SERMON BY ONE OF CHARLESTON'S [illegible]

"The Golden Rule" is the Title of the [illegible] of the New York Herald's Competition Sermons—Preached by Rev. Charles S. Vedder, of Charleston, S. C.

TEXT: "Let us consider one another."—[illegible] x., 24.

Here is the Golden Rule, expressed in the [illegible] of familiar speech and practical action—the way in which the command to do unto others as we would that others should do unto us may be made effectually operative. Here is the sursum corda of all discontent with the inequality of human conditions; the proclamation of peace in all [illegible] of human opinions; the solution of the problem of capital and labor; the condition of harmony in all human relations. The two noble brothers of the Hebrew tradition, secretly sharing the sheaves of their barley harvest with each other to make up what each conceived that the other lacked of the elements of happiness, exemplified it. Sir Philip Sydney did no more when, wounded to the death, he gave the draught of water hardly obtained for his own consuming thirst to a stricken private soldier, saying, "Thy necessity is greater than mine."

The words of the text were spoken by one of the great teachers of the world to those who had associated themselves for worship and work, and whom he would fain incite to the highest and purest and kindliest life. "Let us consider one another." We would better receive the full meaning of the appeal should we use the similar, familiar and expressive word "considerate"—"Let us be considerate of one another."

Among the potential agencies of the world are those which are directly addressed in the text and those akin to them in spirit and purpose—organizations which seek to promote human welfare, whether they be called churches, charities or by whatever name else. In all of these there are possibilities of difference and division which will defeat or retard their usefulness and value. If we would know how these possibilities may be met and overcome we need but conceive of one of those instrumentalities for good in which each member is "considerate" of every other.

Then we should see the strong bearing with the infirmities of the weak; the weak not stumbled with the larger liberty of the strong; the rich sympathizing with the manifold trials of the poor; the poor considerate of the crowding cares and calls of the rich and zealous that both may be poorer in spirit and richer in the graces of character. We should see the old mindful of the enthusiasm of their own youth and, remembering its errors, gently guiding and tempering—not frowning upon and rebuking—the ardor of the younger; the young would be seen sitting at the feet of the old to learn and rising from them to do, not rejecting the counsels of the hoary head as fossil theories of a buried generation, but acknowledging that "days should speak and the multitude of years teach wisdom." If with increase of age infirmity had come, its very decrepitude would be honored as the wound of an earlier warfare. Parents would be then not forgetful that they were once children; children that duty to parents is duty to God and that they one day may need a parent's immunities. We should see the wise gentle to the ignorance of the ignorant and patient to instruct it; the unlearned, if need be, tolerant of the irritability of incessant thought and exacting study and eager to share the fruit of such toil, and all esteeming it more blessed to give than to receive forbearance and extenuation.

Had any "fallen," all would think how adapted was the temptation to the weakness it conquered, and how improbable, if thus beset, that any would have remained steadfast. Repentance before God would give the offence to oblivion in the sight of men, save to kindle a deeper sympathy for the frailty that had yielded. There would be the constant summoning of that charity which "seeketh not her own, thinketh no evil, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

If reproof seemed duty, the fact would not be overlooked that

Some hearts there are so perilously fashioned
God's touch alone hath tenderness enough
To waken, and not break, the thrilling strings.

"Let us be considerate of one another!" How benignant a law this for social intercourse! How happy would be the community in which it reigned! We learn very early in this life that the secret of peaceful and pleasant living is a generous recognition of the differences between us and others and a full allowance of the right to differ. In different ages and climes different definitions have obtained as to what constitutes "refinement." There is one element in which all ages and climes agree! A true good breeding is that which is considerate of the feelings of others, of whatever class or condition.

Why is it that sometimes even the sacred circle of home is darkened with the cloud of painful differences, but that some within it lack thoughtfulness of the feelings and even the failings of others? Rigid in their own ways, they are intolerant of the different ways of others. Why is it that in the same circles of society variances come, which grow to settled alienations, but that in some thoughless moment a word, look or act has wounded the sensibilities of another, or even slighted his prejudices, and when regret came some retaliatory word forbade acknowledgment?

Employer and employed! Are they always to be at odds? Yes, until each "considers" the other and not himself alone.

What is there which would banish from the intercourse and rivalries of business the personal antagonism which is often engendered, like tearing down the ghastly legend [illegible] marts of trade, "Every man for himself," and writing there instead the kindly motto, "Let us be considerate of one another?"

Still, still in mutual sufferance lies
The secret of true living;
Love scarce is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving!

REV. CHARLES S. VEDDER, D. D.,
Pastor Huguenot Church, Charleston, S. C.

GOD AMONG ORCHARDS.

Rev. Dr. Talmage on the Pomology of the Bible.

TEXT: "The fruit tree yielding fruit after its kind."—Genesis i., 2.

Beginning with the Garden of Eden as the first spontaneous, magnificent orchard, and the expulsion from it of the first pair because they tasted of the forbidden fruit of the tree of knowledge, Dr. Talmage continued:

This story of Eden is rejected by some as an improbability, if not an impossibility, but nothing on earth is easier for me to believe than the truth of this Edenic story, for I have seen the same thing in this year of our Lord 1897. I could call them by name if it were polite and righteous to do so, the men who have sacrificed a paradise on earth and a paradise in heaven for one [illegible] of usefulness [illegible]. Their health [illegible]. Their immortal soul want. My friends! there is just one sin that will turn you out of paradise if you do not quit it. You [illegible] had better drop the [illegible] and arm lifted toward that bending bough before you pluck your own ruin. When Adam stood on tiptoe and took in his right hand that one round peach, or apricot, or apple, Satan reached up and pulled down the round, beautiful world of our present residence. Overworked artist, overwrought merchant, ambitious politician, avaricious speculator, better take that warning from Adam's orchard and stop before you put out for that one thing more.

But I turn from Adam's orchard to Solomon's orchard. With his own hand he writes: "I made me gardens and orchards." Not depending on the natural fall of rain, he irrigated those orchards. Pieces of the aqueduct that watered those gardens I have seen, and the reservoirs are as perfect as when thousands of years ago, the mason's trowel smoothed the mortar over their gray surface. No orchard of olden or modern time, probably, ever had its thirst so well slaked. The largest of these reservoirs is 582 feet long, 207 feet wide, and fifty feet deep. These reservoirs Solomon refers to when he says: "I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees." Solomon used to ride out to that orchard before breakfast. It gave him an appetite and something to think about all the day. Josephus, the historian, represents him as going out "early in the morning from Jerusalem, to the famed rocks of Etam, a fertile region, delighted with paradises and running springs. Thither the King, in robes of white rode in his chariot, escorted by a troop of mounted archers chosen for their youth and stature, and clad in Tyrian purple, whose long hair, powdered with gold dust, sparkled in the sun." After Solomon had taken his morning ride in these luxuriant orchards, he would sit down and write those wonderful things in the Bible, drawing his illustrations from the fruits he had that very morning plucked or ridden under.

What mean Solomon's orchards and Solomon's gardens? for they seem to mingle the two into one, flowers underfoot, and pomegranates overhead. To me they suggest that religion is a luxury. They mean that our religion is the luscious, the aromatic, the pungent, the aborescent, the efflorescent, the foliaged, the umbrageous. They mean what Edward Payson meant when he declared: "If my happiness continues to increase, I cannot support it much longer." It means what Bapa Padmanji, a Hindoo convert, meant when he said: "I long for my bed, not that I may sleep—I lie awake often and long—but to hold communion with my God."

You think religion is a good thing for a funeral. Oh, yes. But Solomon's orchard means more. Religion is a good thing now, when you are in health and prosperity and the appetite is good for citrons, and apples, and apricots, and promegranates. Religion for the funeral. Oh, yes; but religion for the wedding breakfast; religion for the brightest spring morning and autumn's most gorgeous sunset. Religion for the day when the stocks are up just as much as when stocks are down. Religion when inspiration is easy, as well as for the last gasp; when the temperature is normal, as well as when it reaches 104. It may be a bold thing to say, but I risk it, that if all the people, without respect to belief or character, at death passed into everlasting happiness, religion for this world is such a luxury that no man or woman could afford to do without it. The dear old book opened with Adam's orchard and closes with St. John's orchard. St. John went into the orchard through a stone gate, the black basalt of the Isle of Patmos, to which he had been exiled. That orchard which he saw was and is in heaven. One person will err in speaking of heaven as all material, and another person describes heaven as all figurative and spiritual, and both are wrong. Heaven is both material and spiritual, as we are both material and spiritual. While much of the Bible account of heaven is to be taken figuratively and spiritually, it is plain to me that heaven has also a material existence.

How much was literal and how much was figurative, I cannot say, but St. John saw two rows of trees on each side of a river, and it differed from other orchards in the fact that the trees bore twelve manner of fruits. The learned translaters of our common Bible say it means twelve different kinds of fruits in one year. Albert Barnes says in means twelve crops of the same kind of fruit in one year. Not able to decide which is the more accurate translation, I adopt both. If it mean twelve different kinds of fruit, it declares variety in heavenly joy. If it means twelve crops of the same kind of fruit, it declares abundance in heavenly joy, and they are both true. Variety? Oh, yes! Not an eternity with nothing but music—that Oratorio would be too protracted. Not an eternity of procession on white horses—that would be too long in the stirrups. Not an eternity of watching the river—that would be too much of the picturesque. Not an eternity of plucking fruits from the tree of life—that would be too much of the heavenly orchard. But all manner of varieties, and I will tell you of at least twelve of those varieties: Joy of divine worship; joy over the victories of the Lamb who was slain; joy over the repentant sinners; joy of recounting our own rescue; joy of embracing old friends; joy at recognition of patriarchs, apostles, evangelists and martyrs; joy of ringing harmonies; joy of reknitting broken friendship; joy at the explanation of Providential mysteries; joy at walking the boulevards of gold; joy at looking at walls green with emerald, and blue with sapphire, and crimson with jasper, and aflash with amethyst, entered through swinging gates, their posts, the hinges and their panels of richest pearl; joy that there is to be no subsidence, no reaction, no terminus to the felicity.

While there is enough of the pomp of the city about heaven for those who like the city best, I thank God there is enough in the Bible about country scenery in heaven to please those of us who were born in the country and never got over it. Now, you may have the streets of gold in heaven, give me the orchards, with twelve manner of fruits, and yielding their fruit every month; and the leaves of the trees are for "the healing of the nations; and there shall be no more curse, but the throne of God and the Lamb shall be in it; and His servants shall serve Him; and they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads; and there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever." But just think of a place so brilliant that the noonday sun shall be removed from the mantle of the sky because it is too feeble a taper! Yet most of all am I impressed with the fact that I am not yet fit for that place, nor you either. By the reconstructing and sanctifying grace of Christ we need to be made all over. And let us be getting our passports ready if we wait to get into that country. An earthly passport is a personal matter, telling our height, our girth, the color of our hair, our features, our complexion, and our age. I cannot get into a foreign port on your passport, [illegible] orchard, to sit down under the tree of which the church in the Book of Canticles speaks when it says: "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my Beloved among the sons. I sat down under His shadow with great delight and His fruit was sweet to my taste;" and there it may be found that to-day we learned the danger of hankering after one thing more, and that religion is a luxury, and that there is a divine antidote for all poisons, and that we had created in us an appetite for heaven, and that it was a wholesome and saving thing for us to have discoursed on the pomology of the Bible, or God among the orchards.

THORN SENTENCED TO DIE.

Will Be Put to Death in the Week Beginning Jan. 10.

New York, Dec. 4.—Martin Thorn was taken this morning to Sing Sing, where he is to be executed in the electric chair for the murder of William Guldensuppe, during the week beginning Jan. 10, 1897.

Thorn was sentenced yesterday morning in the Queens County Court to be put to death. The little barber received the sentence with his usual impassiveness, betraying not the slightest sign of emotion. He stood up and listened to a five-minute speech from the Justice without a tremor of the muscles, he answered the customary questions with a firm and distinct voice, and after it was all over he signed his name to an affidavit in connection with appeal proceedings with a hand that didn't shake. It was one of the most remarkable exhibitions of nerve ever seen on the part of a condemned prisoner.

Justice Maddox pronounced the sentence as follows:

"Thorn, you were indicted and convicted for a most atrocious crime, the killing of William Guldensuppe. You had a fair and impartial trial, and your astute counsel took advantage of every point that was fair, and they defended you in a most able manner. The evidence justified the verdict. The law says the crime of which you have been convicted is punishable by death, and it is a very unpleasant duty for me to perform. I must perform that duty to sustain the law. You are to be taken from whence you were brought, and from there taken to the State Prison at Sing Sing, and there to be confined until the week beginning Jan. 10, 1897, and then executed according to law."

Thorn looked squarely at the Judge as he heard the fatal words consigning him to the electric chair. Justice Maddox seemed to be more visibly affected than the prisoner. In passing sentence the Court omitted to say "May God have mercy upon your soul."

Soon after noon court adjourned sine die. This means that Mrs. Nack's case cannot be taken up before the January term of the Supreme Court.

BIG SIX-DAY BICYCLE RACE.

Great Cycle Riders of the World in the Contest.

New York, Dec. 6.—Thirty-seven of the speediest long-distance riders in America, England, Ireland, France, Austria, Sweden and Belgium are competing for international honors and gate money in the six-day bicycle race which began in Madison Square Garden shortly after 12 o'clock last night.

Never before has such a high class of contestants been entered in an event of this character, and good judges predict that, barring accidents, the record may be broken. Each contestant had received a special preparation for the race, and faced Starte Eddie Bald in the best of physical condition. The track, too, is of the kind conducive to record breaking. It is constructed on the very latest and most effective principles, speed and safety being the chief aim of the builders. It is ten laps to the mile.

There are representations from all corners of the globe almost, and the Americans will have to ride hard to keep the coveted title from slipping away from them, as it did last year. Teddy Hale, the winner of last year's six-day's race, when he broke all records by riding more than 1,900 miles, is the favorite. He is an Englishmen. He weighs about one hundred and sixty pounds, is a little more than five feet nine inches in height and 35 years of age. He is the typical Englishman, with all the bulldog tendencies of his race.

Jimmy Michael rode two miles in 4.02 2-5 before the big event was started. He tied his Chicago indoor record. Twelve thousand people cheered the riders at the opening.

Bids for an Armor Plant.

Washington, Dec. 6.—An advertisement has been issued by the Navy Department calling for proposals for furnishing and constructing by contract a Government armor factory, including the land, buildings and machinery, as a whole plant, or for furnishing separately the land or constructing the buildings or the whole or any part of the machinery. A printed circular, giving more particularly the terms and other details, will be furnished to prospective bidders on application.

Her High Kicking Fatal.

Shelbyville, Ind., Dec. 6.—Mrs. Varvey Mitchell and Lena Pitcher engaged in a kicking contest. They were at the home of the former, and were kicking at a mark on the wall, when Mrs. Mitchell, after one of her kicks, fell to the floor unconscious and cannot recover.

Investigation showed that she burst the lining of her stomach and otherwise injured herself internally.

Possibly it will never be explained why some kickers do their most violent kicking when they have absolutely no ground to stand on.

GOSSIP FOR THE FAIR SEX.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ON NUMEROUS FEMININE TOPICS.

Expert Swordswomen—Fans—The Hot Water Remedy—The Bridal Color—Smuggled Gems—Etc., Etc.

EXPERT SWORDSWOMEN.

Spanish and French women of the higher class are usually expert swordswomen. They are taught to fence as carefully and accurately as their brothers, and there are numerous schools in the two countries where young women are taught not only to fence but to handle the broadsword. It is considered one of the best possible form of athletic exercise.

FANS.

Fashion in fans do not appear to vary much. They are still made of drab or white marabout feathers, in gauze, ornamented with spangles and inlaid with lace; also fans worked in needle point. The most in vogue are of black lobophore feathers and emeralds spangled with gold; others with bone handles and made of pomegranate leaves and marabout feathers spangled with ruby or blue or with gilt pearl handles made of lace with a subject painted in the centre.—New York Herald.

THE HOT-WATER REMEDY.

A tired woman who lies down for a midday nap or who retires at night with a feeling that sleep is impossible should try the hot-water remedy. Simply bathe the face and temples, the wrists and cords of the neck in water as hot as you can bear it. If it is daytime do not attempt to rest without loosening your dress at the throat and waist. It is far better to change all your clothes as you would at night, and lie down to pleasant dreams that are quite apt to come after the hot-water treatment.

A glass of hot water with a little sugar and a few drops of lemon juice is a favorite drink of Frenchwomen. Eau sucre, as it is called, takes the place often held by tea here. Tea, however, is too much of a nerve stimulant to be used any time except at meals.—New York Tribune.

THE BRIDAL COLOR.

The choice of white for the wedding dress is really a modern fashion. The bridal color differs in many countries to-day and has differed in various centuries. In many Eastern countries the brides are dressed in pink, and the Greeks and Romans wore yellow or saffron, probably derived from Hymen's flaming torch. During the middle ages and the renaissance the bride wore crimson, and most of the Queens of France, England, Germany and Italy wore this color, a costume which still survives in Brittany, where the brides are gay in crimson brocade. No less a person than Mary, Queen of Scots, changed the color of the bridal dress. When she was married to Francis II. of France, in 1553, she appeared before the doors of Notre Dame in a white brocade with a train of light blue Persian velvet, six yards long. This was regarded as a most singular innovation. It was not till the end of the 17th centuryr that pure white became the popular and correct bridal attire.

SMUGGLED GEMS

One of the leading society women of St. Louis, who recently returned from an extensive tour in Europe, is just now boasting to her friends of the manner in which she smuggled some handsome diamonds into the country.

"What makes them dearer to me than anything else," she tells her intimates, "it the fact that I smuggled them. You know my husband couldn't go with me, and I joined a party of friends, but he warned me emphatically not to be caught with dutiable goods on. I have always been wanting a diamond for this setting," showing an antique, beautiful design, "and I had a jeweler here give the dimensions of the stone I must buy. Well, here it is, and how do you suppose I managed it? I took with me several packages of chewing gum. When the officers came aboard for our declarations, I stuck the stone into a piece of gum that I had chewed into a pulp. I kept on renewing the gum until we [illegible] into New York and chewed away until I was safely landed in my room at the hotel. Now, girls, don't you think I was clever?"

The smuggler avers she will not tell her husband about her enterprise until the stone is set in the ring.

HOME-MADE TRIMMINGS

We are apt to use the term "home-made" with some suggestion of doubtfulness as to the style and quality of the article produced. If the great mass of consumers knew how and where all the beautiful things by which they set so much store were made they might very soon change their opinions as to the signification of the term.

Large establishments, those that deal extensively in garniture of all grades, employ experts who estimate the amount of material per yard for these trimmings. Parcels containing what is necessary for a certain amount of trimming are given or sent out to those who work in their own [illegible] ings. Sometimes a woman of more than ordinary ability takes a quantity of material and distributes it among workers of her own. She makes herself responsible for it and turns in a large amount of finished product. Many of the richest and most elegant trimmings are made by people who would be incapable of originating an idea or of planning even the smallest detail of their own occupation. They are, however, trained to the most mathematical accuracy—in the thing they are required to accomplish, and this is the secret of fine work.

It is not at all difficult to do handsome work, provided one is willing to sacrifice all preconceived ideas of style and effect and go down to the basic principles of absolute accuracy. No dealer would accept from one of his workers a bit of passementerie with one loop or curve one-sixteenth of an inch larger or smaller than another, provided they were all supposed to be of a size.

The world is full of quick-witted, deft-fingered women, young and old, who might have just as many handsome trimmings as they choose to wear if they could only be made to comprehend the absolute necessity for the utmost nicety of detail. The stores are almost all supplied with patterns and materials and in the larger cities instruction is given to purchasers in many cases without any charge whatever. It takes but a short time to learn to do a simple pattern. In all cord and braid passementerie the material is put upon the pattern and the sewing on the wrong side. Of course great care must be taken that the proper side of the materials is face downward. A little practice and close attention renders this an easy matter. In all work, whether of plain or intricate design, the utmost exactness is imperative if the effect is to be at all satisfactory.—New York Ledger.

THREE HEROINES.

The report of the Royal Humane Society is more than usually interesting this month. If evidence be wanted of the strength and courage and hardihood of our young women, here it is with a vengence, old-fashioned folks would add. The silver medal is granted to Miss Fullerton, of Dudhope Terrace, Dundee; of such a heroine every detail is worth note. Miss Fullerton was strolling on the Forfarshire coast, apparently, when she observed a manufacturer in great distress out at sea. We are not told whether she threw off any of her clothes, but since the man was seized with cramp and was drowning, it is to be supposed that she did not. The distance was 300 yards and the sea "heavy," but Miss Fullerton swam out and, "exhorting the manufacturer to preserve his presence of mind"—also "holding him up"—she conveyed him safely until a boat picked them up midway. This is something like a "record." Our fathers would not have believed it possible for a girl to swim a quarter of a mile in her clothes through a heavy sea, but this brave young athlete actually supported a manufacturer—run to weight as a rule—in the agony of cramp.

Miss Joan Harris, of Belfast, also plunged into the sea without undressing and rescued a grown girl; further circumstances are not given, but swimmers know that it was a feat, anyhow. Miss Louisa Bright, of Reading, too, did not waste time in preparations when she saw a schoolboy drowning in the Kennet. It is not many years since swimming was regarded as a doubtful sort of accomplishment for women.—London Standard.

LETTING OUT THEIR FEET.

There are few people who are not thoroughly familiar with the custom of the Chinese women of binding up their feet to make them as small as possible. But it will be news to most of us that it is possible for Chinese women to hedge in the matter and to so bind their feet that, if they become a wife who has to work, they can "let their feet out," so to speak.

A British Consul who was stationed for some years at a Chinese town bears witness to this fact in the following story. He was startled one day by an announcement from his man servant that he had had an offer of marriage, adding that the woman had noticed that he was a good-looking fellow, with a fine position, and that she had sent the preliminary "go-betweens." "How much does she cost, and what are her feet like?" the Consul asked. "She says she requires no body money, and, though her feet are squeezed, they are not past letting out."

The price of a first-class marriage, including trousseau, red chair and music feasts for the gentry, amounted to $17, and this the Consul agreed to pay, but with one stipulation: "Well, I won't have any small-feet stumping about my premises; if you let her feet out, it is a bargain." Within two days the servant came to announce that "it was all right; the marriage comes off to-morrow." The Consul could not quite make out how he had managed it, but the next night, while he was sitting at dinner, the door suddenly opened, and the servant burst in with his best clothes on and his bride behind him. She was a well-dressed, comely woman of about 30, and her feet were already "let out." She could walk quite readily.

New [illegible] of [illegible] cloths.

Many boas and muffs of gray or [illegible] ver fox.

Real lace fans and knots for [illegible] bonnets.

Fur collarettes of two colo[red] materials.

Velvet bonnet crowns richly broidered.

Bunches of eagle feathers for trimming.

Girls' coats of bengaline [illegible] light colors.

Jackets and wrappers of Ja[panese] quilted silk.

Yellowish Malines lace for coll[ars] wrist ruffles.

Collarettes of ostrich feath[ers] gray or black.

Changeable silks striped with [illegible] bands of satin.

Children's checked frocks, tri[mmed] with plain cloth.

Black cloth costumes havi[ng] colored velvet vest.

Russian blouses of net covered [with] two widths of braid.

Accordion-plaited silk and mo[ire] line collar and bow.

Shirt waists of satin brocade [with] separate stock-collars.

Satin antique for millinery [illegible] combine with fur sets.

Low, broad Alpine hats trim[med] with wings and breasts.

Mink sets of full muff and co[llar] made up with plaitings of satin tique.

Long vests of black or white net [em]broidered with beads, pearls spangles.

White chiffon waists trimmed [illegible] white lace, edged with narrow [illegible] Chantilly.

Brocaded white satin, having designs outlined with gold cord, vests, yokes, etc.

Waists of bright poplin covered [with] one of the Russian blouses in [illegible] black braid effects.

Black net covered with steel or [sil]ver and iridescent green or spangles of a small size.

Evening wraps of accordion-pla[ited] chiffon, topped with an embroid[ered] satin and fur collarette.

How Bees Fight a Battle.

In battle the movements of bees [are] so rapid that it is difficult to fo[llow] them through all their evolutions, [but] the plan of battle seems to be [very] simple. Two bees from the hive [are] sent to kill one intruder, and the la[tter] always tries to force an entra[nce] even at the risk of his life. Once [in]side, it makes room for others of [its] companions to enter, and then, gall[op]ing up its abdomen in as small a s[pace] as possible, it assumes the defens[ive]. Two of the hive bees pounce upo[n it] and, seizing it fiercely, they seek [to] find a vulnerable point between [the] rings of its body to sting it to de[ath]. The attacking bee just as determine[d] struggles to cover every unprotec[ted] spot. If sufficient time can be gai[ned] and the attacking swarm is la[rge] enough to force an entrance, the ba[ttle is won]. Mauled bees that have not been st[ung] to death will suddenly assume the [de]fensive and pursue the tactics of th[e] enemies.

Should the battle go against the [at]tacking body, the balance of the sw[arm] flies away to seek safety, and the de[ad] carcasses of their companions [are] thrown contemptuously out of the hi[ve]. But in the event of an opposite ter[mi]nation of the struggle the poor inh[ab]itants are slaughtered. When th[e] fate has been practically decided ma[ny] of them turn traitors to their ca[use] and in order to save their own li[ves] they join the forces of the attack[ing] party and display great vigor in k[ill]ing their former companions. But th[ere] is honest patriotism even among b[ees]. In every hive there are some who fi[ght] to the last and prolong the struggle.—London Mail.

Mr. Astor's Redwood Dinner Table.

The section of a Californian redwo[od] tree with which Mr. W. W. Astor w[on] his wager has been safely brought [to] Cliveden. The wager was the re[sult] of some statements made by Mr. As[tor] at a dinner concerning the size of Californian redwoods, the owner [of] Cliveden staking a considerable s[um] on his ability to produce a cross-s[ection] of one of the trees capable of [ac]commodating forty guests when [used] as a dinner-table. The section shi[pped] from San Francisco is two feet [in] thickness, with an average diameter [of] 15 feet 6 inches and a maximum d[ia]meter of 16 feet 6 inches. Conside[rable] difficulty was experienced in bri[ng]ing the slab of timber by road fr[om] London to Cliveden, sixteen horses [be]ing employed to draw the trolley [on] which it was placed. At Cliveden [it] was taken down the grass drive, a[nd] owing to the splintering of the pla[nks] beneath the wheels, the latter [fre]quently sank deep into the turf. [A] staff of men are now getting the [slab] into position.

Old horses are turned into Ger[man] sausages in Berlin.

[illegible] Rheum[atism] [illegible]

[illegible] Great Suffering [illegible] Since Taking Hood's [illegible]

[illegible] was afflicted with rheumatism [illegible] been a great sufferer [illegible] also with stomach and heart [illegible], but thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla I am now a well man. My wife has [been] cured of kidney disease by Hood's Sarsaparilla." AUG. SOMMERMEYER, 347 West [illegible] Street, New York, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

[Is the] best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

A Hole Full of Cold Air.

[W]illiam Meeker, of Chenango [illegible], N. Y., has a well on his farm [that] is not only exciting much com[ment] but promises to be an acquisi[tion] to the neighborhood. The well [illegible] stands about twenty feet [from] the farmhouse, and has until [a few] weeks ago supplied the premises [with] water. For some time Mr. Meek[er] noticed the supply was gradu[ally] growing less, and during the re[cent] dry spell it gave out altogether. [Th]en he determined to dig deeper [in se]arch of a fresh spring, and the [work] was begun. The man employed [in th]e work had dug down about seven [feet w]hen he noticed the temperature [of th]e well was falling rapidly. He [ascen]ded to the surface and put on his [illegible] clothing, which had been discarded. Returning, he was able to [cont]inue work only a short time on [acco]unt of the frigid atmosphere. [O]n the surface the sun was shining [brigh]tly, and the air was that of a mild [Octo]ber day. The cold air did not [rise] to the top of the well so as to be [perc]eptible, but when a pail of water [was] lowered into the excavation a [thin] coating of ice was formed on it [in tw]enty minutes. It is thought that [by d]igging the well one or more veins [illegible] were opened, and the chemical [comb]ination caused the lowering of [the t]emperature.—New York Press.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

[by loc]al applications, as they cannot reach the [diseas]ed portion of the ear. There is only one [way] to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. [We] will give One Hundred Dollars for any [case] of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

[Of] the 35,000,000 bushels of oysters [cons]umed throughout the world every [year] this country supplies 30,000,000 [bus]hels.

[Ch]ew Star Tobacco—The Best. [Sm]oke Sledge Cigarettes.

[In] Delaware two brothers lived for [illegible] years within eight miles of each [other], attended the same church and [freq]uently traded with each other [with]out knowing they were related.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

[T]ake Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All [dru]ggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

[A]n example of poetic justice is that [of] the Chicago man who dislocated his [sho]ulder in the act of striking his [wif]e with a knotted rope.

If You Cannot Get Dreydoppel

[illegible] of any Dealer in your town, write to the [manu]facturer, and give the names of the [store]keepers. Address William Dreydoppel, practical soap maker and chemist, Phila[delp]hia, Pa.

[A]n earnest, intending Benedict of [illegible]ren county, Ky., walked thirty-two [mil]es after a marriage license.

[W]e have not been without Piso's Cure for [Con]sumption for 20 years.—LIZZIE FERREL, [Cam]p Street, Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, 1894.

[F]its permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great [Ner]ve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free. [Dr.] R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

[K]angaroo tails, imported from Australia, sell for three dollars a dozen in [Lo]ndon. They make delicious soup.

[V]ery few towns in the West are [wit]hout a "Boston store."

[Mr]s. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children [teet]hing softens the gums, reducing inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

[I]n Morrisville, Vt., there is a butcher [wh]o is so good a shot that he kills all [his] cattle with a rifle.

[A]n ostrich's egg weighs about four [pou]nds—equal to forty hens' eggs.

HALL'S
Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER
Cleanses the scalp and puts new life into the hair. It restores the lost color to gray hair. It means youth and beauty.

[illegible] Storing Roots in Pits—Variety of Feed for Calves—Quack Grass Among Oats—The Value of Oat Hay—Etc. Etc.

STORING ROOTS IN PITS.

The proper way to keep all roots is in out-of-door pits, and as much as possible excluding air from them. Some kinds of fruit, as turnips, rutabagas and carrots, do not easily freeze, but all are injured by exposure to the air. When we grow potatoes largely we always stored most of what were not sold in the fall in pits. This is especially important for the potatoes required for seed. While the ground was still frozen we covered the potato heaps with straw, so as to keep it frozen as long as possible. Potatoes that can be kept from sprouting until planting time produce much the best crops.

VARIETY OF FEED FOR CALVES.

When calves are weaned they should be given as great a variety of food as possible. Not only will the calf itself be thriftier, but those that are to be future cows will be more valuable all their after lives. We never saw a really good cow that was not a hearty eater. It is for this reason that the poor man's single cow, which is petted and fed various kinds of nutritious foods from the table, is nearly always a good one. Put the same cow in a large herd, and feed it as the others are fed, with plenty of food but little variety, and she will not be nearly so good.

QUACK GRASS AMONG OATS.

The oat crop ripens latest of all the small grains, and where the land is filled with roots of quack grass some of those will get even start with the grain, and will ripen their seed at the same time. Quack seed is very small, so that in winnowing the oats most of it will fall through the sieve and be separated from the oats. But some of the quack seed is likely not to be threshed, and will then go into the stock. It is in this way that quack grass often spreads from a small place over the entire farm. When it gets into the manure pile, there is no stopping its progress. Late oats and late hay grown where quack grass is known to be should be kept by themselves, and the oat straw be sold to some factory where it will not go into anybody's manure pile.

HORTICULTURE WILL PROGRESS.

We shall never reach the goal of our desires, when we shall know exactly what to plant and how to cultivate, and how best to gather, pack, market and sell, so that our work may be without some disappointments, but of this we may well be assured: The day is not coming, either now or hereafter, when intelligent horticulture will not have its reward; when men will demand less fruit, but more; when size and color and exquisite quality, brought about by highest intelligence in culture and management, will not always bring a corresponding increase in price; when intelligent study of the courses of nature, of the effect of frost and sun and cloud upon the life and health of plant, and the beauty and sweetness of fruit, will not richly repay the student.

Nor is the time coming when an outdoor life, surrounded by the beauties of nature, and in a work which takes account of all the manifold blessings of Providence, from the beginning to the end of the year, will not have its effect in soothing the nerves and making more healthful and joyous the life of the worker. Few men ever became so utterly absorbed in striving for money or honors that they do not cherish to the end of their days a tender hope that some day they may live surrounded by trees and plants and flowers. No life, no matter how luxurious in any city, no matter how great and prosperous, can so well sustain health and vigor, or so well enable one to rear a family of healthy and happy children, as a life on the land and near the heart of nature.—T. L. Watrous, of Iowa.

THE VALUE OF OAT HAY.

The point I wish to make to-day with regard to the oat-crop is that if properly handled it is one of the most valuable forage crops on the farm. It should be cut so as to save the fodder in a green state, similar to the saving of corn fodder. You will perhaps not get as much oats, but you will get a fodder that is quite valuable. This should take the place of timothy hay, a crop that I have yet been unable to see any good reason for growing on dry, rolling lands. Where you have low, moist land, that is too wet for corn, timothy may be perfectly grown, but it is not a valuable crop when you consider the room it occupies.

It is popular with city people who buy hay, but the economic farmer will find there is very little difference between a ton of timothy hay and a ton of [illegible] corn fodder, and a very li[ttle] [illegible] between a ton of [illegible] a ton of oat straw [illegible] consideration than has yet been given to it. It does not lack much of being a perfect ration for man and beast. In the winter time sheaf oats [illegible] fed with cornmeal make quite an acceptable ration for any of the farm animals—the horse or the ruminant. The farmer is not likely to grow too much oats where the horse, the dairy cow and the young animals are considered. We do often grow more corn than can be economically fed.—Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, at the Ohio State Fair.

THE BACON HOG.

Every season of late the question of securing bacon hogs forces itself to the front and the American farmer must consider it if he expects to raise hogs that will produce meat such as is required by those who pay the best prices. Discussing this matter the Iowa Homestead says: To make the bacon that is wanted on the breakfast table of to-day requires management and rearing quite different from that which the American hog usually gets.

The pigs on the farms in the corn belt are generally fed corn from weaning time until slaughter, with the result that they lose size in a very few years, become very fine in bone and from the earliest period resemble animated—and only slightly animated—bladders of lard. They are round and pretty, but they are mainly butterballs throughout and lack the alternate streak of lean and fat that are the first requisites in good bacon.

The highly improved breeds, as they are usually fed, are not the source from which bacon worthy of the name comes in this country, although this is not saying that by proper feeding and management they could not furnish it. Nitrogenous feeding during the growing period, together with muscle-making exercise, and a corn finish when growth is attained, are the lines along which bacon-making should be attempted. Back of this should be a better selection of breeding stock with a view to producing the bacon form, which is as different from what most of us have been taught to admire as the beef form in cattle is different from the dairy form.

Canadian bacon enjoys a very high reputation and deserves it, but its foundation is peas, just as the basis of the lard hog is corn, and the pictures of prize-winning bacon pigs in the live stock publications show animals that the corn belt farmer would not have on the place. Still, he will never make satisfactory bacon until he does, and to make them, breeding stock with length, less tendency to fatten and not quite so pretty in outline must be selected. Then, with proper feeding—which, after all, is the difficulty in a section where fattening foods are plenty and muscle-making ones are scarce—a bacon hog as good as anybody's can be produced.

FODDER MUST BE DRY WHEN SHREDDED.

The difficulty in keeping shredded fodder is due to its being put into the mow or stack while damp. It takes some time for the stalks to dry out thoroughly, and it is useless to expect good results from stored shredded fodder unless it is free from sap, and in fact moisture of any kind, before being put into the mow. As a rule fodder in the shock is ready for shredding as soon as the ears are dry enough to crib.

Experience shows that it is best to haul the corn from the field as soon as it is thoroughly dried out, and run it at once through the husker and shredder. The longer it remains in the field the greater the loss from weathering. If to be stored in a mow, spread evenly over the floor and tramp down, as in putting away hay. As a rule no further attention is required until it is wanted for feed. Alternate these layers until the mow is filled. If stacked out of doors straw can also be used. The straw absorbs the surplus moisture in the fodder, and those who have experimented with this mixture claim that the feeding value of the straw is increased. The addition of a little salt when the fodder is being put in is often an advantage where the material is not entirely free from sap. Use about the same quantity as in stalking hay.

After the fodder is stored it will sometimes heat, but this is merely the "sweating" process and desirable rather than objectionable. If the other conditions are favorable the quality of the feed will be improved rather than injured. When it is "sweating" and hot it must not be stored. In the dairy districts shredded fodder has proven an excellent feed to alternate with ensilage or to feed along with it. To be of the greatest value it must be shredded so finely that all the hard portions are broken up and any sharp edges removed. Some machines merely crush the stalks, but leave them in poor condition, with jagged edges and often large, hard pieces. Others, however, shred it perfectly, cutting and tearing the stalks and blades into fine bits which are as soft as hay and as readily eaten by farm animals. Horses, cattle and sheep eat it with apparently as much [illegible]

Corn binders [illegible] which cut the [illegible] into bundles [illegible] corn [illegible] with the old methods of hand cutting and husking.—American Agriculturist.

FARM AND STOCK NOTES.

[illegible] ing than a draft horse.

All horse stock should be well fed—fattened before sending to market.

Do not let your hogs lie in old filthy sheds, nor about straw, dirt or manure piles.

A colt that is not growing well might make profitable use of some skim milk.

Watch the colt's feet. Keep them in shape, even if you have to trim them occasionally.

A little feed grain to the growing colts with their roughage will be a profitable investment.

The best time of the year for fattening hogs is now at hand and should be made the most of.

Don't waste any roots or apples. No food does winter hogs more good than they, because they act as a laxative.

The trainer or breaker of a colt should not lose his temper, for much of the mean disposition goes into the horse.

Experience has shown that a fall dipping repays twice over for the cost of it, in the better condition of the fleece at next shearing time.

Let the pig have all the pure water he wants. He will fatten faster, be quieter and healthier. Give slop also, but do not neglect the water.

Keeping swine around the house and farm buildings, as you would house dogs, they become unmitigated nuisances, of no use to themselves nor to anyone else.

Good, pure bred bulls and cows are now in demand, and those who have such for sale will have no occasion to complain of dull trade if they will let it be known.

The brood sows should not be allowed to run down in flesh while suckling their litters. Feed middlings and bran mixed, equal parts by weight, made moist with skim milk and kitchen slops.

Slop for hog feed at night should be prepared in the morning, and that for the morning feed should be prepared at night. It will become softened by being kept, and the temperature of the feed will generally be better.

CAMPHOR.

Where it is Cultivated, and How it is Distilled.

Notwithstanding the comparatively narrow limits of its natural environment, says a bulletin in the United States Department of Agriculture, the camphor tree grows well in cultivation under widely different conditions. It has become abundantly naturalized in Madagascar. It flourishes at Buenos Ayres. It thrives in Egypt, in the Canary Islands, in southeastern France, and in the San Joaquin Valley in California, where the summers are hot and dry. Large trees, at least two hundred years old, are growing in the temple courts at Tokio, where they are subject to a winter of seventy to eighty nights of frost, with an occasional minimum temperature as low as 12 to 16 degrees. The conditions for really successful cultivation appear to be a minimum Winter temperature not below twenty degrees, fifty inches or more of rain during the warm growing season, and an abundance of plant food, rich in nitrogen. In the native forests in Formosa, Fukien, and Japan camphor is distilled almost exclusively from the wood of the trunks, roots and larger branches.

The work is performed by hand labor, and the methods employed seem rather crude. The camphor trees are felled, and the trunk, larger limbs, and sometimes the roots are cut into chips, which are placed in a wooden tub about forty inches high and twenty inches in diameter at the base, tapering toward the top like an old-fashioned churn. The tub has a tight-fitting cover, which may be removed to put in the chips. A bamboo tube extends from near the top of the tub into the condenser. This consists of two wooden tubs of different sizes, the larger one right side up, kept about two-thirds full of water from a continuous stream which runs out of a hole in one side. The smaller one is inverted with its edges below the water, forming an air-tight chamber.

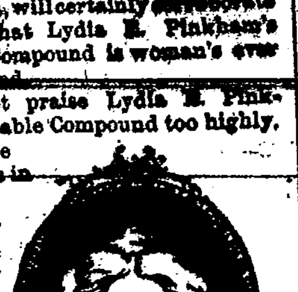
This air chamber is kept cool by the water falling on the top and running down over the sides. The upper part of the air chamber is sometimes filled with clean rice straw, on which the camphor crystalizes, while the oil drips down and collects on the surface of the water. In some cases the camphor and oil are allowed to collect together, and are afterward separated by filtration through rice straw or by pressure. About twelve hours are required for distilling a tubful by this method. Then the chips are removed and dried for use in the furnace, and a new charge is put in. At the same time the camphor and oil are removed from the condenser. By this method twenty to forty pounds of chips are required for one pound of crude camphor.

As the colt grows he should be broken—trained.

A [illegible] TO [illegible]

A few words from Mrs. [illegible] of Philadelphia, will certainly corroborate the claim that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is woman's ever [illegible] friend.

"I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly.



"For nine weeks I was in bed suffering with inflammation and congestion of the ovaries. I had a discharge all the time. When lying down all the time, I felt quite comfortable; but as soon as I would put my feet on the floor, the pains would come back.

"Every one thought it was impossible for me to get well. I was paying $1 per day for doctor's visits and 75 cents a day for medicine. I made up my mind to try Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has effected a complete cure for me, and I have all the faith in the world in it. What a blessing to woman it is!"—MRS. JENNIE L. SMITH, No. 324 Kauffman St., Philadelphia, Pa.

An Erratic Baggage Check.

The following mysterious incident is given as it was related to a Boston correspondent of the New York World by Rev. Mr. Raymond, of St. Mark's School, Southboro:

"A few days ago I was returning home from a visit to New York. As the train neared Boston I put my hand in a pocket to get the check for my trunk. It was not there. To an old traveler of good memory and precise habits this was alarming. I knew I had put the check in my left hand trousers pocket, but I turned all my pockets inside out in my search only to find that the check had absolutely disappeared. A search of the seat, the floor of the car, my handbag, and hat were alike unavailing. On arriving at Boston I told the baggage-master of my trouble and identified the trunk. He called in the superintendent, and I made another thorough search for the check in their presence. It could not be found. I was then required to describe the contents of the trunk, produce the keys and have my description verified. Finally, after paying for the lost check and signing a receipt, I was allowed to take the trunk away.

"Getting into a cab, I drove straight to my house in Southboro. It had been left locked up and unoccupied in my absence. Finding the aid decidedly chilly, as soon as I got inside I decided to light a fire in the front grate. The wod had been set in the grate all ready to kindle. Lifting the lid off the match-box on the mantelpiece I was astonished to see the lost check lying on top of the matches. As I remembered the number, '1,550,' and it was one of those nickel-plated ones not commonly in use, IL knew it at once. How it got there I am utterly unable to explain. All I know is that it was the identical check I got in New York, and which disappeared before I reached Boston. I am positive that I did not put it there, and, in fact, had not touched the match-box since entering the room, until I found it as I have described. I filled the box with matches just before I left for New York, two weeks before, and had no such check in my possession then. The baggage-master, to whom I took it next day, recognized it as the one [illegible] prevailed on him to [illegible] it as a material proof of [illegible] experience."

Strange Plants.

[illegible] speak of a "plant of flesh and [illegible]" with the shape and appearance [illegible] lamb, having feet, tail and head distinctly formed, and its skin covered with soft down." The lamb is said to grow upon a stalk three feet in height, and to turn about and bend to the herbage that serves for its food, and when the grass fails it dries up and withers away. There is some foundation for this queer story in the existence of a singularly shaped plant recently discovered, which has a sort of woolly covering and in order to heighten the general effect the natives wind the plant and adjust the long, [illegible] silky hairs that cover it in such a style as to give it the appearance of a woolclad animal. It is natural to suppose that this plant would wither when the grass begins to fail; for even if it did not subsist upon the grass, as it is reported to do, the same drought that served to kill the grass would naturally destroy the plant.

The value of the plant world, not only in furnishing the pulpy material of which paper is manufactured, but also in supplying the paper itself outright, may not be fully appreciated by those who have not investigated the subject. It is well known that the Egyptian papyrus in early days was the main source from which anything like our modern paper was derived, and on it were written many of the oldest volumes now extant. This was a reed that grew by the brooks, with a stem six to ten feet in height and about an inch in diameter. This was peeled and the pith cut into thin slices, which were then laid side by side, with the edges touching one another.

After being sprinkled with water, a heavy pressure was applied, and they were thus united into one piece. It may not be so generally known that there now grows in Asia a tree the bark of which is made into sheets about a yard square, and these are used for all the ordinary purposes of paper, being tough and durable. U49

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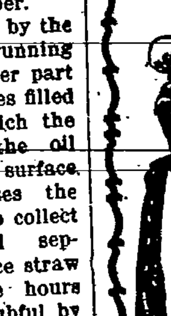

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