THE COURIER.

BY H. J. FELTUS.

BLOOMINGTON, - INDIANA

AN OIL TRAIN WRECKED.

Catastrophe on the Lake Erie Railway---Three Train Men Burned to Death on the Outskirts of Kokomo---A Creek Becomes a Sea of Flaming Oil.

Freight train No. 92, north bound on the Lake Erie & Western railway, was wrecked at the city limits of South Kokomo, this morning, at 4 o'clock. The engine was thrown over and twelve tanks of oil were piled around it, which took fire immediately and one after another exploded, setting fire to and consuming two box cars loaded with Kokomo freight, and four cars of coal. Engineer Jacob Mehle, Fireman Ed Burnett and front brakeman John Spellman were caught in the wreck and burned past recognition. Conductor Tobes and Brakeman Heilchow, who were in the middle of the train, jumped and escaped uninjured. The engine had just crossed Kokomo creek and whistled for Kokomo station when it struck the switch leading to the bottle factory. Something raised it up and threw it sideways from the track. The box cars shied off into the field and the tak cars were piled up on the engine. The sight, as one after another exploded, throwing tanks hundreds of feet and burning oil 200 feet in the air, was awful. The heat was so intense that it broke windows and burned the paint off all houses in the neighborhood. The creek was a sea of flowing oil, which burned the wagon bridge. The remainder of the train was cut loose and run down the grade out of danger. The disaster was caused by wreckers, who have made several attempts lately to wreck Lake Erie trains. The men killed all live in Peru. Mehle was forty years old, and leaves a wife and two children. Burnett was aged thirty-five years, and leaves a wife and two children. Mr. Spellman was unmarried. The bodies were recovered, burned to a crisp. After the inquest they were taken to Peru. The scene was a horrible one, and attracted large crowds.

Later examination shows that the disaster was evidently the criminal work of train-ditchers. The switch is what is called a split switch, but, having been abandoned, was spiked down solid and was immovable. After the debris was cleared away it was discovered that the spikes had been drawn and the switch partially opened and held so by wedges. This is proof positive that the calamity was the work of diabolical train-wreckers. The engine was found reversed, with brake set, showing that the engineer was apprised of the obstruction, though not in time to avoid the calamity. Numerous efforts have been made in the past few months to wreck L. E. & W. trains near Kokomo, but have proved abortive. Up to this time there is no tangible clew to the cowardly scoundrels.

Four hours after the crash the bodies of the ill-fated three were recovered, crushed and half cremated; totally unrecognizable except by personal effects found on the bodies. These men all resided in Peru. Mehl is a man of thirty eight, leaves a wife and two children. Burnett is thirty years of age and leaves a wife and one child. Spellman is unmarried, aged twenty-two. All were experienced and popular railroaders. Their charred bodies were prepared for burial, encased in handsome caskets and taken to Peru.

A dastardly attempt was made on the same night to wreck train No 17, on the same road, a mile north of Rochester. The company are here replacing a wooden structure with an iron bridge, and here the bridge builders had put in a temporary trestle for the trains to run over. About 10 o'clock the people who live near this bridge were aroused by loud cries for help, and several men got up to see what was the matter. On going to the place whence the cries for help came, they found one man trying to extricate his partner from under a huge timber which had fallen upon him. Investigation showed that these two men had placed this lever under one of the supports to the temporary structure, and had partially removed it from its position when the lever got the advantage of them and pinned one of them down in the mud, and his mate was unable to lift it off him. The uninjured man was at once put under arrest and taken to jail, and the injured man taken into a house, where he now lies and may possibly die from his injuries. The man in jail proves to be one who, a few years ago, robbed a train on the Wabash road, and was given four years in the penitentiary, and but recently got out.

A FACTIONAL FIGHT.

Another factional fight has occurred in Harlan county, Ky., two hours before daylight Thursday morning. The law and order party, hitherto styled the Turner faction of Harlan county, fifty men in all, armed with Winchester rifles and revolvers, under the leadership of County Judge Lewis, left the Court House and made an assault on the Howard forces, who were in Camp at E. M. Howard's house, one mile from the town. The engagement was short, sharp and terrific, and not one of the attacking party was hurt. But one of Howard's side, Millard Dean, was instantly killed, and six others were wounded.

Among the wounded are Burd Spurlock, whose injuries are mortal, and Robert Napier, whose recovery is not among the possibilities. Burd Spurlock was shot in the head, almost all of his lower jaw being destroyed by a ball from a Winchester. Napier, a son of George Napier, received two bullets, one of which passed through the abdomen, probably cutting the intestines. Ben Mitchell and George Cole were shot in the legs. Thomas Howard got a flesh wound in the thigh. Jim Spurlock had a close call. A bullet grazed his temple, tearing away a handful of hair and a few inches of skin, but not fracturing the skull. Will Jennings was shot in the right hand. The Howard gang were badly demoralized by the attack and its disastrous results, and Tuesday night they changed camp to a point about three miles from the Court House.

At Harlan Court-house, Wilson Howard accomplished a sort of coup d'etat Friday. County Judge Lewis and his posse of sixty men left Harlan Court-house at 9 o'clock in the morning, to make another assault on Howard's camp. Howard, anticipating this movement, had placed his followers in ambush near town. The Lewis posse passed directly through the ambuscade, and were not fired on. After they had got beyond their foes and were proceeding in the direction of where Howard's camp was supposed to be, the Howard party moved into town and took possession of the court-house. They have complete control of the town, with pickets stationed at all approaches, and the county judge and his followers have gone into camp outside the town. It is believed that Judge Lewis will endeavor to recapture the court-house and a bloody fight is expected.

SPARKS OF HUMOR.

Man will give ten words to the expression of his joy, and fifty to lament his sorrows.

The Western railroads have now made a sweeping reduction in the rates for broom corn.

CONTRASTED POLICIES.

Free Trade in New South Wales and Protection in Victoria.

Extracts from an article in Macmillan's Magazine for July, 1889, by the Hon. Bernard Ringrose Wise, late Attorney General of New South Wales.

New South Wales and Victoria have furnished the world with a great lesson in the merits of the rival fiscal policies of freedom and restriction.

Starting together as free trade colonies, Victoria, after twenty years of freedom, adopted a policy of commercial restriction. At the time she made the change, in 1866, she had every advantage over the older colony. She was 200,000 ahead in population; she had £1,000,000 a year more revenue; her external trade £8,000,000 a-year larger; her area of cultivated land was larger by 150,000 acres; she was the equal of New South Wales in shipping and far ahead of her in manufactures.

Since 1866 the two colonies have pursued their courses along nearly the same lines in all respects, except as to their fiscal policies. The conditions of the comparison are considerably in favor of Victoria.

Yet what is the result? Victoria, who, when she was a free trade colony, was in everything which indicates material progress ahead of New South Wales, has been steadily falling behind in the race since she adopted protection.

In 1866 the Victorian revenue was £1,000,000 more, in 1888 it was £1,000,000 less, than that of New South Wales.

In 1866 the imports into Victoria were valued at £5,000,000 more than those into New South Wales; last year the imports into Victoria only exceeded those into New South Wales by £1,000,000.

In 1866 the exports from Victoria were valued at £3,000,000 more than those from New South Wales; last year they were £7,000,000 less.

In 1866, under free trade, Victoria had already a considerable manufacturing industry, whereas New South Wales could hardly be spoken of as a manufacturing colony. Yet in 1887 New South Wales employed in her manufacturing industries 45,788 hands out of a population of 1,000,000, with a machinery of 26,182 horse-power, while Victoria employed 45,773, with a machinery of 26,152 horse power, showing a surplus in New South Wales—small, it is true, but still a surplus.

It is impossible, indeed, to resist the conclusion that the practice of one colony has been hampered by protection, while the progress of the other has been furthered by free trade. Should good reasons return, and the affairs of the country be carefully and economically managed, there is no fear that New South Wales will give up the policy under which her progress has been so phenomenal; and should there be any reaction in England in favor of a restrictive policy, she may yet play the part of the nurturing daughter and keep alive the mother of her freedom by the support of her example.

WHAT IT HAS DONE.

We have had ten years of protection, and we know the result. Turn to page 470 of Mulhall's "Dictionary of Statistics," and study the table compiled from the census reports of forty years. (The figures vary from our census reports, but Mulhall's general accuracy has not been attacked. He is a standard authority.) Our increase in wealth during the last decade was $12,000,000,000, but our increase per individual was only $35.

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In five States our wealth decreased instead of increasing:

	1870	1880.
Connecticut	$805,000,000	$740,000,000
New Jersey	980,000,000	925,000,000
South Carolina	220,000,000	205,000,000
Mississippi	392,000,000	217,000,000
Louisiana	335,000,000	305,000,000

Under a revenue tariff---from 1850 to 1860---these States showed the following increase:

	1850.	1860.
Connecticut	$160,000,000	$460,000,000
New Jersey	210,000,000	490,000,000
South Carolina	300,000,000	570,000,000
Mississippi	240,000,000	63[illegible],000,000
Louisiana	215,000,000	625,000,000

These five States increased in wealth $1,625,000,000 under a tariff for revenue, and decreased in wealth $140,000,000 under protection.

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But it is not in total wealth that property is shown, so much as in the value of the share of each individual member of the Commonwealth. Ten years of protection have caused that share to decline in nineteen States, increase in seventeen and make no change in two. Here is exactly what protection has done for us during the first ten years:

THE UNITED STATES.
In account with protection.

Cr. Increase. 1870 to 1880.	per capita.	Dr. Decrease. 1870 to 1880.	per capita.
Maine	$165	Connecticut	$390
New Hampshire	325	Massachusetts	155
Vermont	310	New Jersey	25
Rhode Island	430	Delaware	75
New York	170	Virginia	70
Pennsylvania	270	South Carolina	105
North Carolina	20	Florida	60
Georgia	10	Mississippi	40
Alabama	10	Louisiana	135
Texas	130	Arkansas	105
Ohio	160	Kentucky	90
Illinois	100	Tennessee	5
Iowa	5	Missouri	135
Michigan	1,090	Indiana	35
Wisconsin	80	Kansas	165
Minnesota	205	Nebraska	210
California	445	Colorado	110
		Oregon	85
		Nevada	80

* * *

Generally speaking, Protection has been very disastrous to all purely agricultural States like Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Louisiana and Arkansas, and only a little less disastrous to the manufacturing States of Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Missouri and Indiana. It has smitten as with plague a majority of the States of this Union and poured one-third the total increase of wealth into the laps of two States--New York and Pennsylvania.

* * *

In only seventeen States has that increase in wealth under Protection kept pace with the increased population. In nineteen States the people are poorer. Not a little poorer, but much poorer. No previous ten years can be shown in the history of the United States so disastrous as these first ten years under Protection.

* * *

Even the increase, in the few States benefited, did not help the people. The inhabitants of Rhode Island were each credited with being $450 richer in 1880 than in 1870, as the wealth of the State had increased $205,000,000 in that decade. Were they really any better off in 1880 than in 1870. Had their poorhouses been abolished? Had their workmen dropped to shorter hours of labor at higher wages? Did the workmen live in better houses and on better food? NO. Not one dollar of that $205,000,000 has gone to the people of Rhode Island, who had earned it and saved it and added it to the wealth of the State. It had gone into the pockets of less than two hundred men, and they are spending it on horses and yachts, fast women and dry wine, and fine linen for themselves alone. It is the profit of capital. Every dollar goes to the capitalist and not one cent to the workmen. Protection brings profit only to capital—never to industry.

* * *

Take another example. Michigan increased wealth from $745,000,000 to $1,940,000,000. This was an increase to $500 for every man, woman and child in the State. They received and stored away more money in that ten years than would pay off the national debt, than France paid Germany, than England was worth in 1660. How much better off were the people of Michigan in 1880? Was there a wonderful change in their condition during those ten years? Every family should have been $3,000 better off. All poverty should have been abolished. Want should have been unknown. To no other spot of the earth has such prosperity been granted and it would be beyond belief if it were not for the sworn returns.

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WHO GOT THE MONEY?

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The people of Michigan did not. They were no better off in 1880 than in 1870. In 1880 there were even more paupers and more poverty than in 1870. But in 1880 there were one hundred men worth from one to ten millions, and one thousand men worth from one-tenth to three-quarters of a million, whose wealth had increased from ten to one hundred fold in the ten years. They had absorbed the increase. The increase was the profit of capital, not the profit of industry, and THEY GOT THE MONEY.

* * *

In old times it was not so. Then the increase in wealth of a State represented the sum total of the increase in wealth of nine-tenth the families in it. It was made up of the profits of individual industry, each individual contributing much or little, but whatever he contributed being his own property and his own savings. The increase in wealth per capita was marked by general increase in comforts and luxuries, for wealth was very evenly divided.

Protection has destroyed the profits of individual industry. Merely to earn a bare subsistence man must work as the wage slave of a tariff lord. If he works on a farm, lord of his own soil, he finds his profit gone and his capital dwindling. He has sold his birthright. Industry has surrendered its profits to capital. The increased wealth of a State may now be known by asking a few hundred men what interest they have received on their money. All the profits of individual labor once owned by the workman are now the property of the capitalist, given him by law as the "interest on his money."

T. E. WILLSON.

A CATECHISM.

N. Y. World.

Q What is "British Free Trade?"

A. A tariff for revenue.

Q. Does Great Britain tax imports? A. Yes. She averages $100,000,000 yearly from her custom-houses.

Q. What was our highest revenue from custom-houses during our civil war? A. In 1864, $102,000,000.

Q. How long has Great Britain had "Free Trade" A. Since 1860.

Q. What did she have before that? A. Protection from the Norman conquest up to 1850.

Q. What did she have between 1850 and 1860? A. It was a transition stage from Protection to a revenue tariff.

Q. Did she prosper under Protection? A. No. in 800 years of Protection her greatest wealth per capita only reached $825. From 1800 to 1840, an era of thorough protection, it declined from $825 to $750.

Q. Did other countries prosper under protection? A. No. They were poorer than England, after a longer experience of it.

Q. Why did she cast it off? A. Because she believed the prosperity of the United States was due to its revenue tariff.

Q. Was there any reason for such belief? A. There was. The United States increased in wealth between 1850 and 1860, under a revenue tariff, $235 per capita, or more in ten years under a revenue tariff than Great Britain increased in any two centuries under Protection.

Q. Can you give any other example? A. New South Wales has a revenue tariff. In fifty years she has acquired per capita wealth of $1,205—double Great Britain's wealth after 800 years of Protection ($750) and exceeding the wealth of the United States (940) by 30 per cent.

Q. Has Great Britain prospered under "British Free Trade?" A. Her prosperity has been wonderful.

Q. Give the exact facts, A. Her wealth per capita in 1877 was $1,350, an increase of $600 since 1840. Her increase under seventeen years of a revenue tariff exceeds her total increase under Protection for the 800 years between the Norman Conquest and 1812.

Q. What is Great Britain doing with this wealth. A. Lending money on mortgages of American farms and railroads, buying American land, stock, breweries, factories and shops.

Q. Has a revenue tariff helped the rich in Great Britain? A. No. The average wealth of the rich class in England has declined $15,000 since 1840, but its numbers have trebled.

Q. Has a revenue tariff helped the middle class? A. No. Its average wealth has declined $2,170 since 1840, but its numbers have more than doubled.

Q. Has it helped the poor? A. YES. Their average wealth has DOUBLED, increasing from $220 in 1840 to $430 in 1877. Over 1,000,000 workman's families have joined the middle class, rising in wealth from $220 to $5,025.

Q. Are the working class increasing? A. Not perceptibly in numbers, only in wealth. The middle class rose from 682,100 families to 1,824,400 by accessions from the working class, and the rich from 86,833 to 222,500 by accessions from the middle class.

Q. As the result of what? A. "British Free Trade" for twenty years.

THE MODEL HOUSEWIFE.

She doeth her husband's will alway,
She weeps when he's sad, smiles when he's gay,
Cooks as his "mother used to cook,"
Copies recipes from her book,
Dresses the children to suit his taste,
And never is anything go to waste.

Sews on his buttons, and darns his sock,
Never speaks of her nervous shocks,—
Sings to him, reads to him latest news,
But never gossips or gives her views.
Where is this model you wonder—where
The echo is borne on the empty air.

THE GREAT HEALER.

"God Shall Wipe Away All Tears From Their Eyes."

Dr. Talmage Again Teaches His Flock from the Platform of the Academy of Music--The Eloquent Divine--A Statement as to Finances.

Before beginning his sermon on Sunday, in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, Rev. T. De Witt Talmage said that a mistaken notion was abroad that the insurance on his destroyed church was enough to rebuild.

Dr. Talmage's text was: "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Rev. vii, 17. He said:

Riding across a western prairie, wild flowers up to the hub of the carriage wheel, and while a long distance from any shelter, there came a sudden shower, and while the rain was falling in torrents, the sun was shining as brightly as I ever saw it shine; and I thought what a beautiful spectacle this is! So the tears of the Bible are not midnight storm, but rain on parsled prairies in God's sweet and golden sunlight. You remember that bottle which David labeled as containing tears, and Mary's tears, and Paul's tears, and Christ's tears, and the harvest of joy that is to spring from the sowing of tears. God mixes them. God rounds them. God shows them where to fall. God exhales them. A census is taken of them, and there is a record as to the moment when they are born, and as to the place of their grave. Tears of bad men are not kept. Alexander, in his sorrow, had the hair clipped from his horses and mules, and made a great ado about his grief; but in all the vases of heaven there is not one of Alexander's tears. I speak of the tears of the good. Alas! me! they are falling all the time. In summer, you sometimes hear the growling thunder, and you see there is a storm miles away; but you know from the drift of the clouds that it will not come anywhere near you. So, though it may be all bright around about us, there is a shower of trouble somewhere all the time. Tears! Tears!

What is the use of them anyhow? Why not substitute laughter? Why not make this a world where all the people are well and eternal strangers to pain and ache? What is the use of an eastern storm when we might have a perpetual nor'wester? Why, when a family is put together, not have them all stay, or if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live? the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no deaths. Why not have the harvest chase each other without fatiguing toil? Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile, or a success, or a congratulation; but, come now, and bring all your dictionaries and all your philosophies and all your religions, and help me explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made up of salt and lime and other component parts; but he misses the chief ingredients—the acid of a soured life, the viperine sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is; it is agony in solution.

Here me, then, while I discourse to you of the uses of trouble.

First It is the design of trouble to keep this world from being too attractive. Something must be done to make us willing to quit existence. If it were not for trouble this world would be a good enough heaven for me. You and I would be willing to take a lease of this life for a hundred million years if there were no trouble. The earth cushioned and upholstered and pillared and chandeliered with such expense, no story of other worlds could enchant us. We would say: "Let well enough alone. If you want to die and have your body disintegrated in the dust, and your soul go out on a celestial adventure, then you can go; but this world is good enough for me." You might as well go to a man who has just entered the Louvre at Paris, and tell him to hasten off to the picture galleries of Venice or Florence. "Why," he would say, "what is the use of my going there? There are Rembrandts and Rubens and Raphaels here that I haven't looked at yet."

No man wants to go out of this world, or out of any house, until he has a better house. To cure this wish to stay here, God must somehow create a disgust for our surroundings. How, shall he do it? He cannot afford to deface his horizon, or to tear off a fiery panel from the sunset, or to subtract an anther from the water lily, or to banish the pungent aroma from the mignonette, or to drag the robes of the morning in mire. You cannot expect a Christopher Wren to mar his own St. Paul's cathedral, or a Michael Angelo to dash out his own "Last Judgment," or a Handel to discord his "Israel in Eygpt;" and you cannot expect God to spoil the architecture and music of his own world. How then are we to be made willing to leave? Here is where trouble comes in. After a man has had a good deal of trouble, he says: "Well, I am ready to go. If there is a house somewhere whose roof doesn't leak, I would like to live there. If there is an atmosphere somewhere that does not distress the lungs, I would like to breathe it. If there is a society somewhere where there is no tittle-tattle, I would like to live there. If there is a home circle somewhere where I can find my lost friends, I would like to go there." He used to read the first part of the Bible chiefly, now he reads the last part of the Bible chiefly. Why has he changed Genesis for Revelation? Ah! he used to be anxious chiefly to know how this world was made, and all about its geological construction. Now he is chiefly anxious to know how the next world was made, and how it looks, and who lives there, and how they dress. He reads Revelation ten times now where he reads Genesis once. The old story, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," does not thrill him as much as the other story, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth." The old man's hand trembles as he turns over this apocalyptic leaf, and he has to take out his handkerchief to wipe his spectacles. That book of Revelation is a prospectus now of the country into which he is to soon immigrate; the country in which he has lots already laid out, and avenues opened, and trees planted, and mansions built.

The thought of that blessed place comes over me mightily, and I declare that if this house were a great ship, and you all were passengers on board it, and one hand could launch that ship into the glories of heaven, I should be tempted to take the responsibility and launch you all into glory with one stroke, holding on to the side of the boat until I could get in myself. And yet there are people here to whom this world is brighter than heaven. Well, dear souls, I do not blame you. It is natural. But after a while you will be ready to go. It was not until Job had been worn out with bereavements and carbuncles and a pest of a wife that he wanted to see God. It was not until the prodigal got tired of living among the hogs that he wanted to go to his Father's house. It is the ministry of trouble to make this world worth less and heaven worth more.

Again, it is the use of trouble to make us feel our complete dependence upon God. King Alphonso said that if he had been present at the creation he could have made a better world than this. What a pity he was not present! I do not know what God will do when some men die. Men think they can do anything until God shows them they can do nothing at all. We lay our great plans and we like to execute them. It looks big. God comes and takes us down. As Promethous was assaulted by his enemy, when the lance struck him it opened a great swelling that had threatened his death, and he got well. So it is the arrow of trouble that lets out great swellings of pride. We never feel our dependence upon God until we get trouble. I was riding with my little child along the road, and she asked if she might drive. I said, "Certainly."

I handed over the reins to her, and I had to admire the glee with which she drove. But after a while we met a team and we had to turn out. The road was narrow, and it was sheer down on both sides. She handed the reins over to me, and said: "I think you had better take charge of the horse." So we are all children; and on this road of life we like to drive. It gives one such an appearance of superiority and power. It looks big. But after a while we meet some obstacle, and we have to turn out, and the road is narrow, and it is sheer down on both sides; and then we are willing that God should take the reins and drive. Ah! my friends, we get upset so often because we do not hand over the reins soon enough.

Can you not tell me when you hear a man pray, whether he has ever had any trouble? I can. The cadence, the phraseology indicate it. Why do women pray better than men? Because they have had more trouble. Before a man has had any trouble, his prayers are poetic, and he begins away up among the sun, moon and stars, and gives the Lord a great deal of astronomical information that must be highly gratifying. He then comes on down gradually over beautiful tablelands to "forever and ever, amen." But after a man has had trouble, prayer is with him a taking hold of the arm of God and crying out for help. I have heard earnest prayers on two or three occasions that I remember.

Once, on the Cincinnati express train, going at forty miles the hour, and the train jumped the track, and we were near a chasm eighty feet deep; and the men who, a few minutes before had been swearing and blaspheming God, began to pull and jerk at the bell rope, and got up on the backs of the seats and cried out, "O God, save us!" There was another time, about eight hundred miles out at sea, on a foundering steamer, after the last lifeboat had been split finer than kindling wood. They prayed then. Why is it you so often hear people, in reciting the last experience of some friend, say: "He made the most beautiful prayer I ever heard!" What makes it beautiful? It is the earnestness of it. Oh, I tell you a man is in earnest when his stripped and naked soul wades out in the soundless, shoreless, bottomless ocean of eternity.

It is trouble, my friends, that makes us feel our dependence upon God. We do not know our own weakness or God's strength until the last plank breaks. It is contemptible in us when there is nothing else to take hold of, that we catch hold of God only. A man is unfortunate in business. He has to raise a great deal of money, and raise it quickly. He borrows on word and note all he can borrow. After a while he puts a mortgage on his house. Then he puts a second mortgage on his house. Then he puts a lien on his furniture. Then he makes over his life insurance. Then he assigns all his property. Then he goes to his father-in-law and asks for help!

Well, having failed everywhere, completely failed, he gets down on his knees and says: "O Lord, I have tried everybody and everything, now help me out of this financial trouble." He makes God the last resort instead of the first resort. There are men who have paid ten cents on a dollar who could have paid a hundred cents on a dollar if they had gone to God in time. Why, you do not know who the Lord is. He is not an autocrat seated far up in a palace, from which he emerges once a year, preceded by heralds swinging swords to clear the way. No. But a father willing, at our call, to stand by us in every crisis and predicament of life.

I tell you what some of you business men make me think of. A young man goes off from home to earn his fortune. He goes with his mother's consent and benediction. She has large wealth; but he wants to make his own fortune. He goes far away, falls sick, gets out of money. He sends for the hotel keeper where he is staying, asking for lenience, and the answer he gets is: "If you don't pay up Saturday night you'll be removed to the hospital." The young man sends to a comrade in the same building. No help. He writes to a banker who was a friend of his deceased father. No relief. He writes to an old schoolmate, but gets no help. Saturday night comes, and he is moved to the hospital.

Getting there, he is frenzied with grief; and he borrows a sheet of paper and a postage stamp, and he sits down, and he writes home, saying: "Dear mother, I am sick unto death. Come." It is ten minutes of 10 o'clock when she gets the letter. At 10 o'clock the train starts. She is five minutes from the depot. She gets there in time to have five minutes to spare. She wonders why a train that can go thirty miles an hour cannot go sixty miles an hour. She rushes into the hospital. She says: "My son, what does all this mean? Why didn't you send for me? You sent to everybody but me. You knew I could and would help you. Is this the reward I get for my kindness to you always?" She bundles him up, takes him home, and gets him well very soon.

Now, some of you treat God just as that young man treated his mother. When you get into a financial perplexity, you call on the banker, you call on your creditors, you call on your lawyer for legal counsel; you call upon everybody, and when you cannot get any help, then you go to God. You say: "O Lord, I come to Thee. Help me now out of my perplexity." And the Lord comes, though it is the eleventh hour. He says: "Why did you not send for me before? As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." It is to throw us back upon an all comforting God that we have this ministry of tears.

Again, it is the use of trouble to capacitate us for the office of sympathy. The priests, under the old dispensation, were set apart by having water sprinkled on their hands, feet and head; and by the sprinkling of tears people are now set apart to the office of sympathy. When we are in prosperity we like to have a great many young people around us, and we laugh when they laugh, and we romp when they romp, and we sing when they sing; but when we have trouble we like plenty of old folks around. Why? They know how to talk. Take an aged mother, 70 years of age, and she is almost omnipotent in comfort. Why! She has been through it all. At 7 o'clock in the morning she goes over to comfort a young mother who has just lost her babe.

Grandmother knows all about that trouble. Fifty years ago she felt it. At 12 o'clock of that day she goes over to comfort a widowed soul. She knows all about that. She has been walking in that dark valley twenty years. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon some one knocks at the door wanting bread. She knows all about that. Two or three times in her life she has came to her last loaf. At 10 o'clock that night she goes over to sit up with some one severely sick. She knows all about it. She knows all about fevers and pleurisies and broken bones. She has been doctoring all her life, spreading plasters, and pouring out bitter drops, and shaking up hot pillows, and contriving things to tempt a poor apetite. Doctors Abernethy and Rush and Hosack and Harvey were great doctors, but the greatest doctor the world ever saw is an old Christian woman. Dear me! Do we not remember her about the room when we were sick in our boyhood? Was there any one who could ever so touch a sore without hurting it?

And when she lifted her spectacles against her wrinkled forehead, so she could look closer at the wound, it was three-fourths healed. And when the Lord took her home, although you may have been men and women 30, 40, 50 years of age, you lay on the coffin lid and sobbed as though you were only 5 or 10 years of age. O man, praise God if you have in your memory the picture of an honest, sympathetic, kind, self sacrificing, Christ-like mother. Oh, it takes these people who have had trouble to comfort others in trouble. Where did Paul get the ink with which to write his comforting epistle? Where did David get the ink to write his comforting Psalms? Where did John get the ink to write his comforting Revelation? They got it out of their own tears. When a man has gone through the curriculum, and has taken a course of dungeons and imprisonments and shipwrecks, he is qualified for the work of sympathy.

When I began to preach, my sermons on the subject of trouble were all poetic and in semi-blank verse; but God knocked the blank verse out of me long ago, and I have found out that I cannot comfort people except as I myself have been troubled. God makes me the son of consolation to the people. I would rather be the means of soothing one perturbed spirit to-day, than to play a tune that would set all the sons of mirth reeling in the dance. I am an herb doctor. I put into the caldron the root out of dry ground without form or comeliness. Then I put in the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. Then I put into the caldron some of the leaves from the Tree of Life, and the Branch that was thrown into the wilderness Marah. Then I pour in the tears of Bethany and Golgotha; then I stir them up. Then I kindle under the caldron a fire made out of the wood of the cross, and one drop of that portion will cure the worst sickness that ever afflicted a human soul. Mary and Martha shall receive their Lazarus from the tomb. The damsel shall rise. And on the darkness shall break the morning, and God will wipe all tears from their eyes.

You know on a well spread table the food becomes more delicate at the last. I have fed you to-day with the bread of consolation. Let the table now be cleared, and let us set on the chalice of heaven. Let the King's cup bearers come in. Good morning, Heaven! "Oh," says some critic in the audience, "the Bible contradicts itself. It intimates again and again that there are to be no tears in heaven, and if there be no tears in heaven how is it possible that God will wipe any away?" I answer, have you never seen a child crying one moment and laughing the next; and while she was laughing, you saw the tears still on her face? And perhaps you stopped her in the very midst of her resumed glee, and wiped off those delayed tears. So, I think after the heavenly raptures have come upon us, there may be the mark of some earthly grief, and while those tears are glittering in the light of the jasper sea, God will wipe them away. How well he can do that.

Jesus had enough trial to make him sympathetic with all trial. The shortest verse in the Bible tells the story: "Jesus wept." The scar on the back of either hand, the scar on the arch of either foot, the row of scars along the line of the hair, will keep all heaven thinking. Oh, that great weeper is just the one to silence all earthly trouble, wipe out all stains of earthly grief. Gentle! Why, his step is softer than the step of the dew. It will not be a tyrant bidding you to hush up crying. It will be a Father who will take you on his left arm, his face gleaming into yours, while with the soft tips of the fingers of the right hand, he shall wipe away all tears from your eyes. I have noticed when the children get hurt, and their mother is away from home, they always come to me for comfort and sympathy; but I have noticed that when the children get hurt and their mother is at home they go right past me and to her. I am of no account.

So, when the soul comes up into heaven out of the wounds of this life, it will not stop to look for Paul, or Moses, or David or John. These did very well once, but now the soul shall rush past crying: "Where is Jesus?" "Where is Jesus?" Dear Lord, what a magnificent thing to die if thou shalt thus wipe away our tears. Methink it will take us some time to get used to heaven; the fruits of God without one speck; the fresh pastures without one nettle; the orchestra without one snapped string; the river of gladness without one torn bank; the solferinos and the saffron of sunrise and sunset swallowed up in the eternal day that beams from God's countenance!

Why should I wish to linger in the wild,
When thou art waiting, Father, to receive thy child?

Sure, if we could get any appreciation of what God has in reserve for us, it would make us so homesick we would be unfit for our every day work. Professor Leonard, formerly of Iowa university, put in my hands a meteoric stone, a stone thrown off from some other world to this. How suggestive it was to me. And I have to tell you the best representations we have of heaven are only aerolites flung off from that world which rolls on, bearing the multitudes of the redeemed. We analyze these aerolites, and find them crystallizations of tears. No wonder, flung off from heaven. "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Have you any appreciation of the good and glorious times your friends are having in heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here. It is the difference between embarkation and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river you rejoice that they come. Oh, the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubilee in heaven—between requiem here and triumphal march there—parting here and reunion there. Together! Have you thought of it? They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land and another in another land but together, in different rooms of the same house—the house of many mansions. Together!

I never appreciated that thought so much as when we laid away in her last slumber my sister Sarah. Standing there in the village cemetery, I looked around and said; "There is father, there is mother, there is grandfather, there is grandmother, there are whole circles of kindred;" and I thought to myself, "Together in the grave—together in glory." I am so impressed with the thought that I do not think it is any fanaticism when some one is going from this world to the next if you make them the bearer of dispatches to your friends who are gone, saying: "Give my love to my parents, give my love to my children, give my love to my old comrades who are in glory, and tell them I am trying to fight the good fight of faith, and I will join them after awhile."

I believe the message will be delivered; and I believe it will increase the gladness of those who are before the throne. Together are they, all their tears gone. No trouble getting good society for them. All kings, queens, princesses. In 1751 there was a bill offered in the English parliament proposing to change the almanac so that the 1st of March should come immediately after the 18th of February. But, oh, what a glorious change in the calendar when all the years of your earthly existence are swallowed up in the eternal year of God!

My friends, take this good cheer home with you. These tears of bereavement that course your cheeks, and of persecution, and of trial, are not always to be there. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use, on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting about anything? Oh, what an exhilaration it ought to be in Christian work! See you the pinnacles against the sky? It is the city of our God, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the few days that shall remain for us. The Saxons and the Britons went out to battle. The Saxons were all armed. The Britons had no arms at all; and yet history tells us the Britons got the victory. Why? They went into battle shouting three times, "Hallelujah!" and at the third shout of "Hallelujah," their enemies fled panic struck; and so the Britons got the victory.

And, my friends, if we could only appreciate the glories that are to come, we would be so filled with enthusiasm that no power of earth or hell could stand before us; and at our first shout the opposing forces would begin to tremble, and at our second shout they would begin to fall back, and at our third shout they would be routed forever. There is no power on earth or in hell that could stand before three such volleys of hallelujah.

I put this balsam on the wounds of your heart. Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of, and that you have a prospect of so making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears, and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended.

There we shall march up the heavenly street,
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

Your Eyesight.

The middle-aged person keeps on straining the eyes until they become somewhat damaged for want of artificial aid in reading or sewing, and finally the glasses are adopted—bought, in nine cases out of ten, from the ignorant opticians, to cause more trouble, very likely, later on. And all the distress might have been saved by simply going to the oculist when the annoyance first began to be felt, and procuring the proper glasses. This is what every person at 45 years of age ought to do, for there is no one that arrives at the age of 50, at the utmost, who does not need assistance for close vision.

"Is it true that near-sighted eyes improve as they grow older?"

"Pah! That is another popular delusion. Near-sightedness may grow worse with age, but not better. Likewise, it is nonsense to suppose, as it is so commonly asserted, that the near-sighted eye is unusually strong. How should the abnormal egg-shaped eye be stronger than the normal spherical eye? The near-sighted eye is not necessarily weak, but it is a sick eye in the sense that it usually belongs to a person who is imperfect constitutionally. The reverse of near-sight is over-sight, which is occasioned by flatness of the orb of vision.

"It is the case of nearly all cases of 'weak eyes,' and of nine out of every ten cases of 'squint.' Any child afflicted with either of these troubles should be taken at once to the oculist and have glasses prescribed for it. Thousands of people go through life without half the use of their eyes, when the whole trouble is simply due to a slight malformation which proper convex glasses would remedy at once."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The grub makes the butterfly; the blacksmith makes the fire fly.—Yonkers Gazette.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Salt for Dairy Stock.

We have never had any doubt of the importance of free access to salt by dairy stock. But we now and then meet with people who think salt an injury to both animals and men, and some have gone so far as to deprive their animals of salt altogether, except what they derive from the food they eat—every kind of which contains at least a trace of common salt. Lack of salt for cows used to be considered a cause of hard churning, and is now so considered by many good judges, who at once administer salt to their cows as a remedy for the evil. But in earlier days dairymen had not yet reached the point of keeping salt constantly within reach of their cows, so that they could at will help themselves. All these early notions were founded on tradition and loose observation; but it is interesting to note how closely they agree with modern scientific conclusions. The experiments of European nations—notably of the French—seems to have definitely determined the value of salt for all kinds of stock. Modern observers have reached the conclusion that salt is necessary to the best health and performance of the cow. Prof. Robertson, of the Guelph Experiment Station, Ontario, Canada, says a series of experiments convinced him that to deny cows salt for even one week reduces their flow of milk 14½ to 17½ per cent in quantity and lowers the quality. Milk given when cows are deprived of salt, he says, will sour 24 hours sooner than that given when they have a full supply of it. It is greatly relished by all animals, which is strong presumptive evidence in its favor, and there cannot be a reasonable doubt, at this late day, that salt is beneficial to them.—Michigan Farmer.

Keep Improved Stock.

This is no longer the breeder's text, but is proclaimed as the result of experience from every enterprising farmer in the land. Who ever heard of a farmer who, after trying the Shorthorns or any of the improved breeds of cattle, quit them and went back to the natives or scrub stock? A man in the least interested in poultry, for pleasure or profit, is not content with the old dung-hill fowl. There is no better key required to determine the degree of prosperity of any farmer than the kind of stock that