



THIS discourse of Dr. Talmage seems to open all the doors of home life and rouses appreciation of work not ordinarily recognized; text, Luke 1, 40: "Lord, dost Thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she help me."

Yonder is a beautiful village homestead. The man of the house is dead and his widow has charge of the premises. It is Widow Martha of Bethany. Yes, I will show you also the pet of the household. It is Mary, the younger sister, with a book under her arm, and in her face no sign of care or anxiety about anything. Company has come. Christ appearing at the outside of the door makes some excitement inside the door. The sisters set back the disarranged furniture, arrange their hair and in a flash prepare to open the door. They do not keep Christ waiting outside until they have neatly apprised themselves or elaborately arranged their tresses, and then with affected surprise come out and pretending not to have heard the two or three previous knockings say, "Why, is that you?" No, they were ladies and always presentable although perhaps they had not on their best. None of us always have on our best. Otherwise very soon our best would not be worth having on. They throw open the door and greet Christ. They say: "Good morning, Master. Come in and be seated." Christ brought a company of friends with him, and the influx of so many city visitors, you do not wonder, threw the country home into some perturbation. I suppose the walk from the city had been a keen appetizer. The kitchen department that day was a very important department, and I think as soon as Martha had greeted her guests she went to that room. Mary had no anxiety about the dinner. She had full confidence that her sister Martha could get up the best dinner in Bethany, and she practically said: "Now, let us have a division of labor. Martha, you cook, and I'll sit down and learn."

Two Sisters Differ.

The same difference you now sometimes see between sisters. There is Martha, industrious, painstaking, a good manager, ever inventive of some new pastry, discovering something in household affairs. Here is Mary, fond of conversation, literary, so full of questions of ethics she has no time to discuss questions of household welfare. It is noon. Mary is in the parlor. Martha is in the kitchen. It would have been better for them to have divided the toil, and then they could have divided the opportunity of listening to Christ. But Mary monopolizes Christ while Martha dwelt before the fire. It was very important that they have a good dinner that day, for Christ was hungry, and he did not often have luxuriant entertainment. Alas, me! if all the responsibility of that entertainment had rested with Mary, what a repast they would have had! But something went wrong in the kitchen. Either the fire would not burn or the bread would not bake, or something was turned black that ought to have been only turned brown. Or Martha scolded herself and, forgetting all the proprieties of the occasion, with beseeching brow she rushed out of the kitchen into the parlor, perhaps with tongs in one hand and pitcher in the other, and she cried out: "Lord, dost Thou not care that my sister has left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she help me." Christ scolded not a word. If it were scolding, I would rather have him scold me than anybody else bless me. There was nothing seerb in the Savior's reply. He knew that Martha had been working herself almost to death to get him something to eat, and he appreciated her kindness, and he practically said: "My dear woman, do not worry. Let the dinner go. Sit here on this couch beside your younger sister Mary. Let us talk about something else. Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful."

As Martha throws open the door I look in to-day, and I see a great many household anxieties, perplexities, fatigues and trials, and about them I am going to speak if the Lord of Mary and Martha and Lazarus will help me by his grace.

Annoyances of Home Life.

As I look into that door, in the first place, I see the trial of non-appreciation. That was what made Martha so vexed at Mary. Mary, the younger sister, had no proper estimate of the elder sister's fatigue, just as now men having annoyances of store and factory and shop or at the Stock Exchange come home at night and bear of some household annoyance, and they say: "Oh, that's nothing! You ought to be in a factory a day and have ten or fifteen or twenty or 100 subordinates. Then you would know something about annoyances and trouble." O man, let me tell you that a wife and a mother has to conduct at the same time a university, a clothing establishment, a restaurant, a laundry, a library, and has to be health officer, police and president of the whole realm! She has to do a thousand things, and to do them well, in order to make things go smoothly, and that is what puts the awful tax on a woman's nerves and a woman's brain. I know there are exceptions to the rule. Sometimes you will find a woman who can sit in the armchair of the library all day without any anxiety or tarry on the belated pillow, and all the cares of the household are thrown upon the servants who have large wages and great experience, but that is the exception. I speak of the great masses of housewives to whom life is a struggle, and who at 50 years of age look as though they were 60. The fallen at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg and Vicksburg are a small number in comparison with those who have gone down under the administration of the kitchen. Go out and count and look over the epitaphs

on the tombstones. They are all beautiful and poetic, but if the tombstones could tell the truth thousands of them would say, "Here lies a woman who was killed by too much mending and sewing and baking and scouring and scrubbing," and the weapon with which she was killed was a broom or a sewing machine or a ladle.

The housewife rises in the morning half rested. At an irrevocable hour she must have the morning repast ready. What if the fire will not burn? What if the clock stop? What if the marketing has not been sent in? No matter that; it must be ready at the irrevocable hour. Then the children must be got ready for school. But what if the garments be torn? What if they do not know their lessons? What if the hat or sash is lost? They must be ready. Then you have the duty of the day or perhaps several days to plan out. But what if the butcher sends meat unmeatable? What if the grocer furnishes you articles of food adulterated? What if the piece of silver be lost, or a favorite chalice be broken, or the roof leak, or the plumbing fail, or any one of a thousand things occur? No matter. Everything must be ready. The spring is coming, and there must be revolution in the family wardrobe, or the autumn is at hand, and you must shut out the northern blast. But how if the moth has preceded you to the chest? How if the garments of the last year do not fit the children now? What if all the fashions have changed?

Trials Appreciated.

The house must be an extemporized apothecary's shop or dispensary. There must be relief for all styles of ailments—something to loosen the crop, something to cool the burn, something to poultice the jumping tooth, something to soothe the earache. O man of business, if you had as many cares as that, you would be a fit candidate for an insane asylum!

If Martha made under such circumstances an impudent rush on the library or the drawing room be patient, be lenient. Oh, my sister, though my words may not arouse in many souls any appreciation of your toil, let me assure you of the kindliness with which Jesus Christ met Martha that he appreciates all your trials from garret to cellar and the God of Deborah and Miriam and Abigail is the God of the housekeepers!

Christ never married, that he might be the especial friend and confidant of a whole world of troubled womanhood. I blundered. Christ was married.

The Bible says the church is "the Bride, the Lamb's wife," and that makes me know that a woman has a right to go to Christ with all her annoyances and perplexities and fatigues, for by his oath of conjugal fidelity he hath sworn to sympathize. George Herbert put the thought in three or four verses, quaint and peculiar, but strong, and in one verse saying:

The servant by this clause makes drudgery divine:

Who sweeps a room as for thy laws makes this and the action fine.

A young woman of brilliant education and prosperous surroundings was called down stairs to help in the absence of the servant, and there was a ring at the bell, and she went to the door, and an admirer entered. He said, "I thought I heard music in the house. Was it on the piano or the harp?" She said: "Neither; it was a trying piano accompaniment to a gridiron! In other words, I was called down stairs to help. I suppose some time I shall have to learn, and I have begun now." When will the world learn that every kind of work that is right is honorable?

Home Economics.

As Martha opens the door I look in, and I also see the trial of severe economy. Nine hundred and ninety-nine households out of a thousand are subjected to it either under the greater or less stress of circumstances. It is especially so when a man smokes expensive cigars and dines at costly restaurants. He will be very apt to enjoy severe economy at home. That is what kills thousands of women—the attempt to make \$5 do the work of \$7. It is amazing how some men dole out money to the household. If you have not got the money, say so. If you have, be cheerful in the expenditure. Your wife will be reasonable. "How long does the honeymoon last?" said a young woman about to enter the married state to her mother. The mother answered, "The honeymoon lasts until you ask your husband for money." "How much do you want?" "A dollar." "A dollar! Can't you get along with 50 cents? You are always wanting \$1." This thirty years' war against high prices, this everlasting attempt to bring the outfit within the income, has exhausted multitudes of housekeepers. Let me say to such it is a part of the divine discipline. If it were best for you, all you would have to do would be just to open the front windows, and the ravens would fly in with food, and after you had baked fifty times from the barrel in the pantry, like the barrel of Zarephath, the barrel would be full, and the children's shoes would last as long as the shoes of the Israelites in the wilderness—forty years.

Period of Preparation.

Oh, my friends, all these trials and fatigues of home life are to prepare you for heaven, for they will make that the brighter in the contrast! A dying soldier was asked by a friend, "Have you any message to send to your father?" "Yes," said he. "Tell him I have gone home." "Well," said the friend, "have you any message to send to your wife?" "Yes, Tell her I have gone home." "You have other friends. Would you like to send a message to them?" "Yes. Give them the same message; they will all understand it. Tell them I have gone home." And that heavenly home will compensate, will fully atone, for all the hardships and the trials and the annoyances and the vexations of the earthly home. In that land they never hunger, and consequently there will be no nuisance of catering for appetite. In that land of the white robes they have no mending to do, and the air of that hilly country makes them all well. No rent to pay there; every man owns his own house, and a manservant at that. It will not be so great a change to step into the chariot of the skies if on earth you ride. It will not be so great a change if on earth you had all luxuries and satisfactions. It will not be so great a change for you to sit down on the banks of the river of life if on earth you had a country seat.

Bah, oh, the joy for the weary feet when they step into the celestial equipage, and, oh, the joy of those to whom home was a

martyrdom on earth when they go late that home where they will never have to do anything they do not want to do! What a change from the time she put down the rolling pin to the time she took up the scepter! If Chatsworth Park and the Vanderbilt mansion were lifted into the celestial city, they would be looked at as uninhabitable rookeries, and Lazarus himself would be ashamed to be seen going in or out of them, so great are the palaces awaiting all God's dear children, and so much grander the heavenly architecture than the earthly. It is often not only the toil of the housekeeping, but it is the sickness and the sorrow that go along. It is a simple fact that one-half of the women of the land are invalids. The mountain lass who has never had an ache or a pain may consider household work of no very great weariness, and at the eventide may skip out to the fields and drive the cattle home, and until 10 o'clock at night may fill the cabin with laughing racket, but, oh, to do the hard work of the household with a shattered constitution—after six weeks' whooping cough has raged in the household, making the nights as sleepless as the days, then it is not so easy. And then this work of the house has often to be undertaken when the nerves are shattered with some bereavement that has put desolation in every room of the house and sent the crib into the garret because its occupant had been hustled into a slumber that needs no mother's lullaby. Oh, it was a great deal easier for her to brood the whole flock than to brood a part of them, now that the rest have gone! At the close of the civil war the country was full of hero worshippers, and there were heroes by the hundred worthy of worship. Grant was the first of the great Generals to pass through the Union States after the close of the war, and the greeting to him was like an uprising of the Nation. The hearts of men and women were filled with thankfulness and the multitudes that gathered about Grant seemed intent on taking the most popular man of the time in their arms. There were mothers by the thousand who had lost sons, wives who had lost husbands, children who had lost fathers and old soldiers who had served with him, all turning with the wildest demonstration of affection and pride toward Grant.

"Up to that time no such crowds had ever been seen in this country. Controlled by strong emotion, they were not easily managed. Grant, never a showy man, stood before these great aggregations of demonstrative humanity amazed—almost abashed—by the manifestations of affection and devotion. The fact that the people stood in awe of the commanding General of all the armies restrained the great crowds when the guards were powerless. There was nothing in Grant's manner or look or conduct on such occasions to invite enthusiastic demonstration. He seemed rather to discourage it. So far as his appearance went he was unresponsive.

"When the enthusiasm raged in a tumult about him, when men cheered, when women held out their arms and called his name, when children screamed in delight, he looked down on all with an almost distressed expression on his face, with an occasional look behind him as though he contemplated running away. His silent protest against making so much of himself, the absence of all dramatic or show qualities in his make-up or his conduct, took him closer and closer to the hearts of the people. In these times he never said a word except "Thank you." When the people howled for a speech he shook his head. When they shouted at him the most extravagant utterances of praise he simply looked at them in amazement; but he was not unresponsive. He was simply a modest man saying in effect to the people, 'I am not worth it.'

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The girl came up as though she were approaching a saint and Farragut stooped and said. She shall not only shake hands, but I will give her a kiss to remember me by, and then he went on.

"When General Sheridan came through the country after the war in a hurried, informal way, he looked upon the proposition to give him a reception as a great joke. He left the car quietly at Columbus with two military friends and started up the main street of the city. As soon as Sheridan was recognized a great crowd gathered about him. He was forced to shake hands and was greatly amused to see with what orderliness the men, women and children arranged themselves in a line; but in five minutes he bolted. He could not escape, however, and was compelled to take position and shake hands with the crowd that had pursued him with the wild clamor of an army stampede.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Dogs of War in Fact.

Numerous tests and experiments have been made in Germany with the Scotch collie dogs for military purposes, especially during times of war, and it has been found that this dog is the best and most available among the various breeds of dogs, and from now on, according to the St. Louis Post-Drapach, trained collies will be added to the standing armies of Germany and France. The services to which the Scotch collies will be trained are nu-

merous. They will serve as messengers for carrying dispatches and important communications to those army divisions stranded in the immediate vicinity of the enemy. During the progress of a fight, where the troops happen to be scattered over a vast area of territory, they will be used for carrying ammunition to the various divisions. They are furthermore trained for reconnoitering and for hunting up the wounded and carrying them on ambulances, especially constructed for that purpose, to the field hospitals. For the latter purposes these dogs are almost invaluable.

The Scotch collie's bump of locality seems to be more strongly developed than that of other canines. Besides this the dog is quiet, faithful and unusually intelligent. For reconnoitering purposes the dogs are trained to run ahead of a division of soldiers, search the territory closely and announce suspicious circumstances by standing still in their tracks. Another field for his activity is outpost duty. In this case the dog is trained to scent the approach of strangers and to return at once to his master to announce this fact to him. All this must be done very quietly, of course, so as not to disturb the enemy. As messengers dogs do better service than the best bicycle corps, for terri-

torial obstacles do not exist for them in the same degree as they do for the cyclist. When doing duty as a messenger the dog wears a collar around his neck, to which a leather pouch is attached, in which the dispatches are concealed. The collar is numbered and bears also the name of the army division to which the dog is detailed. In war times this name can be affixed in cipher, so that the enemy may not be any wiser as to the location of the division in question, to which the dog belongs, should the dispatch fall into his hands.

Some of the best and strongest dogs are detailed to the red cross division of the army, where they do valuable service in hunting up the wounded in timbered and valley regions, where they are likely to escape the eye of man, especially after dark. When the dog discovers a wounded soldier he places his two fore paws on the body of the man and barks until assistance arrives. With this is combined the ambulance service. Small but well-built wagons, which can carry two men, are easily drawn by a good strong collie. These ambulances are low, have good springs and the tires are covered with rubber. One of these wagons, with two attendants and a dog, can do twice as much field work as has heretofore been done by two Red Cross men with a litter.

Two United States Senators have passed the three-score-and-ten mark, and Senator Pettus, of Alabama, who is 78, is the patriarch of that body, now that Senator Morrill is dead. Two Senators are evidently uncertain as to their ages and decline to state when they were born. The late Senator Harris, of Tennessee, was sensitive about his age, and always had it omitted from the Congressional directory.

Milton married the daughter of a country squire. He was an austere recluse, while she was a rosy, romping country lass that could not endure the restraint imposed upon her; so they separated. Subsequently, however, she returned, and they lived tolerably happy together.



Boiling Eggs.

The boiling of an egg seems one of the most simple of all culinary ventures, yet where there is a member of the family who is distressed if his egg is not boiled in such a manner, his anguish is frequently so often repeated as to become chronic. It is a direful thing to ask for a soft-boiled egg and receive one just warmed-through, or for one "well done," and receive a stone. The fault usually lies in the fact that the water is not boiling when the egg goes in, or that the time is counted from the moment the egg goes in, instead of from the time it commences to boil. For a soft-boiled egg, two minutes should be allowed; for a medium egg, three minutes, and for a hard boiled one, five minutes. Have the water boiling when the eggs are immersed. This will lower the temperature, and a few seconds must elapse before the boiling again commences. Then cover, and watch the clock, removing the eggs the second the allotted time has expired.

Home-Made Horchowd.

This is an old fashioned preparation for coughs and that made at home will contain horchowd, while the boughten candy has the flavor given to it with chicory. A manufacturing confectioner once said that he had never had an ounce of the genuine horchowd herb in his factory. To make this candy, first make a rather strong tea of the herbs and boiling water, then add 1 pound of granulated or coffee C sugar to each half pint of the tea and boil until it will crack when tried in cold water. Pour into shallow, well-buttered pans, and when nearly cold mark into squares or bars. One can soon tell how strong to make the tea. The fresh herbs are preferable, but the dried packages get at a drug store will do nicely.

Mincemeat for Pie.

Four pounds of lean meat, boiled until tender and then chopped fine. One tablespoon cinnamon, half-ounce mace, 3 pounds suet chopped fine, 8 pounds chopped apples, 2 pounds currants, 2 pounds stoned raisins, one lemon seeded and chopped skin and pulp, one tablespoon allspice, 1 pound candied citron, 6 pounds brown sugar, 1 tablespoon ground cloves, 2 tablespoons salt. Wet with boiled cider and cook together until apples and suet are done. Some do not add apples until ready to bake the pie. This is sufficient to cook the apples.

Boiled Sausage.

Use the link sausage, piercing each one with a fork to prevent their bursting. Place the sausages in a stewpan or chafing dish, pour cold water over them, just enough to cover, and add a tablespoonful of vinegar to the water. Let them simmer slowly about half an hour, or until the water is all evaporated. Serve a horseradish sauce with them or freshly grated horseradish moistened with lemon juice or vinegar. Baked apples or warm apple sauce are appetizing accompaniments to the sausages.

To Waterproof Boots.

Summer and winter this is useful. Dress boots waterproofed would save many a cold, for the wearers often leave a warm room to tread on damp ground. Take half a pint of linseed oil and half a pint of neatfoot oil and boil them together. Bottle and keep ready for use with a sponge on the cork. Apply when the boots are perfectly clean. Of course only the soles of dress boots are to be so treated, and the oil must be allowed two or three days in which to dry. Two successive applications are best.

Scalloped Oysters.

In boiling scallops select large firm ones, wash and pat dry with a soft, clean cloth. Season with pepper, but omit the salt until they are cooked, as the salt tends to extract the juice. Flatten slightly, roll in cracker dust or Indian meal, lay on a fine wire broiler, well buttered, and broil quickly over bright coal fire or under the gas flame in a gas range. Serve with thin strips of broiled bacon, quarters of lemon and parsnip.

To Renovate a