can think of death and the judgment that comes after it without any flinching—that day when all charlatans and cheats, and jockeys and frauds shall be doubly damned. It does not make their knees knock together, and it does not make their teeth chatter to read "as the partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them out; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool."

What a school of integrity business life is! If you have ever been tempted to let your integrity cringe before present advantage, if you have ever wakened up in some embarrassment, and said: "Now, I will step a little aside from the right path and no one will know it, and I will come all right again, it is only once. That only once has ruined tens of thousands of men for this life and blasted their souls for eternity.

A merchant in Liverpool got a five-pound Bank of England note, and, holding it up toward the light, he saw some interlineations in what seemed red ink. He finally deciphered the letters, and found out that the writing had been made by a slave in Algiers, saying in substance: "Whoever gets this bank note will please to inform my brother, John Dean, living near Carlisle, that I am a slave of the Bey of Algiers." The merchant sent word, employed government officers and found who this man was spoken of in this bank bill. After awhile the man was rescued, who for eleven years had been a slave of the Bey of Algiers. He was immediately emancipated, but was so worn out by hardship and exposure he soon after died. Oh, if some of the bank bills that come through your hands could tell all the scenes through which they have passed, it would be a tragedy eclipsing any drama of Shakespeare, mightier than King Lear or Macbeth!

As I go on in this subject, I am impressed with the importance of our having more sympathy with business men. Is it not a shame that we in our pulpits do not often preach about their struggles, their trials, and their temptations? Men who toil with the hand are not apt to be very sympathetic with those who toil with the brain. The farmers who raise the corn and oats and the wheat sometimes are tempted to think that grain merchants have an easy time, and get their profits without giving any equivalent. Plato and Aristotle were so opposed to merchandise that they declared commerce to be the curse of the nation, and they advised that cities be built at least ten miles from the sea coast. But you and I know that there are no more industrious or high minded men than those who move in the world of traffic. Some of them carry burdens heavier than hods of brick, and are exposed to sharper things than the east wind, and climb mountains higher than the Alps or Himalaya, and if they are faithful Christ will at last say to them: "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things. I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

We talk about the martyrs of the Piedmont valley, and the martyrs among the Scotch highlands, and the martyrs at Oxford. There are just as certainly martyrs of Wall street and State street, martyrs of Fulton street and Broadway, martyrs of Atlantic street and Chestnut street, going through hotter fires, or having their necks under sharper axes. Then it behooves us to banish all fretfulness from our lives, if this subject be true. We look back to the time when we were at school, and we remember the rod, and we remember the hard tasks, and we complained grievously; but now we see it was for the best. Business life is a school, and the tasks are hard, and the chastisements sometimes are very grievous; but do not complain. The hotter the fire the better the refining. There are men before the throne of God this day in triumph who on earth were cheated out of everything but their coffin. They were sued, they were imprisoned for debt, they were throttled by constables with a whole pack of writs, they were sold out by the sheriffs, they had to compromise with their creditors, they had to make assignments. Their dying hours were annoyed by the sharp ringing of the door bell by some impetuous creditor who thought it was outrageous and impudent that a man should dare to die before he paid the last half dollar.

I had a friend who had many misfortunes. Everything went against him. He had good business capacity and was of the best of morals, but he

was one of those men such as you have sometimes seen, for whom everything seems to go wrong. His life became to him a plague. When I heard he was dead, I said: "Good—got rid of the sheriffs!" Who are those lustrious souls before the throne? When the question is asked, "Who are they?" the angels standing on the sea of glass respond: "These are they who came out of great business trouble and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

A man arose in Fulton street prayer meeting and said: "I wish publicly to acknowledge the goodness of God. I was in business trouble. I had money to pay, and I had no means to pay it, and I was in utter despair of all human help, and I laid this matter before the Lord, and this morning I went down among some old business friends I had not seen in many years just to make a call, and one said to me, 'Why, I am so glad to see you! Walk in.' We have some money on our books due you a good while, but we didn't know where you were, and therefore not having your address we could not send it. We are very glad you have come?" And the man standing in Fulton street prayer meeting said: "The amount they paid me was six times what I owed." You say it only happened so? You are unbelieving. God answered that man's prayer.

Oh, you want business grace. Commercial ethics, business honor, laws of trade are all very good in their place, but there are times when you want something more than this world will give you. You want God. For the lack of Him some that you have known have consented to forge, and to maltreat their friends, and to curse their enemies, and their names have been bulletined among scoundrels, and they have been ground to powder; while other men you have known have gone through the very same stress of circumstances triumphant. There are men here today who fought the battle and gained the victory. People come out of that man's store, and they say: "Well, if there ever was a Christian trader, that is one." Integrity kept the books and waited on the customers. Light from the eternal world flashed through the show windows. Love to God and love to man presided in that storehouse. Some day people going through the street notice that the shutters of the window are not down. The bar of that store door has not been removed. People say, "What is the matter?" You go up a little closer, and you see written on the card of that window: "Closed on account of the death of one of the firm." That day all through the circles of business there is talk about how a good man has gone. Boards of trade pass resolutions of sympathy, and churches of Christ pray, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth." He has made his last bargain, he has suffered his last loss, he has ached with the last fatigue. His children will get the result of his industry, or, if through misfortune there be no dollars left, they will have an estate of prayer and Christian example which will be everlasting. Heavenly rewards for earthly discipline. There "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

PREVENTING ELECTROLYSIS.

A Possible Method of Rendering Vagrant Electric Currents Harmless.

The amount of damage done to water and gas pipes by electricity that has escaped from trolley lines on its way back to the power house is almost incalculable. The evil is not so serious nowadays as it was several years ago. Modern methods of providing for the return of the current have lessened its vagrant disposition. Nevertheless the trouble continues to some extent. A suggestion that bears on the subject was made by the Engineering News a few days ago. In St. John, N. B., it has been the practice for nearly half a century to close the joints in city water pipes, not with melted lead, as in most places, but with pine plugs. The experiment was tried in 1851 and again in 1857. On both occasions it worked so well that the same policy was pursued two years ago. The object in view was merely to secure economy. But mention of the fact reminds the Engineering News of the insulating qualities of wood and of the proposition made last year that two or more lengths of wooden pipe be introduced into the mains in every district where trouble was to be anticipated. Electricity will not enter a line of pipe if it cannot get out again. An obstacle which would prove effectual at any given point along a system of metallic conductors would dissuade a current from going into it in the first place. Hence, if the wooden plugs interfered with the conductivity of the pipes it is hard to see why they would not protect them from invasion. And if the currents would not attempt to travel along the pipe at all no electrolysis or corrosion would ensue.

Fisherman's Paradise.

The record just published of a fishing expedition in Lapland should be good reading for anglers. The party was one of two rods, with followers. They fished for eleven days and secured a total of 282 salmon and 115 grilse, weighing in all nearly 5,000 pounds. The best day's catch for one rod was thirty-three salmon and twenty-two grilse, or a total weight of 553 pounds. It should be added that the fishing party had to wait their opportunity, for when they arrived at their destination the river was frozen, and when the thaw came there was at first too much water for fishing.—London Globe.

A Chicago rascal who called himself "Hope" secured from \$1 to \$10 apiece from poor people out of employment, and told them to call later and get positions. As might have been expected, both Hope and money are lost.

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

Milk Dilution Separators.

Newspaper Bulletin No. 77, Indiana Experiment Station: Within the past few months there has been introduced to the farmers of Indiana what is termed a dilution cream separator. This is not a separator as commonly understood by dairymen, where cream is separated from milk by centrifugal force, but is a specially constructed can, usually of large size, in which cream separates from milk by rising to the surface, by the common gravity process. The principle of creaming in this can, however, differs from that usually performed in the dairy, through the mixing of water with the milk to assist the cream to rise. These specially made cans have certain peculiarities of construction and are advertised by the makers as "cream separators." The cans of different manufacturers differ in form and style, but the principal feature with all is to fill the can partly full of new warm milk and then at once add a large quantity of cold water. This of course dilutes the milk, perhaps 100 per cent. In this diluted condition, the claim of the manufacturers is, that the cream will rise more completely and rapidly than if not diluted; that in 20 to 30 minutes it will all rest on the surface of the skimmed milk, which may be drawn off from below.

In 1893 the Indiana Experiment Station for two weeks carried on an experiment on the influence of dilution of milk on efficiency of creaming. The results of this work, as published in bulletin 44 of the station, were that a greater loss of fat occurs in skim milk when dilution is practiced than with undiluted milk, that the loss is greater with cold than with warm water, and that by diluting the milk a poorer quality of skim milk for feeding is thereby produced. These results were in accordance with conclusions arrived at through similar experiments at the Vermont, Cornell, Illinois and Ontario college stations. The process of dilution was not to be recommended as a general practice.

These so-called separators are pat-

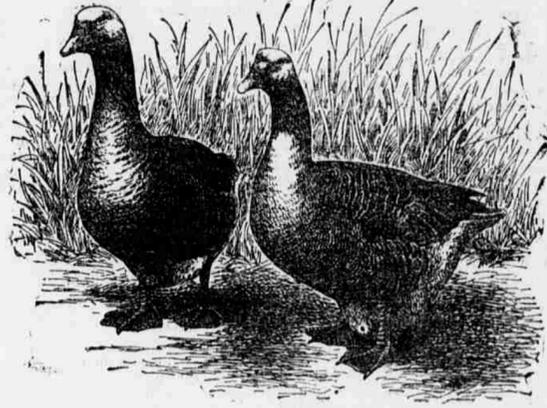
Feed up the poultry for moulting time. A well-fed flock will sometimes molt so easily that the process will be hardly noticed, and will even continue to drop a few eggs every day. It is often easy to get meat from the slaughter houses. When pigs or hogs are killed there are waste portions that may be cooked and kept for a few days. This will greatly stimulate the production of new feathers and will correspondingly relieve the strain on the system.

We notice in a poultry paper the expression of the editor, "Never, never, never, feed soft messes of any kind." To us this appears a rather queer suggestion. It is queer in the light of modern experience, which seems to have demonstrated that the soft mess is a great boon to the poultry, especially if they have been for months confined to a grain ration. Many of our most successful poultrymen feed soft food once a day the year round, and find it of great advantage. The writer of this always had trouble with indigestion in his fowls before he adopted the plan of giving the fowls a breakfast of cooked or scalded ground food. Since that time, a period of five years, no indigestion has appeared, and he attributes that fact entirely to the fact that the whole-grain ration was in part supplanted by a food that required less work by the digestive organs of fowls.

The King Bird and the Poultryman.

Don't allow the small boy with the squirrel rifle to go into your groves and practice his marksmanship on the King birds, says Wallace's Farmer. The question is often asked what is the best method of destroying the hawks which prove such a hindrance to the poultry raiser. The success which you meet with in destroying the hawks will be nothing to brag about, it matters not what plan you may adopt to that end. The hawk is an exceedingly wary bird, and you will spend many weary hours trying to trap him, without success. But you can enter into an alliance with the King birds, and when the hawk comes strutting your way in search of a dinner they will furnish him so much entertainment that he will forget what he came for. He will soon learn where a pair of these audacious little fighters are on guard, and will avoid the locality in his flights. The King bird kills some bees, and for that reason every body so minded think they have a license to slay them without mercy;

GREY TOULOUSE-GEESE.



Manly Miles: These are the two largest geese known; they are very compact in body, dignified in carriage, quiet and gentle in disposition. When 3 years old and well fattened they will frequently weigh forty-five to fifty pounds per pair, sometimes reaching as high as sixty pounds per pair. They will lay from thirty to forty eggs in a season and seldom sit. Their feathers are valuable, of which they yield about half a pound at a picking. The goslings are more hardy than the common variety and grow very rapidly, fre-

quently weighing, when 4 or 5 weeks old, from six to eight pounds each, and at 3 months from fifteen to eighteen pounds. They require no food but pasturage, except in winter. In color the geese and gander are alike, but can be distinguished by the form and voice, the gander being taller and more upright than the goose, while they have larger necks and a higher-keyed voice than the goose. The quality of the flesh is good. On this page we show a pair of gray geese of this variety.

ented, and the Cornell Experiment Station at Ithaca, N. Y., has recently published a bulletin describing and illustrating eight forms of them, as described in the Patent Office Gazette. Persons interested may perhaps secure a copy of this bulletin on application. The farmers and dairymen of Indiana are advised not to purchase these cans. The price as a rule is exorbitant and the practice of dilution is undesirable. But if the farmer wishes to secure the same results advertised by the makers of these cans, he may obtain them by diluting his milk in a comparatively inexpensive, round can, such as may be secured of any reputable dairy supply house, or can be made by any good tinsmith. Such a can, however, should have a saucer in the bottom, through which the skimmed milk may be drawn. In fact, if our farmers will set their milk undiluted in deep cans—say eighteen to twenty inches deep and eight in diameter—set in cold water or cold room, they will get more satisfactory returns than when set in shallow pans or crocks.—C. S. Plumb, Director.

About the Poultry Yard.

The element of beauty should not be lost sight of in the breeding of poultry. Certainly the good-looking hen is not likely to lay any more eggs than the unsightly one. Nevertheless, there is a real value in having a flock uniform in color and markings, and withal beautiful. The young especially are stimulated by the beauty of the fowls to take an interest in them. This interest may develop into something of value to the ones that are moved by it.

THE NAME STEWART.

What is the Correct Spelling of the Name?

At a recent meeting of the Clan Stewart Society in Glasgow, Col. John Stewart of Ardvoirlich, who presided, referring to the different ways of spelling the clan name, said that the "different ways of spelling the name arose either from accidental causes or other well-defined reasons. The final letter 't' was substituted for the 'd' of the original name 'Steward' for the sake of euphony. The spelling of the name 'Stewart' was quite accidental, arising probably from the illegibility of the writing of some member; while the spelling of Stuart was caused by Queen Mary, on her return from France, using the French spelling of her name, to which she had been accustomed, and many clansmen perpetuated the royal spelling. But in whatever way they spell their name, they all came from the original stock. Nor does this end the matter, for it may be remembered by many that the Earl of Galloway refused to take part in the collection of the "Stuart exhibition" in London in 1889, because the committee refused to spell the name "Stewart," as his lordship himself does. He maintained that this was the only correct orthography, and held aloof from the exhibition which disregarded this assertion. This, however, seemed rather high-handed, especially when we discover by reference to historical documents that nearly all the famous people of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries spell their names in two or three different ways. In short, there was no "proper spelling," though Mary Queen of Scots always wrote "Stuart," for the simple reason that she was educated in France and the French alphabet had no "w." Earlier kings of her race spell their names "Steward," or "Stewart," or "Stuart," at the fancy of the moment when they held the pen. We have nearly thirty different ways on record of spelling the surname of Stewart in English, Gaelic, French, Latin, Italian, Spanish and Dutch, as follows: Steward, Stewart, Stewart, Stuart, Stuard, Steuarde, Steuard, Steuart, Steuert, Stewart, Steort, Steubhart, Steubhart, Stubbart, Stuard, Stuard, Stuard, Sturgard, Stuyarde, Styward, Stuardus, Estuard, Estuarza, Stivard, Stivardi. It is contended that "the right etymology" is S-dew-ard—the Lord High, or the High Lord—that is, the lord next to the king in power.

RUBBER IS GETTING SCARCE.

For That Reason Old Bicycle Tires Are Being Made Over.

The popularity of bicycling has created a great demand for rubber and as a consequence the commodity is becoming scarce and the need of economy in its use is imperative. It may not be generally known that the India-rubber dolls, animals and other toys used by children in many cases began their commercial existence in the form of bicycle tires. All our India-rubber toys come from Germany, and several enterprising English shippers have found that the shipment of old, worn-out tires to the German factories is a very profitable business. During the past two years tons of old rubber, that used formerly to be thrown away, or remade into cheap doormats, have been shipped to Germany, and sent back transformed into elaborate and gaudy squeaking dolls, elephants and other toys. Though rubber is used for a wider variety of articles than any other material, more rubber was used last year in the manufacture of bicycle tires than for any other purpose, and the demand for rubber is now permanently in excess of the supply. More than 800,000 pairs of tires were made in England during the last season, and it is impossible to make them of any but the very best rubber.

Stevenson as a Writer.

Edmond Gosse has written a paper on "Stevenson's Relation with Children," in Chambers' Journal. In it he relates a story of his youthful days, as narrated to himself by Stevenson. He was still a little fellow when in the summer holidays, after reading a number of detective novels of a bad kind, he was passing one Sunday afternoon along a road in an Edinburgh suburb. There he saw a deserted house, furnished, but without a caretaker. It struck young Stevenson that it would be a fine thing to break into the house, which he accordingly did, roaming from room to room, looking at books and pictures in great excitement, until he thought he heard a noise in the garden. Terror seized upon him as he imagined himself handcuffed and conveyed to prison just as the church folks were returning home. He burst into crying, then managed to creep out as he had come in.

Day Dreaming.

Day dreaming and the building of fantastic castles in the air is not half so innocuous and harmless a pleasure as it seems. The day dreamer, according to medical experts, is akin to a lunatic. Children and old men who revel in day-dreams have mental characteristics of the insane. Often they tell lies, not because they lack the moral sense, but because they have distorted in themselves imagination. Gradually they lose the requisite will power to concentrate their minds on a given subject, and their thoughts begin to wander. Then it is only a race between insanity and death, the winner claiming the dreamer.

Had the Symptom.

Bilkins—Smyth tries to make people believe that he belongs to the "upper crust." Wilkins—Well, I should think he did belong to the "upper crust." Bilkins—In what way does he show it? Wilkins—Always short and astily broke.—Brooklyn Life.

The man who travels alone tells lies.