DR. TALMAGE.

A Letter of Salutation From the Brooklyn Divine.

His Trip to the Holy Land—Pleasant and Unpleasant Experiences—What He Will Tell When He Gets Home.

Instead of the usual sermon Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, who is abroad, gave out the following letter for publication, which will be of interest to all readers of his sermons. It is dated Constantinople:

On leaving America I addressed some words of farewell to my sermonic readers, and now, on my way home, I write this letter of salutation, which will probably reach you about the Monday that will find me on the Atlantic ocean, from which I can not reach you with the usual sermon. I have completed the journey of inspection for which I came. Others may write a life of Christ without seeing the Holy Land. I did not feel competent for such a work until I had seen with my own eyes the sacred places; and so I left home and church and native country for a most arduous undertaking. I have visited the scenery connected with our Lord's history. The whole journey has been to me a surprise, an amazement, a grand rapture or a deep solemnity. I have already sent to America my Holy Land observations for my "Life of Christ," and they were written on horseback, on muleback, on camelback, on ship's deck, by dim candle in tent, in mud hovel of Arab village, amid the ruins of old cities, on Mount of Beatitudes, on beach of Genesareth, but it will take twenty years of sermons to tell what I have seen and felt on this journey through Palestine and Syria. All things have combined to make our tour instructive and advantageous. The Atlantic and Mediterranean and Adriatic and Ægean and Dardanelles and Marmora seas have treated us well.

Since we left New York we have had but a half day and one night of storm, and that while crossing Mount Hermon. But let those only in robust health attempt to go the length of Palestine and Syria on horseback. I do not think it is because of the unhealthy climate in the Holy Land that so many have sickened and died there or afterward as a result of visiting these lands, but because of the fatigues of travel. The number of miles gives no indication of the exhaustion of the way. A hundred and fifty miles in Palestine and Syria on horseback demand as much physical strength as 400 miles on horseback in regions of easy journey.

Because of the nearly two months of bright sunlight by day, and bright moonlight or starlight by night, the half day of storm was to us the most memorable. It was about noon of December 18 that the tempest struck us and drenched the mountains. One of the horses falls and we halt amid a blinding rain. It is freezing cold. Fingers and feet like ice. Two hours and three-quarters before encampment. We ride on in silence, longing for the terminus of to-day's pilgrimage. It is, through the awful inclemency of the weather, the only dangerous day of the journey. Slip and slide and tumble and climb and stumble we must, sometimes on the horse and sometimes off, until at last we halt in the hovel of a village, and instead of entering camp for the night we are glad to find this retreat from the storm. It is a house of one story, built out of mud. My room is covered with a roof of goat's hair. A feeble fire mid floor, but no chimney. It is the best house of the village. Arabs, young and old, stand around in wonderment as to why we came. There is no window in the room, but two little openings, one over the door and the other in the wall, through which later opening I occasionally find an Arab face thrust in to see how I am progressing. But the door is open so I have some light. This is an afternoon and night never to be forgotten for its exposures and acquaintance with the hardships of what an Arab considers luxurious apartment. I sat that night by a fire, the smoke of which, finding no appropriate place of exit, took lodgment in my nostrils and eyes. For the first time in my life I realized that chimneys were a luxury but not a necessity. The only adornments in this room were representations of two tree branches in the mud of the wall, a circle supposed to mean a star, a bottle hung from the ceiling and about twelve indentations in the wall to be used as mantels for any thing that may be placed there.

This storm was not a surprise. Through pessimistic prophets we had expected that at this season we should have rain and snow and hail throughout our journey. For the most part it has been sunshine and tonic atmosphere, and not a moment has our journey been hindered. Gratitude to God is with us the dominant emotion.

Having visited the scenery connected with Christ's life I was glad to close my journey by passing through the apostolic lands and seas. You can hardly imagine our feelings as we came in sight of Damascus, and on the very road where Saul was unhorsed at the flash of the supernal light. We did not want, like him, to be flung to the earth, but we did hope for some great spiritual blessing brighter than any noonday sun, and a new preparation for usefulness. Our long horseback ride was ended, for a carriage met us some miles out and took us to the city. The impression one receives as he rides along the walled gardens of the place are different from those received in any other city. But we can not describe our feelings as we enter the city about which we have heard and read so much, the oldest city under the sun, and founded by the grandson of Noah; nor our emotions as we pass through the street called Straight, along which good Ananias went to meet Saul; and by the site of the palace of Naaman the leper, and saw the river Abana, as yesterday we saw Pharpar, the rivers of Damascus that Naaman preferred to wash in rather than Jordan. Strange and unique Damascus! To one, who like myself, is about to cross the Atlantic and Europe is one of the place of battle and massacre, and of ancient affluence and splendor as well as it is of present prosperity, to me its chief attraction arises from the fact that here the scales fell from Paul's eyes, and that chief of apostles here began that mission which will not end until Heaven is peopled with ransomed spirits. So also I saw day before yesterday Patmos, where John heard the trumpets and the waves of the sea dashed to his feet, reminding him of the songs of Heaven, "like the voice of many waters."

But this letter can only give a hint of the things we mean to tell you when we get home, where we expect to be before this month is ended. I baptized by immersion in the Jordan an American whom we met, and who desired the solemn ordinance administered to him in the sacred waters. I rolled down from Mount Calvary or "place of a skull" a stone for the corner stone of our new Brooklyn tabernacle. We bathed in the "Dead Sea" and in "Gideon's Fountain" where his three hundred men lapped the water from their hands as they passed through; and we sailed on Lake Galilee and stood on Mount Zion and Mount Moriah and Mount Hermon, and I saw the place where the shepherds heard the Christmas anthem the night Christ was born; and have been at Nazareth, and Capernaum, and sat by "Jacob's Well" and saw Tel-el-Kebir of modern battle and Megiddo of ancient battle, and where the Israelites crossed the desert, and slept at Bethel, where one ladder was let down into Jacob's dream, but the night I slept there the heavens were full of ladders, first a ladder of clouds, then a ladder of stars, and all up and down the heavens were the angels of beauty, angels of consolation, angels of God ascending and descending; and I was on nearly all the fields of Herodic, and Solomonic, and Davidic, and Mosaic, and Abrahamic history. I took Rome, and Naples, and Athens, and Alexandria, and Cairo on the way out, and take the Greek Archipelago, and Constantinople, and Vienna on the way back. What more can God in His goodness grant me in the way of natural scenery, and classic association, and spiritual opportunity! Ah, yes! His- thing of something gladder than that He can grant me. Safe return to the people of my beloved flock, the field of my work, and the land where my fathers died, and in the dust of whose valleys I pray God I may be buried.

T. DeWitt Talmage.

GREAT CONTRACTORS.

Men Who Knew How to Control Great Masses of Laborers.

When the great works which we call railways—and which are greater in the labor expended on them than all the pyramids ever built—were first projected it was seen that a new class of builder was required, men who could carry out scientific orders on a grand scale, who could manage rough workmen in armies, who could build by the mile instead of the yard, and who could be trusted never to rest satisfied with unworkmanlike results. Properly speaking, according to the theorists, the work ought to have been done by co-operative clubs of navvies—workmen so called because the only great earthworks of the immediate past were canals, and those who cut them were nicknamed "navigators"—but the clubs did not exist, and, if they had existed, would not have possessed either adequate capital or sufficiently capable dictators. Committees can not cut tunnels any more than they can command a ship. It was found, too, that little contractors wanted a big man over them. If one of them failed or proved incompetent, the entire great work was stopped; they were often almost insanely jealous of each other, and their aggregate profits were quite as heavy a burden as the fortune the big contractor might be expected to make. Shareholders are not idealists; they felt that they wanted big men as agents, and as soon as the demand became strong, big men came to the front. They came forward from every class in the country, except the highest—engineers, bridge builders, canal cutters, brickmakers and a host of men even less accustomed to large work, but who felt the capacity to do it. Some succeeded and some failed, but among all the former there was, we have heard old engineers say, a strong family likeness. They were not, as a rule, what is called intellectual men, did not study books much, and did their thinking with a rapidity which nowadays would make critics doubt if they thought at all. They were not even like engineers, but more like the early Kings or Generals of the pre-Prussian period, who knew how to make men obey, how to overcome obstacles and how to get out of masses of laborers direct and positive results. That last, as all great engineers know, is a separate faculty, which, curiously enough, does not belong to all men who understand great works—which, for example, has not been displayed by the group of men, many of them quite exceptionally qualified in other respects, who have expended so many millions upon the Panama canal. They were nearly all rough men, but they had to make themselves feared by multitudes to whom softness seemed a little contemptible; but they, or at least all who succeeded, possessed two rare faculties—they could decide at once and irrevocably, and they could choose men.—Spectator.

When to Wind a Watch.

A dry-goods merchant and a jeweler were going home together on a street car at the close of their day's labors, and the former drew from his vest his handsome time-piece and proceeded to wind it up. "This isn't the right time of day to do that," said his friend. "Every watch should be wound at home the first thing in the morning, so that the fullest tension of the spring may be put upon the movement during the jarring of the owner's footsteps while he is up and awake. This will save frequent regulation of the time-piece. Try it for a month or two and you'll be surprised at the improvement in your time."—Jewelers' Weekly.

Legislation in Chicago.

Gentleman (entering street car magnate's office, Chicago)—Is Colonel Cabeline in?

Office Boy—Nope. He's out to buy some aldermen. Back in five minutes.—N. Y. Weekly.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

The Beginning and End of the Chicago University.

Base Uses to Which Stephen A. Douglas' Gift to Chicago May Come—The Little Giant and His Weighty Son.

[Special Chicago Correspondence.]

The name and fame of Stephen A. Douglas are closely identified with the growth and development of the State of Illinois and the city of Chicago. The "Little Giant," who, born in 1813 in Vermont, and early apprenticed to the trade of cabinet-making, was compelled to educate himself, always had a loving sympathy with struggling young men; and prompted by this feeling he was easily persuaded to contribute a portion of his possessions toward the foundation of a university in Chicago. How he accumulated his wealth is a matter of history. Ill health compelling him to give up the trade for which his parents had intended him, he studied law in Canandaigua, N. Y., and in 1833 came West, settling at Jacksonville, Ill. His talents were quickly recognized and appreciated by the progressive people of Illinois, who made him Attorney-General before he had reached the age of twenty-two.

In 1840 he was elected Secretary of State, and in 1841 was appointed Judge of the State Supreme Court. Two years later he entered Congress, where he soon became conspicuous for his views on the Oregon boundary question, and his eloquent advocacy of the annexation of Texas. In 1853 he became noted throughout the world as the author of the bill for the organization of the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska, which, as is well known, brought about a revolution in the political parties of the United States and played a most important part in bringing the slavery question to a crisis. In 1852 and again in 1856 he was an unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency, two blows from which he never entirely recovered and which probably led to his premature death in 1861.

While at the height of his political glory, and while being in the regular receipt of a large income derived from successful real estate speculations, the statesman was, in 1855, visited by Rev. Dr. J. C. Burroughs, then a prominent Baptist clergyman of Chicago, at his Washington home. The worthy doctor laid his plans for a university in Chicago before Senator Douglas, who at that time owned a large tract of land fronting on Cottage Grove avenue, near Lake Michigan. Dr. Burroughs was anxious to have the institution placed under Baptist control, but to this Douglas objected. Six months later, however, he retreated from his position and gave the land to Dr. Burroughs individually with the understanding that the board of control of the university should be composed of no more than a majority of gentlemen of the Baptist denomination.

SENATOR DOUGLAS.

Dr. Burroughs then raised subscriptions amounting to $225,000, and in 1859 the erection of the grand, but scarcely practical, structure, a picture of which accompanies this article, was begun. Dr. Burroughs, the prime mover in the enterprise, was elected president of the institution, and established as high a standard of study as that pursued in the New England universities.

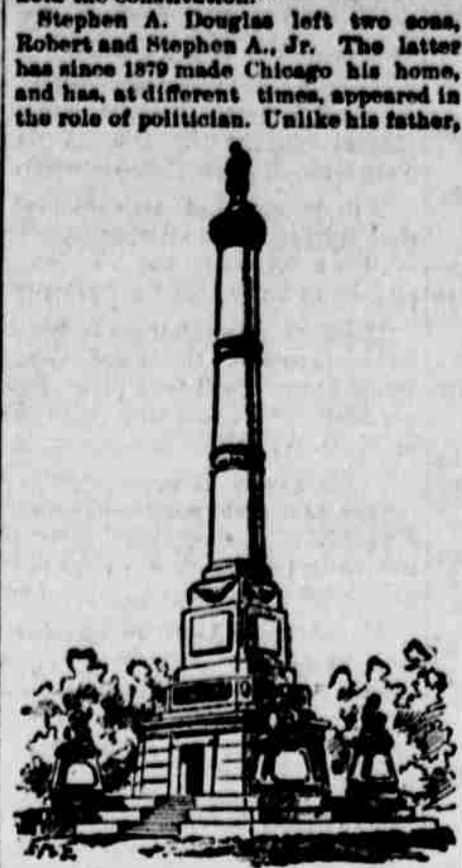
The people, however, suffering from the consequences of the financial depression of '57 and '58, and the civil war were unable to support the college, and, at the close of Dr. Burroughs' administration in 1878, the property was mortgaged to the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company to the amount of three hundred thousand dollars. Dr. Burroughs was succeeded in the presidency by Rev. Lemuel Moss, Hon. Alonzo Abernethy and Rev. Galusha Anderson, but none of them succeeded in lightening the financial load. Finally the university was abandoned, and the property passed into the hands of the Union Life Insurance Company, whose agents are now engaged in tearing down the historical college building.

CHICAGO UNIVERSITY.

Thus, a charitable work, which should have forever perpetuated the memory of Stephen A. Douglas in the hearts of the Western people, was wrecked by the financial vicissitudes of a war which he had so earnestly desired to prevent, and, had it not been for the disinterested efforts of his countless admirers, nothing in the shape of a lasting structure would remain to remind coming generations of one of the greatest of Western statesmen.

Thanks to the efforts of these men, however, a grand monument, which cost, with the ground about it, $97,000, was dedicated in the city of Chicago August 18, 1881, twenty years after it was originally proposed. This monument was designed by Leonard W. Volk, the famous sculptor. Around the main shaft, which is 95 feet 9 inches high, surmounted by a heroic statue of Stephen A. Douglas, gazing over the waters of Lake Michigan, are four allegorical figures, representing Justice, History, Eloquence and Illinois, each on a separate pedestal. In bas relief around the base are groups depicting the advance of civilization. The base is octagonal, 20 feet in diameter. On one side is this inscription: "Stephen A. Douglas. Born April 23, 1813; died June 3, 1861. 'Tell my children to obey the laws and uphold the constitution.'"

Stephen A. Douglas left two sons, Robert and Stephen A., Jr. The latter has since 1879 made Chicago his home, and has, at different times, appeared in the role of politician. Unlike his father,



DOUGLAS MONUMENT.

who was a Democrat to the backbone, young Stephen is a strong Republican. Born November 3, 1850, in the family home of his mother in North Carolina, he received a thorough education at Georgetown College, and subsequently supervised his mother's estate, consisting of several plantations in North Carolina, Mississippi and Texas. In 1870, before he was twenty years old, he was made chairman of a Republican county delegation to the State convention, and subsequently became editor-in-chief of the Raleigh Standard, the organ of the Republican party in North Carolina. In the same year he was appointed Adjutant-General of the State, and in 1872 became a Presidential elector. Four years later the party honored him again in a similar way.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, JR.

Arriving at Chicago in 1879 he began the practice of law, and was, the following year, elected in company with the famous Long John Wentworth, a Grant delegate, to the Republican National convention, from which the two men mentioned, together with sixteen other Illinois delegates of the same faction, were expelled. Since that time young Douglas has devoted his political talents to stump-speaking, but has not yet succeeded in securing a reward for his labors. Of personal appearance the namesake of the Little Giant has no reason to be proud, unless he might happen to run across an admirer of short stature and a mass of adipose tissue. Vulgarly speaking, Stephen A. Douglas, Jr., is fat, so fat in fact that his eyes have hard work to peep out into the world. He has, however, a great name and has inherited some of his father's eloquence, so that what nature has denied him is more than balanced by what his ancestry has given him.

The name of Douglas will forever be honored in Chicago, and, for that matter, throughout the West. Still it is to be regretted that the grand gift of a great man to the cause of American education is to be parceled out among real-estate speculators and that where once was a seat of learning may in a few months stand two or three beer saloons and gin-shops. But then the ways of Providence are inscrutable, and kicking against the pricks is a useless occupation.

G. W. Weippiert.

HE SAID "NO."

A Senator Who Has the Courage of His Convictions.

There are few men in public life who have the courage to say "No" when called upon to do improper things. Hence it is worthy of note when a statesman can be found who deliberately and positively refuses to indorse a person or scheme which his judgment indicates should not receive his assistance. A young man from Missouri was in Washington seeking an important consulate. His indorsements were excellent, but he kept adding to them whenever he could do so. One day he called upon Senator Plumb, of Kansas, with whom he was slightly acquainted, and requested his recommendation. The Senator, in brusque, frank, earnest fashion, immediately replied:

"I won't indorse you, but I will defeat you for the appointment if I can do so. I am sent here by the State of Kansas, and it is my duty to represent that State. Hundreds of people from other States have come to me for my recommendation, and I say "No" to all of them. You are from Missouri, and you must depend upon your Missouri friends to help you. There are several Kansas men who want just such a place as that for which you are applying. I shall not jeopardize their chances by indorsing you. On the contrary, I shall do all that I can to help the people of my own State, and if I can defeat you and get a Kansas man appointed to that place you may rest assured that I shall do so."

The young man was astounded, but, being bright, intelligent and experienced in affairs, he appreciated the situation and said:

"You are right, Senator Plumb. You are right. But you are the first man in either branch of Congress who has said 'No' to me, and you have surprised me. I like you, and if you beat me in this matter I shall emigrate from Missouri to Kansas. I want just such a Senator to represent me as you are."

A Kentucky Minority—Those who are not Mates.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

PEPPERMINT.

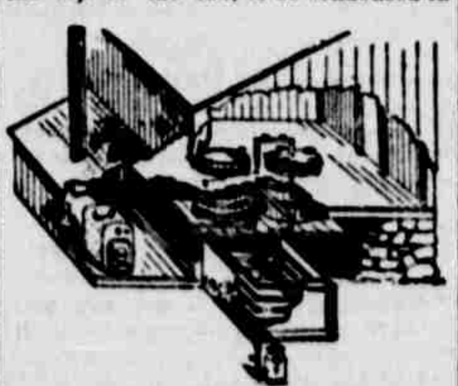
Some Facts About Its Culture—Process of Distillation—Eastern Farmers Find It a Profitable Crop—A Hint to Farmers of Other Sections.

The production of peppermint oil may appear like a small matter, but the people of Wayne County, N. Y., could not easily be made to believe so, says the American Agriculturist. The peppermint industry pours nearly, and sometimes perhaps fully, a million dollars into that single county per year. From Wayne County comes a very large share of the peppermint oil produced in the United States, the balance being produced mostly in Michigan. The oil is used in a limited way for medicinal purposes, much more largely by confectioners for flavoring, and also in printing cotton fabrics. The plant is one of the numerous members of the *Labiatæ* family, genus *Mentha*, and known botanically as *Mentha piperita*. Its culture is by no means complicated or difficult. The chief point is to begin right, especially in the matter of clean culture. Patches of peppermint are often met with in a wild state along the edges of swamps, ponds or streams, and the plant, in such positions, seems to thrive remarkably well. It succeeds, however, on almost any soil, and even yields more oil when grown upland than in low situations. The crop always succeeds best when planted early.

The land selected for the crop should be well drained and in a fair average state of fertility. No manure of any kind is ever applied, as it is thought to cause excessively rank growth and consequent dropping of the leaves. As early in April as possible the land is plowed and harrowed, and furrows marked out twenty inches apart and two to three inches deep. The sets used for planting are pieces of the creeping root stock or underground stem, from one to two feet long, dug in spring from a plantation started the year before. From six to eight square rods of such plantation will furnish roots enough to plant an acre. In planting the grower takes an armful of the roots and drops two or three in a place and so thickly in the furrows that there will be no bare spaces, and covers the sets with his feet as he goes along. One man will plant from one-quarter to one-half acre a day. The plants soon begin to grow, and cultivation and hoeing should not be long delayed. Some of the plants may be a little backward in starting, and the hoe should not be struck into the rows until all the plants are up. The cultivator should run shallow and not be allowed to throw soil on the young plants. Many of the growers use cultivator teeth made for the purpose in the nearest blacksmith's shop. The Planet, Jr., horse-hoe works well, but the Planet, Jr., or Ruhlman's hand-wheel hoe do still better for keeping the narrow rows clean of weeds. The patch has to be kept worked by cultivator and hoe until the plants begin to cover the ground. No more attention is required after this, except to annually mow, cure and distill the mint. Usually but three crops are taken off one plantation, the ground getting too much overrun with grass and weeds to pay for further cropping.

When the peppermint is in blossom, usually in August, it is ready for working up. Some growers mow it with the scythe, especially the first year, while the second and third crops are often cut with a mower, care being taken not to work in it during very hot weather, or to handle it more than necessary, as the oil volatilizes very readily. When cut, it is left on the ground to cure. When the leaves are well wilted, but before they begin to crumble, the crop is put up in small cocks, like hay.

The process of distillation is quite simple and the illustration will make it plain to the reader. In a side room is the boiler, which may be portable or stationary, but capable of giving sixty pounds pressure. The vats or tubs are steam-tight, five or six feet in diameter, and about the same in depth. When filled with the peppermint freshly drawn from the field, the vats are closed with tight-fitting covers. The steam is then turned on at the bottom. It vaporizes the oil, and the mixture of steam and oil escapes through a tin pipe at the top of the tub, to be condensed in



COMPLETE PEPPERMINT STILL.

the "worm." This is a coil of pipes contained in a large vat, kept filled with cold water. The condensed steam, and with it the oil, flows from the lower open end into a "receiver" made of tin. The oil being lighter than the water, always remains on top, while the water flows off through a pipe, near the bottom, bent upright at a right angle and ending in two branches.

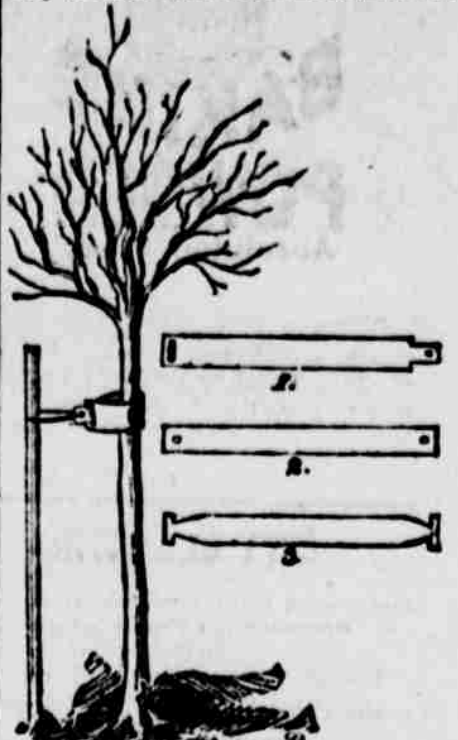
When it is desired to run off the oil the water-discharge pipe is plugged up, and water filled in through the funnel at end of pipe, until the oil rises in the receiver and flows off. The oil is stored in cans. When it is all run off the plug is removed from the drain pipe and the water allowed to pass out. Our illustration shows all the details of the interior arrangement. A still of this kind, with a capacity of producing from seventy to one hundred and fifty pounds of oil in twenty-four hours, can be put up for from $800 to $1,000.

"The devils got into swine two thousand years ago, and all of them never got out," said a man who had been trying to get a pig into the pen for half an hour. There is a good deal of devil in a hog, and there is some in man. The pig no doubt thinks some men are all devil.

STAKING YOUNG TREES.

An Excellent Device for Protecting Young Orchards.

Young trees set last spring or in the autumn, if in an exposed situation, should be staked up, and if this matter has been neglected it should now receive prompt attention, as the constant moving to and fro by the wind not only causes the tree to grow out of the perpendicular, but strains and often checks the bark, not infrequently girdling the tree where it continually grates against the frozen ground, all of which should be avoided. The general plan of staking is shown in the illustration, and three forms of bands are also exhibited. They are best made from old rubber boots or shoes cut in strips seven inches long and from one to two inches wide; but in the absence of rubber this leather may be used. In either case connection may be made with the stake with No. 12



STAKING YOUNG TREES.

annealed wire. Of course, the stake should be located upon the windward side of the tree, and when large trees are set two or three stakes should be used. In all cases the band should be large enough to contain two years' growth of the trees without pressing, and unless in a very exposed situation in two years from setting a tree should be so firmly established as to dispense with further support.—Rural New Yorker.

SWINE TALK.

Hints as to the Care and Treatment of Brood Sows.

The brood sows should be kept in fine, thrifty condition. By this I do not mean fat enough for market, but so they look well. Old sows that have reached maturity, if of any of the improved breeds, need but little feed to keep them in prime condition, except when suckling pigs or for a short time after rearing their young, in order to gain the flesh they have lost by the drain the pigs have made on them. Young sows should be fed about all they will eat, of a variety of food, such as oats, corn, middlings and milk, with the run of a grass lot. Oil meal is very good, in proper quantity. Keep them growing so that they may be large and well developed before having their first litter of pigs. They should be eight months old before being bred; they will then be one year old at farrowing time, and if properly taken care of will have no trouble in being delivered of their young.

Often farmers have trouble with young sows at time of giving birth, simply because they are coupled too young, or have not had sufficient feed to develop growth. Many a young sow has died at farrowing, either through the carelessness or ignorance of the owner, by being bred too small and young. I have been called in to give assistance at such times when it was impossible to render any, except with an instrument made especially for the purpose.

After the sow has been coupled she should be turned by herself in a close pen, where she will keep quiet until the heat has passed off. Watch her from eighteen to twenty-two days after coupling, as that is the time they generally come in if not safe in pig, although I have known instances where a sow would come in in fourteen days, and have known them again to go twenty-nine days, but these are only rare cases. When safe in pig feed on good wholesome food, with a clean warm place to sleep, and above all allow them plenty of exercise whenever the weather will permit. I can not impress this word exercise too strongly, as upon it depends to a great extent the crop of pigs. A sow that has been allowed the exercise she should have will be delivered of her young much easier, and her pigs will be more fully developed, will come stronger, grow better and make better pigs than a sow that has been confined in a close pen and fed principally on corn. The sow that has been confined will give birth to more runty pigs than the one that has had exercise.—J. L. Van Doren, in Ohio Farmer.

Working Barren Land.

A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker earnestly advises any young man who has a few hundred dollars to invest in a small farm not to purchase poor or half barren land with the hope of bringing it up to fertility, but to buy elsewhere. This advice accords with the practice of some good farmers whom we have known, one of whom had a farm of his own in a portion of the State known for its sterility. He did not undertake to work that farm, knowing that it would not produce enough, but let it to others. Not being rich enough to buy another farm, he then rented one in a fertile portion of Western New York, where his share from the land was greater than the whole product of the poor farm, and he did well by the operation. It often happens that the same amount of labor must be performed on both; and it requires no more labor in plowing, cultivating and other work on the best land than on that which gives only twenty bushels of corn to the acre.