

MUSIC FIRST OF ALL. THE BEST OF THE INDOOR RECREATIONS.

But Rev. Dr. Talmage Favors All Innocent Sports—He Shows, However, That They Are Not a Fit Foundation For Soul Building.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—In his sermon today Dr. Talmage discussed a subject of universal interest—viz, "Our Social Recreations." His text was chosen from 1 Corinthians vii, 31, "They that use this world as not abusing it."

There were 3,000 people assembled in the temple of Dagon. They had come to make sport of cycless Samson. They were all ready for the entertainment. They began to clap and pound, impatient for the amusement to begin, and they cried, "Fetch him out, fetch him out!"

There are other words, there are amusements that are destructive, and bring down master and death upon the heads of those who practice them. While they laugh and cheer, they die. The 3,000 who perished that day in Gaza, are as nothing compared to the tens of thousands who have been destroyed by sinful amusements.

But my first text implies that there is a lawful use of the world, as well as an unlawful use of it, and the difference between the man Christian and the man un-Christian is that in the former case the man masters the world, while in the latter case the world masters him.

If you build a large mansion and spread a great feast after it to celebrate the completion of the structure, do you allow strangers to come in and occupy the place, while you thrust your own children in the kitchen, or the barn, or the fields? Oh, no! You say, "I am very glad to see strangers in my mansion, but my own sons and daughters shall have the first right there."

There are good people whose ideas of heaven are all shut out with clouds of tobacco smoke. There are people who dare to shatter the physical vase in which God has put the jewel of eternity. There are men with great hearts and intellects in bodies worn out by their own neglects—magnificent machinery, capable of propelling a majestic across the Atlantic, yet fastened in a rickety North river propeller.

In the name of the King of heaven and earth I serve a writ of ejectment upon all the sinful and polluted who have squatted on the domain of earthly pleasure as though it belonged to them, while I claim in behalf of the good and the poor and the true, the eternal inheritance which God has given them.

In the first place, I commend, among indoor recreations, music—vocal and instrumental. Among the first things created was the bird, so that the earth might have music at the start. This world, which began with so sweet a serenade, is finally to be demolished amid the ringing blast of the archangel's trumpet, so that as there was music at

the start there shall be music at the close. While this heavenly art has often been dragged into the uses of superstition and dissipation, we all know it may be the means of high moral culture.

There is in this art an indescribable fascination for the household. Let all those families who have the means to afford it have flute or harp or piano or organ. As soon as the hand is large enough to compass the keys teach it how to pick out the melody. Let all our young men try this heavenly art upon their nature. Those who have gone into it fully have found in it illimitable recreation and amusement.

I am glad to know that in our great cities there is hardly a night in which there are not concerts, where, with the best musical instruments and the sweetest voices, people may find entertainment. Patronize such entertainments when they are afforded you. Buy season tickets, if you can, for the Philharmonic and the Handel and Haydn societies.

Still further, I commend, as worthy of their support, the gymnasium. This institution is gaining in favor every year, and I know of nothing more free from dissipation or more calculated to recuperate the physical and mental energies.

There are still another form of recreation which I commend to you, and that is the pleasure of doing good. I have seen young men, weak and cross and sour and repelling in their disposition, who by one heavenly touch have wakened up and become blessed and buoyant, the ground under their feet and the sky over their heads breaking forth into music.

There has just died at Kirtomey, on the northeast coast of Sutherland, Mrs. Betsy Mackay, at the age of 102. She was a native of Strathnaver, and was a grown up woman when that fertile and one populous strath—about 18 miles long—was ruthlessly cleared of its inhabitants in the second decade of this century.

There has not been a lawyer in the town of Boxford, Mass., a place of 1,000 or more inhabitants, in several years and recently the one lone policeman comprising the town's force was discharged. The town is said to be in excellent financial condition and a bustling community.

cent hilarities. Do not sit down with the rheumatism, wondering how children that their hearts are so light, and their laughter is so free, and their cheeks are so rosy, and that their expectations are so radiant. The night will come soon enough, and the heartbreak and the pang and the desolation—it will come soon enough for the dear children.

Suppose you want to go abroad in the city; then you will find the panorama and the art gallery and the exquisite collections of pictures. You will find the museum and the historical society rooms full of rare curiosities, and scores of places which can stand plainly the test of what is right and wrong in amusements.

I rejoice in the popularization of outdoor sports. I hail the croquet ground and the fisherman's rod and the sportsman's gun. In our cities life is so unhealthily and unnatural that when the census taker represents a city as having 400,000 inhabitants there are only 200,000, since it takes at least two men to amount to one man, so depleting and unwearying and exhausting is this metropolitan life.

We shall have the smooth and grassy lawn, and we will call out people of all occupations and professions and ask them to join in the ball player's sport. You will come back from these outdoor exercises and recreations with strength in your arm and color in your cheek and a flush in your eye and courage in your heart.

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You go out tomorrow morning, and you see a case of real destitution by the wayside. You give him 2 cents. The blind man hears the pennies rattle in his hat, and he says, "Thank you, sir; God bless you!" You pass down the street, trying to look indifferent, but you feel from the very depth of your soul a profound satisfaction that you made that man happy.

On the street tomorrow morning you will see a sick man passing along. "Ah," you say, "what can I do to make this man happy? He certainly does not want money; he is not poor, but he is sick." Give him one of those 2,500 cheerful looks that you have garnered up for the whole year.

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out. You have helped that young man, and you have helped yourself.

A Thought to Carry.

Colonel Gardiner, who sat with his elbow on a table, spread with all extravagant viands, looking off at a dog on the rug, saying, "How I would like to change places with him, I be the dog and he be Colonel Gardiner," or those two Moravian missionaries who wanted to go into the lazaretto for the sake of attending the sick, and they were told: "If you go in there, you will never come out. We never allow any one to come out, for he would bring the contagion."

But before closing I want to impress upon you that mere secular entertainments are not a fit foundation for your soul to build on. I was reading of a woman who had gone all the rounds of sinful amusement, and she came to die. She said, "I will die tonight at 6 o'clock." "Oh," they said, "I guess not; you don't seem to be sick."

The last hour of our life will soon be here, and from that hour we will review this day's proceedings. It will be a solemn hour. If from our death pillow we have to look back and see a life spent in sinful amusement, there will be a dart that will strike through our soul sharper than the dagger with which Virginus slew his child.

One of Washington's lawyers used to practice in Kentucky, and tells good stories of his experiences in the mountains of that state. "I went to recover a tract of land in Bell county," he said, "and was met at the door of the cabin on the place by the man against whom I was instructed by my client, a widow, who held the claim through her deceased husband, to proceed. I accented him, and explained the nature of my visit, being anxious to settle the matter peaceably if possible."

"Stranger," he said slowly as he looked into the open fireplace meditatively. "This lady 'pears to be kin o' bad business. I'm a peaceable man an don't want no trouble with nobody. Dad fust cum hyar when I war a boy, an thar seemed to be a heap o' trouble 'bout the title. Fust an last, I reckon thar war no killed. Then we didn't hyar no more 'bout the title till dad war dead, when a fellow cum 'long an thar war mo' trouble. He's buried jess beyant that thar poplar."

"Then two y'ar ago another cum at me, an his widdier, it seems, don't want ter trap it, an a hired yo' as a lawyer. I'm a peaceable man, stranger, an don't want no trouble, but it seems to me this hyar title order be settled by this time, 'cause I hain't got no time going ter 'bout it. Thar ain't but one way ter settle it. I don't like ter hev no fount with a woman, but I reckon I'll hev to, lessen yo' air willin ter settle it with me right hyar."

"I excused myself from that mode of settling it, and upon reporting to my client, she refused to allow a suit to be brought, so the man's title can be regarded as settled."—Washington Star.

There has just died at Kirtomey, on the northeast coast of Sutherland, Mrs. Betsy Mackay, at the age of 102. She was a native of Strathnaver, and was a grown up woman when that fertile and one populous strath—about 18 miles long—was ruthlessly cleared of its inhabitants in the second decade of this century.

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FARM & GARDEN

DRAINING SLOPING GROUND.

Economy and Effectiveness of Direct Descent of Ditches Over Oblique Ditches.

A mistaken course is often adopted in placing the lines for the drains in an oblique direction down the slope, instead of directly down by the shortest course. Such ditches are needlessly long and are made with much additional labor, and what is still more objection-

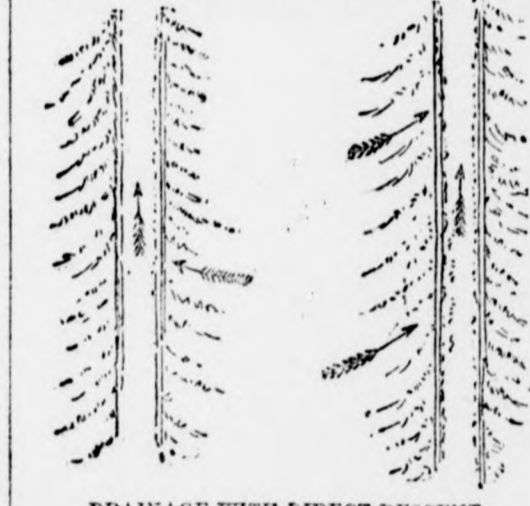


OBJECTIONABLE SLOPING DRAINAGE. able, they perform their intended work in a very inefficient manner. Cut 1 represents the portion of a field, the lower part of which toward the spectator receives the water from the sloping land above. The dark lines are the ditches, laid in a slanting direction, and are much longer than those in cut 2, which run by the shortest cut directly down the slope.

An objection to the sloping drainage, as already stated, is that it carries off the surplus water in a very imperfect manner. As water will not run up hill, all the water received by such ditches presses toward the lower side, and as the ditch is expected to draw water away from the soil on the upper side, from a distance of a rod or more, by the porous texture of such soil, so the earth, being equally porous on the lower side, will allow it to leak out and pass a rod or more on the lower side toward the next ditch below.

But if the ditches are cut directly down the slope by the shortest course, no water can leak out, as there is no lower side, but it all takes the ready channel offered it and rapidly escapes. This ready channel in effect draws the water from the soil on each side, the bottom of the ditch being lower than the adjacent soil, while the natural descent of the ground and the downward currents are quickly carried off by the central ditches—cut 2—the arrows in both the figures showing the currents.

Says Country Gentleman, authority for the foregoing: The difference should be always borne in mind between the



DRAINAGE WITH DIRECT DESCENT. water currents as they soak slowly through the earth by natural drainage or as they rush rapidly down hill through tile or other smooth and straight artificial channels which the owner of the land has provided. By the natural drainage, creeping slowly by minute quantities down the slope, added to the slow natural evaporation, two or three weeks, or even a month, are often required to render the soil dry enough for mellow cultivation, while by regular ditching the whole may be accomplished in a day or two. But with the sloping or diagonal ditching represented by Fig. 1 the work may be needlessly retarded and the drainage rendered longer and more imperfect than with the lines of direct descent.

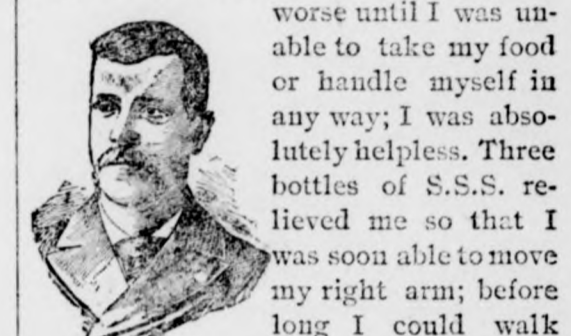
A great many farmers hesitate to draw manure and spread it on their fields as made because they fear that what is thus spread in fall and winter will be washed away by spring floods. Following are some statements on the subject made by American Cultivator: There is really no danger of this, except to land subject to overflow. The heaviest rains soak through the manure into the soil beneath. Very rarely, if ever, does this water thus manure soaked reach even to a foot beyond where the clod of manure lies. As a matter of fact, unfertilized manure has little fertility that is in soluble form. There is reason for farmers to delay drawing away their manure piles if they are waiting for them to ferment. This fermented manure has plant food immediately available. When it is put on grass land in winter, it shows with the first warm days of spring in the brighter green of the grass to which it is applied. In winters when there is very heavy snowfall the application of fermented manure late in fall will start new growth under the snowbanks.

Protection Against Cold. In Florida it is usual to protect the strawberry plants from light frozes with the common wire grass hay, which is shaken or spread over the plants. It is told in the Florida Fruit Grower that a perfect protection is made of the wire grass cemented together (in sizes according to the plants to be covered) by boiling pitch sprinkled on to the hay. These covers can be cheaply made of any size and easily handled, costing little but the labor of collecting the materials. If properly cared for, they will last for more than one season and are a perfect protection against any froze in Florida for any vegetable or fruit grown there.

The new onion culture consists simply in sowing the seeds in greenhouse, both in or elsewhere and then transplanting to the open ground.

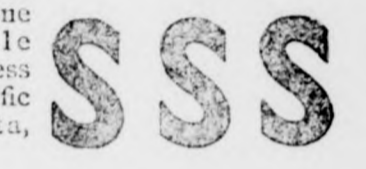
Rheumatism

Is a blood disease and only a blood remedy can cure it. So many people make the mistake of taking remedies which at best are only tonics and cannot possibly reach their trouble. Mr. Ana Smith, Greencastle, Indiana, says: "For years I have suffered with Sciatic Rheumatism, which the best physicians were unable to relieve. I took many patent medicines but they did not seem to reach my trouble. I gradually grew worse until I was unable to take my food or handle myself in any way; I was absolutely helpless. Three bottles of S.S.S. relieved me so that I was soon able to move my right arm; before long I could walk across the room, and when I had finished one dozen bottles was cured completely and am as well as ever. I now weigh 170."



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CONDENSED SCHEDULE OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

Table with columns for Northbound and Southbound trains, listing destinations like Atlanta, Savannah, and Charleston, along with departure and arrival times.