Text: "The stork in the heaven knowed yer appointed times, and the turtle, and he crane, and the swallow observe the tim of their coning julum y people know not the udgment of the Lord."—Jeromian vill., 1

of their consing shut may people know not the fundament of the Lord."—Jeremiah viit, 1.

When God would set fast a beautifut thought He plants it in a tree. When He would not it affoot He fashions it into a fast, When He would have it glide the air the middle it into a bird. My test speak of four birds of beautiful instinct—the stork, of such strong affection that it is allowed familiarly to come, in Holland an formany, and build its uset over the door, way; the sweet dispositioned turdledove mingling in color white and black and brown and ashen and chestaut; the creating middle with the swallow, swift as a dart, shot out of the bow of aseven, falling, mounting, skimming, sading—four birds started by the propher of the year, and the prophes of the year, and the prophet out of doors, thinking of the impenience of the people of his day, hears a great or your lead.

All whose we have a great cry overierd.

All wo you know it is no easy thing for one
with ordinary delicacy of eyesight to look
into the deep blue of the noonday heaven,
but the prophet looks up, and there are
flooks of storks and turtledoves and cranes
and swallows drawn out in long lines for
flight southward. As is their habit, the
crames had arranged themselves into two
lines, maxing an angle—a wedge splitting,
the air with wild velocity—the old
crane, with commanding call, bidding
them onward, while the towns, and the
diges, and the continents alid under them.
The prophet, almost blinded from looking
into the dazzling heavens, stoops down and
begins to think how much superiors the birds. The prophet, almost blinded from looking into the dazzling heavens, stoops down and begins to think how much superior the birds are in sagacity about their safety than men about theirs, and he puts his hand upon the pen and begins to write, "The stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

sople know not the judgment of the ond."

If you were in the field to-day, in the lump of twest at the corner of the field you rould see a convention of birds, noisy as the merican congress the last night before adsurament, or as the English parliament thean some unfortunate member proposes nore economy in queen's household—a consistion of birds all talking at once, moving adjusting, some proposing to go to-mortow, some moving that they go to-day, me moving that they go to-day, me moving that they go to-day, some to the tablelands of Mexico, which is the second of the first that they must be soon, for they have marching orders on the Lord, written on the first white lest of the freet and in the pictorial of the making legeves.

from the Lord, written on the first white sheet of the frost and in the pictorial of the changing leaves.

There is not a belted kingfisher, or a chaffinch, or a fire crested wren, or a chaffinch, or a fire created partriage but expects to spend the winter at the south, for then an artiments have already been orderal for them in South America or in Africa, and after thousands of miles of flight thay will stop in the very tree where they spent last January. Farswell, bright plumage! Until spring weather, away! Fly plumage! Until spring weather, away! Fly on, great band of heavenly nunsionant Strew the continent with nunsic, and whether from northern fields or Carolinian swamps, or Brazilian groves me ase your wings or hear your voice, may they bethink themselves of the solsion words of the tx. 'The stalk in the heaven knowth her appointed times, and the turdle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming: the propose of the solsion words of the tord.'

I propose, so far as God may help me, this

but my people know not the judgment or the Lord?"

I propose, so far as God may help me, this morning, carry out the idea of the text, to show that the birds of the air have more sagecity than men. And I begin by particularizing and saying that they mingle music with their works. The most serious undertaking of a bird's life is this annual travel from the Hudson to the Amazon, from the Thamse to the Nile. Naturalists tell us that they arrive there thin and weary and plumage ruffled, and yet they go singing all the way; the ground, the lower line of the music; the sky, the upper line of the music.

nusic; the sky, the upper line of the music; the sky, the upper line of the music; themselves, the notes scattered up and down between. It is a good sign when you hear a workman whistle. It is a better sign when you hear him sing the hear him hum a roundelay. It is a still better sign when you hear him sing the words of lessee Watts or Charles Wesley. A violin chorded and strung, if something accidentally strike it, makes music, and I suppose there is such a thing as having our rearrs so attuned by divine grace that even the rough collisions of life will make a even the rough collisions of life will make a theavenly vibration. I do not believe that the power of Christian song has yet been fully tried, I believe that if you could roll the "Old Hundred" doxology through Wall street it would put an end to any financial discurbance! I believe that the discords, and the sorrows, and the sins of the world are to be swept out by heaven born halle-luishs.

Some one asked Haydn, the calebrated musician, why he siways composed such cheerful music. "Why," he said, "I can't do otherwise. When I think of God my soul is so full of joy that the notes leaf and dance from my pen." I wish we might all scult melodiously before the Lord. With God for our Wether and Center.

and dance from my pen. I wish we might all exult melodiously before the Lord With God for our Father and Christ for our Saviour, and Meaven for our home, and angels for future companions, and estraity for a lifetime, we should strike all the notes of joy. Going through the wilderness of this world let us remember that we are on the way to the summery clime of heaven, and from the migratory populations fying through this antumnal air learn stways to keep singing.

Children of the Heavenly King, As pe journey sweetly sing; Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glacious in His works and ways.

Ye are traveling home to God. In the way your fathers trod; They are happy now, and we soon their happiness shall see.

church of God not church until it

The church of Gol never will be a tritumphant church until it becomes a singing
church
I go further and remark that the birds of
the air are wiser than we in the fact that
in their migration thy vory high. Dur
ing the nummer, when your high. Dur
ing the nummer, when the start of the
gus, but when they start for the annual
sight southward that take their places
midbeaver and go straight as a row to
the mark. The longest rifle than was ever
hrought to shoulder cannot reach at the
there is a straight as the start of
the mark. The longest rifle than was ever
hrought to shoulder cannot reach them,
would so food that we were as when
the start and even in our light heaven ward
of the week the fact had be deril. We
the start of the start within each
the start of the start within ea

SUNDAY'S SERMON.

Ies, of Regiand, and Alfred Cookman, ones of the church militant, new of the church triumphani! So pose; is the type of piety in the church of God new tast men actually carleature the idea that there is any such carleature the idea that there is any such lies in the course of the church of God new tast men actually carleature the idea that there is any such lies in the carleature is any such lies in the carleature.

Subject of Horizontal Cookman, ones of the church the type of the church in the carleature is any such lies in the carleature. The cookman of the church in the carleature is any such lies in the carleature. The carleature is any such lies in t

liere is eague. Due, my openium, seventee, we have not reached tiese height ourselves, shait we devide the fact than there are any such heights?

A man was once talking to Brunel, the fannous engineer, about the length of the railroad from London to Bristol. The engineer said: "It is not very great. We shall have after a while a steamer running from Engineer said: "It is not very great. We shall have after a while a steamer running from Engineer said: "It is not very great. We shall have after a while a steamer running from Engineer to the work of the said of the

not until we break ranks after the last viotory?

Do, my brethren, let us have some novelty
of combet at any rate by changing, by going on, by making advancement, trading
off our stale prayers about sins we ought to
have quit long ago, going on toward a highor state of Christian character, and routing
out sins that we have never thought of yet.
The fact is, if the church of God,
if we, as individuals, made rapid advancement in the Ghristian life, these stereotyped
prayers would be as inappropriate to us as the
shoes, and the hats, and the goats we wore
ten or fifteen years ago. Off, for a higher
flight in the Christian life—the stork and
the crane in their migration teaching us the
lesson!

Dear Lord, and shall we ever live.

Dear Lord, and shall we ever live, At this poor dying rate; Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great?

At this poor dying rate.

At this poor dying rate.

At this poor dying rate.

And This to a so deat?

Again, I remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we because they know when to start. If you should so out now and shout, "Stop storks and cras out now and shout, "Stop storks and cras of the start in the woods be and the same than the start in the woods bidding us away, and the woods bidding us away, and the woods bidding us away, and the start in the woods bidding us away, and the start in the woods bidding us away, and the start in the woods bidding us away, and the start in the woods bidding us away, and the start in the woods and the start in the woods and the start in the start in the woods and the start in the same and the start in the same and try to get them to stop, they are so far up they would hardly see it. They are on their way south. You could not stop them.

Os, that we were as wise about the best time to start for Gol and heaven! We say "Wait tutil it is a little later in the season of mercy. Wait until some of these green leaves of hope are all dried up and have been scattered. Wait until next year. After awhile we start, and it is too late, and we perish in the way when God's wrath is kindled but a little. There are, you know, exceptional cases where birds have started too late, and in the morning you have found them dead on the snow. And there are those who have perished half way between the world and Christ. They waited until the last sickness, when the mind was gone, or they were on the express train going at forty miles an hour, and they came to the bridge and the "draw was up" and they went down. How long to repent and pray? Two seconds! To do the work of a lifetime and to prepare for the vast eternity in two secon is!

I was reamy of an entertainment given in a king's court, and there were musicians.

econis: I was reading of an entertainment given I was reasing of an entertainment given in a king's court, and there were musiciant there with elaborate pieces of music. After awhile Mozart came and began to play, and he had a blank piece of paper before him, and the king familiarly looked over his shoulder and said: "What are you playing? I see no music before you." And Mozart put his hand on his brow, as much as to say. "I am improvising." It was very well for him, but on, my friends, we cannot extempor ize heaven! If we do not a superior of the content of

never take part in the orcaestral harmonies of the saved. On, that we were as wise as the crane and the stork, flying away, flying away from the tempers.

Some of you have felt the pinching frost of sin. You feel it to-day. You are not taken you for the tempers of the fly of the your faces, and I know you are not happy. I look into your faces, and I know you are not happy. There are voices within your soul that will not be silvened, telling you that you are sinners, and that without the pardon of God you are undone forever. What are you going to do, my friends, with the accumulated transpression of this life-time? Will you stand still do let the availanche tumble over you? On the your would go away into the warm beart of God's mercy! The southern grove redulent with angules and cacus, never water for northern flocks as God thas waited for you, asying? "I have loved these with an ever-issting love. Come unto Me, all you way you reat."

Another frost is bidding you away—it is the trost of sorrow. Where do you live now? "Oh," you say, "I have moved." Why did you move? You say, "I' don't want as large a house now as formerly." Why you you not want as large a house. You say, "I' don't want as large a house now as formerly." You you not want as large a house? You say, "My family is not so large." Why family is not so large. Where have they gone? "To eternity." Your mind goes back through that last hickness, and through the hearts breaking—while Ispeak I hear them break. A heart! Abother heart? Alone, alone it would like to stay, when the wind, and the frost, and the blackening clours would like to stay, when the wind, and the frost, and the blackening clours would like to stay, when the wind, and the frost, and the blackening clour swould like to stay, when the wind, and the frost, and the blackening clour swould like to stay, when the wind, and the frost, and the blackening clour swould like to stay, when the wind, and the frost, and the blackening clour swould like you. Bother heart? I how clour as would be you wou

to an arromotoring tool; Un, I have no-ticed again and again want a botch this world makes of it when it tries to co morta soul in trouble! It says, "Don't cry?" How can we help crying when the heart's treas-ures are scattered, and father is gone, and mother is gone, and companions are gone, and the child is gone, an i everything segms gone?

and the child is gone, an i everything seems gone?

It is no comfort to tell a man flot to cry. The world comes up and says, "On, it is only the body of your loved one that you have put in the ground?" But there is ne comfort in that. That boly is precious. Shall we never put our hands in that hand again, and shall we never say that sweet face again! Away with your heartlessness, oh, world! But come, Jesus, and tall institut when the team tall they fall into those your loved once that they say that sweet in the saw that they fall into the complete of t

be lifted up there, and "they shall hudger no more, matther thirst no more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall less; them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes."

their eyes."

Yes may have noticed that when the chaffinch, or the store, or the crane starts on its migration it calls all those of its kind to come too. The trace tops are full of onirp and whistle and canol and the long roil call. The bird does not start of alone. It gathers all of its kind, Ob, that you might be as wise in this migration to heaven, and that you might gather all your families and your frainds with you! I would that Hamah might take Ismael.

It would have a might gather all your families and your families and your frainds with you! I would that Hamah might take Ismael.

Start for heaven yoursalf and take a might sake Ismael.

ham might take isad; an least take ishme!
Start for heaven yourself and take your children with you Come thou and all thy house into the ark. Tell your little ones these there ear realms of behin and sweetness for all those who fly in the right directions. Swifter than eagle's stroke put out for heaven. Like the crane or the stock, store tight nor day null you find the right place for stopping.

Yu wanderers come.
Oh, we competed soils, Why longer roam!

The Spirit calls to-day.
Yield to his power.
Oh, grieve nim not away,
Tis mercy's nour!

PROBABLY TEN LIVES LOST-

The Oil Laden Bark Norcross Burned it

PARIS, Nov. 5-The British bark, Norcross, which left Philadelphia on October 2d for Rouen, France, with a load of petroleum, has been burned in the Seine, with a loss of certainly three and proba-

bly ten lives.
Captain Roop, who was in command of the Norcross, that his wife on board with

the Norcross, had his wife on board with him, and both were saved.

How the fire originated is not known. When it was discovered it had gained considerable headway and every effort to prevent it from spreading to the petroleum was in vain.

As soon as the petroleum caught fire a series of explosions followed, and a bright flame shot up in the air, while dense smoke almost hid the bark from those on shore.

those on shore.

those on shore.

The crew who escaped the flames rushed to the side and leaped into the river. The Captain's wife was saved chiefly by her husband's exertion. Five others were also saved.

The remains of three, horribly burned, were found in the river, and seven others are missing and it is thought they have gone to the bottom. Several of the survivors were injured by the burning petroleum, which floated on the water in a flery state some distance about the vessel, making approach to the scene of the wreck dangerous.

DIARY OF THE SULTAN'S MIND.

Abdul Hamid's Lifetong Friend and Fav-orice Physician Arrested. CONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 5. Mavroyeni Pasha, the Sultan's favorite physician, Pasha, the Sultan's favorite physician, has been arrested in consequence of his revengeful wife sending to the Sultan her husband's diary, in which daily notes were made of the variable conditions of the Sultan's mind.

Mavroyeni Pasha had been a trusted friend and confidant of the Sultan since the latter's childhood.

He married a French woman, whose scandalous life has twice involved him in disgrace and finally compelled him to apply for a divorce.

CANADA'S CATTLE TRADE.

England's Decision Will Cance Domnion Farmers to Suffer.

MONTREAL, Nov. 7.— The Canadian cattle trade, on account of the cancelling of the privilege of allowing Canadian cattle to be permitted to land and graze in British pastures, has received a blow which will have the effect of paralizing at least one-third of the trade.

now which will have the effect of paral-izing at least one-third of the trade. Next season American cattle will be able to enter Canada unhindered by quarantine laws; and it will result in an impetus being given to the dressed beef trade in Canada, as Americans have been anxious to start establishments here. Canadiah farmers will suffer largely, as they will have to compete with the cheap American cattle.

Grip's Reappearance in New York

Grip's Reappearance in New Yora.

New York, Nov. 5.—The "grip" has made its first public appearance in this city since last fall. On the Health Board's bulletin yesterday were chronicled two deaths as follows: Female, aged 74, November 1, la grippe. Male, aged 24, October 29, tuberculosis and la grippe. The Health Department would give out no information as to the names or residences of the deceased.

rly Lynched in Greene County, R. Y. Nearly Lynched in Greene County, X. Y. Ronpour, N. Y., Nov. 5.—Enoch Simpson was arrested in New York City a few days ago. He was wanted at Prattsville, Greene county, for robbing a farmer's wife at the point of a pistol. He was taken to Prattsville and a large crowd met the stage agit entered the village. A rope was procured and but for the firm interference of the officers the man would have been lynched.

Will Appeal

London, Nov. 7.—A despatch from Paris states that Mrs. Deacon will appeal from the decision of the tribunal of the Seine given on Wednesday against her petition for divorce from Edward Parker Deacon.

Denial from the Manufacturers' Club. Denial from the Manufacturers' Club. FHILADKIPHIA, Nov. 2.—The members of the Manufacturers' club emphatically deny the story published in a New York paper to the effect that the club had helped in the raising of a million dollars for the Republican campaign fund. The contributions of the members of the club to the fund were made, they declare, satirally outside of the club's influence. GOLD FROM PITCH.

HE WONDERFUL LAKE OF BL TUMEN IN TRINIDAD.

What it Looks Like-A Stygian Pond Weird and Strange A Seemingly Inexhaustible Supply.

An extraordinary lake of pitch exists in Trinidad. It is a circular basin of black bitumen, having an area of only 110 acres. But this deposit, formed from vegetable matter by chemical processes in the processes the processes the processes are the processes and the processes are th regetable matter by chemical processes in nature's laboratory during past ages, is an inexhaustible mine of riches. Anybody who has seen a large round pond, mostly dried up, with little streams of clear water irregularly intersecting its bed, here and there patches of vegetation, and a slushy looking place near the center with fish bubbles coming up, the entire surface blackish and uninviting, can form a very fair idea of the general appearance of the lake. Its contents are nearly pure asphaltum, with a small proportion of earthy matter. An old geological report estimates the quantity in sight at 4,752,000 tons, but since this reckoning was made several hundred thousand tons have been removed without perceptibly diminishing the available perceptibly diminishing the available

supply.

There is something altogether weird and strange about this lake of pitch. Its surface does not present a continuous sheet, but is traversed by a network of channels in which the rain water collects. Its aspect may be likened to a piece of marbled paper. There are about a score of small islands scattered over the lake, marbled paper. There are about a score of small islands scattered over the lake, which are covered with vegetation, some of them supporting trees twenty or thirty feet high. These islands do not extend downward very far into the lake, but appear to be merely superficial accumulations of soil. When one of them is destroyed the asphalt beneath it rises to the general level. Although the action is so slow as to be imperceptible to the eye, the entire lake is always in motion, so that the islets are continually being transported from one part of it to another. It is said that sometimes one of them sinks into the lower regions of bitumen, to be again thrown up at a distance, its verdant hue changed to the black dye of the pitch. About the islets thousands of beautiful butterflies and more brilliant humming birds gather, while higher in the air flocks of gaudy paroquets and cuckoos disport themselves. The richness of the vegetation and the superb array of birds and insects afford a striking contrast with the gloom of the stygian lake.

The surface of the lake is hard, so that a horse may be ridden over it, except for the space of about an acre in the center,

of the stygian lake.

The surface of the lake is hard, so that a horse may be ridden over it, except for the space of about an acre in the center, where the pitch is soft and bubbling. A man walking across this part of it sinks to above his ankles, but at times it would probably be dangerous to venture there, lest one be engulfed and find a horrid grave in the inky depths below. Everybody who has walked on asphalt pavements know how readily they absorb and are softened by the rays of the sun. That orb shines with such a torrid glare in Trinidad that the temperature of the great sheet of bitumen varies from 70 to 140 degrees within twenty-four hours. Thus during the hot part of the day the pitch sometimes fairly boils in the middle of the lake. It always has an abominable smell of sulphuretted hydrogen, which is the kind of gas generated in bad eggs. Here and there over the surface are swellings small and big which are filled with gas. It is fortunate that the material when compact will not burn without a wick, for otherwise the entire region, including the neighboring village, might suffer the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah. No soundings have ever been made, and the depth of the deposit is unknown.

The soil of the island in the vicinity

morrah. No soundings have ever been made, and the depth of the deposit is unknown.

The soil of the island in the vicinity of the lake rests on a substratum of asphaltum. Inasmuch as the latter readily yields to pressure, it is not surprising that houses built over it should exhibit a tendency to tumble down. Although the palm-thatched cottages are light, the posts that support them are apt to sink into the earth, or more often to lean over sideways, apparently endangering the buildings. This does not at all alarm the inmates, though the dwellings often look like card houses on the point of falling. The movement of the asphaltum is too gradual to cause accidents. Furthermore when a cottage seems on the point of falling it is as likely as not to regain its plumb, the posts resuming the perpendicular through a new movement of the asphaltum. When the pitch is dug from the land deposits the hole from which it is taken soon fills itself up. Thus an excavation that yielded 3,000 tons has been known to fill itself up witin a few months to a level with the aurrounding ground.

Thus an excavation that yielded 3,000 tons has been known to fill itself up with a few months to a level with the surrounding ground.

The company which has the exclusive right to get asphalt from the lake protoures its supplies from the lake proton, where the pitch is dug with picks and pulled up in 'lumps, which are thrown by hand into barrels for transportation in carts to the seashore not far sway. In the hot part of the day the stuff is so liquid that shovels are used instead of picks. The work is performed by excavating areas thirty or forty feet also better that within a few days no trace remains. The old proverb, that shother touch pitch without heing defiled, does not hold true here. If it did the place would be intolerably losthsone. The material can be taken in the hands and molded into any shape without staining the fingers. Certainly there are few things in the world so wonderful as this great puddle of asphalt, which looks to the eye as though billions of tone of black pitch had boiled.

The company gress its pitch from the surrounding ground.

Will delight those who have sumon annoyance of putting down a moden annoyance of putting down a moden annoyance of putting carpet at home with the old-time carpet and tacke hammer is a combine stretcher and tack the meant the cart the same time. The carpet stretcher an

iales (AO cet is a too the many at the United State) at the United State is too, in leyers a fair margin of vone star are routed of \$50,000 has been paid to the colony. In price the colony not only greats sive rights as to the lake, but a hiblis competition by rebuiding persons to dig asphaltum from the lands.—[Washington Mar.

RELIABLE RECIPES.

RELIABLE RECIPES.

It is a great mistake to make at tea biscuit. Properly speaking a biscuit should not be more than inches in diameter and proportion thick when baked. This gives a cate, moist, flaky biscuit which will cooked through before the outside has become hard or over brown. To the muffin-tins are too large to thoroughly through before the makes. In such a case it is a plan to dampen the upper crust with muffins are hot by laying a wet the muffins are hot by laying a wet to over them—and—covering it with a cloth. Cookies, on the other hand, well be of liberal diameter, as they rolled out so thin that their size dosuprevent their cooking through.

The season of apples is at its heigh and winter apples are stored away to keep the cooking through.

The season of apples is a tis heigh and winter apples are stored away to keep cooking through. The season of apples is to wrap them singly pupers and put them in a light band a cool, dry place till they are needed. Greenings and other hardy winter spikeep well enough in barrels without a cool, dry place till they are needed. Greenings and other hardy winter spikeep well enough in barrels without a cool, dry place till they are needed. Greenings and other hardy winter spikeep well enough to keep a tight, morth cover over the one from which you a taking your daily supply. No fruit to flavor from being carclessly handled me quickly than apples. Apples which har been well stored retain their fare

flavor from being carclessly handled mer quickly than apples. Apples which has been well stored retain their fare throughout the winter, but those which have been allowed to lie about with de-caying specimens, or are stored losely barrels, either lose their flavor or sequin a rank taste from the conditions sround them.

There are few better pies than their militar apple-pie, when it is proper baked, flavored and served; yet a next tasteless and unwholesome compound a seldom found on off tables than this found on off tables than this

tasteless and unwholesome compound seldom found on our tables than this tristeress and unwholesome compounds seldom found on of tables than this miliar dish when it has been carelest put together and improperly baked. The crust of the apple-pie should be of the dantiest pastry, but whatever it is should be browned. The pale apple-pie which speaks of nightmares, is a thingt be avoided by all people who have the digestive powers of an ostrial It requires fifty minutes in a quid oven to bake an apple-pie. It should be baked on a tin plate or a plat of some metal which will conduct the heat properly so that the pie will browned—never in an earthen pie-plat. The apples should be sliced this and heaped high in the centre of the pie, in order that they may be cooked through and the juice will not run out the edges. The upper crun sust belief on lightly if you wish to sweeten as through and the juice will not run out at the edges. The upper crust must be lid on lightly, if you wish to sweeten as season your pie after it is cooked, as at the old-fashioned housekeeper did. N apple pie baked with the sugar in it is delicious as one sweetened afterward by removing the crust and adding sugar, a very little butter, and nutueg or cimson as you wish. French and Germa cooks use cinnamon, but the New Eag land apple pie is usually flavored with nutuneg.

AROUND THE HOUSE.

To clean articles of papier-mache, was them with a little lukewarm water and soap and rub them vigorously with swee oil.

soap and rub them vigorously with swa oil.

A useful saucepan for boiling milk it marked with the initials "B. N. O." which are the initials for "Boil Not Over." By a curious contrivance the saucepan is arranged so that it will ask boil over so long as the milk is kept a quarter of an inch below the insignance. As soon as the milk boils, the cover acts like a safety-valve and lets of the steam.

This is the time o' vear when room are to be repapered. The scraping of the old paper is the most tedious part of the work. It may be much lessened if the work. It may be much lessened if the town of boiling water is shut up he to make the coom over night. The steam looses the wallpaper very perceptibly; if theat little hot water is applied with a whitewash brush to the few places where ten

the wanipaper very perception a whinwash brush to the few places where remnants still cling to the wall the task cabe very readily accomplished.

A new hqusehold implement which
will delight those who have suffered the
annoyance of putting down a modern
carpet at home with the old-time carpet
stretcher and tack hammer is a combinstretcher and tacker. By its mean
tion stretcher and tacker. By its mean
tion stretcher and tacker. By its mean
ties are the same time. The carpet stretche
itself. was deemed a verificable boom som
itself. was deemed a verificable boom som
itself was from the carpet stretcher.

**Ecore or more years ago, when it was fra-

lake, with a swan surrounded outs; resting on the water, oposite corner is a large vase sugs collection of flowers, each in coloring and detail as to le first glance to pronounce the latter glance to allas, tub geraniums and other varietis the work was done by hand, a k Mrs Buell nine years to make Telegraphers' Cede.

Bible sometimes makes a raph code. Thus, recently, the or of the Christian Register, in it would be too late to send or of congratulation to the Lo Inquirer in regard to its jubile, a telegram by cable as follow jud epistle of John, 13-14," whic ig interpreted, read as follow many things to write. not with ink and pen write un but I trust I shall shortly s and we shall speak face to face to thee. Our friends salu (freet the friends by name."



Mrs. A. A. Williams

THE GOOD OF OTHER

Mr. Williams Heartily En orses Hood's Sarsaparilla. are pleased to present this fro Christian Church, Lynn, Mass.: o reason why a clergyman, more than, who knows whereof he speak

Article of Merit

Nervous Headache

ashe found little help. She has a lings that promised well but perfor ast fall a friend gave her a bott

∞d's Sarsaparil****a A. A. Williams.

DR.KILMER'S

Pills are the best family cathartic, go KIDNEY LIVER - BLADRE

Dissolves Gravel, ^{right}'s Disease, e, scanty urine. Swam;

^{iver} Complaint, tarrh of the Bladder ition, irritation, ulceration, dribblic calls, pass blood, mucus or pus. matice. Use contents of One Bottle, if not be a stressed in the stress will refund you the price paid. Brugglais, 50c. Size, \$1.00 Size olde to Health' Ires. Committation fr. Ellmen & Co., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

YOU EXPECT BECOME A THER ?

MOTHERS FRIEND" LES CHILD BIRTH EASY,

red more in ten minu hildren than she did with her last, after having us belies of MOTHER'S FRIEND To Mothers of pages at the page

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