THE FARM AND GARDEN.

CARE OF FARM IMPLEMENTS.

No building on the farm pays better than a good toolhouse. It should be so convenient of access that there need be no excuse for leaving farm implements exposed to the weather when not used. Properly cared for, many implements that now last only a few years ought to be serviceable so long as the farmer lived to need them. Besides, a tool that has not been rusted, warped and cracked by exposure will work as well the second and third years of use as the first. On many farms tools are so much injured by being left out of doors that after the first season they cost more for repairs than they save in labor.

VALUE OF MANURE.

The value of manure varies as to character of feed and locality. In some places it is difficult, if not impossible, to get it except by feeding animals and thus making a home supply. How to do this most economically is a question worth studying. The kinds of food that are best for fattening are not also best for manure making. Corn is an excellent food for making fat, but it does not make rich manure. It is mainly starch or carbon, which for plants is mostly furnished by the carbonic acid of the air. Wheat bran is excellent for making growth, and if fed to animals that have completed their growth, will give most of its phosphate to the manure pile. At present prices of cotton-seed meal and linseed meal, they will return a good deal of their cost to the manure pile, if the manure made from them is estimated at the same value as are nitrogen and phosphates in commercial fertilizers. It is better to buy such feeds now and have rich home-made manures, than to wait until the growing season, and expend the money for commercial manures alone. There is some profit in feeding animals if done rightly, besides the manure they make.—*American Cultivator.*

SHIPPING DRESSED POULTRY.

First see that all poultry is well fattened, as there is a great difference between the price of fat and that of poor poultry, and, in a fully stocked market, good poultry, well fattened and well dressed, will always command ready sale and good prices, while poor, badly dressed, is slow of sale at low prices. Therefore there is not only gain in weight by having poultry properly dressed, but also in price. Corn is the best for finishing off poultry, as it gives a firmer flesh and yellower color than buckwheat and other grains. Feed nothing from twelve to twenty-four hours before killing, so that the crops will be perfectly empty.

In killing, use a sharp, narrow-bladed knife, inserting it in the mouth as far back as the ear, and cutting the vein. Then hang it up by the legs, until thoroughly bled. The water for scalding should be at boiling point. Take the fowl by the legs and head, dip it in the water two or three times, letting the hot water through the feathers to the skin. When strip off the feathers clean, pin-feathers and all. If the heads are dipped in the water the scalding will make them look stale and shrunken. After thoroughly picking, dip in clean scalding water, then plunge in clean cold water, letting it remain about ten minutes. Take it out and hang up in a cool, dry place, in a current of air, but do not let it freeze. Do not draw it, or take the intestines out. Leave the head and legs on, and use great care in dressing not to rub or tear the skin, bruise the flesh, or break the bones. The above hints are for scalded poultry, which is in most demand.

For dry picking, kill by bleeding in the mouth, and immediately strip the feathers off clean while the fowl is warm, using great care not to tear or bruise the flesh. Then hang up by the legs to cool off, the same as for scalded fowls. Some persons also do what is called half-scalding, which is, after dry-picking cleanly, to dip in scalding water, then in cold. Turkeys, ducks and geese go through the same process in dressing as fowls, both scalding and dry-picking. Some persons, after the ducks and geese are picked, to more thoroughly free them from pin feathers rub them over with powdered rosin; dip in scalding water and rub off the rosin and pin feathers; then wash thoroughly with warm water and brush with soap; then rinse with cold water and hang up until cold and thoroughly dried.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN.

The importance of a good vegetable garden to the farmer's family can hardly be over estimated. And yet, the ordinary farmer seems inclined to ignore its benefits and suffers it to become a burden to him instead of a pleasure, as it would be considered, if properly appreciated. He sees the profit in wheat and corn, because he sells the product of these cereals, and the money he gets for them is something tangible. But the products of the garden are not sold, therefore he sees no money coming in from it, and he gets into the habit of thinking that time and labor given to it are about the same as thrown away or wasted. And, too, a garden to a man who spends the most of his time in great fields of corn and wheat and hay during the spring and summer, seems a very little, circumscribed affair—something hardly worth "bothering" with—too insignificant to be given much attention, in fact. Consequently the vegetable garden is pretty sure to be neglected by the head of the family, unless the "head" happens to be a woman. If most farmers' wives had the requisite amount of time and strength to attend to the garden as it ought to be attended to, says Eben E. Rexford, in *Vick's Magazine*, I know very well that we would see fewer patches of weeds dignified by the name of garden, from which a few inferior vegetables are taken during the season. A housekeeper appreciates the advantages of a well stocked garden to draw from as occasion requires. The "men folks" appreciate the vegetables which the woman of the family sets before them at meal time, but the despised garden fails to get the credit it deserves, for all that. Many men seem to think that vegetables are, or ought to be, spontaneous products. There ought to be plenty of them without a man's being obliged to do anything to secure them. A garden ought to plant and take care of itself. But it so happens that gardens "are not made in that way," and the man who is not willing to give proper attention to a garden cannot expect to have one that is worthy the name. "He who soweth not shall not reap," is just as true to-day as when it was first said.

If the farmer was obliged to buy the vegetables used in his family through the year, he would begin to understand how much money there is in a good garden. If he could not afford to buy them, he would begin to appreciate them as he does not when he has even a limited supply, and that of inferior quality. Take that away entirely, and he would see what a great benefit is derived from a poor garden. Let him keep an account of the money paid out, if he purchases, and at the end of the year he understands, as never before, the amount of good living which the garden supplies, and he would conclude that there is more money in the garden than he had thought.

I would urge every farmer to have a garden, and a good one, for, while a poor one is better than none at all, a good one is so much better that one ought never to be satisfied with anything else. Let him make up his mind to work it at least as well as he does the other portions of his farm, and he will find, if he carries out this resolution, and keeps an account of the results, that there is no other portion of the farm which furnishes so much of the family's living, therefore none that "pays" so well. That this is the fact, every one who has a good garden will tell you. It is also a fact that those who have the best gardens appreciate them most. Poor gardens are only to be tolerated on the principle that "half a loaf is better than no loaf at all." Not only does a good garden represent greater quantity, but superior quality, for fine vegetables cannot be grown in a garden not properly care for.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Always keep ahead of your work.

The "beautiful snow" makes a poor covering for farm machinery.

The most profitable way to market oats is in the shape of good grade draft horses.

Scrub stock is not profitable, and the scrub horse is as poor property as a scrub cow.

Grapes do not pay as well as strawberries, but they pay 200 per cent. better than farm crops.

No two farms are alike, hence the best results in farming require a careful, special study of each farm.

Rabbits eat off the branches of trees, and if numerous consume the entire tree. They can be shot or poisoned.

Tarred paper placed around the tree loosely protects from rabbits and mice, but tar should not come in too close contact with the trees.

Hot salt water is good for infested roosts—insect powder for body lice—keep fighting them hard at first and they will finally yield the ground.

While many still adhere to the "old hen" in hatching and raising chickens, the incubator is the method that is to be used in all large hatcheries of the future.

We feed much bran to horses and cattle, as it is wholesome and makes rich manure. Cotton seed meal is not liked by our stock, but is worth all it costs as a fertilizer. Linseed meal is preferable as feed.

Moderate ventilation in the hen house should continue right on. Remember we say "moderate," not a draught or excessive airing. You will learn how much is necessary if you are a thoughtful breeder.

Have you ornamental shrubs about your home? If not, plan to plant them in groups or borders in the spring. They cost but little and make the place look homelike. How is the lawn flourishing? Fertilize it now.

There is more use in regular feeding than many suppose. The animals are more quiet and contented; do not waste off their flesh; and are less troublesome. All should aim at the best possible way of managing their stocks.

Spread manure on your fields now. The fertility will wash down where the plants can make use of it at once when spring opens. There is no fear of waste by spreading in winter, and much time is gained by doing the work at a season of leisure.

Large Shipments of Birds.

Mr. Emile Scheuerman shipped at one time nearly 3000 birds of several different varieties to New York city, from which place they will be exported to Europe. The shipment comprised sea pigeons and several varieties of terns, varying in size, the largest being about the size of a common pigeon and the smallest about as large as a martin. The prevailing colors of these birds are white and pearl in light and dark shades, the points of the wings and tails being tipped with black. These birds are killed on Sand and Pettibois Islands, where they are partly prepared by seven girls employed by Mr. Scheuerman. They are then shipped to this city, and the finishing touches are put on according to the most approved methods known to the taxidermists, by Mr. Scheuerman and his assistant, Mrs. Nannie Campbell. The birds are prepared whole, retaining all the beauty of the plumage. These birds are for use in the milliner's art, being used to adorn the hats and bonnets of fashionable ladies. Some are dyed, while others are used in their natural plumage. In response to questions, Mr. Scheuerman said he had been engaged in this business for nearly two years, with much success. There are only two other persons engaged in the business in the South, one having headquarters at New Orleans and the other at Charleston. He learned taxidermy from a gentleman who had formerly been connected with the Smithsonian Institute. The business of mounting birds for sale was not a success. He had mounted a great many, but there is no sale for them. Since June 1 he has shipped 10,000 birds to New York, and there is a good demand for them.—*Mobile Register.*

Locations of the Capital.

The capital of the United States has been located at different times at the following places: At Philadelphia from Sept. 5, 1774, until December, 1776; at Baltimore from Dec. 20, 1776, to March, 1777; at Philadelphia from March 4, 1777, to September, 1777; at Lancaster, Pa., from Sept. 27, 1777, to Sept. 30, 1777; at York, Pa., from Sept. 30, 1777, to July, 1778; at Philadelphia from July 2, 1778, to June 30, 1783; at Princeton, N. J., June 30, 1783, to Nov. 20, 1783; Annapolis, Md., Nov. 26, 1783, to Nov. 30, 1784, Trenton, from November, 1784, to January, 1785; New York, from Jan. 11, 1785 to 1790; then the seat of Government was removed to Philadelphia, where it remained until 1800, since which time it has been at Washington.

The newspapers of Italy are raising subscriptions to raise a monument to Columbus on American soil.

TALMAGE'S TRIP.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

TEXT: "*Jehosheba, the daughter of King Joram, sister of Ahaziah, took Joash the son of Ahaziah, and stole him from among the King's sons which were slain; and they hid him, even him and his nurse, in the bedchamber from Athaliah, so that he was not slain. And he was with her hid in the house of the Lord six years.*"—II Kings, xi., 2, 3.

Grandmothers are more lenient with their children's children than they were with their own. At forty years of age, if discipline be necessary, chastisement is used, but at seventy, the grandmother, looking upon the misbehavior of the grandchild, is apologetic and disposed to substitute confectionery for whip. There is nothing more beautiful than this mellowing of old age toward childhood. Grandmother takes out her pocket handkerchief and wipes her spectacles and puts them on and looks down into the face of her mischievous and rebellious descendant, and says: "I don't think he meant to do it; let him off this time; I'll be responsible for his behavior in the future." My mother, with the second generation around her—a boisterous crew—said one day: "I suppose they ought to be disciplined, but I can't do it. Grandmothers are not fit to bring up grandchildren." But here, in my text, we have a grandmother of a different hue.

I have within a few days been at Jerusalem, where the occurrence of the text took place, and the whole scene came vividly before me while I was going over the site of the ancient temple and climbing the towers of the King's palace. Here in the text it is old Athaliah, the queenly murderess. She ought to have been honorable. Her father was a King. Her husband was a King. Her son was a King. And yet we find her plotting for the extermination of the entire royal family, including her own grandchildren. The executioners' knives are sharpened. The palace is red with the blood of Princes and Princesses. On all sides are shrieks, and hands thrown up, and struggle and death groan. No mercy! Kill! Kill! But while the ivory floors of the palace run with carnage, and the whole land is under the shadow of a great horror, a fleet footed woman, a clergyman's wife, Jehosheba by name, stealthily approaches the imperial nursery, seizes upon the grandchild that had somehow as yet escaped massacre, wraps it up tenderly but in haste, snuggles it against her, flies down the palace stairs, her heart in her throat lest she be discovered in this Christian abduction. Get her out of the way as quick as you can, for she carries a precious burden, even a young King. With this youthful prize she presses into the room of the ancient temple, the church of olden time, unwraps the young King and puts him down, sound asleep as he is, and unconscious of the peril that has been threatened; and there for six years he is secreted in that church apartment. Meanwhile old Athaliah smacks her lips with satisfaction, and thinks that all the royal family are dead.

But the six years expire, and it is now time for young Joash to come forth and take the throne, and to push back into disgrace and death old Athaliah. The arrangements are made for political revolution. The military come and take possession of the temple, swear loyalty to the boy Joash and stand around for his defence. See the sharpened swords and the burnished shields! Everything is ready. Now, Joash, half affrighted at the armed tramp of his defenders, scared at the vociferation of his admirers, is brought fourth in full regalia. The scroll of authority is put in his hands, the cornet of government is put on his brow, and the people clapped, and waved, and huzzaed, and trumpeted. "What is that?" said Athaliah. "What is that sound over in the temple?" And she flies to see, and on her way they meet her and say: "Why, haven't you heard? You thought you had slain all the royal family, but Joash has come to light." Then the queenly murderess, frantic with rage, grabbed her mantle and tore it to tatters, and cried until she foamed at the mouth: "You have no right to crown my grandson. You have no right to take the government from my shoulders. Treason! Treason!" While she stood there crying that, the military started for her arrest, and she took a short cut through a back door of the temple, and ran through the royal stables; but the battle axes of the military fell on her in the barn yard, and for many a day, when the horses were being unloosed from the chariot, after drawing out young Joash, the fiery steeds would snort and rear passing the place, as they smelt the place of the carnage.

The first thought I hand you from this subject is that the extermination of righteousness is an impossibility. When a woman is good, she is apt to be very good, and when she is bad, she is apt to be very bad, and this Athaliah was one of the latter sort. She would exterminate the last scion of the house of David, through whom Jesus was to come. There was plenty of work for embalmers and undertakers. She would clear the land of all God fearing and God loving people. She would put an end to everything that could in anywise interfere with her imperial criminality. She folds her hands and says: "The work is done; it is completely done." Is it? In the swaddling clothes of that church apartment are wrapped the cause of God, and the cause of good government. That is the scion of the house of David; it is Joash, the Christian reformer; it is Joash, the friend of God; it is Joash, the demolisher of Baalitish idolatry. Rock him tenderly; nurse him gently. Athaliah, you may kill all the other children, but you cannot kill him. Eternal defenses are thrown all around him, and this clergyman's wife, Jehosheba, will snatch him up from the palace nursery, and will run up and down with him into the house of the Lord, and there she will hide him for six years, and at the end of that time he will come forth for your dethronement and obliteration.

Well, my friends, just as poor a botch does the world always make of extinguishing righteousness. Superstition rises up and says: "I will just put an end to pure religion." Domitian slew forty thousand Christians, Diocletian slew eight hundred and forty-four thousand Christians. And the scythe of persecution has been swung through all the ages, and the flames hissed, and the guillotine chopped, and the Bastile groaned; but did the foes of Christianity exterminate it? Did they exterminate Alban, the first British sacrifice; or Zuinglius, the Swiss reformer; or John Oldcastle, the Christian nobleman; or Abdaliah, the Arabian martyr; or Anne Askew, or Sanders, or Cranmer? Great work of extermination they made of it. Just at the time when they thought they had slain all the royal family of Jesus, some Joash would spring up and out, and take the throne of power, and wield a very scepter of Christian dominion.

Infidelity says: "I'll just exterminate the Bible," and the Scriptures were thrown into the street for the mob to trample on, and they were piled up in the public squares and set on fire, and mountains of indignant contempt were hurled on them, and learned universities decreed the Bible out of existence. Thomas Paine said: "In my 'Age of Reason' I have annihilated the Scriptures. Your Washington is a pusillanimous Christian, but I am the foe of Bibles and of churches." O, how many assaults upon that word! All the hostilities that have ever been created on earth are not to be compared with the hostilities against that one book. Said one man, in his infidel desperation, to his wife: "You must not be reading that Bible," and he snatched it away from her. And though in that Bible was a lock of hair of the dead child—the only child that God had ever given them—he pitched the book with its contents into the fire, and stirred it with the tongs, and spat on it, and cursed it, and said: "Susan, never have any more of that damnable stuff here!"

How many individual and organized attempts have been made to exterminate that Bible! Have they done it? Have they exterminated the American Bible Society? Have they exterminated the British and Foreign Bible Society? Have they exterminated the thousands of Christian institutions, whose only object it is to multiply copies of the Scriptures, and throw them broadcast around the world? They have exterminated until instead of one or two copies of the Bible in our houses we have eight or ten, and we pile them up in the corners of our Sabbath-school rooms, and send great boxes of them everywhere. If they get on as well as they are now going on in the work of extermination, I do not know but that our children may live to see the millennium! Yes, if there should come a time of persecution in which all the known Bibles of the earth should be destroyed, all these lamps of light that blaze in our pulpits and in our families extinguished—in the very day that infidelity and sin should be holding a jubilee over the universal extinction, there would be in some closet of a backwoods church a secreted copy of the Bible, and this Joash of eternal literature would come out and come up and take the throne, and the Athaliah of infidelity and persecution would fly out the back door of the palace, and drop her miserable carcass under the hoofs of the horses of the King's stables. You cannot exterminate Christianity! You cannot kill Joash!

The second thought I hand you from my subject is, that there are opportunities in which we may save royal life. You know that profane history is replete with stories of strangled Monarchs and of young Princes who have been put out of the way. Here is the story of a young King saved. How Jehosheba, the clergyman's wife, must have trembled as she rushed into the imperial nursery and snatched up Joash. How she hushed him, lest by his cry he hinder the escape. Fly with him! Jehosheba, you hold in your arms the cause of God and good government. Fail, and he is slain. Succeed, and you turn the tide of the world's history in the right direction. It seems as if between that young King and his assassins there is nothing but the frail arm of a woman. But why should we spend our time in praising this bravery of expedition when God asks the same thing of you and me? All around us are the imperiled children of a great King.

They are born of Almighty parentage, and will come to a throne or a crown, if permitted. But sin, the old Athaliah, goes forth to the massacre. Murderous temptations are out for the assassination. Valens, the Emperor, was told that there was somebody in his realm who would usurp his throne, and that the name of the man who should be the usurper would begin with the letters T. H. E. O. D., and the edict went forth from the Emperor's throne: "Kill everybody whose name begins with T. H. E. O. D." And hundreds and thousands were slain, hoping by that massacre to put an end to that one usurper. But sin is more terrific in its denunciation. It matters not how you spell your name, you come under its knife, under its sword, under its doom, unless there be some omnipotent relief brought to the rescue. But, blessed be God, there is such a thing as delivering a royal soul? Who will snatch away Joash?

This afternoon in your Sabbath school class, there will be a Prince of God—some one who may yet reign as King forever before the throne; there will be some one in your class who has a corrupt physical inheritance; there will be some one in your class who has a father and mother who do not know how to pray; there will be some one in your class who is destined to command in church or state—some Cromwell to dissolve a parliament, some Beethoven to touch the world's harp strings, some John Howard to pour fresh air into the lazaretto, some Florence Nightingale to bandage the battle wounds, some Miss Dix to soothe the crazed brain, some John Frederick Oberlin to educate the besotted, some David Brainard to change the Indian's war whoop to a Sabbath song, some John Wesley to marshal three-fourths of Christendom, some John Knox to make Queens turn pale, some Joash to demolish idolatry and strike for the kingdom of heaven.

There are sleeping in your cradles by night, there are playing in your nurseries by day, imperial souls waiting for dominion, and whichever side the cradle they get out will decide the destiny of empires. For each one of those children sin and holiness contend—Athaliah on the one side and Jehosheba on the other. But I hear people say: "What's the use of bothering children with religious instruction? Let them grow up and choose for themselves. Don't interfere with their volition." Suppose some one had said to Jehosheba: "Don't interfere with that young Joash. Let him grow up and decide whether he likes the palace or not, whether he wants to be King or not. Don't disturb his volition." Jehosheba knew right well that unless that day the young King was rescued, he would never be rescued at all.

I tell you, my friends, the reason we don't reclaim all our children from worldliness is because we begin too late. Parents wait until their children lie before they teach them the value of truth. They wait until their children swear before they teach them the importance of righteous conversation. They wait until their children are all wrapped up in this world before they tell them of a better world. Too late with your prayers. Too late with your discipline. Too late with your benediction. You put all care upon your children between twelve and eighteen. Why do you not put the chief care between four and nine? It is too late to repair a vessel when it has got out of the dry docks. It is too late to save Joash after the executioners have broken in. May God arm us all for this work of snatching royal souls from death to coronation. Can you imagine any sublimer work than this soul saving? That was what flushed Paul's cheek with enthusiasm; that was what led Munson to risk his life amid Bornesian cannibals; that was what sent Dr. Abeel to preach under the consuming skies of China; that was what gave courage to Phocus in the third century. When the military officers came to put him to death for Christ's sake, he put them to bed that they might rest while he himself went out, and in his own garden dug his grave, and then came back and said: "I am ready;" but they were shocked at the idea of taking the life of their host. He said: "It is the will of God that I should die," and he stood on the margin of his own grave and they beheaded him. You say it is a mania, a foolhardiness, a fanaticism. Rather would I call it a glorious self-abnegation, the thrill of eternal satisfaction, the plucking of Joash from death, and raising him to coronation.

The third thought I hand to you from my text is that the church of God is a good hiding place. When Jehosheba rushes into the nursery of the King and picks up Joash, what shall she do with him? Shall she take him to some room in the palace? No; for the official desperadoes will hunt through every nook and corner of that building. Shall she take him to the residence of some wealthy citizen? No; that citizen would not dare to harbor the fugitive. But she has to take him somewhere. She hears the cry of the mob in the streets; she hears the shriek of the dying nobility; so she rushes with Joash unto the room of the temple, into the house of God, and then she puts him down. She knows that Athaliah and her wicked assassins will not bother the temple a great deal; they are not apt to go very much to church, and so she sets down Joash in the temple. There he will be hearing the songs of the worshipers year after year; there he will breathe the odor of the golden censers; in that sacred spot he will tarry, secreted until the six years have passed, and he comes to enthronement.

Would God that we were as wise as Jehosheba, and knew that the church of God is the best hiding place. Perhaps our parents took us there in early days; they snatched us away from the world and hid us behind the baptismal fonts and amid the Bibles and the psalm books. O, glorious inclosure! We have been breathing the breath of the golden censers all the time, and we have seen the lamb on the altar and we have handled the phials which are the prayers of all saints, and we have dwelt under the wings of the cherubim. Glorious inclosure! When my father and mother died, and the property was settled up, there was hardly anything left; but they endowed us with a property worth more than any earthly possession, because they hid us in the temple. And when days of temptation have come upon my soul I have gone there for shelter; and when assaulted of sorrows, I have gone there for comfort, and there I mean to live. I want, like Joash, to stay there until coronation. I mean to be buried out of the house of God.

Oh men of the world outside there, betrayed, caricatured and cheated of the world, why do you not come in through the broad, wide open door of Christian communion? I wish I could act the part of Jehosheba to-day, and steal you away from your perils and hide you in the temple. How few of us appreciate the fact that the church of God is a hiding place. There are many people who put the church at so low a mark that they begrudge it everything, even the few dollars they give toward it. They make no sacrifices. They dole a little out of their surplusage. They pay their butcher's bill, and they pay their doctor's bill, and they pay their landlord, and they pay everybody but the Lord, and they come in at the last to pay the Lord in His church, and frown as they say: "There, Lord, it is; if You will have it, take it—now take it, take it; send me a receipt in full, and don't bother me soon again!"

I tell you there is not more than one man out of a thousand that appreciates what the church is. Where are the souls that put aside one-tenth for Christian institutions—one-tenth of their income? Where are those who, having put aside that one-tenth, draw upon it cheerfully? Why, it is pull, and drag, and hold on, and grab, and clutch; and giving is an affliction to most people when it ought to be an exhilaration and a rapture. Oh, that God would remodel our souls on this subject, and that we might appreciate the house of God as the great refuge. Your children are to come up to lives of virtue and happiness, they will come up, under the shadow of the church. If the church does not get them the world will.

Ah, when you pass away—and it will not be long before you do—when you pass away it will be a satisfaction to see your children in Christian society. You want to have them sitting at the holy sacraments. You want them mingling in Christian associations. You would like to have them die in the sacred precincts. When you are on your dying bed, and your little ones come up to take your last word, and you look into their bewildered faces, you will want to leave them under the church's benediction. I don't care how hard you are, that is so. I said to a man of the world: "Your son and daughter are going to join our church next Sunday. Have you any objections?" "Bless you," he said, "objections? I wish all my children belonged to the church. I don't attend to those matters myself—I know I am very wicked—but I am very glad they are going, and I shall be there to see them. I am very glad, sir; I am very glad. I want them there." And so, though you may have been wanderers from God, and though you may have sometimes caricatured the church of Jesus, it is your great desire that your sons and daughters should be standing all their lives within this sacred inclosure.

More than that, you yourself will want the church for a hiding place when the mortgage is foreclosed; when your daughter, just blooming into womanhood, suddenly clasps her hands in a slumber that knows no waking; when gaunt trouble walks through the parlor, and the sitting room, and the dining hall, and the nursery, you will want some shelter from the tempest. Ah, some of you have been run upon by misfortune and trial; why do you not come into the shelter. I said to a widowed mother after she had buried her only son—months after I said to her: "How do you get along nowadays?" "Oh," she replied: "I get along tolerably well except when the sun shines." I said: "What do you mean by that?" when she said: "I can't bear to see the sun shine; my heart is so dark that all the brightness of the natural world seems a mockery to me." O, darkened soul, O, broken-hearted man, broken-hearted woman, why do you not come into the shelter? I swing the door wide open. I swing it from wall to wall. Come in! Come in! You want a place where your troubles shall be interpreted, where your burdens shall be unstrapped, where your tears shall be wiped away.

Church of God, be a hiding place to all these people. Give them a seat where they can rest their weary souls. Flash some light from your chandeliers upon their darkness. With some soothing hymn hush their griefs. O, Church of God, gate of Heaven, let me go through it! All other institutions are going to fail; but the Church of God—its foundation is the "Rock of Ages," its charter is for everlasting years, its keys are held by the universal proprietor, its dividend is Heaven, its president is God!

Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

God grant that all this audience, the youngest, the eldest, the worst, the best, may find their safe and glorious hiding place where Joash found it—in the temple.

"Abraham's Oak."

The old oak at Mamre in Syria, or, as it is known everywhere, "Abraham's Oak," is one of the most famous and venerable trees in the world. It is reverenced alike by Jew, Christian and Mahometan, for it is supposed to mark the spot where the patriarch pitched his tent in the desert. There is a superstition in Jerusalem, and in all the country about, that whoever shall cut or injure this tree will lose his first-born son. So for centuries it has been allowed to toss its gnarled and contorted limbs in the gales which sweep from the Mediterranean over the Syrian plains.—*Garden and Forest.*

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years, ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says:

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887.

Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen:—I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions.

Yours Truly,
L. L. GORSUCH, M. D.
Office 215 Summit St.

We will give $100 for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

A 11-year-old son of Lawyer Flint, of San Francisco, shot himself because he thought he was going to get a whipping.

The Ladies Delighted.

The pleasant effect and the perfect safety with which ladies may use the liquid fruit laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions make it their favorite remedy. It is pleasing to the eye and to the taste, gentle, yet effectual in action on the kidneys, liver and bowels.

I. C. Hatch, of Santa Cruz, Cal., is said to have succeeded in solidifying crude petroleum oil, and molds it into small bricks.

Kissed Another Man's Wife.

"You scoundrel," yelled young Jacob Green,
At his good neighbor Brown,—
"You kissed my wife upon the street,—
I ought to knock you down."
"That's where you're wrong," good Brown replied,
In accents mild and meek;
"I kissed her, that I've not denied,
But kissed her on the cheek—
and I did it because she looked so handsome—the very picture of beauty and health. What is the secret of it?" "Well," replied Green, "since you ask it, I will tell you: she uses Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I accept your apology. Good night." "Favorite Prescription" is the only remedy for the delicate derangments and weaknesses of females, sold by druggists, under *a positive guarantee* of giving satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it returned.

For biliousness, sick headache, indigestion, and constipation, take Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

The toper's motto is "Live for to-day," but he employs two d's.

Oregon, The Paradise of Farmers.

Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crop. Best fruit, grain, grass and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address, Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Ore.

The author of "Old Oaken Bucket" evidently did not believe in letting well enough alone.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Thompson's Eye water. Druggist sell at 25c per bottle

A man likes to have good neighbors when he must love his neighbor as himself.

Beware of imitations—"Tansill's Punch."

Experts at picking locks—wig makers.

The Standard

"I regard Hood's Sarsaparilla as having passed above the grade of what are commonly called patent or proprietory medicines," said a well-known physician recently. "It is fully entitled to be considered a standard medicine, and has won this position by its undoubted merit and by the many remarkable cures it has effected. For an alterative and tonic it has never been equaled, and physicians are glad to have their patients take so reliable and trustworthy a medicine."

N. B.—If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

THE HEAVY END OF A MATCH.

"Mary," said Farmer Flint, at the breakfast-table, as he asked for a second cup of coffee, "I've made a discovery."

"Well, Cyrus, you're about the last one I'd suspect of such a thing; but what is it?"

"I've found that the heavy end of a match is its light end," responded Cyrus, with a grin that would have adorned a skull.

Mary looked disgusted, but with an air of triumph quickly retorted, "I've got a discovery, too, Cyrus. It was made by Dr. R. V. Pierce, and is called 'Golden Medical Discovery.' It drives away blotches and pimples, purifies the blood, tones up the system, and makes one feel brand-new. Why, it cured Cousin Ben, who had consumption, and was almost reduced to a skeleton. Before his wife began to use it, she was a pale, sickly thing, but look at her: she's rosy-cheeked and healthy, and weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds. That, Cyrus, is a discovery that's worth mentioning."

The farmer's wife was right, for the "Golden Medical Discovery" is in fact the only medicine for purifying the blood and curing all manner of pimples, blotches, eruptions, and other Skin and Scalp diseases, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, and kindred ailments, possessed of such *positive* curative properties as to warrant its manufacturers in selling it, as they are doing, through druggists, under a positive guarantee that it will either benefit or cure in every case, or money paid for it will be refunded. It also cures Bronchial, Throat and Lung diseases. Even Consumption (which is Lung-scrofula) yields to its marvelous curative properties, if taken in time and given a fair trial.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

Don't be fooled into taking something else, said to be "just as good," that the dealer may make a larger profit. There's nothing at all like the "Discovery." It contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to derange digestion; as peculiar in its curative effects as in its composition. It's a concentrated vegetable extract. Dose small and pleasant to the taste. Equally good for adults or children. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

CATARRH IN THE HEAD, no matter of how long standing, is permanently cured by DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY. 50 cents, by druggists.

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Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda

is endorsed and prescribed by leading physicians because both the *Cod Liver Oil* and *Hypophosphites* are the recognized agents in the cure of *Consumption*. It is as palatable as milk.

Scott's Emulsion *is a perfect Emulsion. It is a wonderful Flesh Producer. It is the Best Remedy for* CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds. Ask for Scott's Emulsion and take no other.

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For estimates on Steam Saw Mills, Ginning, Harvesting and other machinery, write to the undersigned, who will **Guarantee The Goods** they may offer, in all respects, and make matters interesting both to consumers and competitors.

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Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Gleet, Stricture. Sold by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, O. Chic. Trade Mark. I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D. Amsterdam, N. Y. We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYCHE & CO. Chicago, Ill. Sole Agts. $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

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ELY'S CREAM BALM WILL CURE **CATARRH.** Price 50 Cents. Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

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MONEY IN CHICKENS —IF YOU— KNOW HOW To keep them, but it is wrong to let the poor things Suffer and Die of the various Maladies which afflict them when in a majority of cases a Cure could have been effected had the owner possessed a little knowledge, such as can be procured from the ONE HUNDRED PAGE BOOK We offer, embracing the PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE of a man who devoted 25 years of his life to CONDUCTING A POULTRY YARD AS A BUSINESS, not as a pastime. As the living of himself and family depended on it, he gave the subject such attention as only a need of bread will command, and the result was a grand success, after he had spent much money and lost hundreds of valuable chickens in experimenting. What he learned in all these years is