The Yale Expositor.

J. A. MENZIES, Publisher.

YALE - - - MICH

Women's shoes are naturally tight when they are full.

The meaner a man is the harder he tries to lower his record.

The detective who rides a wheel should indulge in track exercise.

No man can endure with patience a woman's slur about his clothing.

The prettier the girl the more attention she seems to think she requires.

There are no professional women divers. It is impossible to talk under water.

The tramp is always glad to get a steak, but he draws the line at chops in the wood shed.

Some people try to console themselves in the hour of their misfortune by saying "There are others."

Some are rich in money only; how poor are they! To hold money is nothing; to use it for the highest good is rapture.

The habit of virtue cannot be formed in a closet. Habits are formed by acts of reason in a persevering struggle through temptation.

Human action is a seed of circumstances scattered in the dark land of the future, and hopefully left to the powers that rule human destiny.

It was a Chicago man who sold his affections to a woman for about a hundred dollars and then repudiated the woman; and it was a Chicago judge who ruled that she could not recover the money because a man's love could not be estimated in dollars and cents. It might have occurred to the judge, one would think, that the man was a swindler; and if that failed to bring satisfaction there ought to have been a horsewhip—not for the judge, perhaps, but for the man.

According to letters received from members of the First Kentucky regiment, which landed at Ponce, Porto Rico, on the transport Alamo, the greatest hardships were endured by the soldiers during the voyage. The men were quartered in the hold with foul air to breathe, and the diet consisted of canned beef, raw tomatoes and coffee once a day. A guard is said to have been kept around the officers' kitchen to keep the starving men from taking food by force. The steward is alleged to have made money by charging high prices for ice water and bread. The eternal monotony of the same food is enough to drive a man crazy, especially canned food. No more transports should be sent anywhere without a proper variety for the men aboard.

The Cunard Company has lately given an order for a new steamship, which will be the largest ever constructed. She is not to be a passenger-boat, and is not to be built for speed, and accordingly she will attract less general interest than her smaller sisters, the Lucania and Campania, which register only thirteen thousand tons apiece. The biggest vessel now afloat is the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, of the North German Lloyd. She is six hundred and fifty feet long, and registers more than fourteen thousand tons. She will not long be the leviathan of the Atlantic liners, for in a short time the White Star Company will have the Oceanic on the water, and she, with her seven hundred feet length, will be twenty feet longer than the Great Eastern, the wonder of the last generation.

The United States consul at Vienna, in a report to the state department on the trade of Austria-Hungary for 1897, ascribes the general decrease in exports to this country to the fact that the same goods are now manufactured in the United States and can be sold there at the same or lower prices than the Austrian goods. The report is that American silk is being sold in Lyons, the real silk center in Europe, and that French manufacturers are buying it in large quantities, especially that used for lining purposes, to take the place of that formerly imported from Austria and Germany. There is a falling off in the demand for pearl goods, and for glassware, due to the popularity and superiority of the American product. It is frankly admitted, the consul says, that the American cut glass is finer and more elegantly cut than any manufactured in Europe. The American bicycle, according to the consul, is finding favor with the wheelmen, notwithstanding its higher price over those of domestic make. He thinks that if United States manufacturers desire to get their wheels into the foreign market they should be satisfied with a little less profit and try to make easier terms for their agents.

Books are the best of things well used; abused among the worst. What is the right use? What is the one end which all means go to effect? They are for nothing but to inspire. Every book is good to read which sets the reader in a working mood.

Cervera is a nice enough man; but we are glad he has gone home, because otherwise the plutocrats would want to run him for president of the United States. There are so many people who can never learn to stop when they get through

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"MAKE HOME HAPPY," LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text, John, Chapt. 20, Verse 10, as Follows: "The Disciples Went Away Again Unto Their Own Homes"—Modern Marriage.

A church within a church, a republic within a republic, a world within a world, is spelled by four letters—Home! If things go right there, they go right everywhere. The doorsill of the dwellinghouse is the foundation of church and state. A man never gets higher than his own garret or lower than his own cellar. Domestic life overarches and undergirdles all other life. The highest house of congress is the domestic circle; the rocking chair in the nursery is higher than a throne. George Washington commanded the forces of the United States, but Mary Washington commanded George. Chrysostom's mother made his pen for him. If a man should start out and run seventy years in a straight line, he could not get out from under the shadow of his own mantelpiece. I therefore talk to you about a matter of infinite and eternal moment when I speak of your home.

As individuals we are fragments. God makes the race in parts, and then he gradually puts us together. What I lack, you make up; what you lack, I make up; our deficits and surpluses of character being the cog wheels in the great social mechanism. One person has the patience, another has the courage, another has the placidity, another has the enthusiasm; that which is lacking in one is made up by another, or made up by all. Buffaloes in herds, grouse in broods, quails in flocks, the human race in circles. God has most beautifully arranged this. It is in this way that he balances society; this conservative and that radical keeping things even. Every ship must have its mast, cut-water, taffrail, ballast. Thank God, then, for Princeton and Andover, for the opposites. I have no more right to blame a man for being different from me than a driving wheel has a right to blame the iron shaft that holds it to the center. John Wesley balances Calvin's Institutes. A cold thinker gives to Scotland the strong bones of theology; Dr. Guthrie clothes them with a throbbing heart and warm flesh. The difficulty is that we are not satisfied with just the work that God has given us to do. The water wheel wants to come inside the mill and grind the grist, and the hopper wants to go out and dabble in the water. Our usefulness and the welfare of society depend upon our staying in just the place that God has put us, or intended we should occupy.

* * *

The institution of marriage has been defamed in our day. Socialism and polygamy, and the most damnable of all things, free-lovism, has been trying to turn this earth into a Turkish harem. While the pulpits have been comparatively silent, novels—their cheapness only equaled by their nastiness—are trying to educate this nation in regard to holy marriage, which makes or breaks for time and eternity. Oh, this is not a mere question of residence or wardrobe! It is a question charged with gigantic joy or sorrow, with heaven or hell. Alas for this new dispensation of George Sands! Alas for this mingling of the nightshade with the marriage garlands! Alas for the venom of adders spit into the tankards! Alas for the white frosts of eternal death that kill the orange blossoms! The gospel of Jesus Christ is to assert what is right and to assail what is wrong. Attempt has been made to take the marriage institution, which was intended for the happiness and elevation of the race, and make it a mere commercial enterprise; an exchange of houses and lands and equipage; a business partnership of two stuffed up with the stories of romance and knight-errantry, and unfaithfulness and feminine angelhood. The two after a while have roused up to find that, instead of the paradise they dreamed of, they have got nothing but a Van Amburgh's menagerie, filled with tigers and wild cats. Eighty thousand divorces in Paris in one year preceded the worst revolution that France ever saw. And I tell you what you know as well as I do, that wrong notions on the subject of Christian marriage are the cause at this day of more moral outrage before God and man than any other cause.

There are some things that I want to bring before you. I know there are those of you who have had homes set up for a great many years; and, then, there are those here who have just established their home. They have only been in that home a few months or a few years. Then, there are those who will, after a while, set up for themselves a home, and it is right that I should speak out upon these themes.

My first counsel to you is, have God in your new home, if it be a new home; and let him who was a guest at Bethany be in your household; let the divine blessing drop upon your every hope and plan and expectation. Those young people who begin with God end with heaven. Have on your right hand the engagement rings of the divine affection. If one of you be a Christian, let that one take the Bible and read a few verses in the evening time, and then kneel down and commend yourselves to him who setteth the solitary in families. I want to tell you that the destroying angel passes by without touching or entering the doorpost sprinkled with blood of the everlasting covenant. Why is it that in some families they never get along, and in others they always get along well? I have watched such cases and have come to a conclusion. In the first instance, nothing seemed to go pleasantly, and after a while there came a devastation, domestic disaster, or estrangement. Why? They started wrong. In the other case, although there were hardships and trials and some things that had to be explained, still things went on pleasantly until the very last. Why? They started right.

My second advice to you in your home is, to exercise to the very last possibility of your nature the law of forbearance. Prayers in the household will not make up for everything. Some of the best people in the world are the hardest to get along with. There are people who stand up in prayer meetings and pray like angels, who at home are uncompromising and cranky. You may not have everything just as you want it. Sometimes it will be the duty of the husband and sometimes of the wife to yield; but both stand punctiliously on your rights and you will have a Waterloo, with no Blucher coming up at nightfall to decide the conflict.

Never be ashamed to apologize when you have done wrong in domestic affairs. Let that be a law of your household. The best thing I ever heard of my grandfather, whom I never saw, was this, that once having unrighteously rebuked one of his children, he himself having lost his patience, and, perhaps, having been misinformed of the child's doings, found out his mistake, and in the evening of the same day gathered all his family together and said, "Now, I have one explanation to make, and one thing to say. Thomas, this morning I rebuked you very unfairly. I am very sorry for it. I rebuked you in the presence of the whole family, and now I ask your forgiveness in their presence." It must have taken some courage to do that. It was right, was it not? Never be ashamed to apologize for domestic inaccuracy. Find out the points; what are the weak points, if I may call them so, of your companion, and then stand aloof from them. Do not carry the fire of your temper too near the gunpowder. If the wife be easily fretted by disorder in the household, let the husband be careful where he throws his slippers. If the husband come home from the store with his patience exhausted, do not let the wife unnecessarily cross his temper, but both stand up for your rights, and I will promise the everlasting sound of the war-whoop. Your life will be spent in making-up and marriage will be to you an unmitigated curse. Cowper said:

"The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something, every day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive."

I advise, also, that you make your chief pleasure circle around about that home. It is unfortunate when it is otherwise. If the husband spent the most of his nights away from home, of choice, and not of necessity, he is not the head of the household; he is only the cashier. If the wife throw the cares of the household into the servant's lap, and then spend five nights of the week at the opera or theater, she may clothe her children with satin and laces and ribbons that would confound a French milliner, but they are orphans. It is sad when a child has no one to say its prayers to because mother has gone off to the evening entertainment! In India they bring children and throw them to the crocodiles, and it seems very cruel; but the jaws of social dissipation are swallowing down more little children today than all the monsters that ever crawled upon the banks of the Ganges!

I have seen the sorrow of a godless mother on the death of a child she had neglected. It was not so much grief that she felt from the fact that the child was dead as the fact that she had neglected it. She said, "If I had only watched over and cared for the child, I know God would not have taken it." The tears came not: it was a dry, blistering tempest—a scorching simoon of the desert. When she wrung her hands it seemed as if she would twist her fingers from their sockets; when she seized her hair, it seemed as if she had, in wild terror, grasped a coiling serpent with her right hand. No tears! Comrades of the little one came in and wept over the coffin; neighbors came in and the moment they saw the stiff face of the child the shower broke. No tears for her. God gives tears as the summer rain to the parched soul; but in all the universe the driest and hottest, the most scorching and consuming thing is a mother's heart if she has neglected her child, when once it is dead. God may forgive her, but she will never forgive herself. The memory will sink the eyes deeper into the sockets, and pinch the face, and whiten the hair, and eat up the heart with vultures that will not be satisfied, forever plunging deeper their iron beaks. Oh, you wanderers from your home, go back to your duty! The brightest flowers in all the earth are those which grow in the garden of a Christian household, clambering over the porch of a Christian home.

I advise you also to cultivate sympathy of occupation. Sir James McIntosh, one of the most eminent and elegant men that ever lived, while standing at the very height of his eminence, said to a great company of scholars, "My wife made me." The wife ought to be the advising partner in every firm. She ought to be interested in all the losses and gains of shop and store. She ought to have a right—she has a right—to know everything. If a man goes into a business transaction that he dare not tell his wife of, you may depend that he is on the way either to bankruptcy or moral ruin. There may be some things which he does not wish to trouble his wife with; but if he dare not tell her, he is on the road to discomfiture. On the other hand, the husband ought to be sympathetic with the wife's occupation. It is not easy thing to keep house. Many a woman who could have endured martyrdom as well as Margaret, the Scotch girl, has actually been worn out by house management. There are a thousand martyrs of the kitchen. It is very annoying, after the vexations of the day around the stove or the register or the table, or in the nursery or parlor, to have the husband say, "You know nothing about trouble; you ought to be in the store half an hour." Sympathy of occupation! If the husband's work cover him with the soot of the furnace, or the odors of leather or soap factories, let not the wife be easily disgusted at the begrimed hands of unsavory aroma. Your gains are one, your interests are one, your losses are one; lay hold of the work of life with both hands. Four hands to fight the battles; four eyes to watch for the danger; four shoulders on which to carry the trials. It is a very sad thing when the painter has a wife who does not like pictures. It is a very sad thing for a pianist when she has a husband who does not like music. It is a very sad thing when a wife is not suited unless her husband has what is called a "genteel business." So far as I understand a "genteel business," it is something to which a man goes at ten o'clock in the morning, and from which he comes home at two or three o'clock in the afternoon, and gets a large amount of money for doing nothing. That is, I believe, a "genteel business;" and there has been many a wife who has made the mistake of not being satisfied until the husband has given up the tanning of the hides, or the turning of the banisters, or the building of the walls, and put himself in circles where he has nothing to do but smoke cigars and drink wine, and get himself into habits that upset him, going down in the maelstrom, taking his wife and children with him. There are a good many trains running from earth to destruction. They start all hours of the day, and all hours of the night. There are the freight trains; they go very slowly and very heavily; and there are the accommodation trains going on toward destruction, and they stoy very often and let a man get out when he wants to. But genteel idleness is an express train; Satan is the stoker, and death is the engineer; and though one may come out in front of it, and swing the red flag of "danger," or the lantern of God's Word, it makes just one shot into perdition, coming down the embankment with a shout and a wail and a shriek—crash, crash! There are two classes of people sure of destruction; first, those who have nothing to do: secondly, those who have something to do, but who are too lazy or too proud to do it.

I have one more word of advice to give to those who would have a happy home, and that is, let love preside in it. When your behavior in the domestic circle becomes a mere matter of calculation; when the caress you give is merely the result of deliberate study of the position you occupy, happiness lies stark dead on the hearthstone. When the husband's position as head of the household is maintained by loudness of voice, by strength of arm, by fire of temper, the republic of domestic bliss has become a despotism that neither God nor man will abide. Oh, ye who promised to love each other at the altar! how dare you commit perjury? Let no shadow of suspicion come on your affection. It is easier to kill that flower than it is to make it live again. The blast from hell that puts out that light, leaves you in the blackness of darkness forever.

DON'T TINKER THE CLOCK.

If You Do You Will Probably Ruin the Timepiece.

"Watch repairers have a horror of touching a clock that has been tinkered by amateurs," explained a watch repairer, "and they would rather get out of such a job if they can do so, for the loss of one of the smallest parts means considerable work to reproduce it, and much more work than the general customer expects or wants to pay for. They try to get out of such a job when they can, for in nine cases out of ten the result is not entirely satisfactory. People who have a good clock, unless they know something about the way clocks are made and how they should be taken apart, will do the wise thing to let it alone when it gets out of order. Experimenting with it often means the ruin of the clock. It is absolutely dangerous to try to unwind a mainspring, as men have discovered for themselves, unless the proper tools are at hand. Now, a clock repairer has a contrivance known as a spring controller, which grasps the spring and holds it while being taken out or put into the clock, so that there is no danger. The spring for an eight-hour clock is often two yards long, and when suddenly let free it flies out with nearly the force of a charge of shot from a gun. Some time ago a friend of mine thought he would tinker with his clock. He did tinker it, and in taking out the mainspring it got away from him. In its flight it took off a $5 lamp from a parlor table and crushed in the glass of a $20 mantel mirror, besides doing other damage. The $4 clock cost him in damage exactly $25, besides cutting his hand seriously."

Extent of a Single Tree.

A single banyan tree has been known to shelter 7,000 men at one time.

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Knowledge That Goes for Naught.

A man may know Latin and Greek,
And French and German, too;
He may know his Homer, his Shakespeare and
His Bible through and through;
His knowledge of science may be
A wonderful thing, in its way;
He may know all the depths of the sea
And the height of each vast Himalay;
But he might just as well be a clam,
Without any learning at all,
If he hasn't found out how to flatter the folks
Who inhabit this mundane ball.

As Long as Possible.

She—Now that you are writing poetry do you intend wearing your hair long?

He—Only until I become bald.—Up-to-Date.

The Same, But Different.

The returned soldier paused briefly and poised the fork dexterously.

"This pie of yours is not——"

Wearily, the wife sighed. "You need not finish the sentence, Henry," she said, with somewhat of sadness in her tones. "I know my pies are not as good as those your mother used to make."

"You are entitled to another guess," he rejoined, softly. "I was about to say that this pie of yours is not only better, but infinitely more prepossessing in appearance than those we ate at Tampa."

Ah, yes. The relentless march of time makes it possible for us to remove the cob-web costume from the joke of the past and dress it in the goldfish garments of the present.

The Horrible Part.

"Oh," she said, "I had a horrible dream last night. And—and you were a part of it."

"I?" he exclaimed.

"Yes; I dreamed that you and I were alone upon a deserted island."

"Well," he replied, as he arose to go. "If that's your idea of a horrible dream I guess I may as well be saying good-by."

"But wait," she cried, "until you have heard all. You were standing on the beach waving your coat as a signal for help."

When he left, three hours later, a great change had come into his life.

Suasion.

Now was come the age of moral suasion, when parental kindness was rattling around, trying to fill the place of the rod and trunk strap.

"Give me ten cents, mamma," persisted the boy with flaxen curls, "and I'll take the medicine."

"No, Clifford," exclaimed the sweet woman, tears springing to her eyes, "papa's salary is cut, and five cents is all we can afford."

Inwardly, however, she thinks what a terible thing is poverty.

Unshaken Confidence.

"It's always pretty safe to judge a man by the company he keeps."

"Oh, I don't know. There are exceptions. My Uncle John's business makes it necessary for him to associate with aldermen a good deal, and still I'd trust him with every dollar I've got in the world."

Her Answer.

Cholly—I told her my face was my fortune.

Bill—What did she say?

Cholly—She said she wasn't going to marry a pauper.—Up-to-Date.

Nearly Done For.

"Well, I had a very fine business all summer, but it's about fizzled out now."

"That's too bad. What is your line?"

"I have the soda water concession in a down-town drug store."

Gone Up.

"Do you believe poetry is dead in this country?"

"Yes; practically so. The soap manufacturers don't use it for advertising purposes any more."

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