

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Text, Daniel xi, 32: "The people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits."

Antiochus Epiphanes, the old sinner, came down three times with his army to desolate the Israelites, advancing one time with 62 trained elephants swinging their trunks this way and that, and 62,000 infantry and 6,000 cavalry troops, and they were driven back. Then, the second time, he advanced with 70,000 armed men, and had been again defeated. But the third time he laid successful siege until the navy of Rome came in with the flash of their long banks of oars and demanded that the siege be lifted. And Antiochus Epiphanes said he wanted time to consult with his friends about it, and Pappus, one of the Roman ambassadors, took a staff and made a circle on the ground around Antiochus Epiphanes and compelled him to decide before he came out of that circle; whereupon he lifted the siege. Some of the Hebrews had submitted to the invader, but some of them resisted valorously, as did Eleazar when he had swine's flesh forced into his mouth, spit it out at though he knew he must die for it, and did die for it; and others, as my text says, did exploits.

An exploit I would define to be a heroic act, a brave feat, a great achievement. "Well," you say, "I admire such things, but there is no chance for me in a sort of hum-drum life. If I had an Antiochus Epiphanes to fight I also could do exploits." You are right so far as great wars are concerned. There will probably be no opportunity to distinguish yourself in battle. The most of the brigadier generals of this country would never have been heard of had it not been for the war.

Neither will you probably become a great inventor. Nineteen hundred and ninety-nine out of every 2,000 inventions found in the patent office at Washington never yielded their authors enough money to pay for the expenses of securing the patent. So you will probably never be a Morse or an Edison or a Humphrey Davy or an Eli Whitney. There is not much probability that you will be the one out of the hundred who achieves extraordinary success in commercial or legal or medical or literary spheres. What then? Can you have no opportunity to do exploits? I am going to show that there are three opportunities open that are grand, thrilling, far-reaching, stupendous and overwhelming. They are before you now. In one, if not all three of them, you may do exploits. The three greatest things on earth to do are to save a man, or save a woman, or save a child.

During the course of his life almost every man gets into an exigency, is caught between two fires is ground between two millstones, sits on the edge of some precipice, or in some other way comes near demolition. It may be a financial or a moral or a social or a political exigency. You sometimes see it in court rooms. A young man has got into bad company and he has offended the law and he is arraigned. All blushing and all confused he is in the presence of judge and jury and lawyers. He can be sent right on in the wrong direction. He is feeling disgraced and he is almost desperate. Let the district attorney overhaul him as though he were an old offender, let the ablest attorneys at the bar refuse to say a word for him because he cannot afford a considerable fee; let the judge give no opportunity for the mitigating circumstances, hurry up the case and hustle him up to Auburn or Sing Sing. If he live seventy years he will be a criminal, and each decade of his life will be blacker than his predecessor. In the interregnum of prison life he can get no work and he is glad to break a window-glass or blow up a safe, or play highwayman, so as to get back within the walls where he can get something to eat and hide him himself from the gaze of the world.

Why don't his father come and help him? His father is dead. Why don't his mother come and help him? She is dead. Where are all the ameliorating and salutary influences of society? They do not touch him. Why did not some one long ago in the case understand that there was an opportunity for the exploit which would be famous in heaven a quadrillion of years after the earth has winked? Why did not the district attorney take that young man into his private office and say: "My son I see that you are the victim of circumstances. This is your first crime. You are sorry. I will bring the person you wronged into your presence, and you will apologize and make all the reparation you can and I will give you another chance." Or that young man is presented in the court room, and he has no friends present and the judge says: "Who is your counsel?" he answers: "I have none." And the judge says: "Who will take this young man's case? And there is a dead hall, and no one offers and after a while the judge turns to some attorney, who never had a good case in all his life, and never will, and whose advocacy would be enough to secure the condemnation of innocence itself. And the professional incompetent crawls up beside the prisoner, helplessness to re-echo through, when there ought to be a

struggle among all the best men of the profession as to who should have the honor of trying to help that unfortunate. How much would such an attorney have received as his fee for such an advocacy? Nothing in dollars but much every way in a happy consciousness that would make his own life brighter, and his own dying pillow sweeter, and his own heaven happier—the consciousness that he had saved a man!

So there are commercial exigencies. A very late spring obliterates the demand for spring overcoats, and spring hats and spring apparel of all sorts. Hundreds of thousands of people say: "It seems we are going to have no spring, and we shall go straight out of winter into warm weather, and we can get along without the usual spring attire." Or there is no autumn weather, the heat plunging into the cold, and the usual clothing, which is a compromise between summer and winter, is not required. It makes a difference in the sale of millions and millions of dollars of goods and some over-sanguine young merchant is caught with a vast amount of unsalable goods that will never be salable again, except at prices ruinously reduced. The young merchant with a somewhat limited capital is in a predicament. What shall the old merchants do as they see the young man in this awful crisis? Hub your hands and laugh and say: "Good for him. He might have known better when he has been in business as long as we have, he will not load his shelves that way. Ha! Ha! He will burst up before long. He had no business to open his store so near ours anyhow." Sheriff's sale! Red flag in the window: "How much is bid for these out-of-fashion overcoats and spring hats, or fall clothing out of date? What do I hear in the way of a bid?" "Four dollars." "Absurd! I cannot take that bid \$4 apiece. Why, these coats when first put upon the market were offered at \$15 each, and now I am offered only \$4. Is that all? Five dollars, do I hear? Going at that! Gone at \$5," and he takes the whole lot. The young merchant goes home that night and says to his wife: "Well, Mary, we will have to move out of this house and sell our piano. That old merchant who has had an evil eye on me ever since I started has bought all that clothing, and he will have it rejuvenated, and next year put it on the market as new, while we will do well if we keep out of the poor house." The young man broken spirited, goes to hard drinking. The young wife with her baby goes to her father's house and not only is his store wiped out but his home, his morals, and his prospects for two worlds—this and the next. And devils make a banquet of fire and fill their cups of gall and drink deep to the health of the old merchant who swallowed the young merchant who got stuck on spring goods and went down. This is one way and some of you have tried it.

But there is another way. That young merchant who had found that he had miscalculated in laying in too many goods of one kind, and been flung of the unusual season, is standing behind the counter, feeling very blue, and biting his finger nails, or looking over his account books, which read darker and worse every time he looks at them, and thinking how his young wife will have to be put in a plainer house than she ever expected to live in, or go to a third-rate boarding house where they have tough liver and sour bread five mornings out of the seven. An old merchant comes in and says: "Well, Joe, this has been a hard season for young merchants, and this prolonged cool weather has put many in the doldrums, and I have been thinking of you a good deal of late, for just after I started in business I once got into the same scrape. Now, if there is anything I can do to help you out I will gladly do it. Better just put those goods out of sight for the present, and next season we will plan something about them. I will help you to some goods that you can sell for me on commission, and I will go down to some of the wholesale houses and tell them that I know you and will back you up, and if you want a few dollars to bridge over the present, I can let you have them. Be as economical as you can, keep a stiff upper lip and remember that you have two friends, God and myself. Good morning!" The old merchant goes away, and the young man goes behind his desk and the tears roll down his cheeks. It is the first time he has cried. Disaster, made him mad at every thing, and mad at God. But this kindness melts him, and the tears seem to relieve his brain, and his spirits rise from 10 below zero to 80 in the shade, and he comes out of the crisis.

About three years after this young merchant goes into the old merchant's store and says, "well, my old friend, I was this morning thinking over what you did for me three years ago. You helped me out of an awful crisis in my commercial history. I learned wisdom; prosperity has come, and the palor has gone out of my wife's cheeks and the roses that were there when I courted her in her father's home have bloomed again, and my business is splendid, and I thought I ought to let you know that you saved a man." In a short time after, the old merchant who had been a good while shaky in

his limbs and who had poor spells, is called to leave the world and one morning after he had read the twenty-third psalm about "The Lord is My Shepherd," he closes his eyes on this world, and an angel who had been for many years appointed to watch the old man's dwelling, cries upward the news that the patriarch's spirit is about ascending. And the twelve angels, who keep the twelve gates of heaven unite in crying down to this approaching spirit of the old man, "Come in and welcome, for it has been told all over these celestial lands that you saved a man."

### Fog's Them on Moonstone.

One bright afternoon this season at Narragansett Pier at least a score of men and women among the promenaders on the beach have made themselves noticeable by picking up pebbles and examining them critically. They're only wanted for moonstones. A New Yorker took his hatful of pebbles to a shanty on the pier, which for several seasons the single lapidary at the resort has made his headquarters. He had what appeared to be a workshop at the back of the shanty. Two assistants were always at work there, apparently polishing moonstones. This year a woman has been manging the moonstone factory. It was to her the New Yorker displayed his hatful of pebbles. She looked at them critically. "Yes, there are several dozen good stones in the rough there that will make fine moonstones when cut and polished," she said. "It will cost you \$1 apiece to have them nicely finished." Hundreds of women paid this fee and came the next day and secured moonstones that they exhibited with pride to their acquaintances. A lapidary examined some of the rough stones to-day and pronounced them pebbles. "I suppose the reason why this swindle has thrived so long," said he, "is the very natural dislike people have of admitting that they have been taken in. The moonstone fakir began his business at Newport half a dozen years ago, and he made a booming success of it before the Newporters began to grow suspicious. He gave out the same old story at the start that moonstones had been discovered there, and offered to identify moonstones free of charge. Whenever he identified them he usually got an order to polish them at \$1 a cut. He never did cut them though but probably threw them back on the sand for some other dupes to find. He substituted real moonstones of the cheaper sort that cost him about 40 cents apiece. This left a profit of 60 cents on each stone. In the winter months he migrated to Old Point Comfort, and the shores there suddenly became strewn with old moonstones in the rough. He got \$1 each again for throwing them away and substituting a 40-cent moonstone. The yellow pebbles were more profitable. He called them topazes in the rough, and he got as high as \$3 for substituting cut topazes worth \$15 for pebbles. I believe this clever fakir died in Newport three years ago. The woman who says these pebbles are moonstones now has succeeded to the business and is clever at it.—Chicago Herald.

### The Future of Russian Despotism.

Russian refugees in Paris are in general people of a kindly and humane temper, and certainly not naturally inclined to violence. They give the impression of being representatives of a race worthy of a high civilization, and which is nevertheless governed like the degenerate races of the east. There is an evident discrepancy between the laws and the men. No force can prevent this state of things from falling into ruin. And certainly this immense empire, these 120,000,000 of inhabitants, this slow, sure, and indomitable propaganda, represents a mysterious and terrible force, a force that will surely astonish the world, and have an extraordinary influence upon the destinies of the European race. The World has there an incommensurable unknown quantity, an epopee in the germ which will be the astonishment of our sons, terrible perhaps, as considerable as the prodigious dissemination of Europe in America, as far sounding as the French revolution. But in what cortege of bloody or pitiful events will it be developed? This is the secret of the future the enigma of the great sphinx which none shall guess and none shall read—until after!—By J. H. Rosny in Harper's Magazine for August.

### How Thunderstorms Travel.

The rate of travel of thunderstorms has been studied by Herr Sconrock from the record of 197 such storms in Russia in 1888. The velocity is found to have varied from thirteen to fifty miles an hour with a mean of 28.5 miles an hour in the cold season. It was least in the early morning, increasing to a maximum between 9 and 10 p. m. The storms traveled most quickly from southwest, west and northwest.—Exchange.

One of the queerest names of a street is that borne by a public thoroughfare in the annexed district of New York called Featherbed Lane. It is supposed to have been so christened because it is full of rocks. The name occurs in the city directory.

## OUR FARM DEPARTMENT.

### Farm Matters.

Farmers Review: As a preliminary step toward educating the foreign visitors to the world's fair to appreciate the value of corn as a cheap and wholesome food, the Illinois state board of agriculture has decided to hold at the Illinois state fair, to be held at Peoria September 28 to October 2, 1891, a mammoth corn show, which shall excel in completeness of detail and execution anything of the kind heretofore devised. With the masses of the people crying for higher wages, one of the factors of the problem to be solved is certainly cheaper living, yet our own people are slow to "take the good the gods provide them," and which lie at the door. A greater variety of food can be prepared from maize than from wheat, from the boiled or fried mass of our breakfast tables through a long list of corn butter cakes, corn pone, hot cakes, Johnny cakes, corn bread, corn meal muffins, hominy, etc., to the Indian and corn meal puddings and Indian pound cakes of our dinner tables. With corn at but half or less than half the price of wheat, is it not idle for our people to plead hard times yet insist on the same manner of living as when times were better and the necessity for economy not so pressing? More can be done now in the way of teaching foreigners the value of Indian corn as a food product and thus increasing their demand for it, towards lightening the burdens of our people than in any other way. For example, not a great many years ago the wheat growing area of the world was comparatively limited; today the great plains of India and Russia supply most of the deficiencies of the countries of western Europe and our people must expect a decrease, rather than an increase, in their exportations to these countries in the future.

With corn the case is entirely different. Not only is there less corn raised in these countries than wheat, but there is also ignorance of its use, and if we can educate these foreigners to an appreciation of it, our corn will find an easy market in many countries. Let him straightway resolve that none of his belongings shall remain as a prey to inclement and inhospitable elements.

### Hannibal Hamlin's Trout Brook.

Mr. Hamlin was one of Maine's noted fishermen, and one little yearly excursion of his used to puzzle the knowing ones not a little. Every year he prepared upon the shores of a certain Maine railroad to let him off an early morning train in the middle of a dense forest. He would disappear in the woods, and when the train returned in the evening Mr. Hamlin would be found waiting beside the track to be taken aboard. His basket on these occasions was always found to be filled with magnificent trout weighing anywhere around a pound to two pounds and over. Nobody else knew of a trout brook in the vicinity that gave promise of any such trout as he got, and as the old gentleman always persisted in going alone, the exact locality has always remained a mystery.—Lewiston Journal.

### Not a Fashionable Color.

The following from the Resources illustrates the color craze that controlled certain class of Shorthorn breeders a few years beyond a limit of good judgment and consistency:

"I will not buy him. His color is not fashionable." These were the parting words of a herd bull buyer who had visited a man having a superior roan bull for sale. This buyer had come to the conclusion that he would not buy the roan, after having examined carefully a large number of his get all of uniform good quality, heavy thick meat, and of fine juicy conformation, that could not well be excelled by any beef animals of any breeding anywhere. Not only had he seen the sucklers rich in the good points banded down by their sire, but he had also seen the yearlings and two-year-olds as well as grandchildren, and almost without exception, merit was distinctly visible in every animal. As he said himself, there was not a runt in the entire lot; beautiful calves thick meated fine limbs robust, and the very sense of goodness, but there were many roans among them." It seems too bad that a man will pass by a superior animal, particularly when he is so potent that he impresses his good qualities and excellent characteristics upon, not only his immediate get, but upon the second and third generation simply because he happened to have a roan coat. The idea! As though the coat was to be eaten. The gentleman we have in mind at present ignored this roan bull, went across the state line and bought a red animal beautiful in color, fair only in conformation, nothing extra, and his calves were likewise only fair. He knew all these things, made the selection with his eyes wide open, and he, as an intelli-

gent man, took to his home a beautifully colored animal and left one behind that was superior in every respect in breeding, conformation, propensity and everything save the beautiful red color. It is too bad that men will sacrifice all these elements which enter so largely into success through a color craze. It is like the score card in hog literature, and the time will come when people will fully realize and appreciate the fact that it is performance that we are after. Then whether the animal be a roan or red, or a white, it matters not. It is the genuine worth, the intrinsic merit that is wanted.

Be careful in feeding the new oats; horses not in good condition are easily injured by indigestion. Feed sparingly an give salt in the feed.

### Poultry Notes.

If your stock is in close pens, don't forget green feed. Lawn clippings and lettuce are valuable.

Fresh water this month for your chick. Feed early these hot days. Five o'clock is best.

Millet seed is a nice change for the young chicks.

John Homar of Topeka, has prepared himself and is now ready for work as a pigeon judge. He has the finest loft in the west, having many imported birds.

What's the use of spending five cents on common stock and making ten cents, when the same time and trouble spent in marketing the ten cents would make you a dollar in straight stock?

If you are careless and let your stock get stunted through July and August from lack of proper care and attention to feeding or watering, they will not produce full-sized birds. Perfect specimens or at least the best, are kept growing continually from shell to full maturity.

There is one kind of protection of which the farmers should be in favor namely, the protection of their stock chickens, and geese. The man who neglects to house any or all of these from the rain and from the cold has not yet acquired the complete art of farming. He has something to learn. Let him straightway resolve that none of his belongings shall remain as a prey to inclement and inhospitable elements.

Special care should be taken in selecting sound, sweet food for your fowls the year round and especially so through the hot month of August. The better the variety the better the health of your stock; and it is especially desirable to have your stock sound, well and vigorous to start in the fall and winter months.

### More Appropriate Than the Indian.

Antiquarians tell us that the wooden Indian is a tobacco sign, because tobacco is an American weed and that it was originally used by the Indians but this same antiquarian gets tangled occasionally and tells you that tobacco has been in use for over 3,000 years among the Chinese. Meyen, in his "Geography of Plants," is of the opinion that the smoking of tobacco is of great antiquity among the Chinese because he has observed carving of tobacco pipes upon monument whose ages run back into the thousands of years, and they are exactly like the Celestial tobacco pipe to-day too. If this is a fact it would be much more appropriate to use the figure of a Chinaman in place of the wooden Indian now used by dealers.—St. Louis Republic.

### The Centuries Make a Difference.

When a freshly buried corpse is dug up for purposes of dissection we call it "grave robbery." But when the bodies of those who perished centuries ago are exhumed we speak of it as "scientific research." Consequently everybody will be glad to learn that the Egyptian mummies recently found in the burial place of the priests of Ammon, at Thebes, are being examined by experts at the Ghizeh museum, Cairo. The first mummy opened was splendidly preserved, the head, with its handsome profile, still retaining arched on the temples and neck. Inscriptions showed that the body was that of a priest named Banefer, son of the Princess Isis Emkeb, whose mummy was found some years ago in the royal tombs at Deir-el-Bahri.

### Feed For Eggs.

An egg is largely nitrogenous. The white is albumin the yolk contains phosphoric acid and mineral substance and the shell is composed mostly of lime. The hen is a small animal. Eggs are not a miraculous dispensation, they come from the food a hen gets and converts into eggs the same as any animal converts its food into products. Corn alone is not a suitable food for the production of eggs, as it does not possess enough of the constituents to make eggs. Hens fed on such food will get fat. Hens like every other animal must have coarse food to distend the stomach and bowels and for this purpose cut clover hay and cabbage are largely fed by many. These also contain material to make eggs. Skim milk is also just the thing for an egg food. To get eggs, feed hens to produce eggs.—(Col. F. D. Curtis, Kirby Homestead N. Y.)

## WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

### How English Women Live.

I greatly admire the Englishwomen for her utter refusal to be worried, and the consequence is that she looks young at fifty, writes Edward W. Bokkin. The Ladies Home Journal for August. She undertakes no more than she can comfortably carry out and thoroughly believes in the coming of another day. By this I do not mean that she procrastinates; she simply will not let the domestic machinery grind her down to ill-health and early old age. She is a frequent bather and regards health as the prime factor of life, to be looked after before everything else, though the breakfast might be an hour late. She sleeps nine hours and takes a nap during the day at that. She arranges her day's work in the most systematic manner, and her little memorandum slip always shows two vacant hours, they are for rent. She eats heartily but the most digestible food, no matter how little there may be on the table there is nothing but the best. She would rather have a mouthful of good food and go partly hungry, than eat a whole meal of cheaper things. She is a true economist; regulates her expenses carefully, and is a true believer in the allowance system. There are some things about the English woman which her American sister dislikes just as it is vice versa; at the same time there are others which would make our American woman happier and healthier if they imitated.

### Teaching a Girl to Swim.

In deep water, under the care of an experienced person, a young girl may be taught to swim in a much shorter time than by practicing in shallow streams, says a good authority in the August Ladies' Home Journal. A rope can be fastened around her breast in such a manner that it will neither tighten nor unloose, and if courageous enough, she can, thus prepared, plunge in head first. The teacher will show her the proper way to use the arms, and, finding herself protected by the rope, she will feel more faith in the exertion made. The aid of the hand is, however, far better than this, as it can be relinquished insensibly. The best method of teaching on this plan is for a good swimmer to carry the learner in the arms into the water until breast high, laying her nearly flat upon it, and supporting her by placing one hand under the chest at the same time giving instruction as to the proper motion of hands, arms and feet. In a few days the hand may be gradually withdrawn, and the girl swimmer able to do without it. There are ever so many "don'ts" about swimming. Unlike Punches, they begin after the act is signed, sealed and delivered, and you are a fair swimmer. The most important piece of negative advice is, Don't ever lose your presence of mind. With that you are mistress of the situation, and, other things not over-whelmingly against you, can reach land again.

The first Australian woman who took a degree at the London university was Adela McCullough Knight, who recently died in Vienna. Although only twenty-five years old she had taken honors at the university, and at the school of medicine had received the highest prize given in their department for women. She had been appointed resident physician in a new hospital for women as soon as she received her degree, and had been entertained by the Princess of Wales at Marlborough House.

Sausage or fresh pork may be kept sweet and nice in summer by frying it as if for immediate use and packing it in large jars in lard. In harvest and other busy times when it is desirable to have hot meat for supper, and it is too warm to have heavy hot fires, some of this meat may be unpacked and heated up on an oil stove to the satisfaction of every one.

Teed tea is a Russian is a refreshing summer drink. This is made by mixing green and black tea. Brew the mixed leaves quickly or the tea will be bitter. Strain and squeeze in a little lemon juice. After it is used by being kept in the coldest part of the refrigerator till very cold, serve in long glasses, with a slice of lemon in each.

The costume d'interieur of mouse gray Sicilienna. The corsage has a blouse cut, and is fastened at the waist by three buttons. The vest is made of gold lace.

Some of the beautiful tints in canary, tea-rose, honeysuckle and corn-yellow are even more becoming to blondes than brunettes, which is saying a great deal.

A French seashore dress which came over with one of our American women who went to London for the season and has now returned, was of most unpretentious homespun, in shade a light tan color.

Dress collars are worn either very high or they are not worn at all. There is really no medium. Of the highest ones the lowest are two inches. The highest are nine inches in the back and as high in front as the ladies chin will permit.