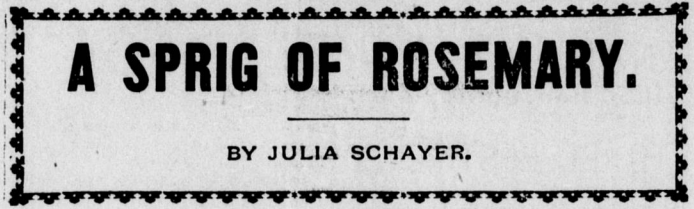


SEPARATION.

There be many kinds of parting—yes, I know. Some with fond grieving eyes that overflow, Some with brave hands that strengthen as they go; Ah, yes, I know, I know.

There is no rising ere the birds have sung Their skyward songs, to journey with the sun— Nor folded hands to show that life is done, Ah, no, for life is young.



A SPRIG OF ROSEMARY.

BY JULIA SCHAYER.

It was at the corner of Blank street and Broadway. An old woman was standing on the curb looking uncertainly about her—now at the endless chain of street cars, now into the faces of the passers-by.

which were eyes as hard and bright as polished steel; his mouth was the mouth of a man who loved pomp and pleasure, but it was not altogether a cruel mouth.

It was a hot summer afternoon, and she was too warmly clad in dark, homely garments. Near her feet on the curbstone was a large enamel-umbrella satchel, with a robust cotton umbrella strapped to it.

He had a quick sense of the picturesque, this smooth-shaven old gentleman, and he was one of the few who looked a second time.

The guileless wistfulness of her bright old eyes pierced the hard crust of worldliness and conventionality and crept into their hearts, and more than one was moved to ask the stranger if she needed help or information.

Some one in passing had broken off a spray from one of the plants, and it lay wilting on the hot curbstone. The gentleman stooped, picked it up and carried it into his office in the great stone building on the corner.

The woman had arrived on a noon train, expecting her nephew, William Henry Farmer, to meet her at the station. She had waited a long time for him; then, thinking her letter had miscarried, she decided to go to his house up town.

The gentleman inhaled its fragrance long and deeply. "What is it?" he asked himself. "I seem to remember—ah, yes! I have it. It is—rosemary! Yes. That's what it is. Rosemary!"

William Henry was her only brother's child and had grown up on a farm. He was a smart boy and had grown up into a smart man. He was a prosperous provision dealer in New York now, married to a nice girl from his own township, and living comfortably in his own house on Harlem way.

"There was a clump of rosemary in mother's garden," so ran his thoughts, "and near it was a great mat of clove-pinks. They bloomed in June. I can smell them now. There was a huge bush of southernwood there, too, and some tawny lilies, and spiderwort, and monk's-hood, and striped grass. Strange how the old names come back to me!"

But she dearly loved William Henry and Lucilla and the children, and was glad to come and stay with them in emergencies like the one pending. Lucilla was a country girl, too, and loved the old place, and when Aunt Abby came in she always brought with her something from her old home.

"And Abby—Abby Grover—her folks' pew was across from ours, and I used to try my best to make her laugh in meeting, but I don't think I ever succeeded. She was a nice girl, Abby was. Not pretty, but with something about her that was better than beauty. And her eyes and hair were really lovely, I remember."

She began to feel very tired, and wished William Henry had not missed her, and wondered how she happened to leave her palm leaf fan on the train.

"I fancy I did most of the talking, though, for Abby was one of your silent, deep sort. I told her all my plans for getting away from the farm and making my fortune in the city. And she would listen patiently, though I must have been a terrible bore, and look at me with her nice, clear eyes, and say, 'How ambitious you are, Joey! Joey! Fancy anyone calling me 'Joey' now!'"

She had thought that she knew just which kind of a car to take to get to her nephew's house, but they came along so fast and looked so much alike that she was getting doubtful. She was morally certain that, once on the wrong car, her doom was sealed.

"How proud she was of me when I began to get on in the world—and she helped me, too, Abby did. She lent me her little savings from school teaching, and later on when the farm came to her, she raised money on that to start me in business. Is there anything a woman will not do for the man she loves?"

When she had been standing there some time in the hot sun a handsome coupe stopped near her, and an old gentleman stepped out. He was a fine-looking old gentleman indeed, clean-shaven, rosy and somewhat pompous. His hair was silver white, and so were the heavy brows under

thing to do, certainly, and Abby always did the right thing. She did not seem to take it much to heart, either; but she never married. At least, I never heard that she did. It is 25 years or more since I saw the old place. There was nothing to draw me there after the old folks died. I wonder—I wonder what became of Abby! Dead, probably. She would be an old woman if she were living; not so very old either. She was two years younger than I, and I am not yet turned 65—"

A clerk came in and laid a telegram on the desk. The old gentleman took it. The steely look came back to his eyes. The old woman in the black shawl was still standing on the street corner. She looked tired and anxious, and the plants in the basket had wilted sadly. The cars looked more alike than ever, and she did not dare to stop one. A policeman on the other corner had scowled at her unpleasantly two or three times, and Aunt Abby felt almost ready to drop, what with the heat and the fatigue and the dread that the policeman might speak to her, and she be hopelessly disgraced thereby.

Suddenly her face broke into a delighted smile. A ruddy, youngish man came hurrying up to her. "Wall, there!" exclaimed Aunt Abby, as she shook hands with her and kissed her, and began asking questions and answering them all in the same breath. "Wall, there, now, William Henry, if that don't beat all!" Then she told how she had waited in the station and then on the street corner, until she was "all het up," and had left her palm-leaf fan on the train, and wondered if the plants would come up again, and asked how Lucilla was, etc., etc.

And the sprig of rosemary lay forgotten on the floor under the old gentleman's feet.—Waverly.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Artificial legs and arms are now so perfect that with them a man can walk, skate and even cycle. There is a story also of a man who, injuring his spine in a railway accident, was fitted with a steel casing for his backbone, and so enabled to walk and ride.

The most expensive book ever published is the official history of the civil war, which is now being issued by the United States government, at a cost up to date of \$2,800,000. Of this amount nearly one-half has been paid for printing and binding, the remainder to be accounted for in salaries, rent, stationery, and miscellaneous expenses, including the purchase of records from private individuals. It has taken ten years to complete this work, which consists of 112 volumes.

There is a famous restaurant in the town of Robinson Crusoe near Paris where rustic dining-huts are built far up on the limbs of each tree. For 50 years or more men and women have made excursions to this place and eaten in the trees like squirrels. One of the trees is three-storied, the dining-rooms and kitchens being connected by stairways. A waiter is stationed on each floor and the food hauled up to him by means of a basket and rope. It is a novel experience to be eating away above the world in this fashion.

Kent county, Md., has a peach tree that is believed by State Entomologist W. G. Johnson to be the largest tree in the United States. The tree is on the farm of Allen Harris, on Eastern Neck Island, and is of the Crawford variety. It has a full crop of peaches this year, and has never failed to bear a crop since it began growing. It measures 67 inches in circumference and 22 inches in diameter. Three of the limbs are 22 inches, 29 inches and 30 inches in circumference, respectively. It is seldom that the large trees are the best bearers, but the case of this Maryland giant proves to be an exception.

Omaha has a man who has worn a woman's dress for twelve years. This is Mr. Henry Snell, and his home is a little cottage, surrounded with great tall cottonwood trees. A woman's dress is the only costume Mr. Snell can wear with any comfort. Five times in his life he has been overcome by heat. Added to this, he has a severe case of rheumatism, which, added to Bright's disease, makes life miserable for him. To wear trousers butted up tight around the waist, and to put on the tightly fitting coat and vest, would be more than he could stand. So twelve years ago he donned woman's attire and has worn it ever since. His outside gown is made on the principle of the hygienic one-piece gowns worn by dress reformers.

How Horses Are Bleached.

One of the most interesting and novel schemes that is resorted to when it comes to "doctoring" up a horse for sale is "peroxidizing." Horses just suitable for carriage work, save that they do not quite match in color, are now "bleached" to "pinkish" to the tint desired in the twinkling of an eye. A "peroxidized horse" shows what has been done to him soon after his new owner takes him away, and frequently he has to be "touched up." This bleaching does not injure the horses any more than it does the average girl; but the chemically tinted coat seldom looks well when closely examined, the dark roots of the hair showing on careful inspection. Yet it deceives the average buyer, and so answers its purpose.—London Sport.

DR. TALMAGES SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: The Divorce Question—Domestic Disorders a Subject of National Importance—Uniformity of Divorce Laws in the Various States Suggested.

(Copyright, Louis Kregel, 1892.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Dr. Talmage in this discourse discusses a question of national importance, which is confessedly as difficult as it is urgent. The text is Matthew xix, 6, "What therefore God hath joined together, let no man separate." Some of these are hundreds and thousands of infelicitous homes in America no one will doubt. If there were only one skeleton in the closet, that might be looked up and covered, but in many a home there is a skeleton in the hallway and a skeleton in all the apartments. "Unhappily married" are two words descriptive of many a household. It needs no orthodox minister to prove to a badly mated pair that there is a better way than the one they are now pursuing, and a grand and gracious woman will be thus incarcerated, and her life will be a crucifixion, as was the case with Mrs. Sigourney, the great poetess and the great soul. Sometimes a man is united to a woman, as was John Wesley, a united to a wixen, as was John Milton. Sometimes and generally both parties are to blame, and Thomas Carlyle is an intolerable grumbler, and his wife has a pungent rector's ready at hand. Sometimes a man, pledged to tell the plain truth, has to pull aside the curtain from the lifelong squabble at Craigenputtock and 5 Cheyne row.

Some say that for the alleviation of all these domestic disorders of which we hear every day, divorce is a good prescription. God sometimes authorizes divorce as certainly as He authorizes marriage. I have just as much regard for one lawfully divorced as I have for one lawfully married. But you know and I know that wholesale divorce is one of our national scourges. I am not surprised at this when I think of the influences which have been abroad militating against the marriage relation. For many years the platforms of the country have with talk about a free love millennium. There were meetings of this kind held in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn; Cooper Institute, New York; Tremont Temple, Boston; and in the land of the living, the women who were most prominent in that movement have since been distinguished for great promiscuity of affection. Popular themes for such occasions were the tyranny of man, the oppression of the married woman, her rights and her duties. Prominent speakers were women with short curls and short dress and very long tongue, everlastingly at war with God because they had created man, and the plea for a form of man-made law with soft accents and cowed demeanor, apologetic for masculinity and holding the paroxysms while the turgid orators went on preaching the gospel of free love. That campaign of the States was a great success. It has done much to disintegrate the marriage relation than will be exercised in the next fifty years. Men and women went home from such meetings so permanently confused as to who were their wives and husbands that they were obliged to go to the courts to disentangle the tangle of woe, and the one got alimony, and that one got a limited divorce, and this mother kept the children on condition that the father should pay her a certain amount, and these went into poorhouses, and those went into an insane asylum, and all went to destruction. The mightiest war ever made against the marriage institution was waged by the women, who did not know under one name and sometimes under another.

Another influence that has warped upon the marriage relation has been polygamy. It is a well known fact that the polygamists of the marriage relation had no more than the whole land. You might as well think that you can have an arm in a state of mortification and yet the whole body not be sickened as to have any Territories or States polygamized, and yet the body of the nation not feel the putrefaction. Hear good men and women of America, that so long ago as 1862 a law was passed by Congress forbidding polygamy in the Territories and in all the places where they had jurisdiction. Thirty-seven years ago, and look at them, and these went into poorhouses, and those went into an insane asylum, and all went to destruction. The mightiest war ever made against the marriage institution was waged by the women, who did not know under one name and sometimes under another.

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What we want is that the Congress of the United States move for the changing of the national constitution so that a law can be passed which shall be uniform all over the country and what shall be right in one State shall be right in all the States and what is wrong in one State will be wrong in all the States. If a party in the marriage relation gets dissatisfied, it is only necessary to move to another State to achieve liberation from the domestic tie, and divorce is effected as easily as that the one party "knows" it by seeing it in the newspaper that Rev. Dr. Somebody a few days or weeks afterward introduced into a new marriage relation a member of the household who went away from a pleasure excursion to Newport or a business excursion to Chicago. Married at the bride's house; no cards. There are States of the Union which practically put a premium upon the disintegration of the marriage relation, while there are other States, like the State of New York, which has the pre-emptive idiom of making marriage lawful at twelve and fourteen years of age.

The Congress of the United States needs to move for a change of the national constitution and then to appoint a committee to be made up of single gentlemen, but of men of families, and their families in Washington—who shall prepare a good, honest, righteous, comprehensive uniform law that will control everything from Sandy Hook to the Golden Gate. They will put an end to brokerages in marriages. That will send divorce lawyers into a decent business. That will set people agitated for many years on the question of how they shall get away from each other to young men and women to adjust themselves to the more or less unfavorable circumstances.

More difficult divorce will put an estoppel to a great extent upon marriage as a financial speculation. There are men who go into the relation just as they go into Wall street to purchase shares. The female to be invited into the partnership of wedlock is utterly unattractive and in disposition a suppressed Vesuvius. Everybody knows it, but this morning we have for matrimonial orders, through the commercial agency or through the county records, finds out how much estate is to be inherited, and he calculates it. He thinks out how long it will be before the old man will die and whether he can stand the refractory temper until he does die, and then he enters the relation, for he says, "If I cannot stand it, then through the divorce law I will back out." That process is going on all the time, and it is not the relation without any moral principle, without any affection, and it is as much a matter of stock speculation as anything that was transacted yesterday in Union Pacific, Wabash and Delaware and Lackawanna.

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A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

Time to Lunch—Woe Upon the Man Who Puts the Bottle to His Neighbor's Mouth and Makes Him Drunk—Lighter Load For the Man With the Hoe.

Now it is noon, by the city hall clock; And my appetite tries as the dial, Demands neither sherry, champagne nor

To prepare my true palate for trial, The veering and rising and falling of stock Dulls the digestion of those who would sell

The merchants of Mammon would sell on the street, I want a trustworthy sandwich to eat.

Strike out the gin, and the whisky and wine, And brandy, and leave me the clear cold water; I came not here to get drunk, but to dine, The thick, muddy claret reminds me o'

Its taste would destroy the taste that's divine, And make my neck swell as thick as the gaite

Swells the neck of the suffering lowland Swede, Mutton chop or beefsteak and coffee I need.

Let the tablecloth be as white as the snow Like stars the silvery gleam of the carpet, The knives and the forks and the spoons aglow,

Fit for an emperor or for an Astor; Drown with rich odors of coffee away, The smell of the ale that brings only disaster.

Good landlord and waiter, please strike from the bill The names of the drinks from the vat and the still.

—National Advocate.

The Man With the Jug. Mr. Markham's poem, "The Man With the Jug," has attracted much attention and elicited the sympathy of millions of tender hearts in favor of the farmer, and properly so, for he is "bowed with the weight of centuries" and has "on his back the burden of the world."

Some of the most pitiable objects we have ever seen were men utterly under the domination of the jug. Though convinced of sin, and the final ruin of the soul, body and estate, including a strong drink, and struggling to be free, like a law in the folds of an ananias, they were perfectly helpless. Led away, it may be, in the beginning, and blamable for yielding, in the end they were the unwilling victims of appetite. It is a rare case in absolutely hopeless, because the Lord places Himself to help every struggling soul. But to get such a soul, whose moral senses have been blunted by long indulgence, to see his and lay hold of the hope set before him, is the hardest kind of work any body knows who has had any observation.

As long as human nature remains what it is, and facilities are afforded men to feed their greed, the jug will be supplied with liquor and the man will be respectable. If the man is not respectable, the drinkers will be recruited, and in time the grave will receive dead drunkards. There is but one remedy. We can neither kill nor punish the man with the jug, but we can take temptation out of his way. We can banish the jug.

God pronounces a woe upon the man who puts the bottle to his neighbor's mouth and makes him drunk. The curse must rest on all who are guilty, whether parents, or those who compose the community, or like the State or Nation, who furnish facilities as to allow us to free ourselves from the curse if we will. The responsibility rests upon the good people of our land. The man with the jug must be reformed, and the man with the hoe will have a lighter load to carry.—Northwestern Advocate.

Corner-Stone Wants.

Wanted, a better receipt for prosperity than a sober and industrious people.

Wanted, homes where the sights and sounds of the saloon will never come.

Wanted, to know when Uncle Sam will grow tired of the burden of the saloon and throw it off.

Wanted, by the gin mills 100,000 boys for the annual grist. Money is no object—save the boys.

Wanted, to find a man who really thinks that the saloon is a good thing and the sober and industrious people are the bad.

Wanted, to know which has the stronger "pull" in securing temperance legislation, the church or the saloon.

Wanted, all men to know that the drink question will be settled just as soon as the voters say the word.

Wanted, to know where the profit for the American people comes in investing money in the saloon where the expenses are many fold the revenue.

Dr. Norman Kerr.

This eminent English physician, who made a special subject of inebriety in its many ramifications, died recently at Hastings. He was an indefatigable worker and writer, his volumes, pamphlets and articles being voluminous. He was consulting physician to the Dalrymple Inebriates' Home, and took great interest in the British Medical Association. He was a very thorough-going abstainer, and many of his statements as to the uselessness of alcohol will never be forgotten, as for instance: "All the alcohol in the world will not contribute a drop of blood, a filament of nerve, a fibrilla of muscle, a speck of bone to the human economy. On the contrary, there is death in every cup, weakness, strength, decay of substance, destruction of tissue, degradation of function, material death."

Ninety Per Cent. For Liquor.

General Horatio C. King, President of the New York State Board that has control of the Soldiers' Homes at Bath, N. Y., in an official letter to Governor Roosevelt, says that of the more than \$100,000 paid last year in pensions to the inmates of that institution, "it is not an overestimate to state that at least ninety per cent. was spent for intoxicants."

Perverts Better Instincts.

"Alcohol intensifies man's sensual propensities and perverts his better instincts, imperceptibly and slowly poisoning and paralyzing the brain, it blunts and destroys its highest functions, the moral sentiment, and the free and delicate action of the will. It makes the man more animal and more gross, attacking the tissues of the body; it spoils and degrades the very germ of future generations."—Professor Foley, Medical Superintendent of the Government Asylum for the Insane at Zurich, Switzerland. It is an address delivered to the students at the universities at Christiania, Norway, and Upsala, Sweden.