

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Dr. Talmage preached from the text, Isaiah xliii, 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 three have been rivalries and disturbing ambitions and infidelities and silver bills and world's fair controversies, there have been between them no batteries unlimbed, no entrenchments dug, no long lines of sepulchral mounds thrown up. It has never been Massachusetts Fourteenth regiment against Wisconsin Zouaves; it has never been Virginia artillery against Mississippi rifles. 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 thank God that the words have lost some of the intensity which they possessed 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 colonels have married the 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 now just after a presidential journey when our chief magistrate, who was chiefly elected by the north, has been cordially received at the south, and now just after two 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 interlocked 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 the ancients, may be fulfilled 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 wound than a cool bandage, and these two garlands are cool from the dew. What a morning that was on the banks of the Hudson and the Savannah when the son was to start for the war! What fatherly and motherly counsel! What tears! What heart-breaks! What charges to write home often! What little keepsakes put away in the knapsack of the bundle that was to be exchanged for the knapsack! The crowd around the depot or the 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 till the long lists of the killed and wounded were made out! All along the Penobscot and the Connecticut and the St. Lawrence and the Ohio and the Oregon and the James and the Alabama and the Alabama and the Mississippi and the Sacramento there were lamentations 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 and will always remain a fresh wound. Coming down the steep of years the hands that would have steadied those tottering 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?

Among the richest blessings of my life I thank God that my father lived to fight my battles until I was old enough to fight for myself. Have you realized the fact that our civil war plumed out upon the farm fields of the north and the plantations of the south a multitude that no man can number, children without fatherly guidance, what a struggle life has been to the west of us. But what of the children, I and 5 and 10 years of age, who stood under their mother's lay with great, round, wondering eyes, hearing her read of those who perished in the battle of the Wilderness, their father gone down the dead line? Come, young men and women, who by some chance had to see your own way in the world, I will put the garland on your

young and unwrinkled brow. Yes, you have had your own Malvern hill and your own South mountain and your own Gettysburg all along these twenty years. Come! And if I cannot spare a whole garland for your brow, I will twist in your 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.

Before I put the two garlands I am twisting upon the northern and southern tombs, I detain the garlands a little while that I may put 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 loyalty to 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 sufficiently cooled 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 faces that went into battle, whether they marched toward the Gulf of Mexico or marched to 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, many of them never to return, were not in earnest when they put their life in awful exigency. Witness the last scene at family prayers among the Green mountains or down by the fields of cotton and sugar cane. Men do not sacrifice their all for fun. Men do not eat mouldy 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 soldier's pay or expecting opportunity for violence and pillage or burning with revenge and thirst for human blood, but such cases were so rare many of you who were in the war four years never confronted an instance of such depravity.

As chaplain of a Pennsylvania regiment and as a 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 all the farm houses were filled with wounded and dying federals and confederates, I forgot amid the horror to ask on which side they fought, when, with what little aid I could take them for their suffering bodies and the mightier aid I could pray for their souls, I passed the days and months amid scenes that in my memory seem like a ghastly dream rather than possible reality.

With what interest we visit the place of our birth and of our boyhood or girlhood days! And have the departed no interest in this world where they were born and reared and where they suffered and triumphed? My Bible does not positively say so, nor does my catechism teach it, but my common sense declares it. The departed do know, and the bannered procession that marched the earth yesterday to northern graves and the bannered procession that marched a month ago to southern graves were accompanied by two grander though invisible processions that walked the air, processions of the ascended, processions of the martyred processions of the sainted; and they heard the anthems of the churches and the salvo of the batteries, and they stooped down to breathe the incense of the flowers. These august throngs gathered this morning in these pews and aisles and corridors and galleries are insignificant compared with the mightier throngs of heaven, who mingle in this service which we render to God and our country while we twist the two garlands. Hail spirits multitudinous! Hail spirits blest! Hail martyred ones, come down from the King's palaces! How glad we are that you have come back again. Take this kiss of welcome and these garlands of reminiscence, ye who have languished in hospitals or went down under the thunders and lightnings of Fredericksburg and Cold Harbor and Murfreesboro and Corinth and Yorktown and above the clouds on Lookout Mountains.

I have been waiting for some years for some one else to twist the two garlands that I today twist, but no one doing it, in the love of God and my country I put now my hand to the work and next spring about this time if I am living and well, I will twist two more garlands for northern and southern graves, and every spring time until some man or woman whom I may have cheered a little in the struggle of this life, shall come out and put a pansy or two on my own grave. But if the time should ever come when this land shall be given over to sectional rancor and demagogues, and north or south, east or west shall forget what God built this nation for, and it shall on its high career of righteousness and liberty and peace, and become the agent of tyranny and wrong and oppression, then let some young man whom I have baptized in infancy at these altars go out to Greenwood and scoop up my dust and scatter it to the four winds of heaven, for I do not want to sleep, and I will

not sleep in a land need red with sectionalism or oppression.

And now I hand over the two garlands, both of which are wet with many tears, tears of widowhood and orphanage and childlessness, tears of gratitude, and as the ceremony must be performed in symbol, there not being enough flowers to cover all the graves, take the one garland to the tomb of some northern soldier who may yesterday have been omitted in the distribution of the sacrament of flowers, and the other garland to the tomb of some southern soldier, who may, a month ago, have been omitted in the distribution of the sacrament of the flowers, and put both the wreaths gently down over the hearts that have ceased to beat. God bless the two garlands! God save the United States of America!

## A Cunning Fox.

Paul R. Shipman has a very pleasant "Fox Tale" in the Wide Awake. Here is one of his anecdotes:

"Foxie was very fond of tallow, and I had great trouble to keep him from eating up my small stock. He knew my disposition to guard it as well as I knew his to steal it; so it was an open strife of wits between us. Shortly after rising one Sunday morning my eye was caught by his unusual attitude in the shop, the door of which I had thrown open. He was standing in the middle of the room, with his eyes glaring at a lump of tallow lying on my bench, and glancing from time to time toward a lamp chimney set on the table near my bed, where I was dressing myself at the moment, though how the tallow and the chimney stood related to each other in his brain I could not imagine. Accordingly, I watched him.

"Suddenly he made a spring at the glass chimney, breaking it into 1,000 pieces, and instantly, before I could withdraw my attention from the crash and rain, sprung for the lump of tallow which he seized in his mouth and flew out of the door, running away at the highest speed of which his obesity admitted. He had thrown his glass-dust in my eyes, and while I was getting it out of them had pounded upon my tallow and made off with it. The strife of wits was going against me. Half dressed as I was I immediately gave chase to the thief, and by reason of his corpulence gained on him so fast that he turned abruptly and bolted into the cow stable, which I entered at full run just in time to see him carefully drop the tallow from his mouth into a puddle at the edge of which he was standing, and whence he came up to me serenely looking the picture of innocence, and wanting to play as if nothing had happened."

## The Wind on the Eiffel Tower.

Wind observations at the Eiffel Tower show that at low velocities of fifteen miles per hour or less the velocity of the wind at the top of the tower is from four to five times as great as at the top of an ordinary building sixty-nine feet high; but as the velocity increases this difference decreases, until at high velocities the difference is only as two to one. M. Eiffel assumed the pressures to be forty-one pounds per square foot at the base, increasing to eighty-two pounds per square foot at the top, which seems to be rather less difference than the facts called for, although a fair approximation, if the above stated decrease of ratio continues up to maximum wind velocities.—Engineering News.

## A Professional Joker.

"The business of a professional joker is largely mechanical. My ears are habitually alert to points in conversation that goes on around me which may afford suggestions," says Bill Nye. "Then I read the newspapers and keep a sharp lookout for anything that may give a queer verbal turn to. As an example, take a remark I heard this evening to the effect that 'So-and-so wasn't proud; he went round with his most shabby acquaintances without exhibiting any airs of superiority.' There is an idea. It lay in the words 'going round.' Ah, yes, of course.—The world is very democratic; it goes round with everyone." In any phrase there lies a jest, if you can twist it properly. I keep a note book in which I jot down all such suggestions as occur to me, in the crude, subsequently I work them out. Note making chiefly a matter of habit. The newspaper jester turns everything upside down, and thus creates the unexpected, which is humor. That is the way the funny dialogues are written. Philip Welch could write them when he was dying—not because he was in a humorous mood, but because his mind was in unsurpassed mechanical order for such colloquial construction. Turn an idea wrong side up and it is a joke, salable at from 50 cents to \$1 to the newspapers and comic periodicals."

It is sometimes interesting to note how some men carry their accomplishments from active life into prison life. For instance, at the Easter services in Sing Sing the artist at the organ was that perverted citizen, George H. Pell, the bank wrecker, whom the New York authorities so summarily hustled into prison a few months ago. When the figure in the big and ill-fitting striped suit sat down on the organ bench he regained his fellow convicts with some of the noble music from Tannhauser and then the performer, who had played at many a fashionable wedding, passed on to the rendition of Easter music, aided by a dozen hearty bad people and in anything but chorister's robes, but still singing glad psalms of the resurrection.

## OUR FARM DEPARTMENT.

Farm Notes.

More than 96 per cent of the enormous corn crop raised in this country in 1889 was consumed at home.

In dry seasons farmers should look well to their water supply. Water from well nearly dry is generally foul. Foul water is the source of many ills.

The Indiana farmer well says that punctuality in milking cows is of primary importance and for the best results is quite as essential as regularity in feeding.

An excellent article of soap is manufactured from corn. Experiments show that a bushel of corn, with the requisite amount of alkali, will make 300 pounds of soap.

There is more clear profit to be made from a small flock of sheep—say forty to eighty head—than from any other stock of equal cost. But it requires good sense to get the profit.

Nearly all classes of stock will refuse to eat wet hay, or wet fodder, unless hungrier than it is profitable to allow the farm stock to become, and even then they will waste more or less.

He is but a dolt of a farmer who does not know that all the heat in the animal comes from the food it consumes, but the exposure from cold wastes the internal heat, and thus wastes the feed.

The best time to clean the mud off the horses legs is before it gets dry; wash off with a sponge or cloth and then wipe dry. This will be far better than allowing to dry and use the curry comb and brush.

Barley is an excellent substitute for corn as food for stock, and it is more certain crop than wheat or oats. Ground with oats, or by itself, it is good for any animal on the farm. Western farmers will do well to raise more barley, in place of corn and oats.

The farmer should consider all plans in his reach whereby he can grow cheap crops during the summer. Oats and peas grown together will come in early. Sweet corn can also be made a helper in this matter, feeding the whole stalk when the ear is just past table use. If fed earlier the full growth of the stalk will not be obtained.

It is not unusual in swine journals for men to express themselves in this way; "I slop my hogs regularly, using bran, shipstuffs and middlings. I always have salt and ashes where they can get them when wanted, and always have healthy hogs." Yet in the light of such testimony men feed corn alone constantly and lose hogs almost every year.

## Treatment of Sick Animals.

It is not always easy for a farmer to determine just what treatment is best for a sick animal, while educated veterinarians are sometimes in doubt what course to pursue. It is not strange that farmers who have had no opportunity to study the symptoms and treatment of disease are perplexed when they find that some of their animals are sick. There is one thing, however, that is always safe and is often important to do. That is to isolate the affected animals at once. If the disease is contagious it is a matter of great moment. If it proves to be only a simple malady, the removal of the sick creature from the others can do no harm, while it will give better opportunities for care and nursing and will greatly hasten recovery. If the disease is contagious, prompt removal may prevent its spread. Oftentimes whole flocks of sheep or herds of cows have become diseased, when the immediate removal of the animal first to be affected would have entirely prevented the spread of the disease. In marked cases of sickness a competent veterinarian should be called as soon as possible. But the first thing to be done, whether the case appears to be severe or mild, is to put the sick creature into a stable by itself and make it as comfortable as possible.—American Dairyman.

## Among the Poultry.

Many of the ailments in the poultry yard arise either from cold or indigestion.

Try to arrange the poultry yards so that the chickens can have the morning sun.

Supplying plenty of broken crockery were will often keep the hens from pulling feathers.

Turkeys will thrive better if they can have the run of good pastures on well drained soil.

When turkeys are well hatched they need a little feed often rather than large feeds occasionally.

Ducks are enormous eaters and sometimes it is difficult to determine when they have had enough.

Young ducks must be kept out of the water, as they are liable to get chilled, and often this will prove fatal.

With geese it is important to give abundant nourishment from the start in order to secure a good growth.

A half-teaspoonful of glaubeas salts dissolved in water is recommended as a good cure for cholera among fowls.

Twenty eggs is a good overage for geese; they are not nearly so prolific layers as ducks, and unless they begin laying very early will lay only one clutch.

## Breeding for Beef.

At the Wisconsin farmers' institute, Mo. P. Waken, an experienced breeder says:

The first principal of success was breeding. It was as important in beef animals as in race horses, and without the proper breeding to establish the proper characteristics, feeding would be ever so well done, would not produce the most profitable results. Only thoroughbred beef sires should be used and the better the beef characteristics of the cow the closer would the breeder be to the possibilities of the best success. In raising calves for beef, let them suck the cow invariably, as it has a better tendency to increase the faculty of laying on beef. At 6 or 7 months old the calf should be weaned, and so fed as to keep up constant growth, never allowing it to lose its calf fat, but to keep up a constant improvement, and fitting the animal for the top of the market when it was 2 years old. He was confident that 2 years was the age at which steers should be ready for market in order to get the best profit. The best grain for a calf until weaned, he thought, was two-thirds corn meal and one-third oats and bran. Until the calves are 2 or 3 weeks old they should be kept with the mother, then separate them and let them suck twice a day.

## Grape Pruning for Farmers.

Beginners generally try the senescent system of grape pruning, as it is easily learned. It consists in growing each year two or more sprouts from near the crown of the stem and cutting these back three or four feet, and then tying them to the wires. But this plan for the farm brings most of the grapes too near the ground, where fowls soon learned to make havoc with them; and once learned they will scarcely leave any for the owner. We have allowed fowls to run among the grape vines through the season by permitting no grapes to set near the ground. The vines were trained to a trellis five feet high, and most of the grapes hung between four and five feet. The grapes were also, as we thought, better than those grown lower down, and receiving less sunlight on their leaves.

Every year there are many complaints of poor seed corn. The best plan to avoid loss in this way is to test the seed in the house a few weeks before planting. It is not likely that so much will germinate in open ground as beside the fire; but the result will show clearly the proportion of seed that retains vitality.

## Scalded Oats For Hens.

When oats are scalded at night and allowed to remain until morning, they make an agreeable change of food from the regular diet. Twice a week is sufficient to feed much food. Oats make a better food than corn in the summer as they are not so heating in their effects; but some object to oats on account of the small proportion of grain compared with the husk. The scalding of the oats softens the hard, woody husk, and renders every portion more acceptable to the hens which may be easily noticed when the hens are given such a mess.

## Parting the Hair in the Middle.

There are literally dozens of men in Washington, who part their hair in the middle. The old time opposition to this form of arranging the hair has entirely disappeared. There was a time and not very long ago either, when a man who had a straight line down the middle of his head where the hair was divided was looked upon more or less as a Miss Nancy, and he could not hope for any sort of political preferment. To say of a politician running for a local office that he parted his hair in the middle was to prophesy inevitable disaster.

With most of people there is but one way to part the hair, and that is well down over the left ear. Nobody knows exactly when the reform started in, but nowadays, man's method of dressing his hair has absolutely nothing to do with the case. Whether he wears an artistic bang, after the fashion of William Walter Phelps, or exhibits a wide and brilliant part from ear to ear.

Serious and extensive floods have occurred in parts of Lower Bengal through which crops were destroyed, live stock drowned, and homes washed away. It will be some months before new crops can be grown, and the distress of the poorer classes is painful. Committees of missionaries and native pastors have been appointed to distribute the means of relief furnished by the people of Calcutta and other places. Many of the floods were caused by the bursting of weak places in the river embankments and through the obstruction to the natural flow of the water caused by the railway grades having been built without sufficient waterway through them.

Senator Gorman is a most methodical man. He rises at just 6 o'clock every morning, sits just sixty minutes at dinner, and never on any pretext permits an interruption of his meal. He takes a walk of a fixed length every day, bathes at the same hour, and never uses tobacco or liquors.

## OUR WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

Feminities.

A San Francisco man proposed to three sisters in turn, but they all rejected him. He got even by marrying their mother, a widow.

An Indianapolis man swore in court the other day that he did not know his wife's first name, though they have lived happily together for thirteen years.

The Vienna housewife's society started seven years ago and has taught the noble art of housekeeping to more than 1,000 girls, and is now to give courses of instruction to housemaids and governesses.

A well known physician has a good word to say for the much-condemned practice of lacing. He thinks that tight lacing is really a public benefit, because it kills off the foolish girls and leaves the sensible ones to grow up into women of use and service in the world.—New York Sun.

A well known American woman living in London slipped on the highly polished floor of a saloon on entering it not long since. A woman whose husband has high rank in one of the foreign embassies, standing near by, politely said to her: "My dear Mrs. had you drunk more water with your champagne you would not have slipped." To which the American, quickly replied: "Madam, had you not drunk so much champagne with your water you would never have made such a remark."

Fashion Notes.

An effort is being made to revive Swiss music for semi-dress occasions.

A white guipure bonnet, cut in tabs, and edged with gold, wreath of pink roses and velvet bows.

A unique bracelet is the one of woven chain showing strands of silver, different gold and platinum.

Coalport china cups and saucers find many admirers, especially when these rest in a framework of silver.

The newest flower vases, both in silver and glass, take the form of a champagne glass, a thistle or a water lily.

With regard to ribbons, very wide, soft shot silk find favor for hats, and four inch widths for trimmings.

A bride's jewel case is not complete when it does not contain a diamond bracelet, ear-rings, finger-ring and brooch.

The favorite blooms for bonnets are single hyacinths in pearl gray or lavender, pale yellow primroses, and lilies of the valley arranged in light aigrettes. Mimosa, too, and Mercury's wings point backward from embroidered toques.

Hat in open fancy straw, encircling a soft crown in black velvet, which is surrounded with a galloon spangled with gold; on the top a black aigrette, springing from a nest of black ostrich tips, which rest against two plaited velvet loops.

A wide-brimmed hat for summer is of black clip. The brim is turned up at the back and lined with straw. Changeable yellow and pink satin is folded around the crown and tied in a stylish long looped bow in front. A spray of pink roses falls over the crown and low at the back.

## The Daughter's Lover.

There is no race of young people yet born with old heads upon their shoulders, nor should we desire it, says the Ladies Home Journal. The unreasonable, the extravagances and the illusions of youth are part of its charming conditions. But a husband is to be chosen, not alone for the quickly fleeting hours of youth; he is to be a friend and supporter through the burden and heat of the day, and a companion for the long shadows of the evening of life. Therefore no girl should be allowed to choose a husband as she would choose a partner in a dance, and yet this is what many girls are inclined to do.

Mothers ought to supplement by their own experience the inexperience and emotions of their daughters, and to warn them against passions which bring evil unless guarded and directed to good ends. For the marriages of affection, on which we are apt to pride ourselves as very often marriages of youthful caprices. Too often love in a cottage comes in for all the hardships of a cottage without love.

## Care of the Hair.

The hair, like every other portion of the human frame, if uncared for will go to waste and eventually drop out. This is due to splitting of the ends of the hair, so that the interior oil duct which nourishes the hair, is exposed and the natural nourishment of the hair runs to waste, overflows upon the head, forming dandruff which impedes the growth of the hair as much as the tares among wheat.

The best means to prevent this is a strengthening of the hair, and this can easily be accomplished by frequent cutting and the use of salt and water and vaseline. Have you ever noticed what bushy hair sea-faring men have? Did you ever see a bald sailor? It is because their head is in constant contact with the invigorating salt air, and is often wet with salt water. A good tonic of salt water should contain a teaspoonful of salt to a tumbler of water, and should be applied to the hair two or three times a week. The effect at the end of a month will be surprising.