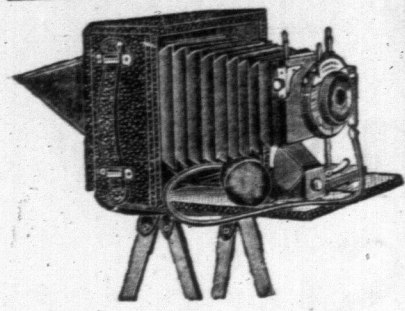


Saturday, Oct. 7, 1899



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HEROES ARE LAUDED

Dr. Talmage on the Glories of the United States Navy--Admiral Dewey's Homecoming.

Naval Heroes Deserve Full Measure of Praise--Useful Lessons Drawn From Their Bravery and Devotion--The Debt Which the Nation Owe to Her Sailors Must Be Paid.

New York, Oct. 1.—To-day, "Dewey Sunday," the great admiral still being the city's guest, and the whole nation stirred with the magnificent reception accorded to him and the gallant sailors of the Olympia, Rev. Dr. Talmage in this sermon, preaching to a vast audience in the gospel tent, Fifty-sixth street and Broadway, appropriately recalled some of the great naval deeds of olden and more recent times; text, James, iii, 4, "Behold also the ships."

If this exclamation was appropriate about 1872 years ago, when it was written concerning the cruise of the ship that sailed Lake Galilee, how much more appropriate in an age which has launched from the drydocks for purposes of peace the Oceanic of the American line, the Kaiser of the German line, the St. Louis of the American line, the Kaiser Wilhelm of the German line, the Augusta Victoria of the Hamburg-American line, and in an age which for purposes of war has launched screw sloops like the Idaho, the Shenandoah, the Ossipec and our ironclads like the Kalama, the Roanoke and the Dunderberg, and these which have already been buried in the deep, like the Monitor, the Housatonic and the Weehawken, the tempests ever since sounding a volley over their watery sepulchers, and the Oregon and the Brooklyn, and the Texas and the Olympia, the Iowa, the Massachusetts, the Indiana, the New York, and the Marietta of the last war, and the scarred veterans of war shipping, like the Constitution or the Albatross or the Constellation, that have swung into the naval yards to spend their last days, their decks now all silent of the bustle of the hands that clung to them, their portholes silent of the brazen throats that once thundered out of them.

If in the first century, when war vessels were dependent on the oars that paddled at the side of them for propulsion, my text was suggestive, with how much more emphasis and meaning we can cry out as we see the Keokau lay across the bows of the Alabama and sink it.

If full justice has been done to the men who at different times fought on the land, but not enough has been said of those who on the ship's deck dared and suffered and the sea, Lord God of the sea, let us to ye admirals, commanders, captains, pilots, gunners, boatswains, sailmakers, surgeons, stokers, messmates, seamen of all names, to use your own parlance, we now stand out to sea. Let all landlubbers go ashore. Full speed now! Four bells!

I recite to-day the deeds of our naval heroes, many of whom have not yet received appropriate recognition. I recite to-day the ships. As you will never know what our national prosperity is worth until we realize what it costs, I recall the untold fact that the men of the navy in all our wars have run the risks. They had not only the special risks of the sea, the storm, but like other ships could they run into harbor at the approach of an enemy or a cyclone or a hurricane, because the harbor was hostile. A miscalculation of a tide might leave them on a bar, a fog might overthrow all the plans of wisest commander and admiral, and the accident might leave them not on the bottom of the sea, but in the air, when in our civil war the torpedo boat blew up the Tecumseh in Mobile bay and nearly all on board perished. They were at the mercy of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, which have no mercy. Such tempests as the Spanish armada might any day swoop upon the squadron. No hiding behind the earthworks, no digging in of cavalry spurs at the sound of retreat. Mightier than all the fortresses on all the coasts is the ocean when it bombards a fleet.

In the cemeteries for Federal and Confederate dead are the bodies of most of those who fell on the land. But where those who went down in the war vessels will not be known until the sea gives up its dead. The Jack Tars knew that while loving arms might carry the men who fell on the land and bury them with solemn liturgy and the honors of war, for the bodies of those who dropped from the ratlines into the sea or went down with all on board under the endless tossing of the sea they cannot rest. Once a year, in the decoration of the graves, those who fell in the land were remembered. But how about the graves of those who went down at sea? Nothing but the archangel's trumpet shall reach their lowly bed. A few of them were gathered into naval cemeteries of the land, and we every year land the sod that covers them. It looks picturesque and beautiful to see a war vessel going out through the Narrows, sailors in new rigging.

A life on the ocean wave, the colors gracefully dipping to passing ships, the decks immaculately clean and the guns at quarantine firing a parting salute. But the poetry is all gone out of that ship as it comes out of that engagement, its decks red with human blood, wheelhouse gone, the cabins a jumble of shattered mirrors and broken furniture, steering wheel broken, smoke-

stack crushed, a hundred found Whitworth rifles shot having left its mark from port to starboard, the shrouds rent away, ladders splintered and decks plowed up and smoke-blackened and scalded corpses lying among those who are gasping their last gasp away from home and kindred, whom they love as much as we love wife and parents and children.

It is considered a gallant thing when in a naval fight the flagship with its blue ensign goes ahead up a river or into a bay, its admiral standing in the shrouds watching and giving orders. But I have to tell you, O veterans of the American navy, if you are as loyal to the government as you were to the ship, and there is a flag which is the admiral, and he watches from the shrouds, and the heavens are the blue ensign, and he leads you toward the enemy, and all the broadsides of you, and ye heil garments were once red with your own blood, shall have a robe washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Then strike eight bells! High noon in heaven!

While we are heartily greeting and banqueting the sailor patriots just now returned we must not forget the veterans of the navy now in marine hospitals or spending their old days in their own or their children's homes. O ye veterans, I don't charge you bear up under the aches and weaknesses that you still carry from the war times. You are not as stalwart as you would have been but for that nervous strain and that terrific exposure. Let every ache and pain, instead of depressing, remind you of your fidelity. The sinking of the Weehawken off Morris Island, Dec. 6, 1863, was a mystery. She was not under command. The sea was not rough. But Admiral Dahlgren from the deck of the flag steamer Philadelphia saw her gradually sinking, and finally she struck the ground, but the flag still floated above the wave in the sight of the shipping. It was after dark, and she sank from weakness through injuries in previous service. Her plates had been knocked loose in previous times. So you have in nerve and muscle and diminished eyesight and difficult hearing and shortness of breath many intimations that you are gradually going down. It is the service of many years ago that is telling on you. Be of good cheer. We owe you just as much as you owe the nation. Let every thought of the scuppers of the ship in the Red River expedition or as though you had gone down with the Melville off Hatteras. Only keep your flag flying, as did our heroic Weehawken. The money of the boys and all that talk about the country never forgetting those who fought for it is an untruth. It does forget.

Witness how the veterans sometimes had to turn the hangers on their street to get their families a living. They were turned out of office that some blot of a politician might take their place. Witness the fact that there is not a man or woman now under 45 years of age who has any appreciation of the four years' martyrdom of 1861 to 1865, inclusive. But, while men may forget, God never forgets. He remembers the swinging hammock and the remembrance of the ropes of that January tempest. He remembers the amputation without sufficient rest. He remembers it all better than you remember it, and in some shape reward will be given to the best of all rewarders, and for those who do their whole duty to him and the world the pension awarded is an everlasting heaven.

Sometimes off the coast of England the royal family have inspected them for that purpose. In the Baltic sea the Car and Carina have reviewed the Russian navy. To bring before the American people the debt they owe to the navy I go out with you on the Atlantic Ocean, and in there is plenty of room, and in imagination review the war shipping of our four great conflicts—1776, 1812, 1863 and 1898. Swing into line all ye frigates, ironclads, fire rafts, gunboats and men-of-war. There they come, all sail set and all furnaces in full blast, sheaves of ery flames tossing from their cutting prows. That is the Delaware, an old Revolutionary craft, commanded by Commodore Decatur. Yonder goes the Constitution, commanded by Hull, commanded by Perry, commanded by Lawrence, whose dying words were, "Don't give up the ship," and the Commodore Perry, who wrote on his back of an old letter, resting on his navy cap, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." Yonder is the flagship Washburn, Admiral Dupont commanding; yonder the flagship Minnesota, Admiral Goldsborough commanding; yonder the flagship Philadelphia, Admiral Dahlgren commanding; yonder, the flagship San Jacinto, Admiral Bailey commanding; yonder, the flagship Hawk, Admiral Porter commanding; yonder, the flagship Benton, Admiral Foote commanding; yonder, the flagship Hartford, David G. Farragut commanding; yonder, the Olympia, Admiral Dewey commanding; yonder, the Oregon, Captain Clark commanding; yonder, the Texas, Captain Philip commanding; yonder, the New York, Rear-Admiral Sampson commanding; yonder, the Iowa, Captain Robley D. Evans commanding.

All those of you who were in the

naval service during the war of 1865 are now in the afternoon or evening of life. With some of you it is 2 o'clock, 3 o'clock, 4 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and it will soon be sundown. If you were of age when the war broke out, you are now at least 60. Many of you have passed into the spiritland. While in our Cuban war there were more Christian commanders on sea and land than in any previous conflict, I would revive in your minds the fact that at least two great admirals of the civil war were Christians, Foote and Farragut. Had the Christian religion been cowardly thing they would have had nothing to do with it. In fact they lived and died. In Brooklyn navy yard Admiral Foote held prayer meetings and conducted a revival on the receiving ship North Carolina and on Salathiel, far out at sea, following the chaplain with religious exhortation. In early life, aboard the sloop-of-war Natchez, impressed by the words of a Christian sailor, he gave his spare time for two weeks to the Bible and at the end of that declared openly, "Henceforth, under all circumstances, I will be for God." His last words while dying at the Astor House, New York, were: "I thank God for all his goodness to me. He has been very good to me. When he entered heaven, he did not have to run a blockade, for it was amid the cheers of a great welcome. The other Christian admirals will be honored on earth until the day when the angels above shall lick up the waters from beneath and there shall be no more sea."

Oh, while old ocean's breast Bears a white And God's soft stars to rest Guide through the gale, Men will him ne'er forget, Old heart of oak— Farragut, Farragut— Thunderbolt stroke!

According to his own statement, Farragut was very loose in his morals in early manhood and practiced all kinds of sin. One day he was called into the cabin of his father, who was a shipmaster. His father said, "David, what are you going to do anyhow?" He answered, "I am going to follow the sea." "Follow the sea," said the father, "and be a kicked about the world and die in a foreign hospital." "No," said David, "I am going to command like you." "No," said the father, "a boy of your habits will never command anything." And his father burst into tears and left the barn. From that day David Farragut started on a new life.

Captain Pennington, an honored elder of my Brooklyn church, and with him in most of his battles and he had his intimate friendship, and he confirmed, "I had heard elsewhere that Farragut was good and Christian. In every great crisis of life he asked and obtained the Divine direction. When in Mobile Bay the monitor Tecumseh from a torpedo that was to lead the squadron, turned back, he said he was at a loss to know whether to advance or retreat, and he said: 'Prayed, O God, for me, and I went on.' 'I shall go on,' and a voice commanded me, 'Go on,' and I went on." There was ever a more touching Christian letter than that which he wrote to his wife from his flagship Hartford. "My dearest wife, I write and leave this letter for you. I am going into Mobile Bay in the morning if God is my leader, and I hope he is, and in him I place my trust. If he thinks it is the proper place for me to die, I am ready to place for me to die in that place as all other things. God bless and preserve you, my darling, and my dear boy. If anything should happen to me, may his blessings rest upon you and your dear mother."

To the end, he said on board the Tallapoosa in the last voyage he ever took, "It would be well if I died now in harness." The sublime Episcopal service for the dead was never more appropriately rendered than over his casket, and well did all the forts of New York harbor thunder as his body was brought to the wharf, and well did the minute guns sound and the bells toll as in a procession having in its ranks the president of the United States and his cabinet and the mighty men of land and sea the old admiral was carried, amid hundreds of thousands of uncovered heads on Broadway, and laid on his pillow of dust in beautiful Woodlawn, Sept. 30, amid the pomp of our autumnal forests.

But just as much am I stirred at the scene on warship's deck before Santiago last week, before the victory gained for our American flag over Spanish oppression the captain took off his hat and all the sailors and soldiers did the same and silently they offered thanks to God for what had been accomplished, and when on another ship the soldiers and sailors were cheering as a Spanish vessel sank and its officers and crews were struggling in the waters and the captain of our warship cried out, "Don't cheer; the poor fellows are drowning." Prayers for the dead! Prayers for the forerunner! Prayers in the cabin! Prayers in the hammocks! Prayers on the lookout at midnight! The battles of that war opened with prayer, were pushed on by prayer and closed with prayer, and today the American nation recalls them with prayer.

We hail with thanks the new generation of naval heroes, those of the year 1898. We are proud and grateful to fully appreciate their marvelous deeds to the poetry and sculpture and painting and history will do them better justice than we can do them now. A defeat at Manila would have been an infernal disaster. For our nation's institutions would have joined the other side, and the war so many months past would have been raging still, and perhaps a hundred thousand graves would have been opened to take down our slain soldiers and sailors. It took this country three years to get over the disaster at Bull Run at the opening of the civil war. How many years it would have taken



A Dive to Death. The woman who would risk a leap from the masthead of a ship would be considered foolhardy in the extreme. What, then, of the thousands of women who take the dive to certain death by neglecting their health in a womanly way.

When a woman finds that she almost constantly suffers from headaches, weak back, pains in the sides, nervousness, irritability and despondency, she may be certain that all is not well with her special womanly organism. There is a remedy if it is neglected. It is a remedy that will cure promptly cure troubles of this kind. It is the privilege of the thousands of women who have taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes the blood pure, cleanses the system, and cures all diseases of the female system, such as catarrh, inflammation, and other diseases. It does away with debilitating drains, restores the anticipatory period of maternity it alleviates morning sickness and other discomforts, at the critical hour makes labor easy, restores health to women broken down by weakness and disease.

"I had female trouble for eight years," writes Mrs. J. Dennis, of 33 East College Street, Jacksonville, Fla. "For three years I suffered continually. I cannot express what I suffered. I sought relief among the medical profession and found none. I was induced by kind friends to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When I commenced taking this medicine I weighed 150 pounds—more than I ever weighed before. I was built up until now I weigh 125 pounds. I was suffering from day and long for death to come and relieve my suffering. I had internal inflammation, a disagreeable drain, bearing down pains in the lower part of my bowels, and such distress every month, but now I feel as if I were a new woman."

Constipation poisons slowly, but surely. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure speedily and surely.

to recover from a defeat at Manila in the opening of the Spanish war I cannot say. God averted the calamity by giving triumph to our navy under Admiral Dewey, whose coming up through the Narrows of New York harbor day before yesterday was greeted by the nation whose welcoming cheers will not cease to resound until to-morrow, and next day in the capital of the nation the jeweled sword voted by congress shall be presented amid booming cannonade and embowered hosts.

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Nothing Gives the Butter Such a Cheesy Taste and Smell Besides Making it Much Harder to Churn.

Generally right after the threshing machine has pulled out of the barnyard the cattle are turned in to pick up the scattered heads and loose wheat and eat as much as they wish from the straw stack. There is nothing so detrimental to the flow of milk as straw, especially cut straw. I have known milch cows that were giving two and a half to three gallons of milk a day, in two weeks to decrease to less than a gallon a day. Not that they were fed cut straw. They had good fresh full pastures, but they were allowed to eat from the straw stack also. I know by experience that nothing gives the butter such a cheesy taste and smell, besides making it much harder to churn, as feeding the cows cut straw. I also dries up the flow of milk much faster than any other feed you can give them. Save your straw for your young stock; they will do well on it if you give them some ground corn along with it. Feed your cows middlings with good clover or timothy hay, or what is better yet, corn fodder or silage. I know of no better dry feed for milch cows than corn fodder. Feed them that. Keep out straw away from them and there will be no decrease in the flow of milk in the fall and winter.—Beatrice M. Ebbings, in Ohio Farmer.

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Insist and demand

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Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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