REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Mothers in Israel."

Text: "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window,"-Judges v., 28.

Spiked to the ground of Jael's tent lay the dead commander in chief of the Canaanitish host, General Sisera, not far from the river Kishon, which was only a dry bed of pebbles when in 1889, in Palestine, we crossed it, but the gullies and ravines which ran into it indicated the possibility of great freshets like the one at the time of the text. General Sisera had gone out with 900 iron charlots, but he was defeated, and, his charlot wheels interlocked with the wheels of other charlots, he not retreat fast enough, and so he leaped to the ground an ran till, exhaust-ed, he went into Jael's tent for safety. She had just been churning, and when he asked for water she gave him buttermilk, which in the east is considered a most refreshing drink. Very tired, and supposing he was safe, he went to sleep upon the floor, but Jael, who had resolved upon his death, took a tent pin, long and round and sharp, in one hand and a hammer in her other hand, and, putting the sharp end of the tent pin to the ad of Sisera, with her other hand she lifted the hammer and brought it down on when Sisera struggled to rise, and she struck him again, and he struggled to rise, and the third time she struck him, and the commander in chief of the Canaanitish host

Meanwhile in the distance Sisera's mother sits amid surroundings of wealth and pomp and scenes palatial waiting for his return. Every mother expects her son to be victorious, and this mother looked out at the window expecting to see him drive up in his chariot followed by wagons loaded with embroideries and also by regiments of men van-quished and enslaved. I see her now sitting at the window, in high expectation. She watches the farthest turn of the road. She looks for the flying dust of the swift hoofs. The first flash of the bit of the horse's bridle

she will catch. The ladies of her court stand round, and she tells them of what they shall have when her son comes up—chains of gold and carcanets of beauty and dresses of such wondrous fabric and splendor as the Bible only hints at, but leaves us to imagine. "He ought to be here by this time," says his mother. "That battle is surely over. I hope that freshet of the river Kishon has not impeded him. I hope those strange appearances we saw last hight in the sky were not ominous, when the stars seemed to fight in their courses. No! No! He is so brave in battle I know he has won the day. He will soon be here." But alas for the disappointed mother! She will not see the glittering headgear of the horses at full gallop bringing her son home from victorious battle. As a solitary messenger arriving in hot haste rides up to the windows at which the weather of Sisters sits he criss. at which the mother of Sisera sits, he cries, "Your armies are defeated, and your son is dead." There is a scene of horror and anguish from which we turn away.

Now you see the full meaning of my short

text. "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window." Well, my friends, we are all out in the battle of life; it is raging now, and the most of us have a mother watching and waiting for news of our victory or defeat. If she be not sitting at the window of earth, she is sitting at a window of heaven, and she is going to hear all about it. By all the rules of war Sisera ought to have been triumphant. He had 900 iron charlots and a host of many thousands vaster than the armies of Israel. But God was on the other side, and the angry freshets of Kishon, and the hail, the lightning and the unmanageable warhorses, and the capsized chariots and the stellar panic in the sky discomfitted Sisera. Josephus in his history describes the scene in the following words: When they were come to a close fight there came down from heaven a great storm with a vast quantity of rain and hail, and the wind blew the rain in the face of the Canaanites slings were of no advantage to them, nor would the coldness of the air permit the soldiers to make use of their swords, while this storm did not so much incommode the Isra-elites because it came on their backs. They also took such courage upon the apprehen-sion that God was assisting them that they fell upon the very midst of their enemies and slew a great number of them, so that some of them fell by the Israelites, some fell by their own horses which were put into disorder, and not a few were killed by their own char-

Hence, my hearers, the bad news brought to the mother of Sisera looking out at the window. And our mother, whether sitting at a window of earth or a window of heaven will hear the news of our victory or defeat— not according to our talents of educational equipment or our opportunities, but accord-ing as to whether God is for us or against

"Where's mother?" is the question most frequently asked in many households. It is asked by the husband as well as the child coming in at nightfall "Where's mother?" is asked by the little ones when they get hart and come in crying with the pain, "Where's mother?" It is asked by those who have seen some grand sight or heard some good news or received some beautiful gift, "Where's mother?" She sometimes feels wearied by the question, for they all ask and keep asking it all the time. She is not only the first to hear every case of perplexity, but she is the judge in every court of domestic appeal. That is what puts the premature appeal. That is what puts the premature wrinkles on so many maternal faces and pow-ders white so many maternal foreheads. You see, it is a question that keeps on for all the years of childhood. It comes from the nursery, and from the evening stand where the boys and girls are learning their school lessons, and from the starting out in the morning, when the tippet or hat or slate or book or overshoe is lost, until at night, all out of breath, the youngat night, all out of breath, the young-gters come in and shout until you can hear them from cellar to garret and from front door to the back fence of the back yard, "Where's mother?" Indeed, a child's life is so full of that question that if he be taken away one of the things that the mother most misses and the silence that most expresses her is the absence of that question, which she will never hear on earth again, except she hears it in a dream which sometimes re-stores the nursery just as it was, and then the voice comes back so natural, and so sweet, and so innocent, and so inquiring that the dream breaks at the words, "Where's

It that question were put to most of us this morning, we would have to say, if we spoke truthfully, like Sisera's mother, she is at the palace window. She has become a queen unto God forever, and she is pulling back the rich folds of the king's upholatery to look down at us. We are not told the particular about the residence of Sisteration. ticulars about the residence of Sisera's mother, but there is in that scene in the book of Judges so much about embroideries and needlework and ladies in waiting that we know her recidence must have been princely ticular description of the palace at whose window our glorified mother sits, but there

There was then no reading of elaborate treatises on the best modes of rearing children, and then leaving it all to hired help, with one or two visits a day to the nursery to "Thou shalt make a hanging for the door of the same of the present of th see if the principles announced are being carried out. The most of those old folks did the sewing, the washing, the mending, the darning, the patching, the millinery, the mantua making, the housekeeping, and in harried harvest time heiped spread the hay or tread down the load in the mow. They were at the same time caterers, tailors, doctors, chaplains and nurses for a whole household all together down with measles or scarlet fever, or round the house with whooping coughs and croups and runround fin-gers and earaches and all the infantile distempers which at some time swoop upon every large household. Some of those mothers never got rested in this world. Instead of the self rocking cradles of our day, which, wound up, will go hour after hour for the solace of the young slumberer, it was weary foot on the rocker sometimes half the day or half the night-rock-rock-rock-rock. stead of our drug stores filled with all the wonders of materia medica and called up through a telephone, with them the only apothecary short of four miles' ride was the apothecary short of four miles rias was the garret, with its bunches of peppermint and pennyroyal and catnip and mustard and camomile flowers, which were expected to do everything. Just think of it! Fifty to do everything. Just think of it! Fifty years of preparing breakfast, dinner and supper. The chief music they heard was that of spinning wheel and rocking chair. Fagged out, headachy and with ankles swollen. Those old fashloned mothers—if any persons ever fitted appropriately into a good, easy, comfortable heaven, they were the folks, and they got there, and they are rested. They wear no spectacles, for they have their third sight—as they lived long enough on earth to get their second. ong enough on earth to get their secon ight-and they do not have to pant for reath after going up the the emerald stairs of the Eternal palace, at whose window they now sit waiting for news from the battle. But if anyone keeps on asking the ques-tions "Where's mother?" I answer, "She's in your present character." The probability is that your physical features suggest her.

If there be seven children in a household at least six of them look like their mother, and the older you get the more you will look like her. But I speak now especially of your character and not of your looks. This is easily explained. During the first ten years of your life you were almost all the time with her, and your father you saw only mornings and nights. There are no years in any life so important for impression as the first ten. Then and there is the impression made for virtue or vice, for truth or falsehood, for bravery or cowardice, for religion or skepticism. Suddenly start out from behind a door and frighten the child, and you may shatter his nervous system for a lifemay shatter his nervous system for a fife-time. During the first ten years you can tell him enough spook stories to make him a coward till he dies. Act before him as though Friday were an unlucky day, and it were baleful to have thirteen at the table, or see the moon over the left shoulder, and he will never recover from the idiotic superstitions. You may give that girl before she is ten years old a foudness for dress that will make her a mere "dummy frame," or fashion plate, for forty years. Ezekiel xvi. 44, "As is the mother so is her daughter." Before one decade has passed you can decide whether that boy will be a Shylock or a George Peabody. Boys and girls are generally echoes of fathers and mothers. What an incoherent thing for a mother out of temper to punish a child for getting mad, or for a father who smokes to shut boy up in a dark closet because he found him with an old stump of a cigar in his mouth, or for that mother to rebuke her daughter for staring at herself too much in the looking glass when the mother has her own mirrors so arranged as to repeat her form from all sides!
The great English poet's loose moral character was decided before he left the nursery, and his schoolmaster in the schoolroom overheard this conversation: "Byron, your mother is a fool," and he answered, "I know it." You can hear all through the words of his mother when she in the war of 1812 put a musket in his hand and said : "There, my son, take this and never disgrace it, for remember I had rather all my sons should fill one honorable grave than that one of them should turn his back on an enemy. Go and remember, too, that while the door of my cettage is open to all brave men it is always shut against cow-ards." Agrippina, the mother of Nero, murards." Agrippina, the mother of Nero, murderess, you are not surprised that her son
was a murderer. Give that child an overdose of catechism, and make him recite
verses of the Bible as a punishment, and
make Sunday a bore, and he will become a
stout antagonist of Christianity. Impress
him with the kindness and the geniality and
the loveliness of religion, and he will be its advocate and exemplar for all time and eter-

A few days ago right before our express train on the Louisville and Nashville rairoad the preceding train had gone down through a oroken bridge, twelve cars falling 100 feet and then consumed. I saw that only one span of the bridge was down and all the one span of the tridge was down and all the other spans were standing. Plan a good bridge of morals for your sons and daughters, but have the first span of ten years defective, and through that they will crash down, though all the rest keep standing. O man, O woman, if you have preserved your integrity and are really Christian, you have first of all to thank God, and I think next you have to thank your mother. The most impressive thing at the inauguration of James A. Garfield as President of the United States was that af-ter he had taken the oath of office he turned round and in the presence of the Supreme Court and the Senate of the United States kissed his old mother. If I had time to take statistics out of this audience, and I could ask what proportion of you who are Christians owe your salvation under God to maternal fidelity, I think about three-fourths of you would spring to your feet. "Ha!" said the soldlers of the reziment to Charlie, one of their comrades. "What has made the change in you? used to like sin as well as any of us." used to like sin as well as any of us." Pulling from his pocket his mother's letter, in which, after telling of some comforts she had sent hin, she concluded, "We are all praying for you, Charlie, that you may be a Christain," he said, "Boys, that's the sentence.'

The trouble with Sisea's mother was that, while sitting at the window of my text watching for news of her son from the batticidal, and had the two had qualifies of her.

watching for news of her son from the bat-icelield, she had the two bad qualities of be-ing dissolute and being too fond of personal adornment. The Bible account says: "Her wise ladies answered her yea. She returned answer to herself: 'Have they not sped?' Have they not divided the prey—to every man a damsel or two, to Sisera a prey of divers colors, a prey of divers colors of needlework, of divers colors of needlework on both sides?" She makes no anxious utterance about the wounded in baton both sides?" She makes no anxious utterance about the wounded in battle, about the bloodshed, about the dying, about the dead, about the principles involved in the battle going on, a battle so important that the stars and the freshets took part, and the clash of swords was answered by the thunder of the skies. What she thinks most of is the bright colors of the wardrobes to be captured and the needlework. "To Sisera a prey of divers colors, a prey of divers colors of needlework, of divers colors of needlework on both sides."

Now neither sises as mother no. any one is so much in the closing chapters of the good old book about crowns, and pearls big enough to make a gate out of one of them, new songs and marriage suppers, and harps, and white horses with k ags in the stirrups, and golden candlesticks that we know the heavenly residence of our mother is superb, is unique, is colonnaded, is domed, is embowered, is fountained, is glorifled beyond the power of pencil or pen or tongue to present, and in the window of that palace the mother sits watching for news from the battle. What a contrast between the celestial surrounding and her once earthly surroundings! What a work to bring up a family, in the old time way, with but little or no hired help, except perhaps for the washing day or for the swine slaughtering, commonly called "the killing day!"

Now neither Sisera's mother no, any one sleed and and the eulogy of the election and the subject of the said Mr. Troup, "and when I looked at it I found it was the identical piece whether is superb, is unique, is colonnaded, is domed, is embowered, is fountained, in a factory are employed to make the different parts of one facelle, it is an instrument distribution. The washing day or for the swine slaughtering up a family, in the old time way, with but little or no hired help, except perhaps for the washing day or for the swine slaughtering, commonly called "the killing day!"

Now neither Sisera's mother no, any one slide more useful conquests than the sword one end and with an eye at the other, whether of bone or it. I hasked him to let me see the coin, "I asked him to let me see the coin, "I asked him to let me see the coin, "I asked him to let me see the coin, "I asked him to let me see the coin, at it I found it was the identical price with an explication on end and with an eye at the other, whether of bone or it was aid Mr. Troup, "and when I looked at it I found it was it I had at it I found it was the identical price when the view cheek it is found and it. I had marked so iong ago. I wr Now neither Sisera's mother not any one

"Thou shalt make a hanging for the door of the tent of blue and purple and scarlet and fine twined linen wrought with needlework," down to the womanly hands which this

winter in this tabernacle are presenting for benevolent purposes their needle-work. But there was nothing ex-cept vanity and worldliness and social splash what Sisera's mother said about the ne diework she expected her son would bring home from the battle. And I am not sur-prised to find that Sisera fought on the rong side when his mother at the window of my text in that awful exigency had her chief thought on dry goods achievement and social display. God only knews how many homes have made shipwreck on the ward-robe. And that mother who sits at the window watching for vainglorious triumph of millinery and fine colors and domestic paeantry will, after a while, hear as bad news om her children out in the battle of life as era's mother heard from the struggle at

But if you still press the question, "Where's mother?" I will tell you where she is not, though once she was there. Some of you started with her likeness in your face and her principles in your soul. But you have east her out. That was an awful thing for you to, but you have done it. That hard, grinding dissipated looi; you never got from her. If you had seen any one strike her you would have struck him down without much care whether the blow was just sufficient or fatal; but, my boy, you have struck her down—struck her innocence from your face and struck her principles from your soul.
You struck her down! The tent pin that
Jael drove three times into the skull of Sisera was not so cruel as the stab you have made nore than three times through your mother's heart. But she is waiting yet, for mothers are slow to give up their boys—waiting at some window, it may be a window on earth or at some window in heaven. And others or at some window in heaven. And others may east you off. Your wife may seek divorce and have no patience with you. Your father may disinherit you and say, "Let him never again darken the door of our house." But there are two persons who do not give you up—God and mother.

How many disappointed mothers waiting at the window! Perhaps the panes of the window are not great glass plate, bevel edged and hovered over by exquisite lam-brequin, but the window is made of small panes, I would say about six or eight of them, in summer wreathed with trailing vine and in winter pictured by the Raphaels of the forest, a real country window. The mother sits there knitting, or busy with her needle on homely repairs, when she looks up and sees coming across the bridge of th meadow brook a stranger, who dismounts in front of the window. He lifts and drops the heavy knocker of the farmhouse door. "Come in!" is the response. He gives his name and says, "I have come on a sad errand." "There is nothing the mattar with my son in the city, is there?" she asked. "Yes!" he says. Your son got into an unfortunate encour with a young man in a liquor saloon last night and is badly hurt. The fact is he cannot get well. I hate to tell you all. I am sorry to say he is dead." "Dead!" she cries as she totters back. "Oh, my son! my son! would God I had died for thee!" That is the ending of all her cares and anxieties and good counsels for that boy. That is her pay for her self sacrifices in his behalf. That is the bad news from the battle. So the tidings of dereliet or Christian sons travel to the windows of earth or the windows of eaven at which mothers sit.

"But," says some one, "are you not mis-taken about my glorified mother hearing of my evildoings since she went away?" Says some one else, "Are you not mistaken about my glorified mother hearing of my self sacriand moral bravery and struggle to do There are trains running every five minutes—trains of immortals ascending and descending spirits going from earth to heaven to live there. Sprits descending from heaven to earth to min-ister and help. They hear from us many times every day. Do they hear good news or bad news from the battle, this Sedan, this Thermopylee, this Auster-litz, in which every one of us is fighting on the right side or the wrong side. O God, whose I am, and whom I am trying to serve, as a result of this sermon, roll over on all mothers a new sense of their responsi ility, and upon all children, whether in the nursery or out on the tremendous Esdraelon of middle life or old age, the fact that their victories or defeats sound clear out, clear up to the windows of sympathetic maternity. Oh, is not this the minute when the cloud of blessing filled with the exhaled tears of anxious mothers shall burst in howers of mercy on this audience?

There is one thought that is almost too ender for utterance. I almost fear to start it lest I have not enough control of my emo-tion to conclude it. As when we were chil-dren we so often came in from play or from a hurt or from some childish injustice praca burt or from some childish injustice practiced upon us, and as soon as the door was opened we cried, "Where's mother?" and she said, "Here I am," and we buried our weeping faces in her lap, so after awhile, when we get through with the pleasures and hurts of this life, we will, by the pardoning mercy of Christ, enterthe heavenly home, and among the first questions, not the first, but mong the first will be the old question that among the first questions, not the first, but among the first, will be the old question that we used to ask, the question that is being asked in thousands of places at this very moment—the question, "Where's mother?" And it will not take long for us to find her or for her to find us, for she will have been watching at the window for our comin and with the other children of our househo and with the other children of our household of earth we will again gather round her, and she will say: "Well, how did you get through the battle of life? I have often heard from others about you, but now I want to hear it from your own souls. Tell me all about it, my children!" And then we will tell her of all our earthly experiences, the holidays, the marriages, the birth hours, the burials, the hearthreaks, the losses, the gains, the victories, the defeats, and she will say: "Never mind, it is all over now. I see each one of you has a crown, which was goven you at the gate as you came through. Now east it at the feet of the Christ who saved you and saved me and saved us all. Thank God, we are never to part, and for all Thank God, we are never to part, and for all the ages of eternity you will never again have to ask, 'Where's mother?'"

A Coin Recovered After Thirty Years.

It is not often that a marked coin once but into circulation is returned to the person who marked it. George Troup, Superintendent of Forest Lawn Cemetery, before he left Scotland, had his name stamped upon a coin of the sue of George II. It was done in fun, and at that time he never dreamed that the coin would ever be returned to him. The coin was put into circulation, and a short time afterward Mr. Troup came to this country. More than thirty years passed by, and he thought nothing more about the circumstance. One day recently a friend of his at lodge said to him: "I have a coin with your name upon it."

SABBATH SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR JANUARY 28.

Lesson Text: "God's Covenant With Noah," Genesis ix., 8-17:-Golden Text: Genesis, ix., 13-Commentary.

5. "And God spoke unto Noah and to als sons with him, saying." We have passed over probably 1500 years since the last lesson, during which time the views of Cain and Abel had full time to develop and bear fruit. In the line of Seth, who took the place of Abel, his brother, the most retails place of Abel, his brother, the most notable of those recorded in chapter v. was Enoch the seventh from Adam (Jude 14), who walked with God at least 300 years and was then translated without tasting death. The endants of Cain, who turned away from God, gave their attention to building cities inventing musical instruments, working i brass and iron and trying to make this world a happy place without God. The result of Cain's way is seen in chapter vi., 5, and the only remedy was the deluge, which

and the only remedy was the deluge, which came after long warning, destroying all except Noah and those with him in the ark.

9. "And I, behold, I establish my covenant with you and with your seed after you." This is the first covenant, so called, in the Scriptures and is first mentioned in chapter vi., 18. It concerns the whole earth. n we have 400 years later the covenant Then we have 400 years later the covenant with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob concerning the land of Canaan and the people who should inherit it as a center of blessing to the whole earth. These two are unconditional. About 400 years later we have the conditional covenant at Horeb. Compare Deut. v., 2, 3, and Gal. iii., 17. Then some 400 years after that we have the unconditional covenant with David concerning the throng and the bigodom. Hanny are all who throne and the kingdom. Happy are all who can make the last words of David their own and rest quietly in the faithfulness of God-"Although my house be not so with God, yet He hath made with me an everlasting ovenant, ordered in all things and sure

10. "And with every living creature that is with you, of the fowl, of the cattle and of every beast of the earth with you; from all that go out of the ark to every beast of the earth." The Lord is good to all, and His tender mercles are over all His works (Ps. exiv., 9). Even the sparrows of which five are sold for two farthings are cared for by Him (Luke xii., 6). And the whole creation which still groaneth and travaileth in pain because of sin shall yet be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God (Rom. viil.,

11. "And I will establish my covenant with you. Neither shall all flesh be cut off any more by the waters of a flood; neither shall there any more be a flood to destroy the earth." The next purification of the earth shall be fire, after which there shall be a new earth filled with righteousness to abide forever (II Pet. iii., 6, 7, 10, 13). The earth will not be destroyed—that is, annihi-lated—but purified from all defliement, loosed (as the word "dissolved" signifies) from its bondage of sin. And as it was in the days of Noah so shall it be in the days ceding that purification (Luke xvli., 26,

12. "And God said, This is the token of the venant which I make between Me and you. and every living creature that is with you, for perpetual generations." In great mercy and loving kindness God gondescends to give to man outward and visible signs of His faith-fulness. The token to Abraham was circum-cision; in the passover it was the blood upon the door; to Rahab it was the scarlet cord; to Gideon the fire from the rock; to Ahaz it was the virgin's son (Gen. xvii., 11; Ex. xii., 13; Joshua ii., 12, 18; Judg. vi., 17, 21; Isa 13; Joshua ii., 12, 18; Judg. vi., 17, 21; Isa. vii., 14). The last, even Jesus Himself, is to Lethe sign that He will do all that He has

said.

13. "I do set My bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between Me and the earth." This is the first time that we read of the rainbow, and it is only oken of in four places, here and in Ezek 28; Rev. iv., 3; x., 1. Four in Scriptur is the perfect number concerning the earth, and in each of these four places the bow speaks of a redeemed earth. In the other three places as well as in this it is seen in connection with Him who is the only Re

14. "And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the clouds." The clouds would be more interesting to us if we remembered that He brings them and that they are the dust of His feet (Nah. 1., 3). He led Israel by a pillar which was a cloud by day and a fire by night, and which He also spread over the whole encampment as a covering (Ex. xiii., 21, 22; Ps. cv., 39). At the transfiguration a cloud overshadowed Him, when He ascended a cloud received Him, and when He shall come again in His glory bringing His saints with Him it will be inthe clouds of heaven (Math. xvi., 5; xxvi., 54; Acts i., 9). Clouds sometimes teach that, though His way be not clear to us, yet we are to trust Him implicitly.

15. "And I will remember my coverant, which is between Me and you, and every living creature of all flesh, and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh." See also what He will remember in Lev. xxvi., 42, 45, and Ezek. xvi., 60. Consider what we are to remember in Deut. vii., 18; viii., 2; I Chron. xvi., 12; Ecel. xii., 1; I Cor. xi., 24, 25. Take comfort also in what He will not remember (Isa. xliii., 25; Heb. viii., 12; x., 17). Notice that in the margin of Isa. ixii., 5, 7, we are called "the Lord's remembrances' and observe carefully what we are to remind them of. The R. V. says we are to take no rest and give Him no rest till He does this. He does not need to be reminded, but He condescends to let us do this, and loves to have us plend His prom-

16, "And the how shall be in the cloud, and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everinsting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth." How many of us ever think when we see a rainbow in the clouds that God is looking specially upon it and is interested in it, that the cloud is His, and the bow is His, and the covenant is His, and when we are interested in that which interests Him then we have fellowship with Him When the clouds come in our lives, may we by faith see also the bow and rejoice that nowever things may seem to go we are in the all things and sure.

'And God said unto Noah, This is the token of the covenant which I have established between Me and all flesh that is upon the earth." The word for "establish is often translated "raise up," "confirm" "perform," "accomplish," and is the very word used when speaking to Moses of Christ, " will raise them up a prophet like unto thee, All things that God says or does are estab lished in Christ. When we are in Christ by simple faith, and just taking Him at His word, we too, become established, but not otherwise (II Chron. xx., 20; Isa. vii., 9).— Lesson Helper.

Irrigation's Limits.

The investigation of water resources of the United States undertaken by the Geological Survey has been practically completed. The work was commenced in October, 1889, with the object of determining the quantity of water available for irrigation of the arid lands of the West, or for use as water power. lands of the West, or for use as water power.
"It does not appear probable," says Geologist Newell, "that even as high as ten percent of the land now owned by the Government can ever be irrigated. In fact, there is not a sufficient supply of water to bring under cultivation an area equal to that which has passed into the hands of individuals and corporations. There are, however, localities where thousands of acros can be profitably irrigated by the construction of expensive dams and irrigating cana's."



California has many women farmers. The Empress of Austria has a woman physician in her suite.

Manuela Palido, of Madrid, is the only woman lawyer in Spain.

The Chicago Athletic Club has decided to open its doors to ladies once a month.

Miss Alice Stone Blackwell is writing a biography of her famous mother, 'Lucy Stone There is not a female Arab in Algiers

who can read, it is said. The Gospel is spoken to them. Mme. Henriette Ronner has become

famous as the most natural painter of cats and kittens in Paris. Dental inspection has been introduced into the public schools of De-

troit, Mich., by a woman. Queen Margherita of Italy and the

Empress of Russia are probably the best dressed royal women in Europe. The veil used by Turkish ladies is no longer what it was. Its transparency

admits of a pretty face being outlined. In some of the countries of Southern Europe a girl is regarded as of marriageable age when she is twelve years

A Boston lady has invented a spoon for measuring medicine, by which a dose can be administered without spilling.

A Mrs. Bush, who died in England recently, was a direct descendant, in the eighth generation, of Oliver Cromwell.

There are fifteen thousand workingwomen in Albany, N. Y., out of a total population of one hundred thou-

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr has taken the place formerly occupied by Mrs. Burnett as the best paid female author

Mrs. Lease, the Kansas politician, has been made a member of the International Peace Society of Berne, Switzerland. Mrs. Martha J. Coston, the inventor of the signals for the use of ships by

night at sea, is living at an advanced age in Washington. A woman's corsets, worn with only the average degree of tightness, exert a pressure of forty pounds on the or-

gans they compress. Mrs. Harriet Strong, of Califoania, raised no less than 2,000,000 plumes of pampas grass last year, and sold them all for decorations.

Dr. Mary Glenton, who is a graduate of the Woman's Medical College of Chicago, has been appointed missionary at Anvik, Alaska.

Mrs. S. V. White, wife of the banker, is President of the Brooklyn Home for Consumptives, a noble philanthropy, absolutely unsectarian.

When Mrs. Edward Cooper, of New York, gives a dinner party for the regulation finger bows are substituted cut glass globes containing rosewater.

Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, the New York heiress, was to "come out" this year, but on account of the death of her brother her debut has been post-

Queen Victoria has already reached and passed the biblical limit of man's age : she is in the seventy-fourth year year of her age and the fifty-sixth year of her reign.

Mrs. Henry E. Abbey, wife of the great manager, possesses the largest collection of photographs of celebrities with autograph inscription to be found in this country.

The handsomest thing said recently of the American woman is by Mrs. Ormiston Chant: "Her good humor under difficulties is surpassed by nothing I have ever seen."

Mrs. Mary Cowden-Clarke, compiler of the "Shakesperean Concordance," is living in Italy. She is eighty-five years old, and was lately described as a "prosperous, gentle woman."

A tool for killing noxious weeds in a garden has been invented by Mrs. Grafton Ross, an English woman. The implement is a hollow piercer, through which poison is conveyed to the root of the weed.

Miss Charlotte Robinson, of London, who bears the title of Decorator to the Queen, designed and applied the decorations of the ceilings and panels in the cabins of the steamships Lucania and Campania.

It is said that when Mrs. Peter Cooper first went to housekeeping every piece of her furniture was made by her husband with his own hands. Even the bedroom and parlor "sets" were the handiwork of her ingenious husband.

Nellie Dean, organist, Charlestown, Mass., has been awarded a gold medal for the most finished rendering of three classical compositions selected by the director of the New England Conservatory, Boston. There were three competitors. Miss Dean played from memory.

An interesting fact in connection with the life of Maria Mitchell, the Vassar astronomer of beloved memory, is that she was never able to overcome her fear and dread of lightning. The heavens were to her as an open book, yet this of their marvels was always awful and mysterious to her.

British lady artists are fairly numerous in Paris, now that so many English girls go over to study in French studios. So they have formed an "Association of British Women Artists," and opened their first exhibition with great success. The exhibition is under Lady Daferin's patronage, and musters over seventy works.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

HOW TO TREAT CHAMOIS SKINS.

Considering what a useful thing a chamois skin is, it is astonishing that there is so much ignorance as to the proper way of keeping it in order and lengthening its term of service. Chamois skin should never be left in water after being used, but should be wrung out and hung up to dry, being spread out carefully, so as to leave no wrinkles. They should not be used to wipe off colors, as paint stains form hard spots, and it makes the skin wear out sooner.

Chamois was never intended to wipe the face and hands with, which makes the skin become greasy. Never put a chamois skin into warm water; anything above lukewarm water will curl it up, making it become thick, tough and useless. To bring back chamois that has been ruined by grease or paint, or used as a towel until it resembles a dirty old rag, the following is recommended: Take a bucket of clean water which has been made fairly but not too strong with ammonia; soak the skin in it over night, and next morning rinse it out in pure water, after which use pure white castile soap and water freely. The whole operation, aside from the soaking, need take no longer than a quarter of an hour, and it makes the skin in reality better than it was before, having freed it from impurities. - New York Mer-

KEROSENE IS A USEFUL CLEANER.

Headlight oil is double refined petroleum, or refined kerosene. It is purer and cleaner than the cruder and cheaper oils, and has not so strong an odor. It is for this reason better for household purposes, although kero-sene is as good in other respects. For laundry work the oil is becoming well known. The clothes are put to soak over night in warm soapsuds. In the morning clean water is put in the boiler and to it is added a bar of any good soap, shred fine, and two and one-half tablespoons of headlight or kerosene oil. The clothes being wrung from the suds, the finest and whitest go into the scalding water in the boiler and are boiled twenty minutes. When taken from the boiler for the next lot, they are sudsed in warm water, collars, cuffs and seams being rubbed if necessary. Rinsed and blued as usual, they will come forth beautifully soft and white. Knit woolen underwear, woolen

this way. The secret of washing successfully by this method is the use of plenty of sosp and warm water to suds the clothes. If too little soap be used the dirt will "curdle" and settle on the clothes in "freckles."

socks, etc., may safely be washed in

A teaspoonful of headlight oil added to a quart of made starch, stirred in while it is hot, or added to the starch before the hot water is poured upon it, will materially lessen the labor of ironing and will give to clothes, either white or colored, especially muslins and other thin wash goods, a look of freshness and newness not to be otherwise attained.

For cold starch add a teaspoonful of oil for each shirt to be starched. Rub the starch well into the article, roll up tightly, and leave it for threefourths of an hour, then iron.

To clean windows and mirrors add a tablespoonful of headlight or kerosene oil to a gallon of tepid water. A polish will remain on the glass that no mere friction can give.

If windows must be cleaned in freezing weather use no water at all. Rub them with a cloth dampened with kerosene; dry with a clean cloth and polish with soft paper.

A few drops of kerosene added to the water in which lamp chimneys are washed will make them easier to polish.

To break a glass bottle or jar evenly put a narrow strip of cioth, saturated with kerosene, around the article where it is to be croken. Set fire to the cloth, and the glass will crack off above it.

Tarnished lamp burners may be rendered almost as bright as new by boiling them in water to which a teaspoonful of soda and a little kerosene has been added. Then scour with kerosene and scouring brick and polish with chamois or soft leather. To remove paint from any kind of cloth, saturate the spot with kerosene

To remove fruit stains, saturate the stain with kerosene, rub thoroughly with baking sods and leave in the sun. To renew woodwork and furniture,

and rub well; repeat if necessary.

rub with kerosene and then with linseed oil. To clean a sewing or other machine, oil all the bearings plentifully with

kerosene, operate the machine rapidly for a moment, rub the oil off and apply machine oil. To remove dandruff, rub kerosene

well into the roots of the hair; the dandruff can then be combed or washed out easy. - New York Press.

Indian Pudding-Scald one quart of milk, thicken with one cap of meal, two eggs, one spoonful of flour, one cup of malasses, salt and ginger to taste. When cool add one pint of cold milk; do not stir it. Bake slowly for two or three hours. Noodles for Soup-To one well

beaten egg add a pinch of salt and flour enough to make a very stiff dough. Roll than, dredge with flour and let stand for an hour. Make it into a roll and cut into thin slices. Mix together to loosen and dredge with

Popovers--Two eggs, one cup of milk, one cup of flour, one teaspoon-ful of salt. Beat the eggs very littlejust sufficient to mix them, then add milk and salt, then the flour; mix until smooth and put into the hot greased pans. Bake in a quick oven twenty,