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SPRINGTIME OF LIFE.

A Sermon on the Scenes of Youth by Dr. Talmage.

A Man's True Character Will Come Out Beside the Fireside—Home Should Be the Brightest Place on Earth.

(Washington, Copyright, 1899.)

Many tender recollections are stirred by Dr. Talmage's discourse, and scenes of boyhood and girlhood days will be lived over again; text, I Timothy, v. 4: "Let them learn first to show piety at home."

During the summer months the tendency is to the fields, to visitation, to foreign travel and the watering places, and the ocean steamers are thronged, but in the winter it is rather to gather in domestic circles, and during these months we spend many of the hours within doors, and the apostle comes to us and says that we ought to exercise Christian behavior amid all such circumstances. "Let them learn first to show piety at home."

There are a great many people longing for some grand sphere in which to serve God. They admire Luther at the diet of Worms and only wish they had some such great opportunity in which to display their Christian prowess. They admire Paul making Felix tremble, and they only wish that they had some such grand occasion in which to preach righteousness, temperance and judgment to come. All they want is an opportunity to exhibit their Christian heroism. Now, the apostle practically says: "I will show you a place where you can exhibit all that is grand and beautiful and glorious in Christian character, and that is the domestic circle. Let them learn first to show piety at home." If one is not faithful in an insignificant sphere, he will not be faithful in a resounding sphere. If Peter will not help the cripple at the gate of the temple, he will never be able to preach 3,000 into the kingdom at the Pentecost. If Paul will not take pains to instruct in the way of salvation the jailer of the Philippian dungeon, he will never make Felix tremble. He who is not faithful in a skirmish would not be faithful in an Armageddon. The fact is, we are all placed in just the position in which we can most grandly serve God, and we ought not to be chiefly thoughtful about some sphere of usefulness which we may after awhile gain, but the all-absorbing question with you and with me ought to be: "Lord, what wilt thou have me now and here to do?"

There is one word in St. Paul's adjuration around which the most of our thoughts will revolve. That word is "home." Ask ten different men the meaning of that word, and they will give you ten different definitions. To one it means love at the hearth, plenty at the table, industry at the workstand, intelligence at the books, devotion at the altar. In that household discord never sounds its warwhoop and deception never tricks with its false face. To him it means a greeting at the door and a smile at the chair, peace hovering like wings, joy clapping its hands with laughter. Life is a tranquil lake. Pillowed on the ripples sleep the shadows. Ask another man what home is, and he will tell you it is want looking out of a cheerless fire grate, kneading hunger in an empty bread tray. The damp air shivering with curses. No Bible on the shelf. Children robbers and murderers in embryo. Obscene songs their lullaby. Every face a picture of ruin. Want in the background and sin staring from the front. No Sabbath wave rolling over that doorsill. Vestibule of the pit. Shadow of infernal walls. Furnace for forging everlasting chains. Fagots for an unending funeral pile. Awful word. It is spelled with curses, it weeps with ruin, it chokes with woe, it swears with the death agony of despair. The word "home" in the one case means everything bright. The word "home" in the other case means everything terrific.

I shall speak now of home as a test of character, home as a refuge, home as a political safeguard, home as a school and home as a type of Heaven. And in the first place home is a powerful test of character. The disposition in public may be in gay costume, while in private it is dishabille. As play actors may appear in one way on the stage and may appear in another way behind the scenes, so private character may be different from public character. Private character is often public character turned wrong side out. A man may receive you into his parlor as though he were a distillation of smiles, and yet his heart may be a swamp of nettles. There are business men who all day long are mild and courteous and genial and good natured in commercial life, damming back their irritability and their petulance and their discontent, but at nightfall the dam breaks and scolding pours forth in floods and freshets.

Reputation is only the shadow of character, and a very small house sometimes will cast a very large shadow. The lips may seem to drop with myrrh and cassia and the disposition to be as bright and warm as a sheath of sunbeams, and yet they may only be a magnificent show window for a wretched stock of goods. There is many a man who is affable in public life and amid commercial spheres who in a cowardly way takes his anger and his petulance home and drops them in the domestic circle. The reason men do not display their bad temper in public is because they do not want to be knocked down. There are men who hide their petulance and their irritability just for the same reason that they do not let their notes go to protest—it does not pay—or for the same reason that they do not want a man in their stock company to sell his stock below par lest it depreciate the value.

As at sunset sometimes the wind rises, so after a sunshiny day there may be a tempestuous night. There are people who in public act the philanthropist who at home act the Nero with respect to their slippers and their gown. Audubon, the great ornithologist, with gun and pencil went through the forests of America to bring down and to sketch the beautiful birds, and after years of toil and exposure completed his manuscript and put it in a trunk in Philadelphia and went off for a few days' recreation and rest, and came back and found that the rats had utterly destroyed the manuscript, but without any discomposure and without any fret or bad temper he again picked up his gun and his pencil and visited all the great forests of America and reproduced his immortal work. And yet there are people with the ten-thousandth part of that loss who are utterly irreconcilable, who at the loss of a pencil or an article of raiment will blow as long and loud and sharp as a northeast storm. Now, that man who is affable in public and who is irritable in private is making a fraudulent and overissue of stock, and he is as bad as a bank that might have $400,000 or $500,000 of bills in circulation with no specie in the vault. Let us learn to show pity at home. If we have it not there, we have it not anywhere. If we have not genuine grace in the family circle, all our outward and public plausibility merely springs from the fear of the world or from the slimy, putrid pool of our own selfishness. I tell you the home is a mighty test of character. What you are at home you are everywhere, whether you demonstrate it or not.

Again, home is a refuge. Life in the United States army on the national road to Mexico—a long march, with ever and anon a skirmish and a battle. At eventide we pitch our tent and stack the arms; we hang up the war cap, and, our head on the knapsack, we sleep until the morning bugle calls us to march to the action. How pleasant it is to rehearse the victories and the surprises and the attacks of the day, seated by the still campfire of the home circle! Yea, life is a stormy sea. With shivered masts and torn sails and hulk aleak, we put in at the harbor of home. Blessed harbor! There we go for repairs in drydock. The candle in the window is to the toiling man the lighthouse guiding him into port. Children go forth to meet their fathers as pilots at the Narrows take the hand of ships. The doorsill of the home is the wharf where heavy life is unladen. There is the place where we may talk of what we have done without being charged with self adulation. There is the place where we may lounge without being thought ungraceful. There is the place where we may express affection without being thought silly. There is the place where we may forget our annoyances and exasperations and troubles. Forlorn earth pilgrim, no home? Then die. That is better. The grave is brighter and grander and more glorious than this world with no tent from marching, with no harbor from the storm, with no place of rest from this scene of greed and gouge and loss and gain. God pity the man or the woman who has no home!

Further, home is a political safeguard. The safety of the state must be built on the safety of the home. Why cannot France come to a placid republic? MacMahon appoints his ministry, and all France is aquake lest the republic be smothered. Gambetta dies, and there are hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen who are fearing the return of a monarchy. The Dreyfus case is at this moment a slumbering earthquake under Paris. France, as a nation, has not the right kind of a Christian home. The Christian hearthstone is the only hearthstone for a republic. The virtues cultured in the family circle are an absolute necessity for the state. If there be not enough moral principle to make the family adhere, there will not be enough political principle to make the state adhere. No home means the Goths and Vandals, means the Nomads of Asia, means the Numidians of Africa, changing from place to place according as the pasture happens to change. Confounded be all those babels of iniquity which would overpower and destroy the home! The same storm that upsets the ship in which the family sail will sink the frigate of the constitution. Jails and penitentiaries and armies and navies are not our best defenses. The door of the home is the best fortress. Household utensils are our best artillery, and the chimneys of our dwelling houses are the grandest monuments to safety and triumph. No home, no republic!

Further, home is a school. Old ground must be turned up with subsoil plow, and it must be harrowed and reharrowed, and then the crop will not be as large as that of the new ground with less culture. Now, youth and childhood are new ground, and all the influences thrown over their heart and life will come up in after life luxuriantly. Every time you have given a smile of approbation all the good cheer of your life will come up again in the geniality of your children. And every ebullition of anger and every uncontrollable display of indignation will be fuel to their disposition 20 or 30 or 40 years from now—fuel for a bad fire a quarter of a century from this. You praise the intelligence of your child too much sometimes when you think he is not aware of it, and you will see the result of it before ten years of age in his annoying affectations. You praise his beauty, supposing he is not large enough to understand what you say, and you will find him standing on a high chair before a flattering mirror. Words and deeds and examples are the seed of character, and children are very apt to be the second edition of their parents. Abraham begat Isaac, so virtue is apt to go down in the ancestral line, but Herod begat Agchelaus, so iniquity is transmitted.

Oh, make your home the brightest place on earth if you would chain your children to the high path of virtue and rectitude and religion! Do not always turn the blinds the wrong way. Let the light, which puts gold on the gentian and spots the pansy, pour into your dwellings. Do not expect the little feet to keep step to a dead march. Do not cover up your walls with such pictures as West's "Death on a Pale Horse" or Tintoretto's "Massacre of the Innocents." Rather cover them if you have pictures with "The Hawking Party," and "The Mill by the Mountain Stream," and "The Fox Hunt," and the "Children Amid Flowers," and the "Harvest Scene," and "The Saturday Night Marketing." Get you no hint of cheerfulness from grasshopper's leap and lamb's frisk and quail's whistle and garrulous streamlet, which from the rock at the mountain top clear down to the meadow ferns under the shadow of the steep comes looking to see where it can find the steepest place to leap off at and talking just to hear itself talk? If all the skies hurtled with tempest and everlasting storm, wandered over the sea, and every mountain stream were raving mad, frothing at the mouth with mud foam, and there was nothing but simooms blowing among the hills and there were neither lark's carol nor humming bird's trill, nor waterfall's dash, but only bear's bark and panther's scream and wolf's howl, then you might well gather into your homes only the shadows. But when God has strewn the earth and the heavens with beauty and with gladness, let us take into our home circles all innocent hilarity, all brightness and all good cheer. A dark home makes bad boys and bad girls in preparation for bad men and bad women.

Above all, my friends, take into your homes Christian principle. Can it be that in any of the comfortable homes whose inmates I confront the voice of prayer is never lifted? What! No supplication at night for protection? What! No thanks giving in the morning for care? How, my brother, my sister, will you answer God in the day of judgment with reference to your children? It is a plain question, and therefore I ask it. In the tenth chapter of Jeremiah God says He will pour out His fury upon the families that call not upon His name. Oh, parents, when you are dead and gone, and the moss is covering the inscription of the tombstone, will your children look back and think of father and mother at family prayer? Will they take the old family Bible and open it and see the mark of tears of contrition and tears of consoling promise wept by eyes long before gone out into darkness? Oh, if you do not inculcate Christian principle in the hearts of your children, and you do not warn them against evil, and you do not invite them to holiness and to God, and they wander off into dissipation and into infidelity and at last make shipwreck of their immoral soul, on their deathbed and in the day of judgment they will curse you!

Seated by the register or the stove, what if, on the wall, should come out the history of your children? What a history—the mortal and immortal life of your loved ones! Every parent is writing the history of his child. He is writing it, composing it into song, or pointing it with a groan.

My mind runs back to one of the best of early homes. Prayer like a roof over it. Peace like an atmosphere in it. Parents personifications of faith in trial and comfort in darkness. The two pillars of that earthly home long crumbled to dust. But shall I ever forget that early home? Yes, when the flower forgets the sun that warmed it. Yes, when the mariner forgets the star that guided him. Yes, when love has gone out on the heart's altar, and memory has emptied its urn into forgetfulness. Then, the home of my childhood, I will forget thee! The family altar of a father's importunity and a mother's tenderness, the voices of affection, the funeral of our dead, the father and mother with interlocked arms like intertwining branches of trees making a perpetual arbor of love and peace and kindness—then I will forget thee—then, and only then! You know, my brother, that a hundred times you have been kept out of sin by the memory of such a scene as I have been describing. You have often had raging temptations, but you know what has held you with supernatural grasp. I tell you a man who has had such a good home as that never gets over it, and a man who has had a bad early home never gets over it.

Again, home is a type of Heaven. At our best estate we are only pilgrims and strangers here. "Heaven is our home." Death will never knock at the door of that mansion, and in all that country there is not a single grave. How glad parents are in the holidays to gather their children home again! But I have noticed there is almost always a son or a daughter absent—absent from home, perhaps absent from the country, perhaps absent from the world. Oh, how glad our Heavenly Father will be when He gets all His children home with Him in Heaven! And how delightful it will be for brothers and sisters to meet after long separation! Once they parted at the door of the tomb. Now they meet at the door of immortality. Once they saw only "through a glass darkly." Now it is face to face, corruption, incorruption, mortality, immortality. Where are now all their sins and sorrows and troubles? Overwhelmed in the Red sea of death, while they pass through dry shod. Gates of pearl, capstones of amethyst, thrones of dominion do not stir my soul so much as the thought of home. Once there, let earthly sorrows howl like storms and roll like seas. Home! Let thrones rot and empires wither. Home! Let the world die in earthquake struggle and be buried amid procession of planets and dirge of spheres. Home! Let everlasting ages roll in irresistible sweep Home! No sorrow. No crying. No tears. No death. But home, sweet home, beautiful home, everlasting home, home with each other, home with angels, home with God!

FARMER AND PLANTER.

FUTURE OF COTTON GROWING.

Present and Prospective Low Price of Cotton Turning the Attention of the Planters to Better Methods.

The present low price of cotton and the absence of any immediate prospect of its rising materially higher in the near future must naturally be a source of great discouragement to the farmer in the cotton belt. We are constantly receiving letters from farmers all over the south, requesting information about this and that crop which they propose to put in the place of cotton, as there is no longer any profit in growing the staple. They seem ready to undertake the culture of almost any other crop about which they know nothing, and to abandon the one with which they are familiar. My invariable answer to these enquirers is that they do not need any crop" in that they do not need any crop "in the the place of cotton," for cotton has always had too big a place in the south. What they do need is to relegate the cotton to its proper place as a special money crop, and then to so conduct their farming as to grow the cotton at a lower cost.

It is doubtless true that cotton can not continue to be grown according to the plan common in most places in the south with any profit at present prices, and also true that under the most favorable conditions the profit in the crop is not what it has been. The crop will no longer carry a man without capital who depends on the merchant to furnish him supplies, and then grows half a bale or less per acre. The day is past for this kind of cotton growing, and for the future the crop must be grown on a cash basis by men who are going to farm in a more systematic manner, and are going to grow cotton solely as a money crop after making their expenses out of other crops, and feeding stock to help the fertility of the land.

In any cropping it is not always the biggest crops that pay the best, but the crops that are grown at the least cost. The farmer who is carried by the merchant grows cotton at a fearful cost, when one considers the interest he has to pay for the accommodation, and it is not to be wondered at that this class of growers can not, at present prices, make both ends meet. But there are here and there men who are farming with cotton and making some margin, even at present rates. One grower in this state claims that during the past season he has grown his cotton at a cost of 2.97 cents per pound, and he gives the exact figures that made up the cost. But he did even better than a bale an acre, and it is very evident that the only way to grow cotton in the future will be to grow more bales on fewer acres, and to so arrange the farming as to constantly build up the soil for greater and greater production by a judicious use of the modern methods of crop rotation, the introduction of recuperative crop, the carrying of stock, and the proper and liberal use of fertilizers in the proper place.

The cotton farmers of the south have for many years been content to buy their fertilizers on the patent medicine plan, without stopping to inquire whether the particular brand used was the best adapted to their crop or their land, or whether they could not get the same or better results in a cheaper way. On the worn lands of the cotton belt, where clean culture year after year had depleted the soil, the use of commercial fertilizeres is of importance. But there is not the slightest doubt that the southern farmers have thrown away millions of dollars that they might have saved had they farmed their lands in a different manner, and used freely the right form of fertilizers (which they could have gotten for less money than what they have been using).

The proper kind of fertilizers and the proper place for the fertilizer in the rotation are both important matters, and the man who proposes to grow cotton in the future must stop the patent medicine plan of advertising and find out what his land needs, and then apply that in a liberal manner. Some experiments lately made at the Virginia station with the fertilization of the wheat crop are suggestive for the fertilization of the cotton crop, notwithstanding the difference in the two crops. These experiments showed that though a complete fertilizer containing the usual percentages of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash gave the largest crop, the most profitable crop was where phosphoric acid and potash were applied without nitrogen, for the extra crop where nitrogen was applied did not pay the extra cost of the nitrogen.

Now, as it was evident that a complete fertilizer gave the largest yield, it behooves the farmer to inquire whether the nitrogen can not be had at a cost that might repay its use. And it is right there that the cotton farmer can get the nitrogen needed without buying it; for he can get it not only without cost but even at a profit through the use of cow peas the season previous to the planting of the cotton. This crop absorbs nitrogen from the air, and leaves it in the soil, and this, in combination with phosphoric acid and potash, makes a complete plant food. These ingredients are almost universally lacking in the soils of the cotton belt, and are of course very necessary. It is essential that there be the right proportion of all of them, so that each may have its due effect. Of course the peas will give you fairly good results without the application of phosphoric acid and potash, but the increase in the pea crop alone may not entirely remunerate you. However, the increased crop of hay from the application of fertilizers and the increased amount of nitrogen fixing in the soil by the peas will far more than repay the outlay without taking into account the benefit which accrues to the cotton crop that follows.

If the peas are sown broadcast after a crop of oats or wheat the summer previous to the cotton planting, and a good dressing of a mixture of 1,600 pounds acid phosphate and 400 pounds of muriate of potash (or a ton) to the acre, is applied to the land and well harrowed in before sowing the peas, say about 400 pounds, the pea crop will be largely increased and the fertilizer will be unexhausted, and with the accumulated nitrogen will be where it can do the most for the cotton crop. For if, during the late summer, you will note any wash that may take place in the cotton field, you will see that the whole soil is full or roots, and that the mere applying of a little driblet of fertilizer right under the cotton is not doing what we should for the crop. But in the method proposed we have the fertilizer all over the ground and the accumulated nitrogen also, and then if to supplement this we place in a deep furrow between the cotton rows the seed of last year's crop the roots will find them just at the time when they can make the best use of them. The peas will have given you a mess of feed that you can use profitably in feeding stock and making manure for the corn crop to follow the cotton.

Now we will sow crimson clover seed all through the cotton while the land is fresh from the last working, and get a growth that will protect the soil in winter, and with the home made accumulation of manure will give a corn crop and carry through the winter oats crop that follows. Then again we come in with the application of acid phosphate and potash, and our land will be continually on the up grade, growing more and more of every crop in the rotation, and the cotton will be grown at a smaller cost every year, because the crop will increase annually.

To what extent the application of the mineral plant foods to the peas may be increased profitably we are not now prepared to say, but we would not fear to use in that place 500 pounds per acre, and expect it to pay better than an application of a complete fertilizer to the cotton crop itself.—W. F. Massey, N. C. Experiment Station.

Tobacco as a Money Crop.

The farmers in the highlands of Dickson county, Tenn., have never raised cotton, but plant tobacco as the money crop, and it usually yields from $50 to $75 per acre net, which is doing very well when we take into consideration that all the grain and meats used upon the farmers' table are produced at home, besides the fruits and vegetables. More tobacco is being planted in this section every year, and the farmers becoming more and more independent thereby. This is the season when the tobacco is stripped and marketed. It is usually prepared for market in wet weather when it is too disagreeable to work out of doors, and in this respect the tobacco raiser has the advantage because he is kept busy all the time. Idleness will ruin the farmer as well as his machines, and tobacco culture is a good cure for the disease...C. E. Roberts, in Epitomist.

The Difference.

The difference between a hen that will lay eight dozen eggs per year, at 25 cents per dozen, and the one that will lay 12 dozen at the same price is one dollar. This is the difference between the scrub and the thoroughbred, and as the percentage of thoroughbreds owned by American farmers is very small the amount lost is appalling.—Michigan Poultry Breeder.

HERE AND THERE.

—Put out some roots for the stock next winter, and do it in time. They will furnish a relish which pays as food better than even the corn or the hay.

—Although there is much in favor of other rations, oats is about the best thing we can give to calves. Mixed with corn meal, it is a great producer for cows.

—It is said that within a radius of three miles of the town of Nursery, ten miles north of Victoria, Tex., there is an assured acreage for next season of over 350 acres in melons and vegetables.

—Suiting the crop to the land, rather than suiting the land to the crop, is the easiest method of agriculture, but it is not always the most profitable. The owner is not then the master of the situation.

—For profit an old cow should be killed as soon as her milk ceases to pay for her keeping, without wasting any more food upon her, even if the hide must be sold and the carcass cast upon the compost heap.

—Scanty summer pasturage and a diet of hay through the winter will keep the hide and the body of the cow together and cause her to yield as much as a goat, but she will not be profitable in this climate.

—With the exception of three or four elements of fertility, all ordinary soils are practically inexhaustible. With proper tillage land will wear a thousand years in general make up, save sandy knolls, perhaps.

—Harowing should be done so as to make the soil fine as deep down as it is plowed. The cross roots require a well fined and compacted soil to do their best, as they go down to a greater depth than plowing is ever done.

—Harrowing wheat in the spring has been tested in many places, and the published accounts say with good results, the yield being increased from four to five bushels per acre. For this purpose a smoothing harrow with numerous back-slanting teeth must be used.

BECOMING COLORS.

The Woman Who Has Green in Her Complexion Should Wear Green.

A woman who has a reputation for never wearing anything unbecoming was giving advice a few days ago to a party of young girls whose big velvet toques were adorned by knots and aigrettes of every color ever evolved by ingenious mixtures of dyes.

"If I were to tell Esther that the reason green is becoming to her is that her complexion has a greenish tint, she would never speak to me again," said the color expert. "But it is a fact, and none of you can say that Esther is not a pretty girl. Green tints are not at all uncommon in flesh tints, and one does not have to be bilious or envious in order to have them. They call for very pretty shades. Now, Esther, for instance, should choose soft rose, warm violet and heliotrope, yellow that is creamy enough to blend toward green and those shimmering silks and velvets that glint with green and warmer tints. Of course, she would have to be careful that the suggestion of warmth be not too rosy, or it would clash with her lips and cheeks, which have a flush of their own. If your complexion has tints of blue, wear blue. A bunch of forget-me-nots, violets, velvety blue pansies, bluish white lace, anything that has a touch of blue in it or a thought of yellow. You can also wear, with success, many of the so-called violet and tulip shades where blue predominates in the admixture of colors.

"Should you be blessed with a skin that is pink and white, try everything that is beautiful, but don't become reckless and put on a harsh red or gorgeous purple, unless you want to kill the blush of your cheeks. Don't wear dull reds if the tints of your complexion are inclined to yellow. Wear reds that are bright and in which there is a dash of yellow, not purple. Wear golden-headed daisies, buttercups or soft-toned yellow orchids, even forget-me-nots with their tiny yellow centers. If your complexion is extremely rosy or florid there are any number of purples or lavenders to choose from, and the effect will be to add white to the too ruddy skin. Whatever you are, blonde or brunette, if the coloring of your hair, eyes and complexion is as nature made them, or if your 'make-up' has been done with an artist's eye for the relation of color, your clothes can be selected so as to harmonize with the tints of your complexion and then you may rest assured they will be artistically becoming."—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

Some Valuable Suggestions for the Housewife — How to Make Turkish Coffee.

There is nothing so developing as hard knocks to the character which has strength enough to stand up under them. Suffering is wonderfully developing. That is something of a trite remark, but it is so true that it is unfortunate people cannot realize it while they are having their hard experiences, and so get the best they can out of them and a little comfort at the same time. "I realize," said a woman whose life has been one of many vicissitudes, reviewing her past struggles the other day, "that, after all, experience is the best thing life can offer us; better hard experiences than the satiety of monotonous welfare."

A woman of good taste, whose children in the nursery always are pretty and picturesque, dresses them in little Russian blouses of checked gingham. These little garments are practically aprons, which are loose and comfortable and protect the clothes beneath. They are simply made, there is very little more work in one than in an apron, and yet, where the apron is an ugly, utilitarian affair, the blouse is distinctly attractive.

A good housekeeper, who clings to the spicy and historic mince pie, has a way of putting up her mincemeat which is very satisfactory and convenient. She cans it as she would a preserve. She has jars which hold just enough mincemeat for one pie. She can make one pie or a dozen, but whatever number she makes she leaves the remainder of her mincemeat undisturbed, and none of it ever by any chance molds or spoils.

Whether it is going back to first principles or advancing scientifically, there is always something new to learn about cooking. In regard to Turkish coffee, it is probably going back to first principles. Whatever it is, the man who wears a red fez and sells pure Turkish coffee—Mocha, which he declares comes straight from Mocha, and is blackened more than ordinary coffee is for use—says that all the coffee kept on hand should be pulverized ready for use, and in that condition will preserve its strength. If it is kept in the bean the changes of the weather will affect it and the coffee is spoiled. So he says it must be kept in wood or glass, not in tin. In that he will agree with the good American housewife. But why the coffee should be ground to preserve its flavor and strength is difficult for the housekeeper educated up to date to understand.—N. Y. Times.

To Mend Shell Combs.

As tortoise shell combs are always prone to break easily, many may find this hint a useful one. First slope the margins of the broken pieces for the distance of about a quarter of an inch from the edge; then overlap these margins and when thus arranged clamp them together with a strong letter clip, and immerse the comb in boiling water for some time. As the horn softens it unites. After it is thoroughly dry, the place where the break had been will be almost invisible.—Boston Globe.

Wild Rush of Diamond Miners.

A wild rush of excited miners is reported at Nullagine, Western Australia, where diamonds have been discovered in large quantities, and it is feared that many will lose their lives in the mad struggle for riches. In this country the rush for gain is causing many other men to break down in health and strength. Nervousness, sleeplessness, loss of flesh and appetite and general debility are the common symptoms. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will cure them all.

Stop Coughing

Every cough makes your throat more raw and irritable. Every cough congests the lining membrane of your lungs. Cease tearing your throat and lungs in this way. Put the parts at rest and give them a chance to heal. You will need some help to do this, and you will find it in

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

From the first dose the quiet and rest begin: the tickling in the throat ceases; the spasm weakens; the cough disappears. Do not wait for pneumonia and consumption but cut short your cold without delay.

Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster should be over the lungs of every person troubled with a cough.

Write to the Doctor.

Unusual opportunities and long experience eminently qualify us for giving you medical advice. Write freely all the particulars in your case. Tell us what your experience has been with our Cherry Pectoral. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.

Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

SUCH IS FAME.

A Small Schoolgirl Gets the Hero of Manila Into a Bad Mix Up.

One of the most popular of the young professors in the male high school tells an amusing little story on a small, up-to-date schoolgirl. She went to one of these district schools over which a cousin of the professor presides. It is usual to have visitors at the building now and then, who ask the scholars questions and see that everything is in good shape. One day not so long since a party of callers came in and requested the pupils to write the answers to several questions propounded them. One of these questions was: "Tell what you know about Admiral Dewey's great fight."

The children set to work figuring on their answers, but the teacher noticed one of the girls did not make a move to do so.

"Why don't you write your answer to the question?" she demanded of the idle pupil.

"'Taint no use," was the slow response. "I don't know nothing about it."

"But," remonstrated the teacher, "you must try, anyhow; you must not sit there idle while the others are doing the best they can. See if you cannot think of something, my dear."

"No use," protested the pupil. "All I know is that Dewey and Corbett fought, and I don't know which whipped, and I don't care either."

Such is fame, and the bold sailor who sunk Montojo's fleet must go promenading down the halls of time with a pompadoured ex-slugger for a partner.—Louisville Times.

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