DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

WHAT CHRISTIANITY DOES FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

Dr. Talmage at Chicago Prepares a Sermon for the Press—The Mothers of Greatness—The Resolve of Joshua—No One Too Busy for Prayers.

A Family Religion.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now in Chicago on a brief visit, did not preach last Sunday. He prepared for the press, however, the following discourse on "Religion at Home," the text selected being Joshua xxiv, 15, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Absurd, Joshua! You will have no time for family religion. You are a military character, and your time will be taken up with affairs connected with the army. You are a statesman, and your time will be taken up with public affairs. You are the Washington, the Wellington, the McMahon of the Israelitish host; you will have a great many questions to settle; you will have no time for religion. But Joshua, with the same voice with which he commanded the sun and moon to halt and stack arms of light on the parade ground of the heavens, says, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Before we adopt the resolution of this old soldier we want to be certain it is a wise resolution. If religion is going to put my piano out of tune and clog the feet of the children racing through the hall, and sour the bread and put crape on the doorbell, I do not want it in my house. I once gave $6 to hear Jenny Lind Warble. I have never given a cent to hear any one groan. Will this religion spoken of in my text do anything for the dining hall, for the nursery, for the parlor, for the sleeping apartment?

It is a great deal easier to invite a disagreeable guest than to get rid of him. If you do not want religion you had better not ask it to come, for after coming it may stay a great while. Isaac Watts went to visit Sir Thomas and Lady Abney at their place in Theobald and was to stay a week and staid thirty-five years, and if religion once gets into your household the probability is it will stay there forever.

The Family Altar.

Now, the question I want to discuss is: What will religion do for the household? Question the first: What did it do for your father's house if you were brought up in a Christian home?

That whole scene has vanished, but it comes back to-day. The hour for morning prayers came. You were invited in. Somewhat fidgety, you sat and listened. Your father made no pretention of rhetorical reading, and he just went through the chapter in a plain, straightforward way. Then you knelt. It was about the same prayer morning by morning and night by night, for he had the same sins to ask pardon for, and he had the same blessings for which to be grateful day after day and year after year.

The prayer was longer than you would like to have had it, for the game at ball was waiting, or the skates were lying under the shed, or the schoolbooks needed one or two more looking at the lessons. Your parents, somewhat rheumatic and stiffened with age, found it difficult to rise from their kneeling. The chair at which they knelt is gone, the Bible out of which they read has perhaps fallen to pieces, the parents are gone, the children scattered north, east, south, and west, but that whole scene flashes upon your memory to-day.

Was that morning and evening exercise in your father's hourse debasing or elevating? Is it not among the most sacred reminiscences? You were not as devotional as some of the older members of your father's house who were kneeling with you at the time, and you did not bow your head as closely as they did, and you looked around, and you saw just the posture your father and mother assumed while they were kneeling on the floor. The whole scence is so photographed on your memory that if you were an artist you could draw it now just as they knelt.

For how much would you have that scene obliterated from your memory? It all comes back to-day, and you are in the homestead again. Father is there, mother is there, all of you children are there. It is the same old prayer, opening with the same petition, closing with the same thanksgiving. The family prayers of 1840, 1850 as fresh in your memory as though they were uttered yesterday. The tear that starts from your eye melts all that scene. Gone, is it? Why, many a time it has held you steady in the struggle of life. You once started for a place, and that memory jerked you back, and you could not enter.

Farreaching Prayers.

The broken prayer of your father has had more effect upon you than all you ever read in Shakspeare and Milton and Tennyson and Dante. You have gone over mountains and across seas, You never for a moment got out of sight of that domestic altar. Oh, my friends, is it your opinion this morning that the ten or fifteen minutes subtracted from each day for family devotion was an economy or a waste of time in your father's household? I think some of us are coming to the conclusion that the religion which was in our father's house would be a very appropriate religion for our homes. If family prayers did not damage that household, there is no probability that they will damage our household.

"Is God dead?" said a child to her father. "No," he replied; "why do you ask that?" "Well," she said, "when mother was living we used to have prayers, but since her death we haven't had family prayers, and I didn't know but that God was dead too!" A family that is launched in the morning with family prayers is well launched. Breakfast over, the family scatter, some to school, some to household duties, some to business. During the day there will be a thousand perils abroad—perils of the street car, of the scalding, of the ungoverned horse, of the misstep, of the aroused temper, of multitudinous temptations to do wrong.

Some time between 7 o'clock in the morning and 10 o'clock at night there may be a moment when you will be in urgent need of God. Besides that, family prayers will be a secular advantage. A father went into the war to serve his country. His children staid and cultivated the farm. His wife prayed. One of the sons said afterward: "Father is fighting, and we are digging, and mother is praying!" "Ah!" said some one, "praying and digging and fighting will bring us out of our national troubles."

We may pray in the morning, "Give us this day our daily bread," and sit down and starve in idleness and starve to death, but prayer and hard work will give a livelihood to any family. Family religion pays for both worlds. Let us have an altar in each one of our households. You may not be able to formulate a prayer. Then there are Philip Henry's prayers, and there are McDuff's prayers, and there are Philip Doddridge's prayers, and there are the Episcopal Church prayers, and there are scores of books with supplications just suited to the domestic circle.

"Oh," says some man, "I don't feel competent to lead my household in prayer." Well, I do not know that it is your duty to lead. I think perhaps it is sometimes better for the mother of the household to lead. She knows better the wants of the household. She can read the Scriptures with a more tender enunciation. She knows more of God. I will put it plainly and say she prays better. Oh, these mothers decide almost everything. Nero's mother was a murderess. Lord Byron's mother was haughty and impious. You might have guessed that from their children. Walter Scott's mother was fond of poetry.

The young people may make a wide curve from the straight path, but they are almost sure to come back to the right road. It may not be until the death of one of the parents. How often is it that we hear some one say, "Oh, he was a wild young man, but since his father's death he has been different!" The fact is that the father's coffin, or the mother's coffin, is often the altar of repentance for the child. Oh, that was a stupendous day, the day of father's burial. It was not the officiating clergyman who made the chief impression, nor the sympathizing mourners; it was the father asleep in the casket.

The hands that had toiled for that household so long, folded. The brain cooled off after twenty or forty years of anxiety about how to put that family in right position. The lips closed after so many years of good advice. There are more tears falling in mother's grave than in father's grave, but over the father's tomb I think there is a kind of awe. It is at that marble pillar many a young man has been revolutionized.

Meditation at the Grave.

Oh, young man with cheek flushed with dissipation! how long is it since you have been out to your father's grave? Will you not go this week? Perhaps the storms of the last few days may have bent the head-stones until it leans far over. You had better go out and see whether the lettering has been defaced. You had better go out and see whether the gate of the lot is closed. You had better go out and see if you cannot find a sermon in the springing grass. Oh, young man, go out this week and see your father's grave!

Religion did so much for our Christian ancestry. Are we not ready this morning to be willing to receive it into our own households? If we do receive it, let it come through the front door—not through the back door. In other words, do not let us smuggle it in. There are a great many families who want to be religious, but they do not want anybody outside to know it. They would be mortified to death if you caught them at family prayers. They would not sing in the worship for fear their neighbors would hear them. They do not have prayers when they have company!

They do not know much about the nobility of the Western trapper. A traveler going along was overtaken by night and a storm, and he entered a cabin. There were firearms hung up around the cabin. He was alarmed. He had a large amount of money with him, but he did not dare to venture out in the storm. He did not like the looks of the household. After awhile the father—the Western trapper—came in, gun on his shoulder, and when the traveler looked at him he was still more affrighted.

After awhile the family were whispering together in one corner of the room, and the traveler thought to himself, "Oh! now my time has come; I wish I was out in the storm and in the night rather than here." But the swarthy man came up to him and said: "Sir, we are a rough people; we get our living by hunting, and we are very tired when the night comes, but before going to bed we always have a habit of reading a little out of the Bible and having prayers and I think we will have our usual custom to-night, and if you don't believe in that kind of thing if you will just step outside the door for a little while I will be much obliged to you."

Oh, there are many Christian parents who have not half the courage of that Western trapper. They do not want their religion projecting too conspicuously. They would like to have it near by so as to call on it in case of a funeral, but as to having it dominant in the household from the 1st of January, 7 o'clock a. m., to the 31st of December, 10 o'clock p. m., they do not want it. They would rather die and have their families perish with them than to cry out in the bold words of the soldier in my text, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Incident in the Talmage Family.

There was in my ancestral line an incident so strangely impressive that it seems more like romance than reality. It has sometimes been so inaccurately put forth that I now give you the true incident. My grandfather and grandmother, living at Somerville, N. J., went to Basking Ridge to witness a revival under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Finley. They came home so impressed with what they had seen that they resolved on the salvation of their children.

The young people of the house were to go off for an evening party, and my grandmother said:

"Now, when you are all ready for the party, come to my room, for I have something very important to tell you." All ready for departure, they came to her room, and she said to them, "Now, I want you to remember, while you are away this evening, that I am all the time in this room praying for your salvation, and I shall not cease praying until you get back." The young people went to the party, but amid the loudest hilarities of the night they could not forget that their mother was praying for them. The evening passed, and the night passed.

The next day my grandparents heard an outcry in an adjoining room, and they went in and found their daughter imploring the salvation of the gospel. The daughter told them that her brothers were at the barn and at the wagon house under powerful conviction of sin. They went to the barn. They found my uncle Jehiah, who afterward became a minister of the Gospel, crying to God for mercy. They went to the wagon house. They found their son David, who afterward became my father, imploring God's pardon and mercy. Before a great while the whole family were saved, and David went and told the story to a young woman to whom he was affianced, who, as a result of the story, became a Christian, and from her own lips — my mother's—I have received the incident.

The story of that converted household ran through all the neighborhood, from family to family, until the whole region was whelmed with religious awakening, and at the next communion in the village church at Somerville over 200 souls stood up to profess the faith of the Gospel. My mother, carrying the memory of this scene from early womanhood into further life, in after years was resolved upon the salvation of her children, and for many years every week she met three other Christian mothers to pray for the salvation of their families. I think that all the members of those families were saved—myself, the youngest and the last.

Grandmother's Prayer.

There were 12 of us children. I trace the whole line of mercy back to that hour when my Christian grandmother sat in her room imploring the blessing of God upon her children. Nine of her descendants became preachers of the Gospel. Many of her descendants are in Heaven, many of them still in the Christian conflict. Did it pay for her to spend the whole evening in prayer for her household? Ask her before the throne of God surrounded by her children. In the presence of the Christian church today I make this record of ancestral piety. Oh, there is a beauty and a tenderness and a sublimity in family religion!

There are but four or five pictures in the old family Bible that I inherited, but Dore never illustrated a Bible as that book is illustrated to my eyes. Through it I can see into marriages and burials, joys and sorrows, meetings and partings, Thanksgiving days and Christmas festivals, cradles and deathbeds. Old, old book! speak out and tell of the sorrows comforted and of the dying hours irradiated. Old, old book! the hands that held thee are ashes, the eyes that pursued thee are closed. What a pillow thou wouldst make for a dying head! I salute all the memories of the past when I press it to my heart and when I press it to my lips.

The Old Family Bible.

Oh, that family Bible! The New Testament in small type is not worthy of being called by that name. Have a whole Bible in large type, with the family record of marriages and births and deaths. What if the curious should turn over the leaves to see how old you are? You are younger now than you will ever be again. The curious will find out from those with whom you have played in your childhood how old you are. Have a family Bible. It will go down from generation to generation full of holy memories. A hundred years after you are dead it will be a benediction to those who come after you. Other books worn out or fallen apart will be flung to the garret or the cellar, but this will be inviolate, and it will be your protest for centuries against iniquity and in behalf of righteousness.

Oh, when we see what family religion did for our father's household, do we not want it to come into the dining-room to break the bread, into the nursery to bless the young, into the parlor to purify the socialities, into the library to control the reading, into the bed-room to hallow the slumber, into the hall to watch our going out and our coming in? Aye, there are hundreds of voices in this house ready to cry out: "Yes! Yes! As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

There are two arms to this subject. The one arm puts its hand on all parents. It says to them: "Don't interfere with your children's welfare. Don't interfere with their eternal happiness. Don't you by anything you do put out your foot and trip them into ruin. Start them under the shelter, the insurance, the everlasting help of Christian parentage. Catechisms will not save them, though catechisms are good. The rod will not save them, though the rod may be necessary. Lessons of virtue will not save them, though they are very important. Becoming a through and through, up and down, out and out Christian yourself will make them Christians."

The other arm of this subject puts its hand upon those who had a pious bringing up, but who as yet have disappointed the expectations excited in regard to them. I said that children brought up in Christian households, though they might make a wide curve, were very apt to come back to the straight path. Have you not been curving out long enough, and is it not most time for you to begin to curve in?

"Oh," you say, "they were too rigid." Well now, my brother, I think you have a pretty good character considering what you say your parents were. Do not boast too much about the style in which your parents brought you up. Might it not be possible that you would be an exception to the general rule laid down, and that you might spend your eternity in a different world from that in which your parents are spending theirs?

Christian Solicitude.

I feel anxious about you; you feel anxious about yourself. Oh, cross over into the right path! If your parents prayed for you twice a day—each of them twice a day for twenty years—that would make 29,000 prayers for you. Think of them!

By the memory of the cradle in which your childhood was rocked with the foot that long ago ceased to move; by the crib in which your own children slumber night by night under God's protecting care; by the two graves in which sleep those two old hearts that beat with love so long for your welfare, and by the two graves in which you, now the living father and mother, will find your last repose, I urge you to the discharge of your duty.

Hair.

The latest theory is that the imported foreign human hair is finer than the hair of native Americans, partly because it is cut from the heads of the peasantry of Europe, who wear caps constantly, which keep the hair smooth and clean. The American Indians have hair as coarse as straw, and there is a much greater infusion of Indian blood in the old American families than we, with our imperfect knowledge of and interest in, genealogy, usually imagine, says an alleged expert. People with any taint of Indian blood are apt to have long, heavy heads of hair, and they, like Indians, keep their hair always. Who ever heard of a bald-headed Indian brave?

Salt Cows Regularly.

During the winter season many farmers neglect salting cows, thinking they need salt less than when at pasture. There is not a week when cattle will not eat some salt if they can get it, and if they have a supply before them all the time they will be less likely to take too much.

HOME AND THE FARM.

A DEPARTMENT MADE UP FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

How to Handle Barbed Wire with Convenience—Saving Young Pigs in Winter—A Halter for Cows—Fruits and Vegetables in Cellars.

Barbed Wire.

To take up barbed wire where a temporary fence has been thrown around a crop or a portion of a pasture or garden is a disagreeable task,

but a correspondent of the Rural New Yorker has found an easy plan for handling the wire with the aid of the contrivance shown in the cuts. He gives the assurance that it is an easy matter to build the simple framework seen in the first cut and to screw it through the sills, A A, to the bottom of a cart.

Put the spool on the crank, C, which lifts out of the slot, E, then

one man pushes the cart and another turns the crank, and the taking up of any amount of wire is a pleasure and not a painful duty. The upright pieces, B B, are framed to lean ahead, so that when the cart handles are raised for pushing the frame stands perpendicularly, and when at rest the weighted spool rests ahead of the center, so as not to upset the cart.

Saving Young Pigs in Winter.

It was a quick-witted Irishwoman, who, when remonstrated with for allowing her pig the freedom of her kitchen, quickly replied: "Sure, and who has a better right? Isn't he the gintleman that pays the rint?" In these days, when pork is bringing very high prices, and every pig, however small, seems unusually valuable, the story seems, applicable to many farmers, who, if they have not rent to pay, have taxes, interest on mortgages, and the thousand and one expenses, towards whose payment piggy will prove an important factor after he is grown and fattened. If a litter of fall or early winter pigs should come, must they be lost, or, what is quite as bad, so stunted by cold that all the pork they can ever make will cost more than it comes to. Not at all, and the pig need not be allowed the freedom of the kitchen, either. Put the pigs in a close box, and all the better if enclosed in another close box. In a few days after the pigs are taken off, then the sow may be bred again for a spring litter. All that the pigs will need at first will be milk warmed to animal heat or a trifle above. As soon as they will eat more, boil an oatmeal porridge in water, and stir this in with the milk. There is nothing better than this to make young pigs thrifty. The double box will keep them warm in any building, and the pigs will be thrifty in the spring.—American Cultivator.

Halter for Cows.

A useful halter for cows, and one they seemed to like, was employed by owners at the fairs last fall. It consisted

of a heavy strap about the neck and another around the nose connected to it by straps running from one to the other on the face and under the chin. On the face strap a ring is strung so it plays from nose to horns as the tie strap which is snapped in it is tightened or loosened.—Ex.

Quinces Not Bearing.

It is undoubtedly the fact that more disappointments occur to growers of quinces than to growers of almost any other kind of hardy fruit. The trees often are killed outright by severe winters in exposed localities. If not killed the trees are unproductive. Quince trees require rich, deep soil, kept moist enough through the winter so that it does not freeze deeply. Dressing of wood ashes are especially beneficial to quince trees. Ashes not only furnish mineral fertilizer the tree needs to perfect its fruit, but they also help to keep the soil moist and open for the reception of rains.

Scaly Legs on Fowls.

When the legs of a fowl are covered with an unsightly, rough crust, which become thicker as the bird advances in age, the time will come when it will walk with difficulty, as the formation of the crust is due to the work of minute parasites, which are found in countless numbers, each adding to the crust. Grease of any kind destroys them, and if a mixture of one part kerosene and ten parts cotton-seed oil, linseed oil, or melted lard be applied once a week, two or three times the scales will soon begin to soften and finally disappear altogether.

Perquisites for Poultry

When fowls are shut up in the winter they often want for some things which are essential to their well-being, and which can be supplied with a little labor and thought. The dust bath is necessary to keep them free from vermin, and this should be prepared now while the ground is dry. Road dust is excellent for this purpose and a sufficient amount can easily be gathered up and put away in barrels to last until the spring. Keep an open box filled with it all the time in the hen house. If you neglect to procure the dust in time wood ashes may be used as a substitute. A supply of lime is also necessary, and the best way to provide this is to give pounded oyster shells. Bones pounded fine, so as to have long splinters, may also be used, or fine gravel which contains limestone. Attention to the little things is what makes poultry pay in winter. Add to these, comfortable quarters, good food and perfect cleanliness, and your winter's income from the fowls should be very satisfactory.

Conditions for Honey Secretions.

The conditions necessary for the secretion of honey are peculiar, and not well understood. There have been days when we thought everything was right, yet the bees were idle. The nights have been warm, followed by hot days and a moist, balmy atmosphere, with plenty of bloom in the field, yet there was no honey gathered. The why is a mystery. There must have been some element wanting, or nectar would have been secreted. And how do bees know when it is secreted? They may be at home one day with very few bees leaving the hive for water, or any other purpose, yet the following day by day-break they are leaving on double quick, and all is hurry and activity. Who told them there was honey? Do they scent it in the air?—Field and Farm.

Clamp for Filing Cross-Cut Saws.

Not one owner in ten of a cross-cut saw has a proper clamp for firmly holding the saw while being filed. There are many forms of these clamps, but one of the best is shown in the illustrations, Figs. 1 and 2, from sketches by L. D. Snook. The sides of the clamp should be as long as the saw, if patent handles are used, or

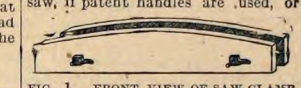

FIG. 1. FRONT VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

just the length between the handles if the old style be used. The side boards should be about one inch thick and ten inches wide. Two common bolts, four inches long are used, and are provided with winged or handle nuts (Fig. 1,) the bolts being located at a point so that the back of the saw resting on them will allow the

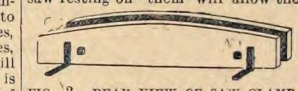

FIG. 2. REAR VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

teeth and half an inch or more of the body of the saw to project above the clamp. Nail a strip, one-quarter of an inch thick, on the lower inside bottom of one of the clamps, thus making the upper edge fit firmly against the saw. The clamp can be put in a common bench vice, or, by having two irons bent at right angles (Fig. 2,) and attached to the back of the clamp, and then bolted to the bench or table before a window. The saw will thus be held securely for filing. It takes but little to make these clamps, but they will last many years.—American Agriculturist.

Sowing Buckwheat.

Buckwheat is the latest of the grains to be sown. It matures quickly and should it be sown when Spring grains are, or even at corn or potato planting time, it would blossom during the hottest weather, and then could not fill well. Sowing too late exposes it to the danger from frosts, though for a number of years Fall frosts have done little damage to this crop. A more important point than anything else is to have the grain come up quickly and make an even stand. One-half bushel of seed per acre is thick enough, and if on rich ground, one peck is enough, as the plant spreads and fills best when not crowded for room. It is much more often sown too thickly than otherwise.

Fruits and Vegetables in Cellars.

Apples and vegetables that have been stored in the cellar in boxes, barrels, or upon shelves, should be sorted over at least twice during the winter, and all injured, decayed, or decaying specimens removed. In the case of apples, where only a decayed spot is found, the remainder will be utilized by the economical housewife for culinary purposes, especially if the fruit be scarce. Vegetables should be carefully looked over, particularly potatoes, as the emanations from the decaying ones are positively unhealthy, and a decayed tuber infects its neighbor.

Poultry Pickings.

TOULOUSE geese are the largest domestic water fowl, they mature very rapidly and usually bring high prices in the fall and winter.

THERE is only one way of keeping a large number of fowls profitably, and that is to separate into smaller flocks and keep them so.

IT usually does not cost much to keep fowls on the farm, and no class can raise fowls or secure eggs as cheaply as the average farmer.

IF there is any difference between feeding young ducks and young chickens it is in the fact that young ducks require more bulky food than chickens.

WHILE ordinarily the keeping of either ducks, geese or turkeys can be made more profitable than chickens, only the better breeds should be kept.

THERE is one economical result in poultry keeping that is often lost sight of, and that is the large amount of waste food that the fowls pick up

LEGISLATIVE DOINGS.

WORK OF THE STATE SOLONS AT THE CAPITAL.

Record of One Week's Business—Measures Presented, Considered and Passed—What Our Public Servants Are Doing.—In and Around Legislative Halls.

The Law-Makers.

In the House, Wednesday, the bill to make mayor's term four years in Chicago was the killed. A bill to protect the rights of the signers of a promissory note given to pay premiums on fire insurance was read a second time, and, after a few minor amendments, was advanced to third reading. The bill to prevent the use of uncovered patrol wagons for the conveyance of prisoners was amended by making it apply to cities of not less than 50,000 inhabitants and was advanced to third reading. A bill to punish wife and child abandonment by the husband or father was read and ordered to third reading, as was also the bill to prevent extortionate charges by street-car companies. A bill providing that the clerks of courts shall be blindfolded when drawing jurors was next advanced to third reading. A bill to secure attorneys at law a lien for their services was killed by having its enacting clause stricken out. Mr. Herdman gave notice that he would move to reconsider the vote. The Senate confirmed a batch of nominations. Senator Bogardus' bill appropriating $100,000 to defray the additional ordinary expenses of the Illinois State Reformatory at Pontiac passed. Senator Caldwell's bill making appropriation for the expense of the State Board of Agriculture, State Fair, and county or district fairs, amounting to about $20,000, was read a third time and passed. The bill appropriating $50 to each county farmers' institute in the State, introduced by Senator Crawford, was ordered to third reading. The bill, originating in the Committee on Appropriations, appropriating $17,400 for improvements at the Asylum for the Criminal Insane, was advanced to third reading. The Senate adjourned until Monday evening at 5 o'clock, in accordance with a joint resolution.

In the House Monday evening the journal of Friday was read in full. Mr. Berry objected to the reading being dispensed with. Mr. Whitley asked unanimous consent to introduce a bill, but Mr. Nohe objected. "Do you raise a point of order?" asked the Speaker. "Yes, sir; no quorum is present." The gentleman raises the point of order that no quorum is present; the members will please stand and be counted," said Speaker Crafts, who then proceeded to count the members present. He ascertained that but seventy-three members were in the House, and announced that no quorum was present; the House then adjourned. In the absence of President Gill and President Pro Tem Coppinger, Senator Niehaus called the Senate to order. The reading of the minutes was dispensed with, and the regular order of business was called for, when Senator Johnson, in order to demonstrate that a quorum was not present, moved the roll be called. This developed the fact that but twelve Senators were present and the Senate adjourned.

In the House Tuesday, after Chairman McInerney had reported the Berry anti-gambling bill from Committee on Enrolled and Engrossed Bills, the bill for the elevation of railroad tracks in Chicago was unfavorably reported by the Committee on Railroads. After long discussion the bill appropriating the widow of Judge Scholfield the salary that would have accrued to her husband for the remainder of the year was ordered to third reading. Mr. Novak, of Cook, gave notice that he would move to reconsider the unfavorable vote on the bill for the elevation of railroad tracks in Chicago. In the Senate Mr. Paisley's resolution for a constitutional amendment to the revenue code was sent to the Judiciary Committee. Senator Wells' bill, providing that the polls be closed at 7 o'clock p. m. instead of 5 o'clock, was defeated. Senator Seibert's bill to prohibit the placing of insurance on property in Illinois through agents outside the State was without objection sent back to second reading and referred to the Judiciary Committee.

Nurses' Cruelty.

"It seems to me," said a woman lately, one whose sons and daughters are grown and out in the world, "that if I had my children to bring up over again I would give up everything and devote myself to each till he was 5 years old. What I did was to employ nurses—what a travesty of the tenderly significant word—from infancy to about that time, when I looked after them myself. One of my children—he is a married man now—cherishes still a most unreasoning fear of the dark, even of passing an open door of an unlighted apartment, because, forsooth, years ago in his babyhood a nurse urged him to sleep lest a wolf should come out of the dark and get him.

"A second son will carry to his grave a nervous dread of laughing, born of a practice by another nurse of showing her large, white, glittering teeth in a mirthless grin when, as an infant, he fretted. I caught her at it one day and sent her away, but the mischief was done, and I have been helpless to combat it. And my nurses were no worse than my neighbors'.

"A child's caretaker should be a child-lover, and who loves a child like his mother? I long to say to every young mother I know, 'Stay with your babies if you possibly can until they are big enough to know what is going on about them; let maids wait upon and assist you in supplying their needs, but let no nurse (?) have a chance to do them ignorant and life-lasting harm.'"

Origin of the Term "To Chaff."

The following is suggested as the origin of the phrase to chaff a person. Apollo, we are told, received from a painstaking critic a volume filled with the errors of the great poets. By the way of reward for such bootless labor, the god of poetry gave him a bushel of wheat to sort, bidding him to select the corn from the chaff. When this was done, Apollo presented the critic with the chaff, but retained the wheat; thus chaffing, him and making game of him.

Could Be Advantageously Copied.

In the city of Tacoma, Wash., there is a practice in connection with the public schools that fosters patriotism and could be advantageously copied in other cities. Each school is named after some national celebrity—Washington, Emerson, Irving, Franklin, Bryant, Lowell, Lincoln, Longfellow, etc. On the birthdays of these patron saints exercises are held in the respective schools designed to promote a spirit of patriotism in the young scholars.

Kicks About His $200,000 Salary.

They say the Prince of Wales is "kicking" about the smallness of his salary. He receives $200,000 a year, which must seem small to him as compared with the $9,000,000 a year the Czar disposes of. But Albert Edward does not pretend to live within his income.

Surprise Pies.

The surprise pie in old England contained a dozen live frogs that leaped over the table when the cover was removed.