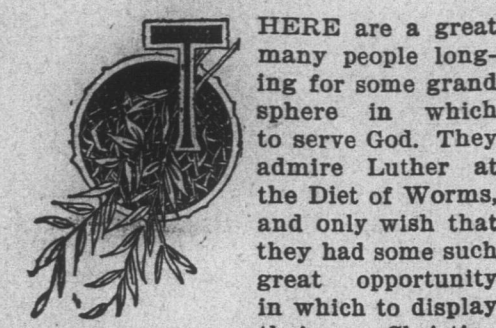


TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"HARBOR OF HOME," LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

Text: "Go Home to Thy Friends, and Tell Them How Great Things the Lord Hath Done for Thee"—From Book of Mark, Chapter 5, Verse 19.



HERE are a great many people longing for some grand sphere in which to serve God. They admire Luther at the Diet of Worms, and only wish that they had some such great opportunity in which to display their Christian prowess. They admire Paul making Felix tremble and they only wish that they had some such grand occasion in which to preach righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. All they want is an opportunity to exhibit their Christian heroism. Now the apostle comes to us and he practically says: "I will show you a place where you can exhibit all that is grand and beautiful and glorious in Christian character, and that is the domestic circle."

If one is not faithful in an insignificant sphere he will not be faithful in a resounding sphere. If Peter will not help the cripple at the gate of the Temple, he will never be able to preach three thousand souls into the kingdom at the Pentecost. If Paul will not take pains to instruct in the way of salvation the sheriff of the Philippian dungeon, he will never make Felix tremble. He who is not faithful in a skirmish would not be faithful in an Armageddon. The fact is, we are all placed in just the position in which we can most grandly serve God, and we ought not to be chiefly thoughtful about some sphere of usefulness which we may after awhile gain, but the all-absorbing question with you and with me ought to be: "Lord, what wilt thou have me (now and here) to do?"

There is one word in my text around which the most of our thoughts will to-day revolve. The word is HOME. Ask ten different men the meaning of that word and they will give you ten different definitions. To one it means love at the hearth, it means plenty at the table, industry at the workstand, intelligence at the books, devotion at the altar. To him it means a greeting at the door and a smile at the chair. Peace hovering like wings. Joy clapping its hands with laughter. Life a tranquil lake. Pillowed on the ripples sleep the shadows.

Ask another man what home is, and he will tell you it is want, looking out of a cheerless fire-grate and kneading hunger in an empty bread-tray. The damp air shivering with curses. No Bible on the shelf. Children, robbers and murderers in embryo. Vile songs their lullaby. Every face a picture of ruin. Want in the background and sin staring from the front. No Sabbath wave rolling over that doornail. Vestibule of the pit. Shadow of infernal walls. Furnace for forging everlasting chains. Faggots for an unending funeral pile. Awful word! It is spelled with curses, it weeps with ruin, it chokes with woe, it sweats with the death-agony of despair.

The word "Home" in the one case means everything bright. The word "Home" in the other case means everything terrific.

I shall speak to you of home as a test of character, home as a refuge, home as a political safeguard, home as a school, and home as a type of heaven.

And in the first place I remark that home is a powerful test of character. The disposition in public may be in gay costume, while in private it is in dishabille. As play-actors may appear in one way on the stage and may appear in another way behind the scenes, so private character may be very different from public character. Private character is often public character turned wrong side out. A man may receive you into his parlor as though he were a distillation of smiles, and yet his heart may be a swamp of nettles. There are business men who all day long are mild and courteous and genial and good-natured in commercial life, keeping back their irritability and their petulance and their discontent; but at nightfall the dam breaks, and scolding pours forth in floods and freshets.

Reputation is only the shadow of character, and a very small house sometimes will cast a very long shadow. The lips may seem to drop myrrh and cassia, and the disposition to be as bright and warm as a sheaf of sunbeams, and yet they may only be a magnificent show window to a wretched stock of goods. There is many a man who is affable in public life and amid commercial spheres, who, in a cowardly way, takes his anger and his petulance home and drops them in the domestic circle.

The reason men do not display their bad temper in public is because they do not want to be knocked down. There are men who hide their petulance and their irritability just for the same reason that they do not let their notes go to protest; it does not pay. Or for the same reason that they do not want a man in their stock company to sell his stock at less than the right price, lest it depreciate the value. As at sunset the wind rises, so after a sunshiny day there may be a tempestuous night. There are people who in public act the philanthropist, who at home act the Nero, with respect to their slippers and their gown.

Audubon, the great ornithologist, with gun and pencil, went through the forests of America to bring down and to sketch the beautiful birds, and after years of toil and exposure completed

his manuscript and put it in a trunk in Philadelphia for a few days of recreation and rest, and came back and found that the rats had utterly destroyed the manuscript; but without any discomposure and without any fret or bad temper, he again picked up his gun and pencil and visited again all the great forests of America and reproduced his immortal work. And yet there are people with the ten-thousandth part of that loss who are utterly irreconcilable, who, at the loss of a pencil or an article of raiment, will blow as long and sharp as a northeast storm.

Now, that man who is affable in public and who is irritable in private is making a fraudulent overture of stock, and he is as bad as a bank that might have four or five hundred thousand dollars of bills in circulation with no specie in the vault. Let us learn "to show piety at home." If we have it not there we have it not anywhere. If we have not genuine grace in the family circle, all our outward and public plausibility merely springs from a fear of the world or from the slimy, putrid pool of our own selfishness. I tell you the home is a mighty test of character. What you are at home you are everywhere, whether you demonstrate it or not.

Again, I remark that home is a refuge. Life is the United States army on the national road to Mexico, a long march with ever and anon a skirmish and a battle. At eventide we pitch our tent and stack our arms; we hang up the war cap and lay our head on the knapsack; we sleep until the morning bugle calls us to marching and action. How pleasant it is to rehearse the victories and the surprises and the attacks of the day, seated by the still camp-fire of the home circle!

Yes, life is a stormy sea. With shivered masts and torn sails and hulk afloat, we put into the harbor of home. Blessed harbor! there we go for repairs in the dry dock of quiet life. The candle in the window is to the toiling man the lighthouse guiding him into port. Children go forth to meet their fathers as pilots at the Narrows take the hand of ships. The door-sill of the home is the wharf where heavy life is unladen.

There is the place where we may talk of what we have done without being charged with self-adulation. There is the place where we may lounge without being thought ungraceful. There is the place where we may express affection without being thought silly. There is the place where we may forget our annoyances and exasperations and troubles. Forlorn earth-pilgrim! no home? Then die. That is better. The grave is brighter and grander and more glorious than this world with no tent from marchings, with no harbor from the storm, with no place to rest from this scene of greed and gouge and loss and gain. God pity the man or woman who has no home!

Get you no hint of cheerfulness from grasshopper's leap and lamb's frisk, and quail's whistle, and garrulous streamlet, which, from the rock at the mountain-top clear down to the meadow ferns under the shadow of the steep, comes looking for the steepest place to leap off at, and talking just to hear itself talk? If all the skies hurtled with tempest, and everlasting storm wandered over the sea, and every mountain stream went raving mad, frothing at the mouth with mad foam, and there were nothing but simoons blowing among the hills, and there were neither lark's carol nor hummingbird's trill, nor waterfall's dash; only bear's bark, and panther's scream, and wolf's howl, then you might well gather into your homes only the shadows. But when God has strewn the earth, and the heavens with beauty and with gladness, let us take unto our home circles all innocent hilarity, all brightness, and all good cheer. A dark home makes bad boys and bad girls, in preparation for bad men and bad women.

Above all, my friends, take into your homes Christian principle. Can it be that in any of the comfortable homes of my congregation the voice of prayer is never lifted? What! No supplication at night for protection? What! No thanksgiving in the morning for care? How, my brother, my sister, will you answer God in the day of judgment with reference to your children? It is a plain question, and therefore I ask it. In the tenth chapter of Jeremiah God says he will pour out his fury upon the families that call not upon His name. O, parents, when you are dead and gone, and the moss is covering the inscription of the tombstone, will your children look back and think of father and mother at family prayer? Will they take the old family Bible and open it and see the mark of tears of contrition and tears of consoling promise, wept by eyes long before gone out into darkness? Oh, if you do not inculcate Christian principles in the hearts of your children, and do not warn them against evil, and do not invite them to holiness and to God, and they wander off into dissipation and into infidelity, and at last make shipwreck of their immortal souls, on their deathbed and in the day of judgment they will curse you! Seated by the register or the stove, what if on the wall should come out the history of your children? What a history—the mortal and the immortal life of your loved ones! Every parent is writing the history of his child. He is writing it, composing it into a song or tuning it into a groan.

Again, I remark that home is a type of heaven. To bring us to that home Christ left his home. Far up and far back in the history of heaven there came a period when its most illustrious citizen was about to absent himself. He was not going to sail from beach to beach; we have often done that. He was not going to put out from one hemisphere to another hemisphere; many of us have done that. But he was to sail from world to world, the spaces unexplored and immensities un-

traveled. No world had ever hailed heaven, and heaven had never hailed any other world. I think that the windows and the balconies are thronged, and that the pearly beach was crowded with those who had come to see him sail out of the harbor of light into the oceans beyond. Out and out and out, and on and on and on, and down and down and down he sped, until one night, with only one to greet him, he arrived. His disembarkation so unpretending, so quiet that it was not known on earth until the excitement in the cloud gave intimation that something grand and glorious had happened. Who comes there? From what port did He sail? Why was this the place of His destination? I question the shepherds. I question the camel drivers, I question the angels. I have found out. He was an exile. But the world has had plenty of exiles. Abraham, an exile from Ur of the Chaldees; John, an exile from Ephesus; Kosciuszko, an exile from Poland; Mazzini, an exile from Rome; Emmet, an exile from Ireland; Victor Hugo, an exile from France; Kossuth, an exile from Hungary. But this one of whom I speak today had such resounding farewell and came into such chilling reception—for not even an hostler went out with his lantern to help him in—that He is more to be celebrated than any other expatriated one of earth or heaven.

At our best estate we are only pilgrims and strangers here. "Heaven is our home." Death will never knock at the door of that mansion, and in all that country there is not a single grave. How glad parents are in holiday time to gather their children home again! But I have noticed that almost always there is a son or daughter absent—absent from home, perhaps absent from the country, perhaps absent from the world. Oh, how glad our heavenly Father will be when He gets all His children home with Him in heaven! And how delightful it will be for brothers and sisters to meet after long separation! Once they parted at the door of the tomb; now they meet at the door of immortality. Once they saw only "through a glass, darkly," now it is "face to face," corruption, incorruption; mortality, immortality. Where are now all their sins and sorrows and troubles? Overwhelmed in the Red Sea of death while they passed through dryshod.

Gates of pearl, capstones of amethyst, thrones of dominion do not stir my soul so much as the thought of home. Once there, let earthly sorrows howl like storms and roll like seas. Home! Let thrones rot and empires wither. Home! Let the world die in an earthquake struggle and be buried amid procession of planets and dirge of spheres. Home! Let everlasting ages roll in irresistible sweep. Home! No sorrow, no crying. No tears. No death. But home, sweet home; home, beautiful home, everlasting home, home with each other, home with angels, home with God.

One night, lying on my lounge, when very tired, my children all around about me in full romp and hilarity and laughter on the lounge, half awake and half asleep, I dreamed this dream: I was in a far country. It was not Persia, although more than Oriental luxuriance crowned the cities. It was not the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens. It was not Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around looking for thorns and nettles, but I found that none of them grew there, and I saw the sun rise, and I watched to see it set, but it sank not. And I saw the people in holiday attire, and I said: "When will they put off this and put on workmen's garb and again delve in the mine or swelter at the forge?" But they never put off their holiday attire. And I wandered in the suburbs of the city to find the place where the dead sleep, and I looked all along the line of the beautiful hills, the place where the dead might most blissfully sleep, and I saw towers and castles, but not a mausoleum or a monument or a white slab could I see. And I went into the chapel of the great town and I said: "Where do the poor worship and where are the hard benches on which they sit?" And the answer was made me: "We have no poor in this country." And then I wandered out to find the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but not a tear could I see, not a sigh could I hear, and I was bewildered and I sat down under the branches of a great tree and I said: "Where am I? And whence comes all this scene?" And then out from among the leaves, and up the flowery paths, and across the bright streams there came a beautiful group, thronging all about me, and as I saw them come I thought I knew their step, and as they shouted I thought I knew their voices; but then they were so gloriously arrayed in apparel, such as I had never before witnessed, that I bowed as stranger to stranger. But when they again clapped their hands and shouted, "Welcome, welcome!" the mystery all vanished, and I found that time had gone and eternity had come, and we were all together again in our new home in heaven. And I looked around and I said: "Are we all here?" and the voices of many generations responded, "All here!" And while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we all together began to leap and shout and sing: "Home, home, home!"

The Fly in the Ointment. Visitor (in Ruralville).—This is a very pleasant and homelike place and I cannot understand why so many families should have moved away from it during the last few months, as you say." Native.—"You haven't heard our young ladies' brass band yet?"—Judge.

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.



IN exchange of the Farmers' Review publishes the following: "Prof. McFadden, a prominent Scotch veterinarian, in the discussion following a paper read by him at the Newcastle Farmers' club on the subject of tuberculosis, stated his belief that 399 human beings out of every 1,000 that became affected by tuberculosis are infected from tuberculosis human beings. The hubbub raised about the danger resulting from tuberculosis milk is largely bosh. So long as the country is filled with consumptive people expectorating tubercle germs everywhere it seems hardly worth while to spend any great sums of money to prevent the possibility of spreading the disease through dairy products. The chance of becoming affected in this way is almost infinitesimal as compared with the liability resulting from constant association with tuberculous people. Calves, fed exclusively on milk, even in herds known to be seriously affected, rarely contract the disease until they are shut up in the stable with tuberculous animals. Nearly always, apparently, the disease is contracted through the lungs and not through the stomach."

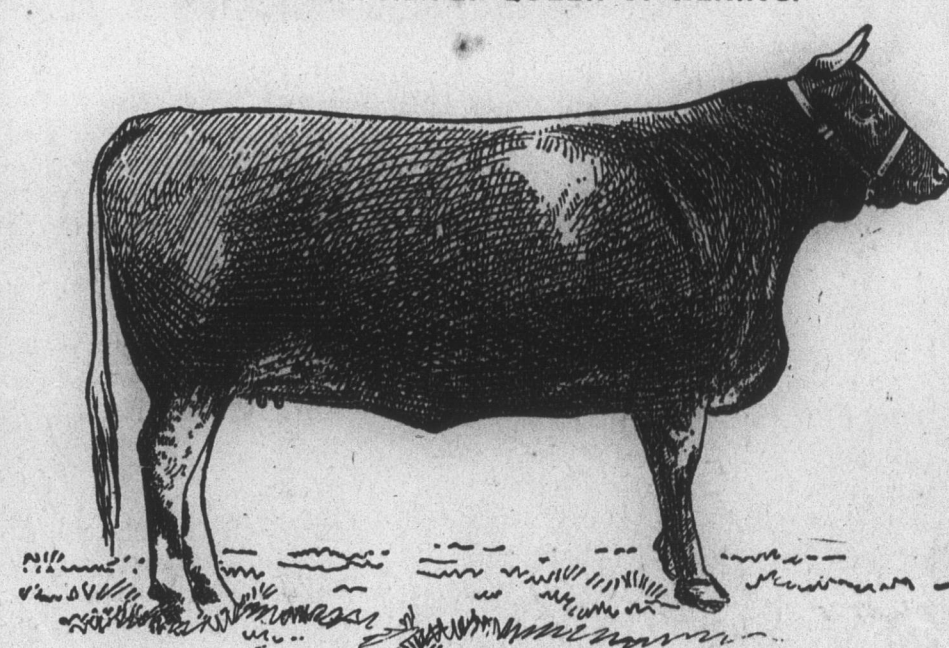
The Farmers' Review regards the above as poor logic. In the first place, if it were true that the danger is small, there would yet be no reason why it

When stock is frozen in natural outdoor temperature the cases may be filled at once when the thermometer is below zero, but if above zero only one layer should be frozen at a time. Use no packing material whatever, and be sure to protect from wind while freezing. When solid frozen the stock should be put away and kept where it will not thaw out, preferably in cold storage. When the poultry is to be frozen artificially the cases may be filled full and placed at once in the freezer. In this case it is well to construct the cases so that a slat in the sides of the box may be removed and left off until the stock is solid frozen; the quicker the freezing the better. In the freezer the cases should be separated by slats to permit free circulation of air around them. Some packers get excellent results by freezing the poultry separately and packing after frozen. Some of the very finest frozen poultry is handled in this way at near-by points, and is not packed at all until ready for market, when it is packed in straw and shipped for immediate sale before warm weather. But for large lots, sent from a distance, which have to be placed in storage again upon arrival in market, it is best to pack in cases before freezing.

All-the-Year Creameries.

On operating creameries a gentleman says: A man who runs a creamery for only five months in the year will find his patrons becoming thoroughly dissatisfied with the receipts from their cows. It cannot pay a man to feed cows for twelve months from which he obtains cream for only five months; and the man who runs a creamery can never afford to make a profit out of the losses of his patrons. Put that down as a solid fact. And the man who furnishes skill and helps to make the profit of his patrons larger, will get a larger share for himself. If a man, running a creamery will try and extend the manufacturing season for a few months more he will find he will get so little cream that the running expenses will run away with

SHORTHORN HEIFER QUEEN OF HEARTS.



WINNER OF FIRST PRIZES AT THE BATH AND WELLS, AND THE OXFORD SHOWS, ENGLAND, 1896.

should be ignored. We, however, fail to see that the danger is small. A tuberculous animal is, if affected in the lungs, constantly throwing off consumptive spores. These at first are moist and do not blow about, but in time they get dry and become a part of the dust, rising often from the barn floor and seeking the lungs of the animals and of the workers about the barns. The same is true of the pastures where the cows summer. The germs become dry and are blown about by every breeze. They can not only get into the lungs of the animals, but of workers in the fields, and even of the people passing along the roads. In a thousand ways people are exposed. The milk is a dangerous medium of infection where the udder is affected by tuberculosis. It was formerly supposed that consumption showed itself only in the lungs, but it is now known that it takes possession of other organs of the body, and sometimes even establishes itself in the joints. Therefore it is not apparent always that a person has become infected, even when they are far gone with the disease. The healthy people may be able to throw off these germs, but partial invalids fall an easy prey. By all means continue the war against tuberculosis, both in animals and humans.

Frozen Poultry.

Poultry frozen during the winter as a means of preserving it for later use should always be dry plucked, says a writer in New York Produce Review. Only the very choicest goods should be selected for this purpose, and extraordinary care must be taken that the stock be thoroughly cold and dry when packed. The treatment varies according to circumstances of weather, etc. Probably the best results are obtained when the stock can be frozen by natural outdoor temperature. But in seasons and localities where this is impossible the freezer may be used successfully. Cases only should be used, made of planed, well seasoned lumber. For old tom turkeys the size is 36x22x18 inches, and for young toms 36x22x15 inches; these should be of inch lumber. For chickens, ducks and geese the size is 30x20x about ten inches (or deep enough to allow for two layers) made of five-eighths inch lumber. Two layers of poultry should be packed in each case. Stow the poultry snugly and closely, striving to have as regular and handsome appearance as possible. Turkeys should be packed backs up and legs out straight. Chickens, ducks and geese should have the breasts down on the bottom layer and up on the top layer. Pack old toms separately and never mix them with young toms and hens, and never pack old fowls and young chickens together. Each should be packed separately and the kind neatly stenciled on the outside of the case.

the profit. You cannot begin to practice winter dairying in creameries until you educate the farmers to feed their cows so that they will give milk during the winter. You need to begin at the foundation, and educate the farmers to feed their cows so that they will give milk, and send it to the creamery. Then when they have abundance of pay coming in regularly all winter, they will have money to pay their current expense. It will not take all the summer to pay the accumulated grocery bills of winter; but they will be ahead in the spring and the summer will leave them more profit.

Educating a Colt.

The old saying relating to the bending of the twig applies as much here as elsewhere. If "we come into the world a bundle of susceptibilities, but soon become a bunch of iron habits," then surely the habits should be of the right nature, says an exchange. For the self-same reason that the mother recognizes the necessity for correcting the tendencies of the child in order that right habits may be formed, the colt must early be taught to know its master. It was a wise trainer who first took his colts in his lap the first day, held them until they ceased struggling, and continued the practice until the little creatures came readily, expecting to be caressed. Our domestic animals are to be made the servants of man, but for this to be possible, education is necessary. That this may be the most effective it must commence at an early age. It is but the unfolding of the latent powers inhering in the animal constitution. For safety and for service it is not only wise but necessary that all animals be early instructed in the line of work they are afterwards expected to excel in. Halter break early, teach the colts to obey the word and to come and go at command. Hitch the yearling alongside a safe, fast walking horse, and fix the habit before any weight is applied. Let it also know what the harness means in every respect, and so grow into its life work as it grows into a knowledge of what its master desires. There can be no question but this course, wisely applied, will insure safer and better horses than otherwise is possible. At the same time the danger of overtraining and overtaxing is certainly to be avoided.

Poultry Raising Requires Patience.—The farmer's wife has more patience and fidelity in her make-up, and for some reason also seems to have more knack. Because of these traits, the art of poultry raising is more readily acquired by her; and why should not more women pursue it as a source of revenue?—Ex.

INDIANA BRIEFLETS.

RECORD OF MINOR DOINGS OF THE WEEK.

Seven Days' Happenings Condensed—Social, Religious, Political, Criminal, Obituary and Miscellaneous Events from Every Section of the State.

Miss Emma Hayes, of Crawfordsville, has been appointed assistant secretary W. C. A., New York city.

A petition is being circulated in northern Indiana, asking the Legislature to revoke the charter of the Tolleston Gun club.

Gil Mack, a well-known resident of Hillsdale, is dead from the effects of injuries received in an accidental fall some time ago.

Abraham Woods, of Anderson, who shot and wounded Patrolman John Pritchard, has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

The Kurtz Telephone company has applied for a franchise at Anderson, and a war of rates with the Central company is anticipated.

The Rev. T. J. Stevenson, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Seymour, has tendered his resignation to accept a call to Petersburg, Ill.

The Elmhurst Tribune insists that when ordinances are passed by the Town Council, they should be published, instead of being nailed to trees like horse bills.

The city council of Crawfordsville has reconsidered its determination to construct a sewerage system, and the whole matter has been tabled indefinitely.

Samuel Swaisgood, a farmer, whose numerous forgeries were recently detailed in these columns, was arraigned at Peru and sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

William Earhart, eighteen years old, of Jefferson county, is mysteriously missing, and a financial controversy leads his parents to the belief that he has been kidnapped.

The plant of the Distilled Water Ice and Cold Storage company of Crawfordsville has been sold to Sterling R. Holt, of Indianapolis. Its manufacturing capacity will be increased.

Mrs. James Lawrence, of McKeesport, Pa., has arrived in New Albany to lay claim as the only legal wife to the remains of James Lawrence, who recently died. Her claim is disputed by the second wife.

It is now claimed that the ruling of Judge Heller, of the Jay County Circuit Court, was on demurrer, and did not involve the main issue to dredge the Salemonie river, which matter will come up at the March term.

Among the allegations presented by a woman at Muncie, who is suing for divorce, is that her husband is so stupid that he often fell asleep while standing. Wonder if he was stupid when he asked her to marry him?—Ex.

Frank David and family, of Wabash county, were awakened in the night by the crash of a falling stove, and they found a fierce fire had burned away the flooring and thrown the stove into the cellar. The house was consumed.

Aaron Ross, of Montgomery county, indicted jointly with George Gobin in the so-called Tomlinson arson case, has been released, there being no evidence against him, but on the contrary, it being shown that he did what he could to save property.

Escaping gas under the office of the North Anderson box-works communicated with a flame and exploded, tearing out several feet of the floor, knocking out the windows and portions of the walls, and causing damage altogether footing up several hundred dollars.

Henry Breetz, of New Albany, while walking homeward after nightfall, was assaulted by three colored footpads, robbed of \$14, and there was an attempt to thrust him head-first into the man-hole of a sewer. Breetz yelled so lustily that this was abandoned, and he was released.

The story is afloat in DeKalb county that H. M. Coffinberry, the banker of Garrett, and ex-auditor, who had been indicted for malfeasance in connection with county affairs, did not die, as reported, but instead that death was simulated, and that an empty coffin was buried, while Coffinberry absented himself from the country. Few give credence to the story.

Charles Kelly, sixteen years old, of Osgood, who had been sent to the county infirmary, escaped from the institution during the recent cold spell, and sought refuge in a corn shock, where he froze to death. He had been dead for several days before discovery of the body, and it is said that dogs had torn and mangled his face until it was almost unrecognizable.

George Ibach, who attempted to wreck a Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern railway train near Mitchell some months ago, and then told a tale calculated to reflect great credit upon his own daring, hopeful of realizing a reward, has been placed on trial in the Lawrence Circuit Court. Ibach conspired with others, according to the confession, to wreck the train, but at the last moment weakened and gave the alarm, for which he was shot in the leg by one of his associates.

The jury disagreed in the damage suit brought by Editor Crampton, of the Carroll County Citizen, against the Bradshaw family, father and two sons, of Delphi, growing out of a business disagreement and an assault upon the editor by Arthur Bradshaw, in which he was aided by his brother.

Jack Brannon, of Springfield, O., has lain unconscious for many hours at Muncie, the result of collision with an electric car. No bones were broken, and there are no marks of external injuries. His death is probable. Brannon is a molder, forty years old.