

**GARLANDS FOR HEROES.**

A Decoration Day Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

Garlands for All the Dead, Both North and South—Honors Due to Both Sides—No Time for Sectionalism Now.

On the Sunday after decoration day Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage preached an appropriate sermon at Brooklyn. His subject was: "Two Garlands for Northern and Southern Graves." Over the pulpit were two wreaths of beautiful flowers, and they were linked together so that they were an object lesson of the subject presented. His text was from Isaiah 43: 6: "I will say to the North, Give up, and to the South, Keep not back."

Just what my text meant by the north and south, I cannot say, but in the United States the two words are so point blank in their meaning that no one can doubt. They mean more than east and west, for although between those two last there have been many disturbing ambitions and infidelities and silver bills and world's fair controversies, there have been between no batteries unnumbered, no encroachments dug, no long lines of sepulchral mounds thrown up. It has never been Massachusetts for the north against Wisconsin, nor has there been Virginia artillery against Mississippi rifles. East and west are distinct words and sometimes may mean diversity of interest, but they do not mean anything of warring and death groan. But the north and the south are words that have been surcharged with tragedies. They are words which suggest that for forty years the clouds had been gathering for a four years' tempest which thirty years ago burst in a fury that shook this planet as it has never been shaken since it swung out at the first world building. I think God that the words have lost most of the intensity which they had for the three decades ago; that a vast multitude of northern people have moved south and a vast multitude of southern people have moved north and there have been intermarriages by the ten thousand, and northern colonists have married daughters of southern captains, and Texas rangers have united for life with the daughters of New York abolitionists, and their children are half northern and half southern and altogether patriotic.

But north and south are words that need to be brought into still closer harmonization. I thought that now when we are half way between presidential elections and sectional animosities are at the lowest ebb, and when our government presidential journey when our chief magistrate, who was chiefly elected by the north, has been cordially received at the south, and now just after the memorial days, one of them a month ago strewing flowers on southern graves and the other yesterday strewing flowers on northern graves, it might be appropriate and useful for me to preach a sermon which would twist two garlands, one for the northern dead and the other for the southern dead, and have the two twined in a chain of flowers that shall bind forever the two sections into one; and who knows but that this may be the day when the prophecy of the text, made in regard to this country, and the north give up its prejudices and the south keep not back its confidence. "I will say to the north, give up, and to the south, keep not back."

But before I put these garlands on the graves, I mean to put them this morning a little while on the brows of the living men and women of the north and south who lost husbands and sons and brothers during the civil strife. There is nothing more soothing to a woman than a cool hand on her forehead and the other two twined in a chain of flowers that shall bind forever the two sections into one; and who knows but that this may be the day when the prophecy of the text, made in regard to this country, and the north give up its prejudices and the south keep not back its confidence. "I will say to the north, give up, and to the south, keep not back."

What fatherly and motherly concern! What tears! What heartbreaks! What charges to write home often! What little keepsakes put away in the knapsack or the bundle that was to be exchanged for the knapsack! The crowd around the depot or steamboat landing shouted, but father and mother and sister cried. And how lonely the house seemed after they went home and what an awfully vacant chair there was at the Christmas and Thanksgiving table! And after the battle, what waiting for news! What suspense! What lists of the killed and wounded were made out.

All along the Potomac and the Connecticut and the St. Lawrence and the Ohio and the Oregon and the James and the Alabama and the Mississippi and there were lamentation and mourning and great woe, Rachel weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted because they were not.

The world has forgotten it, but father and mother have not forgotten it. They may be now in the eighties or the nineties, but it is a fresh wound and it will always remain a fresh wound. Coming down the steep of years the hands that would have shielded them from following steps have been twenty-eight years folded into the last sleep. The childlessness, the widowhood, the orphanage, who has a measuring line long enough to tell the height of it, the depth of it, the intensity of it, what a mountain, what an altar, what a hill, what a lay of piled-up agony of bereavement in the simple statement that 300,000 men of the north were slain and 500,000 of the south were slain, and hundreds of thousands long afterwards, through the exhaustions there suffered, going down to death!

I detain from the top of the tomb these two garlands that I am twisting for a little while that I may with them twine the lives of the living over the fallen the people said: "Poor fellow! What a pity that he should have been struck down!" We did not, however, often enough say: "Poor father! Poor mother! Poor wife! Poor child!" and say it now. Have you realized that by that wholesale massacre hundreds of thousands of young people at the north and south have never had any chance? We who are fathers stand between our children and the world. We fight their battles with great, round, wondering eyes, hearing her read of those who perished in the battle of the wilderness, their father gone down amid the dead host? Come, young men and young women, who by such disaster have had to make room in life, and I will put the garland on your young and untrunked brow. Yes;

you have had your own Malvern Hill and your own Gettysburg all along these twenty years. Come! And I cannot spare a whole garland for your brow, I will twist in it two locks at least two flowers, one crimson and one white, the crimson for the struggle of your life which has almost amounted to carnage, and the white for the victory you have gained.

But I will put the two garlands I am twisting upon the northern and southern tombs, I detain the garlands a little while that I may put them upon the brow of the living soldiers and sailors of the north and south, who, though in variance for a long while, are now at peace and in hearty joy in the United States government and ready, if need be, to march shoulder to shoulder against any foreign foe.

The twenty-six winters that have passed since the war, I think, have sufficed to cool the hatreds that once burned northward and southward to allow the remark that they who fought in that conflict were honest on both sides. The chaplains of both armies were honest in their prayers. The ones that went into battle, whether they marched to the front or to the rear, or marched toward the north star, were honest faces. It is too much to ask either side to believe that those who came out from their homes, forsaking father and mother and wife and child, and to represent the nation in earnest when they put their life into awful evidence. Witness the last scene at family prayers up among the Green mountains or down by the fields of cotton and sugar cane. Men do not sacrifice their lives for the sake of a modicum of bread or go without bread at all for fun. Men do not sleep unsheltered in equinoctial storms for fun. There were some no doubt on both sides who enlisted for soldiers' pay or expecting opportunity for violence and pillage or burning with revenge, and that is not human blood, but such cases were rare many of you who were in the war four years never confronted such an instance of depravity.

As chaplain of a Pennsylvania regiment and as representative of the United States Christian commission, I was for a while at the front and in those hospitals at Hagerstown and Williamsburg and up and down the Potomac, where all the churches and northern colonists were filled with wounded and dying Federals and Confederates. I forgot amid the horrors to ask on which side they fought, when with what little aid could take them from the suffering bodies and the mighty agony of the hour. I passed the days and months amid scenes that in my memory seem like a ghastly dream rather than possible reality. When a New Orleans boy, unable to answer my question as to where he was hurt, took me out from the field of the only government hospital that had not been torn off him in the battle a New Testament marked with his own life blood, and I saw the leaf turned down at the passage: "My peace I give unto you, that ye may not be troubled, and ye may not be afraid." It read just as though it had been a northern New Testament. And when I sat down and took from a South Carolina dying in a barn at Boonesville his last message to his wife and mother and child, it sounded just like a message that a northern man dying far from home would send to his wife and mother and child. And when I picked up from the battlefield of Antietam the fragment of a letter which I have some where yet, for the name and the address were torn off, I saw it was the words of a wife to her husband telling him how the little child prayed for their father every night that he might not get hurt in the battle and might come home well, but that if anything happened to them they might all meet again in the world where there are no partings, it read just as a northern wife would write to a husband away from home and in peril conveying the messages of little children. O, yes, they were all the same, and the ones who lived to get home and are living yet were just as honest, and ought they for the suffering they endured have a coronal of some kind?

Yes, there was courage on both sides. They who were at the front and who when the war opened the south called the northern men "mudsills," and the north called the southern men "braggarts" and "pompous nothings," but after a few battles nothing more was said about either. It was an army of lions against an army of lions. It was a flock of eagles mid-sky with iron beak against another flock of eagles iron beaked. It was thunderbolt against thunderbolt, and the north was of wrath against archangel of wrath. It was Hancock against Longstreet. It was Kilpatrick against Wade Hampton. It was Sigoum against Hill. It was O. O. Howard against Hood. It was Sherman against Johnston and Lee. It was Grant against Lee. And the men who were under them were just as gallant, and some of them are here, and I detain the two garlands that I have twisted for the departed and in recognition of their sacrifice and present put the coronals upon those living Federals and Confederates. North and south, we make a great fuss about them when they are dead. There will not be room on their tombstones to tell how much we appreciate them. We shall call out the military and explode three rolleys over their graves, making all the cemetery ring under our command of "Fire!" We will have long obituary in newspapers telling in what battles they fought and what sacrifices they endured, what flags they captured, in what prisons they suffered, but all that will come too late. One word in the living ear of praise for their honesty and courage will be worth to them more than a military funeral and a roll of honor or a pile of flowers half a mile high and ten bands of music playing over the grave "Star Spangled Banner" or "Way Down South in Dixie."

Now, while they are in their declining years and their right knee refuses to work because of the rheumatism they got sleeping on the wet ground on the banks of the Chickamauga, or their digestive organs are off on furlough because of the six months of prison life in which they were kept, and a big slice of nothing, and their ears have never been alert since the cannonade in which they heard so much they have been able to hear but little since, in these cases I call upon the people of north and south to substitute a little ante-mortem praise for the good deal of post-mortem eulogium.

These two garlands that I twisted for northern and southern graves shall be put upon the graves of the tomb until the time when the living have fallen the people said: "Poor fellow! What a pity that he should have been struck down!" We did not, however, often enough say: "Poor father! Poor mother! Poor wife! Poor child!" and say it now. Have you realized that by that wholesale massacre hundreds of thousands of young people at the north and south have never had any chance? We who are fathers stand between our children and the world. We fight their battles with great, round, wondering eyes, hearing her read of those who perished in the battle of the wilderness, their father gone down amid the dead host? Come, young men and young women, who by such disaster have had to make room in life, and I will put the garland on your young and untrunked brow. Yes;

Under all the advantages which we had of fatherly guidance, what a struggle life has been to most of us! But what of the children, two and five and ten years of age, who stood at their mother's side with great, round, wondering eyes, hearing her read of those who perished in the battle of the wilderness, their father gone down amid the dead host? Come, young men and young women, who by such disaster have had to make room in life, and I will put the garland on your young and untrunked brow. Yes;

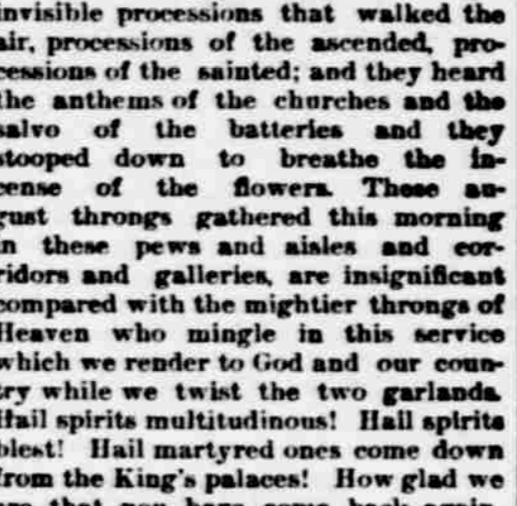
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**THE FARMING WORLD.**

**USEFUL COMBINATION.**

A Combined Door and Table for Partry or Kitchen Closet.

Here is a description for a combined door and table, for partry or kitchen closet. It may be made of common lumber, dressed on both sides, just an ordinary kitchen door, except that there should be two buttons on the outside at the top (when shut) and two on the inside near the bottom. It should be put together solidly and then sawed in two about two feet from the bottom.



COMBINED DOOR AND TABLE—CLOSED.

The lower part is hung as any other door. The upper part (which is to serve both as door and table for making out bread, etc.) must be secured to the top of the lower part with hinges (strap hinges preferred) so that it may be opened back to a horizontal position. It rests on the braces, or legs, which are fastened near the upper part of the top part with hinges, so that when shut they hang down against the door, but when opened down they retain their vertical position. The door, or table, when open, stands around the edges and corners rounded, should be nailed to the floor, on which the outer corner of the bottom of the door may rest when open. The door, when shut, is secured by a bolt near the top—Cor. Farm and Fireside.

**GOOD RESULTS CERTAIN.**

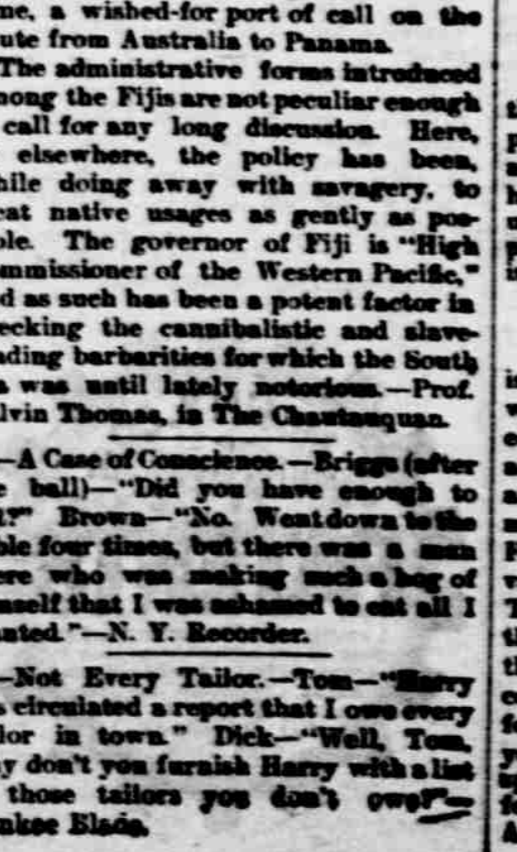
Stain Milk the Best and Most Economical Food for Lambs.

I make a specialty of sheep and horses and raise but few pigs, and so cannot tell the relative profit from feeding skim milk to pigs and lambs. I keep cows on purpose to get both fresh and skim milk for colts and lambs, and find that for some time with favorable results. Skim milk puts the bone and muscle growth into all young animals without making them too fat and without danger of over feeding them. I feed the lambs until they are one month old milk skimmed at the highest, and then I give them a little of the best cow milk; then they will drink any kind of skim milk. In cold weather, I warm the milk and mix with it ground oats and oat meal, and so feed them in either lambs or colts. Early lamb raising is profitable when intelligence and close attention are given to the business, and in my mind early lamb raising is in its infancy in our country. In the first place, lambs are usually dropped in May, so that the ewes can be on grass in warm weather and they get no special attention. This is wrong. The loss of lambs is too great owing to such neglect. Thirty per cent more lambs will be saved if dropped in February, while the sheep are in winter quarters, where they can have the shepherd's care in lambing and have their feed regulated as required under different circumstances, and where the ewes can be made to mother their lambs. Then, too, our people are learning to eat and hence demand good mutton, which early lamb growing and forcing can alone supply. With pork and mutton at present prices, we should raise early mutton lambs and feed them liberally with skimmed milk, but should give with it either mixed or separately, oat meal to counteract the constipation induced by the milk.—G. E. Brock, in Rural New Yorker.

**THE HORSESHOE TRUSS.**

The Simplest Way of Supporting the Suffering Leg.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Wells, the designer of this "horseshoe truss," we are permitted to make a drawing from his plans. The picture shows how the truss is made. At regular distances in the first place, lambs are dropped in February, while the sheep are in winter quarters, where they can have the shepherd's care in lambing and have their feed regulated as required under different circumstances, and where the ewes can be made to mother their lambs. Then, too, our people are learning to eat and hence demand good mutton, which early lamb growing and forcing can alone supply. With pork and mutton at present prices, we should raise early mutton lambs and feed them liberally with skimmed milk, but should give with it either mixed or separately, oat meal to counteract the constipation induced by the milk.—G. E. Brock, in Rural New Yorker.



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Notes from a Lecture by J. E. Kellogg, M. D., of Seattle Creek Hospital.

The two things which stand in the way of the body being in the greatest advancement and taking the rank they are aiming for, in their artificial and unwholesome mode of dress and their lack of physical culture.

With the majority of people the central portion of the body is weak and they are all the time trying to save it from exercise and strain. The hips pivot the natural hinge of the body, but instead of bending there most people bend above it when they stoop. Everybody ought to be able to bend over and touch their fingers to the floor, keeping the knees perfectly stiff. Some are able to bend in this way until they can lay the whole hand on the floor. At a military school the first thing the young men is taught is to stoop and carry a pack, and this bending process is a part of the drill. They are also required to walk for so many hours a day with head erect, shoulders thrown back and the hands at their side with the feet together. "This is out," says the freshman constantly hears.

Not many know how to carry the body in a forcible manner; they let it go as it pleases. But forcible carriage should be taught from childhood until the muscles get so as to hold the body naturally in a strong and graceful manner. The graceful horse is the one of forcible carriage; his neck is arched with strength. Contrast the appearance of the poor old work horse with his head hanging down and a falling to pieces all the reason that men and women fall into such sad muscular decay is because they lack in forcible carriage.

In Belgium and Holland it is a common thing to see women in the flower market coming from their hips, working all day without apparent discomfort. They have broad shoulders, deep chests and fine curves in their spines. Artists consider Holland a finer place to get good subjects for their pictures.

When a person has a proper pose the chest is naturally prominent and that makes a curve in the spine above the hips and throws the hips prominently outward, preserving a graceful outline both back and front of the figure. But when the figure is depraved with corsets, the spine is straightened, the chest flattened and the chin protruding. Recently a woman came into my office with a bad figure of this kind and a desire to pieces look I thought I would try the experiment of making her stand properly to see what the effect would be. Right pose made a different looking woman of her and gave her a dignified and noble appearance quite in contrast to her deplorable physical expression when she came in. There is really just as much expression in the figure as in the face. A person all lopping over conveys a very unpleasant expression to the beholder.

**Once Two Offers.**

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"Do you remember, my dear," he said in a retrospective mood, "the letter-case embroidered with pearl beads that you made for me with your own hands, when we became engaged? It was so costly to piece look I can still see it very plainly. On one side there was embroidered a beautiful butterfly, and the butterfly was on the other side!"

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CATTLE—Shipping steers, 4 1/2 to 5 1/2; Butcher's steers, 3 1/2 to 4 1/2; Native cows, 2 1/2 to 3 1/2; BEEF—Choice, 10 to 12; Choice heavy, 8 to 10; WHEAT—No. 2 red, 90 to 95; No. 2 hard, 85 to 90; OATS—No. 2, 40 to 45; RYE—No. 2, 30 to 35; FLOUR—Patent, per sack, 2 1/2 to 3; Family, 2 to 2 1/2; HAY—Full, 10 to 12; Choice creamery, 8 to 10; CHEESE—Full cream, 9 to 10; EGGS—Choice, 15 to 20; Bacon, 10 to 12; Shoulders, 8 to 10; LARD, 10 to 12; POTATOES, 10 to 12; BUTTER—Shipping steers, 4 1/2 to 5 1/2; Butcher's steers, 3 1/2 to 4 1/2; Native cows, 2 1/2 to 3 1/2; BEEF—Choice, 10 to 12; Choice heavy, 8 to 10; WHEAT—No. 2 red, 90 to 95; No. 2 hard, 85 to 90; OATS—No. 2, 40 to 45; RYE—No. 2, 30 to 35; FLOUR—Patent, per sack, 2 1/2 to 3; Family, 2 to 2 1/2; HAY—Full, 10 to 12; Choice creamery, 8 to 10; CHEESE—Full cream, 9 to 10; EGGS—Choice, 15 to 20; Bacon, 10 to 12; Shoulders, 8 to 10; LARD, 10 to 12; POTATOES, 10 to 12; BUTTER—Creamery, 20 to 25; POSE, 20 to 25.

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Children Enjoy The pleasant flavor, gentle action and cooling effects of crossed Figs, when in need of a laxative and if the father or mother be constipated or bilious the most gratifying results follow their use, so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

**THE GENERAL MARKETS.**

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