

WOMAN IN THE HOME

Dr. Talmage Preaches on the Trials of Wives and Mothers.

Lessons from the Story of Mary and Martha—Annoyances of Home Life Are Steps to High Reward.

[Washington, Feb. 12. Copyright, 1897.] This discourse of Dr. Talmage seems to open all the doors of home life and rouses appreciation of work not ordinarily recognized; text, Luke 10:40: "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 sister 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 newly appeared themselves or elaborately arranged their tresses, and then with affected surprise come out and pretend not to have heard the two or three previous knockings say: "Why, is that you?" No, they were ladies and always pre-entable, 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."

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 sweaters 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 luxurious 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 beavesteared 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 acerb in the Saviour'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 down 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, and about them I am going to speak of the Lord of Mary and Martha and Lazarus will help me by His grace. As I look into that door, in the first place, I see the trial of nonappreciation. 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 stock and factory and shop or at the stock exchange come home at night and hear 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 one hundred subordinates. Then you would know something about annoyance and trouble." Oh, 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 down 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 servants who have large wages and great experience, but that is the exception. I speak of the great masses of house-

keepers, to whom life is a struggle, and who at 30 years of age look as though they were 40. The fallen at Chalons and Austerlitz and Gettysburg and Waterloo are a small number in comparison with those who have gone down under the Armageddon of the kitchen. Go out to the country 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 cat. But what if the butcher sends meat unamasticable? 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 revulsion 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?

The house must be an extemporized apothecary's shop or dispensary. There must be relief for all styles of ailments—something to loosen the croup, something to cool the burn, something to poultice the inflammation, something to silence 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 make under such circumstances an impatient 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 kindness 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:

Thy 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 downstairs 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 frying pan accompanying to a gridiron! In other words, I was called downstairs 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!

But, 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 into that home where they will never have to do anything that 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 nor 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 ten o'clock at night may see 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 has been hushed 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! You may tell her that her departed children are in the bosom of a loving God, but, motherlike, she will brood both flocks, putting one wing of care over the flock in the house, putting the other wing of care over the flock in the grave. Nothing but the old-fashioned religion of Jesus Christ can take a woman happily through home trials. All these modern reli-

gions amount to nothing. They do not help. They do not comfort when there is a dead babe in the house. Away with them and give us the old-fashioned religion of Jesus Christ, that has comforted so many in the days of sorrow and trouble!

Romance and novelty may for a little while seem to be a substitute. The marriage day has only gone by, just gone by, and all household cares are atoned for by the joy of being together and by the fact that when X is late at night it is not necessary to discuss whether it is time to go. All the mishaps of the newly-married couple in the way of household affairs are not matters of anxiety or repression, but merriment. The loaf of bread turned into a geological specimen, the slushy custard and jaundiced and messy biscuits! Oh, it is a very bright sunlight that falls upon the cutlery and mantel ornaments of a new home! Romance and novelty will do for a little while, but after awhile the romance is all gone, and there is a loaf to be made, a loaf that cannot be sweetened by any earthly condiments, and cannot be flavored with any earthly flavors, and cannot be baked in any ordinary oven. It is the loaf of domestic happiness. All the ingredients from Heaven. Fruit from the tree of life and sweetened with the new wine of the kingdom and baked in the oven of home trial. God only can make that loaf. You can cut it, but it takes God to make it.

Solomon wrote out of his own miserable experience—he had a wretched home; no man can be happy with two wives, much less with 700, and out of his wretched experience he wrote: "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." Oh, the responsibilities of housekeepers! Kings by their indigestion have lost empires, and generals through indigestion have lost battles. One of the great statisticians says that out of 1,000 unmarried men 30 were criminals, and out of 1,000 married men only 18 were criminals, showing the power of home. And, oh, the responsibility resting upon housekeepers! By the food they provide, by the couch they spread, by the books they introduce, by the influence they bring around the home, they are helping to decide the physical, the intellectual, the moral, the eternal, welfare of the human race. Oh, the responsibility!

That woman sits in the house of God to-day perhaps entirely unappreciated. She is the banker of her home, the president, the cashier, the teller, the discount clerk, and ever and anon there is a panic. God knows the anxieties and the care, and He knows that this is not a useless sermon, but that there are multitudes of hearts waiting for the distillation of the Divine mercy and solace in their hour of trials and their home duties and their own fatigues. The world hears nothing about them. They never speak about them. You could not with the agonies of an inquisition bring the truth out of them. They keep it still. They say nothing. They endure and will until God and the judgment right their wrongs. "Oh," says some sister, "are you not trying to show that all a woman's life at home is one of self-sacrifice?" Yes, my sister, and that is the only kind of life worth living. That has been the life of Florence Nightingale; that was the life of Edward Payson; that was the life of the Lord Jesus Christ; that is the life of every man or woman that is happy—a life of self-sacrifice. Those people living for themselves—are they happy? Find me one. I will give you all the nations of the earth to find me one. Not happy—no, not happy. It is the self-sacrificing people that are happy, for God pays so largely, so gloriously, so magnificently, in the deep and eternal satisfactions of the soul. Self-sacrifice! We all admire it in others. How little we exercise of it! How much would we endure—how much would we risk—for others?

A very rough schoolmaster had a poor lad that had offended the laws of the school, and he ordered him to come up. "Now," he said, "you take off your coat instantly and receive this whip!" The boy declined, and more vehemently the teacher said: "I tell you, now, take off your coat—take it off instantly!" The boy again declined. It was not because he was afraid of the lash—he was used to that in his cruel home—but it was for shame. He had no undergarments, and when at last he removed his coat there went up a sob of emotion all through the school as they saw why he did not wish to remove his coat and as they saw the shoulder blades almost cutting through the skin. As the schoolmaster lifted his whip to strike a resolute, healthy boy leaped up and said: "Stop, schoolmaster; whip me! He is only a poor chap; he can't stand it; whip me!" "Oh," said the teacher, "it's going to be a very severe scourging! But if you want to take the position of a substitute you can do it." The boy said: "I don't care. Whip me. I'll take it. He's only a poor chap. Don't you see the bones almost come through the flesh? Whip me." And when the blows came down on the boy's shoulders this healthy, robust lad made no outcry. He endured it all uncomplainingly. We all say "Bravo!" for that lad. Bravo! That is the spirit of Christ! Splendid! How much scourging, how much chastisement, how much anguish, will you and I take for others? Oh, that we might have something of that boy's spirit! Aye, that we might have something of the spirit of Jesus Christ, for in all our occupations and trades and businesses, and all our life, home life, foreign life, we are to remember that the sacrifice for others will soon be over.

Why He Was Rejected. Young Poet—Why do you refuse me for a son-in-law? Is it because I lack merit? Paterfamilias (old journalistic hand)—Oh, no; it is simply on account of lack of space. We are really crowded for room here now.—Tit-Bits.

PASSING OF THE OX.

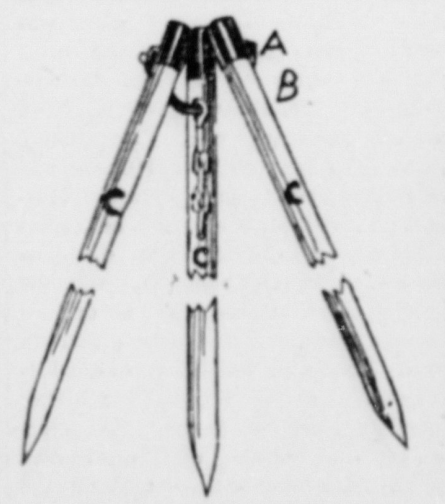
One of the Sad But Inevitable Results of the Quickened Life of the Country.

Notwithstanding the ubiquity of the bicycle and the tardy development of the automobile, there is no evidence that the horse is losing ground in our social and domestic economy, says the Boston Transcript. On the contrary, there has been an increase of about 40 per cent. in horseflesh since 1812, and of about 12 per cent. in the number of mules, while that dear, quaint and faithful servant of man, the patient ox, has barely held his own in the last 16 years. This is perhaps one of the inevitable results of the quickened life of the country. His star is in the descendant. While the country may be congratulated upon the increased push which demands greater speed and power in our modern activities, a sigh of regret will nevertheless follow the vanishing ox just as it did the old stage coach when the locomotive forced it off the road. The gradual passing away of the ox as a beast of burden has the pathos that attaches to the extinction of one of the early families. They came into the country together, and together they took a pioneer part in its development. They felled and drew off the trees, they tore up the stumps, they seamed and mellowed the rooky soil, making it richly responsive to the needs of man. They pulled out the great stones that fretted the faces of nature and made garden spots of the rugged hillside and plain. The ox was a factor of every enterprise. He was on the farm, at the wharf and the mill, and when in those early days of expensive and adventurous ideas the old places seemed too contracted for the settler he bundled his family into a prairie schooner, while his faithful oxen dragged the ponderous wain a six months' journey toward the setting sun, accomplishing a distance which we may now be whirled between the twilight and dawn, browsing cheerily as they wended their toilsome way along, and boarding themselves when the time for nightly camping arrived. But the old fellow has had his day except where the conditions are still primitive. Once he was the steady reliance of every farmer, but now one hardly sees a yoke in the harvest field or the plow lot. His pace cannot be readjusted to the quick step of modern ideas and inventions, and utilitarianism has no use for the poetic or the picturesque. More and more his destination is coming to be the shambles. This makes life shorter and we might say merrier, but merriment in an ox is inconceivable.

LOADING DRESSED HOGS.

A Device by Means of Which the Carcass is Handled with Almost No Lifting.

One of the chief outdoor difficulties at butchering time is the loading of heavy dressed hogs intended for market. Frequently this is done by one man, aided by the women of the household, and it is usually productive of much nervousness and some irritability. All this may be remedied in the following way: Make and keep from one season to another a large tripod by joining at the top three stout poles, c, 13 feet long. Keep the upper ends of the poles from splitting by means of iron bands. The lower ends are sharpened to a point.



TRIPOD FOR HANGING HOGS.

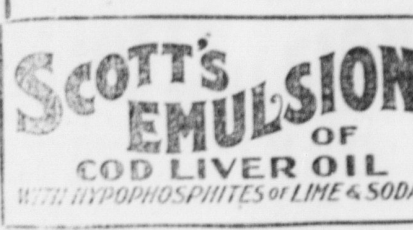
The upper ends of the poles to form the tripod are joined by a strong iron rod or bolt, a. An iron, b, formed like the letter U is fastened to the outside ends of the rod which joins the poles by running the rod through eyes formed in the iron. This loop of iron is to support the chain which holds the hog. When ready to hang the hog, lower one leg of the tripod, fasten on the hog, then raise the leg until the hog hangs sufficiently clear of the ground. In loading back the horses, placing the wagon under the tripod close to the hog. Then raise one leg of tripod until the hog will swing into the wagon, then lower it. The hog is loaded in this way with almost no lifting. This tripod is equally as valuable for hanging hogs to be dressed. They may be left hanging until it until loaded.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Ice in Watering Troughs.

Wherever stock is watered from troughs in cold weather there should be a plug fixed at the lower end of the trough so that with its removal all the water can be drawn off every night. It is far better, however, to water stock in winter in ponds where the ice will remain frozen all winter, only cutting the fresh ice that has formed over night at the watering places. The water under the ice in a deep pond is kept warmer by the icy covering, and is generally at the surface under the ice several degrees below freezing. If the watering trough is allowed to fill with ice it will keep the water very near the freezing temperature. A running brook where the ice may not freeze at all has water much colder than it is under the ice in a pond.—American Cultivator.

Help... Nature

Babies and children need proper food, rarely ever medicine. If they do not thrive on their food something is wrong. They need a little help to get their digestive machinery working properly.



It will generally correct this difficulty. If you will put from one-fourth to half a teaspoonful in baby's bottle three or four times a day you will soon see a marked improvement. For larger children, from half to a teaspoonful, according to age, dissolved in their milk, if you so desire, will very soon show its great nourishing power. If the mother's milk does not nourish the baby, she needs the emulsion. It will show an effect at once both upon mother and child.

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