

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Dr. Talmage's text was taken from Exodus ix., 13, 14: "Let my people go that they may serve me; for I will at this time send all my plagues."

Last winter in the museums at Cairo-Egypt, I saw the mummy or embalmed body of Pharaoh, the oppressor of the ancient Israelites. Visible are the very teeth that he gnashed against the Israelites; the sockets of the merciless eyes with which he looked upon the overburdened people of God; the hair that floated in the breeze off the Red sea, the very lips with which he commanded them to make bricks without straw. Thousands of years after, when the wrappings of the mummy were unrolled, old Pharaoh lifted up his arms as if in imploration, but his skinny bones cannot again clutch his shattered sceptre. It was to compel that tyrant to let the oppressed go free that the memorable ten plagues were sent. Sailing the Nile and walking amid the ruins of Egyptian cities, I saw no remains of those plagues that smote the water or the air. None of the frogs croaked in the one, none of the locusts sounded their rattle in the other, and the cattle bore no sign of the murrain, and through the starry nights hovering about the pyramids no destroying angel swept his wing. But there are ten plagues still stinging and befouling and cursing our cities and like angels of wrath smiting not only the first born but the last born.

Brooklyn, New York and Jersey City, though called three, are practically one. The bridge already fastening two of them together will be followed by other bridges and tunnels from both New Jersey and Long Island shores; until what is true now will, as the years go by, become more emphatically true. The average condition of public morals in this cluster of cities is as good if not better than in any other part of the world. Pride of city is natural to men, in all times, if they live or have lived in a metropolis noted for dignity or prowess. Caesar boasted of his native Rome; Lycurgus of Sparta; Virgil of Andes; Demosthenes of Athens; Archimedes of Syracuse; Paul of Iarsus. I should suspect a man of base heartedness who carried about with him no feeling of complacency in regard to the place of his residence; who gloried not in its arts, or arms, or behavior; who looked with no exultation upon its evidence or prosperity, its artistic embellishments, and its scientific attainments.

In infancy the great metropolis was laid down by the banks of the Hudson. Its infancy was as feeble as that of Moses, sleeping in the bulrushes by the Nile; and like Miram, there our fathers stood and watched it. The royal spirit of American commerce came down to the water to bathe; and there she found it. She took it in her arms, and the child grew and waxed strong; and the ships of foreign lands brought gold and spices to its feet; and stretching itself up into the proportions of the metropolis, it has looked up to the mountains, and off upon the sea—the mightiest of the energies of American civilization.

Grand old New York! What southern thoroughfare was ever smitten by pestilence, when our physicians did not throw themselves upon the sacrifice? What distant land has cried out in agony of famine, and our ships have not put out with bread-stuffs? What street of Damascus, or Beyrout, or Madras that has not heard the step of our missionaries? What struggle for national life in which our citizens have not poured their blood into the trenches? What gallery of exquisite art in which our painters have not hung their pictures? What department or science to which our scholars have not contributed? I need not speak of our public school, where the children of the cordwainer, and milkmen and glass blower stand by the side of the fastidious sons of merchant princes; or the insane asylums on all these islands, where they who went cutting themselves among the tombs, now sit clothed and in their right minds; or of the Magdalen asylums, where the lost ones of the street come to b the the Savior's feet with her tears and wipe them on the hairs of her head—confiding in the pardon of Him who said: "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone at her." I need not speak of the institutions for the blind, the lame, the deaf and dumb, for the incurables, the widow, the orphan, and the outcast.

Gambling is the risking of something more or less valuable in the hope of winning more than you hazard. The instruments of gambling may differ, but the principle is the same. The shuffling and dealing of cards, however full of temptation, is not gambling unless stakes are put up; while, on the other hand, gambling may be carried on without cards or dice, or billiards, or a ten pin alley. The man who bets on horses, on elections, on battles—the man who deals in "fancy" stocks, or conducts a business which has a double capital, or goes into transactions without foundation, but dependent upon what men call "luck," is a gambler.

Whatever you expect to get from your neighbor without offering an equivalent in money or time or skill, is the product of theft or gambling. Lottery tickets and lottery parties

come into the same category. Fairs for the founding of hospitals, schools and churches, conducted on the raffling system come under the same denomination. Do not, therefore, associate gambling necessarily with any instrument, or game, or time or place. The principle depends upon whether you play for a glass of wine or 100 shares of railroad stock. Whether you patronize "auction pools," "French mutuels" or "book making," whether you employ faro or billiards, rondo or keno, cards or bagatelle, the very idea of the thing is dishonest, for it professes to bestow upon you a good for which you give no equivalent.

It is estimated that every day in Christendom \$80,000,000 pass from hand to hand through gambling practices, and every year in Christendom \$123,100,000,000 change hands in that way. There are in this cluster of cities about 900 confessed gambling establishments. There are about 3,500 professional gamblers. Out of the 800 gambling establishments, how many of them do you suppose profess to be honest? Ten. Those ten professing to be honest because they are merely the ante-chamber to the 790 that are acknowledged fraudulent. There are first-class gambling establishments. You go up the marble stairs. You ring the bell. The livered servant introduces you. The walls are lavender tinted. The mantels are of Vermont marble. The pictures are "Jephthah's Daughter," and Dore's "Dante's and Virgil's Frozen Region of Hell," a most appropriate selection, this last, for the place. There is the roulette table, the finest, the costliest, the most exquisite piece of furniture in the United States. There is the banqueting room, where, free of charge to the guests, you may find the plate and viands, and wines and cigars sumptuous beyond parallel.

Then you come to the second-class gambling establishment. To it you are introduced by a card through some "ropesin." Having entered, you must either gamble or fight. Sanded cards, dice loaded with quicksilver, poor drinks, will soon help you to get rid of all your money to a tune in short meter with staccato passages. You wanted to see. You saw. There is always one kind of sign on the door—"Exchange," a most appropriate title for the door, for there, in that room, a man exchanges health, peace and heaven, for loss of health, loss of home, loss of family, loss of immortal soul. Exchange sure enough and infinite enough.

Men wishing to gamble will find places just suited to their capacity, not only in the underground oyster cellar or at the table back of the curtains, card covered—but in glided parlors and gorgeous surroundings.

This crime is getting its lever under many a mercantile house in our great cities, and before long down will come the great establishment, crushing reputation, home, comfort and immortal soul. Do the winds that come to kiss the faded cheek of sickness, and to cool the heated brow of the laborer, whisper hope and cheer to the emaciated victim of the game of hazard? When an honest man is in trouble, he has sympathy. "Poor fellow!" they say. But do gamblers come to weep at the agonies of the gambler? In Northumberland was one of the finest estates in England. Mr. Porter owned it, and in a year gambled it all away. Having lost the last acre of the estate, he came down from the saloon and got into his carriage; went back; put up his horses and carriage and town house, and played. He threw and lost. He started home, and in a side alley met a friend from whom he borrowed ten guineas; went back to the saloon and before a great while had won £20,000. He died at last, a beggar in St. Giles. How many gamblers felt sorry for Mr. Porter? Who consoled him on the loss of his estate? What gambler subscribed to put a stone over the poor man's grave? Not one!

Gambling, with its greedy hand, has snatched away the widow's mite and the portion of the orphans; has sold daughter's virtue to get the means to continue the game; has written the counterfeit signature, emptied the banker's money vault and wielded the assassin's dagger. There is no depth of meanness to which it will not stoop. There is no cruelty at which it is appalled. There is no warning of God that it will not dare. Merciless, unspassable, fiercer and wilder it blinds it, hardens it, reads it, blasts it, crushes it, damns it. It has peopled our prisons and lunatic asylums. How many railroad agents and cashiers and trustees of funds it has driven to disgrace, incarceration and suicide? Witness—years ago a cashier of a railroad who stole \$108,000 to carry on his gambling practices. Witness \$40,000 stolen from a Brooklyn bank within the memory of many of you, and the \$108,000 taken from a Wall street insurance company for the same purpose! These are only illustrations on a large scale of the robberies every day committed for the purpose of carrying out the designs of gamblers. Hundreds of thousands of dollars every year leak out without observation from the merchant's till into the gambling hall. A man in London keeping one of these gambling houses boasted that he had ruined a nobleman a day; but if all the millions of this

land were to speak out they might utter a more infamous boast, for they have destroyed a thousand noble men a year.

Notice also the effect of this crime upon domestic happiness. It has sent its ruthless plowshare through hundreds of families, until the wife sat in rags and the daughters were disgraced and the sons grew up to the same infamous practices or took a short cut to destruction across the murderer's scaffold. Home has lost all charm for the gambler. How tame are the children's caresses and a wife's devotion to the gambler! How creature the fire burns on the domestic hearth! There must be louder laughter and something to win and something to lose; an excitement to drive the heart faster and fill the blood and fire the imagination. No home, however bright, can keep back the gambler. The sweet call of love bounds back from his iron soul and all endearments are consumed in the flame of his passion. The family Bible will go after all other treasures are lost, and if his crown in heaven were put into his hand he would cry: "Here goes one more game, my boys! On this one throw I stake my crown of heaven." A young man in London on coming of age received a fortune of \$120,000, and through gambling, in three years was thrown on his mother for support. An only son went to a southern city; he was rich, intellectual and elegant in manners. His parents gave him on his departure from home their last blessing. The sharps got hold of him. They flattered him. They lured him to the gambling table and let him win almost every time for a good while, and patted him on the back and said, "first-rate player." But, fully in their grasp, they fleeced him; and his \$30,000 were lost. Lost of all he put up his watch and lost that. Then he began to think of his home, and his old father and mother and wrote thus:

"My beloved parents: You will doubtless feel a momentary joy at the reception of this letter from the child of your bosom, on whom you have lavished the favors of your declining years. But should a feeling of joy for a moment spring up in your hearts when you should have received this from me, cherish it not. I have fallen deep—never to rise. Those gray hairs that I should have honored and protected I shall bring down with sorrow to the grave. I will not curse my destroyer, but oh! may God avenge the wrongs and impositions practiced upon the unwary in a way that shall best please Him. This, my dear parents, is the last letter you will ever receive from me. I humbly pray your forgiveness. It is my dying prayer. Long before you have received this letter from me the cold grave will have closed upon me forever. Life to me is insupportable. I cannot; nay, I will not, suffer the shame of having ruined you. Forget and forgive is the dying prayer of your unfortunate son."

The old father came to the postoffice, got the letter and fell to the floor. They thought he was dead at first, but they brushed back the white hair from his brow and fanned him. He had only fainted. I wish he had been dead, for what is life worth to a father after his son is destroyed? When things go wrong at a gaming table they shout "Foul! foul!" Over all the gaming tables of the world I cry out: "Foul! foul! infinitely foul!"

Shall I sketch the history of the gambler? Lured by bad company he finds his way into a place where honest men ought never to go. He sits down to his first game, but only for pastime and the desire of being thought sociable. The players deal out the cards. They unconsciously play into Satan's hands, who takes all the tricks and both the players' souls for traps—he being a sharper at any game. I wish he had been dead, for his son is life worth to a father after his son is destroyed? When things go wrong at a gaming table they shout "Foul! foul!" Over all the gaming tables of the world I cry out: "Foul! foul! infinitely foul!"

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OUR FARM DEPARTMENT.

Economy of the Silo.

A great many farmers cannot bear to think that the silo is the most perfect method yet discovered for the keeping of winter roughage for cattle. Says Hoard's Dairyman. It takes a great deal of time, and will take a great many years more or less to convince the town of Lake Mills, Wis., contains about fifty silos, large and small. Many of these have been in operation for years, and have been highly profitable to their owners. Yet for all that, many farmers in the neighborhood are yet skeptical as to the economy and profit of the silo. They seem to think somehow that the sown corn fodder is much more profitable when cut and fed in the good old way. Mr. T. B. Wakeman of Connecticut answered one of these objections the other day in the following convincing manner: "The natural food of all cattle is green herbage, and they have a hard time to get through our winters on dry fodder. They have no stomachs fit for it even when steamed. Therefore, to give them their own fresh food in winter, in a warm enclosure, is to make it summer for them all the year. The result is that they are bright, sleek and healthy, and give June milk and butter in February." But if the corn could be ripened and so dried, no amount of steam could make it green, milky herbage again. Steam cannot resurrect the dead. When the cellulose albumen protoplasm, starch, gums, sugars, etc., have turned to wood, fiber, or dry skins, or hard granules, half their value is gone and can never be restored. Let the cattle have the choice and they will settle the question in favor of the ensilage every time." Why don't the skeptical fellows take the testimony of the cows, as Mr. Wakeman says? Good dairymen cannot afford to let ten years go by in teaching them what they ought to learn in two years.

Do not force the cows to stand in filth or to lie down. Keep the stables clean.

The horse needs succulent food as well as the cow. A few roots do the horses good.

The man who breaks his colts and the politician as they ought to be broken is in the tight way.

If cumberbees be cut into strips and the pieces put in places where ants are found it is said it will drive them away.

The time has come when there is scarcely an excuse for using scrub sires. Male animals of all kinds can be purchased cheap.

Poultry Notes and News.

The Hamburgs are said to be persistent layers, but are not urged forward as table fowls.

Do not feed corn alone: oats and wheat are, without doubt, the best grain feed for the fowls.

The Black Cochins are regarded as the best layers of the Cochins family. They are hardy and easily raised.

If the combs of the hens get frozen they will not lay until they get cured up. The better plan is to provide comfortable quarters for the fowls and secure all the benefits of the business.

The best and easiest way of supplying salt to the poultry is by mixing with their soft food. During the winter it is best to give some warm soft food, and with it both pepper and salt can be given.

Feeding skim milk to the poultry can often be made fully a profitable as to feed it to growing pigs. Give it a trial. We have never known any bad results from the use of the refuse or surplus milk in this way.

Cholera is very infectious and for this reason it is important that every precaution should be taken to prevent its getting a start. Watch for symptoms of disease and you will be sure then to try and guard your poultry from its attacks.

Ducks are enormous eaters, but they have one advantage, and that is if they are well fed they will mature very rapidly. The sooner the surplus roosters are sold off the better, for the longer they are kept the more they add to the expense account.

The Big Light Brahms is probably the best farm fowl, all things considered. When you get a breed of chickens that will readily run up to twelve and fourteen pounds weight, in ten to twelve months, you are certainly safe on the meat side of the poultry.

In raising fowls of any kind, size and constitution should be considered by the farmer. Of course egg production is an important feature, but ordinarily the farmer's hens are allowed to rustle for themselves to a great extent, and the eggs come in the spring and summer, when eggs are cheapest.

Dehorning cattle is not supposed to wholly change the nature of the animal. There are vicious beasts which still retain their natural vices, which however are rendered less dangerous when the horns are removed. That one bull out of many thousands may kill its owner even after its horns are removed is no argument against a practice which renders ninety out of 100 prac-

tically harmless.

Don't put any faith in methods of improving bad butter or cheese after it is made. The right way is not to make a bad quality of either. It is better to keep out, even if it were possible. But it is not. The badness is in the grain. It may be covered up for a short time, by various arts, but like the rottenness at the core of a fair-looking fruit, it will very soon become apparent, and worse than at the beginning.

Asphalt paper, which costs \$1.20 per 500 square feet, is considered good in the construction of silos.

Farmers who know how to produce a relatively low cost are always at the head of the procession.

For general farm crops horse manure mixed with that from cows is better than horse manure alone.

Take good care of your cows, but do not let your boy feel that you care for or have more interest in them than in him.

He who starts a good reading club in a country neighborhood and puts enough interest into it to keep it going, is a public benefactor.

An English professor says, according to the New England Farmer, that if milk could be drawn directly from the cow in a chemically clean bottle and hermetically sealed it could be kept sweet for almost an indefinite period. He had kept a sample for three years after it had been drawn from the cow, when it differed very little from ordinary fresh milk.

It should be remembered by all dairymen that one of the best remedies for garget in cows is bathing the inflamed udder with lukewarm warm water, says the Maine Farmer. And don't be afraid of putting some time into the work. A mere washing is not enough. Bathe and rub till the inflammation is scattered. Very few cases ever occur but will readily yield to this simple treatment.

Dairy Notes.

If one wishes to please his cows and earn their gratitude and increase the yield of butter let him give the cows a peck of ripe apples sliced and mixed with two quarts of fine corn meal every day at noon.

Whatever may be the low condition of the general market the best quality of butter is always in demand. Market prices in their variations never affect the highest quality. It is only the second rate kinds that are drawn down by the always excessive supply of the poorest qualities.

We have got to reach the keeping of one cow to every acre of cultivated land before we reach the greatest possible profit. The sooner we reach this the better it will be, and then we may try to do better if we can. And with this economy of feeding we must be ever striving for increased yield by the improvement of the dairy stock.

Much feed can be saved through the winter by a liberal use of it now. Although the fine weather has kept up the pasture, it is not nearly so nutritious as in the summer, so that some extra food should be given now. A bit of hay at milking time with a quart or two of meal will keep up the flow of milk.

"Cash" and Cinderella.

On one of the cross seats in a Sixth avenue elevated car early one morning sat a little girl about 10 years old. She carried her bit of lunch wrapped up in a newspaper. She was evidently employed down in one of the big shops.

At the moment the reporter's eyes fell upon her her eyes were big with amazement and delight. She seemed in a very seventh heaven of bliss. A picture book lay open in her lap, depicting in huge type and high colors the old, old story of Cinderella. There were stacks of just such books in the shop where she worked, and her eyes may have fallen upon them and recognized them somewhat as part of the landmarks of her daily drudgery. But this one had been given her for her very own, and she treasured it as though its value were a hundred times its weight in gold.

Between One Hundred and Fourth street and the Eighteenth street station she read the entire story three times, and at each reading she seemed to enjoy it more hugely than before. She had just begun for the fourth time when a tall, good natured looking young woman, who was holding on to one of the straps, nodded her head to her and shouted out, "Hallo, Cash!"

A moment later the guard shouted out "Fourteenth street!" The child shut her book up quickly and tucked it inside her jacket. Then she and the tall young woman left the car together. —New York Evening Sun.

He Wanted Something Recent.

Countryman (in book store): "My wife wanted me to get her some good magazine to read."

Proprietor: "Yes, sir; how would the Century Magazine do?"

Countryman: "Goah, no! She wants a monthly magazine." —Texas Siftings.

Self-Conscious.

"I fear I spoke too harshly, my dear; I really forgot myself."
"Never! You are too self-conscious for that."

Perforated leather belts are worn.

A silver bookmark is in the form of an oak leaf.

Black grenadines with swivel figure are the latest.

Columbia crepe is a crinkled sort of good appearance.

The genuine ecru pongee has quite a sale for underwear.

Pretty gingham gowns are trimmed with velvet ribbons.

Bamboo is used for dainty tables, desks, stools and hat racks.

Coral is again fashionable; it is especially becoming to brunettes.

Black China silks having large colored polka dots are very stylish.

Tan and pink or blue combination in gingham will show the best taste.

A plain but neat looking garter buckle is in the form of a scallop shell.

The new wash silks are lovely light plaids striped largely with white.

A pretty enameled brooch represents a bunch of daisies and clover leaves.

Cream white kid gloves are worn with handsome visiting costumes.

The printed silk demand knows no medium; must have very light or black grounds.

Cream, tan and pearl corduroy suits handsomely embroidered in girls will be worn.

Cleopatra belts of porcelain miniatures strung of gold or silver chains are stylish.

The newest Japanese crepe has the crinkles in lengthwise lines and is known as Chiami.

Little girls again wear their dresses short, instead of dressing like old women.

Evening slippers fastening with several straps or sandal ties of ribbon are correct styles.

Those who dare are going to wear jackets of glowing, glorious yellow to greet the spring sun in kind.

Glaze taffeta silk is sold for combining with fine plain woolen goods. It is both plain and dotted with tiny spots.

"Twenty Minutes with a Baby" is the title of a book just published, treating upon the agonies endured by a married man.

The sailor hat bobs up severely among spring head coverings, and although it cannot be heard it is sure to make itself felt.

A well made corset should be like a well made shoe, and should fit every portion of the figure without pressing it in any particular spot.

The quietest and most attractive semi-season bonnets are in mignonette, hyacinth, peach color or pearl to match walking costumes. These are of straw or they are cloth toques and their garnitures are ribbons and peach blossom, hyacinth or valley lilies.

Toy toques that are a little more than a handful of bright flowers will be worn. A sample from Paris is composed of overlays of black gauze, edged with black galoon, with trimmings of clusters of yellow chrysanthemums and aigrette.

The French fashion of very long sleeves and one-button gloves does not obtain favor in this country, at least for dressy occasions. Cloth gowns, however, have very long sleeves, often covering the wrist entirely, and flaring cuffs of considerable depth, with which short gloves are necessarily worn.

Persian brocaded stripes appear on faille silks in amber, stem green apricot and Spanish yellow, and magnificently illuminated matelasse satins, striped with velvet in black or rich fruit shades are outlined at the edges with gold or silver imitating gimps and galoons. Less expensive India cashmere and camel's hair fabrics, armures and ben galines are broadly striped with velvet with hair lines beyond of copper, bronze or gold.

The rose and reseda shades, used separately or in combination, appear to have lost none of their popularity, these colors appearing among the different dyes of the season. Accordian-pleated skirts also survive the changes of the past year, and in silk, tulle and net, and in plain and bordered light wool textiles, are still in mode; also straight evening skirts of rich lace or net, with three or five rows of ribbon carried in, and out of the airy meshes as a border.

For hair dressing the Greek style is too well known to require much explanation, but it is only becoming when adjusted to suit the shape of the head and face when the curls are arranged softly and becomingly. The style Diane is more simple, with smoother rolls and twists of the hair and is adorned with a star of steel or diamonds above the head. The Henri II. style of dressing hair is high; the tresses being gathered to the back of the head in curls, but less coquettish than the Greek style, and a bandeau of pearls passes around the knot, while a bunch of small plumes with an upright aigrette falls over the back.

Kid gloves of very light shades are in vogue, as are also gloves of dyed Russian leather.

The most stylish tea gowns are made with a princess back, loose-draped front and wing sleeves.