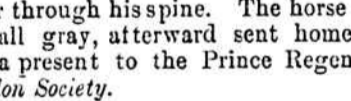


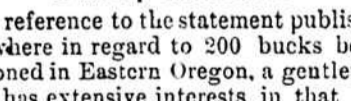
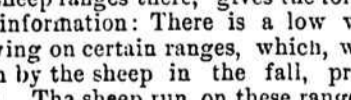
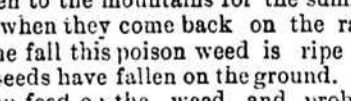
Queen Victoria's Coronation. Greville writes in his memories of Queen Victoria's coronation: "The different actors in the coronation were very imperfect in their parts, and had neglected to rehearse them. Lord John Thynne, who officiated for the Dean of Westminster, told me that nobody knew what was to be done except the archbishop and himself (who had rehearsed), Lord Willoughby (who is experienced in these matters) and the Duke of Wellington, and consequently there was a continual difficulty and embarrassment, and the queen never knew what she was to do next. The prayers in St. Edward's chapel before the coronation were concluded, much to the discomfiture of the archbishop. She said to John Thynne: 'Pray tell me what I am to do, for they don't know'; and at the end, when the orb was put into her hand, she said to him: 'What am I to do with it?' 'Your majesty is to carry it, if you please, in your hand.' 'Am I?' she said; 'it is very heavy.' The ruby ring was made for her little finger instead of the fourth, on which the rubric prescribes that it should be put. When the archbishop was to put it on, she extended the former, but he said it must be on the latter. She said it was too small, and she could not get it on. He said it was right to put it there, and, as he insisted, she yielded, but had first to take off her other rings, and then this was forced on, but it hurt her very much, and as soon as she had her very much she was obliged to get it off. The noise and confusion were very great when the orb was put on, and when Lord Surrey, everybody scrambling with all their might and main to get the Meads of Honor. There was a great demonstration of applause when the Duke of Wellington did homage. Lord Rolle, who is between eighty and ninety, fell down as he was getting up the steps of the throne. His first impulse was to rise, and when afterward he came again to do homage she said, 'May I not get up and meet him?' and then rose from the throne and advanced down one or two of the steps to prevent his coming up, an act of graciousness and kindness which made a great sensation.

Babies' Shoes. "Tell me something about babies' shoes. How are they numbered?" "No. 4 is the first shoe out of babyhood. No. 0 has a soft sole of white kid and pastebard, and is the successor of the knit wool boots that are sold for babies in long dresses. Nos. 1, 2 and 3 have what is called the turned sole, sewed together on the wrong side and turned out. There are from four to five buttons on the side, and a back tassel is now fastened at the top in front. The latest is to have a vamp of fine white kid with calf uppers, or what is still better, a half-hooped and toe, tipped with patent leather." "Is there no change in the shape of children's shoes?" "None. There can't well be, because the sole must be sufficiently broad to stand the wear and tear. Square toes are preferred to round, because they allow freer development to the toes. The spring heel, which was introduced nearly two years ago, is worn as early as two years of age, and has recently become fashionable for girls in their teens. It is nothing but a slip of leather inserted between the sole and that part of the shoe pressed by the wearer's heel. It is self-gone that a smaller than a No. 8 is made with a regular heel, and that is on the common sense plan, low and broad. These and the large sizes have a higher top than has been usual for several years. Children would have better looking feet if they had wider mothers, and the fault lies in the first shoes worn. One pair too short will ruin the feet, no matter how loose subsequent ones may be."—New York Mail and Express.

Animal Course. The sagacious horse soon learns to despise a timid rider. The confidence of a horse in a firm rider and his own courage is great, as was conspicuously evinced in the case of an Arab possessed by the late General Sir Robert R. Gillip, who, being present on the recourses at Calcutta during one of the great Hindoo festivals, when several hundred thousand people assembled to witness all kinds of shows, was suddenly alarmed by the shrieks of the crowd, and informed that a tiger had escaped from his keeper. Sir Robert immediately called for his horse, and grasping a boar spear which was in the hands of one of the crowd, rode to attack his formidable enemy. The tiger was probably amazed at finding himself in the middle of such a number of shrieking beings flying from him in all directions; but the moment he perceived Sir Robert he crouched with the attitude of preparing to spring, and that instant the gallant soldier passed his horse in a leap over the tiger's back and stuck the spear through his spine. The horse was a small gray, afterward sent home by him a present to the Prince Regent.—London Society.

A Sheep Intoxicant. In reference to the statement published elsewhere in regard to 200 bucks being poisoned in Eastern Oregon, a gentleman who has extensive experience in that section and who has spent several years on the sheep ranges there, gives the following information: There is a low weed growing on certain ranges, which, when eaten by the sheep in the fall, proves fatal. The sheep run on these ranges in the spring without damage. Then they are driven to the mountains for the summer, and when they come back on the range in the fall this poison weed is ripe and the seeds have fallen on the ground. The Sheep feed on the weed and probably the seeds. Presently their ears droop, they froth at the mouth, and their brain is affected. After standing for a while in a dazed condition they start off in any direction they happen to be headed and keep going till they walk over a cliff or into a gully or fall dead. They cannot be turned or stopped, but walk off as if compassed, if it was level ground. So far as I know there is no cure for sheep which have eaten this weed. Cattle and horses are not poisoned by it.—Portland Oregonian.

The Tale of a Fish. When a man doth wish to angle, A hook like this he loves to dangle: 

He has a line so good and long, And catches a fish about so long:  Before he gets home the fish doth grow (3) And he tells his friends that it stretched out so:  But his friends who have a fishing beam, And the fish he has a fish like him, And they simply sit and smile and grin. 

Twins Who Think Alike. Watkinsville boasts as many pretty girls as any town in Georgia to its population, and none are more popular than the twin sisters, Miss Sallie and Mollie Woods. These young ladies resemble each other so nearly that even their intimate friends are often at a loss to tell "y other from which," and they have a good deal of fun at the expense of young men who mistake which sister they are speaking to. They are as proverbially attached to each other as two peas in a pod, and in fact not only their tastes and wishes, but even thoughts flow in the same channel. It is a singular fact, but nevertheless true, that when one's mind dwells upon a subject the other's thoughts are exactly the same. This has been tested time and again by friends calling one at a time aside and asking her thoughts, and they are found to be identical.—Savannah News.

The Home Doctor. A Simple Remedy. Lard as an application for bruises is considered indispensable at our house, it is used as soon as possible, it prevents discoloration that follows such a hurt. If the bruise is severe it may not cure it entirely, but will help it in any case. A blow on the face followed by a black and blue spot is especially annoying, but unless so near the eyes as to settle black under them, lard will prevent such discoloration. Try it when next you are so unfortunate as to get a bruise.

Burns. Advice on the best way to act when the clothing is on fire has so often been given in print that it seems as if everyone must know how to act in this terrible emergency; yet one can scarcely take up a newspaper without seeing that some unfortunate woman has perished because she ran about screaming for help instead of rolling on the floor and trying to smother the flames. It is of the greatest importance that the mouth should be kept shut, so that the flames may not be breathed in. If there is water at hand to dash on the fire, it can be easily extinguished, but too often there is none; then seize the first woolen article that can be caught up—a shawl, overcoat, heavy wrap cover, rug or piece of carpet—and tuck it tightly around the person, if possible, roll her over and over on the floor, as this crushes out the flame. Fire cannot burn without air; when the fire is out it will go out. If the sufferer seems extremely weak and exhausted by the shock, give a few spoonfuls of brandy and water. If the feet are cold, apply hot bricks or bottles of hot water to them. Cut the clothes off the injured parts; do not attempt to remove them in any other way. If the injury is not much broken, mix in a bowl a thick paste of common baking soda, spread it thickly on linen and lay it on the burns. As it begins to dry, wet by squeezing water on it without removing it; if it is kept thoroughly damp, there is usually little pain. When there is a large raw surface, cover with a thick layer of cosmo-line, oiled rags, or simply wet cloths; if the air can be excluded the smarting will cease. A burn is dangerous in proportion to its extent rather than its depth. In all severe cases, send for a doctor at once. Very nourishing food must be given to sustain the system while the tissue that was lost is being replaced.

Cookery for Colds. A PLEASANT DRAUGHT FOR A COLD.—Boil a quarter of an ounce of gelatine in a pint of new milk. Reduce it to half the quantity, add sugar to taste, and a drop of almond essence. This should be taken at bedtime, not too warm. APPLE WATER.—This is a refreshing beverage when a bad cold has the effect of making one thirsty. It is especially appreciated by children. Cut four slowly-baked apples in quarters, put them in a jug with a couple of cloves. Pour a quantity of boiling water on them. In three hours strain and sweeten to taste. LEMON WHEY.—This is often recommended in delicate perspiration after a chill, and is less heating than the white whey used, sometimes given for that purpose. Pour into boiling new milk as much lemon juice as will make a small quantity quite clear. Add enough hot water to make it a pleasant acid, and sweeten to taste. Strain and drink hot before going to bed. RICE CAUDLE.—This is an excellent remedy for any case where a sudden chill has brought on diarrhoea. Soak some rice for an hour in cold water, strain it, and put two tablespoonfuls of the rice into a pint or rather more of new milk. Simmer till it will pulp through a sieve. Put the pulp and milk into a saucepan, with a bruised clove, a bit of cinnamon, and loaf sugar to taste. Simmer ten minutes more. If too thick, add a little milk. Serve with exceedingly thin strips of dry toast.

Sparrows as Food. The English sparrows are recommended by the New York Experiment station as an excellent food. The same recommendation has been previously and frequently given in these columns, and the suggestion has been made that farmer's boys should turn their ready shotguns upon the too abundant pests. Sparrows are a regular article of consumption in France, and travelers in that country and in Germany may recall the small, clean, white cloth covered stands in the markets upon which these birds, ready trussed for the cook, are exposed for sale in large numbers. In what shape they appear on the table, however, no traveler can probably tell, for the French cookery is well known to be a series of wonderful transformations. But the American housewife may serve them as a pie, and in short in any way in which a most excellent and well flavored bird can be cooked. They may be made a substitute for reed birds, for quail, and for rail, but the country birds which feed upon wheat and other grains are here referred to and not the city birds, whose unclean food is rather an object against any other use for them than as food for cats.—New York Times.

The Officers Passed Them. A year or so ago a merchant vessel was sent to Havana to bring back to the United States some shipwrecked sailors. While there they obtained a lot of cheap cigars, which they corded up in a great pile on the deck. Over this pile, which looked very much like a cord of wood, they threw a lot of old sail cloth, and when the customs officers asked them if they had any dutiable goods on board they pointed to this pile and said it contained cigars. The customs officers thought they were being gulled, and did not look at them.

A Stable for 2,400 Horses. The Broadway and Seventh Avenue Railway company, of New York, has a stable at Fifth street which will cover the largest number of horses under one roof in this country, or 2,400. The feed of this regiment of horses consists of hay, oats and corn. A supply of rock salt is also furnished. Each horse about eight pounds of hay a day, which with 2,400 horses means about 3,500 tons a year. This is chopped up fine by cutters run by an eighty-horse power engine. The storehouse for feed contains 12,000 bushels of grain and is filled up every three months. In mixing, about 10,000 bushels of oats are put with 12,000 bushels of corn. In a room where the prepared food is put a horizontal section shows a mass of feed ten feet deep, consisting of layers of chopped hay, ground corn and oats, which are taken in the proportions desired and are placed upon the floor, where a constant spray of water mingles with it to enable its ready mixture. About 12,000 pounds of rock salt in the lump are placed four times a year. Lumps are placed in the horse's mangers, where they can lick it as they wish. Their own taste for salt is considered the best guide.

The Blood. DR. TALMAN'S BERMANN. Text: Hebrews ix, 22.—"Without shedding of blood there is no remission." John G. Whittier, the last of the great school of American poets that made the last quarter of a century brilliant, asked me in his study at York, Me., what I thought of his mangled, but what I regard as his masterpiece, "The Fountain Filled with Blood." "Do you really believe that there is a literal application of the blood of Christ to the soul?" he asked. My reply was in negative reply. No. The Bible statement agrees with all physicians and all physiologists and all scientists in saying that the blood of Christ is not a physical thing, it means simply that Christ's life was given for our life. Hence all this talk of men who say the Bible story of blood is disgusting, and that they don't want what they call a "laughing-house religion" only shows their incapacity or unwillingness to look through the figure of speech toward the thing signified. The blood that on the darkest Friday of the world ever saw oozed or trickled or ran from the brow and side and the hands and feet of the illustrious sufferer, back of Jerusalem, in a few hours coagulated and dried up and forever disappeared. "Laughing-house religion" only shows the literal blood of Christ there would not have been a soul saved for the last eighteen centuries. In order to understand this red work of my text we only have to exercise as a religious man, and as a man of God, we do everything else. Pang for pang, hunger for hunger, fatigue for fatigue, tear for tear, blood for blood, life for life we see every day in the life of a man, and in the life of a nation, although I fear men talk as though the idea of Christ's suffering substituted for our suffering were something abnormal, something distressingly odd, something wholly extraneous, a solitary episode in the world's history when I could take you into this city and before sundown point you to five hundred cases of substitution and voluntary suffering one in behalf of another.

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THE BLOOD. DR. TALMAN'S BERMANN. In the realm of the fine arts there was a remarkable instance. A brilliant but hypercritical painter, Joseph William Turner was met by a volley of abuse from the artists of the European continent. His paintings have since won the applause of all civilized nations. "The Fifth Plague of Egypt," "Fishermen on a Shoal Shore in Squally Weather," "Calais Pier," "The Sun Rising Through Mist," and "Dido Building Carthage," were then targets for critics to shoot at. In defense of this outrageously abused man a young author of twenty-four years, just fresh from the study of the Greek and Latin pen, and wrote the ablest and most famous essays on art that the world ever saw or will see—John Ruskin's "Modern Painters." The white-haired painter, who had been the victim of the maltreated artist, and after in poverty and broken-heartedness the painter had died, the public tried to undo their cruelties toward him by giving him a pension, and the artist's friend took out a tin box 19,000 pieces of paper containing drawings by the old painter, and through many weary and uncompensated months assayed and uncomplacently examined the work of the old painter. "People say John Ruskin in his old days is cross, misanthropic and morbid. Whatever he may do that he ought not to do, and whatever he may say that he ought not to say, he is right. His death has been a great loss to the world, but his life has been a great blessing to it. He has saved this world in so far as it has any chance to pay this author's pen for his charity and Christian defense of a poor painter's pencil."—The Sun.

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Typing the Wrong Man. Some years ago I was living in a village in Solano county. Upon one occasion a young man drove a wagon into town loaded with fruit. After he had placed his fruit on the train he went into a saloon to take a few drinks and have "a good time" with the boys; very soon he became wild with liquor and was so unmanageable that the constable of the township had to arrest him. As there was no prison in the town he resorted to tying the fellow with his back to the tree right in the main street. For a time he surged and tugged at the ropes, but finding his efforts useless, he cried out: "My God! has it come to this? Tied to a tree like a horse?" Then gathering his scattered wits he said to the constable: "I ain't the fellow to tie. Tie the man that sold the whisky!" Here was true philosophy for you; why arrest and tie the corrupted and let the corrupter go on with his work! We have temporized long enough with this giant evil. The time has come when we ought to rise in our might as sov. ereigns and crush it out. We have been trying the wrong man long enough. Let us seize the right man now and rivet fetters so securely upon him that no strength or skill will ever avail to break them.—Rescue.

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TEMPERANCE TOPICS. Opening Hell Gate. The bars are down, Hell Gate is opened wide. There's a room for sinners on the other side. Bread is the way, and many go therein. And float serenely on the dangerous tide. Where whirlpools coil and hidden rocks abide, Where untraced paths of doom are hid. Ground and prepared in Satan's mills of gin. Where all that's just is hated and denied. One Hell Gate opens only to the sea, And the other opens only to the fire. The other is the inhospitable door, Where bacchanalian victims shout and roar. Unconscious of the covered dynamite. The electric spark a touch may soon ignite; But the fire of hell is kindled by the wind. The fire, and death is there to touch the fuse. Geo. W. Bungay, in Temperance Advocate.

Typing the Wrong Man. Some years ago I was living in a village in Solano county. Upon one occasion a young man drove a wagon into town loaded with fruit. After he had placed his fruit on the train he went into a saloon to take a few drinks and have "a good time" with the boys; very soon he became wild with liquor and was so unmanageable that the constable of the township had to arrest him. As there was no prison in the town he resorted to tying the fellow with his back to the tree right in the main street. For a time he surged and tugged at the ropes, but finding his efforts useless, he cried out: "My God! has it come to this? Tied to a tree like a horse?" Then gathering his scattered wits he said to the constable: "I ain't the fellow to tie. Tie the man that sold the whisky!" Here was true philosophy for you; why arrest and tie the corrupted and let the corrupter go on with his work! We have temporized long enough with this giant evil. The time has come when we ought to rise in our might as sov. ereigns and crush it out. We have been trying the wrong man long enough. Let us seize the right man now and rivet fetters so securely upon him that no strength or skill will ever avail to break them.—Rescue.

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RELIGIOUS READING. Healthy Piety. The stoutest timber stands on Norwegian rocks, where tempests rage, and long, hard winters reign. The muscles are seen most fully developed in the brawny arm that piles the blacksmith's hammer. Even so, the most vigorous and healthy piety is that which is the busiest, which has difficulties to battle with, which has its hands full of good works, which has neither time nor room for evil, but aiming at great things both for God and man, promptly and summarily dismissing temptations with Nehemiah's answer, "I have a great work to do, therefore I cannot come down."

Visiting The Poor. Miss Octavia Hills says, "I am convinced that one of the evils of much that is done for the poor springs from the want of delicacy felt, and a courtesy shown towards them, and that we cannot beneficially help them in any spirit different to that in which we help those who are better off. The help may differ in amount, it should not differ in kind." Apply these words to visiting as well as to giving. Do not try to visit many families, but only enough to be able to go often, so that a true friendship may spring up. Once win the friendship of the various members of the home, and they can be influenced