THE HOME RELIGION.

REV. DR. TALMAGE DISCOURSES ON THE SUBJECT.

What Righteousness in the Household Does For the Family-Is It a Profitable Thing? - The Great Preacher Draws a Lesson From Joshua's Saying.



DR. TAL-MAGE preached the following discourse on "Relig-ion at Home," the text selected being Joshua, 24.15: "As for me and my house we will serve 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 relig-ion. 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 my children racing through the hall, and sour the bread, and put crape on the door bell, I do not want it in my house. I once gave six dollars to hear Jenny Lind warble. I have never given a cent to hear anyone groan. Will this religion spoken of in my text do anything for the dining-hall, for the nursery, for the parlor,

for the sleeping apariment? If you do not want religion you had better not ask it to come, for after coming it may stay a greaf while. Isaac Watts went to visit Sir Thomas and Lady Abney at their place in Theobald, and was to stay a week, and it into our own household? ion once gets into your household the probability is it will stay there forever.

did it do for your father's house, if you were brought up in a Christian home?
The whole scene has vanished, but it comes back to-day. The hour for morning prayers came. You were inmorning prayers came. You were invited in. Somewhat fidgety, you sat and listened. Your father made no pretentions to rhetorical reading, and just went through the chapter in a plain, straightforward way. Then you all knelt. It was about the same prayer morning by morning and night ask pardon for, and he had the same blessings for which to be grateful day 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-

Was that morning and evening exercise in your father's house 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 same 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 as-sumed while they were kneeling on the The whole scene is so photographed on your memory that if you were an artist you could draw it now For how much would you have that scene obliterated from your memory? It all comes back today and you are in the homestead again. Father is there, mother is all of your 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 memry as though they were uttered yes-rday. The tear that starts from your eye melts all the scene.

e melts all the scene. Gone, 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. The broken prayer of your father has had more effect upon you than all you ever read in Shakespeare, 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. O, my friends! is it your opinion this morning that the ten or fifteen minutes sub tracted from each day for family devotice was an economy or a waste of time in your father's household? family prayers did not damage that

family prayers did not damage that household there is no probability that they will damage our household.

"Is God dead?" sail 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 what God was dead, too." A family that is launched in the morning with family prayers is well morning with family prayers is well kaunched. Breakfast over the famfly 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 scaffolding, of the ungoverned horse, of the misstep of the aroused temper, of multitudinous temptations to do wrong. Somewhere between seven o'clock in the morning and ten o'clock at aight them. between seven o'clock in the morning and ten o'clock at night there may be a moment when you will be in urgent need of God. Beside that, family prayers will be a secular advantage. A father went into the war to serve his country. His children stayed 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 mother is praying." one of the sons said afterward, Fattler 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 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 the Episcopal Church 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

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.

A young man received a furlough to return from the army to his father's house. Afterward he took the furlough back to the officer, saying, "I would like to postpone my visit for two weeks." At the end of the two weeks he came and got the furlough. He was asked why he waited. "Well," he replied, "when I left home I told my mother I would be a Christian in the army, and I was resolved not to go home until I could answer her first question." Oh, the almost omnipotent power of the mother! But if both the father and the mother be right, then the children are almost sure to come back to the right road. It may be until the death of one of the parents. How often it is that we hear some one say, "Oh! he was a wild young A young man received a furlough to 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 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. ter 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 re-

O, 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? six dollars to hear Jenny Lind warble. I have never given a cent to hear anyone groan. Will this religion spoken of in my text do anything for the diring hall, for the nursery, for the parlor, for the sleeping apartment?

It is a great deal easier to invite a lisagreeable guest than to get rid of time. If you do not want religion you Perhaps the storms of the last few see if you cannot find a sermon in the springing grass. O, 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 household? If we do stayed thirty-five weeks; and if relig- receive it let it come through the front door, do not let us smuggle it in. There on once gets into your household the robability is it will stay there forever. Now the question I want to discuss that will religion do for the cousehold? Question the first. What cousehold? Question the first. What would be mortified to death if you caught them at family prayers. caught them at family prayers. would not sing in the worship for fear their neighbors would hear them. They do not have prayers when they have

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 ayer morning by morning and night night, for he had the same sins to him, but he did not dare to venture out into the night in the storm. He did not like the looks of the household. after day and year after year. The prayer was longer than you would like trapper, came in, gun on his shoulder, After a while the father, the Western to have had it, for the game at ball and when the traveler looked at him he was waiting, or the skates were lying under the shed, or the schoolbooks while the family were whispering towas waiting, or the skates were whispering to under the shed, or the schoolbooks and needed one or two more looking at the needed one or two more looking at the traveler thought to himself, "Oh! now my time has come out in the storm and in the night rather than here." But the swarthy man came up to him and said: "Sir, we 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 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 the Western trapper. They do not want their religion projecting too conspicuously. They would like to have it near by, so as to having it dominant in the household from the first of January, seven o'clock a.m., to the thirty-first of December, ten 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 household we will serve the Lord."

There was, in my ancestral line, as incident so strangely impressive that it seems more like romance than re-It has sometimes been so inaccurately put forth that I now give you the true incident. My grandfather and grandmother, living at Somerville, New Jersey, went to Baskingridge to witness a revival under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Finlay. They came home so impressed with what they had been that they resolved on the salvaseen that they resolved on the salva-

tion of their children.
The young people of the house were to go off for an evening party, but my grandmother said:

"Now, when you are 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 wnile you are away this evening I am all the time in this room praying for your salvation, think some of us are coming to the conclusion that the religion which was in our father's house would be very appropriate religion for our homes. If family prayers did not damage that forget that their mother was praying for them. The evening passed and the

night passed. The next day my grandparents heard an outery 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 afterwards became a minister of the Gospel, crying to God for mercy. They went to the wagon house. They found their son David, who afterwards became my father imploring God's partheir son David, who afterwards 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 lip—my mother's—I have received the incident.

incident.

The story of that converted household ran through all the nighborhood, 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 two hundred souls stood up to profess the faith of the Gospel. My mother, carrying the memory of this scene from early womanhood into farther life, in after years was resolved upon the salvation of her children, and 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 roungest and the last. families were saved—myself, the youngest and the last.
There were twelve of us children. I

trace the whole line of mercy back to that hour when my Christian grand-mother 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 nay for her to spend the whole evening in prayer for her household? Ask better than that mined in Death Valley.—San Bernadino (Cal.) Sun.

Spite of its bringing film so near across my front.

I swung for his feet again, my horse at the gallop, and as the rope caught ley.—San Bernadino (Cal.) Sun.

this record of ancestia, productions, there is a beauty, and a tenderness, and a sublimity in family religion. 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 hap

piness, don't you by anything you do, put out your foot and put them into ruin. Start them under the shelter, the insurance, the everlasting he'p of Christian parentage. Catechisms will not save them, though catechisms are good. The rod will not save them, though 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 have as yet 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 ant to come back to the

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 be curving 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 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 spend-

ing theirs?

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.

WOMAN OUTLIVES MAN.

Has Great&r Vital Tenacity, But Cannot Stand Drink So Well.

Of the fourteen reputed centenarians who died during the past year no fewer than eleven were women, says The illustrated London News. Out of the 188 persons who were declared as over ninety years of age at death, 108 were ninety years of age at death, 108 were women. The superior longevity of the female sex is a well-established fact. To some extent it depends, of course, on their more sheltered method of living, but by no means exclusively, as the women of the laboring classes show a great vital tenacity as well as those who have an easy time of it in those who have an easy time of it in the world. The vital power of girls is displayed in babyhood, for though about 104 boys are born to every 100 girls, the females have more than over-taken the deficiency before the end of the first year. In other words, the belief of old nurses that "boys are harder to rear than girls" is a true

first time, another point vital statistics as between the sexes has recently been investigated. This is the relative periods of sickness in life. It is only lately that there have been any female friendly societies, and hence the statistics as to the days of illness among women have been largely conjectured. But if these figures are to be received as reliable, women have more days of non-fatal sickness in the year on an average than men at all periods of life, except between

fifty and sixty. Apropos, a very curious fact has been unearthed by a private committee appointed by the leading life assurance The subject of their inquiries was the mortality of persons engaged in the liquor trades. It is well established that the publicans are societies. at the lowest point in the list of dan-This, you understand gerous trades. is not teetotal talk, but fact, and it is curious, because publicans cannot be drunkards-a man who is not sober, as that term is generally received, soon loses his license. But the new fact revealed by the assurance societies committee is yet more inexplicable; it that the women who are engaged their own account in the sale drink are not nearly so injuriously affeeted by it as men. As any excess of indulgence in alcohol is undoubtedly far more injurious to the female or-ganization than to the male, it can only be concluded that the women who take the responsibility of a license upon themselves are endowed with greater self-control and moral strength than

their compeers of the other sex. Women submitted to the temptation of the trade in their capacity of wives, however, do not come out so well. Barmaids also are affected unfavorably by their occupation.

We don't have any family center any more. An open fire was the best and the first thing, and the earliest love of home was born, we may be sure, when the earliest hearth was sunk into place. In the long course of centuries, the stove superseded, and was a fair substitute for the burning logs, although Harriet Beecher Stowe once said that the War of the Revolution was fought in defense of firesides, not of airtight stoves.

"Strike for your altars and your fires," meant that from the time of ancient Rome to that of the colonies, the two had been nearest to, and linked together in the heart. But the genial glow, even through mica windows, of ignited coal was something; even the hot-air register made a gathering-But how can a family assemble

around steam pipes? There is no home-liness in a tangle of gi'ded tubes. And now that fashion has decreed that the center table should lose its generic name and be pushed against the wall, where is the rallying spot of the family? Is it fanciful to trace cause and effect in such matters as these, and to hold them in part re-sponsible for the growth of individualism, of separate aims and pursuits among those gathered under one roof instead of the old-time common feeling that made and meant the home? Where there is constant walking in

several different ways with friends, where there is not the repeated oppor-tunity to "talk things over," and compare plans and purposes and ideas, there must be more or less disintegration of interests and "staying at home" becomes as Bunner says it is to the boarding bachelor, only "staying in the home."

Five Acres of Borax. Hues Thomas and John Wood returned to this city Sunday night after a two months' prospecting trip on the desert. They bring the news that they made a aluable discovery on their trip in the shape of a deposit of borax, five acres in extent, which they found about sixteen miles north of Barstow, and as evidence of the verify of their story they bring with them some samples of the rock, which assays 7 per cent. better than that taken from the mine of the Pacific Coast Borax Company at Calico, and 60 per cent.

RIDING A BLACKTAIL.

The writer of the following in the Badminton Magazine was gathering in Badminton Magazine was gathering in some saddle horses from their winter ranges along the eastern side of the Rockies, and there had the experience which he thus describes:

Casting my eyes up, I suddenly saw one of the most striking sights I eyer remember to have met. It was a re-

production of Landseer's magnificent picture of a stag, standing broadside upon a knoll, and with a turn of the head majestically facing the spectator. But it was a living and unconscious tableau, set in the gray solitude of nature's own frame, so did it grandly beggar the mere painted picture by its effect, and I checked for a moment, the better to absorb it. The massive front of the mountain showed purply through the rifted mists behind purple through the rifted mists behind him, and mist and mountain together combined to throw into fitting relief what seemed to me the noblest deer
I had ever seen. For in that situation
and that atmosphere he loomed up more
like an elk than a blacktail, though he was not thirty yards away.

The butt of my six-shooter was touching the heel of my hand, but I thought of the engraving that used to hang on the wall at home, and I did not draw. For that brief moment he was sacred. Putting my horse in motion, I resolved to go my way and let But when I came out upon the flat top of the ridge, I found to my as-tonishment that he was still almost

in the same spot, but moving in a most erratic manner, zigzagging to and fro as if demented. To be on the same level with him, and to see him acting thus, took away a measure of the softer feeling with which I had so lately regarded him, but still I stopped short of shooting. The lasso, however, coiled for a dash at the horse I was seeking, was in my hand. I could not resist the temptation. Swinging the loop, I pressed the spurs home and let fly. But I had not reckened sufficiently with the great spread of his horns and the zigzag of his movements, so that, instead of compassing both horns, and noose reached only the near one, and before it could be drawn taut a swoop and a toss of the head had left it only hanging upon the extreme tip, from which it flew with a sweep the moment that his weight came

With a whistling snort, he started along down the ridge toward the open prairie, and I was just thinking that that was about my last of him, when he suddenly stopped short, turned about, and started back, straight up the ridge again, for the mountains. But I had relooped and coiled the rope again, and as he came into line across my front I pushed out, and, leaving the horns out of calculation, caught him by both fore feet, bringing him down all of a heap. Before he could make another move I had snubbed him short up to the saddle-horn, in spite of the misgiving snorts horse, who did not at all relish such side-shows to business.

At four paces' distance then, and from the height of my saddle, I had a good look at my capture, admiring immensely the spread of his horns, and thinking how glad I was that he had not yet shed them for the spring. Then, as he began to struggle, it flashed into my mind to ride him. Many men had ridden buffaloes-I had seen it done myself the summer before-but had never heard of any one riding a blacktail deer. Never stopping think, I slipped the reins over the horse's ears, and leaped down. Pulling the horse a step nearer, till the ropslacked sufficiently, I slipped the noose off the deer's forefeet, threw my legs across him, and seized him by the horns, as he rose beneath me. It felt more like being astride of some sort of snake, so slim was his body after that of a horse, and so much did he squirm as he staggered a half stride forward to gather himself. He was heading down the ridge. I saw that as I felt his back hump be-

neath me and then all the world was fog and fur, as he lit in to bucking with a vim and skill that would have astonished even a Mexican mule. I had seized his horns at first with the notion of preventing his bucking too fiercely. A horse needs to get his head down between his feet before he can do much in that line. But this gentleman apparently remembered that he with an improvement upon a horse in that he had horns as well as ears, and his object appeared to be to play cupand-ball with me and catch me upon them. The first jump enlightened me as to what I had undertaken, for he seemed to develop a hundred tines and antlers upon those horns, and I hit them every one with outlying portions of my anatomy as he came down, stifflegged, with all four hoofs together. His slim and limber body gave my knees no grip to hold me off those points as he laid them back to meet me, and when he came up beneath me like a new earthquake for the second jump, I knew that I should have to go, and that instantly, if I did not in-

tend to be spiked. But when he came down I no longer had any option. So seriously did the tines hurt me that I piled down shoulder first upon the flints, and for a moment was quite unable to draw

breath.

When I did manage a gasp I saw that my lord the buck was regarding me from half a dozen paces' distance, head down as if facing a wolf, and evihead down as if facing a wolf, and evidence to renew the contest. dently prepared to renew the contest as soon as I liked. But I was only thankful that he had not jumped upon me the moment I fell. I was wondering why he had not done so, and staring of him the while as I lay when ing at him the while as I lay, when I at last noticed that he had a freshlypleeding bullet tear, low down in the off ear, with a corresponding scar on the base of that horn, and now I guessed at once that some fellow up above had hurted him off the mountain with that close shot, and that the shock of it had dazed him, causing with that close shot, and that the shock of it had dazed him, causing that eccentricity of movement which had so puzzled me. At least, I could think of no other solution, for deer are not like horses; they never eat the "rattleweed"—"rattle" meaning crazy.

But while I guessed he whistled again, and struck the ground sharply with his off forehoof. I had better move before he did jump. Aiready he was gathering himself to spring, and I scrambled hastily up and hobbled to my horse. Climbing painfully into the saddle I saw that the buck had raised his head, disconcerted at the new move. Naturally, I could not shoot him then, after he had beaten me at my own choice; but I grew more and more savage as the blood trickled down inside my shirt, and the next minute I had coiled the rope for another throw. I'd be hanged if I'd be beaten by an etceterated deer; I'd boss him if it took a leg to do it. But he took alarm at the swinging of the loop, and made for the mountain again. Yet he was stubborn, and kept a straight line, in spite of its bringing him so near across my front.

and tumbled him, the buck in his struggles caught his off hind in the loop between his forefeet. Thus he A TUSSLE WITH A WOUNDED DEER IN THE ROCKIES.

A Thrilling and Sympathetic Description of the Incident by a True Sportsman —Some Points in Which the Writer's Human Nature Sticks Out.

Hoop between his forefeet. Thus he was at my mirry, as I brought my horse round to face him. Bundling stiffly down and winding at every move, I made the rope fast with a slipknot; so that it was impossible for him to rise. Then the ignoble impulse to revenge took me, and I caught him by the spread of his horns and shook him as I growled out, "You son of a gun you! I've a good mind to ride back to camp for a saw and saw your horns off, and ride you, anyhow."

But he looked so piteous, bound and

But he looked so piteous, bound and helpless as he was, and there was such a human look in his great eyes, that my heart smote me, and when, just then, he gave a great gasp like a sob and let his tongue loll out, I con-fess I was undone, and gave in at once. Mounting again, I looed the rope from the saddle-horn, and then, stooping down, slipped the knot from

his feet. He got up jerkily and started off with a very undeerlike gait, for the first few lengths. But at that moment, the mist lifted, and tore wide in front of him, showing the mountain and its ragged gulch ahead, and he and its ragged gulch ahead, and he leaped away with a bound, like one who suddenly finds himself again after long bewilderment. I sat apostrophising him as he went, "Don't I wish you'd been a man! You wouldn't ha got off so easily, and don't you forget it," etc. For the raw mist was nipping my hurts shrewdly through the rags

I dressed my hurts with rosin and

bear's grease in secret, and said nothing in public, not even when, the winter following, I happened to kill the very same deer upon the top of that mountain, hunting him from a timber camp on the other side.

Not only did I know him by the earmark which I had seen when freshly made, but he was famous on the ountain, having been driven from the herds by the younger bucks and so been compelled to run alone. Running alone, he had thus to de-pend s lely upon himself for safety, and this had bred a degree of cun-ning which had scread his fame among the axmen. But the manner of his killing would make another story as long as this one, and so I leave it.

And yet I think I was sorry when,
after killing him, I found that he was
none other than my friend of the ride.

INCIDENT OF THE WAR. Heroism of a Wounded Confederate To

ward a Wounded Unionist. William Wilkerson, who was for many years jailor of Fayette County,

oody and take it to his father's home. While riding slowly over the scene of the battle I heard groans, which I was sure came from a cornfield near at hand. Looking down the corn rows I soon discovered two wounded soldiers lying about forty yards apart. One was

mangled both of the Confederate's legs, while the Federal was shot through the body and thigh.

"I am dying for water," I heard the Federal say just as I discovered them.

His words sounded as if they came His words sounded as if they came from a parched mouth.
"I have some water in my canteen. You are welcome to a drink if you'll come here," said the Confederate, who had feebly raised his head from the ground to look at his late enemy when he heard his pitiful cry for water.

a Federal and the other a Confederate.

A cannon ball had broken and terribly

'I couldn't move to save my life, groaned the Federal, as he dropped his head to the ground, while his whole body quivered with agony. "Then I beheld an act of heroism which held me spellbound until it was too late for me to give the assistance I should have rendered. The Confederate lifted his head again and took another look at his wounded foe, and

come over his pain-distorted face, as 'Hold out a little longer, Yank, and I'll try to come to you.' Then the brave fellow, by digging his fingers in the ground, and catching hold of the corn stalks, painfully dragged himself to the Federal's side, the blood from his mangled legs making a red trail the entire distance. The tors ran down my cheeks like rain, and out of sympathy for him, I groaned every time he moved, but I was so lost to everything except the fellow's heroism that I did not once think of helping

I saw an expression of tender pity

"When the painful journey was finished he offered his canteen to the Federal, who took it and drank eagerly, the water seeming to sizzle as it passed down his parched throat. Then, with a deep sigh of relief, he reached out to the Confederate and it was plain to see as they clasped hands and looked into each other's eyes that whatever of hate may have rankled once in the hearts of these men had now given place to mutual sympathy and love. Even while I watched them I saw the Confederate's body quiver as if in a spasm of pain, and when his head dropped to the ground I knew that a hero had crossed the dark river. The Federal kissed the dead hero's hand repeatedly, and cried like a child until I had him removed to the hospital where he, too, died the next day."

-Chicago Inter Ocean.

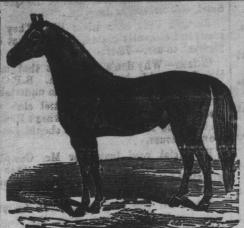
Some Strange Economies. Indeed we don't know how the

other half lives. There is nothing much more curious than the revelations—usually uncon-scious—which from time to time creep out and tell us how our neighbors lives go secretly on under those sheltering roofs. No one has the same ies or extravagances as ourelves, and we do and they-our neighhors—do what each thinks mean and at the same time foolishly lavish of the other. A vast majority of women will dress well if nothing else is ac-complished with income. In not only one instance known, but in several similar circumstances, a housekeeper has been discovered to do the family washing who wore, habitually, the finest of silk underwear and paid proportiate sums for her hats and boots and gloves, while her gowns were made at an extortionate costumer's. Such people never buy books, of course, nor go to the play, nor art exhibits. They save in a million ways, but they do dress well.—Philadelphia Press.

From the U.S. to Britain. The United States sent 103,000,000 pounds of ham to Great Britain last year. Something over 300,000,000 pounds of American bacon took the same route, and as for lard Great Britain received 40 per cent. of the total exports, which amounted to 200,000,000 pounds.

3883 Centenarians. A German statistician makes the assertion that there are in Bulgaria centenarians, or one to every

Good Livings. There are 300 livings in the Church of ngland worth over \$5000 a year each.



Horsemen's Attention

A good horse should be well covered in one of our heavy all wool comforters. Have just finished one hundred check blankets of a new fancy check pattern. Price reduced to 60c. per square yard. Are heavy, soft and warm, and as the material and workmanship is the best, we have no hesitation in saying that with good care one of these blankets will give service for fifteen years. It is the best. It is the cheapest. See them before you put an inferior blanket on your steed.

HORN BROS.,

Indsay Woolen Mills.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

MISS MITCHELL'S CHEAPER THAN EVER. GOODS SOLD BELOW COST.

We also hold on hand a large stock of Dress and Mantle Goods; also

Trimmings for same.

- FANCY GOODS - -We also do Dress and Mantle Making in the very Latest Styles. GIVE US A CALL.

Advertise in The Warder.

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pathetic incident of heroism which he witnessed shortly after the battle at Richmond, Ky., in 1862: "A son of my friend, Hon. Cassius M. Clay, was killed in the fight at Richmond, and it was made my duty to visit the battle field to identify the body and take it to bit. ARE MOVING

but they must go faster.

If its an

ULSTER, FUR CAP, FELT BOOTS, SHAWLS, UNDERCLOTHING or SOCKS AND RUBBERS

that you are likely to need the quality, assortment and prices will interest you.

Hogg Bros.,

JOB WORK

of all descriptions neatly and promptly done at "The Warder" office.

GRANITE WARE AND STOVES.

Granite Cups and Saucers. Granite Plates for Children. Granite Tea Pots ... Granite Coffee ots. Hanging Lumps. Nickel Plated Tea Pots. Nickel Plated Coffee Pots.

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