FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

PROPER WAY TO CHURN.

When the butter appears in the churn in the form of small grains as large as wheat, the churn is stopped, and cold water or brine is poured in to dilute the buttermilk and make it more easily separated from the butter. This is drawn off and more cold water is poured on the butter, the churn being slowly turned to wash the butter thoroughly. This is continued until the milk is completely got rid of and the butter is clean. Then salt is mixed with the butter by revolving the churn, or strong brine is poured on, and the butter is at once put on the worker and packed for sale.—American Dairyman.

SHEEP HOUSES.

Greater attention to housing sheep in this country has led to economies hardly thought of by our fathers. Here is a bit of experience in this line that may help somebody. In the last few years we have made a great improvement in our manner of housing sheep. We now have warm, comfortable sheds, covered mostly with plank. We find what is called ship-lap makes an excellent covering; but it must be thoroughly seasoned before it goes on. We make these sheds portable, so we can move them about once a year from one part of the field to another. By this means we fertilize the farm very rapidly. We find there is a great waste of manure when sheds are kept too long in one place. Let me describe these sheds fully: We build them in sections of sixteen feet square. We put temporary braces in these sections to keep them from rocking, and move them with teams from one part of the field to another, a section at a time. This farm that we are living on will support a third more sheep now than it would twelve years ago. Our best pastures will carry ten sheep per acre all summer.—American Farmer.

TRAINING GRAPEVINES.

Many different methods are in use in the pruning and training of grapevines, and different results as to the quality of fruit produced and its freedom from disease are sometimes claimed as depending on the position in which it is grown. I lately saw an instance, writes an Orange County vinticulturist, where grapes growing on branches from the same main stem but supported in an entirely different manner exhibited such a marked difference in the amount of fruit borne on each as to attract my attention. The main vines were on the south side of a vertical latticed trellis, twelve feet or more in height, and were trained directly upward to the top. On the opposite side was a rough frame six feet high, six feet wide and about twelve feet long, of which only the top portion was latticed. Over this portion two or three branches from one of the main stems referred to had been trained, all lying horizontally along its top. Below the lattice bunches of grapes hung in abundance suspended from the vines, which with their foliage formed a complete canopy over the fruit. The thing about it which interested me most was the fact these horizontally trained vines showed fully five times as many bunches of the grapes hanging below them through the openings in the lattice as could be seen on the same length or upright growing vines.—New York World.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Don't think that because there is plenty of rain, the chickens do not need fresh drinking water twice each day.

Don't let half a dozen broody hens set around on the nests and spoil eggs, but break them up and get them to laying.

Don't wait till Thanksgiving to market your spring chickens, but sell them while the price is good, and before they "eat their heads off."

It is claimed that it is not so much the growth of fruit as the formation of seed which exhausts the tree, so by picking off from one-half to two-thirds of the fruit set, the tree can use its strength to form fruit buds in the fall for the next year's crop. It is even better to have too little than too much fruit on the trees.

Two enemies to cherry culture are bark bursting and black knot, but with proper care neither of these need be serious. For bark bursting, train a low head, beginning not more than three feet from the ground, or else protect the trunk from the rays of the afternoon sun by a board fastened on the southwest side of the tree.

Professor Robertson, of Canada, says that in preparing corn for the silo, if you allow the stalks to wilt for a day after cutting you will have a delicious aroma. Cultivate close to the corn when young to admit the air, and loosen the soil so that the roots will spread, but when larger do not go so near or so deep. This will make a difference of several tons to the acre.

Make up your mind not to go another year without having hay caps enough to cover all the hay left in the field over night. Made of good, stout, unbleached cotton cloth two yards square, they need not cost more than twenty-five cents each, and if properly cared for will last twenty years, and they will save their cost in one rain, and almost in protecting the hay from heavy dews.

RECIPES.

Egg Lemonade—The white of one egg, one tablespoonful of pulverized sugar, the juice one lemon, and one goblet of water beaten together.

Cheese Scallop—Soak one cupful of bread crumbs in milk; when soft, beat into it three eggs, adding a tablespoonful of butter and one-half pound of grated cheese. Bake to a delicate brown, strewing some sifted bread crumbs on the top.

Mulled Jelly—Beat a tablespoonful of currant or grape or other tart jelly with the white of an egg and a little loaf sugar, when well beaten, pour into it one-half pint of boiling water, and break into this a slice of dry toast or a cracker or two.

Potato Salad—Boil six large potatoes till tender; cool and cut up in small pieces and pour over them the following dressing: Take the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs and rub fine with a little pepper, salt and mustard; add a little celery cut up fine and a little oil, then add enough vinegar to make of the consistency of any salad dressing; cut the whites of the eggs in rings and put on the top.

How Gold Ore is Smelted.

After the gold ore has reached the smelter, being weighed, sampled and separated into piles for the various bins, each pile is pulverized in a machine that works upon the principle of a coffee mill, according to the Leadville (Col.) Herald. From this sample three or more paper sacks are filled, of which two are sent to the assay office, one to be sampled, the other filed away. The third sack is sent to the shipper of the ore. Each sack is marked with the shipper's name, name of mine if given by shipper, lot number, car number, if any, and date when sampled.

If the ore is very lumpy it is crushed before sampling. This unloading into a bin is continued until the bin is full, and it may hold anywhere from 500 to 3000 tons. When filled the superintendent obtains a list of all ores and weights of lots that have gone there, which constitute what is called a mixture. This list he takes to the assay office and gets an average assay on the silver, gold, lead, zinc, iron, lime, etc., in order that he may know what to add in order to make a good smelting charge. Separate piles of lead and iron ore are made to supply the furnace when needed. The superintendent makes out a list of the different mixtures and the weight from each that are to constitute a furnace charge. About 800 pounds of ore, 150 pounds lime, 200 pounds slag and 150 pounds of coke go to make up a charge.

This is of course varied in accordance with the character of the ore. Each furnace will treat from 150 to 200 tons of these charges in twenty-four hours. The lead in the mixture when treated in the furnace runs down into the bottom, carrying with it the precious metals. The slag being lighter floats on top of the lead, and is taken off through a tap hole. The lead or rather the bullion is dipped out of a well in the side of the furnace and poured into moulds. After cooling the bars are taken out and sampled, a hollow punch being used that brings out a small core. It is usual for convenience to sample the bars in lots of 300 each. The punchings of each lot are assayed to determine their contents. The bullion is now ready for market or for further treatment.

Humbug About Madstones.

The madstone story is going its rounds again. It is the property of this wonderful agent to stick to a raw surface of flesh and suck the poison out of it. That is, the owners say so. As a matter of fact, says the Brooklyn Eagle, no inorganic substance can suck except by the aid of machinery. Again, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the dog bites are harmless and there is no poison to be sucked out. Thirdly, credulity is one of the most effective cures in the materia medica and ought to be used oftener, where people have no disorder. The whole tradition of the madstone comes from the absorptive power of any anhydrous mineral. Such a stone is filled with pores, and by a process akin to that of capillary attraction the water that it has lost—in the course of centuries, perhaps—it will soak up again when in contact with liquid. If one wishes to know the action of a madstone let him put a piece of tabasheer or dry clay or shale to his tongue. It will stick. That is all there is to it. There are millions of tons of madstone in every State in the Union, and every family can afford to be without it. These stories of mysterious stones that have come from the far east or that were bought at enormous prices from voodoos and hoodoos and wizards are all humbug. If a person is bitten by a snake or a dog it will do him no harm to clap a chip of anhydrous stone to the cut surface. It will stick, just as it will to his tongue or his eye or a damp saucer or a Brooklyn street or the surface of a bar, but let him likewise consult a physician.

The Great Cahokia Mound.

Few people known that almost in sight of St. Louis stands the largest artificial mound in America if not in the world. The Cahokia Mound is over seven hundred feet long by five hundred wide at the base and ninety feet high. It covers over eight acres of ground and has upwards of twenty million cubic feet of contents. When one reflects on the low degree of civilization attained by the people who built this mound, and the inadequate tools, transportation and machinery employed, it was for the Indians a more stupendous undertaking than for us would be the building of another city like St. Louis. This mound is really a mountain, and every handful of earth it contains must have been carried thither in baskets. How long it took or why it was built at all are questions that will probably never be answered, but the stupendousness of the work cannot be called in question.—Boston Transcript.

The Texas Way of Preserving Milk.

There are many ways of preserving milk so as to keep it sweet, but one of the most satisfactory is that which is at present practised at an establishment in Texas. The milk, fresh from the cow, is subjected to a boiling heat, and after all the air has been expelled from it the Clevare hermetically sealed. When the process was first invented, about fifteen years ago, several dozen bottles were sealed up. Every year some of these are opened, and after fifteen years' keeping the milk has, in every case, been found perfectly fresh.—New York Dispatch.

WHIRLWINDS.

CAUSES OF AERIAL DISTURBANCE OF VARIOUS KINDS.

Zephyrs, Cyclones and Typhoons—Pillars of Sand and Water Created By the Wind—A Striking Case.

WHIRLWINDS are of all sizes—from a few feet to a thousand miles across. When they are small the whole of the whirlwind can be seen at once, and the true character is apparent. When they are large, for instance, 500 miles across and covering an area equal to that of several of the large States, the whirling character is not visible to a single observer.

To him the wind seems to be straight-lined, but changing gradually in direction as the storm passes over. It is only when the observations of many persons, scattered over the whole area, are put on a map that the whirling character is visible.

Whirlwinds may also be of all degrees of intensity, from one producing a gentle breeze to one producing heavy gales which will founder ships or uproot the heaviest trees.

The natural whirls in the free air are not of the nature of eddies, such as occur at the street corners in a city on a windy day. These are due to the meeting of two currents of air after passing an obstacle; they are stationary, or nearly so; depend on the speed and direction of the wind, and rarely do any more harm than that of carrying off a hat or turning an umbrella inside out.

A truer type of the whirls that make storms are the dust-whirls over a country road or in a hay field in a hot, still summer afternoon.

It will be interesting to give a brief account of the various members of this family of whirls in free air. Tumultuous or confused whirls, such as can be seen in the smoke from a factory chimney and which occasionally occur in nature, will be omitted; only the pure whirls will be taken, though it must be remembered that where these are large they will be somewhat confused at the bottom, next the earth, where the observers are stationed, because of the topography.

First come the dust whirls, hay geld whirls, plowed field whirls and many other small, well-formed ones occurring on hot afternoons. They are very pretty and interesting, and can be seen only when dust, light hay or something of the sort is carried up, or when the whirl is carried over a field of timothy or of other grain, when the swaying of the stalks shows the shape of the base.

Similar whirls from over the hot coffee cup at the breakfast table and over a kettle of hot water, and may be seen when the temperature of the room permits the steam to become visible. The air next the ground in the one place, or the hot liquid in the other, becomes hotter, and, therefore, lighter than the air above. It is a thin stratum and strives to rise. This it does for some reason (a projecting stone up which it creeps, the flight of a bird, a bubble escaping from the liquid surface, and many other things), at one point. The air drains through at this point rushes in from around, and as it must generally rush in equally from the sides, because they are differently heated, or there is an obstacle, or the surface of the ground is unequal, a whirl is set up, and the whirl once formed is likely to continue until worn out by friction. They occur only when the air is still, because when there is wind the air is constantly mixed and the hot stratum cannot form.

Next come sand and desert whirls. These are like the preceding, only larger, because formed on a larger field and under more favorable circumstances. They occur in arid regions in hot weather. They may be anywhere from a rod to several rods in diameter and from twenty to 1000 feet high. They are sometimes compound, a score or more of small whirls forming a whirling circle around a common centre. They are very common in India, where they have received the compliment of a book devoted to them. They sometimes carry up so much sand in the Sahara and Arabia as to overwhelm those on whom the sand is let fall. They also occur in the arid regions of the United States. The most striking case I have ever seen was in the Magdalena Valley, across the mountains westward from Socorro, in New Mexico. There, during a hot day in summer, they incessantly form at the head of the valley in a long, slender, vertical column, perhaps 600 feet high, and then travel down the valley toward the little village of Magdalena in the bottom of the valley, over which they sometimes burst, bringing to the inhabitants little puffs of contrary winds and shower of fine dust.

Then comes in a group of stationary whirls of the same general character as the preceding, but tied down to one point. Such are the whirls which sometimes form over volcanoes, rendered visible by smoke and ash and the whirlwinds that sometimes form over conflagrations. The latter can often be seen when a large and compact fire is made in a space which is fairly free from obstructions.

So far the whirls mentioned have depended on heat alone. They are in some sort pure heat engines, and have no perpetuating power after the heat is withdrawn. They are therefore limited to the hot part of the day, or, in case of volcanoes or fires, to the time the heat lasts.

With the members in this family that follow another element is introduced, namely, the vapor of water, and they are not heat engines, but steam engines. The vapor of water makes the storm self-perpetuating, and works in this way: It takes heat to make vapor, and when the vapor is condensed the heat is given back. Cold condenses the vapor, and the condensation of the vapor warms the air. Now, the air contains always more or less invisible vapor of water or moisture, and this is the most abundant near the ground. Suppose a mass of air rises; it cools by expansion as it ascends. This cooling condenses some of the vapor; the air is made warmer than its surrounding, and it again rises. More moisture is condensed; more heat given up; the air is again warmed; it again rises, and so on until this source of heat is used up. With plenty of vapor present the air rises to a greater height than when the air is dry—and not only that, the air is drawn in at the sides to replace the rising air. This rises, condenses its moisture, rises again, and so on. And thus is formed a regular vortex, which is self-perpetuating so long as moist air pours in from below. These whirls are, so to speak, half brothers of the preceding. They have a mother (steam), of a better constitution, and have, consequently, a greater expectation of life.

The first of these is what is called a "general storm" or "low" or "low area," or "area of depression," and what the meteorologists would like to call "cyclone," but the public insist on applying that name to tornadoes. The "low" is a curiously shaped vortex, a thin disk of air, perhaps 500 miles across and a mile or two thick, in which the air is pouring in on the lower surface and rising around the centre, and pouring it along the upper surface.

The "low," as described above, is a phenomenon of temperature latitudes. When these whirls originate in the tropics they have a different path and much greater intensity; they are then the hurricanes of the North Atlantic and the typhoons of the Indian Ocean and China Sea.

They also occur in the South Pacific when they are also called typhoons. The very destructive typhoon of the Samoan Islands three years ago is an illustration, as is also the hurricane which played such havoc at Martinique last August.

These are the kindred of the tornado and the water-spout. Some of them are gentle and small; some are gentle and large, and others are both large and terrible.—Washington Post.

An Educated Black Bass.

A curious story is related concerning a pool which is enclosed by one of the large greenhouses which stand on the property known as Greystone, which was the Yonkers home of the late Samuel J. Tilden. About two years ago John Forson, the head gardener, caught a big black bass with a hook, and as it was very tenacious of life, he succeeded in saving its life after the exercise of much care and patience. This bass is now an inhabitant of the pool, over and around which are many tropical plants.

Gardener Forson has in odd moments succeeded in teaching his piscatorial pet some tricks, and when he whistles in a certain manner the big fish invariably comes to the surface of the pool. When he wishes it to retire, all he does is to snap his fingers and the fish becomes invisible.

Another trick is the holding of a worm or almost any insect above the water, sometimes as high as a foot, when the bass will jump up and seize it.

This educated fish seems to enjoy his pranks as much as his master and his friends to whom he exhibits it. These are only a few of the tricks he does.

There is also a large sunfish in the pool, but it seems too obtuse to be taught anything, yet the two are often seen disporting themselves in apparent great glee. There used to be several carp there, too, but as they have not been seen since the black bass was introduced to their society, it is thought they have succumbed to the laws of natural selection or the survival of the fittest, and provided sundry meals for his bass-ship.—New York Times.

A Fisherman Hooks a Whale.

William Carson is high line among the fishermen of this county for this season. He was out on one of the tugs one week ago Saturday, and with the crew of the tug was engaged in taking halibut on the banks about three miles west of the bar. After catching a forty-pound halibut, several small ones and a few soles, Mr. Carson hooked something that "walked" away with his line in a steady manner. He called for assistance, and with the captain and one of the tug's crew the result was the same, the line steadily walking away from three of them. A turn was then taken around one of the bits, when as the strain increased it was seen that the tug was swinging to the strain, and the line at the same time appeared to be moving toward the surface.

Judge of the surprise of Mr. Carson when a whale about forty feet long came to the surface and blew about two hundred feet from the tug, with the line fastened to one of his flukes. With a sudden lurch of the tug the line parted near the bit to which it was fastened and went flying through the air in the direction of the whale. The whale stayed close around the tug for a couple of hours and was struck with chunks of coal and shot at, to which he paid no attention whatever.

After Captain Nelson had stuck him and lost his line also, the tug steamed a couple of mile farther out to get away from him, as besides getting away with the line he had so disturbed the fish that they would not bite.—Humboldt (Cal.) Times.

A Peculiar Western Plant.

On the Western prairie is found what is called the compass plant, which is of great value to travelers. The long leaves at the base of its stem are placed, not flat as in plants generally, but in a vertical position, and present their edges north and south. The peculiar propensity of the plant is attributed to the fact that both surfaces of its leaves display an equal receptivity for light (whereas the upper surfaces of the leaves of most plants are more sensitive to light than the lower), the leaves thus assume a vertical position and point north and south. Travelers on dark nights are said to feel the edges of the leaves to ascertain the point of the compass.—Boston Globe.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Seraphic Postures and Human Imperfections."

TEXT: "*With twain he covered his face, with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly.*"—Isaiah vi., 2.

In a hospital of leprosy good King Uzziah had died, and the whole land was shadowed with solemnity, and theological and prophetic Isaiah was thinking about religious things, as one is apt to do in time of great national bereavement, and forgetting the presence of his wife and two sons, who made up his family, he had a dream, not like the dreams of ordinary character, which generally come from indigestion, but a vision most instructive, and under the touch of the hand of the Almighty.

The place—the ancient temple; building—grand, awful, majestic. Within that temple a throne higher and grander than that occupied by any czar, or sultan or emperor. On that throne the eternal Christ. In lines surrounding that throne the brightest celestials, not the cherubim, but higher than they, the most exquisite and radiant of the heavenly inhabitants, the seraphim. They are called burners because they look like fire. Lips of fire, eyes of fire, feet of fire. In addition to the features and the limbs, which suggest a human being, there are pinions, which suggest the lightest, the swiftest, the most buoyant and most inspiring of all intelligent creation—a bird. Each seraph had six wings, each two of the wings for a different purpose. Isaiah's dream quivers and flashes with these pinions. Now folded, now spread, now beaten in locomotion. "With twain he covered his feet, with twain he covered his face, and with twain he did fly."

The probability is that these wings were not all used at once. The seraph standing there near the throne overwhelmed at the insignificance of the paths his feet had trodden as compared with the paths trodden by the feet of God, and with the lameness of his locomotion amounting almost to decrepitude as compared with the divine velocity, with feathery veil of angelic modesty hides the feet. "With twain he did cover his feet."

Standing there overpowered by the overmatching splendors of God's glory, and unable longer with the eyes to look upon them, and wishing those eyes shaded from the insufferable glory, the pinions gather over the countenance. "With twain he did cover the face." Then as God tells this seraph to go to the farthest outpost of immensity on message of light and love and joy, and get back before the first anthem, it does not take the seraph a great while to spread himself upon the air with unimagined celerity; one stroke of the wing equal to ten thousand leagues of air. "With twain he did fly."

The most practical and useful lesson for you and me, when we see the seraph spreading his wings over the feet, is a lesson of humility at imperfection. The brightest angels of God are so far beneath God that He charges them with folly. The seraph so far beneath God, and we so far beneath the seraph in service we ought to be plunged in humility, utter and complete. Our feet, how laggard they have been in the divine service! Our feet, how many misstaps they have taken! Our feet, in how many paths of worldliness and folly they have walked!

Neither God nor seraph intended to put any dishonor upon that which is one of the masterpieces of Almighty God—the human foot. Physiologist and anatomist are overwhelmed at the wonders of its organization. "The Bridgewater Treatise," written by Sir Charles Bell, on the wisdom and goodness of God, as illustrated in the human hand, was a result of the $40,000 bequeathed in the last will and testament of the Earl of Bridgewater for the encouragement of Christian literature. The world could afford to forgive his eccentricities, though he had two dogs seated at his table, and though he put six dogs alone in an equipage drawn by four horses and attended by two footmen.

With his large bequest inducing Sir Charles Bell to write so valuable a book on the wisdom of God in the structure of the human hand, the world could afford to forgive his oddities. And the world could now afford to have another Earl of Bridgewater, however idiosyncratic, if he would induce some other Sir Charles Bell to write a book on the wisdom and goodness of God in the construction of the human foot—the articulation of its bones, the lubrication of its joints, the gracefulness of its lines, the ingenuity of its cartilages, the delicacy of its veins, the rapidity of its muscular contraction, the sensitiveness of its nerves.

I sound the praises of the human foot. With that we halt or climb or march. It is the foundation of the physical fabric. It is the base of a God poised column. With it the warrior braces himself for battle. With it the orator plants himself for eulogium. With it the toiler reaches his work. With it the outraged stamps his indignation. Its loss an irreparable disaster. Its health an invaluable equipment. If you want to know its value, ask the man whose foot paralysis hath shriveled, or machinery hath crushed, or surgeon's knife hath amputated. The Bible honors it. Especial care, "Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone;" "he will not suffer thy foot to be moved;" "thy feet shall not stumble." Especial charge, "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God." Especial peril, "Their feet shall slide in due time." Connected with the world's dissolution, "He shall set one foot on the sea and the other on the earth."

Give me the history of your foot and I will give you the history of your lifetime. Tell me up what steps it hath gone, down what declivities, and in what roads and in what directions, and I will know more about you than I want to know. None of us could endure the scrutiny. Our feet not always in paths of God. Sometimes in paths of worldliness. Our feet, a divine and glorious machinery for usefulness and work, so often making missteps, so often going in the wrong direction. God knowing every step, the patriarch saying, "Thou settest a print on the heels of my feet." Crimes of the hand, crimes of the tongue, crimes of the eye, crimes of the ear not worse than the crimes of the foot. Oh, we want the wings of humility to cover the feet. Ought we not to go into self abegnation before the all searching, all scrutinizing, all trying eye of God? The seraphs do. How much more we? "With twain he covered the feet."

All this talk about the dignity of human nature is braggadocio and a sin. Our nature started at the hand of God regal, but it has been pauperized. There is a well in Belgium which once had very pure water, and it was stoutly masoned with stone and bricks; but that well afterward became the centre of the battle of Waterloo. At the opening of the battle the soldiers with their sabers compelled the gardener, William Von Kylsom, to draw water out of the well for them, and it was very pure water.

But the battle raged, and three hundred dead and half dead were flung into the well for quick and easy burial, so that the well of refreshment became the well of death, and long after people looked down into the well, and they saw the bleached skulls, but no water. So the human soul was a well of good, but the armies of sin have fought around it, and fought across it and been slain, and it has become a well of skeletons. Dead hopes, dead resolutions, dead opportunities, dead ambitions. An abandoned well unless Christ shall reopen and purify and fill it as the well of Belgium never was. Unclean, unclean!

Another seraphic posture in the text, "With twain he covered the face." That means reverence Godward. Never so much irreverence abroad in the world as to-day. You see it in the defaced statuary, in the cutting out of figures from fine paintings, in the chipping of monuments for a memento, in the fact that a military guard must stand at the graves of Grant and Garfield, and that old shade trees must be cut down for firewood, though fifty George P. Morrises beg the woodmen to spare the tree, and that calls a corpse a cadaver, and that speaks of death as going over to the majority, and substitutes for the reverent terms, father and mother, "the old man" and "the old woman," and finds nothing impressive in the ruins of Baalbec or the columns of Karnac, and sees no difference in the Sabbath from any other days except it allows more dissipation, and reads the Bible in what is called higher criticism, making it not the Word of God, but a good book with some fine things in it. Irreverence never so much abroad. How many take the name of God in vain, how many trivial things said about the Almighty. Not willing to have God in the world, they roll up an idea of sentimentality and humanitarianism and impudence and imbecility and call it God. No wings of reverence over the face, no taking off of shoes on holy ground. You can tell from the way they talk they could have made a better world than this, and that the God of the Bible shocks every sense of propriety. They talk of the love of God in a way that shows you they believe it does not make any difference how bad a man is here, he will come in at the shining gate. They talk of the love of God in such a way which shows you they think it is a general jail delivery for all the abandoned and the scoundrels of the universe. No punishment hereafter for any wrong done here.

The Bible gives two descriptions of God, and they are just opposite, and they are both true. In one place the Bible says God is [illegible] God is love.

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to throw ourselves, body mind and soul into Christ's keeping. "No," says Irreverance, "I want no atonement, I want no pardon, I want no intervention; I will go up and face God, and I will challenge Him, and I will defy Him, and I will ask Him what He wants to do with me." So the finite confronts the infinite, so a tack hammer tries to break a thunderbolt, so the breath of human nostrils defies the everlasting God, while the hierarchs of heaven bow the head and bend the knee as the King's chariot goes by, and the archangel turns away because he cannot endure the splendor, and the chorus of all the empires of heaven comes in with full diapason, "Holy, holy, holy!"

Reverence for sham, reverence for the old merely because it is old, reverence for stupidity however learned, reverence for incapacity, however finely inaugurated, I have none. But we want more reverence for God, more reverence for the sacraments, more reverence for the Bible, more reverence for the pure, more reverence for the good. Reverence a characteristic of all great natures. You hear it in the roll of the master oratorios. You see it in the Raphaels and Titians and Ghirlandijos. You study it in the architecture of the Abollabs and Christopher Wrens. Do not be flippant about God. Do not joke about death. Do not make fun of the Bible. Do not deride the Eternal. The brightest and mightiest seraph cannot look unabashed upon Him. Involuntarily the wings come up. "With twain he covered his face."

Another seraphic posture in the text. The seraph must not always stand still. He must move and it must be without clumsiness. There must be celerity and beauty in the movement. "With twain he did fly." Correction, exhilaration. Correction at our slow gait, for we only crawl in the service when we ought to fly at the divine bidding. Exhilaration in the fact that the soul has wings as the seraphs have wings. What is a wing? An instrument of locomotion. They may not be like seraph's wing, they may not be like bird's wing, but the soul has wings. God says so. "He shall mount up on wings as eagles." We are made in the divine image, and God has wings. The Bible says so. "Healing in His wings." "Under the shadow of His wings." "Under whose wings thou hast come to trust." We have folded wing now, wounded wing, broken wing, bleeding wing, caged wing. Aye! I have it now. Caged within bars of bone and under curtains of flesh, but one day to be free. I hear the rustle of pinions in Seagrave's poem, which we often sing:

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.

I hear the rustle of pinions in Alexander Pope's stanza, which says.

I mount, I fly:
O Death, where is thy victory?

A dying Christian not long ago cried out, "Wings, wings, wings!" The air is full of them, coming and going, coming and going. You have seen how the dull, sluggish chrysalid becomes the bright butterfly; the dull, and the stupid, and the lethargic turned into the alert and the beautiful. Well, my friends, in this world we are in the chrysalid state. Death will unfurl the wings. Oh, if we could only realize what a grand thing it will be to get rid of the old clod of a body and mount the heavens, neither seagull nor lark nor albatross nor falcon nor condor pitching from highest range of Andes, so buoyant or so majestic of stroke.

See that eagle in the mountain nest. It looks so sick, so ragged feathered, so worn out and so half asleep. Is that eagle dying? No, the ornithologist will tell you it is moating season with that bird. Not dying, but molting. You see that Christian sick and weary and worn out and seeming about to expire on what is called his deathbed. The world says he is dying. I say it is the molting season for his soul—the body dropping away, the celestial pinions coming on. Not dying, but molting. Molting out of darkness and sin and struggle into glory and into God. Why do you not shout? Why do you sit shivering at the thought of death and trying to hold back and wishing you could stay here forever, and speak of departure as though the subject were filled with skeletons and the vanish of coffins, and as though you preferred lame foot to swift wing?

O people of God, let us stop playing the fool and prepare for rapturous flight. When your soul stands on the verge of this life and there are vast precipices beneath and sapphired domes above, which way will you fly? Will you swoop or will you soar? Will you fly downward or will you fly upward? Everything on the wing this morning bidding us aspire. Holy Spirit on the wing. Angel of the new covenant on the wing. Time on the wing, flying away from us. Eternity on the wing, flying toward us. Wings, wings, wings!

Live so near to Christ that when you are dead people standing by your lifeless body will not soliloquize, saying: "What a disappointment life was to him; how averse he was to departure; what a pity it was he had to die; what an awful calamity." Rather standing there may they see a sign more vivid on your still face than the vestiges of pain, something that will indicate that it was a happy exit—the clearance from oppressive quarantine, the cast off chrysalid, the molting of the faded and useless and the ascent from malarial valleys to bright, shining mountain tops, and be led to say as they stand there contemplating your humility and your reverence in life and your happiness in death, "With twain he covered the feet, with twain he covered the face, with twain he did fly." Wings! Wings! Wings!

NEWSY GLEANINGS.

THIS country makes 55,000 watches a week.

AN immense glacial field is reported in Idaho.

THE world's railways are worth $30,000,000,000.

A CANAL is to be built across Ireland to cost twenty million dollars.

LIGHT crops of sweet potatoes are reported from many sections of the South.

A NUGGET of gold worth $15 was picked up the other day in the diggings at Byron, Me.

THE New York morgue received 9654 bodies last year. Of these 107 were never identified.

MORE United States vessels visit the Mexican ports than those of all other Nations combined.

TWELVE HUNDRED miles of railroad are to be built in Mexico. It will extend to San Diego, California.

THREE HUNDRED lawyers were candidates on one side or the other for seats in the present British Parliament.

A CENSUS bulletin just issued states there are only 97,000 female persons to every 100,000 males in the United States.

ACCORDING to a recent census there are about 80,000 paupers in London, not counting insane persons in asylums and vagrants.

THE census of India, just completed, shows that country to have a population of 280,000,000, a gain of eleven per cent over 1881.

A WATER moccasin six feet long was lately killed at Utica, Ill. When cut open sixteen frogs were found, several of which were alive.

GRASSHOPPERS are doing an immense amount of damage in Ohio to oats and other growing crops. Whole fields of oats have been destroyed.

THE pension agency in Topeka is the largest in the country. It pays out annually $16,000,000 to the veterans of Kansas, Missouri and Colorado.

THE Marker Ranch, near Lovelocks, Nev., comprising 17,000 acres of the best land in the State, was recently sold at sheriff's auction for a trifle over $100,000.

SAMPLES of tea grown and cured at Summerville, S. D., have been received in Baltimore, which expert tea dealers have pronounced superior to East India tea.

THE Fisheries Department has received advices to the effect that the mackerel catch of the New England fishing fleet to date is 22,000 barrels—exactly twice as much as last year.

ACCORDING to a census bulletin, the 130,335 families in Maine are divided by the census office into 62,122 families occupying farms and 88,233 families occupying homes that are not situated on farms.

THE Japanese are coming to Mexico in large numbers. Several large colonies have been established in the coffee district of Oaxaca, and the rich sugar lands of Sinaloa, during the past few months.

DURING one week in April 313 car loads containing 3816 tons of green fruit were shipped East from California. So far this season 6,000,000 more pounds of fruit have been shipped than last year.

My Wife

Mrs. Richardson.

Was miserable all the time with kidney complaint but began improving when she had taken Hood's Sarsaparilla one week, and after taking three bottles was perfectly cured. I had Heart Failure, Catarrh and Liver Complaint. Could not sleep, bloated badly, had pains in my back, ringing noises in my ears. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave immediate benefit, sound sleep and good health." H. C. Richardson, Siloam, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cure Nausea, Sick Headache, and C. P. Hisey, Ilion, and all Liver troubles or money refunded. 100 doses $1. Ripans Tabules: one given [illegible] box.

No Pickles.

A lady who has the good fortune to be a friend of Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes relates a little anecdote of the first time she asked a favor from him as an author. She had just completed a book for children, and Doctor Holmes kindly consented to read the manuscript.

When it was returned to her after his perusal she naturally looked it over with eagerness and anxiety, in haste to see what criticisms or corrections her distinguished friend had made. She turned page after page, but found no erasure, mark nor marginal note, until at length, nearly at the end of the story, she came to a single neatly pencilled line in Dr. Holmes' fine handwriting.

It was placed against a passage upon which she had rather prided herself, a vivid description of the picnic feast of a group of children in a grove.

First reading the paragraph to see if she herself could find anything amiss, she next read what he had written. It was this:

"Don't let those children eat pickles!"

Much relieved to find that it was the doctor, not the author, who found fault with her work, the lady at once drew a line through the offending viands, and when the story of the picnic appeared in print, pickles were omitted from the bill of fare.—Youth's Companion.

Two men in the town of Cooper, Me., disputed as to the ownership of a piece of land worth $15, and had a fight with clubs and pitchforks. Then they went to law about it, and up to date have spent about $400 in lawyers' fees. The case is still on.

Sample Package Mailed Free.
Address *Small* Bile Beans, New York.

Platform scales were the invention of Thaddeus Fairbanks, in 1831.

Will do good in almost every case of sickness—*Small* Bile Beans.

President Harrison receives his salary in monthly installments.

J. F. SMITH & Co., New York City: Gentlemen—I find Bile Beans *Small* to be perfection, and cannot get along without them in the house. Please find enclosed 50c., for which kindly send 2 bottles. MRS. A. A. TOBIAS, Caverdale, Cal.

There are over 15,000 Masonic lodges in existence.

Complexion cleared with *Small* Bile Beans.

A horse was killed by bees at Leslie, Ga. recently.

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

The deepest perpendicular shaft is in the Kuttenberg mine in Bohemia, 3778 feet deep.

We will give $100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Proprs., Toledo, O.

There are said to be 2,800,000 bee-hives in the United States.

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.

Japan is said to have apple trees only four inches in height, which produces fruit about the size of currants.

THE principal causes of sick headache, biliousness and cold chills are found in the stomach and liver. Cured by Beecham's Pills.

The largest Masonic library building and the only Masonic library in the world are at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH
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.

"German Syrup"

Mr. Albert Hartley of Hudson, N. C., was taken with Pneumonia. His brother had just died from it. When he found his doctor could not rally him he took one bottle of German Syrup and came out sound and well. Mr. S. B. Gardiner, Clerk with Druggist J. E. Barr, Aurora, Texas, prevented a bad attack of pneumonia by taking German Syrup in time. He was in the business and knew the danger. He used the great remedy—Boschee's German Syrup—for lung diseases.

Bile Beans
Small
Positively cure Sick-headache. 40 to the bottle. Price 25c. Reliable, Economical. Sold by druggists.

ALL THE SAME, ALWAYS.

SPRAINS.
MT. PLEASANT, TEXAS, June 20, 1888.
Suffered 8 months with strain of back; could not walk straight; used two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, was cured. No pain in 18 months.
M. J. WALLACE.

SAINT JACOBS OIL
TRY IT

BRUISES.
PITTSBURG, PA., 302 Wylie Ave., Jan. 29, '87
One of my workmen fell from a ladder, he sprained and bruised his arm very badly. He used St. Jacobs Oil and was cured in four days.
FRANZ X. GOELZ.

A PROMPT AND PERMANENT CURE.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT

Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure.
Rheumatism,
Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritation, inflammation, gravel, ulceration or catarrh of bladder.
Disordered Liver,
Impaired digestion, gout, bilious-headache. SWAMP-ROOT cures kidney difficulties, *La Grippe*, urinary trouble, bright's disease.
Impure Blood,
Scrofula, malaria, gen'l weakness or debility.
Guarantee—The contents of One Bottle, if not benefited, Druggists will refund to you the price paid.
At Druggists, 50c. Size, $1.00 Size.
"Invalids' Guide to