Children Then and Now.

"From One I Knew the Best of All," Frances Hodgson Burnet writes of the memory of a child, as follows:

In those days, I think, the Children's Century had not begun. Children were not regarded as embryo intellects, whose growth it is the pleasure and duty of intelligent maturity to foster and protect. Morals and manners were attended to, desperate efforts were made to conquer their natural disinclination to wash their hands and faces, it was a time-honored custom to tell them to "make less noise," and I think everybody knelt down in his night-gown and said his prayers every night and morning. I wish I knew who was the originator of the nursery verse, which was a kind of creed:

"Speak when you're spoken to
Come when you're called,
Shut the door after you,
And do as you're told."

The rhyme and meter were, perhaps, not faultless, but the sentiments were without a flaw.

A perfectly normal child knew what happened in his own nursery and the nurseries of its cousins and juvenile friends; it knew something of the romances of Mrs. Barbauld and Miss Edgeworth and the adventures related in Peter Parley's "Annual." Religious aunts possibly gave it horrible little books containing memoirs of dreadful children who died early of complicated diseases, whose lingering developments they enlivened by giving unlimited moral advice and instruction to their parents and immediate relatives, seeming, figuratively speaking, to implore them to "go and do likewise," and perishing to appropriate texts. The Small Person suffered keen private pangs of conscience and thought she was a wicked child, because she did not like those books and had a vague feeling of disbelief in the children. It seemed probable that she might be sent to perdition and devoured by fire and brimstone because of this irreligious indifference, but she could not overcome it. But I am afraid the Small Person was not a normal child. Still she really could not help it, and she has been sufficiently punished, poor thing, even while she has been unduly rewarded. She happened to be born, as a clever but revoltingly candid and practical medical man once told her, with a cerebral tumor of imagination.—Scribner's Magazine.

MURRAY, the BARBER.

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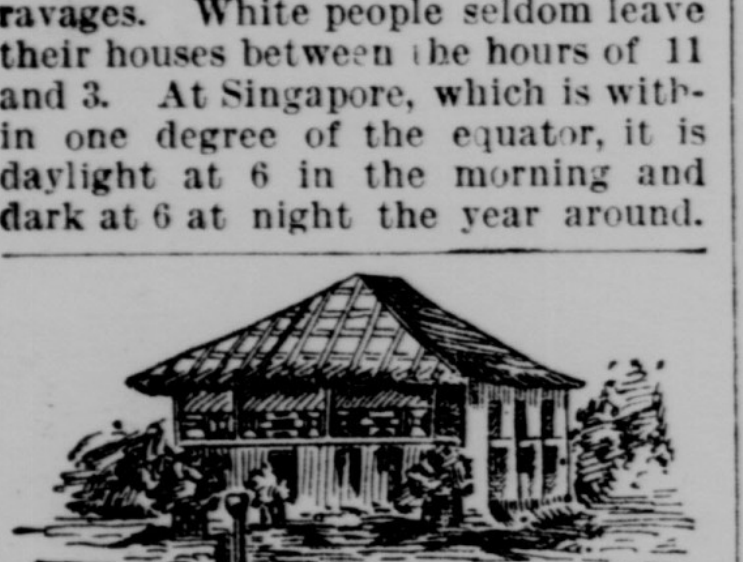
LIFE IN MALAY

Rendered Almost Unendurable by Heat Dampness.

Life for Europeans in the Malay Peninsula, East India, is rendered almost unendurable by the excessive heat and dampness. All the year round the thermometer ranges from 80 to 100 degrees, and malarial fever, thereby induced, never ceases in its ravages. White people seldom leave their houses between the hours of 11 and 3. At Singapore, which is within one degree of the equator, it is daylight at 6 in the morning and dark at 6 at night the year around.



A EUROPEAN BUNGALOW.

Europeans are unable to live in the close stifling houses of the natives and have devised a kind of residence known as the bungalow. The windows are furnished with shutters for excluding the sunlight and the kitchen is separated from the house, with which it is connected by a covered passageway.

Througout the peninsula the soil is red and fertile and adapted to coffee raising, a business followed by Europeans. Many cultivate sago and ratan. Pineapples, mangos and bananas grow wild. The most remarkable fruit indigenous to the country is the durian. This tree grows to a height of sixty feet, spreading like an oak and taking seven years to mature. After the seventh year it bears once a year. The fruit, which is large and of light-green color, grows on the trunk of the tree and takes nine months to mature. It has a strawberry flavor but is unpalatable to novices. Another peculiar kind of fruit is the soursopp, which resembles the pineapple in size and shape. It grows in the forks of the branches of the trees.

DURIAN FRUIT TREE.

For Blowing Glass.

At the Whitney Glass Works, in their branch factory in Vineland, N. J., is now being tried the mechanical bottle-blower which has been for several years in successful operation aboad. This does away with the exhausting labor of mouth-blowing, largely increases the product and improves the quality at a greatly reduced cost. Writing in the Engineering Magazine R. M. Atwater says: "It would be premature to assert that the glass-blower as we now know him will in the next generation be as absolete as a clay mold, but there is little doubt that the mechanical bottle-blower, with compressed air, now has the call for a large variety of shapes, as for ales, minerals, beers, wines, fruit jars, milk jars, water bottles—in fact, any shape of more than half-pint capacity that is used in large quantities. The mechanical blower is an English invention, though German and English inventors have entered the field as competitors. But the Ashley patent, developed by the able engineer, Joshua Horne of Castleford, Yorkshire, is the device that has the most vitality of any now on the horizon."

Wanted a Book on Courting.

The requests made to editors are curious at times. One of the frankest ever made public was addressed to the Scotsman recently, the envelope bearing a request that the letter should be handed to any bookseller in Edinburgh. The letter ran: "The kind of a book that I want is a Courting book—a book that will tell me how to talk to the lass that I love, a book that will tell me the words to ask her when i be courting her, is the sort of book that I want. No matter how few or how little the words may be."

Whiz!

An Austrian engineer proposes to carry passengers from Vienna to Pesth by an electric locomotive at the rate of 123 miles an hour.

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SHINGLES.

CABLE SPARKS.

The strikers in the Dundee jute mills now number 19,000.

The King of Dohomey has submitted to French authority.

The betrothal of the Duke of York and Princess May is announced.

The dock strike at Hull has caused a heavy decline in the shipping trade of the port.

The bill fixing eight hours as a day's work for coal miners passed second reading in the House of Commons.

The British steamship Khiva was burned off the Carolina coast, and many Mohammedan pilgrims perished.

The Governor-General of Cuba has proclaimed amnesty to revolutionists who will surrender within eight days.

Eight hundred London brokers marched to a union meeting at the Guild Hall to express their opposition to home rule.

Lady Somerset was re-elected president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Association, causing a split in the organization.

The Union dock laborers of Bristol have gone on a strike against non-union men, and the shipping trade of the port is blocked.

Dr. Charles Tanner, the noted Irish nationalist leader and Member of Parliament for Middle Cork, is critically ill in London.

It is said that 175 branches of the British Women's Temperance Association will secede because of the election of Lady Somerset as president.

The centre party has rejected the compromise on the German army bill, but will allow its members to vote according to individual convictions.

The prefect of Marseilles has suspended for one month four deputy mayors, who, whil wearing their insignia of office, participated in the May Day demonstration.

The British steamer City of Khios, from Calcutta, collided with an unknown schooner off Beachyhead, and it is feared that the schooner went down with all on board.

In the lower house of the Prussian Diet the government bill regulating the elementary schools was rejected by the combined vote of the conservative and the centre parties.

Counsel for the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland will apply to court for her release from the London jail because of her ill-health. The Duchess was imprisoned for destroying a court document.

The veteran Marshal McMahon, ex-President of the French republic, is sick with influenza and, owing to his advanced age, he being nearly eighty-five years old, much anxiety is felt as to the result of his illness.

MURDERED 248 MEN.

An Awful Story of Crime Told by a Texas Woman-Butcher.

A despatch from Denison, Texas, says: An application for pardon has been made to Governor Hogg by Charles Luttrell who is to hang May 17 for murder.

It is developed that Luttrell had made a startling statement in regard to the terrible butchery of women here last spring that will probably secure him a pardon or commutation of sentence to life imprisonment.

It is alleged that Luttrell confessed that since 1878 James Brown, John Carlisle and their friends had killed 248 men in order to destroy testimony against them in murder cases.

In 1878 Brown killed a stableman. John Carlisle was induced to kill another man, named Sparks, and Tom Shannon, their latest victim, was an eye-witness to both murders.

There were many other eye-witnesses, and Brown and Carlisle being wealthy, started in to kill evidence against them, and Luttrell's confession is but a glimpse of the awful reality of the unparalleled series of crimes that cost 248 men their lives and the perpetrators millions of dollars.

Luttrell would not give the names of the victims, but claims, if afforded protection, he will tell enough to satisfy the authorities that his story is true.

BLOUNT SUCCEEDS STEVENS.

The Ex-Minister Will Leave Honolulu for the United States on the 24th.

Officials of the State Department confirmed the predictions heretofore made that ex-Representative Blount would be appointed Minister Resident to the Hawaiian Islands. It has been supposed that Minister Stevens would remain in charge of the legation until the 24th of this month, at which time he had announced his intention of sailing for San Francisco.

It is now shown that Mr. Stevens has been instructed to forthwith turn over the legation to Commissioner Blount, who has been appointed his successor. There is reason to believe that Mr. Stevens was not allowed to remain in charge of the legation until the 24th inst. because of his activity in behalf of annexation.

It is further stated at the Department that Messrs. Bowen and Sewall, who went to Honolulu shortly after Commissioner Blount's arrival have been active in their efforts to stimulate sentiment on the islands in favor of annexation and are thought to have created the impression that in so doing they were representing the President.

Letters received by naval officers and others in the Government service indicate that the Provisional Government maintains a firm hold. One letter states that the native sentiment in favor of annexation is growing.

WRECKED BY A TORNADO.

The Town of Wilmington, O., Badly Damaged by a Wind Storm.

A tornado of terrific proportions struck Wilmington about three o'clock in the afternoon. About noon threatening clouds began to gather in the northwest. Two clouds came together just west of the town and formed a rapidly revolving circular cloud which struck the town on its western edge and traveled directly eastward, taking in the business portion of the place and leaving its wake strewn with debris of all kinds.

Trees were but as straws and few are left standing that encounterd the storm. Almost in the twinkling of an eye the storm was over and the half frantic populace timidly emerged to find the streets filled with wrecked vehicles, wires, roofs of all kinds and fallen buildings.

The beautiful City Hall, lately remodeled, is badly damaged, the roof blown off and the interior soaked with water. Every church in town except the Presbyterian was badly wrecked. The heavy bell on the Christian Church was blown some distance into the street and the spire was blown off and crashed through the roof and ceiling. The Catholic Church spire was left standing, while the remainder of the building was demolished.

A small child at the home of J. E. Betts was taken out of bed asleep after the storm, while it was surrounded with bricks and fallen timbers. It is miraculous that no one was killed outright.

The Louisville Steam and Electric Power Company's building and several adjoining buildings at Louisville, Ky., were destroyed by fire. The loss will exceed $300,000, and falls mainly upon the Power Company, and the tenants in its big building.

Emperor William has telegraphed his approval of the army bill compromise to Chancellor von Caprivi.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Some butterflies lay over 100,000 eggs.

There are forty-eight varieties of the common fly.

The density of the sun is only about one-fourth that of the earth.

Eyeless fish are numerous in a subterranean lake at Ashland, Mich.

Mars revolves around the sun at a mean distance of about 141,000,000 miles.

The lungs will contain about one gallon of air at their usual degree of inflation.

According to the best authorities the odor that gives the musk ox its name cannot be traced to any one special secretion.

Two hundred dogs are annually doomed to death in the University of Buffalo, N. Y. for physiological experiments.

A single plant of purslane has been known to produce 388,800 seeds, the thistle 95,366 and the plaintain 42,200 seeds in a single season.

It is so hot in the neighborhood of the Dead Sea that, according to estimates, the sea loses a million tons of water a day by evaporation.

Several French railway lines are going to light their carriages with the electric light, "as it has been found perfectly practical by means of a mechanical attachment to the engine."

Progress in the science of bacteriology in the last forty years has been extraordinary, and there is very good ground for the anticipation that this includes successful vaccination against cholera.

The growth of microbes in the human system is so extraordinary that it has been demonstrated in some forms of typhoid fever, and those not altogether the most favorable, that from a single bacillus, in less than twenty-four hours, over ten billions may be propagated.

Corn husks boiled in caustic soda are being utilized for the manufacture of paper. The cooking process results in the formation of a spongy, glutinous paste, which is subjected to heavy pressure so as to eliminate the gluten, the fibre remaining being made into paper in the ordinary way.

The life of trees is determined very largely by climate. Actual experiment has shown that the English oak, for instance, matures, and consequently dies, sooner in the United States than in England. The life of one of these trees across the water is estimated to be a thousand years, and in America but 300.

The Care of Sponges.

There are few things that are so carelessly handled and which give so little satisfaction, for this reason, as a bathing sponge. A large sponge is always a somewhat expensive item, and when it becomes odorous, as it sometimes does after a little use, one hesitates to throw it away at once, expecting to restore it. This is a very difficult matter to accomplish; repeated scaldings will often fail to make a sponge sweet and soft, as it was originally. The best way to do is to take care of it at first. If the sponge is freed from soapsuds and hung where it will get dry each time after it is used, it will not become sour. In order to do this, wash the soap out with warm water after using it, and rinse it in cold water. Squeeze it as dry as you can with the hands, but do not wring it, as that would break the fibres. It is a good thing to dry sponges in summer in the bright sunshine.

In winter they must be dried by artificial heat, and for this reason special care must be taken to rinse them clean after using them. It is a great mistake to shut a sponge up in a closed box, even though it may be one of solid silver. A sponge shut up in this way with the least dampness is sure to acquire an impure odor in time. The best place to keep a sponge is on a hanging earthen tray, or in an open basket of wire, near the bathtub, where it can dry and is always convenient. There is a great difference in the qualities of sponges. A good bathing sponge has rather coarse pores, but is soft and strong in texture. The most expensive sponges, however, are tiny ones, which have the very finest holes and a silken texture. They are used for washing little children and by surgeons. It is always better to purchase a sponge of a wholesale dealer, who handles them from the original package as they come to market, or from a trustworthy druggist. The sponges that are sold by sidewalk venders and are very white and clean looking are said to be often the refuse sponges thrown away by hospitals and afterward collected, cleaned and bleached by acid by the Italians, who usually vend them.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Don't Jump Out in a Runaway.

"The horses were stopped a few paces further on," a formula in such cases almost as invariable as "He did not know it was loaded" is in another form of disaster, writes H. Hooper from Paris. It was so in the case of Mrs. Pendleton and in that of Mme. Van Loon, who met her death in that way at Nice at the beginning of the present season. and in a host of other instances. Ten years ago I chanced to be in a carriage when, the driver having left his box, the horses ran away, I did not jump out, and so I passed through that unpleasant experience without so much as a scratch. I only mention it to prove that I know something about the peril of which I write, and so am competent to express an opinion on the subject. Had the young and popular heir of the dynasty of Orleans only sat still when his horses started in their mad career, the Comte de Paris might at this moment be reigning over France,

Value of Fresh Air.

An interesting experiment that proves the value of fresh air in winter, even for very young and delicate children, was tried a month or two ago in a well known babies' hospital. All the sickly babies that were suffering from chronic indigestion and lack of nutrition, and who would not improve in spite of good food, perfectly ventilated rooms, and careful bathing, were taken to the top ward of the hospital, where all the windows were open wide, wrapped as for the street and put in their perambulators. They were kept in this room from two to four hours daily, and soon showed a marked improvement. Their cheeks became rosy, they gained in weight and appetite, and would often fall asleep and remain so during the whole time they were in the air. Very delicate children had bags of hot water placed at their feet. It is recorded in the account of this experiment that not one child took a cold as a result of it.—New York Post.

The Girls of Paraguay.

"Paraguay," said Latham Hall, of Rosario, Argentine Republic, formerly of Elizabeth, N. J., to the Star representative the other morning at the Hamilton, "would be a good place for bachelors to emigrate to, for the reason that the women largely outnumber the men.

"This discrepancy in the sexes is due to the war between Paraguay and Brazil, when the men were killed off. It is very marked to a traveler. Spanish women are to a certain degree pretty, but they do not compare with American women. They have large, beautiful eyes, but the beauty of Spanish women, about which so much has been written, is to a large extent mythical."—Washington Star.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Maytime Thoughts."

Text: "*A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters and streams from Lebanon.*"—Solomon's Song iv., 15.

Some of the finest gardens of olden times were to be found at the foot of Mount Lebanon. Snow descended, and winter whitened the top of the mountain. Then when the warm spring weather came the snows melted and poured down the side of the mountain and gave great luxuriance to the gardens at the foot, and you see now the allusion of my text when it speaks of the fountain of gardens and streams from Lebanon.

Again and again the church is represented as a garden all up and down the word of God, and it is a figure specially suggestive at this season of the year, when the parks and the orchards are about to put forth their blossom and the air is filled with bird voices.

A mother wished to impress her child with the love of God, and so in the spring-time, after the ground had been prepared in the garden, she took a handful of flower seeds and scattered these seeds in shape of letters all across the bed of the garden. Weeks passed by, and the rains and the sunshine had done their work, and one day the child came in and said, "Mother, come quickly to the garden—come now." The mother followed the child to the garden, and the little child said: "Look here, mother. See! It is spelled all over the ground in flowers, 'God is Love.'"

Oh, my friends, if we only had faith enough we could see Gospel lessons all around and about us—lessons in shells on the beach, lessons in sparkles on the wave, lessons in stars on the sky, lessons in flowers all over the earth.

Well, my friends, you know very well that there have been some beautiful gardens created. There was the garden of Charlemagne, and you remember that this king ordered gardens laid out all through the realm and decided by decree of government what kind of flowers should be planted in those gardens. Henry IV. at Montpellier decreed that there should be flowers planted throughout his realm and gardens laid out, and he specially decreed that there should be Alpine pyrana and French plants. Shenstone, the poet, was more celebrated for his gardens than for his poetry. His poetry has faded from the ages for the most part, but his gardens are immortal. To all the beauty of his place he added perfection of art. Palisade and arch and arbor and fountain and rustic temple had their most wonderful specimens, and the oak, and the hazel, and the richest woods of the forest were planted in that garden. He had genius, and he had industry, and all his genius and all his industry he applied to the beautification of that garden. He gave for it $1500, and he sold it at last for $85,000, or what was equal to that number of dollars. It was an expensive garden, laid out with great elaboration. And yet I have to tell you now of a garden of vaster expanse—the garden spoken of in my text—a fountain of gardens with the streams from Lebanon.

Walter Scott had the great ambition of his life to build Abbotsford and lay out extensive gardens round about it. It broke his heart that he could not complete the work as he desired it. At his last payment of £100,000, after laying out these gardens and building that palace of Abbotsford, at that time his heart broke, his health failed, and he died almost an imbecile.

A few years ago, when I walked through those gardens and I thought at what vast expense they had been laid out—at the expense of that man's life—it seemed I could see in the crimson flowers the blood of the old man's broken heart. But I have to tell you now of a garden laid out at vaster expense. Who can calculate that vast expense? Tell me, ye women who watched Him hang; tell me, ye executioners who lifted and let Him down; tell me, thou sun that didst hide and ye rocks that did fall, what the laying out of this garden cost. This morning, amid the aroma and brightness of the springtime, it is appropriate that I show you how the church of Christ is a garden.

I remark first it is a garden because of the rare plants in it. That would be a strange garden in which there were no flowers. If you cannot find them anywhere else, you will find them along the paths, and you will find them at the gateway.

If there be no especial taste and no especial means, you will find there the hollyhock, and the daffodil, and the dahlia. If there be no especial taste and no especial means, you will find the Mexican cactus, and the bluebell, and the arbutus, and the clusters of oleanders.

Flowers there must be in every garden, and I have to tell you that in the garden of the church are the rarest plants. Sometimes you will find the violet, inconspicuous, but sweet as heaven—Christian souls with no pretense, but of vast usefulness, comparatively unknown on earth, but to be glorious in celestial spheres. Violets and violets all the time. You cannot tell where these Christians have been save by the brightening face of the invalid, or the steaming tureen of the stand near the sick pillow, or the new curtain that keeps out the glare of the sun from the poor man's cot. Such characters are perhaps better typified by the ranunculus which goes creeping between the thorns and the briers of this life, giving a kiss for a sting, and many a man has thought that life before him was a black rock of trouble and found it covered all over with delightsome jasmine of Christian sympathy.

In this garden of the Lord I find the Mexican cactus, loveliness within, thorns without, men with great sharpness of behavior and manner, but within them the peace of God, the love of God, the grace of God. They are hard men to handle, ugly men to touch, very apt to strike back when you strike them, yet within them all loveliness and attraction, while outside so completely unfortunate. Mexican cactus all the time.

Said a placid elder to a Christian minister, "Doctor, you would do better to control your temper." "Ah," said the minister to the placid elder, "I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years." These people, gifted men, who have great exasperation of manner and seem to be very different from what they should be, really have in their souls that which commends them to the Lord. Mexican cactus all the time. So a man said to me years ago "Do you think I ought to become a member of the church? I have such a violent temper.

"Yesterday I was crossing Jersey City ferry. It was very early in the morning, and I saw a milkman putting a large quantity of water into his can, and I said 'That is enough, sir,' and he got off the cart and insulted me, and I knocked him down. Well," said he, "do you think I could ever become a Christian?" That man had in his soul the grace of the Lord Jesus, but outside he was full of thorns, and full of brambles, and full of exasperations, but he could not hear the story of a Saviour's mercy told without having the tears roll down his cheek. There was loveliness within, but roughness outside. Mexican cactus all the time.

But I remember in boyhood that we had in our father's garden what we called the Giant of Battle, a peculiar rose, very red and very fiery. Suggestive flower, it was called the Giant of Battle. And so in the garden of the Lord we find that kind of flower—the Pauls and Martin Luthers, the Wyclifs, the John Knoxes—giants of battle. What in other men is a spark, in them is a conflagration. When they pray, their prayers take fire; when they suffer, they sweat great drops of blood; when they preach, it is a pentecost; when they fight, it is Thermopylæ; when they die, it is martyrdom—giants of battle. You say, "Why have we not more of them in the church of Christ at this time?" I answer your question by asking another, "Why have we not more Cromwells and Humboldts in the world?" God wants only a few giants of battle. They do their work, and they do it well.

But I find also in the church of God a plant that I shall call the snowdrop, very beautiful, but cold. It is very pure—pure as the snowdrop, beautiful as the snowdrop and as cold as the snowdrop. No special sympathy. That kind of man never loses his patience; he never weeps, he never flashes with anger; he never utters a rash word. Always cold, always precise, always passive—beautiful snowdrop, but I don't like him. I would rather have one Giant of Battle than 5000 snowdrops.

Give me a man who may make some mistakes in his ardor for the Lord's service rather than that kind of nature which spends its whole life in doing but one thing, and that is keeping equilibrium. There are snowdrops in all the churches—men without any sympathy. Very good; they are in the garden of the Lord; therefore I know they ought to be there, but always snowdrops.

You have seen in some places perhaps a century plant. I do not suppose there is a person in this house who has ever seen more than one century plant in full bloom, and when you see the century plant your emotions are stirred. You look at it and say, "This flower has been gathering up its beauty for a whole century, and it will not bloom again for another hundred years." Well, I have to tell you that in this garden of the church, spoken of in my text, there is a century plant.

It has gathered up its bloom from all the ages of eternity, and 19 centuries ago it put forth its glory. It is not only a century plant, but a passion flower—the passion flower of Christ, a crimson flower, blood at the root and blood on the leaves, the passion flower of Jesus, the century plant of eternity. Come, O winds from the north, and winds from the south, and winds from the east, and winds from the west, and scatter the perfume of this flower through all Nations.

His worth, if all the Nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love Him too.

Thou, the Christ of all the ages, hast garments smelling of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces.

I go further and say the church of Christ is appropriately compared to a garden because of its thorough irrigation. There can be no luxuriant garden without plenty of water. I saw a garden in the midst of the desert amid the Rocky mountains. I said, "How is it possible you have so many flowers, so much rich fruit, in a desert for miles around?" I suppose some of you have seen those gardens. Well, they told me they had aqueducts and pipes reaching up to the hills, and the snows melted on the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky mountains and then poured down in water to those aqueducts, and it kept the fields in great luxuriance. And I thought to myself—how like the garden of Christ! All around it the barrenness of sin and the barrenness of the world, but our eyes are unto the hills, from whence cometh our help. There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of our God, the fountain of gardens and streams from Lebanon. Water to slake the thirst, water to refresh the fainting, water to wash the unclean, water to toss up in fountains under the sun of righteousness until you can see the rainbow around the throne.

I wandered in a garden of Brazilian cashew nut, and I saw the luxuriance of those gardens was helped by the abundant supply of water. I came to it on a day when strangers were not admitted, but by a strange coincidence, at the moment I got in, the king's chariot passed, and the gardener went up on the hill and turned on the water, and it came flashing down the broad stairs of stone until sunlight and wave in gleesome wrestle tumbled at my feet. And so it is with this garden of Christ. Everything comes from above—pardon from above, peace from above, comfort from above, sanctification from above. Streams from Lebanon. Oh, the consolation in this thought! Would God that the gardeners turned on the fountain of salvation until the place where we sit and stand might become Elim with twelve wells of water and threescore and ten palm trees. But I hear His sound at the garden gate. I hear the lifting of the latch of the gate. Who comes there? It is the Gardener, who passes in through the garden gate. He comes through this path of the garden, and He comes to the aged man, and He says. "Old man, I come to help thee; I come to strengthen thee. Down to hoary hairs I will shelter thee; I will give thee strength at the time of old age. I will not leave; I will never forsake thee. Peace, broken hearted old man; I will be thy consolation forever."

And then Christ, the Gardener, comes up another path of the garden, and He sees a soul in great trouble, and He says, "Hush, troubled spirit; the sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night; the Lord shall preserve thee from all evil, the Lord shall preserve thy soul." And then the Gardener comes up another path of the garden, and He comes where there are some beautiful buds, and I say, "Stop, O Gardener; do not break them off." But He breaks them off, the beautiful buds, and I see a great flutter among the leaves, and I wonder what He is doing, and He says "I do not come to destroy these flowers. I am only going to plant them in a higher terrace and in the garden around My palace. I have come into My garden to gather lilies. I must take back a whole cluster of rosebuds. Peace, troubled soul; all shall be well. Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Oh, glorious Gardener of the church! Christ comes to it now, and He has a right to come. We look into the face of the Gardener as He breaks off the bud, and we say "Thou art worthy to have them. Thy will be done." The hardest prayer a bereaved father or mother ever uttered—"Thy will be done."

But you have noticed that around every king's garden there is a high wall. You may have stood at the wall of a king's court and thought, "How I would like to see that garden!" and while you were watching the gardener opened the gate, and the royal equipage swept through it, and you caught a glimpse of the garden, but only a glimpse, for then the gates closed.

I bless God that this garden of Christ has gates on all sides; that they are opened by day, opened by night, and whosoever will may come in. Oh, how many there are who die in the desert when they might revel in the garden! How many there are who are seeking in the garden of this world that satisfaction which they can never find!

It was so with Theodore Hook, who made all nations laugh while he was living. And yet Theodore on a certain day, when in the midst of his revelry he caught a glimpse of his own face and his own apparel in the mirror, said: "That is true. I look just as I am—lost, body, mind, soul and estate, lost!" And so it was with Shenstone about his garden, of which I spoke in the beginning of my sermon. He sat down amid all its beauty and wrung his hands and said, "I have lost my way to happiness; I am frantic; I hate everything; I hate myself as a mad man ought to." Alas, so many in the gardens of this world are looking for that flower they never can find except in the garden of Christ!

Substantial comfort will not grow
In nature's barren soil.
All we can boast till Christ we know
Is vanity and toil.

How many have tried all the fountains of this world's pleasure, but never tasted of the stream from Lebanon! How many have reveled in other gardens to their soul's ruin, but never plucked one flower from the garden of our God! I swing open all the gates of the garden and invite you in, whatever your history, whatever your sins, whatever your temptations, whatever your trouble. The invitation comes no more to one than to all, "Whosoever will, let him come."

The flowers of earthly gardens soon fade but, blessed be God, there are garlands that never wither, and through the grace of Christ Jesus we may enter into the joys which are provided for us at God's right hand. Oh come into the garden. And remember, as the closing thought, that God not only brings us into a garden here, but it is a garden all the way with those who trust and love and serve Him, a garden all through the struggles of this life, a garden all up the slope of heaven.

There everlasting spring abides
And never withering flowers.
Death, like a narrow stream, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

The 35 linemen employed by the New York and New Jersey Telephone Company, are on strike for increased wages. The trolley linemen employed on the Brooklyn City Railroad line have notified the President of the company that they also want $3 a day. They have been receiving $2.50 a day.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN, ETC.		
FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat.	$4 80	@ $4 85
High Grade Extra	4 00	4 10
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	73	75
CORN—No. 2 White	53	54
Yellow	50	51
Ear Yellow per brl	2 80	2 85
OATS—Southern & Penn.	38	41
Western White	39	42
Mixed	34½	36
RYE—No. 2	62½	68
HAY—Choice Timothy	15 50	16 50
Good to Prime	15 00	15 50
STRAW—Rye in car lds.	11 50	12 00
Wheat Blocks	7 00	7 50
Oat Blocks	9 00	9 50
CANNED GOODS.		
TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3.	$90	@ $1 20
No. 2	82½	85
PEAS—Standards	1 20	1 40
Seconds		1 00
CORN—Dry Pack		1 10
Moist		1 00
HIDES.		
CITY STEERS	$7	@ $7¾
City Cows	4	4¾
Southern No. 2	5½	5¾
POTATOES & VEGETABLES.		
POTATOES—Burbanks	$75	@ $80
Va. Yellow	4 00	5 00
Yams	2 50	3 50
ONIONS	1 00	1 20
PROVISIONS.		
HOGS PRODUCTS—shlds.	$9½	@ $10
Clear ribsides	10	10¾
Bacon sides	12	12¾
Hams	15	15¾
Mess Pork, per bar.		20 50
LARD—Crude		11
Best refined		12
BUTTER.		
BUTTER—Fine Crmy	$33	@ $34
Under fine	31	32
Roll	30	31
CHEESE.		
CHEESE—N.Y. Factory	$11	@ $11½
N. Y. flats	11¾	12
Skim Cheese	7	10
EGGS.		
EGGS—State	$12½	@ $13
North Carolina	13½	14
POULTRY.		
CHICKENS—Hens	$11	@ $11½
Ducks, per lb	13	14
TOBACCO.		
TOBACCO—Md. Infer's	$1 50	@ $1 50
Sound common	3 00	4 00
Middling	6 00	8 00
Fancy	12 00	13 00
LIVE STOCK.		
BEEF—Best Beeves	$5 25	@ $5 50
Good to Fair	4 75	5 00
SHEEP	4 50	6 00
Hogs	7 75	8 00
FURS AND SKINS.		
MUSKRAT	$10	@ $11
Raccoon	40	45
Red Fox	—	1 00
Skunk Black	—	80
Opossum	22	23
Mink	—	80
Otter	—	6 00

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Southern	$3 15	@ $4 25
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	75	75½
RYE—Western	56	57
CORN—No. 2	48¾	48
OATS—No. 3	33¼	33½
BUTTER—State	22	26½
EGGS—State	16	16½
CHEESE—State	9	12

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern	$3 60	@ $4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	74½	74½
CORN—No. 3	48½	49
OATS—N. 2	39¾	40½
BUTTER—State	29	30
EGGS—Penn. fst	15½	16

The Testimonials

We publish are not purchased, nor are they written up in our office, nor are they from our employes. They are facts, proving that Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses absolute MERIT, and that Hood's Cures

Mrs. E. M. Burt
West Kendall, N. Y.

Three Great Enemies

Neuralgia, Rheumatism and Dyspepsia

Another Victory for Hood's.

"For over 20 years I have suffered with neuralgia, rheumatism and dyspepsia. Many times I could not turn in bed. Several physicians have treated me and I have tried different remedies, but all failed to give me permanent relief. Five years ago I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and it has done me a vast amount of good. Since beginning to take it I have not had a sick day. I am 72 years old and enjoy good health, which I attribute to Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. E. M. Burt, W. Kendall, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache. 25 cents.

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

Countries in Which They Are Admitted to the Universities.

The international character of the higher education of women is an interesting fact which is brought out in the numerous articles published upon the subject in so many of the European countries. Even in this country the question is still being agitated, although we have 237 coeducational colleges out of 357 colleges of liberal arts, and nine colleges and universities for women only whose standards accord with those that have been characteristic of colleges of liberal arts. One of the most striking foreign arguments in favor of woman's higher education, says the Boston Journal, is a treatise by Helene Lange of Berlin, written to encourage German women to keep pace with their English sisters. Translated by L. R. Klemm, and accompanied by comparative statistics in D. Appleton & Co.'s international educational series, the book makes a clear presentation of the "Higher Education of Women in Europe," and of the modern, progressive European belief in regard to the reasons for woman's educational advancement. In England the first traces of the woman's movement were found in the last century, when in 1792 Mary Wollstonecraft published her "Vindication of the Rights of Women." The most distinguished colleges for women in that country are now Girton College, near Cambridge, Newnham College, Lady Margaret Hall, and Sommerville Hall, London University, Royal Holloway College, opened in 1866, and smaller colleges in Manchester, Cardiff, Bangor and other places. A survey of the nations in Europe shows that a generous provision for the higher education of women is made in most large universities. From 1866 to 1882 France conferred 109 academic degrees upon women; Switzerland opened her universities to women as early as 1868; in Sweden, since 1873, women have acquired the same degrees in the arts and in medicine as are conferred upon men; Denmark opened its university to women, with the exception of the theological department, in 1875; in Italy the university was opened about 1876; Russia has extended university privileges to women since 1878; in Holland women have never been debarred from admission to the university; since 1883 the admission of women to the universities has become general. There is no law in Spain and Portugal to prevent women from studying in the universities, though the Southern women have not shown much inclination to avail themselves of the privilege. Germany and Hungary seem to be the most conservative nations of Europe, since they still exclude women from the universities. Even in these countries the "discontent of the modern girl" has been working in favor of enlarged educational opportunities. Women obliged to depend upon themselves for their own support require education to fit them for their duties. The presentation of the subject shows that Europe has been generous in granting opportunities to women, which are more and more appreciated.

Not a Failure.

Johnny Gibbs is a youthful philosopher. He believes that life would be simplified if people would be content to do one thing at a time.

The other day Johnny was hard at work with paper and pencil. His mother looked over his shoulder.

"Why, Johnny," she exclaimed, "your spelling is perfectly dreadful! Look at that—'siting in a chare.' I'm ashamed of you!"

"But, mamma," said the little boy, reassuringly, "this isn't a spelling lesson. It's a composition."

Verdi married young, winning a charming Italian girl, who made his home ideally perfect.

HAD A TREE IN HIS THROAT.

The Extraordinary Result of Swallowing an Orange Seed—Trachetomy Necessary.

Babies do many queer things, but 2-year-old Joseph Wiggins, Jr., of 2026 Mountain street, Philadelphia, beat the record the other day when he swallowed an orange seed and at once proceeded to grow the sprout of a fine Florida orange tree in his throat. The Record says that the experiment would have proved disastrous for Baby Joseph but for the kindly intervention of doctors. The little boy's mother gave him an orange after carefully preparing it for him. Unfortunately, however, one seed remained in the pulp and this seed became lodged in the baby's windpipe, causing a slight difficulty in breathing. Little attention was paid to the matter, but next day the child's breathing became more painful and was constantly accompanied by a slight choking. Drs. H. R. Wharton and J. P. Tunis were called in and informed by the mother that the trouble was caused by some of the orange pulp. The usual remedies were applied and some relief obtained, but on the following night the condition of the child became serious. After a careful examination the physicians decided that the only means of saving the little sufferer's life was to perform tracheotomy. Next morning this was undertaken, and a long incision was made in the neck, opening the windpipe. At the point where the latter joined the lungs a hard substance was detected deeply imbedded in mucus. When removed it proved to be an extraordinarily large orange seed. The wound was closed up and dressed, and yesterday the boy was on the road to recovery. The seed was in a particularly dangerous position, and would undoubtedly have caused suffocation in a very short time. While lodged in the throat the heat had caused it to open at one end and to sprout slightly. It was also swollen greatly beyond the originally large size.

The Mannish Girl.

She begins innocently enough. She has a troop of brothers, perhaps, and is drawn into their sports in spite of herself. She catches their contempt of girls; cuts off her hair like Maggie Tulliver; takes pleasure in a riding habit and its odd accouterments. Horses and dogs are her favorite companions.

So she falls out of sympathy wirh her sex. She loses its delicacy; she is reckless of its conventions. That is always the peril of the mannish girl. But the fact that a woman in body, she tries to be a man in mind, exposes her to the animadversions of the ribald.

As she mingles with the world, she feeds a kind of vanity by being mannish. To talk slang, to smoke cigarettes, to ride to hounds, commend her, in a measure, to her male companions. They declare her to be jolly, fetching, stunning. They cultivate her society. They take her yachting when they leave her companions at home. They love to chat with her in a box at the horse show. They even propose a surreptitious visit to the Arion ball.

But they rarely marry her.

That is where the maidenly girl has her full revenge. When it comes to taking a wife—a wife who shall adorn his table; a wife who shall entertain his friends—a man seldom thinks of the mannish girl. He knows that the arts by which she attracted him will be just as attractive to others. He knows that the lack of refinement, which has a kind of zest in the girl of twenty, will turn to hopeless vulgarity in a matron of forty.

Then what is the end of the mannish girl? Eternal spinsterhood or the divorce court. If no man will have her she gets more acidulated month by month. Her mind turns to bitterness. She has nothing but ill to say of her neighbors. She purveys wretched gossip for the social columns of the newspapers, and when a woman does that she has set the tombstone on her career and on her reputation.—Truth.

Only One Way.

It takes a small boy to express a thing with unconventional force and accuracy.

"The water in this spring is awful good," said a little boarder from the city.

"Is it?" answered his mother. "Then I'll take some. Where is the cup?"

"There isn't any. You have to lie down and drink uphill."—Good News.

Brown's Iron Bitters cures Dyspepsia, Malaria, Biliousness and General Debility. Gives strength, aids Digestion, tones the nerves—creates appetite. The best tonic for Nursing Mothers, weak women and children.

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., Props. of Hall's Catarrh Cure, offer $100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Thunder is the bass drum in the music of the elements.

Malaria cured and eradicated from the system by Brown's Iron Bitters, which enriches the blood, tones the nerves, aids digestion. Acts like a charm on persons in general ill health, giving new energy and strength.

A man does wrong for the same reason that wolves steal sheep.

Beecham's Pills correct bad effects of over-eating. Beecham's—no others. 25 cents a box.

Sleep is the honey in the comb of healthful labor.

U. S. Government Baking Powder Tests.

The report of the analyses of Baking Powders, made by the U. S. Government (Chemical Division, Ag'l Dep't), shows the Royal superior to all other powders, and gives its leavening strength and the strength of each the other cream of tartar powders tested as follows:

	LEAVENING GAS.	
	Per cent.	Cubic in. per oz.
ROYAL, Absolutely Pure,	13.06	160.6
The OTHER POWDERS TESTED are reported to contain both lime and sulphuric acid, and to be of the following strengths respectively, . . .	12.58	151.1
	11.13	133.6
	10.26	123.2
	9.53	114.
	9.29	111.6
	8.03	96.5
	7.28	87.4
	4.98	65.5

Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure, and of greater leavening power than any other powder.

Money in Chickens.

MONEY IN CHICKENS
—IF YOU—
KNOW HOW

To keep them, but it is wrong to let the poor things Suffer and Die of the various Maladies which afflict them when in a majority of cases a Cure could have been effected had the owner possessed a little knowledge, such as can be procured from the

ONE HUNDRED PAGE BOOK

we offer, embracing the PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE of a man who devoted 25 years of his life to CONDUCTING A POULTRY YARD AS A BUSINESS, not as a pastime. As the living of himself and family depended on it, he gave the subject such attention as only a need of bread will command, and the result was a grand success, after he had spent much money and lost hundreds of valuable chickens in experimenting. What he learned in all these years is embodied in this book, which we send postpaid for 25 cents in stamps. It teaches you how to Detect and Cure Diseases, how to Feed for Eggs and also for Fattening, which Fowls to Save for Breeding Purposes and everything, indeed, you should know on this subject.

BOOK PUB. HOUSE.
134 Leonard St., N. Y. City.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Young Mothers!

We Offer You a Remedy which Insures Safety to Life of Mother and Child.

"MOTHER'S FRIEND"

Robs Confinement of its Pain, Horror and Risk.

After using one bottle of "Mother's Friend" I suffered but little pain, and did not experience that weakness afterward usual in such cases.—Mrs. ANNIE GAGE, Lamar, Mo., Jan. 15th, 1891.

Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle. Book to Mothers mailed free.

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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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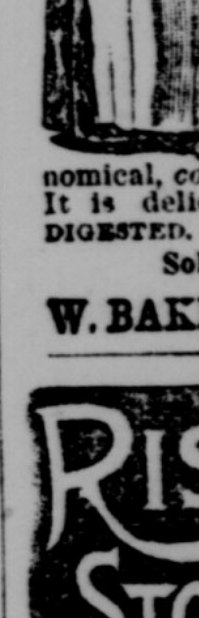

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No Alkalies
—OR—
Other Chemicals

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W. BAKER & CO.'S
BreakfastCocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

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RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

Do Not Be Deceived with Pastes, Enamels and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron and burn red.

The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

MEND YOUR OWN HARNESS

WITH

THOMSON'S SLOTTED CLINCH RIVETS.

No tools required. Only a hammer needed to drive and clinch them easily and quickly, leaving the clinch absolutely smooth. Requiring no hole to be made in the leather nor burr for the Rivets. They are strong, tough and durable. Millions now in use. All lengths uniform or assorted, put up in boxes.

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Want to learn all about a Horse? How to Pick Out a Good One? Know imperfections and so Guard against Fraud? Detect Disease and Effect a Cure when same is possible? Tell the age by the Teeth? What to call the Different Parts of the Animal? How to Shoe a Horse Properly? All this and other Valuable Information can be obtained by reading our 100-PAGE ILLUSTRATED HORSE BOOK, which we will forward, post paid, on receipt of only 25 cents in stamps.

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B N U 19

AN IDEAL FAMILY MEDICINE

For Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Bad Complexion, Offensive Breath, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

RIPANS TABULES act gently yet promptly. Perfect digestion follows their use. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Box (6 vials), 75c. Package (4 boxes), $2.

For free samples address RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., New York.

25 DOSES 25c THE GREAT COUGH CURE 25c 50c & $1.00 TAKE THE BEST

SHILOH'S CURE.

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee.

MUST HAVE Agents AT ONCE. Sample Sashlock (Pat. '92) free by mail for 2c. Stamp. Immense. Unrivalled. Only good one ever invented. Beats weights. Sales unparalleled $12 a day. Write quick. BROHARD, Phila., Pa.

BLOOD POISON A SPECIALTY.

If any one doubts that we can cure the most obstinate case in 20 to 60 days, let him write for particulars and investigate our reliability. Our financial backing is $500,000. When mercury, iodide potassium, sarsaparilla or Hot Springs fail, we guarantee a cure—and our Magic Cyphilene is the only thing that will cure permanently. Positive proof sent sealed, free. COOK REMEDY CO., Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Tea

Overcomes results of bad eating. Cures Sick Headache, Restores Complexion, Saves Doctors' Bills. Sample free. GARFIELD TEA CO., 319 W. 45th St., N.Y.

Cures Constipation

FOR WOMEN ONLY Send 10 cents for book. DR. C. R. KING, ATLANTA, GA.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

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