IN THE SHADOW, Frear is the night with its wavering light, And the moon is under a cloud, Each planet afar the wraith of a star Gleams pale in its mist-woven shroud,

Lovel So wan in its chilling, white shroud! Weary the feet on the desolate street That bear my burden and me; My comrades are gone, and I am alone, To think of heaven and thee, Love,

To dream of heaven and thee! Hungering I in my loneliness sigh For thee and all that thou art, For the levelight that lies in thy glorious

To cheer my famishing heart, Love, To cheer my desolate heart!

Vain the desire! Hope's bright beacon fire Burns dimly in life's autumn rain, While I walk these lone ways and long for the days

That will dawn for me never again, The days that will dawn not again! M. M. Folsom, in Atlanta Constitution

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A certain class-Know-It-Alls. A good suggestion — "Let's go to church."—Mail and Express. . Might not misfits be prevented if the proper measures were taken?

A preferred creditor-One who never presents his bill .- Texas Siftings. The ills of life are often easier to bear than the stock market .- Texas Siftings. "I'm not tall," said the saving little man, "but I'm never short."-Boston

It is easier to live within your income than to live without one. - Boston Courier.

"Why does Mr. Lank go so often to fish?" "He expects to gain flesh."-Boston Courier. Whoever is head of the ship state, the

farmer fairly represents the tiller .-Philadelphia Times. To the mind of the anti-monopolist

-Detroit Free Press. "Now, just let me give you a pointer." "Thanks, no. I've no use for a dog."-New York Herald.

A very large percentage of people out-live their usefulness at an early age.— Seattle (Washington) Journal. Money is a neuter thing, A fact which nature balks.

York Sun. "How much does that fellow owe you?" "A cool thousand." "Ah! Cool but not collected, eh?"-Bingham-

ton Leader. "I can't go to jail," said a funny vagrant. "I have no time." "The Court provides that," said the Judge. "I give

you ten days." Proof that a man is really near-sighted: When he finds it necessary to look

" Mrs. Ma writer, of course."-Harper's Bazar.

Waiter (very gravely)—"I hope, sir, you'll remember the waiter." Customer (coolly)-"I have a locket. Give me a lock of your hair."-L'Intransigeant. Pupil—"Why does the avoirdupois system have no scruples?" Prof. Rodder—"Because, my boy, it's used to weigh coal and ice."—Harper's Bazar.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Catching fish or cutting balt.
—Washington Star.

Mr. Toodles asked his wife at the sea side. "Why, certainly, Timothy. What is it, an auction or a sheriff's?"-Philadelphia Times.

Gazzam - "I see that the German Government thinks of making North-Alsace-Lorraine an independent duchy."
Maddox—"Of course if it were Duchy it wouldn't be so Frenchy."-Harper'

Now let the women do our work,
And let us cook the hash,
For now they wear our laundried shirt,
And we—we wear their sash.
Ashland (Wis.) Press.

Mr. Fogg, having had the misfortune to fall into the fountain basin of the hotel at a watering place, finds on his next week's bill the following entry:
"To one cold bath, \$1."—Flugenda

"A half-ticket for this boy, please."
"How a half-ticket? Isn't he twelve years old?" "Oh, no, only eleven." "Oh, then you want a whole ticket, for only children under ten go for half."-Fliegende Blaetter.

He attained the proud title of Mr.
And she pledged to be more than a sr.
So they stood at the altar,
And ne'r did he falter
When he bento'er and solemnly kr.
—Buffalo Express.

"Here's a first-class marking ink!" (Writes on a piece of linen: "Indelible Ink.") "And here, ladies and gentlemen, I've got a splendid preparation for washing out stains." (Proceeds forthwith to wash out the above words) .-

Fliegende Blaetter. "Yes," said the camper on Lake Washington, 'we use these ferus for fuel to a great extent; they burn almost like tinder, It is my opinion that everything in this country is full of pitch." "Including the hills," replied the stranger.—Seattle (Washington) Journal.

"Have you boarded long at this house?" inquired the new boarder of the dejected man sitting next to him.
"About ten years." "I don't see how
you can stand it. Why haven't you left long ago?" "No other place to go," said the other dismally. "The landlady's my wife."-Chicago Tribune.

The Island of Heligoland. Shaped like an inverted flat-iron-the broad end toward us-its sheer red walls are crowned with tender green. At its base a white line of narrow, sandy beach widens at the point nearest us to a considerable area, which is called the "Un-terland, and is crowded with white houses, whose red-tiled roofs are the color of the cliffs behind them. Here is the only landing-place. Another village, sociably huddled around the church and lighthouse, looks down from the "Overland," and can only be reached by a flight of stairs called the "Treppe," or by a "lift" of ample proportions. Half a mile to the eastward lies the Dune, a sister islet, upon which one sees a cluster of houses, a pavilion and a little orchard of green bathing-machines, such as are used at English watering-places .-

The income derived by French people who rear fowls, according to official returns, is 337,100,000 francs, of which 153,500,000 francs represent the value of the flesh and 183,600,000 francs that THE FARM AND GARDEN.

CHOKED CATTLE.

It is dangerous to try to force or push the obstruction down. Animals have been killed by this process. Some dairymen keep a limber stick with a knob on the end to punch the obstruction down, but this method is also a dangerous one.

A better method is to draw the animal's head, while in a stanchion, up with a stout rope, and fasten to the top; then, having previously melted one-half pint of lard, place it in a bottle while warm, pour it down the cow's throat; she will truggle, and the more violent the better, as the melted grease will make the throat slippery, and then you can easily work the obstruction up with the hand.

ometimes they will cough it up. COCKED FOOD FOR POULTRY.

Having heard much said about the efcacy of cooked food in producing eggs have tried it, writes a New Jersey farner, with, I think, considerable success. I boil potato parings and other stuff from the kitchen and thicken it with wheat bran. I commonly give it to the hens cold, though many say feed warm food, but I have not discovered that to make any difference. I am quite certain that feeding much corn is bad for laying hens -it will make fat but not eggs. For quite a while I gave my hens no grain at all, but always some wheat bran with their boiled food, and this was the time when I got the most eggs .- New York

TAR-WATER FOR CABBAGE WORMS. According to no less an authority than Mr. A. S. Fuller, tar-water is an effective kill-cure for the cabbage worm. It is stated that Mr. Fuller's early cabbages were being rapidly destroyed by these worms, but "one sprinkling with tar-water, applied with a watering-pot, de-stroyed every worm and egg." The tarwater is prepared by placing a quart or two of coal-tar in a tub or barrel, and filling up with water. In about fortyeight hours the water will smell strongly of tar, when it may be applied to the plants with a syringe or common watering-pot. If tar-water destroys the eggs, there is no such thing as a perfect trust. as affirmed, and does not injure the growth nor the quality of the cabbage, frequent seasonable applications of it, thus destroying the eggs, would seem to be all that is required as a complete and practical cabbage-worm remedy.—New York Witness.

LIVING FROM A GARDEN.

It is no exaggeration to say that a good It is no exaggeration to say that a good garden well cared for will furnish a large family with much of the food they eat and nearly everything except bread, meat an amateur photograph."—New cut off the supplies. If the garden be what it should be it will give far more than half of the money value of what is consumed from the farmer's table. It is by making most of the advantages that armers possess that they can stem the prevailing tide from country to the city. It ought to be stemmed; but what advantage can the city resident see, if when he visits his farmer friends he finds some of the family posted off in haste to the city to get vegetables, often canned, which a little care and labor on the at an elephant through a magnifying farmer's part would enable him to supply glass.—Fliegende Blaetter. from his own garden. It is true the farmer Mrs. Brown-"I wonder who wrote says he cannot spare the time. Why canup this account of the President's car- not he? Simply because he devotes so auch of his labor to growing which after selling do not leave him enough to pay his hired help. That alone ought to satisfy him that a change in the programme is needed. Suppose next year he concludes to grow less to sell, to hire less help and devote more of his own time to the garden. It is, or ought to be, the richest spot on his farm, and will pay better than any other for the labor bestowed upon it .-- Boston

> FEED DOWN THE MEADOWS. It has been generally taught by our

best farmers that it was wrong to pasture

meadows in the fall and that the best results could only be attained by allowing the aftergrowth to go down to protect the roots in winter and to enrich the soi for future production, says S. E. Rice in New England Homestead. Assenting to that theory without bringing it to the test of experiment was the greatest mistake that I ever made in farming. To-day I assert that it is only theory, and that actual experiment on many farms will prove it a false theory. Twenty years ago, while keeping a diary of fifty to sixty cows, my practice was strictly in accordance with this theory and no pasturing of meadows in the fall was allowed. A friend of mine, one of the best farmers of my acquaintance, told me that my practice was wrong and took me to one of his fields to show an experiment, proving that the removal of the second growth was no detriment to the succeeding crop. He had moved and removed the second growth from a part of the field the fall before, leaving a part uncut. The fall growth was not so heavy as to smother or kill the grass, and if the above theory were true, the succeeding crop should have been much the best on the uncut portion of the field. Exactly the opposite of this was true, and when I saw the field just before haying the boundary between the two parts was plain enough to attract the attention of anyone passing by. The part from which the fall growth had been removed I judged to be twenty-five per cent. better than

Mildew and rot are the great obstacles in the way of profitable grape culture in this country, and while a knowledge of the remedies and preventives that have in many cases saved valuable crops is important to any one who would engage in grape-growing, it is even more portant that the climatic conditions for success should also be understood. The mildew which attacks the under surface mindew which attacks the under surrice is encouraged by dull, cloudy weather, with occasional showers, or when heavy dews are deposited where the moisture cannot be readily evaporated. The best grape climate or location appears to be where dews are light or altogether absent. Instances etc. given where grapes on a trellis under cover have escaped mildew and rot, while those near by, but without protection, have suffered. Persons who train vines up the side of a house under the caves of a projecting roof, find the most perfect fruit at the roof, find the most perfect fruit at the highest point, where it is least exposed to rain and dew.

The favorable locations for grape culture will usually be found either sur-rounded by large be hes of water that modify the climatic conditions of their reaching two or three hundred feet above the level of the adjacent valleys, and where localities are found ranging from 200 to 1000 feet above the general surface of the country, there is greater or less immunity from spring frosts. Fur-thermore, the mountains are less subject to heavy dews than the lower grounds, and for this reason better adapted to the

growth of the vines. For any extensive culture of the grape the importance of selecting a location favored by nature cannot be overestimated. Where mildew and rot prevail successful grape culture cannot be attained without constant and expensive vigilance in the application of preventives, which

even under good management do not always fully protect.—New York World.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Farm for profit. Keep up the fertility. Good crops reduce the cost.

The best asters are the transplanted The daphne indica requires good

Feed economically but not at the expense of growth.

The cost of the various crops will vary No one season can be taken as a guide for the next. islands and the shore districts of the main lands, or on hillsides at certain clevations. As stated in a Government re-

port, where hills and valleys are closely and distinctly defined there exists at certain elevations on the hillside a zone or belt where dews are light or unknown and where frosts are modified. . This zone exists in all countries that are traversed by high mountains and deep val-

In a paper read before the American Horticultural Society on "Horticulture in the Mountain Regions of the South," it is said there are as many of those belts as there are ridges on hills or knobs Sell stock whenever they are fully ready, irrespective of price.

In threshing take pains to see that all the straw is stacked carefully. Latania borbonica palms are widely

sed for decorative purposes. Summer pruning is the best if lowed up properly every year. With hogs a quick growth and early naturity determines the profit.

After all the crops are all harvested is a good time to haul out manure. Tie up roses and chrysanthemums and carnations before they bend and break.

Very comfortable quarters must be provided if pigs are wintered over with profit. Allowing fruit to go to waste is &

part of the farm profits that should be In a majority of cases it will be better o buy whatever bran is needed early in

Pinching the ends of fuchias not only improves shape, but gives abundance of flowers.

The new abutilon eclipse not only has fine foliage but retains its blossoms and blooms freely.

Bran can be fed to the milk cows nearly every day in the year with profit if While there is time see that plenty

of shelter is provided for all the stock that is to be wintered over. If you want to get swamp muck the dry summer time is the best to do it in The muck is lighter when dry.

After the stables and sheds are thor oughly cleaned out a good coat of whitewash will make them healthier. The quality of fodder for feeding is often considerably lessened by allowing

it to get too ripe before cutting. A cheap hog and poultry house can readily be made to return a good profit, have water, dry and convenient. If you have nothing better lay in a

good supply of dry earth to use as an aborbent in your stables when needed. Apply lime whitewash in your stables your hen house, your pig pen and everywhere that insects can lay their nits.

During the cool weather in the early fall is the best time for fattening hogs, and they should be pushed as rapidly as possible.

Two items are important in draining, One is to secure a good outlet and the other is to provide a regular descent for

Cut oats as soon as the meat in the kernel gets doughy. The straw will then be bright and about as good to feed as timothy hay.

Cornmeal is excellent for fattening pigs, but it needs to have fed with i omething more nitrogenous to make nuscle and promote growth.

Always leave a strip for mowing beween your growing crop and the pasture fence. It will prevent cattle from reach

ing over and breaking the fence. Do not be afraid to furnish your cowe a shade for fear they will not feed enough. They make milk when chewing the cub and not when filling the

stomach. How Soup is Got From the Turtle.

"I was surprised to learn the other day," said Charlie Schweickardt, "that very few persons not engaged in . the killed and prepared for the soup. Please enlighten mankind by telling them that a turtle is killed by cutting its head off. You know that at the least sign of danger the turtle will draw his head into his shell, and then you have to resort either to strategy or brutality to make him put out his head again. This object may be accomplished by hanging the turtle up by the tail. This will cause his head to drop down and then a sharp knife will do the rest of the work. Some people have an idea that the turtle as soon as he is killed is thrown right into the pot and boiled into soup. When the turtle is dead the breastplate is sawed in two and an opening to insert the scouring knife is made. Then the expert deftly curves the knife in such a manner as to remove the backplate with-out taking a particle of meat with it. The entrails are secured and then the rear body of the turtle is put in the pot and the vegetables and other accessories added with hot water. Then let it boil and you will soon have good turtle soup."-St. Louis Republic.

Chloroforming a Bull. The Buenos Ayres Standard notices what it calls an extraordinary veterinary operation which it says is perhaps one of he most, if not the most, successful veterinary operation of modern surgery, on an imported bull, the property of the trustees of the late Signor Corti, which was purchased last year for the sum of \$5000 in gold. The statement is as follows: "For some time past a large growth has been forming on the throat of this animal, and yesterday Mr. Mitchell decided to remove the obstruction which endangered the bull's life, and most successfully removed a tumor, of twenty-four ounces weight, sections of which he has forwarded to a specialist for microscopical examination. This is, perhaps, the only case on record of a bull being chloroformed, it taking as much as ten ounces chloroform and six ounces of ether before he was under the influence."

As to the removal of the tumor it is one of the simplest of veterinary operations. As to chloroforming an animal i has long been practiced in the United States in connection with operations but also in Chicago in the vivisection of noimals to eliminate pain .- Farm, Field and Stockman.

Herr Krupp, the great German gun manufacturer, has a plan for connecting the city of Vienna with the Danube by canal. The Austrian Government is con aidering it,

Kings x., 7.

This is the first sermon in a course of Sabbath morning sermons on "My Recent Journey Through the Holy Land and Neighboring Countries: What I Saw and What I Learned." Out of the sixty-four millions of our present American population and the millions of our past only about five thousand have ever visited the Holy Land. Of all those who cross to Europe less than five per cent. ever get to Athens, and less than two per cent, ever get to Athens, and less than a quarter of one per cent. ever get to Holy Land some see nothing but the noxious insects and the filth of the Oriental cities, and come back wishing they had never gone. Of those who see much of interest and come home only a small portion can tell what they have seen, the tongue unable to report the eye.

The rarity of a successful, intelligent and happy journey through the Holy Land is very marked. But the time approaches when a journey to Palestine will be common. Thousands will go where now there are scores. Two locomotives were recently sput up from Joppa to Jerusalem, and railroads are about to begin in Palestine, and the day will come when the cry will be, "All out for Jerusalem?" "Twenty minutes for breakfast at Tiberias!" "Change cars for Tyre?" "Grand Trunk Junction for Ninevah!?" "All out for Damascus!" Meanwhile the wet locks of the Atlantic Ocean and Adriatic and Mediterrancen Seas are being shorn, and not only is the voyage shortened, but after a while, without crossing the ocean, you or your children will visit the Holy Land. A company of capitalists have gone up to Behring Straits, where the American and Asiatic continents come within thirty-six miles of meeting.

Straits, where the American and Asiatic continents come within thirty-six miles of meeting.

These capitalists or others will build a bridge across these straits, for midway are three islands called "The Diomedes," and the water is not deep and is never disturbed with icebergs. Trains of cars will run from America across that bridge and on down through Siberia, bringing under more immediate observation the Russian outrages against exiles and consequently abolishing them; and there are persons here to-day, who, without one qualm of sea-sickness, will visit that wonderful land where the Christlike, Abrahamic, Mosaic, Davidic, Solomonic and Herodic histories overlap each other with such power that by the time I took my feet out of the stirrups at the close of the journey I felt so wrung out with emotion that it seemed nothing else could ever about my feeting again.

of the journey I felt so wrung out with emotion that it seemed nothing else could ever
absorb my feelings again.

The chief hindrance for going to Palestine
with many is the dreadful sea, and though I
have crossed it ten times it is more dreadful
every time, and I fully sympathize with what
was said one night when Mr. Beecher and I
went over to speak in New York at the anniversary of the Seamen's Friend Society,
and the clergyman making the opening
prayer quoted from St. John, "There shall
be no more sea," and Mr. Beecher, scated beside me, in memory of a recent ocean voyage

prayer quoted from St. John. "There shall be no more sea," and Mr. Beecher, scated beside me, in memory of a recent ocean voyage said, "Amen; I am glad of that." By the partial abolition of the Atlantic Ocean and the putting down of rail tracks across every country in all the world, the most sacred land on earth will come under the observation of so many people who will be ready to tell of what they saw that infidelity will be pronounced only another form of insanity, for no honest man can visit the Holy Land and remain an infidel.

This Bible from which I preach has almost fallen apart, for I read from it the most of the events in it recorded on the very places where they occurred. And some of the leaves got wet as the waves dashed over our boat on Lake Galilee, and the book was jostled in the saddle bags for many weeks, but it is a new book to me, newer than any book that yesterday came out of any of our great printing houses. All my life I had heard of Palestine, and I had read about it, and talked about it, and preached about it, and talked about it, and drammed about it, and prayed about it, until my anticipations were piled up into something like Himalnyan proportions, and yet I have to cry out, as did the Queen of Sheba when she first visited the Holy Land, "The half was not told me."

the Holy Land, "The balf was not told ma."

In order to make the more accurate and vivid a book I have been writing, a life of Christ, entitled "From Manger to Throne," I left home last October, and on the last night of November we were walking the decks of the Senegal, a Mediterranean steamer. It was a ship of immense proportions. There were but few passengers, for it is generally rough at that time of year, and pleasurists are not apt to be voyagers there and then. The stars were all out that night. Those armies of light seemed to have had their shields newly burnished. We walked the polished deck. Not much was said, for in all our hearts was the dominant word "to-morrow." Somehow the Acropolis, which a few days before had thrilled us at Athens, now in our minds lessened in the height of its columns and the glory of its temples. And the Egyptian pyramids in our memory lessened their wonders of obsolete masonry, and the Coliseum of Rome was not so vast a ruin as it a few weeks before had seemed to be.

And all that we had seen and heard dwindled in importance, for to-morrow, to-morrow we shall see the Holy Land. "Captain, what time will we come in sight of Palestics?" "Well" here will define the second.

tain, what time will we come in sight of Palestine?" "Well," he said, "if the wind and sea remain as they are, about daybreak." Never was I so impatient for a night to pass. I could not see much use for that night, anyhow. I pulled aside the curtain from the porthole of my stateroom, so that the first bint of dawn would waken me. But it was a useless precapition. Sleep was it was a useless precaution. Sleep was among the impossibilities. Who could be so stupid as to slumber when any moment there might start out within sight of the ship the land where the most stupendous scenes of all time and all eternity were enacted—land of ruin and redemption, land where was fought the battle that made our heaven possible, land of Godfrey and Saladin, of Joshua and Jesus?

the battle that made our heaven possible, land of Godfrey and Saladin, of Joshua and Jesus?

Will the night ever be gone? Yes, it is growing lighter, and along the horizon there is something like à bank of clouds, and as a watchman paces the deck I say to him, "What is that out yonder?" "That is land, sir," said the sailor. "The land?" I cried, and soon all our friends were arroused from sleep and the shore began more clearly to reveal itself. With roar and rattle and bang the anchor dropped in the roadstead a half mile from land, for though Joppa is the only harbor of Palestine it is the worst harbor on all the coasts. Sometimes for weeks no ships stop there. Between rocks about seventy-five feet apart a small boat must take the passengers ashore. The depths are strewn with the skeletons of those who have attempted to land or attempted to embark. Twenty-seven pilgrims perished with one crash of a boat against the rocks. Whole floets of Crusaders, of Romans, of Syrians, of Es writians have zone to solinters there. A writer eight hundred years ago said he stood on the beach in a storm at Joppa, and out of thirty ships all but seven went to pieces on the rocks, and a thousand of the dead were washed ashore.

Strange that with a few blasts of powder like that which shattered our American Hell Gate those rocks have not been uprooted and the way cleared, so that great ships, instead of anchoring far out from land, might sweep up to the wharf for passengers and freight. But you must remember that land is under the Turk, and what the Turk touches he withers. Mohammedanism is against easy wharves, against steamers, against rail trains, against printing presses, against cravilization. Darkness is always opposed to light. The owl hates the morn "Leave those rocks where they are, "practically cries the Turkish Government; "we want no peo looked this way and that, so as to know he would not be reported, the answer would invariably be, "He dare not come." I believed it. If the Sultan of Turkey attempted to visit Jerusalem he would never get back again. All Palestine hates him. I saw him go to the mosque for prayers in his own city of Constantinople, and saw seven thousand armed men riding out to protect him. Expensive prayers! Of course that Government wants no better harbor at Joppa, May God remove that curse of nations, that ôld bag of the centuries, the Turkish Government! For its everlasting insult to God and woman let the perish! And so those rocks at the harbor remain the jaws of repeated destruction.

As we descended the narrow steps at the side of the chiral barrow here, the chiral barrow and the characteristics of the chiral barrow here.

As we descended the narrow steps at the side of the ship we heard the clavaor and quarrel and swearing of fifteen or sixteen different races of men of all features, and all colors and all vernaculars; all different in appearance, but all alike in desire to get our baggage and ourselves at exorbitant prices. Twenty boats and only ten passengers to go ashore. The man having charge of uspushes aside some, and strikes with a heavy stick others, and by violences that would not be tolerated in our country, but which seem to

REV. DR. TALMAGE
THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

DAY SERMON.

Dr. Talmage has begun a series of sermons on his recent trip to the Hely Land. The following is the first sermon of the series:

Text: "The half was not told me."—I Kings x., 7.

This is the first sermon in a course of Sabbath morning sermons on "My Recent Journey Through the Holy Land and Neighboring Countries: What I Saw and What I Learned." Out of the sixty-four millions of our present American population and the

"What is that man doing?" I said to the dragoman in the streets of Joppa. "Oh, he is carrying his bed." Multitudes of people sleep out of doors, and that is the way so many in those lands become blind. It is from the dew of the night falling on the eyelids. As a result of this, in Egypt every twentieth person is totally blind. In Oriental lands the bed is made of a thin, small mattress, a blanket and a pillow, and when the man rises in the morning he just ties up the three into a bundle and shoulders it and takes it away. It was to that the Saviour referred when He easilt to the slok man. "Take up, the bed and It was to that the Saviour referred wh said to the sick man: "Take up thy be

couch would require at least four men to carry it, but one Oriental can easily manage his slumber equipment.

But I inhale some of the odors of the large tanneries around Joppa. It is there to this day, a prosperous business, this tanning of hides. And that reminds me of Simon, the tanner, who lived at Joppa and was the host of Peter, the apostle. I suppose the olfactories of Peter were as easily insulted by the odors of a tannery as others. But the Bible says, "He lodged with one Simon, the tanner." People who go out to do reformatory and missionary and Christian work must not be too sensitive. Simon no doubt brought to his homestead every night the malodors of the calfskins and ox hides in his tannery, but Peter lodged in that home, not only bebut Peter lodged in that home, not only be-cause he may not have been invited to the houses of merchant princes, surrounded by redolent gardens, but to teach all men and women engaged in trying to make the world better that they must not be squeamish and fastidious and finical and over particular in doing the work of the world.

chiefs, and then put a cent in the poor box. There are many willing to do Christian work among the cleanly, and the refued, and the elegant, and the educated, but excuse them from taking a loaf of bread down a dirty alley, excuse them from teaching a mission school among the uncombed and the unwashed, excuse them from touching the hand of one whose fluger nails are in mourning for departed soap. Such religious precisionists can toil in atmospheres laden with honeysuckle and rosemary, but not in air floating up from the malodorous vats. No, no, no! Excuse them from living with one Simon, the tanner.

tanner.

During the last war there were in Virginia some sixty or seventy wounded soldiers in a barn, on the second floor, so near the roof that the heat of the August sun was almost insupportable. The men were dying from sheer exhaustion and suffocation. A distinguished member of the Christian commission said to the nurse who stood there, "Wash the faces and feet of these were and it will revive

A man's a man for a' that.

The United States was getting too large to The United States was getting too large to be managed by one Government, and telegraphy was invented to compress within an hour the whole continent. Armies in the Civil War were to be fitted out with clothing, and the sewing machine invention came out to make it possible. Immense farming acreage is presented in this country, enough to support millions of our native born and millions of foreigners; but the old style of pow and scythe and reaper and thresher

then Arkwright with his roller, and Whitney with his cotton gin. The world, after pottering along with tallow candles and whale oil, was crying for better light and more of it, and the hill of Pennsylvania poured out rivers of oil, and kerosene illumined the nations. But the oil wells began to fail, and then the electric light comes forth to turn night into day.

So all events are woven together, and the

world is magnificently governed, because it is divinely governed. We criticise things and think the divine machinery is going wrong, and put our fingers amid the wheels only to got them crushed. But I say, hands off! Things are coming out gloriously. Cornelius may be in Cæsarea, and Peter it. Joppa, but their dreams meet. It is one hand that is managing the world, and that is God's hand: and one mind that is rlanning and one heart that is filled with love and pardon and sympathy, and that is God's and one heart that is filled with love and pardon and sympathy, and that is God's heart. Have faith in Him. Fret about nothing. Things are not at loose ends. There are no accidents. All will come out right in your history and in the world. As you are waking from one dream up stairs an explanatory dream will be knocking at the gate down stairs.

Standing here in Joppa I remember that

it will not be difficult for him to decide.

The prisoners of war by his order are taken out on the sands and put to death—one thousand of them, two thousand of them, three thousand of them, three thousand of them, four thousand of them, massacred. And the blood pours down into the sea, the red of the one mingling with the blue of the other, and making an awful maroon which neither God nor nation can ever forget. Ye who are fond of vivid contrasts put the two scenes of Joppa side by side, Dorcas with her nee lle, and the immortal butcher with his knife.

But standing on this Joppa house top I

mortal butcher with his knife.

But standing on this Joppa house top I look off on the Mediterranean, and what is that strange sight I see? The waters are black, seemingly for miles. There seems to be a great multitude of logs fastened together. Oh, yes, it is a great raft of timbers. They are cedars of Lebanon, which King Hiram is furnishing King Solomon in ex-

change for 20,000 measures of wheat, 20,000 baths of oil and 20,000 baths of wine. These

baths of oil and 20,000 baths of wine. These cedars have been cut down and trimmed in the mountains of Lebanon by the 70,000 axmen engaged there, and with great withes and iron bolts are fastened together, and they are floating down to Joppa to be taken across the land for Solomon's temple, now building at Jerusalem, for we have lest our hold of the Nineteenth century and are clear back in the area.

the Nineteenth century and are clear back in the ages.

The rafts of cedar are guided into what is called the Moon Pool, an old harbor south of Joppa, now filled with sand and useless. With long pikes the timber is pushed this way and that in the water, then with divers and many a loud, long "Io, heave!" as the carters get their shoulder under the great weight, the timber is fastened to the wagnes and the lowing, oven are voked to the

weight, the timber is fastened to the wag-ons and the lowing oxen are yoked to the load, and the procession of teams moves on with crack of whip and drawled out words which, translated, I suppose would corre-spond with the "Whoa, haw, gee!" of mod-ern teamsters, toward Jerusalem, which is thirty miles away over mountainous dis-tances which for hundreds of years defied

all engineering. And those rough cedars shall become carved pillars and beautiful altars, and rounded bannisters, and trac-eried panels, and sublime ceiling, and ex-quisite harps and kingly chariots.

quisite harps and singly charlots.

As the wagon train moves out from Joppa over the plain of Sharon toward Jerusalem I say to myself, what vast numbers of people helped build that temple of Solomon, and what vast numbers of people are now engaged in building the wider, higher, grander

temple of righteousness rising in the earth. Our Christian ancestry toiled at it, anid sweat and tears, and hundreds of the generations of the good, and the long train of Christian workers still moves on; and as in the construction of Solomon's temple some hewed with the ax in the far away Lebanon, and some drove a wedge, and some twisted

hewed with the ax in the far away Lebanon, and some drove a wedge, and some twisted a withe, and some trod the wet and slippery rafts on the sea, and some yoked the ox, and some pilled at the load, and some shoved the plane, and some fitted the joints, and some heaved up the rafters, but all helped build the term les though some of these never saw it. so

ple, though some of these never saw it, so now let us all put our hands, and our shoul-ders, and our hearts to the work of building the temple of righteousness, which is to fill the earth; and one will bind a wound, and

another will wipe away a tear, and another will teach a class, and another will speak the encouraging word, and all of us will be

ready to pull and litt, and in some way help on the work until the millenial morn shall gild the pinnacle of that finished temple, and at its shining gates the world shall put down its last burden, and in its lavers wash off its last strain, and at its altars the last wanderer shall kneel. At the dedication of that tem-

ple all the armies of earth and heaven will "shoulder arms" and "pre ent arms" and "ground arms," for "behold! a greater than Solomon is here."

But my first day in the Holy Land is

But my first day in the Holy Land is ended. The sun is already closing his eye for the night. I stand on the balcony of a hotel which was brought to Joppa in pieces from the State of Maine by some fanatics who came here expecting to see Christ reappear in Palestine. My room here was once occupied by that Christian hero of the centuries—English, Chinese, Egyptian, world-wide General Gordon, a man mighty for God as well as for the world's pacification. Although the first of December and winter, the air is full of fragrance from gardens all a-bloom, and under

December and winter, the air is full of fra-grance from gardens all a-bloom, and under my window are acada and tamarisk and mulberry and century plants and orange groves and oleander. From the drowsiness of the air and the fatigues of the day I feel sleepy. Good night! To-morrow morning we start for Jerusalem.

ommittee has decided that Mr. Buchanan

he Democratic candidate for Governor

shall not meet his Republican and Pro

ubition competitors in joint debate. It

s likely that arrangements will be made

or a joint canvass in which the candidate

of the Republican party will be confront-by the Prohibition leader.

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prophet declined that call ard came here to Joppa. I was for weeks, while in the Holy Land, consulting with tourist companies as to how I could take Nineveh in my journey. They did not encourage the undertaking. It is a most tedious ride to Nineveh amid a desert. Now I see an additional reason why Jonah did not want to go to Nineveh amid a desert. Now I see an additional reason why Jonah did not want to go to Nineveh. He not only revolted because it was a long way and tough, and bandit infested, so he came here to Joppa and took ship. But, alas, for the disastrous voyage! He pald his full fare for the whole voyage, but the ship company did not fill their part of the contract. To this day they have not paid back that passage money. Why people should doubt the story of Jonah and the whale is more of a mystery than the Bible event itself. I do not need the fact that Pliny, the historian, records that the skeleton of a whale forty feet long, and with a hide a foot and a half thick, was brought from Joppa to Rome.

The event recorded in the book of Jonah has occurred a thousand times. The Lord always has a whale outside the histor for a man whostarts in the wrong direction. Recreant Jonah! I do not wonder that even the whale was sick of him. This prophet was put in the Bible not as an example, but as a warning, because the world not only needs lighthouses, but buoys, to show where the rocks are. The Bible story of him ends by showing the prophet in a fit of the sulks. He was mad because Nineveh was not destroyed, and then he went out to pout, and sat under a big leaf, using it for shade from the tropical sun, and when a worm disturbed that leaf, and it withered, and the sun smote Joneh he flaw into a great rage, and said. enter that land and gaze upon those holy hills and feel the emotions that rise and fall and weep and laugh and sing and triumph at such a disembarkation.

On the back of the hills one hundred and fifty feet high Joppa is lifted toward the skies. It is as picturesque as it is quantit, and as much unlike any city we have ever teen, as though it were built in that star Mars, where a few nights ago this very Septemiler astronomers, through unparalleled telescopes, saw a snow storm raging. How glad we were to be in Joppa! Why, this is the city where Dorcas, that queen of the needle, lived and died and was resurrected. You remember that the poor people came around the dead body of this benefactress, and brought specimens of her kind needlework and said: "Dorcas made this," "Dorcas sewed that," "Dorcas cut and fitted this," "Dorcas hemmed that."

According to Lightfoot, the commentator, they laid her out in state in a public room, and the poor wrung their hands and cried and sent for Peter who performed a miracle by which the good woman came back to lite and resumed her benefactions. An especial resurrection day for one woman! She was the model by which many women of our day lave facilioned their lives and at the first leaf, and it withered, and the sun smote

and resumed her benefactions. An especial resurrection day for one woman! She was the model by which many women of our day have fashioned their lives, and at the first blast of the horn of wintry tempest there appear ten thousand Dorcases—Dorcases of Brooklyn, Dorcases of New York, Dorcases of London, Dorcases of all the neighborhoods and towns and cities of Christendom—just as seed as the Dorcase of London, which I winted and towns and cities of Christendom—just as good as the Dorcas of Joppa which I visited. Thank God for the ever increasing skill and sharpness and speed and generosity of Dor-cas's needle.

said to the sick man: "Take up thy bed and walk." An American couch or an English couch would require at least four men to

doing the work of the world.

The church of God is dying of fastidiousness. We cry over the sufferings of the world in hundred doilar pocket handkerchiefs, and then put a cent in the poor box.

sheer exhaustion and sufficiation commission said to the nurse who stood there, "Wash the faces and fact of thee men and it will revive them." "No," said the nurse, "I didn't come into the army to wash anybody's feet." "Well," said the distinguished member of the commission, "bring me water and a towel; I will be very glad to wash their feet." One was the spirit of the devil, the other the spirit of Christ.

But reference to Peter reminds me that we must go to the housetop in Joppa where he was taught the democracy of religion. That was about the queerest thing that ever happened. On our way up to that housetop we passed an old well where the great stones were worn deep with the ropes of the buckets, and it must be a well many centuries old, and I think Peter drank out of it. Four or five goat or calfskins filled with water lay about the yard. We soon got up the steps and on the housetop. It was in such a place in Joppa that Peter one noon while he was waiting for dinner had a hungry fit and fainted away, and had a vision or dream or trance. I said to my family and friends on that housetop, "Listen while I read about what happened here." And opening the Bible we had the whole story.

It seems that Peter on the housetop dreamed that a great blanket was let down out of heaven, and in it were sheep and goats and cattle and mules and pigeons and buzzards and snakes and all manner of creatures that fly the air, or walk the field, or crawl the earth, and in the dream a voice told him as he was hungry to eat, and he said, "I cannot eat things unclean." Three times he ireamed it. There was then heard a knocking at the gate, and they tell him that a good man by wondering what his dream meant, descends the stairs and meets these strangers at the gate, and they tell him that a good man by

wondering what his dream meant, descends
the stairs and meets these strangers at the
gate, and they tell him that a good man by
the name of Cornelius, in the city of Cæsarea,
has also had a dream and has sent them for
Peter and to ask him to come and preach.
At that call Peter left Joppa for Cæsarea.
The dream he had just had prepared him to
preach, for Peter learned by it to reject no
people as unclean, and whereas he previously
thought he must preach only to the Jews,
now he goes to preach to the Gentiles, who
were considered unclean.

Notice how the two dreams meet—Peter's
dream on the housetop, Cornelius dream at
Cæsarea. So I have noticed providences
meet, distant events meet, dreams meet.
Every dream is hunting up some other dream,
and every event is searching for some other
event. In the Fifteenth century (1492) the
great event was the discovery of America.
The art of printing, born in the same century,
goes out to meet that discovery and make
the New World an intelligent world. The

Declaration of Independence, an equal rights, meets Robert Burns's

cannot do the work, and there come steam plows, steam harrows, steam reapers, steam rakes, steam threshers, and the work is accomplished. The forests of the earth fail to afford sufficient fuel, and so the coal mines surrender a sufficiency. The cotton crops were luxuriant, but of comparatively little value, for they could not be managed; and so, at just the right time, Hargreaves came with his invention of the spinning jenny, then Arkwright with his roller, and Whitney with his cotton gin. The world, after, pot-

Sarspart a has had remarkable success in curin; ev upning sor. s, swellings in the neek or golfre humor in the eyes, causing particleor total blind ess, have bee reured by this successful medicine. All who suffer from scrofula should give Hood's

where we this morning disembarked the prophet Jonali embarked. For the first time in my life I fülly understood that story. God told Jonali to go to Nineveli, but the brophet declined that call and came here to Joppa. I was for weeks; while in the Holy Land, consulting with touriest companies as Heavy Damages for Railroad Injuries. The heaviest damages that were ever aid for an injury to a single man was 45,000, paid by the Grand Trunk, after trying the case three times. The ury increased the damages at each trial. Among the most costly accidents ever known in the country were those on the New York Central at New Hamburg, on the Lake Shore at Ashtabula, on the Eastern at Revere, and on the West Jersey at May's Landing. The last was proportionately the cheapest settled, as the company paid only \$81,000 for about nineteen deaths and injuries to

about twice as many. The collision at Revere cost the Eastern over \$400,000 for less than twenty leaths, among them two distinguished clergymen; the Ashtabula cost over a quarter of a million, and one at Wollaston, on the Old Colony, cost about the same. The Eastern settled one case. growing out of the Revere accident, for 25,000, without taking it into court. The Chatsworth accident, on the Toledo, Peoria & Western, was the most costly to human life, the deaths being 141, but the claims were settled for about a quar-ter of a million, as the company could ter of a million, as the company could not pay any more. If the case had been pushed the stockholders would have money back for you. een obliged to hand over the road; Jonah, he flew into a great rage, and said:
"It is better for me to die than to live." A
prophet in a rago because he had lost his
umbrella! Beware of petulance! their equity in it after the first mortgage was little more than the loss. - Mail and Express.

Electric Butter Making.

proposet in a rago because he had lost his umbrellet But standing here on the housetop at Joppa, I look off upon the sands near the beach, and I almost expected to find them crimsoned and incarnadined. But no; the rains long ago washed away the last sign of the Napoleonic massacre. Napoleon was marching on through the coasts. He had here at Joppa four thousand Albanians, who had been surrendered as prisoners of war, and under a promise of protection. What shall he do with them? It will be impossible for him to take them along, and he cannot afford to leave soldiers enough to guard them from escape. It will not be difficult for the man who brokethe heart of lovely Josephine, and who, when asked if the great losses of life in his battles were not too dear a price to pay for his victories through his about dore mirtatuily and said, "You must break the eggs if you want to make an omelet"—I say it will not be difficult for him to decide.

The prisoners of war by his order are taken cut on the caute and An interesting application of electric-ity to the dairy industry has been made Italy. The Count of Assata, whose buildings are fitted up with electric light, has connected his dairy plant with an electric motor of twelve horse-power. This machine drives a Danish separator and a Dutch churn of considerable size, churning being conducted at the rate of 120 to 160 revolutions per minute, the butter being brought in from thirty to thirty-five minutes, in fine grains, which, it is now recognized, enable the maker to produce the finest article.

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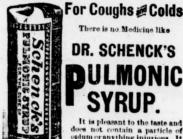
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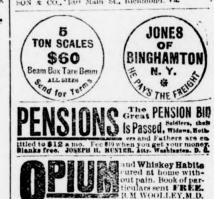
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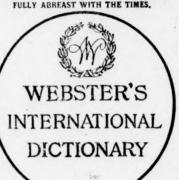
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