

What They Have Fought For.

Bob Burdette, the well known humorist has written, for the *Gospel and Temperance Echoes*, the following lecture. It contains many humorous ideas:

My dear boy, men have fought, bled, and died, but not for beer. Arnold Winkelreid did not throw himself upon the Austrian spears because he was ordered to close his saloon at nine o'clock. William Tell did not hide his arrow under his vest to kill the tyrant because the edict had gone forth that the free born Switzer should not drink a keg of beer every Sunday. Freedom did not shriek as Kosciuszko fell over a whisky barrel. Warren did not die that beer might flow as the brooks murmur, seven days a week. Even the battle of Brandywine was not fought that whisky might be free. No clause in the Declaration of Independence declares that a Sunday concert garden, with five brass horns and one hundred kegs of beer is the inalienable right of a free people and the corner stone of good government.

Tea—mild, harmless, innocent tea; the much-sneered-at temperance beverage, the feeble drink of effeminate men and good old women. Tea holds a higher place, it fills a brighter, more glorious page, and is a grander figure in the history of this United States, than beer. Men liked tea, my boy, but they hurled it into the sea in the name of liberty, and they died rather than drink it until they made it free. It seems to be worth fighting for, and the best men in the world fought for it. The history of the United States is incomplete with tea left out. As well might the historian omit Faneuil Hall and Bunker Hill, as tea. But there is no story of heroism or patriotism with rum for its hero.

The battles of this world, my son, have been fought for grander things than free whisky. The heroes who fall in the struggles for rum, fall shot in the neck, and their martyrdom is clouded by the haunting phantoms of the jim-jams. Whisky makes men fight, it is true, but they usually fight other-drunken men. The champion of beer does not stand in the temple of fame; he stands in the police court. Honor never has the delirium tremens, Glory does not wear a red nose, and Fame blows a horn, but never takes one.

Leaving Paradise.

Oh, laurels in the mountain glade,
Oh, pure breath of the mountain pines,
Oh, sweet Deep creek in the alder's shade,
Where the trout sniffed coy at our lines;
Oh, laughing lawns and winding walks,
Oh, turtle-dove's tender coo,
Oh, morning strolls and midday talks—
Without you what shall I do!
Must I begone, enchanted park,
The very bower and fane of love?
Here, clearer than the dawn-heard lark,
I heard the cooing of the dove.
Here, breakfast done, I smoke cigars
While birds trill love-lays in the wood;
Here life seems one clear shining star,
And all, including cooking, good.
Farewell, wild glens and bashful rills,
And Youghiogheny's sun-splend lake!
They call me back, those cursed bills;
The spell must end, the charm must break.
Shrine of bright hours, where rural Pan
Spreads all fair dainties that are his,
I'd live and die a happy man
Within your walls—but biz is biz!
My life must sink to colder prose
From these clear heights of rapturous song;
Cottage where honey suckle grows,
My heart shall keep your memory long!
The lamp of true love lights my way
And makes high noon of midnight mirth;
And yet—the devil take the day—
I leave this heav'n and go to work!

Bismarck's Religion.

Bismarck in his youthful days tried dissipation, and abandoned it because he found it a weariness. He allowed himself to drift in the current of caprice and humor, until he became disgusted with life.

He had never come in contact with religion, in the true sense of the word, until he met Johanna Von Puttkammer. The acquaintance ripened into a deep and lasting affection. The young lady's parents were quiet and religious persons, and when young Bismarck asked for their daughter's hand, they were greatly surprised, and knew not what answer to return.

His marriage brought him in contact with men and women who led blameless lives, who did good work in the world, and who yet lived as if they were in the presence of a Judge, a Father, and a Friend.

His young wife brought him face to face with a new power, and discovered to him a new motive of life—personal loyalty to a personal God. From the day of his marriage he seems to have been swayed by a motive power that had hitherto been wanting in his life—to do his duty before the living God.

Four years after his marriage he wrote his wife, from the scenes of his former dissipation and folly:

"I cannot understand how a man who reflects upon himself, and who neither knows God nor desires to know Him—I cannot understand how such a man can endure a life so burdened with *ennui* and self-contempt. I cannot tell how I used to bear it; if I were again obliged to live as I once did, without God, without you and the children, I really do not see why I should not cast this life aside like a dirty shirt."

Twenty-three years after, he wrote her, in the excitement of the French war—

"If I were not a christian, I would not serve the king another hour. If I did not obey my God and put my trust in Him, my respect for earthly rulers would be but small. If I did not believe in a Divine Government of the world which had predestined the German nation to something good and great, I would abandon the trade of diplomacy at once. I do not know whence my sense of duty should come except from God. Titles and decorations have no charm for me. Take away from me my belief in my personal relations to God and I am the man to pack up my things to-morrow, to escape to Varzin (his country-seat), and look after my crops."

Doubtless, like all who try to live by faith in God, Bismarck, being a man, has fallen short of his ideal. In the opinion of many good and wise men, he has again and again made serious mistakes. But admitting these errors and short-comings, this significant fact appears:

One of the greatest statesmen of the age confesses that he has been swayed in his statesmanship by his belief that he was carrying out a Divine purpose. The most successful statesman of the age says that thoughts of God and immortality have lifted him up above the praises of men and the selfish gratification of his pride and all mere personal ambition.

Gladstone, like Bismarck, acknowledges his reliance in the unseen and directing hand. Faith is the strength of truly great minds, the motive power of unselfish action, and all truly great and fruitful endeavor.

"Trust in the God that made thee, and follow the sea that is silent," is the language which a great poet makes the sentiment of Columbus. It represents the purpose of the sound mind and true heart.—*Youth's Companion*.

Never Saw the Like.

"What was the matter with your son when he died?" was asked of an old negro.

"Nothin' de matter wid him when he dide, boss, only dat he wuz dead."

"Yes, I know, but what caused his death?"

"Ole age, sah."

"What, your son die of ole age?"

"Yas, sah."

"How, then, is it that you have not died of ole age?"

"Ain't ole ernuff, I reckon."

"Then how could your son die that way?"

"'Case he wuz older den me."

"How do you make that out?"

"Libed faster, sah; libed faster, 'sides dat I b'lebes dat I'se one o' de 'ninted. Boss, wuz yer'd gin me er piece o' dat ole cheese. Too ole fur white folks ter eat. Thankee sah," he added as the storekeeper turned to the cheese, "thankee, sah," putting a couple of mackerel under his coat.

The grocer gave him the cheese, smiled in a disguised way and asked:

"What have you got under your coat?"

"Nothin', sah."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

A Conceited Husband.

A Galveston man is in the habit of getting up very early and going in bathing. Yesterday morning at breakfast his wife said:

"I am so anxious while you are away bathing in the mornings that I can't sleep until you come back."

"Oh!" he said, lightly, "there is no danger; I know how to swim."

"It is not that," she responded, "but I am afraid some thief seeing you go off, will sneak in and steal the spoons. You have no idea how it worries me."

—*Texas Siftings*.

DOMESTIC HINTS.

LETTUCE SALAD.

Three large heads of lettuce, wash, squeeze dry and chop not too fine; add one cup of vinegar, salt and pepper, four large tablespoonfuls of sugar in the vinegar, and pour over the lettuce; add one-half cup sweet or sour cream and two hard-boiled eggs chopped fine.

COLD SLAW.

Prepare in the same way; the cabbage after being cut should be squeezed and worked in the hands till soft; a bunch of celery improves it.

MASHED POTATOES.

Boil in water enough to keep from burning; when soft pour off the water, set back on the stove a minute; then take off and mash well; salt, add nearly a pint of milk, or enough to make them creamy. Do not be afraid of using too much milk; a little cream will add greatly. I seldom use any butter. When cold they are nice cut in slices an inch thick, sprinkle with flour and fry.

WHITE CAKE.

Two coffee cups of sugar, one coffee cup of butter, the whites of four eggs, one coffee cup of cold water, three and a half coffee cups of flour, with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat the butter until light, add sugar and stir well, then add whites of eggs (not beaten) and beat well together; add the cold water, then flour and baking powder.

APPLE Pudding.

One quart of flour; mix with a pint of sour milk in which a teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved and a little salt; fill a dish two-thirds full of quartered apples, pour a cupful of molasses over them, put the dough on top and steam one hour and a half. Serve with cream and sugar seasoned with nutmeg.

A PLAIN INDIAN PUDDING.

One quart of milk, two-thirds cup of Indian meal, the same quantity of molasses, three eggs, a tablespoonful of butter and a little salt. Scald the milk and put all the rest into it and bake an hour.

LYONNAISE POTATOES.

Put one pint of milk into a frying-pan, add a piece of butter the size of a walnut, some salt and pepper, let it boil, take a heaped teaspoonful of corn-flour, mix with a little sweet milk and add to the milk in the frying-pan. Keep stirring all the time; have ready six or seven good-sized potatoes peeled and cut into thin slices; put them into the pan with a little parsley and an onion chopped small; cover them with a plate and let them stew gradually for fifteen minutes. Send to table on a covered dish.

BREADED MUTTON CHOPS.

Rub some bread crumbs through a wire sieve; take one egg and beat it on a plate with a knife; season the chops on both sides with pepper and salt; cover them with egg and bread crumbs, and fry in a pan with three ounces of melted, clarified butter; fry a light brown and serve.

CANNED GOOSEBERRIES.

Remove blossom and stem without breaking the skin. Wash clean in cold water. Then fill the jar with berries. Make the syrup, and pour over the berries till the jar is half full. Put the cap lightly in position. Place in a boiler of warm water and cook ten minutes. Out of the contents of one jar fill others if the fruit shrinks and then screw cap tightly into place.

CANNED CURRANTS.

Stem so as not to break the skin. Wash them and fill the jar full. Then add syrup till half full. Proceed as in the case of gooseberries.

He Saw the Card.

A United States Senator who, years ago, used to flirt with chance, but who has since become a staid and conservative citizen, said one day last week:

"Here is a card story that you won't believe, but it happened just the same. Just after the war I was in Washington on a visit and one night I went around to a gambling house with several acquaintances. I happened to know the man who ran the place and stopped in the ante room for a few minutes to talk to him while the rest of the party passed into the card room. In a short time I followed. There was a faro layout there and a crowd gathered about it, and as I came up the cards had just been put in the box for a fresh deal. The instant I looked at the box I saw under the first card, which you know does not count, the jack of clubs. It was as plain to my eyes as though the top card were made of glass. Before the dealer began I asked him what odds he would give me if I called the second. He looked a little queerly and the people about the table laughed derisively. 'That is a curious way of betting,' he said, 'but I'll lay you ten to one that you can't. I put down ten dollars and called the jack, and he removed the top card, the jack of clubs was there sure enough, just as I had seen it. I would have called the suit, but I was afraid that he would not bet. The cards had been put in the box before I came up to the table and the only one visible was the top card, but it is literally true that I saw the card under it. You don't believe it? I did not suppose that you would. Nevertheless, this is absolutely a fact. Of course, I do not attempt to account for it, and it has never happened since.'—*Washington Herald*.



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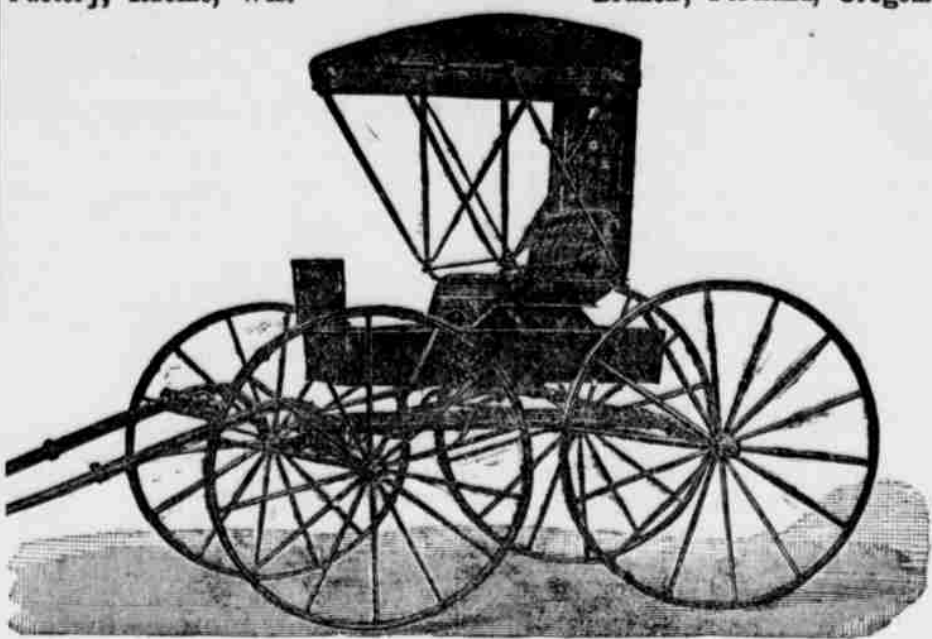
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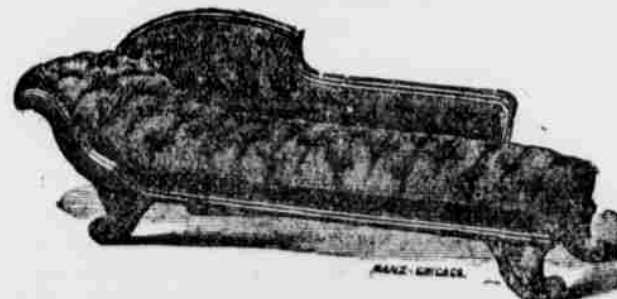
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