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THE BUFFALO MOTH.

How to Exterminate It Without the Use of Tobacco or Camphor.

Many dollars are wasted every year in stores of gum-camphor and of snuff and shredded tobacco, by whose strong, pungent and repellent odors the enemies of our clothing are supposed to be driven away, the good housewife making a point of filling pockets with tobacco and camphor, and of laying bits of cloth soaked in spirits of turpentine between the folds of her treasures, almost every woman having a different method of her own. But the truth is that none of these methods are necessary and they owe the reputation of their efficacy solely to the care with which they are carried out. It is that care, and only that care, which expels the eggs hidden away already in convenient places, and keeps out the mother moth so that she can not be the means of working further damage. A method of keeping furs and other articles uninjured, which is perfectly effectual, is one which requires no tobacco or camphor or drug whatever; it is simply the ounce of prevention. Let each article be hung on the line out-doors, shaken well and long, and then whipped with a slender rod; this process will expel every egg that has been laid in its recesses. That done, let the article be immediately folded away in several layers of newspapers, or, indeed, of any stout paper, and the edge of the papers gummed with starch or mucilage, so that the mother moth can not find an entrance to lay other eggs, and it is certain that the garments will be taken out in the fall entirely whole and sound. This of course presupposes that the wrapping has been so complete that the mother moth can find no crevice through which to creep and deposit her eggs thereafter, and that the eggs already laid have been beaten out of the clothes. If these eggs have not been disposed of, all the tobacco of America or camphor of Asia will not hinder the worms hatched from eggs remaining in the clothes, from eating till it is time for them to spin, and from riddling their shelter with holes, it being always understood that the little flying mother moth does none of this eating and destroying, her object being only to deposit her eggs, and the worms hatched from these eggs—which after their own transformation become winged beings—doing all the destruction before they put on wings. But it is evident that if the eggs have been shaken and whipped out, then there are certainly none there to hatch and work mischief; and if the mother moth, which sometimes seems to be the cunningist and most contriving of created things, can not get in in order to lay any more eggs, there will be no new ones laid, and safety is thus as well insured as if one expended all the superfluous change in the family in the purchase of tarred bags and malodorous drugs, or paid insurance money to the dealers, whose only secret of preservation is, after all, the taking of similar pains. Nevertheless, in places where there are dealers who are willing to take furs and insure them for a small sum of money, restoring them as good in the fall as when they took them, it is a great comfort and a saving of nervous worry to place them in such capable hands, knowing no further anxiety about them, and sure of receiving them or their equivalent all right on the approach of cold weather.

—Harper's Bazar.

MARRIAGE MADE EASY.

A New Idea That Has Taken Root in Philadelphia.

One of the developments of nineteenth century civilization which has recently come into vogue in Philadelphia is a managerial personage designated as a "wedding superintendent." The personage is, of course, of the feminine gender, and her function is to remove from the shoulders of the prospective mother-in-law and her daughter every burden and responsibility. She not only contracts to furnish the bride's trousseau, providing every detail of it from traveling bonnet to the orange blossoms, but she undertakes entire charge of the culinary arangements, furnishes silver, glass and table linen, superintends the floral decoration of the house and church, provides the carriages, and in fact, holds as thoroughly important relation to the festive occasion as does an undertaker to the funeral. The superintendent is not of necessity a dressmaker, a caterer, a floriculturist nor a hack driver, but is supposed to be a woman of tact and business, who will detail the management of the various accompaniments of a marriage festival to responsible persons, she herself having the general supervision of every thing.

This plan of wedding superintendence is not yet widely recognized, but a number of large parties given in Philadelphia during last winter were conducted upon a similar principle. The idea is merely an expansion of the functions of the so-called commissionaires who have recently been plying such a thriving business. "Professional shoppers" is their more comprehensible title. Their prime aim is to lend their taste, time and experience to supplying the wants of ladies who are, by reason of distance from the city or other causes, incapacitated for making their own purchases. But the commissionaire is no longer confining herself to the purchase of purple and fine linen for domestic use. She now holds herself in readiness for any task. With equal alacrity she will accept the commission to buy a carriage or an elephant, a barrel of flour or a directoire dress, a diamond necklace or a ton of coal.

"I am engaged in the selection of a span of horses for a country gentleman just now," said one of these business women yesterday. "I bought a carriage yesterday for another, and expect to go house hunting next week. An order for the purchase of a ship would not in the least appal me. I would set about it immediately as I would the purchase of a yard of cashmere."—Philadelphia Record.

—Afraid He Had 'Em Again.—Mr. Rambo (at dime museum, in great alarm)—"Nancy, do you see any thing in that cage next to the monkeys?" Mrs. Rambo—"Yes, there's a lot of snakes." Mr. Rambo (with recovered self-possession)—"So they are. Fine specimens, too, aren't they?"—Chicago Tribune.

SPIRITUAL CLEANSING.

Mankind's Need of the Purging Influences of Religion.

Little Hope for Apologetic Sinners—The Depravity of Others No Excuse for Us—Retribution Sure to Follow Wrong-Doing.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage took for the subject of a recent sermon in the Brooklyn Tabernacle: "Our Need of Cleansing." His text was:

If I wash myself with snow water, and should I cleanse my hands in alkali, yet shalt Thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me.—Job ix., 30-31.

Albert Barnes—honored be his name on earth and in Heaven—went straight back to the original writing of my text, and translated it as I have now quoted it, giving substantial reasons for so doing. Although we know better, the ancients had an idea that in snow-water there was a special power to cleanse, and that a garment washed and rinsed in it would be as clean as clean could be; but if the plain snow-water failed to do its work, then they would take lye or alkali and mix it with oil, and under that preparation they felt that the last impurity would certainly be gone. Job, in my text, in most forceful figure, sets forth the idea that all his attempts to make himself pure before God were a dead failure, and that unless we are abluted by something better than earthly liquids and chemical preparations, we are loathsome and in the ditch. "If I wash myself with snow water, and should I cleanse my hands in alkali, yet shalt Thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me." You are now sitting for your picture. I turn the camera obscura of God's word full upon you, and I pray that the sunshine falling through the skylight may enable me to take you just as you are. Shall it be a flattering picture or shall it be a true one? You say: "Let it be a true one." The first profile that was ever taken was taken three hundred and thirty years before Christ of Antigonus. He had a blind eye, and he compeled the artist to take his profile so as to hide the defect in his vision. But since that invention, three hundred and thirty years before Christ, there have been a great many profiles.

Shall I to-day give you a one-sided view of yourselves, a profile, or shall it be a full-length portrait, showing you just what you are? If God will help me by His almighty grace, I shall give you that last kind of a picture. When I first entered the ministry I used to write my sermons out and read them, and run my hand along the line lest I should lose my place. I have hundreds of those manuscripts. Shall I ever preach them? Never; for in those days I was somehow o'er-mastered with the idea I heard talked all around about of the dignity of human nature, and I adopted the idea, and I evolved it, and I illustrated it, and I argued it; but coming on in life, and having seen more of the world and studied better my Bible, I find that that early teaching was faulty, and that there is no dignity in human nature until it is reconstructed by the grace of God. Talk about vessels going to pieces on the Skerries, off Ireland? There never was such a shipwreck as in the Ghion and the Hiddekel, rivers of Eden, where our first parents foundered. Talk of a steamer going down with five hundred passengers on board! What is that to the shipwreck of one billion four hundered million souls? We are by nature a mass of uncleanness and puterfaction, from which it takes all the omnipotence and infinitude of God's grace to extricate us. "If I wash myself with snow water, and should I cleanse my hands in alkali, yet shalt Thou plunge me in the ditch, and my own clothes shall abhor me."

I remark, in the first place, that some people try to cleanse their soul of sin in the snow-water of fine apologies. Here is one man who says: "I am a sinner; I confess that; but I inherited this. My father was a sinner, my grandfather, my great-great-grandfather, and all the way back to Adam, and I couldn't help myself." My brother, have you not, every day in your life, added something to the original estate of sin that was bequeathed to you? Are you not brave enough to confess that you have sometimes surrendered to sin, which you ought to have conquered? I ask you whether it is fair play to put upon our ancestry things for which we ourselves are personally responsible? If your nature was askew when you got it, have you not sometimes given it an additional twist? Will all the tombstones of those who have preceded us make a barricade high enough for eternal defenses? I know a devout man who had blasphemous parentage. I know an honest man whose father was a thief. I know a pure man whose father was a waif of the street. The hereditary tide may be very strong, but there is such a thing as stemming. The fact that I have a corrupt nature is no reason why I should yield to it. The deep stains of our soul can never be washed out by the snow water of such insufficient apology.

Still further, says some one: "If I have gone into sin it has been through my companions, my comrades and associates; they ruined me. They taught me to drink. They took me to the gambling hell. They plunged me into the house of sin. They destroyed my soul." I do not believe it. God gave to no one the power to destroy you or me. If a man is destroyed he is self-destroyed and that is always so. Why did you not break away from them? If they had tried to steel your purse, you would have knocked them down; if they had tried to purloin your gold watch, you would have riddled them with shot; but when they tried to steal your immortal soul you placidly submitted to it. Those bad fellows have a cup of fire to drink; do not pour your cup into it. In this matter of the soul, every man for himself. That those persons are not fully responsible for your sin I prove by the fact that you still consort with them. You can not get off by blaming them. Though you gather up all these apologies; though there were a great flood of them; though they should come down with the force of the melting snows from Lebanon, they could not wash out one stain of your immortal soul.

Still further, some persons apologize for their sins by saying: "We are a great deal better than some people. You see people all around about us that are a great deal worse than we." You stand up columnar in your integrity, and look down upon those who are prostrate in their habits and crimes. What of that, my brother? If I failed through recklessness and wicked imprudence for ten thousand dollars, is the matter alleviated at all by the fact that somebody else has failed for one hundred thousand dollars, and somebody else for two hundred thousand dollars? Oh, no. If I have the neuralgia, shall I refuse medical attendance because my neighbor has virulent typhoid fever? The fact that his disease is worse than mine—does not cure mine? If I, through my foolhardiness, leap off into ruin, does it break the fall to know that others leap off a higher cliff into deeper darkness? When the Hudson River rail train went through the bridge at Spuyten Duyvil, did it alleviate the matter at all that instead of two or three people being hurt there were seventy-five mangled and crushed?

Because others are depraved, is that any excuse for my depravity? Am I better than they? Perhaps they had worse temptations than I have had. Perhaps their surroundings in life were more overpowering. Perhaps, O man, if you had been under the same stress of temptation, instead of sitting here to-day you would have been looking through the bars of the penitentiary. Perhaps, O woman, if you had been under the same power of temptation instead of sitting here to-day you would be tramping the street, the laughing stock of men and the grief of the angels of God, dungoned, body, mind and soul, in the blackness of despair. Ah, do not let us solace ourselves with the thought that other people are worse than we. Perhaps in the future, when our fortunes may change, unless God prevents it, we may be worse than they are. Many a man after thirty years, after forty years, after fifty years, after sixty years, has gone to pieces on the sandbars. Oh! instead of wasting our time in hypercriticism about others, let us ask ourselves the questions: Where do we stand? What are our sins? What are our deficits? What are our perils? What our hopes? Let each one say to himself: "Where will I be? Shall I range in summery fields, or grind in the mills of a great night? Where? Where?"

Some winter morning you go out and see a snow bank in graceful drifts, as though by some heavenly compass it had been curved; and as the sun glints it the luster is almost insufferable, and it seems as if God had wrapped the earth in a shroud with white plaits woven in looms celestial. And you say: "Was there ever any thing so pure as the snow, so beautiful as the snow?" But you brought a pail of that snow and put it upon the stove and melted it; and you found that there was a sediment at the bottom; and every drop of that snow water was riled; and you found that the snow bank had gathered up the impurity of the field, and that after all it was not fit to wash in. And so I say it will be for you to gather up these contrasts and comparisons with others, and with these apologies attempt to wash out the sins of your heart and life. It will be unsuccessful ablution. Such snow water will never wash away a single stain of an immortal soul.

But I hear some one say: "I will try something better than that. I will try the force of a good resolution. That will be more pungent, more caustic, more extirpating, more cleansing. The snow water has failed, and now I will try the alkali of the good, strong resolution." My dear brother, have you any idea that a resolution about the future will liquidate the past? Suppose I owed you five thousand dollars and I should come to you to-morrow and say: "Sir, I will never run in debt to you again; if I should live thirty years I will never run in debt to you again?" will you turn to me and say: "If you will not run in debt in the future I will forgive you the five thousand dollars." Will you do that? No! Nor will God. We have been running up a long score of indebtedness with God. If for the future we should abstain from sin, that would be no defrayment of past indebtedness. Though you should live from this time forth pure as an archangel before the throne, that would not redeem the past. God in the Bible declares that He "will require that which is past"—past opportunities, past neglects, past wicked words, past impure imaginations, past every thing. The past is a great cemetery, and every day is buried in it. And here is a long row of three hundred and sixty-five graves. They are the dead days of 1888. Here is a long row of three hundred and sixty-five more graves, and they are the dead days of 1887. And there is a long row of three hundred and sixty-five more graves, and they are the dead days of 1886. It is a vast cemetery of the past. But God will rouse them all up with resurrectionary blast, and as the prisoner stands face to face with juror and judge, so you and I will have to come up and look upon those departed days face to face, exulting in their smile or cowering in their frown.

"Murder will out" is a proverb that stops too short. Every sin, however small, as well as great, will out. In hard times in England, years ago, it is authentically stated that a manufacturer was on the way, with a bag of money, to pay off his hands. A man infuriated with hunger met him on the road and took a rail with a nail in it from the paling fence and struck him down, and the nail entering the skull, instantly slew him. Thirty years after that the murderer went back to that place. He passed into the graveyard, where the sexton was digging a grave, and while he stood there the spade of the sexton turned up a skull; and, lo! the murderer saw a nail protruding from the back part of the skull; and, as the sexton turned the skull, it seemed with hollow eyes to glare on the murderer, and he, first petrified with horror, stood in silence, but soon cried out: "Guilty! guilty! O, God!" The mystery of the crime was over. The man was tried and executed. My friends, all the unpardoned sins of our lives, though we may think they are buried out of sight and gone into a mere skeleton of memory, will turn up in the cemetery of the past, and glower upon us with their misdoings. I say all our unpardoned sins. Oh, have you done the preposterous thing of supposing that good resolutions for the future will wipe out the past? Good resolutions, though they may be pungent and caustic as alkali, have no power to neutralize a sin, have no power to wash away a transgression. It wants something more than earthly chemistry to do this. Yea, yea, though "I wash myself with snow water, and should I cleanse my hands in alkali, yet shalt Thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me."

You see from the last part of this text that Job's idea of sin was very different from that of Eugene Sue, or George Sand, or M. J. Michelet, or any of the hundreds of writers who have done up iniquity in mezzo-tint and garlanded the wine cup with eglantine and rosemary and made the path of the libertine end in bowers of ease instead of on the hot flagging of eternal torture. You see that Job thinks that sin is not a flowery parterre; that it is not a tableland of fine prospects; that it is not music, dulcimer, violoncello, castanet and Pandean pipes, all making music together. No. He says it is a ditch, long, deep, loathsome, stenchful, and we are all plunged into it, and there we wallow and sink and struggle, not able to get out. Our robes of propriety and robes of worldly profession are saturated in the slime and abomination, and our soul, covered over with transgression, hates its covering, and the covering hates the soul until we are plunged into the ditch, and our own clothes abhor us.

I know that some modern religionists caricature sorrow for sin, and they make out an easier path than the "pilgrim's progress" that John Bunyan dreamed of. The road they travel does not stop where John's did, at the city of Destruction, but at the gate of the university, and I am very certain that it will not come out where John's did, under the shining ramparts of the Celestial City. No repentance, no pardon. If you do not, my brother, feel that you are down in the ditch, what do you want of Christ to lift you out? If you have no appreciation of the fact that you are astray, what do you want of Him who came to seek and save that which was lost? Yonder is the City of Paris, the swiftest of the Inmans, coming across the Atlantic. The wind is abaft, so that she has not only her engines at work, but all sails up. I am on board the Umbria, of the Cunard Line. The boat-davits are swung around. The boat is lowered. I get into it with a red flag, and cross over the side of the City of Paris in pleeting, and I wave the flag.

The captain looks off from the bridge and says: "What do you want?" I reply: "I come to take some of your passengers across to the other vessel; I think they will be safer and happier there." The captain would look down with indignation and say: "Get out of the way or I will run you down." And then I would back oars, amidst the jeering of two hundred or three hundred people looking over the taffrail. But the Umbria and the City of Paris meet under different circumstances after awhile. The City of Paris is coming out of a cyclone; the life-boats are smashed; the bulwarks gone; the vessel rapidly going down. The boatswain gives his last whistle of despairing command. The passengers run up and down the deck, and some pray, and all make a great outcry. The captain says: "You have about fifteen minutes now to prepare for the next world." "No hope!" sounds from stem to stern and from the ratlines down to the cabin. I see the distress. I am let down by the Umbria. I push off as fast as I can toward the sinking City of Paris. Before I come up people are leaping into the water in their anxiety to get to the boat, and when I swing up under the side of the City of Paris, the frenzied passengers rush through the gangway, until the officers, with axe, and clubs, and pistols, try to keep back the crowd, each wanting his turn to come next. There is but one lifeboat, and they all want to get into it, and the cry is: "Me next! Me next!" You see the application before I make it. As long as I am going on in his sin feels that all is well, and he is coming out at a beautiful port, and has all sail set, he wants no Christ, he wants no help, he wants no rescue; but if, under the flash of God's convicting spirit he shall see that by reason of sin he is dismasted and waterlogged, and going down into the trough of the sea where he can not live, how soon he puts the sea glass to his eyes and sweeps the horizon, and at the first sign of help cries out: "I want to be saved. I want to be saved now. I want to be saved forever." No sense of danger, no application for rescue.

Oh, that God's eternal spirit would flash upon us a sense of our sinfulness! The Bible tells the story in letters of fire, but we get used to it. We joke about sin. We make merry over it. What is sin? Is it a trifling thing? Sin is a vampire that is sucking out the life-blood of your immortal nature. Sin? It is a Bastile that no earthly key ever unlocked. Sin? It is expatriation from God and Heaven. Sin? It is grand larceny against the Almighty, for the Bible asks the question: "Will a man rob God?" answering it in the affirmative. This Gospel is a writ of replevin to recover property unlawfully detained from God. In the Shetland Islands there is a man with leprosy. The hollow of the foot has swollen until it is flat on the ground. The joints begin to fall away. The ankle thickens until it looks like the foot of a wild beast. A stare unnatural comes to the eye. The nostril is constricted. The voice drops to an almost inaudible hoarseness. Tubercles blotch the whole body, and from them there comes an exudation that is unbearable to the beholder. That is leprosy, and we have all got it unless cleansed by the grace of God. See Leviticus. See II. Kings. See Mark. See Luke. See fifty Bible allusions and confirmations.

The Bible is not complimentary in its language. It does not speak mincingly about our sins. It does not talk apologetically. There is no vermilion in its style. It does not cover up our transgressions with blooming metaphor. It does not sing about them in weak falsetto; but it thunders out: "The imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth." "Every one has gone back. He has altogether become filthy. He is abominable and filthy, and drinketh in iniquity like water." And then the Lord Jesus Christ flings down at our feet this humiliating catalogue: "Out of the heart of men proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornication, murders, thefts, blasphemy." There is a text for your rationalists to preach from. Oh, the dignity of human nature! There is an element of your science of man that the anthropologist never has had the courage yet to touch; and the Bible, in all the ins and outs of the most forceful style, sets forth our natural pollution, and represents iniquity as a frightful thing, as an exhausting thing, as a loathsome thing. It is not a mere bemiring of the feet, it is not a mere befouling of the hands; it is going down, head and ears under, in a ditch, until our clothes abhor us.

My brethren, shall we stay down where sin thrusts us? I shall not if you do. We can not afford to. I have to-day to tell you that there is something purer than snow water, something more pungent than alkali, and that is the blood of Jesus Christ that cleanseth from all sin. Aye, the river of salvation, bright, crystaline and Heaven born, rushes through this audience with billowy tide strong enough to wash your sins completely and forever away. Oh, Jesus, let the dam that holds it back new break, and the floods of salvation roll over us.

Let the water and the blood
From Thy side a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Let us get down on both knees and bathe in that flood of mercy. Ay, strike out with both hands and try to swim to the other shore of this river of God's grace. To you is the word of this salvation sent. Take this largess of the Divine bounty. Though you have gone down in the deepest ditch of libidinous desire and corrupt behavior; though you have sworn all blasphemies until there is not one single word left for you to speak; though you have been submerged by the transgressions of a lifetime; though you are so far down in your sin that no earthly help can touch your case, the Lord Jesus Christ bends over you to-day and offers you His right hand, proposing to lift you up, first making you whiter than snow, and then raising you to glories that never die. "Billy," said a Christian bootblack to another, "When we come up to Heaven it won't make any difference that we've been bootblacks here, for we shall get in, not somehow or other, but, Billy, we shall get straight through the gate." Oh, if you only knew how full and free and tender is the offer of Christ this day you would all take Him without one single exception; and if all the doors of this house were locked save one, and you were compeled to make egress by only one door, and I stood there and questioned you, and the Gospel of Christ had made the right impression upon your heart to-day, you would answer me as you went out, one and all: "Jesus is mine, and I am His!" Oh, that this might be the hour when you would receive Him.

It is not a Gospel merely for footpads and vagrants and buccaneers; it is for the highly polished and the educated and the refined as well. "Except a man be born again, he can not see the Kingdom of God." Whatever may be your associations, and whatever your worldly refinements, I must tell you, as before God, I expect to answer in the last day, that if you are not changed by the grace of God you are still down in the ditch of sin, in the ditch of sorrow, in the ditch of condemnation; a ditch that empties into a deeper ditch, the ditch of the lost. But blessed be God for the lifting, cleansing, lustrating power of His Gospel.

The voice of free grace cries: Escape to the mountain;
For all that believe, Christ has opened a fountain.
Hallelujah! to the Lamb who has bought us our pardon;
We'll praise Him again when we pass over Jordan.

PRETTY SACHET CASES.

One Whose Construction Requires But Little Expense and Labor.

One of the prettiest seen this season was of the simplest construction, requiring neither artistic skill with the brush nor any vast amount of labor. First, seven pieces of different colored ribbon, chosen with a view to a pleasant blending or vivid contrast, as desired. Each piece should be seven inches long and two wide, and fringed out at both ends. Then fold in half and sew the edges firmly over and over with fine silk to match each separate ribbon. This makes seven small bags. Take cotton batting, cut to just slip in each bag and come up to the neck of each, where they are to be tied. Fold into each piece of batting whole spices, rose leaves, violet or heliotrope powder; each may have a separate perfume if desired. Gather up the neck of each bag about a third or half an inch below the narrow fringe; gather firmly with a strong thread and fasten securely. Have a ball of gold-tinsel cord and cut seven pieces of unequal length, and each long enough to double; the shortest should be at least a yard long. Fold in the middle and take the two ends and tie around the neck of a bag. This leaves the loop to hang up by. Gather all these loops and fasten on a button ring, and hang over the corner of the dressing-case mirror. A quarter yard difference in the length of each piece of tinsel cord will give a pleasing inequality in the position of each bag. These sachet cases can be made equally pleasing on the same principle out of scraps of brocade, plaid or changeable silks or satins, or even of velvet and plush. It is a mere question of taste in combining colors.

—N. Y. Observer.

M. Carnot, President of the French Republic, is a whist player of whist players. It is the one relaxation he allows himself from the duties of his office, barring an occasional visit to the theater or the opera.

An expedition lately started from Evansville, Ind., to explore Central America. The company is equipped with photographers' and naturalists' supplies, and takes along several newspaper men to write up the country.

We must not be too fastidious about people forsaking their ugliness and correcting their faults before our charity goes out to them.—Bishop Huntington.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—John Wilkes was as remarkable for his ugliness as for being universally a favorite with the fair sex. On being asked the secret of this, he replied that it took him but five minutes to talk away his face.

—It appears that Mr. Gladstone's ancestors were pirates. In 1665 Halbert Gladstone, a merchant in Edinburgh, was a member of the crew or board the George, which sailed from Glasgow to prey on the Dutch merchantmen.

—C. P. Huntington, the railway magnate, does not work on Saturday or Sunday, because of his natural religious feeling. He says he isn't certain whether Saturday or Sunday is the day appointed by divine decree for rest, so he observes both.

—In Buffalo recently John Grabensteller and wife, Germans, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. One feature of the event was a walk to the church where they were married, followed by twelve of their children and one grandchild.

—An old man living in Weldsport, N. Y., wanted to be buried in a barrel when he died, and although he had had the barrel in his house for nineteen long years his wife managed the funeral to suit herself and he went into a fifteen dollar coffin instead of the barrel.

—There is in New York no more tireless theater-goer than Colonel Bob Ingersoll. It is said that he has seen over one hundred performances the last year. He is more fond of comedy and spectacular pieces than of high tragedy, and he laughs consumedly at the funny characters, or scenes, or passages.

—There is a young married lady in Elberton, Ga., who is a snake charmer. She has no fear of these reptiles, and will capture with her hands any snake that she finds in the woods, and has tamed several of them for pets. Once she captured a large snake that seized her hand. This lady did not experience any trouble from its fangs and continued her sport of capturing them. She seems to have a strange power over reptiles, and it is seldom that they offer any resistance.

—Mr. Wolff, the famous violinist, has been for six years musician to the King of the Netherlands. "The King," he says, "has been a good patron to music, and is a most appreciative auditor. I well remember when I was first presented to his Majesty. At that time I had an abnormally dark complexion, and the King saluted me with the words: 'Who is this black crow? What does he want with me?' But after I had played his Majesty thanked me very kindly."

—Helen Chambers, the daughter of the noted Scotch divine, lives in Edinburgh, in one of the lowest sections of the city. Her home consists of a few rooms in an alley. The drunkenness, poverty and suffering of men and women distress her, but she is constantly with the fallen. Every night she goes out into the lanes of the city with her lantern to light her way before her, and she never returns to her quarters without one or more girls or women she has taken from the street. These people love her, and she is never molested or insulted.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Talk about wanting the earth; some men wouldn't be satisfied with an upholstered comet.—Puck.

—"What's the reason you don't start your raft? Are you waiting for more water?" asked a native of the ancient citizen. "Yes, that's what we rafter," said the latter.

—Brown—"I thought you were a vegetarian, but I hear you ea mutton." Robinson—"I am not a bigoted vegetarian. I only eat the meat of such animals as live on vegetable food."—Texas Siftings.

—"O, how stupid you are!" ejaculated Mrs. Foofoo, as her daughter Jennie made some opaque remark. "I don't believe you know the difference between a whale and a fried oyster." "Yes I do," said Jennie, "one's cooked and the other isn't."

—Bessie—"I'm sure Mr. Concord whispered something to Dolly about me last night." Jennie—"I could have told what it was from the movement of his lips, no matter how low he whispered." Bessie—"No you couldn't. You know he always talks through his nose."—Town Topics.

—Mary—"George, I have heard you spoken of frequently as a successful business man." "I am that. Why?" "Well, considering the fact that you have been visiting me for three years. I think you should maintain your reputation and talk business." He maintained his reputation.—Nebraska State Journal.

—Willie (regretfully)—"I'd like just awfully to kiss you, Gracie, but I'spect it wouldn't do. You know your mamma said you mustn't never kiss the boys." Gracie—"Yes, that's what's she said. That is, it's about what she said. I 'member just as well! She says to me, she says: 'Gracie, don't you ever let me see you kissin' the boys.' Mamma, she's gone over to Mrs. Bilby's."—Chicago Tribune.

—A woman called at police headquarters the other day, and reported that her husband was missing. "When did you see him last?" asked an officer. "Yesterday morning. He went up to the third story to get a memorandum out of the inside pocket of my dress, hanging up in the closet, and—" But the officer waited to hear no more. He rushed off to the woman's house, proceeded to the third story, and as he entered a room he heard issue from the closet the exclamation: "Thank Heaven I've found it at last!" The speaker was the missing husband.—N. Y. Ledger.

A Ring 3,500 Years Old.

The Smithsonian Institution at Washington has received a gift of great antiquity from the Chinese Minister. It is a "jade" ring about ten inches in diameter and one-eighth of an inch in thickness, with a hollow center about four inches in diameter. It is of a pale hue. The ring is known as the "Han Pek" jewel of the dynasty of Han, an old-time monarch of 3,500 years ago. Court officials of that day, when an audience was accorded them by the Emperor, held the ring with both hands and thrust their fingers into the opening to guard against moving their hands while addressing the throne, the emphasizing of their remarks by flourishes of the hands presumably being contrary to official etiquette. The ring was used as an emblem of submission or respect for the sovereign. It was recently unearthed from a sepulcher, having been buried with the owner.—N. Y. World.

PROFITABLE CROPS.

How Farming Might be Made More Remunerative Than it Has Been.

It is small, not large, crops that we need more of. My minimum crops have invariably been more profitable, and I have heard many farmers make the same remark. Would it not be well for our farmers to combine to produce less for a few years of all staple crops, thereby thoroughly cleaning up the surplus and getting better returns for our labor than we have received for the last decade? Certainly we have the same right to combine to limit production as have coal or oil companies, millers and manufacturers. Some may say that it is our duty to ourselves and our country to do our best in our chosen calling—but best for whom? If we can do better by producing less and getting more for it, why not do it, as long as other producers are doing the same thing and we have to exchange our products for theirs?

Why should farmers be the only class of producers that can not establish a price for their commodities? When we buy we have to pay the price asked; when we sell we have to take the pittance the purchaser sees fit to offer. Surely, no class of laborers work as many hours for as little pay as the farmer, and it is time our calling is more remunerative. Can this be done by producing more or less? I am of the opinion that General Butler was right when he said that "our trouble is not overproduction, but underconsumption," and the question is, how shall we increase the consumption of farm products? Certainly not by increasing the quantity, but by improving the quality. Every one knows that soggy potatoes, stale eggs, rancid butter, etc., last much longer than good, fresh, No. 1 articles. If all food products were the very best, much more would be consumed, thus making a greater demand and more remunerative prices. Many of our wide-awake farmers can make a part of their productions an actual necessity to one or more families in our large cities at paying prices by supplying these products regularly, fresh, sweet and wholesome. I know this by experience, for my customers often tell me that they prefer to purchase farm products of the producer, especially eggs and butter.

It is laudable for practical farmers to experiment, investigate and produce maximum crops, but it is more profitable to produce the best and get good pay for them.—American Agriculturist.

Materials for Paper Making

In the variety of materials utilized for paper making, the Chinese claim to excel all other nations. The India paper, called by them lehi, is made from hemp, mulberry bark, cotton, bamboo, rice straw, barley straw, and from the interior membrane of silk-worm cocoons; sometimes the whole of the stalks of a year's growth are used. The pulp is mixed, after it has been prepared, with a given proportion of a vegetable gum known as hotong, and the paper is moulded in moulds made of the bamboo filament. Those sheets, of some sixty feet in length, which the Chinese are said to make, are supposed to be fabricated by artfully joining several small sheets at the moment of laying the paper. Being too thin to bear handling or strain, it is mounted on vellum, which serves as a lining to it, and the white borders of which set it off as a frame would do. These sheets are kept in a dry place, far away from any fire heat, and are thus preserved for years.

—N. Y. Sun.

—A famous stone mountain is in DeKalb County, Georgia. It is a huge mass of granite rising almost perpendicularly to the height of 2,220 feet. It is seven miles in circuit. Nickojack Cave extends into the Raccoon Mountains, near the northwestern extremity of the State, for several miles, with a portal 160 feet wide, and 60 feet high, through which flows a stream, up which boats can pass for three miles to a cataract.

When you suffer from dyspepsia, heartburn, malarial affections, kidney disease, liver complaint and other wasting diseases. When you wish to remove all feeling of weakness, weariness, lack of energy, try a bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters, and see how greatly it will benefit you. It surpasses all known remedies as an enricher of the blood, and a perfect regulator of the various bodily functions. Ask your druggist.

The offensive habit of spitting tobacco juice has received recognition as an illegal offense by a grand jury of Philadelphia. That body has found true bills against one John F. Berg for malicious mischief in spitting on the front doorsteps of several houses in the northern part of the city.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.

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

A number of ladies in Boston are leading a crusade against the practice of "docking" horses' tails.

Do not suffer from sick headache a moment longer. It is not necessary. Carter's Little Liver Pills will cure you. Dose, one little pill. Small price. Small dose. Small pill.

Those things which engage us merely by their novelty can not attract us for any length of time.

Freshness and purity are imparted to the complexion by Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

The lover spends more on the engagement ring than he spends on his wife in a year.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, June 1, 1889.		
CATTLE—Native Steers	$3 90 @	4 75
COTTON—Middling	@	11¼
FLOUR—Winter Wheat	2 45 @	5 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	81 @	83¼
CORN—No. 2	40½@	41¾
OATS—Western Mixed	26 @	27½
PORK—Mess (new)	13 25 @	13 50
ST. LOUIS.		
COTTON—Middling	10¾@	10¾
BEEVES—Export Steers	4 00 @	4 75
" Shipping "	3 75 @	4 25
HOGS—Common to Select	4 25 @	4 45
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	3 00 @	4 00
FLOUR—Patents	4 30 @	4 45
XXX to Choice	2 60 @	3 25
WHEAT—No. 2 Red. Winter	76¼@	77¼
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	31½@	31¾
OATS—No. 2	@	23½
RYE—No 2	41 @	41½
TOBACCO—Lugs (Missouri)	5 00 @	2 80
Leaf, Burley	30 @	7 80
HAY—Choice Timothy	10 00 @	11 50
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	12 @	14
EGGS—Fresh	10 @	10¼
PORK—Standard Mess (new)	60 @	12 25
BACON—Clear Rib	@	6¾
LARD—Prime Steam	@	6¾
WOOL—Choice Tub	@	37
CHICAGO.		
CATTLE—Shipping	3 25 @	4 80
HOGS—Good to Choice	4 45 @	4 50
SHEEP—Good to Choice	3 50 @	4 50
FLOUR—Winter	4 00 @	4 75
Patents	4 75 @	5 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	77¼@	78
CORN—No. 2	@	33¾
OATS—No. 2 White	21¾@	21¾
PORK—New Mess	11 75 @	11 80
KANSAS CITY.		
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	3 25 @	3 90
HOGS—Sales	4 10 @	4 30
WHEAT—No. 2	73 @	73¼
OATS—No. 2	19¾@	20
CORN—No. 2	29 @	27¾
NEW ORLEANS.		
FLOUR—High Grade	4 10 @	4 90
CORN—White	46 @	49
OATS—Choice Western	33 @	33½
HAY—Choice	19 00 @	20 00
PORK—New Mess	@	12 75
BACON—Clear Rib	7 @	7⅛
COTTON—Middling	@	10¾
LOUISVILLE.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	81 @	82
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	31 @	32½
OATS—No. 2 Mixed	23 @	24
PORK—Mess	12 25 @	12 75
BACON—Clear Rib	7¼@	7¾
COTTON—Middling	@	10¾

Contagious Blood Diseases.

Ulcers, sores, pimples, itch, salt rheum, etc., are evidences of contagious blood disease. It is manifestly a duty to eradicate blood poison from the system by a use of B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm), thus enabling the sore places to heal, and thereby removing all possibility of other members of the family becoming likewise afflicted. Send to Blood Balm Co., Atlanta., Ga., for book that will convince.

J. H. Outlaw, Mt. Olive, N. C., writes: "I had running sores on my shoulders and arms. One bottle B. B. B. cured me entirely."

L. Johnson, Belmont Station, Miss., writes: "B. B. B. has worked on me like a charm. My head and body was covered with sores, and my hair came out, but B. B. B. healed me quickly."

W. J. Kimin, Hutchens, Texas, writes: "B. B. B. has cured my wife of a large ulcer on her leg that doctors and all other medicine could not cure."

M. J. Rossman, a prominent merchant of Greensboro, Ga., writes: "I know of several cases of blood disease speedily cured by B. B. B. Two bottles cured a lady of ugly scrofulous skin sores."

W. C. Birchmore & Co., Maxey, Ga., write: "B. B. B. is curing Mr. Robert Ward of blood poison effected one of most wonderful cures that ever came to our knowledge."

The leading New York hotel-keepers have combined to set up a printing office which is to furnish the printing and stationery needed for the hotels of that and other cities.

Happy Homes.

Here's a health to the wives and the mothers
Who sit in our households to-day;
Who are glad when they brighten for