

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

His text was 1 Kings, 10-7: "Behold, the half was not told me."

Solomon had resolved that Jerusalem should be the center of all sacred regal and commercial magnificence. He set himself to work and monopolized the surrounding desert as a highway for his caravans. He built the city of Palmyra around one of the principal wells of the east, so that all the long trains of merchandise from the east were obliged to stop there, pay toll and leave part of their wealth in the hands of Solomon's merchants. He maintained the fortress Thapsacus at the chief ford of the Euphrates, and put under guard everything that passed there. The three great products of Palestine—wine pressed from the richest clusters and celebrated all the world over; oil which in that hot country is the entire substitute for butter and lard and was pressed from the olive branches until every tree in the country became a mill, and honey which was the entire substitute for sugar—these three great products of the country Solomon exported and received in return fruits and precious woods and the animals of every clime.

He went down to Zidon-geber and ordered a fleet of ships to be constructed, oversaw the workmen, and watched the launching of the flotilla which was to go out on more than a year's voyage, to bring home the wealth of the then known world. He heard that the Egyptian horses were large and swift, and long-maned and round-limbed, and he resolved to purchase them, giving \$85 a piece for them putting the best of these horses in his own stall, and selling the surplus to foreign potentates at great profit.

He heard that there was the best of timber on Mount Lebanon, and he sent out 180,000 men to hew down the forest and drag the timber through the mountain gorges, to construct it into rafts to be floated to Joppa, and from thence to be drawn by ox teams twenty-five miles across the land to Jerusalem. He heard that there were beautiful flowers in other lands. He sent for them, planted them in his own gardens, and to this very day there are flowers found in the ruins of that city such as to be found in no other part of Palestine, the lineal descendants of the very flowers that Solomon planted.

Stand back now and see this long train of camels coming up to the king's gate, and the ox teams from Egypt, gold and silver and precious stones, and beasts of every wing, and fish of every scale! See the peacock strut under the cedars, and the horsemen run, and the chariots wheel! Hark to the orchestral gaze upon the dance! Not stopping to look into the wonders of the temple, step right on to the cause way, and pass up to Solomon's palace.

Of course the news of the influence of that place went out everywhere by every caravan and by wing of every ship, until soon the streets of Jerusalem are crowded with curiosity seekers. What is that long procession approaching Jerusalem? I think from the pomp of it there must be royalty in the train. I smell the breath of the spices which are brought as presents, and I hear the shout of the drivers, and I see the dust-covered caravan showing that they come from far away. Cry the news up to the palace. The queen of Sheba advances. Let all the people come out to see. Let the mighty men of the land come out on the palace corridors. Let Solomon come down the stairs of the palace before the queen her alighted. Shake out the cinnamon and the saffron, and the calamus and the frankincense, and pass it into the treasure house. Take up the diamonds until they glitter in the sun.

The queen of Sheba alights. She enters the palace. She sits down at the banquet. The cup-bearers bow, the meats smokes. You hear the dash of waters from the molten sea. Then she rises from the banquet, and walks through the conservatories and gazes on the architecture, and she asks Solomon many strange questions, and she learns about the religion of the Hebrews, and she then and there becomes a servant of the Lord, God.

She is overwhelmed. She begins to think that all the spices she brought, and all the precious woods which are intended to be turned into harps and psalteries and into the railways for the causeway between the temple and the palace—she begins to think that all these presents amount to nothing in such a place, and she is almost ashamed that she has brought them, and she says within herself: "I heard a great deal about this wonderful religion of the Hebrews, but I find it far beyond my highest anticipations. I must add more than 50 per cent to what has been related. It exceeds everything that I could have expected. The half—the half was not told me."

Learn from this subject what a beautiful thing it is when social position and wealth surrender themselves to God. When religion comes to a neighborhood the first to receive it are the women. Some men say it is because they are weak minded. I say it is because they have quicker perception of what is right, more ardent affection and capacity for sublime emotion. After the women have received the gospel then all the distress and the poor of both sexes, those who have no friends, await Jesus. Last of all come the

people of affluence and high social position. Alas, that it is so!

If there are those here today who have been favored of fortune, or, as I might better put it, favored of God, surrender all you have and all you expect to be to the Lord who blessed this queen of Sheba. I am glad that Christ has had his friends in all ages—Elizabeth Christina, queen of Prussia; Marie Feodorovna, queen of Russia; Marie, empress of France; Queen Clotilda, leading her husband and 3,000 of his armed warriors to Christian baptism; Elizabeth of Burgundy, giving her jeweled glove to a beggar, and scattering great fortunes among the distressed; Prince Albert, singing "Rock of Ages" in Windsor Castle, and Queen Victoria, incognito, reading the scriptures to a dying pauper.

I bless God that the day is coming when royalty will bring all its thrones and music all its harmonies, and painting all its pictures, and sculpture all its statuary, and architecture all its pillars, and conquest all its septres; and the queens of the earth, in long lines advance, frankincense filling the air, and the camels laden with gold, shall approach Jerusalem, and the gates shall be hoisted and the great burden of splendor shall be lifted into the palace of this greater than Solomon.

Again, my subject teaches me what is earnestness in the search of truth. Do you know where Sheba was? It was in Abyssinia, or some say in the southern part of Arabia Felix. In either case it was a great way off from Jerusalem. To get from there to Jerusalem she had to cross a country infested with bandits, and go across blistering deserts. Why did not the queen of Sheba stay at home and send a committee to inquire about this new religion, and have the delegates report in regard to that religion and wealth of King Solomon? She wanted to see for herself, and hear for herself. She could not do this by work of committee. She felt she had a soul worth ten thousand kingdoms like Sheba, and she wanted a robe richer than any woven by oriental shuttles, and she wanted a crown set with the jewels of eternity. Bring out the camels. Put on the spices.

Gather up the jewels of the throne and put them on the caravan. Start now; no time to be lost. Load on the camels. When I see that caravan, dust covered weary and exhausted, trudging on across the desert and among the bandits until it reaches Jerusalem I say: "There is an earnest seeker after truth."

Again my subject impresses me with the fact that religion is a surprise to anyone that gets it. The story of the new religion in Jerusalem, and of the glory of King Solomon, who was a type of Christ—that story rolls on and on, and is told by every traveler coming back from Jerusalem. The news goes on the wing of every ship and with every caravan, and you know a story enlarges as it is retold, and by the time that story gets down into the southern part of Arabia Felix, and the Queen of Sheba hears it, it must be a tremendous story. And yet this queen declares in regard to it, although she had heard so much, and had her anticipations raised so high the half—the half was not told her.

So religion is always a surprise to any one that gets it. The story of grace—an old story. Apostles preached it with rattle of chain; martyrs declared it with arm of fire; death-beds have affirmed it with visions of glory, and ministers of religion have sounded it through the lanes, and the highways, and the chapels, and the cathedrals. It has been cut into stone with chisels and spread on the canvas with pencil; and it has been recited in the dogology of great congregations. And yet when a man first comes to look on the palace of God's mercy, and to see the royalty of Christ, and the wealth of this banquet and the luxuriance of his attendants, and the loveliness of his face, and the joy of his service, he exclaims with prayers, with tears, with sighs, with triumphs: "The half—the half was not told me."

Appeal to those in this house who are Christians. Compare the idea you had of the Christian life before you became a Christian with the appreciation of that joy you have now since you have become a Christian, and you are willing to attest before angels and men that you never in the days of your spiritual bondage had any appreciation of what was to come. You are ready today to answer, and if I gave you an opportunity in the midst of this assemblage you would speak out and say in regard to the discoveries you have made of the mercy and the grace and the goodness of God: "The half—the half was not told me."

Well, there is coming a greater surprise to every Christian—a greater surprise than anything I have depicted. Heaven is an old story. Everybody talks about it. Children read about it in their Sabbath school book. Aged men put on their spectacles to study it. We say it is a harbor from the storm. We call it our home. We say it is the house of many mansions. We weave together all the sweet, beautiful, delicate ephraim words; we weave them into letters, and then we spell it out in rose and lily and amaranth. And yet that place is going to be a surprise to the most intelligent Christian. Like the queen of Sheba, The report has come to us from the far country and

many of us have started. It is a desert march, but we urge on the camels. What though our feet be blistered with the way? We are hastening to the palace. We take our loves and hopes and Christian ambition as frankincense and myrrh and add to the great king.

Send the work up to the palace that we are coming, and that we are weary of the march of the desert. The king will come out and say: "Welcome to the palace; bathe in these waters, recline on these banks. And yet, my friends, when heaven bursts upon us it will be a greater surprise than that—Jesus on the throne, and we made like him! All our Christian friends surrounding us in glory! All our sorrows and tears and sins gone by forever! The thousands of thousands, the one hundred and forty and four thousand, the great multitudes that no man can number, will cry, world without end: "The half—the half was not told us!"

Manners of Today.

The manners of this world, like the fashions of it, are constantly passing away. One hundred years ago men had not to compete with steam and electricity. They had time to bow, they could afford to frame elaborate compliments, they could easily interrupt the even tenor of their occupations to discuss the health and domestic movements of a friend's family. Now we are all in a hurry, and we must be in a hurry or fall behind the marching order of the day. A very courteous man is a bore. Men rushing to the stock exchange or the office cannot stop to bandy bows and polite family inquiries.

Women desperately in earnest with their lives cannot be troubled with civil platitudes which are common property, though each would stop to pay to a few words meant for the alone. Words which mean nothing but politeness are now inexpressibly tiresome, and only maiden ladies with settled homes have time for them. The busy world is content with a few sentences of good natured chaff, and passes on without reflecting that chaff easily falls into familiarity and impudence.—Annie E. Barr in *Lippincott's*.

A Dangerous Vow.

Six intimate friends, three young men and three young women, in Louisville, two years ago, agreed that one should not marry unless the others did. A year later, one of the young men and one of the young women became engaged to each other, but as the others were yet apparently heart free they could not marry. Six months later another couple agreed to join their lots for life, but then came trouble. The third young man was willing to marry, but the third young woman was not. This drove the other two couples nearly wild and they frantically reproached the reluctant maiden for keeping them out of happy matrimony. Finally she yielded, and the three couples were married, the justice of the peace who performed the ceremony arranging them before him in the form of a horseshoe.

A Doubtful Compliment.

The following story, if it possesses no other merit, has that of being true. One evening a short while ago an old domestic came to see her former mistress after an interval of over twenty years. The latter, a very religious person, presently interrupted the interview, saying: "Now, Mrs., we are going to have prayers. Will you come too?"

"Dear me, my lady," said the old servant, "do you still keep up the old custom?"

Mistress (severely)—Certainly. I have had prayers every morning and evening of my life ever since I saw you last.

Old servant (admirably)—Well, to be sure, you are a persevering lady.—*London Truth*.

What is a Perfect Neck.

What is a perfect neck. This question was put to many of the well known authorities on the art here by the writer. In various respects as to coloring they differed, but as to formation they thoroughly agreed. A perfect neck must be twice as long as its circumference; that is a law of nature. If lacking plumpness of parallel equalities it has awkward lines and inharmonious expressions. The poise of the neck is not a matter of cultivation. It is always a heritage, like the shape of a finger or the formation of an ankle. You can improve on existing curves, but you can never utterly change them.—*New York Cor. Pittsburg Leader*.

So Ladylike.

Mr. Richard Redgrave, the artist, records in his diary this amusing recommendation from an Irishman appointed to examine students competing for medals: "I should also recommend Margaret—for a reward. Being very young, she naturally missed the point of all questions in the papers, but her answers were so ladylike that I think the medal should be given to her."—*Argonaut*.

As Bad as Two Hungs.

Diamond importer—"This parcel is two carats short. There must be a leak somewhere."

Stock clerk—"Very likely, sir. Every stone in the lot has over fifty facets."—*Jewelers Weekly*.

FARM DEPARTMENT.

Spring Exposure of Stock.

Unless the live stock has been well housed during the exhausting and trying periods of winter weather and provided with roots and well prepared food in sufficient variety, the exhaustive will rapidly increase as the snow period lengthens. The loss from exposure on the average farm is very great, equaling at least one-half the summer's growth. The stock usually enter upon the new period of favorable condition in spring, stunted and unequal to the opportunities for profitable production as a reward to the owner March and April, which bring the chilling winds and cold rains are perhaps the most disastrous to the stock grower of any other period of the year. A time at which the greatest care should be exercised to maintain the vigor and normal condition of the domestic animals, by proper food and protection from the storms. Much damage is often done by forcing the stock to a sudden change from the dry fodder of the winter store out upon the grass of early spring which is full of sap and with but little nutrition at first.

Animal industry in this country has not and cannot advance to the highest point of perfection until the root cellar becomes as important a factor in farm economy as the product of the meadow or the corn-field. Among the roots the sugar beet stands perhaps at the head. The yield is not so great in bulk as the turnip, but the nutritive value is perhaps as great per acre, with much less weight to handle. In the dry atmosphere of our winter climate, animals fed wholly upon dry and often not very nutritious provender, the system often becomes clogged for lack of sufficient moisture to carry on the work of secretion and excretion of the solids in sufficient quantities to supply the growth and waste of a profitable growing animal. Beets pulped and mixed with cut or chopped hay, straw or corn stalks, nature in this direction. They also furnished nutritive quality not found in sufficient quantities in some other foods for healthful vigor. The protein elements are really the medicinal qualities of foods, because unlike the starchy or carbonaceous elements which heat and dry in the system causing constipation, they seem rather to gather moisture and thus prevent disease and at the same time add to the bone and muscular development which represents the vital forces of the animal economy.

Farmers and stock growers study too little these subjects which mean so much for profit and for the health and comfort of domestic animals. Similar arguments might be advanced in favor of the silo.

Is the Herd Large Enough.

Are you keeping all the cows you ought to keep? If every cow owner in this country could read that question and answer it correctly, the reply would be in the vast majority of cases: Yes, we are keeping as many as we ought to keep, but are not keeping as good as we might have. Well, just there is the trouble. We have cows enough in this country. We are not sure that it would not be correct to say that we have too many, but thousands of them are not the right kind of cows. If we suppose that we are feeding our dairy cows as every dairyman should feed; feeding the best and feeding plenty, it is reasonable to suppose that we desire the best possible return for that food. The poor cow will not give it, and yet it is likely that she will consume as a good cow. There are herds in this country which if sold and the proceeds invested, so far as they would go, in cows that fit for the dairy, the owner would double and treble his profits though he might not have a quarter as many cows as he had before. He would feed away less grain and yet get more money. Raise the standard of the herd. That is the road and only road to a good profit.

Clover and Spontaneous Combustion.

Again we are asked if spontaneous combustion is possible in clover. We confess to an inability to see how fire can start of its own accord in a hay mow. There cannot possibly be any more heat in a mow of clover hay than there is in a heap of straw, and yet nobody fears fire from that source. Still we confess that there are instances of fire in which the conflagration seems directly traceable to spontaneous combustion. Some time since we published a communication upon the subject in which there was strong evidence of the possibility. At all events there are sections of the country that will never be induced again to mow clover hay until it is thoroughly dried, and to thoroughly dry it is to injure its value. If it becomes settled that clover hay can get on a rampage and set itself on fire, we fear that clover growing will be abandoned to a greater or less extent, and that would be something to be lamented. It is stated that one farmer in Iowa put eggs in the mow of clover hay and cooked it them. The clover had been put in rather green. But it is possible to cook an egg in heat that would never develop into combustion. Still clover may be sufficiently dried to save all its value, and yet not be so thoroughly dried as to injure it. We do not approve of putting clover into the mow too green, even if it should never set fire to anything.

White specks in butter are not an indication of garget, but show that the method of raising the cream or churning was at fault. 2. Not knowing what feed you have on hand, it is impossible to say which is the best for butter cows. Silage, clover hay, cut, corn fodder, ground oats, ground peas, linseed meal, gluten meal, corn meal, cottonseed meal and wheat bran are all good in their place, if mixed properly with other food to make a balanced ration. 3. Gluten meal has a higher feeding value than cottonseed meal. 4. Cotton seed meal will not cause garget, unless fed very heavily after a cow comes in. 5. The Cyclone churn is considered a good one, we believe. 6. Sweet cream butter should not have any "tang," if it is made properly; in fact, it is almost impossible to tell first-class sweet cream butter from an equally good quality of sour cream butter. The fault is either in the way of making, or in the feed. 7. Abortion may be caused by blows, falls or injuries received from other cattle. There is, also, a form which is called sporadic, and is believed to be due to a germ. When this kind gets into a herd, it is very hard to eradicate it. All cows that have aborted should be separated from the herd for at least two months, and not be bred for four months. All litter and matter from the cow should be buried, and the stable thoroughly disinfected with carbolic acid. Cottonseed meal will not cause it.

A Movable Brooding Coop.

A cheap coop can be made from an apple barrel with the one end covered with lath and a door to admit of cleaning and placing feed for the brood and the old hen. At night and on wet days a piece of oil cloth can be arranged to shelter the front and be thrown back when not in use. It can be easily removed from one place to another, admitting of fresh surroundings as often as deemed necessary. It is raised slightly from the ground by means of blocks on either side to avoid the least dampness. The inside of the barrel should be covered with fresh straw in a moderate quantity. Wire netting in place of lath can also be used and is just as good for the front, possibly better. The entrance board can be made about as shown by cutting the front block under the barrel, slanting and placing cleats on it, to allow the chicks to get in and out easily.

It is important that the cow should be milked clean, says Field & Farm. The last wring drop in milking is the richest one in the lot, and leaving milk in the udder is a notice to nature that there is an oversupply, whereas she will reduce the flow. But there is a such a thing as stripping too far, and causing the cow to give down as fast as the milk is secreted, thus making a continuous strip, etc.

Why She Wilted.

Reginald Marston had been talking with Miss Alexander for at least two hours on the piazza, where Fred Wheelington had presented him to the heiress. All his best powers had been exerted to please her, and it was quite evident that he was more than successful. As Wheelington came out at 11 o'clock into the fragrant summer air of the night, Marston arose to go.

"Not yet, I hope," said Miss Alexander detainingly.

"Yes, I have stayed too long already. Marston almost whispered, as he took her hand.

With a short good night to both, he left Miss Alexander and Wheelington on the piazza.

Wheelington took the chair Marston had vacated and with the familiarity of an old friend drew it nearer that of the young woman.

"What have you been saying of me to Mr. Marston?" she began impulsively.

"Not a great deal of a complimentary character," he replied bantering.

"There isn't much to say, don't you know?"

"Oh, of course not," she laughed; "but you must have said something," she insisted, "for I never saw a man so earnest, so honest, so persistent in finding in one all the graces of woman-kind. He did it so gracefully and so charmingly, too, that really I have quite fallen in love with him."

Wheelington coughed significantly and laughed.

"Indeed?" he said briefly.

"Tell me," she urged, "now that's a real nice big brother," and she took his hand caressingly in hers.

"But I didn't tell him any thing," he insisted, without making any violent effort to take his hand away from hers.

"That is," he said after a moment, "not much."

"Oh, but it must have been a great deal."

"No, it was only a word or two."

"Pshaw," she exclaimed, snatching her hand from his, "you couldn't tell him anything about me in a word or two, which could possibly have had any influence upon him."

It seems, however, my dear Miss Alexander that I did," he said exasperatingly.

She jumped up from her chair and walked across the piazza, where she stood against the rail pulling a honey.

"How perfectly idiotic," she exclaimed, throwing the flowers to the floor. "What was it?"

"I told him you were very rich."

She crushed the flowers under her foot and went into the house.—*Detroit Free Press*.

AFFAIRS OF THE

The great favor to be guarded during the winter is doubly emphasized in the millinery, where it is used in cream and lace and will be about the same. They come in all the shades and guilpe makes at d Alencon, point gate, and the pretty ornate wreath and ribbon and white the large net known as the Châle. Among other millinery promised a revival of the in ribbons, among which moire Francaise, which ripples and the more and larger waves. A new moire called vapore, of pearl effects in a very able tints. Indeed, the ribbon will prevail and will be pearly in the net for bonnet strings in narrow satin ribbon slight tendency to strings, to be tied in a chin and the ends fall. Gauze ribbon with printed flowers of summer like trimmings, of point d'esprit are the slightest colors.

Some Simple Dances.

One often has breathing or silk put away, then this spring to advantage into a skirt to be worn colored coat or just the into a jacket to be worn skirt. The jacket is still most prevalent, street suits being a smoking jackets style, doors in Louis XV and more and more of a away entirely with a skirt, many of the having been lined time. When light fabrics as foundation they are not to it, so the outside leaving the foundation shorter, and finished knife plating or crown.

The polonaise grows day suits, while the modification of the worn for evening by the young girl, who low necked, pointed popular full skirt have the foot sloped to the Brooklyn angle.

A pretty spring gown made of Harris tweed slightly draped up to princess May coat and a swallowtail particular case a bow takes the place of the Great attention is paid decoration of trims.

These latter days, the that any hat worn enough to jump about routed, and now the worn on ear or stand considered and as a part of the wardrobe. A gown is exceedingly new, neat and fashionable above it is worn a traveling cloak.

appearing among garments, is of figure like a circular, with a velvet covered with The collar is in high the wrap is lined with stripe, and is also designed to wear to cover an elaborate.

Fragrant Flowers.

Few of our native flowers are so fragrant as the wood like the islands in the lake a few of the conifers have sweet scented fine church at Melrose.

civilized Indians of fragrant as if incense floating through the of the great arbor vitae of which it is built.

Libocedrus decurrens, south, is known as from its fragrance. The (Cupressus nuxifolia) Monterey cypress (Cupressus) have also scented the Atlantic states red vitæ have scented the Monthly.

Different Sizes.

"Did you ask what I considered a small foot?" asked a girl in a bag establishment before a customer. "If you will pair of iddian rubbers. I for some call No. 3 a small size."

The average is about 7 1/2. I have seen feet that were 7 1/2.

I have one customer and another who wear contrast, isn't it? They a grown person I ever one of our customers, child's size but it looks so tottering.

Tribune.