HARD STRUGGLE OF THE IMPOV-ERISHED ARRAN ISLANDERS.

Girls Who Carry Sanded Seaweed to Make a Poor Soil, in Which to

Grow a Scanty Crop of Potatoes. Perhaps in no quarter of the globe is agriculture carried on under more disheartening conditions than in the Arran Islands. These islands, three in number lie about ten miles off the west coast of Ireland, in the mouth of the Bay of Galway. They are simply three limestone rocks thrown up by some convulsion of nature long before the memory of man. During the ages a light deposit of soil has accumulated on the bare rocks in spots, particularly in the valleys, and peculiarly nutritious grass has sprung up. The blades of this grass are not flat, such as is the grass of this country, but perfectly round. The finest beef in the British isles is raised upon the scanty product of these sea-girt islands. But very little of this beef is eaten by the men who cultivate the juicy tenderloins and sirloins. It all goes to pay the rent, that gaunt spectre, ever feeding, yet ever hungry and greedy, which has stalked over the beautiful island of Erin for 800 years, drinking the milk of the cows, devouring the sheep and lambs, and leaving only the potatoes as a feeble barrier between existence and starvation.

But raising potatoes on the islands of Arran is quite a different thing from raising them in the State of New York. A large proportion of the arable land is reserved from necessity for grazing pur-poses. The soil in which the potatoes are cultivated is all artificial. It is made of a queer compost of sand and seaweed. The sand is carried from the seashore on the backs of donkeys and Irish girls to the spots selected for a garden. It is a common occurrence for a young woman of sixteen or eighteen years to carry basket loads of sand weighing 100 pounds from one to three miles all day long and then come home and do the household work before going to bed. It will readily be seen that the soil thus made must be very light. Whatever fructifying properties it possesses comes from the seaweed. In this manner every foot of tillable soil on the Arran Islands has been made for centuries. As only a very small portion of the surface of the islands is sufficiently smooth to permit of the deposit, the area under cultivation is necessarily very small. When the seed potatoes have been planted the Arraner begins to pray for rain. He prays that water may come down in bucketfuls, so that his little plot will be soaked all the time. For the limestone rock beneath his artificial garden contains at all times a frightful amount of latent heat stored in it from the sun's fiery rays, and, unless there is a wet season, such as prevails in the tropics, the seed potatoes will be fried into Saratoga chips in the earth. If the season has been a good one from

an Arran Island standpoint, the product

would excite smiles on the part of a New Yorker, were it not so pitiful. The yield is a veritable example of the old saying, "small potatoes, and a few in a hill." A potato as big as a hen's egg would be the exception. The majority would be no bigger than an old fashioned "dodo." such as the boys used to play marbles with. One crop exhausts the strength of the soil, and the same process must be resorted to each year as far as the seaweed is concerned, in order that another crop may be raised. And so, during the mulberry in shape and size. centuries, the people have learned by hit. ter experience the value of seaweed as a fertilizer, and they consequently look upon it with the same jealousy as a New York farmer views his expensive guano. In this way rude customs which have grown into laws have sprung up with regard to the division of the precious fertilizer. No landowner can go down to the beach and gather seaweed whenever the notion strikes him to do so. He must go down to the sea in the spring of the year, when a certain weed which grows at the bottom of the sea begins to lose its hold, and join in the harvest of the seaweed. He must get into his little cockleshell boat, called a cunagh, made of ash ribs covered with canvas, and go at low tide to gather the weed. This is torn from the bottom by the aid of a rake sixteen feet long and carried ashore in the frail boat. It is then piled upon the beach in a heap. When the harvest is over two of the most important men on the island are selected to divide the weed. All the inhabitants, men, women and children are present on this occasion, to the number of between 3000 and | and scientific men should follow the ex 4000. The heap of seaweed is usually about 300 feet long, fifteen feet wide and ten feet high. The two men look the heap carefully over and agree on the place where it is to be divided. A narrow lane is then cut crosswise through the heap, dividing it into two piles. These heaps are in turn subdivided, until a hundred little heaps scattered over the beach indicate that each landowner has been allotted his share. The weed is then taken away at the leisure of the

The Arraner, like the peasantry in other portions of Ireland, is as primitive ber only by the means of the wearer. If to-day in his cooking of the potato as he 400 years ago. He knows of only one ments of gold, silver jewelry will do; and way to cook his favorite vegetable, and will listen to the explanation of no other mode. He simply washes the potato and boils it just as it co.nes from the earth, with its jacket on. After cooking the potatoes are turned out into an ovalshaped wicker contrivance, closely resembling the lid of a champagne basket. After all the water has been strained off the potatoes are dumped from the "skib," as it is called, upon the middle of the table. The family then gather around the table and eat potatoes, with a little salt, until hunger is satisfied. The Arran Island child who cannot eat from fifteen to twenty-five potatoes at a single sitting is considered to be ailing. Sometimes if the cow has recently "come in," the children are allowed the indulgence of the "dip." Fresh milk or buttermilk is placed in the bottom of a bowl. The child seizes the potato around the middle with the thumb and forefinger of the left hand. Then, with the flat of his right hand he knocks the skin off the top of the potato, and, squeezing it with his left hand, he forces the mealy contents of the vegetable out upon the table. This he picks up and squeezes together like new-fallen snow, dips it into the milk and transfers it to his mouth. Whatever may be said by scientists about the potato being ninety per cent. water, there is certainly some unknown quality about them which conserves in a most remarkable manner the health and strength of these rugged islanders. They will go out in their frail boats fishing all day, get wet to the skin, and sleep all night in the wet garments without any apparent ill effects. Even the little children frequently walk ten miles to procure a quart of milk for the visiting stranger, and return with as little concern as if they had just been around the corner to the grocery. Given plenty of potatoes, the Arraner has good health and is hap-py. Give him a chunk of boiled ling or codfish and he is delirious with delight. But he will cling to his old-fashioned

style of cooking his potatoes.

One of the chief difficulties of the dwellers on these sea-girt isles is the procuring of turf with which to cook the potatoes. There is not a sod of turf in Arran is But across the parrow strait of

ten miles of water on the Irish mainland there are thousands of acres of it. The sloop-rigged vessels called "bookows." These vessels carry about the equivalent of a cord of wood. A load costs \$25. Very few Arraners have that much money at one time, and so they club together sometimes as many as twenty-five of them being interested in a boat load. Some of them are so miserably poor that

twelve cents will represent their interest in the fuel. It is all thrown out upon the wharf and carefully divided pro rata into heaps according to the amount invested. Then the young girls, wearing shoes made of the green hide of a cow, with the hair on the outside, come down like pack horses, with their wicker baskets strapped on their backs, and carry the turf away. In this manner, when nature has been so kindly in those sea-girt isles as to permit the potatoes to grow as large as egg, the pot is kept boiling .- New York Sun.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A great hydraulic canal is proposed to convey a portion of the water of Niagara River, and thus utilize this enormous ower for manufacturing purposes.

Of the 4200 species of flowers now cultivated in Europe, only ten per cent. give forth any ordor. Therefore, it cannot be said that most flowers are fra-

The latest invention is clothing made of a fabric in which fine threads of cork are interwoven with wool or silk, which renders it impossible for the wearer to

One of the latest inventions in the

picycle line in a whistle that is operated by the automatic application of a small wheel upon the revolving tire of the steering wheel. Professor Cohen, of Breslau, Germany,

has found by careful experiment that the heating of damp hay to a temperature sufficient to cause spontaneous combustion is due to a fungus. The distance from which a lighthous

becomes visible on board an ocean vessel depends upon the state of the weather and the ocean. In clear, calm weather a powerful light can be seen thirty miles. A New York inventor has completed

an air-pressing machine whereby cars mpress the air which moves them, and llowing for friction this can continue long enough to be the next thing to perpetual motion. Professor Orton, while urging the imperative necessity of taking action to re-

strict the wasteful use of natural gas, admits that even the strictest regulations cannot prevent the exhaustion of the supply in a few years. It has been suggested that the study of the influence of diet and habit upon the color of hair in different nations of

men may cause discoveries by which the color of the hair in the human race may be modified by judicious treatment. Bricks boiled in coal tar are rendered hard and durable, and machine-made brick, if boiled for a long period, say

twenty-four hours, become waterproof. Bricks thus treated are well adapted for sewers, cesspools, and the foundations of buildings. A curious farinaceous substance is reported by M. Rene de Champagne to have

fallen in Asiatic Turkey during a hailstorm, and to have been sold by the grain." It is described as resembling the One cause assigned by several physicians and druggists for the increasing

number of victims to the opium habit is the use of antipyrene. A great number of young women, especially female clerks, take antipyrene in such quantities that it finally loses its restorative power. They then resort to morphine.

Baron James Rothschild, of London, has adorned his drawing-room with the most superb electrolier ever made. It is composed of gilt bronze and rock crystal in a design of the time of Louis XVI., sixty-eight electric lights being skillfully arranged among the bronze leaves. This unique illuminator is about five feet high by twenty-eight inches in diameter, and cost \$6000.

To end the long dispute which has been waged with reference to the right designation of the metal which is now assuming such importance, it is urged that the largest producers in the world favor the form aluminum, which also has the advantage of greater brevity, and that therefore foreign scientific journals ample of American journals and call it once for all aluminum, instead of aluminium.

Gypsy Jewelry.

Like their more favored and better civilized sisters, gypsy women are repre-sented by the best authorities to be passionately fond of jewelry, notwithstand-ing the fact that their extreme poverty renders it impossible for many of them to gratify this taste. Trinkets of greater or less value, according to circumstances, are worn by them, being limited in numthe gitana is unable to have her ornaif silver trinkets are beyond her means

brass will suffice. As brilliancy of color is the first consideration in a gypsy's attire, size is the chief merit of her jewels. Among the wealthier gypsies, if there is such a thing as wealth connected with the race, the Moorish, Egyptian and Oriental find most favor. The poorer content themselves with strings of coins or cheap medals, without regard to the event or personage they are intended to com-memorate, and even with rudely designed ornaments of brass made by the male artisans of their tribes. Large earrings are preferred to any other articles, and the comparatively opulent gitana indulges in bangles, beads and necklaces. — Jewelers'

A Sand Storm in Utah.

William H. Ballou, the author of "The Upper Ten," "The Bachelor Girl," etc., related this story at the Fifth Avenue Hotel to a group of interested gentlemen: When I was in Salt Lake City recently I followed the fashion there and wen every afternoon with long train loads of people out to Great Salt Lake, twenty miles distant to float on the surface and enjoy the salt bath. One afternoon as the train drew near to the station at Garfield, one of those extraordinary sand storms, prevalent there, came whirling down through the mountain ravines. It is these storms, I think, that will one day fill up the lake bed and leave a small imitation of Sahara. This particular storm was terrific and terrified the pleasure seekers. It passed directly in the path of the train, and in less time than I can tell it the engine and cars were covered with a deep bank of sand from which there semmed no hope of getting out with our lives. The atmosphere within was hot and stiffing; we were literally buried alive."

"How did you finally get out?" gentleman. "Why, the train had scarcely stopped before the storm changed in direction and blew every grain of sand back up the mountain sides. Then we got on our

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

CARAMEL CUSTARDS.

Dissolve two ounces of sugar with the juice of half a lemon and a little water; stir it over the fire till quite brown, then pour in about a wineglassful of boiling water; beat up the volks of four and the whites of two eggs, add them to a pint of new milk and a few drops of essence of vanilla, and to this strain the carame when cool. Pour the mixture in a delicately clean pan, and stir in the bain-marie till it thickens; pour it into little china cups, and strew the top with grated chocolate and pink sugar. Brooklyn Citizen.

HOW TO FOLD A SHIRT.

Few things put a man in a temper ore than a badly folded shirt, no matter how well it is laundried. There is a certain art in the method of "folding" that if carefully followed insures stiff cuffs and an unruffled front. Spread the shirt on a table or bed, fold over the two sides lengthways, so that they lie one over the other upon the bosom. Turn the sleeves back half way from the shoulders, doubling the sleeve gussets in half and allowing them to lie straight down on the folded body. Then take the whole and give it a cross-fold upward, so that the lower part of the shirt which s turned over shall cover the upper part of the sleeves and bosom. - Yankee

SAVE OLD FLANNELS. Mrs. M. H. Lamb writes in Orange Juda Farmer: It is a common practice to destroy old cast-off flannels, or tear them into carpet rags. Don't do it! Have a basket for storing them after they are washed. Put it in a convenient place where any one of the family can find it. and you can place your hands on it in the dark. Then when a child wakes in the night with a sore throat or a croupy cough you can quickly get and heat a flanuel around the lamp chimney, and after greasing the afflicted parts with ointment or oil, apply flannel piping hot. This will quiet pain and give almost instant relief.

If you were obliged to get up and build a fire to heat bran sacks or other appliances, you would be more apt to neglect it until too late and cause much suffering to yourself and child. If the worn and feeble mother would heat a large flannel and lay it on her tired side, or any part of her body where there are aches and pains, she would be very agreeably relieved and save herself much suffering if the flannel could be secured in a moment. In some cases of sick and nervous headaches relief may be obtained by applying hot flaunels to the stomach and head, specially if the patient is lacking in vitality. Try it, feeble mothers, and you will never more consider a flannel garment valueless, even if worn past usefulness as a garment.

POT-PIES WITH SODA CRUST. The old-fashioned pot-pie, which was cooked by the gentle heat of a moderate fire of wood or charcoal, was made in a round-bottomed dinner-pot, sometimes with a soda-biscuit crust, which was substantially like baking-powder crust given for the lamb pot-pie, and sometimes with a suct crust, for which a recipe is given below; the meat, if at all tough, was first partly cooked in only water enough kurds under the name of "celestial to prevent burning, all its gravy being carefully preserved; the dinner-pot was greased, and lined with an unbroken piece of crust, the meat placed in it, with abundant seasoning and very little gravy, or a few spoonfuls of cold water if the meat was uncooked; then the upper edges of the crust were slightly wet with cold water and drawn together and pressed in such a way as to prevent the escape of gravy; the cover of the pot was greased on the inside and put over the pot-pie, and it then was cooked by a very moderate fire three or four hours, or until the crust was browned; great care was taken not to burn the crust, and in dishing the pot-pie all the gravy was pre-

> With our modern cooking apparatus it would be difficult to cook a pot-pie of this kind without danger of burning, but it might be done with care, using a gas or oil stove where the heat can be exactly moderated. It certainly is a very deicious dish and very nourishing, because all the goodness of the meat is preserved. Usually no potatoes were added to it while cooking .- Chicago News.

Meat Croquettes-Take one pint of cold potatoes, well mashed, one pint of cooked rice, one pint of cold meat chopped ine, mix thoroughly; make into balls the size of an egg, roll in meal or flour and fry until they are a light brown color. Any kind of meat or fish will auswer.

Pumpkin Pie Without Eggs-Take half a gallon of stewed pumpkin, one half cups of sugar, one cup of butter, three fourths cup of sweet milk, and half a teacup of flour; season to taste. Add the butter, and sugar and milk while the pumpkin is hot, and the flour just before baking. Beat together well, and bake with one crust.

Baked Tomatoes-Take large smooth omatoes. Cut a slice from the end next to the stem, and take out the core and most of the seeds. Now make a rich dressing of bread crumbs, and a little finely minced cold ham or beef. Salt and pepper to taste, and butter enough to make it about the consistency of stiff dough. Fill the tomatoes with this, and bake until they are well done.

A Bread Omelette-One cup of fine bread crumbs moistened with half a cup of milk, three eggs, white and yolk beaten separately. adding the whites last to the crumbs. Season with salt and pepper. Put in the skillet or omelette pan a good bit of butter, and when it begins to "sizzle" pour in the omelette. Shake the pan all the time, and turn in the frothing and browning edges over into the middle constantly. Fold one-half over, put a hot plate upon the pan, turn this over, and your omelette is dished.

Potato Croquettes-Pare and boil three potatoes, mash and beat until light; add the yolk of one egg, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, salt and pepper. Form into six cylinder shaped croquettes. Now you have two whites of eggs, one from the oyster cutlets and one from the potato croquettes. Put them together. add a tablespoonful of water, and beat until well mixed, but not light. Dip the cutlets and croquettes, first in this and then in bread crumbs, and fry them in smoking hot lard. Put the lard in a small saucepan, so that there will be a sufficient quantity to immerse the arti-

A Sensible Wedding. Out in Keokuk, Iowa, a couple were married recently after the homely fashion of our ancestors and with no end of fun. They were well-to-do people, but the bride wore a calico dress, the groom a suit of jeans, the decorations were autumn leaves and the guests were requested to come in calico and jeans and without presents. Mr. Ward McAllister might not approve such primitive simplicity, but there is nothing like calico to set off the native beauty of a pretty girl .- New York Mercury.

REV. DR. TALMAGE

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

TEXT: "He came to Nazareth, where He was brought up."-Luke iv., 16. What a splendid sleep I had last night in

What a splendid sleep I had last night in a Catholic convent, my first sleep within doors since leaving Jerusalem, and all of us as kindly treated as though we had been the Pope and his college of Cardinals passing that way! Last evening the genial sisterhood of the convent ordered a hundred bright-eyed Arab children brought out to sing for me, and it was glorious! This morning I come out on the steps of the convent and look upon the most beautiful village of all Palestine, its houses of white limestone. Guess its name! Nazareth, historical Nazareth, one of the trinity of places that all Christian travelers must see or feel that they have not seen Palestine—namely, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Nazareth. Babyhood, boyhood, manhood of Him for whom I believe there are fifty million people who would now, if it were required, march out and die, whether under ax or down in the floods or straight through the firm and die, whether under ax or down in the doods or straight through the fire.

Grand old village is Nazareth, even putting

Grand old village is Nazareth, even putting aside its sacred associations. First of all, it is clean; and that can be said of few of the oriental villages. Its neighboring town of Nablouf is the filthiest town I ever saw, although its chief industry is the manufacture of soap. They export all of it. Nazareth has been the scene of battles passing if from Israelite to Mohammedan and from Mohammedan to Christian, the most wonderful of the battles being that in which twenty-five thousand Turks were beaten by twenty-one hundred French, Napoleon Bonaparte commanding, the greatest of Frenchmen walking these very streets through which Jesus walked for nearly thirty years, the morals of the two, the antipodes, the the morals of the two, the antipodes, the snows of Russia and the plagues of Egypt appropriately following the one, the doxolo-gies of earth and the hallelujahs of heaven gies of earth and the halielujahs of heaven appropriately following the other. And then this town is so beautifully situated in a great green bowl, the sides of the bowl surrounding fifteen hills. The God of nature who is the God of the Bible evidently scooped out this valley for privacy and separation from all the world during three most important decades, the thirty years of Christ's boyhood and youth, for of the thirty-three years of Christ's stay on earth he spent thirty of them in this town in getting ready—a startling rebuke to those who have no patience with the long years of preparation necessary when they enter on any special mission for the church or the world. The trouble is with most young men that they want to launch most young men that they want to launch
most young men that they want to launch
their ship from the drydock before it is ready,
and hence so many sink in the first cyclone.
All Christ's boyhood was spent in this village and its surroundings. There is the very
well called "The Fountain of the Virgin," to
which by His mother's side He trotted along
holding her hand. No doubt about it; it is
the only well in the villege, and it has been the only well in the village, and it has be the only well for three thousand years. The morning we visit it, and the mothers have their children with them now as then. The work of drawing water in all in those countries has been men's work Scores of them vaiting for their turn at it, three great and

waiting for their turn at it, three great and everlasting springs rolling out into that well their barrels, their hogsheads of water in floods, gloriously abundant. The well is surrounded by olive groves and wide spaces in which people talked and children, wearing charms on their heads as protection against the 'evileye,' are playing, and women with their stings of coin on either side of their face, and in skirts of blue and scarlet and white and green move on with water jars on their heads. Mary, I suppose, almost always took Jesus the boy with her, for she had no one she could leave Him with, being in humble circumstances and having no attendants. I do tances and having no attendants. I do not believe there was one of the surrounding fifteen hills that the boy Christ did not range from bottom to top, or one cavern in their sides He did not explore, or one species of bird flying across the tops that He could not call by name, or one of all the species of fauna browsing on those steeps that He had not recognized.

ot recognize not recognized.

You see it all through His sermons. If a man becomes a public speaker, in his orations or discourses you discover his early whereabouts. What a boy sees between seven and seventeen always sticks to him. When earliest days been familiar. And when Amos delivers his prophecy you hear in it the bleating of the herds which he had in boyhood attended. And in our Lord's sermons and conversations you see all the phases of village life and the mountainous life sur-

and conversations you see all the phases of village life and the mountainous life surrounding it.

He had in boyhood seen the shepherds get their flocks mixed up, and to one not familiar with the habits of shepherds and their flocks, hoplessly mixed up. And a sheepstealer appears on the scene and dishonestly demands some of those sheep, when he owns not one of them. "Well," says the two honest shepherds, "we will soon settle this matter," and one shepherd goes out in the other direction, and the sheepstealer in another direction, and each one calls, and the flocks of each of the honest shepherds rush to their owner, while the sheepstealer calls and calls again, but gets not one of the flock. No wonder that Christ, years after, preaching on a great occasion and illustrating His own shepherd qualities, says: "When He putteth forth His own sheep He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him, for they know His voice, and the stranger they will not follow, for they know not the voice of the stranger." The sides of these hills are terraced for grapes. The boy Christhad often stood with great round eyes watching the trimming of the grapevines. Clipt goes the knife and off falls a branch. The child Christ says to the farmer, "What do you do that for?" "Oh," says the farmer, "that is a dead branch and it is doing nothing and is only in the way, so I cut it off." Then the farmer with his sharp knife prunes from a living branch this and that tendril and the other tendril. "But," says the child Christ, "these twigs that you cut off now are not dead; what do you do that

the child Christ, "these twigs that you cut

the child Christ. "these twigs that you cut off now are not dead; what do you do that for?" "Oh," says the farmer, we prune off these that the main branch may have more of the sap and so be more fruitful." No wonder in after years Christ said in Hissermon: "I am the true vine and My Father is the husbandman; every branch in Me that beareth not fruit He taketh away, and every branch that beareth fruit 1's purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." Capital! No one who had not been a country boy would have said that.

Oh, this country boy of Nazareth, come forth to atone for the sins of the world, and to stamp out the cruelties of the world, and to illumine the darkness of the world, and to transfigure the hemispheres! So it has been the mission of the country boys in all ages to transform and inspire and rescue. They come into our merchandise and our court rooms and our healing art and our studies and our theology. They lived in Nazareth before they entered Jerustite.

lived in Nazareth before they entered Jerusalem. And but for that annual influx our eities would have enervated and sickened and slain the race. Late hours and hurtful apparel and overtaxed digestive organs and crowding environments of city life would have haited the world; but the valleys and mountains of Nazareth have given fresh supply of health and moral invigoration to Jerusalem and the country saves the town. From the hills of New Hampshire and the hills of Virginia and the hills of Georgia come in our national eloquence the Websters and the Clays and the Henry W. Gradys. From the plain homes of Massachusetts and Maryland come into our national charities the George Peabodys and the William. Corcorans. From the cabins of the lonely country regions come into our national destinies the Andrew Jacksons and the Abraham Lincolns. From

plow boy's furrow and village counter and blacksmith's forge come most of our city giants. Nearly all the Messiahs in all departments dwelt in Nazareth before they came to Jerusalem. I send this day thanks from these cities, mostly made prosperous by country boys, to the farmhouse and the prairies and the mountain cabins, and the obscure homesteads of north and south and east and west, to the fathers and mothers in plain homespun if they be still alive or the hillocks under which they

sieep the long sieep. Thanks from Jerusalem to Nazareth.

But alas! that the city should so often treat the country boys as of old the one from Nazareth was treated at Jerusalem! Slain not by hammers and spikes, but by instruments just as cruel. On every street of every city the crucifixion goes on. Every year shows its ton thousand of the king. city the crucifixion goes on. Every year shows its ten thousand of the slain. Oh, how we grind them up! Under what wheels, in what mills, and for what an awful grist! Let the city take better care of these boys and young men arriving from the country. They are worth saving.

They are now only the preface of what they will be if, instead of sacrificing, you help them. Boys as grand as the one who with his elder brother climbed into a church tower, and not knowing their danger went outside on some timbers, when one of those timbers broke and the boys fell, and the older boy caught on a beam and the younger clutched the foot of the older. The older could not climb up with the younger hanging to his feet, so the younger said: "John, I am going to let go; you can climb out into safety, but you can't climb up with me holding fast; I am going to let go, kiss mother for me,

and tell her not to feel badly; good-by!"
And he let go and was so hard dashed upon
the ground he was not recognizable. Plenty
of such brave boys coming up from Nazareth! Let Jerusalem be careful how it

of such brave boys coming up from Nazareth! Let Jerusalem be careful how it treats them! A gentleman long ago entered a school in Germany and he bowed very low before the boys, and the teacher said, "Why do you do that?" "Oh," said the visitor, "I do not know what mighty man may yet be developed among them." At that instant the eyes of one of the boys flashed fire. Who was it? Martin Luther. A lad on his way to school passed a doorstep on which sat a lame and invalid child. The passing boy said to him; "Why don't you go to school?" "Oh, I am lame and I can't walk to school." "Get on my back," said the well boy, "and I will carry you to school." And so be did that day and for many days until the invalid was fairlestarted on the road to an education. Who was the well boy that did that kindness? I don't know. Who was the invalid he carried? It was Robert Hall, the rapt pupil orator of all Christendom. Better give to the boys who come up from Nazareth to Jerusalem a crown instead of a cross.

On this December morning in Palestine on our way out from Nazareth we saw just such a carpenter's shop as Jesus worked in, supporting His widowed mether after H.

on our way out from Nazareth we saw just such a carpenter's shop as Jesus worked in, supporting His widowed mother after He was old enough to do so. I looked in, and there were hammer and saw and plane and auger and vise and measuring rule and chisel and drill and adze and wrench and bit and all the tools of carpentry. Think of it! He who smoothed the surface of the earth, shying a plane. He who eleft the carth showing a plane; He who cleft the mountains by carthquake pounding a caisel; He who opened the mammoth caves of the earth turning an auger; He who wields the thunderbolt striking with a hammer; He who scooped out the bed for the ocean bollowing a ladle; He who flashes the morning on the earth and makes the midnight heavens quiver with aurora constructing a window. I cannot understand it, but I believe it. A skeptic said to an old clergyman: "I will not believe anything I cannot explain." "Indeed," said the clergyman, "you will not believe anything you cannot explain. Please to explain to me why some cows have horns and others have no horns. "No," said the skeptic, "I did not mean exactly that. I mean that I will not believe anything I have not seen. "Indeed," said the clergyman," "you will not believe anything you have not seen. Have you a backbone?" "Yes," said the skeptic. "How do you know?" said the clergyman. "Have you ever seen it?" This mystery of Golhood and humanity interjound I cannot understand and I cannot exthe morning on the earth and makes the

joined I cannot understand and I cannot ex-plain, but I believe it. I am glad there are so many things we cannot understand, for that leaves something for heaven. In about two hours we pass through Cana, the village of Palestine, where the mother of Christ and our Lord attended the wedding of a poor relative, having come over from Nazareth for that purpose. The mother of Christ—for women are first to notice such things—found that the provisions had fallen short and she told Christ, and He to relieve

the embarrassment of the housekeeper, who had invited more guests than the pantry warranted became the butier of the occasion, and out of a cluster of a few sympathetic words squeezed a beyorage of a few hundre! and twenty-six gallons of wine in which was not one drop of intoxicant, or it would have left that party as maudin and drunk as the great centennial banquet in New have left that party as maudin and drunk as the great centennial banquet in New York, two years ago, left senators, and governors, and generals, and merchant princes, the difference between the wine at the wedding in Cana and the wine at the banquet in New York being, that the Lord made the one and the devil made the other. We got off our horses and examined some of these water jars at Cana said to be the very ones that held the plain water that Christ turned into the purple bloom of an especial vintage. I measured them and found them eighteen inches from edge to edge and nine-teen inches deep, and declined to accept their identity. But we realized the immensity of a supply of a hundred and twenty-six gallous of wine.

Among the arts and inventions of the future I hope there may be some one that can press the juices from the grape and so mingle them and without one drop of damning alcoholism that it will keep for years. And the pure of it you take the clearer will be the

holism that it will keep for years. And the more of it you take the clearer will be the brain and the healthier the stomach. And here is a remarkable fact in my recent journev—I traveled through Italy and Greece and Egypt and Palestine and Syria and Tur-key, and how many intoxicated people dry you think I saw in all those five great realms. Not one. We must in our Christianized lands have got hold of some kind of beverage that Christ did not make.

Oh, I am glad that Jesus was present at that wedding, and last December, standing at Cana, that wedding came back! Night had fallen on the village and its surroundings. The bridgeroom had put on his head a bright turban and a garland of flowers, and his garments had been made fragrant with frankincense and camphor, an odor which the oriental especially likes the oriental especially likes are a processing by groomsmen, and preceded by a band or musicians with flutes and drums and horns, and by torches in full blaze, he starts for the bride's home. This river of fire is met by another river of fire, the torches of the bride and bridesmaids, flambeau answering flambeau. The bride is in white robe and her veil not only covers her face but envelopes her body. Her trousseau is as elaborate as the resources of her father's house permit. Her attendants are decked with all the ornaments they own or can borrow; but their own personal charms of her father's house permit. Her attendants are decked with all the ornaments they own or can borrow; but their own personal charms make tame the jewels, for those oriental women eclipse in attractiveness all others except those of our own land. The damson rose is in their cheek, and the diamond in the luster of their eyes, and the blackness of the night in their long locks, and in their step is the gracefulness of the morning. At the first sight of the torches of the bridegroom and his attendants coming over the hill the cry rings through the home of the bride: "They are in sight! Get ready! Behold the bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet him!" As the two processions approach each other the timbrels strike and the songs commingle, and then the two processions become one and march toward the bridegroom's house, and meet a third procession which is made up of the friends of both bride and bridegroom. Then all enter the house and the dance begins and the door is shut. And all this Christ uses to illustrate the joy with which the ransomed of earth shall meet Him when Ha comar sarlandad with sized, and robad mere morating and attemperet by tile tunneders of the last day. Look! There He comes down off the hills of heaven, the Bridegroom! And let us start out to hail

Bridegroom! And let us start out to hail. Him, for I hear the voices of the judgment day sounding. "Behold the Bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet Him!" And the disappointment of those who have declined the invitation to the gospel wedding is presented under the figure of a door heavily closed. You hear it slam. Too late. The door is shut! door is shut!

door is shut!
But we must hasten on, for I do not mean to close my eyes to-night till I see from a mountain top Lake Galilee, on whose banks next Sabbath we will worship, and on whose waters the following morning we will take a sail. On and up we go in the severest climb of all Palestine, the ascent of the Mount of Beatitudes, on the top of which Christ preached that famous sermon on the blesseds—blessed that. Up to their knees the horses plunge in molehilis and a knees the horses plunge in molehills and a surface that gives way at the first touch of the hoof, and again and again the tired beasts halt, as much as to say to the riders, "It is unjust for you to make us climb these steeps.

On and up over mountain sides, where in the later season hyacinths and dasies and phloxe and anemones kindle their beauty. On and up until on the rocks of black basalt we dismount, and climbing to the highest peak lool out on an enchantment of scenery that seem be the beatitudes themselves arched into skies and rounded into valleys and silvered into waves. The view is like that of Tennessee and North Carolina from the top of Look-out Mountain, or like that of Vermont and New Hampshire from the top of Mount Washington. Hail hills of Gallilee! Hai Lake Gennesaret, only four miles away Yonder, clear up and most conspicuous, is Safed, the very city to which Christ pointed

for illustration in the sermon preached here, saying: "A city set on a hill cannot be hid." There are rocks around me on this Mount of Beatitudes enough to build the highest pulpit the world ever saw. Ay, it is the highest pulpit. It overlooks all time and all eternity. The valley of Hattin, between here and Lake Galilee is an amphilibetare, estbouch. Lake Galilee, is an amphitheatre, as though the natural contour of the earth had invite all nations to come and sit down and hea Christ preach a sermon in which there wer Christ preach a sermon in which there were more startling novelties than were ever announced in all the sermons that were ever preached. To those who heard Him othis very spot His word must have seemed the contradiction of everything that they had ever heard or read or experienced. The world's theory had been: Blessel are the super cilious; blessed are the tearless; blessed are they that have everything their own

way, blessed are the war eagles; blessed are the persecutors; blessed are the popular, blessed are the Herods and the Cæsars and the Ahabs. "No! no! no!" says Christ, with a voice that rings over these rocks and through yonder valley of Hattin, and down to the opaline lake on one side, and the sapphire Mediterranean on the other, and across Europe in one way, and across Asia in the

other way, and around the earth both ways, till the globe shall yet be girdled with the nine beatitudes: Blessed are the poor; blessed are the mcarrful; blessed are the meach; blessed are the hungry; blessed are the meach; ciful; blessed are the pure; blessed are the peacemakers; blessed are the persecuted; blessed are the falsely raviled

The Finest of Shawls.

The finest shawls that are used in this or any other market, said a well-informed representative of the shawl trade to the Sauuterer, are those made in India and known as the India shawl. There is an imitation India shawl made in France, but while it is an excellent product of the loom, it does not in any way compare with the genuine article. The real India shawl is made from the wool of the Cashmere goat by the natives of that land. The India shawl is made in strips or pieces by hand and colored and then sewed together, and the greatest care is observed in its manufacture. In the imitation India the wool of a species of the same animal is used, but it is of an inferior quality, and the goats that furnish the French market with the material are raised in Australia. England produces the camel's hair shawl, the velvet and the beaver shawls. The camel's hair shaw is not made from the hair of a camel, as a good many people suppose, but from the combings of the wool of a certain kind of sheep. These combings are woven loosely so as to secure the peculiar effect that is a characteristic of this make Besides the imitation India, France manu factures a great quantity of broche shawl in singles and doubles. The material used in them is all pure wool. Another kind of shawl imported from France is a pattern like the real Paisley. Formerly these Paisleys were made in Scotland only, but the French shawl manufacturer pilfered the design from the Scotch, and as a result very few of the Paislev shawls come from the land of the plaid and the bagpipe. Those that are made are to fill special orders, as they are an expensive luxury. In the real Paisley the wool is the purest and finest selected, and no chemicals of any kind are used in its preparation .- Chicago Post.

Buffalo Herds a Half Century Ago. I think I can truly say, writes General John Bidwell in the November Century, that I saw in that region in one day more buffaloes than I have seen of cattle in all my life. I have seen the plain black with them for several days' journey as far as the eye could reach. seemed to be coming northward con-tinually from the distant plains to the Platte to get water, and would plunge in and swim across by thousands—so numerous were they that they changed not only the color of the water, but its taste, until it was unfit to drink; but we had to use it. One night when we were encamped on the South Fork of the Platte they came in such droves that we had to sit up and fire guns and make what fires we could to keep them from running over us and trampling us into the dust. We could hear them thundering all night long; the ground fairly trembled with vast approaching bands; and if they had not been diverted, wagons, animals and emigrants would have been trodden under their feet.

The hoitest day of the year in New Zealand usually comes at Christmas.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says:

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This seems a paradox, but it is ex-Germany is the largest coal producing plained by one of New York's richest men. "I don't count my wealth in dollars," he said. "What are all my country of continental Europe, the amount of the production for 1887 being possessions to me, since I am a victim of consumption? My doctor tells me that I have but a few months to live, for the disease is incurable. I am poor-er than that beggar yonder." "But," interupted the friend to whom he spoke, Of health and strength renewed and of ease and comfort follows the use of Syrup of Figs. consumption can be cured. If taken as it acts in harmony with nature to effectualin time, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical ly cleanse the system when costive or billous. Discovery will eradicate every vestige of the disease from your system." "Fill try it," said the millionaire, and he did; For sale in 50c. and \$1 bottles by all leading and to-day there is not a healthier, happier man to be found anywhere. The "Discovery" strikes at the seat of the complaint. Consumption is a disease of the blood—is nothing more nor less than hung sprofula—and it must He deserves not the sweet who will not Many persons are broken down from over-work or household cares. Brown's Iron Bit-ters rebuilds the system, aids digestion, re-moves excess of bile, and cures malaria. A splendid tonic for women and children. less than lung-scrofula - and it must and does yield to this wonderful remedy. "Golden Medical Discovery" is not

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