FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

THE CODLING MOTH.

The codling moth, which produces the wormy apples and pears, is a serious pest to the fruit grower. There are two broods in a season. The first causes apples to drop very early; the second injures the winter crop. Dr. Jabez Fisher, of Fitchburg, Mass., advised, at a meeting of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, spraying with Paris green as the chief remedy, but said that many of the pupæ may be trapped in bands of cloth or hay rope around the trunks of the trees, in which they can be killed. Hogs, sheep and poultry kept in the orchard help to subdue the codling moths. —New York World.

CHANGE OF FEED FOR HOGS.

The proper keeping of hogs, having in view the health of the herd and the profit to be derived from them, necessitates the use of a great variety of food. Clover pasture in summer, we all know, is a staple food, and for winter clover hay or ensilage should be largely used. Squashes, turnips, pumpkins and mangolds may all be used to advantage. Bran middlings and ground oats in equal parts (steamed and fed warm in cold weather) may be used profitably in connection with roots, vegetables and ensilage. If buttermilk is fed to any extent, try adding one pound of cooked oil meal to every one hundred pounds of buttermilk. The feeding value of the latter will be greatly increased by this addition. Too many hogs are kept on an exclusive corn diet after being put up for the winter. If you want them to return the best possible payment for the corn, give them a good variety of other stuff to go with it, and so keep them sound and healthy.—New York Observer.

WATER IN BUTTER.

One who writes as if he knew all about it makes the statement that the twelve to eighteen per cent. of water in average butter is "water of composition," and that a "certain amount of water is absolutely essential to the composition of butter," and hence it is "absurd to talk about butter-fat, free from water, as a measure of butter." This loose way of stating things would lead one to infer, remarks Dr. G. C. Caldwell, that the fat of the butter is chemically combined with the water in it, an altogether wrong impression, this water is simply mechanically mixed with the fat, and persistently remains there because no amount of working can get it out, just as no amount of wringing will make a dry towel out of a wet one; the two cases are exactly parallel. The same writer says with apparent good reason that milk with larger fat globules yields drier butter than milk with small globules, on the same amount of working; this is reasonable, because less water would be entangled by the coming together of fewer large globules to form the first little grains of butter than by the coming together of the larger number of small globules necessary to form grains of the same size. This water cannot be essential to the flavor of the butter, or any other quality, except that, being in the liquid form, in among the particles of the fat, it will be saturated with the salt that has been worked in; thus it may take an indirect part in this quality of the butter, that it shall have a certain degree of saltness; and yet this is in a certain sense an artificial taste; every American student in Germany in former days remembers with pleasure, I doubt not, the pat of perfectly fresh, unsalted butter that was brought with the coffee and rolls for his breakfast.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Well fattened and well dressed poultry always sell at the best prices.

Barley fed alternately with wheat makes a good feed for laying hens.

When the yards will admit keep hens of the same size and disposition together.

Meat scraps of all kinds make a good ration for the poultry during the winter.

If fine-cut bones are baked and then fed to the fowls, the nutritive value of the food is greatly increased.

It is stated by some one that when the thermometer stands at fifty degrees at sundown frost will not occur that night. It is worth observation.

The common nettle-weed is first-rate food for laying hens. They like it, either chopped fine, green, or cut up with the cooked soft food.

It is a good time now to mate your fowls and arrange your breeding pens for the coming season. Old breeders know all about this, and the suggestion is intended for new beginners.

Cover the top of the dropping boards in your poultry houses with road dust or dry earth. It is a good deodorizer, besides it renders the work of cleaning off the dropping board much easier.

Sawdust is a good thing to put in nests where hens are addicted to scratching out the straw. A little cut straw on top and sulphur among the sawdust to keep out the vermin is beneficial.

It is an old maxim that a "sick sheep never gets well," but this may be due to old-time modes of management. All sick sheep should be removed from the flock and placed in warm quarters on straw bedding. Dryness and clean quarters are more beneficial to sheep than medicine.

RECIPES.

Swiss Cake—One and one-half cup of sugar, four tablespoonsful of melted butter, two eggs, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, half teaspoonful of soda. Flavor with rose water.

Old-Fashioned Pumpkin Pie—One quart steamed pumpkin, two eggs, one quart of milk, one teaspoonful of ginger, one of salt, one of cinnamon, a little flour, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses. Makes three pies.

Steamed Pudding—Two eggs; sugar, one cup, sour milk, one cup; saleratus, one-half teaspoonful; a little salt; dried whortleberries, currants, raisins or other fruit, one cup; flour enough to make it thicker than for cake; put in a two-quart basin and set it in the steamer and steam an hour and a half, and it will probably crack open on the back; if not, try again. It is worth the trouble, especially if you have plenty of sweet cream.

Boiled Crabs—Have a large pot of water strongly salted, let it boil hard, put in your crabs and boil them for twenty minutes. If the water should cease boiling the crabs will be watery. Take them out, break off the claws, wipe the shells very clean, also the large claws. When cold, place them on a dish with the large claws around it. The claws should be cracked before they are sent to the table. The small ones are not generally eaten.

Indians Doomed.

Chief Lot, of the Lower Spokanes, gives the following causes of the decline of his race: Our people are accustomed to a diet of fish, game and herbs, with plenty of exercise, and the change to our present diet has been detrimental to the health of our young men. The majority are now attacked with pulmonary consumption and the race is gradually dying out. I believe that if schools were established in our country where physiological and sanitary laws could be taught, an immense improvement in the physical conditions of the Indians would result. The young men have attended the Chemawa school, but the change from the mountainous to the low land has been fatal to them. We want schools in our own territory, and both the loyalty and the health of the Indians would be increased.

"It is sad," continued the chief, speaking impressively and emphasizing his words with emphatic gestures, "to look upon the apparently healthy men standing around me, and then to think of my people declining in health and strength and dying prematurely. I account for this by the fact that these men are educated, and their knowledge of physiological laws enables them to prolong life, while illness of our people means death. The Indians who choose agricultural pursuits as a mode of living are doing well, and will improve when they understand it thoroughly. I am a farmer, as are the majority of my tribe. The farmer's physical condition is very good. The appliances for catching salmon in the Columbia are so effective that we seldom see any in the Spokane River, and fishing has nearly died out."—Portland Oregonian.

Fish in All Seas.

It has been thought that the Dead Sea was destitute of fish, as being too salt to permit of animal life. The Dead Sea, which in reality is a land-locked lake, contains twenty-six per cent. of saline matter, or more than eight times as much as that found in the ocean. It has, however, been discovered that in the Dead Sea, as in other salt lakes, fish exist in the neighborhood of the inflowing streams, which supply the place of the water lost by evaporation. In consequence of this discovery the United States Fish Commissioners made arrangements for placing in the Great Salt Lake, at Utah, upward of a million young shad near the inflowing tributaries, where the water is comparatively fresh. These streams reduce the density of the lake for a considerable distance from their mouths so that the shad, it is considered, may select at their own free will the quality of salt water they prefer, while using the tributaries for the spawning season. The waters of the Pearsian Lake, Urumiyah, which is eighty-four miles long and twenty-four miles wide, are much salter than those of the Dead Sea, and yet, even in that lake, exclusively salt as it is, a small species of jelly fish has been found.—New Orleans Picayune.

Fashion Rules on Fifth Avenue.

There is a chilling atmosphere about aristocratic Fifth avenue on Sunday afternoon that can be felt in no other section of the city. You may walk from the Brunswick to Central Park and not see half a dozen faces behind the plate glass. An hour or two before you would have seen the walks lined with all swelldom and the street full of the handsome carriages of the returning church goers. In the afternoon and for the rest of the day swelldom maintains a strict obscurity. It is the fashion not to be seen, and fashion is as relentless on Sunday as on other days. The curtains are not drawn—there is simply nobody there. Not even a servant girl's white capped head is visible. Not even the sunny faces of childhood break the monotony of rich vacuity. For any apparent sign of life these miles of brown stone are deserted. You and other strangers have the walks all to yourselves. The public stages are withdrawn. But for the rolling wheels of noted and livery hacks that cart visitors to and from the Park you might shut your eyes and fancy yourself in some silent cemetery.—New York Herald.

A New Lumber-Drier.

A new lumber-drier aims to provide an apparatus that is both simple and effective and that will supply heat in such a manner as to penetrate the pores of the lumber, drying the same rapidly and perfectly. The casing or housing of the drier is of rectangular form and provided with a door. A grating a short distance above the floor of the house supports the lower end of the lumber. The grating consists of a series of horizontal parallel metallic bars extending the whole length of the casing and supported by transverse bars secured in the side of the casing. Between the bars and the floor of the apparatus is a chamber in which are placed heating pipes or a heater for supplying the drier. Heated air may be used and supplied from a furnace or other source, the pipes being perforated on their upper sides to allow the escape of the hot air into the drier.—Chicago News.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Standing on the Plain with Christ."

TEXT: *"And He came down with them and stood in the plain."*—Luke vi., 17.

Christ on the mountains is a frequent study. We have seen Him on the Mount of Olives, Mount of Beatitudes, Mount Moriah, Mount Calvary, Mount of Ascension, and it is glorious to study Him on these great natural elevations. But how is it that never before have we noticed Him on the plain? Amid the rocks, high up on the mountain, Christ had passed the night, but now, at early dawn, He is coming down with some especial friends, stepping from shelving to shelving, here and there a loosened stone rolling down the steep sides ahead of Him, until He gets in a level place, so that He can be approached without climbing from all sides. He is on the level. My text says, "He came down with them and stood in the plain."

Now that is what the world wants to-day more than anything else—a Christ on the level, easy to get at, no ascending, no descending, approachable from all sides—Christ on the plain. The question among all consecrated people to-day is, What is the matter with the ministers? Many of them are engaged in picking holes in the Bible and apologizing for this and apologizing for that. In an age when the whole tendency is to pay too little reverence to the Bible, they are fighting against Bibliolatry, or too much reverence for the Bible. They are building a fence on the wrong side of the road; not on the side where the precipice is and off which multitudes are falling, but on the upper side of the road, so that people will not fall up hill, of which there is no danger.

There is no more danger of Bibliolatry, or too much reverence for the Scriptures, than there is that astrology will take the place of astronomy, or alchemy the place of chemistry, or the canal boat the place of the limited express rail train. What a theological farce it is: ministers fighting against too much reverence for the Scriptures; ministers making apology for the Scriptures; ministers pretending to be friends of the Bible, yet doing the Book more damage than all the blatant infidels on all the earth. The trouble is our theologians are up in the mountain in a fight above the clouds about things which they do not understand. Come down on the plain and stand beside Christ, who never preached a technicality or a didacticism. What do you, O wise headed ecclesiastic, know about the decrees of God? Who cares a fig about your sublapsarianism or your supralapsarianism?

What a spectacle we have in our denomination to-day—committees trying to patch up an old creed made two or three hundred years ago, so that it will fit on the Nineteenth century. Why do not our millinery establishments take out of the garrets the coal scuttle hats which your great-grandmothers wore and try to fit them on the head of the modern maiden? You cannot fix up a three-hundred-year-old creed so as to fit our time. Princeton will sew on a little piece, and Union seminary will sew on a little piece, and Alleghany seminary and Danville seminary will sew on other pieces, and the time the creed is done it will be as variegated as Joseph's coat of many colors.

Think of having to change an old creed to make it clear that all infants dying go to heaven! I am so glad that the committees are going to let the babies in. Thank you. So many of them are already in that all the hills of heaven look like a Sunday-school anniversary. Now what is the use of fixing up a creed which left any doubt on that subject? No man ever doubted that all infants dying go to heaven, unless he be a Herod or a Charles Guiteau. I was opposed to overhauling the old creed at all, but now that it has been lifted up and its imperfections set up in the sight of the world, I say, Overboard with it and make a new creed.

There are to-day in our denomination five hundred men who could make a better one. I could make a better one myself. As we are now in process of changing the creed, and no one knows what we are expected to believe, or will two or three years hence be expected to believe, I could not wait, and so I have made a creed of my own which I intend to observe the rest of my life. I wrote it down in my memorandum book some six months ago, and it reads as follows: "My creed: The glorious Lord. To trust Him, love Him and obey Him is all that is required. To that creed I invite all mankind. T. De Witt Talmage."

The reason Christianity has not made more rapid advance is because the people are asked to believe too many things. There are, I believe, to-day millions of good Christians who have never joined the church and are not counted among the Lord's friends because they cannot believe all the things that they are required to believe. One-half the things a man is expected to believe in order to enter the church and reach heaven have no more to do with his salvation than the question, How many volcanoes are there in the moon? or, How far apart from each other are the rings of Saturn? or, How many teeth there were in the jawbone with which Sampson smote the Philistines? I believe ten thousand things, but none of them have anything to do with my salvation except these two—I am a sinner and Christ came to save me.

Musicians tell us that the octave consists only of five tones and two semitones, and all the Handels and Haydns and Mozarts and Wagners and Schumanns of all ages must do their work within the range of those five tones and two semitones. So I have to tell you that all the theology that will be of practical use in our world is made out of the two facts of human sinfulness and divine atonement. Within that octave swing "The Song of Moses and the Lamb," the Christmas chant above Bethlehem and the Hallelujah of all the choirs standing on seas of glass.

Is there not some mode of getting out of the way of these nonessentials, these superfluities, these divergencies from the main issue? Is there not some way of bringing the church down out of the mountain of controversy and conventionalism and to put it on the plain where Christ stands? The present attitude of things is like this: In a famine struck district a table has been provided and is loaded with food enough for all. The odors of the meats fill the air. Everything is ready. The platters are full. The chalices are full. The baskets of fruit are full. Why not let the people in? The door is open. Yes, but there is a cluster of wise men blocking up the door, discussing the contents of the caster standing midtable. They are shaking their fists at each other.

One says there is too much vinegar in that caster, and one says there is too much sweet oil, and another says there is not the proper proportion of red pepper. I say, "Get out of the way and let the hungry people come in." Now our blessed Lord has provided a great supper, and the oxen and the fatlings have been killed, and fruits from all the vineyards and orchards of heaven crown the table. The world has been invited to come, and they look in, and they are hungry, and the people would pour in by the millions to this world wide table, but the door is blocked up by controversies, and men with whole libraries on their backs are disputing as to what proportion of sweet oil and cayenne pepper should make up the creed. I cry, "Get out of the way and let the hungry world come in."

The Christian church will have to change its tack or it will run on the rocks of demolition. The world's population annually increases fifteen millions. No one pretends that half that number of people are converted to God. There are more than twice as many Buddhists as Protestants; more than twice as many Buddhists as Roman Catholics. Protestants, 135,000,000; Catholics, 195,000,000; Buddhists, 400,000,000. There are 175,000,000 Mohammedans and 220,000,000 Brahmans.

Meanwhile, many of the churches are only religious clubhouses, where a few people go on Sunday morning, averaging one person to a pew or one person to a half dozen pews, and leaving the minister at night to sweat through a sermon with here and there a lone traveler, unless, by a Sunday evening sacred concert, he can get out an audience of respectable size.

The vast majority of the church membership around the world put forth no direct effort for the salvation of men. Did I say there would have to be a change? I correct that and say, there will be a change. If there be fifteen million persons added every year to the world's population, then there will be thirty million added to the church, and forty million and fifty million and sixty million. How will it be done? It will be done when the church will meet Christ on the plain. Come down out of the mountain of exclusiveness. Come down out of the mountain of pride. Come down out of the mountain of formalism. Come down out of the mountain of freezing and indifference.

Old Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, great on earth and in heaven, once said to me: "I am in favor of a change. I do not know what is the best way of doing things in the churches, but I know the way we are doing now is not the best way, or the world would be nearer its salvation than it seems to be." So I feel; so we all feel, that there needs to be a change. The point at which we all come short is presenting Christ on the plain, Christ on the level with all the world's woes and wants and necessities.

The full change will have to come from the rising ministry. We now in the field are too set in our ways. We are lumbered up with technicalities. We have too many concordances and dictionaries and encyclopedias and systems of theology on our head to get down on the plain. Our vocabulary is too frosted. We are too much under the domination of customs regnant for many centuries. Come on, young men of the ministry. Take this pulpit, take all the pulpits, and in the street, and the market place, and the family circle preach Christ on the plain.

As soon as the church says by its attitude, not necessarily by its words, "My one mission is to help for this life and help for the life to come all the people," and it proves its earnestness in the matter, people on foot and on horseback and in wagons and in carriages will come to the churches in such numbers that they will have to be met at the door by ushers, saying: "You were here last Sunday; you cannot come to-day. Gentlemen and ladies, you must take your turn."

And it will be as in the Johnstown freshet and disaster, when a government station was opened for the supply of bread, and it took the officers of the law to keep the sufferers in line because of the great rush for food. When this famine struck world realizes that the church is a government station set up by the government of the universe to provide the bread of eternal life for all the people, the rush will be unprecedented and unimaginable.

Astronomers have been busy measuring worlds, and they have told us how great is the circumference of this world and how great is its diameter, yes, they have kept on until they have weighed our planet and found its weight to be six sextillion tons. But by no science has the weight of this world's trouble been weighed. Now, Christ standing on the level of our humanity stands in sympathy with every trouble. There are so many aching heads, His ached under the thorns. There are so many weary feet; His were worn with the long journey up and down the land that received Him not. There are so many persecuted souls. Every hour of His life was under human outrage. The world had no better place to receive Him than a cattle pen, and its farewell was a slap in His cheek and a spear in His side. So intensely human was He that there has not been in all our race a grief or infirmity or exhaustion or pang that did not touch Him once and that does not touch Him now.

The lepers, the paralytics, the imbeciles, the manic, the courtesan, the repentant brigand—which one did He turn off, which one did He not pity, which one did He not help? The universal trouble of the world is bereavement. One may escape all the other troubles, but that no soul escapes. Out of that bitter cup every one must take a drink. For instance, in order that all might know how He sympathizes with those who have lost a daughter, Christ comes to the house of Jarius. There is such a big crowd around the door He and His disciples have to push their way in. From the throng of people I conclude that this girl must have been very popular. She was one of those children whom everybody likes.

After Christ got in the house there was such a loud weeping that the ordinary tones of voice could not be heard. I do not wonder. The dead daughter was twelve years of age. It is about the happiest time in most lives. Very little children suffer many injustices because they are children, and childhood is not a desirable part of human existence—they get whacked or set on. But at twelve years of age the child has come to self assertion and is apt to make her rights known. And then, twelve years of age is too early for the cares and anxieties of life. So this girl was, I think, the merriment of the household. She furnished for them the mimicry and the harmless mischief, and roused the guffaw that often rang through that happy home. But now she is dead, and the grief at her departure is as violent as her presence had been vivacious and inspiriting. Oh, the bereavement was so sharp, so overwhelming! How could they give her up!

I suspect that they blamed themselves for this or for that. Oh, if they had had some other doctor, or taken some other medicine, or had been more careful of her health, or if they had not given her that reproof some time when she had not really deserved it. If they had been more patient with her hilarities and, instead of hushing her play, had participated in it? You know there are so many things that parents always blame themselves for at such times. Only twelve years of age! So fair, so promising, so full of life a few days ago, and now so still! Oh, what it is to have a daughter dead! The room is full of folks, but yonder is the room where the young sleeper is. The crowd cannot go in there. Only six persons enter, five besides Christ—three friends, and, of course, the father and mother. They have the first right to go in. The heaviest part of the grief was theirs. All eyes in that room are on the face of this girl.

There lay the beautiful hand, white and finely shapen, but it was not lifted in greeting to any of the group. Christ stepped forward and took hold of that hand and said, with a tone and accentuation charged with tenderness and command, "Damsel, I say unto thee, arise!" And without a moment's delay she arose, her eyes wide open, her cheeks turning from white lily to red rose; and the parents cry: "She lives! She lives!" and in the next room they take up the sound, "She lives! She lives!" and the throng in front of the doorway repeat it, "She lives! She lives!" Will not all those who have lost a daughter feel that such a Christ as that can sympathize?

Christ on the plain. I care not from what side you approach Him, you can touch Him and get His help. Is it mental depression you suffer? Remember Him who said, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Is it a struggle for bread? Remember Him who fed the five thousand with two minnows and five biscuits, neither of the biscuits larger than your fist. Is it chronic ailment? Remember the woman who for eighteen years was bent almost double and He lifted her face until she could look into the blue sky. Are you a sailor and spend your life battling with the tempests? Remember Him who flung the tempest of Genesareth flat on the crystal pavement of a quiet sea.

That Christ is in sympathy with all who have trouble with their eyes, and that is becoming an almost universal trouble through much reading in rail cars, and the overpressure of the study in the schools where children are expected to be philosophers at ten, boys and girls at fourteen with spectacles, I say with all such trouble Christ is in sympathy. Witness blind Bartimeus. Witness the two blind men in the house. Witness the two blind men near Jericho. Witness the man born blind. Did He not turn their perpetual midnight into midnoon, till they ran up and down clapping their hands and saying, "I see! I see!"

That Christ is in sympathy with those who stammer, or have silenced ears, notice how promptly He came to that man with impediment of speech and gave him command of the tongue so that he could speak with ease, and, putting His fingers into the ears, retuned the tympanum. Is there a lack of circulation in your arm, think of Him who cured the defective circulation and the inactive muscles of a patient who had lost the use of hand and arm, by saying, "Stretch forth thy hand!" and the veins and nerves and muscles resumed their offices, and though in doing so the joints may have cracked from long disuse, and there may have been a strange sensation from elbow to finger tip, he stretched it forth! And nothing is the matter with you, but you may appeal to a sympathetic Christ. And if you feel yourself to be a great sinner, hear what He said to that repenting Magdalen, while with a scalding sarcasm He dashed her hypocritical pursuers.

And see how He made an immortal liturgy out of the publican's cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner," a prayer so short that the most overwhelmed offender can utter it, and yet long enough to win celestial dominions. It was well put by a man who had been converted, and who remembered that in his dissolute days he found it hard to get occupation, because he could not present a certificate for good character.

In commending Christ to the people he said, "Bless God, I have found out that Jesus will take a man without a character!" Christ on a level with suffering humanity. My text says, "He came down with them and stood in the plain." No climbing up through attributes you cannot understand. No ascending of the heights of beautiful rhetoric of prayer. No straining after elevations you cannot reach. No hunting for a God that you cannot find. But going right straight to Him and looking into His face and taking His hand and asking for His pardon, His comfort, His grace, His heaven.

Christ on the level. When during the siege of Sebastopol an officer had commanded a private soldier to stand on the wall exposed to the enemy and receive the ammunition as it was handed up, while he, the officer, stood in a place sheltered from the enemy's guns, General Gordon leaped upon the wall to help and commanded the officer to follow him, and then closed with the words, "Never order a man to do anything that you are afraid to do yourself." Glory be to God, the Captain of our salvation has Himself gone through all the exposures in which He commands us to be courageous. He has been through it all, and now offers his sympathy in similar struggle.

One of the kings of England one night in disguise walking the streets of London, and not giving account of himself, was arrested and put in a miserable prison. When released and getting back to the palace, he ordered thirty tons of coal and a large supply of food for the night prisoners of London. Out of his own experiences that night he did this. And our Lord the King aforetime endungeoned and sick and hungry and persecuted and slain, out of His own experiences is ready to help all, and pardon all, and comfort all, and rescue all.

Oh, join Him in the plain. As long as you stay up in the mountain of your pride you will get no help. That is the reason so many of them never find the Gospel. They sit high up on the Mont Blanc of their opinionativeness, and they have their opinion about God, and their opinion about the soul and their opinion about eternity. Have you any idea that your opinion will have any effect upon the two tremendous facts—that you are a sinner, and that Christ is ready at your earnest prayer to save you?

In the final day of accounts how much will you opinion be worth? Your opinion will not be of much importance before the blast of the archangel's trumpet. When the life of this planet shall be thrashed out with the flail of thunderbolts nobody will ask about your opinions. Come down out of the mountain of opinionativeness and meet Christ on the plain, where you must meet Him, or never meet Him at all, except as you meet Him on the judgment throne.

A Christ easy to get at! No armed sentinel to challenge you. No ruthless officer to scrutinize the papers you present. Immediate response. Immediate forgiveness. Immediate solace. Through what struggle people must go to get a pardon from worldly authority! By what petition, by what hindrance, by what nervous strain of anxiety, by what adroitness. A count of Italy was condemned to be put to death at Milan. The countess, hearing of the sentence, hastened to Vienna to seek his pardon. The death warrant was already on its way.

The countess, arriving in Vienna in the night, hastened to the palace gates. The attendants forbade her entrance at all and especially at night, but she overcame them with her entreaties, and the empress was wakened and the countess pleaded before her for the life of her husband, and then the emperor was wakened to hear the same plea. Commutation of sentence was granted, but how could she overtake the officer who had started with the death warrant, and would she be too late to save the life of her husband? By four relays of horses, and stopping not a moment for food, she reached the city of Milan as her husband was on the way to the scaffold. Just in time to save him, and not a minute to spare, she came up.

You see there were two difficulties in the way. The one was to get the pardon signed, and the other to bring it to the right place in time. Glory be to God, we need go through no such exigency. No long road to travel. No pitiless beating at a palace gate. Pardon here. Pardon now. Pardon for asking. Pardon for ever. A Saviour easy to get at. A Christ on the plain!

A Life of Petty Shifts.

Petty Russian officials, many of whom receive less than fifty dollars a month, manage to live pretty much at the expense of credulous tradesmen. From the very beginning they establish their household on a basis of fraud. In their houses strangers are sure to be taken in. Every man, woman, and child who comes in contact with them is plucked like an eider duck. Most of these people pay only half the rent covenanted for, and some manage to get their meals thrown in. The tradesmen, who compete with each other suicidally, wipe out last year's debts rather than run their heads into new nooses. The peddlers and bagmen, who are continually strolling about these places with their bags of wares on their backs, are not too small flies for the spiders' webs woven by these "gentlemen." They, like the others, are paid in promises. And so a family of three, four, or five persons manage to live, if not exactly on the fat of the land, yet on tid bits of whatever is in season, and can afford to play cards with neighbors and relations, and go to a concert or private theatricals now and again—and all this for a sum that would keep an English or American family of the same social status in boots, gloves, and hats for a single season.

Not Transparent.

Sergeant Bullyrag—Sir, you have stated under oath that this man had the appearance of a gentleman. Will you be good enough to tell the jury how a gentleman looks, in your estimation?

Witness — Well, er—a gentleman looks—er——

Sergeant Bullyrag—I don't want any of your ers, sir; and remember that you are under oath. Can you see in this court-room any person that looks like a gentleman?

Witness (with sudden asperity)—I could if you would stand out of the way. You're not transparent!—*The Law.*

Broken Out.

"Why! what's the matter with your face, Chumley?"

"Been takin' sassafras. Broken out."

"Oh, yes; they give that to everybody."

"Not in the penitentiaries, they don't."

"Why not?"

"Because they don't want the convicts to break out. See?"—*Chicago Ledger.*

Against His Will.

Father—So you had your collarbone and three ribs broken playing foot-ball. I thought you had more sense.

Son—Well, whose fault was it? I didn't want to go to college, did I?—Puck.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

The largest quadruped of California is the grizzly bear.

LADIES needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take Brown's Iron Bitters. It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaints, makes the Blood rich and pure.

A Texas man has three buttons worn by Lord Cornwallis, at Yorktown, Va.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A FRESH stream of lava is issuing from the base of the great cone of Mount Vesuvius.

NO SAFER REMEDY can be had for Coughs and Colds, or any trouble of the Throat, than *"Brown's Bronchial Troches."* Price 25 cts. *Sold only in boxes.*

A Texan's pony found the watch his master had lost and brought it to him in his mouth.

MANY persons are broken down from overwork or hon e old cares. Brown's Iron Bitters rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. A spendid tonic for women and children.

Camels can stand heat and cold, but they perish quickly in moist atmosphere.

Is your blood poor? Take Beecham's Pills. Is your liver out of order? Use Beecham's Pills. 25 cents a box.

The lavest location for a watch is in a door-handle.

Mrs. Cleaveland

Tells of Her Cure of

Nervous Dyspepsia

Mrs. A. R. Cleaveland, of Milford, Mass., is the sister of the Norcross Brothers, of Boston, the famous builders. In a long and interesting statement (which will be sent in full to any one who wishes it), Mrs. Cleaveland says that a few years ago she had a severe form of nervous dyspepsia, the symptoms being

Palpitation of the Heart

burning sensation in the stomach, fainting spells, and an awful death-like feeling from which she often thought she should never recover. She was tired and languid all the time and did not dare to lie down for fear of a fainting spell. She had six different physicians but none did her any good. One day, reading about Hood's Sarsaparilla she decided to try it. The fainting spells grew less, soon ceased wholly, her appetite returned, and has increased

From 86 to 132 Pounds

She has not been so well for 25 years, does all her household work easily. To

Hood's Sarsaparilla

she ascribes all her improvement and is ready to convince any one of the merit of this medicine. If you suffer similarly, try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver ills.

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Hard to take

—the big, old-fashioned pill. It's pretty hard to have to take it, too. You wouldn't, if you realized fully how it shocks and weakens the system.

Luckily, you *don't* have to take it. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are better. They're sensible. They do, mildly and gently, *more* than the ordinary pill, with all its disturbance. They regulate the liver, stomach and bowels, as well as thoroughly cleanse them. They're the original Little Liver Pills, purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, the smallest and the easiest to take. One little Pellet for a gentle laxative—three for a cathartic. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels are promptly and permanently cured.

They're the cheapest, too, for they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for the *good* you get.

"German Syrup"

Boschee's German Syrup is more successful in the treatment of Consumption than any other remedy prescribed. It has been tried under every variety of climate. In the bleak, bitter North, in damp New England, in the fickle Middle States, in the hot, moist South—everywhere. It has been in demand by every nationality. It has been employed in every stage of Consumption. In brief it has been used by millions and its the only true and reliable Consumption Remedy.

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MANY LIKE THESE.

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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

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DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn off. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC KITE.

An Apparatus Which for Certain Particular Uses May Supersede the Balloon.

The kite, which was originally a schoolboy's toy, and has probably been a favorite since the first boy fashioned its primitive substitute, has been an important factor in the world's development, and is likely to be also in the future. It was with the kite, string and key that Franklin first demonstrated the powers of electricity, and by the same means electricity has recently been drawn from the atmosphere upon a cloudless day, from a great height. Hiram Maxim, the great gun-maker, proposes to revolutionize warfare by means of a great kite, which shall contain machine guns, and now last, but not least, an aerial camera has been constructed, which is nothing more or less than a photographic kite.

This novel photographic machine, says the Chicago Graphic, consists of a cubical box painted black on the inside and covered with black paper. The objective is placed on one of the sides and the plate on the other. The kite consists of two isosceles triangles joined in the form of a quadrilateral, and the framework thus formed is covered with paper strengthened by cloth at the corners. A triangular support for the camera box is screwed upon the mid-rib just above the center.

The shutter is a guillotine arrangement placed in front of the objective and operating through a touchwood slow match, which is lighted when the kite is sent up. The reel consists of a wooden bobbin provided at both ends with a winch. The value of this apparatus is very great,