

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject "The Value of Good Wives" - Qualities Which Crown Noble Womanhood - Wonders Christianity Has Done For the Weaker Sex.

Text: "Elisha passed to Shunem, where was a great woman." - II Kings iv, 8.

The hotel of our time had no counterpart in any entertainment of olden time. The vast majority of travelers must then be entertained at private abodes. Here comes Elisha, a servant of the Lord, on a divine mission, and he must find shelter. A balcony overlooking the valley of Esdraeron offered him a private house, and it is especially furnished for his occupancy - a chair to sit on, a table from which to eat, a candlestick by which to read and a bed on which to slumber, the whole establishment belonging to a great and good woman. Her husband, it seems, was a godly man, but he was entirely overshadowed by his wife's excellences; just as now you sometimes find in a household the wife the centre of gravity and influence and power, not by any arrogance or presumption, but by superior intellect and force of moral nature, blending domestic affairs and at the same time supervising all financial and business affairs - the wife's hand on the strings of the banking house or the worldly business.

You see hundreds of men who are successful only because there is a reason at home why they are so successful. A man marry a good, honest soul, he makes his fortune. If he marry a fool, the Lord help him. The wife may be the silent partner in the firm, there may be only masculine ideas down on Exchange, there often comes from the home circle a potential and elevating influence. This woman of my text was the superior of her husband. So far as I can understand, was what we often see in our day, a man of large fortune and only a medium of brain, intensely quiet, sitting a long while in the same place without moving hand or foot, if you say "Yes," responding "No," inane, eyes half shut, mouth wide open, maintaining his position in society only because he has a large patrimony. His wife, my text says, was a great woman. Her name was not come down to us. She belonged to that collection of people who need no name to distinguish them. What would title of noblesse or princeliness avail her? Her husband or gleaming diadem be to this woman of my text, who by her intelligence and her behavior challenges the admiration of all ages. Long after the brilliant court of Louis XV, she would have been forgotten and the brilliant women who sat on the throne of France have been forgotten and some grandfather will put on his spectacles, and hold forth the book of his side the light read to his grandchildren the story of this great woman of Shunem who was so kind and courteous to the prophets and the good prophet Elisha. Yes, she was a great woman.

In the first place, she was great in her hospitality. Hospitality and barbarous nations have this virtue. Jupiter had the surname of the Hospitable, and he was said especially to avenge the wrongs of strangers. Homer extolled it in his verses. The Arabs are famous for it. In the Orient, and among some of their tribes it is not until the ninth day of tarrying that the occupant has a right to ask his guest, "Who and whence art thou?" If this virtue is so honored among barbarians, how ought it to be honored among those of us who believe in the Bible, which commands us to show hospitality one toward another without grudging.

Of course I do not mean under this cover to give any idea that approve of that vagrant class who go around from place to place, ranging their whole lifetime, peering under the awning of some benevolent or philanthropic society, quartering themselves on Christian families with a great pile of trunks in the hall and carpeting porticoes of tarrying. There is many a country paragonage that looks out with a weak upon the ominous arrival of wagon with creaking wheel and lank horse and dilapidated driver, come under the shadow of some hospitable man, who spends a few weeks and canvasses the neighborhood. Let no such religious traps take advantage of this beautiful virtue of Christian hospitality. Not so much the sanctuaries of your diet as the sanctuaries of your abode will impress the friend or the stranger that steps across your threshold as the warmth of your hospitality; the sincerity of your reception; the reiteration by guests and by host, and by a thousand attentions, insignificant attentions, of your earnestness of welcome. There will be high appreciation of your welcome, though you have nothing but the brass candlestick and the plain chair to offer Elisha when he comes to Shunem. Most of the grace of hospitality is shown in the house of God. I am thankful that I have always been pastor of churches where strangers are welcome. But I have entered churches where there was no hospitality. A stranger would stand in the vestibule for a while and then make a pilgrimage up the long aisle. No door opened to him until he reached and excited and embarrassed, he started back and, coming with a stammer, said, "My wife is not here, but my wife is not here." A lady with apostolical air entered his, while the occupant glared on him with a look which seemed to say, "Well, if I must, pass from hence." White captives, he would not know a boy's penicillin from Bierstadt's "Tosomite." Men who buy large libraries by the square foot, buying these libraries when they have scarcely enough education to pick out the day of the month in the almanac! Oh, how many are striving to have things as well as their neighbors or better than their neighbors, and in the struggle vast fortunes are exhausted and business firms thrown into bankruptcy and men of reputed honesty rush into astounding forgeries!

But what I want to impress upon you, my hearers, is that you ought not to envy the luxuries of life among the indispensable, and you ought not to deprecate this woman of the text, who, when offered kindly proffered, responded, "I dwell among my own people." Yes this woman of the text was great in her piety. Just read the chapter after you go home. Faith in God and she was not ashamed to tell about it before idolaters. Ah, woman will never appreciate what she owes to Christianity until she knows and sees the degradation of her sex under paganism and Mohammedanism. Her very birth considered a misfortune. Sold like cattle on the shambles. Slaves of all work, and at last her body for the funeral pyre of her husband. Above and shriek of the fire whistlers in India, and above the rumbling of the Juggernaut I hear the million voiced groan of wronged, insulted, broken-hearted, rowntrodden woman. Her tears have fallen in the Nile and Tigris, the La Plata, and on the steps of Tartary. She has been dishonored in Turkish gardens and Persian palace and Spanish Alhambra. How little one has sacrificed in the Indus and the Ganges. There is not a groan, or a dungeon, or an island, or a mountain, or a river, or a lake, or a sea but could tell a story of the outrages heaped upon her day by day, thanks to God, this glorious Christianity comes forth, and all the claims of this vassalage are snapped, and she rises from ignominy to exalted sphere and becomes the affectionate daughter, the gentle wife, the honored mother, the useful Christian. Oh, if Christianity has done so much for women, surely woman will become its most ardent advocate and its sublimest exemplification!

It is reported that the large shoe manufacturers in New England intend to form a combination to control the market.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

NOTES OF INTEREST ON AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

Green Bones for Hens - Care of Horses' Hoofs - Succulent Food as an Appetizer - Making Meadows and Pastures, Etc., Etc.

GREEN BONES FOR HENS.

It is a fact that can be proved from the experience of the most prominent poultrymen in the country, that green cut bone is the greatest egg producing food in the world. It is a food that cannot be omitted from the diet to have the best results obtained both in breeding and egg production. While the most prominent poultrymen know this to be a fact there are thousands upon thousands of our readers who are still ignorant on the subject. If they would get one of the cheap bone mills advertised in our columns, grind the fresh green bones that are now wasted, and feed this fresh bone meal to their poultry in moderate quantities, all such persons would soon be convinced of the truth of the statement.

CARE OF HORSES' HOOPS.

Horses are confined to stables more in winter than in summer, and as a consequence their feet are more apt to become diseased, especially when kept upon dry board floors. The front feet are always more affected than the hind, becoming hard and brittle. To prevent this it has been found that a little pure cod liver oil applied once in two or three days by means of a rag or soft brush is a great aid. Rub over the outside surface of the hoof and also the frog and sole. Apply it at night and it will have plenty of time to penetrate into the horny substance and dry off before using next morning. It is all important that superfluous growth be trimmed off occasionally.

SUCCULENT FOOD AS AN APPETIZER.

In dairying, one cannot afford to lose sight of the necessity and utility of supplying regular feeds of some sort of green, succulent food in connection with the usual rations of the more solid foods - grain and hay. It does not matter so much just what succulent foods are chosen. Those that are cheapest and most available in any given locality will most naturally be employed. All roots, such as turnips, beets, carrots, parsnips and potatoes are excellent for the purpose. Ensilage is also very good. Cabbages and pumpkins are very desirable when they are plenty and cheap.

MAKING MEADOWS AND PASTURES.

A certain per cent. of the forage crops must of necessity be fed on the farm and naturally it is good policy to have such crops as rich as possible in food values. As a rule the pure grasses sown for hay should have a mixture of some variety of clover to add protein to the grass when fed. On heavy and rather clayey soils alsike clovers are the best for mixing with timothy or any of the pure grass seed. Another point to be observed in making a profitable meadow is to sow mixtures of seed that bloom about the same time and not to have a mixture containing too many varieties. For late grasses no mixture is better than timothy, Rhode Island bent and common red top clover.

FEWER HENS - THOROUGH BREDS.

A farmer who has discarded his old farmyard fowls and started afresh with a few thoroughbreds tells me that he averages as many eggs a year now from his twenty and thirty first chickens as he formerly did from his old flock of seventy-five to one hundred. That was the average size of his flock when he pinned his faith to the old mongrels which had descended to him from a long line of mixed ancestors with no particular variety of blood in them. They had been in-bred and inbred until no one could guess what their original ancestors were. They were the common barn yard chicken which we see on so many farms. The owner kept the flock up between fifty and one hundred year after year, selling or eating about fifty every fall and winter. He didn't get much a pound for the birds, and so his family ate most of them, struggling often with meat so tough that the teeth could hardly penetrate through it.

Then the eggs formed an item. In the summer time the entire flock laid enough eggs to keep the basket moderately full, and sometimes a few could be sold at prices that left very little profit. The chickens were not fed much, but they managed to consume a good deal in the course of a year. One year the owner tried to keep account of the cost of feeding them, and the result was that he decided to kill them all off. They did not pay for their keep.

After that he purchased a few fancy breeds. As he was proud of them, he fed them carefully and regularly and gave them good quarters. He started in with a dozen and gradually raised the number to fifteen. Now he has twenty-five, and every year he raises a few more. He sells a few when anybody wants a few thoroughbreds, and he gets good prices for them.

But the most pleasing feature of the change is that he gets as many eggs, taking the year around, from his twenty-five thoroughbreds as he formerly did from his flock of seventy-five and eighty. He attributes it to the better care and better feed, and he is right. The cost of keeping that number is so much less than the old flock that he feels that every egg he eats reduces the cost of his living by at least half. The moral of this true story is apparent, and I judge my friend is not the only one who has had such an experience. - Jas. Ridgeway in American Cultivator.

HOME MIXING OF FERTILIZERS.

So long as farmers continue to take from the soil in crops, so long must they continue to return fertility to it in greater measure than they take from it. Stable or barnyard manure are to a certain extent good, complete fertilizers for many crops, but in diversified or extensive farming, chemical fertilizers are needed to increase the quantity or to add largely to one particular element not contained in sufficient quantities in barnyard manures. The questions then are what to buy and how to buy it. It is conceded that it costs something to mix the several ingredients forming a complete fertilizer, but on the other hand it must be admitted that the farmer often pays heavily for some ingredient not needed in order to obtain a comparatively small quantity of the desired chemical.

Here, then, is where home mixing is cheaper than buying the mixed fertilizer. Statistics show that each pound of phosphoric acid in mixed fertilizers costs the farmer six and one-half cents, while he may buy dissolved phosphate by itself for four and one-half cents, or dissolved rock, which is equally as good, for three cents a pound. Potash, usually in the form of muriate, in mixed fertilizers, costs between six and eight cents a pound, while it may be bought by itself for four cents. Nitrogen in the mixed fertilizers costs twenty-one cents a pound while by itself it may be bought for fifteen cents. If the needed nitrogen is obtained by the use of crimson clover, velvet bean or cow peas according to the section of the country, it is got cheaper than by buying it in chemical form, even at the lowest price for it separately. If the farmer can then add the other chemicals needed, potash and phosphoric acid, at about one-half the usual cost by buying them separately and mixing them himself, the fertilizer bill ceases to become the formidable nightmare it is at present. In the south less commercial fertilizer and cotton and more stock and the use of cow peas for nitrogen, and in the north more home mixing of commercial fertilizers and more crimson clover seems to be the way out of some of the present difficulties. - Atlanta Journal.

VEGETABLES FARMERS OUGHT TO RAISE.

We are astonished when we learn how many valuable food plants were unknown to our ancestors and wonder what they ate. When a new food plant is discovered it comes into general use very slowly, often requiring the aid of the government to get the people to use it. Many excellent foods have been used in one country for many years before they are introduced into the neighboring countries. Cities will use vast quantities of foods which the surrounding farmers seldom produce or taste. In the community in which I live I never saw salsify or asparagus in any farmer's garden, yet I sell wagon loads of it in the town. Not one farmer in twenty has a dish of strawberries in a year, while in the town they consume about five gallons per capita. I can name a number of food plants which can be easily produced by every farmer, and which his family would enjoy, or which could be sold with profit. But he is wedded to "hog and hominy" and knows not what he misses.

Salsify, or vegetable oyster, has long been known as a food plant, yet not generally known as it should be. It should be planted and cultivated the same as parsnips or beets. It is not as hardy as parsnips and should be dug late in the fall and buried or put in the cellar and covered with moist earth. It is usually used as a soup, but any cook book will tell you a number of ways to prepare it. I have introduced it into a great number of families. Most of them will eagerly call for it and many of them have come to prefer it to the genuine oyster. I have also built up quite a market for asparagus and find there is now almost no limit to the demand for it, until green peas come on. But little labor and ground are required to produce all of these plants a family can use, and why farmers will not eat what their own cousins so relish, I leave to them to answer. - W. L. Anderson in New England Homestead.

THE TALE OF A CASTAWAY.

ADVENTURES OF A SHIPWRECKED CREW ON A RAT-INFESTED ISLAND.

Hospitably Treated by the White Colony that Leads an Incredibly Miserable Existence on Tristan d'Acunha - A Steady Diet of Penguin Eggs - Rescued by a Warship.

Cast on a rat-infested island in the South Atlantic Ocean, more than 1,500 miles south by west of the Cape of Good Hope, Capt. R. H. Shaw and his crew of the bark Glenhuntingly lived for 154 days, mostly on penguin's eggs. At last they were rescued by the British warship Thrush, and a few weeks ago were landed at Simon's Bay, South Africa.

The bark sailed from New York on March 31 last, with a general cargo, for Freemantle, Australia. R. W. Cameron & Co., her shipping agents, in New York city, were rejoiced to learn that the Glenhuntingly's crew - long since given up as lost - had been rescued from starvation and now ate on the way to Liverpool, where the bark was owned.

The voyage from New York was uneventful until the first days of June, when a fierce storm was encountered. The craft was so seriously damaged that on June 4 Captain Shaw and his men were forced to abandon it at sea. They took to the lifeboats, and several days later landed on one of the Tristan d'Acunha isles.

The adventures of the shipwrecked men on the faraway island were best described by Captain Shaw.

After telling of the abandonment of the bark and the landing on the island of Tristan d'Acunha, he writes:

"The first ship that approached the island and was boarded by us was the American vessel S. D. Carlton, on September 16, from New York to Hong Kong. I wanted the captain to take us to the Cape of Good Hope, but he could not. Our second mate, however, went on the Carlton. Three days afterward we sighted a sail from the highland at the foot of a mountain. That afternoon eight men and myself left in a small boat, and got to her, sailing and rowing, about 10 p. m. She proved to be the four-masted bark Strathgrype, of Greencoek, from New York for Melbourne. They also could not take us, but the captain gave us seventy pounds of bread, fifty pounds of flour, fourteen pounds of coffee and some tobacco. This was the first substantial food and tobacco we got since we reached the island. As the population of the place, with our eleven, had been increased to eighty-three, the supplies did not last long.

"I never thought that there were white people so poor as the seventy-two who made Tristan d'Acunha their home. The natives have houses built of stone, and these are thatched with a grass called tussock. The houses are only one story high, and the people cook, eat and sleep in a single apartment. Along the inside walls of some of these apartments are bunks like those on ships.

"The natives make trips in their little boats to inaccessible island, twenty miles distant, in a southwesterly direction, for tussock to be used in thatching. The islands are overrun with rats, which get scant food, excepting when the natives try to raise a little grain. Then they dig up the seed almost as soon as planted. The people grow very little of anything, but once in a while they succeed in raising a few potatoes. There are a few apple and pear trees, but the rats, which climb them, eat the fruit before it can ripen.

"The Governor of the island gave me shelter, and the rest of the crew were quartered at the houses of the natives, who divided their stock of eaglets and penguin flesh, and eggs of the latter sea fowl with them. Sea eagles are about the size of a duck, and their flesh was too strong for me to eat. The natives, however, seem to relish it, and in time there is a possibility that I would also fall into line with them. The craving of hunger is a terrible thing, and to satisfy it I ate penguin's eggs for breakfast, dinner and supper. They were cooked in all styles, but the variety, such as it was, could not disguise the egg to my taste.

"The sea eagles lay their eggs in holes on the sides of the mountains, and when the eaglets are about as big as a pigeon the natives take their dogs in a small boat and go 'round the island. The dogs smell out the holes, and then the natives get the young birds, and bring them home and cook them. The eaglets have a strong and fishy taste, and one has to be hungry to eat their flesh.

"There are several penguin rookeries, where we got eggs which furnished the main part of our daily food, while we were on the island. We also killed some of the sea fowl, and the oil secured in the cooking we used in our lamps. The little coffee that I obtained from the Strathgrype was all that had been on the island for three months. The natives own a fair-sized sailboat between them, and whatever supplies they secure from a passing vessel is equally divided. They wear no shoes, and when a beast is killed its skin is pegged to the ground and dried. Then it is cut up into strips, and out of the skin a sort of a moccasins is made.

"The Governor of the island is upward of ninety years old, and his wife is eighty-three. One of the natives, named Thomas Hill Swaine, was with Lord Nelson on the Victory at Trafalgar. When the government had a battery on the island of Tristan d'Acunha, Swaine came as a corporal, and after the military force was abolished he remained in this God-forsaken place.

but the women rarely get a petticoat. As a sort of home amusement, the members of the poor colony on the island make grotesque bonnets and caps from the fleece and skins of sea birds and fancy feather work from the plumage on the heads of the penguins.

"The Governor told me that he landed first on the island in 1836, and that during the past sixty-two years he had only made two trips to St. Helena, which is over 1,000 miles away. He had never been to the Cape of Good Hope.

"When the Thrush made its yearly visit to the island, her captain consented to take us to a port in Africa."

The Glen Huntingly, which was built at Glasgow in 1862, was 940 tons burden and 165 feet long. She was owned by Messrs. T. C. Jones and J. H. Foyle of Glasgow, Scotland.

VENUS AND ITS MYSTERIES.

Astronomers Puzzled to Know Whether it is a Living or Dead World.

The most beautiful planet, and the one that comes nearest to the earth, and most resembles the earth in size, is at the same time the most mysterious. Is Venus a living world or a dead one? That is to say, is it in a condition to support inhabitants, and is it probable that such inhabitants are there, or, on the other hand, is it unpeopled by their presence and barren of living forms?

These questions astronomers at present are unable to answer, but their efforts to answer them and the observations that they have made of the mysterious planet possess an almost startling interest.

First let us briefly recall what Venus is. It is a globe like our earth, and of very nearly the same magnitude, having a diameter of about 7,700 miles, while that of the earth is a little more than 7,900 miles. So nearly of the same size are the two planets that if we could view them from an equal distance we should be unable, without the aid of instruments of measurement, to detect any difference between them. The substance of Venus is slightly lighter, bulk for bulk, than that which composes the earth; but the difference in this respect is so little that again it would require special examination to distinguish by weight between a cubic foot of the soil of Venus and an equal amount of the soil of the earth. It follows that on Venus the force of gravitation or the weight of bodies does not greatly differ from that on the earth. If we could step upon Venus we should find that we had parted with a few pounds weight, but the difference would not be very noticeable, except perhaps on the race track.

But this planet, so like the earth in many respects, is very different from our globe in its situation. The earth's distance from the sun is 93,000,000 miles; the distance of Venus from the sun is 67,000,000 miles. This difference becomes a matter of great importance when we consider the effects which the sun produces upon the two planets. Heat and light, as everybody knows, vary inversely as the square of the distance. When we compare the square of the earth's distance from the sun with the square of Venus's distance, we find that the former is about double the latter. This means that Venus, on the average, gets twice as much heat and light from the sun as the earth gets.

But, on the other hand, we know that all forms of life depend for their existence upon the radiant energy of the sun. On the earth, when we pass from the arctic regions toward the equator, we find the number of living forms and the variety and intensity of the manifestations of life continually increasing, until, in the equatorial zone, earth, sea, and air are all crowded with animate and growing things. The touch of the sun everywhere produces life, and in the absence of sunshine is death. It is but natural to infer that Venus, having twice as much sunshine as the earth, should be proportionately more crowded with animal and vegetable inhabitants, and that the intensity of life there should be correspondingly greater. Some geologists have thought that there was a time when the climate of the earth was so hot that tropical plants and beasts lived abundantly around the poles. A similar condition of things might be supposed now to prevail upon Venus. - Harper's Round Table.

His Back to the Foe.

An army officer tells that in one engagement there were numbers of young fellows who smelt powder for the first time, and it is not surprising that at times the recruits were a trifle unsteady.

"However," said the old officer, "I only remember one case of actual faint, and when I think of it I can scarcely refrain from laughing.

"In the very thick of a hotly contested engagement one of my own men threw down his rifle and bolted.

"Here, you coward," I roared after him. "What are you running for?"

"Without so much as a glance over his shoulder the fellow replied: 'Because I'm in a despit hurry, an' I can't fly.'

Barren Lands Redeemed.

The sandy lands of Eastern Carolina, which heretofore have been deemed too poor for any kind of cultivation and have been growing up in weeds and briars, are now being planted with tobacco. This has been going on for several years, and by the free use of tobacco fertilizers, made especially for this crop, this land produces a fine grade of bright, golden tobacco in sufficient quantity to make it a money making crop. The area in tobacco is being increased every year, and these old poor lands are now valuable property.