## COMFORT FOR THE MARTHAS

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Sermon on Household Cares.

HOW TRIALS MAY BE OVERCOME

Mary and Martha-Their Prototypes Are in Every Parlor and Kitchen in the Land - Housekeeping Cares - Severe Economy - Sickness and Trouble -Home Influence-The Christian House-

Washington, Jan. 2.-Rev. Dr. Talmage this morning preached from the words, recorded in Luke x, 40: "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her, therefore, hat she help me."

Yonder is a beautiful village homestead. The man of the house is dead, and his widow is taking charge of the premises. This is the widow Martha of Bothany. Yes, I will show you also the pet of the household. This is Mary, the younger sister, with a book under her arm and her face having no appearance of anxiety or care Company has come. Christ stands outside the door, and of course there is a good deal of excitement inside the door. The disarranged furniture is hastily put aside, and the hair is brushed back, and the dresses are adjusted as well as, in so short a time, Mary and Martha can attend to these matters. They did not keep Christ standing at the door until hey were newly apparoled or until they had elaborately arranged their trosses, then coming out with their affected surprise as though they had not heard the wo or three provious knockings, saying, "Why, is that you?" No. They were ladies and were always presentable, although they may not have always had on their best, for none of us always has on our best. If we did, our best would not be worth having on. They throw open the door and greet Christ. They say: "Good morning, Master! Come in and be seated.

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country home into perturbation. I suppose also the walk from the city had been a good appetizer. The kitchen department that day was a very important department, and I suppose that Martha had no somer greeted the guests than she fled to that room. Mary had no worriment about household affairs. She had full confidence that Martha could get up the best dinner in Bethany. She seems to say, "Now let us have a division of labor. Martha, you cook and I'll sit down and be good " So you have often seen a great difference between two sisters.

Christ did not come alone. He had a group of friends with him, and such an

influx of city visitors would bhrow any

There is Martha, hard working, painstaking, a good manager, over inventive of some new pastry or discovering some-thing in the art of cookery and house-keeping. There is Mary, also fond of conversation, literary, so engaged in deep questions of ethics she has no time to attend to the questions of household welfare. It is noon. Mary is in the parlor with Christ. Martha is in the kitchen. 16 would have been better if they had divided the work, and then they could have divided the opportunity of listening to Jesus. But Mary monopolizes Christ while Martha swelters at the fire. It was a very important thing that they should have a good dinner that day. Christ was hungry, and he did not often have a luxurious entertainment. Alas me, if the duty had devolved upon Mary, what a rought that would have been! But some thing went wrong in the kitchen. Perhans the fire would not burn, or the bread would not bake, or Martha scalded her hand, or something was burned black that ought only to have been made brown, and Martha lost her patience, and forgetting the proprieties of the occasion. with beswented brow, and, perhaps, with pitcher in one hand and tongs in the other, she rushes out of the kitchen into the presence of Christ, saying, "Lord, dost then not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone?" Christ scolded not a word. If it were scolding, I should rather have his sociding than anybody else's blessing. There was nothing acerb. He know Martha had almost worked her self to death to get him something to cat. and so he throws a world of tenderness into his intonation as he seems to say My dear woman, do not worry. Let the dinner co. Sit down on this ottoman bosido Mary, your younger sister. Martha, Martha, thou arteareful and troubled about marty things, but one thing is needful." As Martha throws open that kitchen door I look in and see a great many household perplexities and anxie-

First there is the trial of nonapprecia tion That is what made Martha so mad with Mary. The younger sister had no estimate of her older sister's fatigues. As now, men bothered with the anxieties of the store and office and shop, or coming from the stock exchange, they say when they got home: "Oh, you ought to be in our factor, a little while! You ought to have to manage 8 or 10 or 20 subordinates, and then you would know what trouble and anxiety are!" Oh, sir, the wife and the mother has to conduct at the same time a university, a clothing establishment, a restaurant, a laundry, a library, while she is health officer, police and president of her realm! She must do a thousand things, and do thom well, in order to keep things going smoothly, and so her brain and her nerves are taxed to the utmost. I know there are housekeepers who are so fortunate that they can sit in an armehair in the library or lie on the belated pillow and throw off all the care upon subordinates who, having large wages and great experience, can attend to all of the affairs of the household. Those are the exceptions. I am speaking new of the great mass of houseke pers the wo men to whom life is a struggle, and who at 30 years of age look as though they were 40, and at 40 look as though they were 60; and at 50 look as though they were 60. The fallen at Chalons and Austerlitz and Gottysburg and Waterloo are a small humber compared with the slain in the gren! Armageddon of the kitchen. You No out to the cometery and you will see that the tembstones all read beautifully poetle, but if those tembstones would speak the truth, thousands of them would "Here lies a woman killed by too much mouding and sowing and baking and scrubbing and scouring. The weapon with which she was stain was a broom or A sewing machine or a ladle."

You think, O man of the world, that you bavefull the cares and anxieties. If should come upon you for one week you Would be fit for the insane asylum. The half rested housekeeper arises in the morning. She must have the morning

repost prepared at an Irrevocable bour. What if the fire will not light, what if the marketing illd not come, what it the black has stopped no matter, she are have the morning report at an irrevocab hour. Than the children must be got off. to school. What if their parments are lessons; what if they have lost a hat we sash—they must be ready. Then you have all the diet of the day and perhaps of several days, to plan, but what if they butcher has sent meat unmasticable. It the grocer has sent articles of food adulterated and what if some place of silver is gone, or some favorite chalice be cracked, or the roof leak, or the plumbing fail, or any one of a thousand things occur—you must be ready. Spring weather comes, and there must be a revolution in the family wardrobe, or autumn comes, and you must shut out the northern blast, but what if the moth has preceded you to the chest; what if, during the year, the children have outgrown the year, the children have outgrown the apparel of last year; what if the fashions have changed! Your house must be an apotheoary's shop; it must be a dispen-sary; there must be medicines for all allments—something to loosen the croup, something to cool the burn, something to poultice the inflammation, something to illence the jumping tooth, something to soothe the earache. You must be in half a dozen places at the same time, or you must attempt to be. If, under all this wear and tear of life, Martha makes an impatient rush upon the library or drawing rom, be patient, be lenient! O woman, though I may fail to stir up an appreciation in the souls of others in regard to your household toils, let me assure you, from the kindliness with which Jesus Christ met Martha, that he appreciates all your work from garret to cellat and that the God of Deborah, and Hansah, and Abigail, and Grandmother Lois and Elizabeth Fry, and Hannah More is the God of the housekeeper! Jesus was never married, that he might be the especial friend and confident of a whole world of troubled womanhood. I blunder Christ was married. The Bible says that the church is the Lamb's wife, and that makes me know that all Christian women have a right to go to Christ and tell him of their annoyances and troubles, since by his oath of conjugal fidelity he is sworn to sympathize. George Herbert, the Christian poet, wrote two or three verses on this subject:—

The servant by this clause Makes drudgery divine, Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws, Makes this and the action fine.

A young woman of brilliant education and prosperous circumstances was called down stairs to help in the kitchen in the absence of the servants. The doorbell ringing, she went to open it and found a deman friend, who said as he came in: "I thought that I heard music. Was it on this piano or on this harp?" answered: "No. I was playing on a gridiron, with frying pan accompaniment. The servants are gone, and I am learning how to do this work." Well done! When will women in all circles find out that it is honorable to do anything that ought

omy. Nine hundred and ninety-nine households out of the thousand are subjected to it, some under more and some under less stress of circumstances. Especially if a man smoke very expensive cigars and take very costly dinners at the restaurants he will be severe in demanding domestic economies. This is what kills tens of thousands of women-attempting to make \$5 do the work of \$7. A young woman about to enter the married state said to her mother, "How long does the honeymoon last?" The mother answered, "The honeymoon lasts until you ask your husband for money." How some men do dole out money to their wives! much do you want?" "A dollar." "You are always wanting a dollar. Can't you do with 50 cents?" If the husband has not the money, let him plainly say so. If he has it let him make cheerful response, remembering that his wife has as much right to it as he has. How the bills come The woman is the banker of the She is the president, the eashier, the teller, the discount clerk, and there is a panic every few weeks. This 30 years' war against high prices, this perpetual study of economics, this lifelong attempt to keep the outgoes less than the income, exhausts innumerable housekeepers. Oh, my sister, this is a part of the

Divine discipline! If it were best for you,

all you would have to do would be to

open the front windows, and the ravens would fly in with food, and after you had baked 50 times from the barrel in the pantry the barrel, like the one of Zarephath, would be full, and the shoes of the children would last as long as the shoes of the Israelties in the wilderness-40 years. Besides that this is going to make heaven the more attractive in the contrast. They never hunger there, and consequently there will be none of the nuisances of catering for appetites, and in the land of the white robe they never have to mend anything, and the air in that hill country makes everybody well. There are no rents to pay, every man owns his own house, and a mansion at that. It will not be so great a change for you to have a chariot in heaven if you have been in the habit of riding in this world. It will not be so great a change for you to sit down on the bansk of the river of life if in this world you had a country seat, but if you have walked with tired feet in this world what a glorious change to mount celestial equipage! And, if your life on earth was domestic martyrdom, oh, the joy of an oternity in which you shall have nothing to do except what you choose to do! Martha has had no drudgery for 18 centuries! I quarrel with the theologians who want to distribute all the thrones of heaven among the John Knoxes and the Hugh Latimers and the Theban legion. Some of the brightest thrones of heaven will be kept for Chrisdan housekeepers. Oh, what a change from here to there, from the time when they put down the rolling pin to when take up the sceptor! If Chatsworth park and the Vanderbilt mansion were to be lifted into the celestial city, they would be considered uninhabitable rook eries, and glorified Lazarus would be shamed to be going in and out of either

There are many housekeepers who could get along with their toil if it were not for sickness and trouble. The tact is, one half of the women of the land are more or less invalids. The mountain lass who has never had an ache or a pain may consider household toil inconsiderable and toward evening she may skip away miles to the fields and drive home the eattle, and she may until 10 o'clock at night fill the house with laughing racket. But oh, to do the work of life with worn out constitution, when whooping cough has been raging for six weeks in the household, making the night as sleopless

as the day! That is not so easy. Perhaps s comes after the nerves have been hattored by son o borogroment that has left desolation in every room of the house and sor the orib in the garret because the occupant has been hushed into a shunperwhich needs no mother's lullaby. Oh, she could provide for the whole group a great deal better than she can for a part of the group, now the rest are gone! though you may well her God is taking cure of those who are gone, it is mother like to brood both flocks, and one wing she puts over the flock in the house; the

other wing she puts over the flock in the

There is nothing but the old fashioned Men Who Have Reduced Money-Saving There is nothing but the old fashioned religion of Jesus Christ that will take a woman happily through the trials of home life. At first there may be a romance or a novelty that will do for a substitute. The marriage hour has just passed, and the perplexities of the household are more than atoned by the joy of being together and by the fact that when it is late they do not have to discuss the question as to whether it is time to go. The mishaps of the household, instead of being a matter of anxiety and reprehension, are a matter of merriment—the ension, are a matter of merriment—the loaf of bread turned into a geological specimen, the slushy custards, the jaundiced or measly biscutis. It is a very bright sunlight that falls on the cutlery and the mantel ornaments of a new home. But after awhile the romance is all gone, and then there is something to be prepared for the table that the book called "Cookery Taught in Twelve Lessons" will not teach. The receipt for making it is not a handful of this, a cup of that and a spoonful of something else. It is not something sweetened with ordinary flavors or baked in ordinary ovens. It is the loaf of domestic happiness, and all the ingredients come down from heaven, and the fruits are plucked from the tree of life, and it is sweetened with the new wine of the kingdom, and it is baked in the oven of home trial. mon wrote out of his experience. He had a wretched home. A man cannot be happy with two wives, much less 600, and he says, writing out of his own ex-"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. How great are the responsibilities of

housekeepers! Sometimes an indigestible article of food by its effect upon a king has overthrown an empire. A distinguished statistician says of 1,000 unmarried men there are 38 criminals, and of 1,000 married men only 18 are criminals. What a suggestion of home influences! Let the most be made of them. Housekeepers by the food they provide, by the couches they spread, by the books they introduce, by the influences they bring around their home, are deciding the physical, intellectual, moral, eternal destiny of the race. You say your life is one of sacrifice. I know it. But, my sisters, that is the only life worth living. That was Florence Nightingale's life; that was Payson's life; that was Christ's life. We admire it in others, but how very hard it is for us to exercise it ourselves! When in Brooklyn young Dr. Hutchinson having spent a whole night in a diphtheritic room for the relief of a patient became saturated with the poison and died, we all felt as if we would like to put garlands on his grave; everybody appreciates that. When in the burning hotel at St. Louis a young man on the fifth story broke open the door of the room where his mother was sleeping and plunged in amid smoke and fire, crying, "Mother, where are you?" and never came out, our hearts applauded that young man. But how few of us have the Christlike spirit-a will-

ingness to suffer for others. A rough teacher in a school called upon a poor, half starved lad who had offended against the laws of the school and said, "Take off your coat directly, sir!" The boy refused to take it off, whereupon the teacher said again, "Take off your coat, sir!" as he swung the whip through the air. The boy refused. It was not because he was afraid of the lash was from shame—he had no undergarment-and as at the third command he pulled slowly off his coat there went a sob through the school. They saw then why he did not want to remove his coat, and they saw the shoulder blades had almost cut through the skin and a stout, healthy boy rose up and went to the teacher of the school and said: "Oh, sir, please don't hurt this poor fellow! See, he's nothing but a poor chap. Don't hurt him. He's poor. Whip me. 'Well," said the teacher, "it's going to be a severe whipping. I am willing to take you as a substitute." "Well." the boy, "I don't care. You whip me, if you will, but let this poor fellow go.' The stout, healthy boy took the scourging without an outery. "Bravo!" says every man. "Bravo!" How many of us willing to takethe scourging, and the suffering, and the toil, and the anxiety for other people? Beautiful things to admire, but how little we have of that spirit! God give us that self-denying spirit, so that whether we are in humble spheres or in conspicuous spheres we may perform our whole duty, for this struggle will soon be over.

One of the most affecting reminiscences of my mother is my remembrance of her as a Christian housekeeper. She worked very hard, and when we would come in from summer play and sit down at the table at noon I remember how she used to come in with beads of perspiration along the line of gray hair, and how sometimes she would sit down at the table and put her head against her wrinkled hand and say, "Well, the fact is, I'm too tired to eat." Long after she might have delegated this duty to others, she would not be satisfied unless she attended to the matter herself. In fact, we all preferred to have her do so, for somehow things tasted better when she prepared them. Some time ago in an express train I shot past that old homestead. 1 looked out of the window and tried to peer through the darkness. While I was doing so one of my old schoolmates, whom I had not seen for many years, tapped me on the shoulder and said, "De Witt, I see you are looking out at the scenes of your boyhood." "Oh. yes," I replied, "I was looking out at the old place where my mother lived and died." That night in the cars the whole scene came back to me. There was the country home. There was the noonday table. There were the children on either side of the table, most of them gone never to come back. At one end of the table, my father, with a smile that never left his countenance even when he lay in his offin. It was an 84 years' smile-not the smile of inanition, but of Christian courage and of Christian hope. At the other end of the table was a beautiful, benignant, hard working, aged Christian housekeeper, my mother. She was very tired. I am glad she has so good a place to rest in. "Blessed are the dead who die in the

"And where was the man stabbed?" asked the excited lawyer of a physician. "The man was stabbed about an inch and a half to the left of the medial line and about an inch above the umbilious." was the reply.

"Oh, yes, I understand now. But I thought it was noar the town hall."-London Fun.

The Eank of Fugland employs about 11,000 men and has a salary list, including per ious, of about \$1,500,000

Russian houndiss is made of mare's milk and kept in kmoked out leather MISER GENIUSES.

to a Fascinating Art. The fascinating study of financial gain amounts almost to genius in some. Avarice was the inspiration of one of our own great men, Franklin, whose memory is debased by his reputation at "Poor Richard." The masterpiece of Balzac is his nevel, "Eugenie Grandet;" the hero, old Grandet, is a miser whose financial genius amounts to the sublime, and which Balzac contrives and succeeds in making almost picturesque.

Among the most distinguished misers was Daniel Dancer. Upon the death of his father, Dancer came into the estate, which yielded a good income. One of his sisters lived with him and imbibed the miserly teachings. Dancer was remarkable for the style of his garments; his coat was made of pieces of every hue and The fascinating study of financial gain

was made of pieces of every hue and texture, collected from the streets and ash

heaps. His garments were held together by a twist of hay. He and his sister lived

happily in a hovel, the paneless sashes of which were darkened with boards, rags

and papers. Soap and towels being ex-pensive, Mr. Dancer occasionally washed in a pond and dried himself with sand.

Three pounds of coarse beef and fourteen dumplings formed the menu for years,

except upon one occasion, when Providence changed the course of these Mr. Dancer, walking one day cearch of bones and other delicate offal, found a dead sheep and carried it home in triumph. His sister recived it as an immediate gift from heaven. Time went on and the maiden fell ill. Lady Temple, generous neighbor, was so kind that Miss Dancer determined to leave her £2,000, but she died before the will could be signed and her brother claimed her fortune as the price of her board for

thirty years. He constantly guarded against thieves, and concealed his gold and bank notes with the spiders among their cobwebs in the cow-house, and in the holes in the chimney, covering them with ashes. The light of generosity, however, penetrated one chink of his miserable soul-he loved his dog, and while denying himself bread, he allowed his dog a pint of milk daily with other delicacies. Mr. Dancer's delight in life was to visit the holes where his wealth was kept and count it. In his 78th year Dancer became violently ill, but refused to see a physician. Again Lady Temple played the good fairy at the wretched hovel, attending him to the last and was generously rewarded by his immense fortune, which

he left to her. It would not be a difficult task to show the influence of avarice upon nations; the evils of society, the corruptions of religion and the tragedies of war have often been instigated and supported by this base passion.

Russia's Currency Reform Completed, One more important step has been taken by M. Witte in the gradual process of consolidating his monetary reform and regulating the new Russian currency, which is now finally established on a gold basis. Russia, for the first time in her history, has now become a gold country, with all the advantages which this change means for the development of foreign trade and the attraction of foreign capital. The silver standard, which down to a very few years ago only, has at last been superseded by a gold standard, and the silver ruble is relegated to a secondary place. This is accomplished by the imperial ukase of Nov. 36 last. Although the paper ruble has always borne upon its face a written promise to pay in silver or gold, no one ever saw hard cash for it until M. Witte forced the silver ruble into circulation on a parity with the paper. He then fixed the relative value of both in gold, according to the rate of exchange prevailing at the time, made the gold ruble legal tender, and strictly limited the future issue of paper by the State Bank except under tangible guarantee of a gold equivalent. The new ukase above mentioned

authorizes the issue of a new gold coin worth exactly 5 rubles in silver or paper, and the following fresh inscriptions on all paper notes: (1) "The State Bank gives gold coin in return for credit notes without limitation of amount;" (2) "the exchange of credit notes for gold coin is guaranteed by the entire property of the State," and (3) "credit notes of the State have currency throughout the empire on a parity with gold money.' The references to exchange in silver are therefore, to be left out altogether on the new paper. It does not, however, seem clear why all one-ruble and three-ruble notes, amounting to about 200,000,000 rubles, are to be withdrawn in favor of the heavy one-ruble silver coins now being minted in France. The fixing of the relative value of silver and paper in gold, which has hitherto been temporary, is made permanent by the ukase in question, and the exact weight of the gold ruble is to be stated on each paper note.-London Times.

The Storehouse of the Mind. Things near us are seen of the size of life, things at a distance are diminished to the size of the understanding. We measure the universe by ourselves, and even comprehend the texture of our own being only piecemeal. In this way, howwe remember an infinity of things and places. The mind is like a mechanical instrument that plays a great veriety of tunes, but it must play them in succession. One idea recalls another, but it at the same time excludes all others. In trying to renew old recollections we cannot, as it were, unfold the whole web of our existence; we must pick out the single threads. So in coming o a place where we have formerly lived and with which we have intimate associa tions, every one must have found that the feeling grows more vivid the nearer we approach the spot, from the mere anticipation of the actual impression; we remember circumstances, feelings, persons, faces, names that we had not thought of for years; but for the time all the rest of the world is forgotten.— William Hazlett.

human.-The Critic. Where Sir Joshua Reynolds Signed. "As a proof of the apprelation of the work (portrait of Lady Cockburn and her children) by Sir Joshua's contemporaries, we are told that when this portrait was brought into the Great Room to be hung all the painters clapped their hands in salutation of its power, while the seal of the artist's own approval is to be found in his name, inscribed at full length on the hem of the lady's garment. the only two pictures thus honored by being this one and his portrait of Mrs. Siddons."-Pall Mall Gazette.

Tallor-Not "

SCIENCE IN FARMING.

Supplying the Soil With Electricity is a Another View of the Cult Pron That Profitable Process.

the ordinary expensive methods. Entire obtained. A large amount of nitrogen the end of the season. But it had been converted into sugar and the results were very profitable. So far an increase that this will rise to 50 per cent. -Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Origin of Names.

It is generally conceded by English-speaking people that such family names as Smith, Baker, Butcher and Armor arose from well-known occupations of hood with all the animal world that the some one of the early founders of the true idea of humanity and vegetarianism families. It appears that this custom would ever be reached. That was the prevailed in the far-away past, as well only standpoint that would enable them as in modern times.

The famous Latin orator, Cicero, for them was spiritual, and there was no instance, is said to have derived his living creature that did not deserve name from an ancestor who was a famous respect and sympathy. When they had grower of beans. "Cicer" is the Latin name for a small bean called lentil, recognized these things and that men which constituted a very large portion world went higher or lower, and had of the food of these early people. Some raised themselves to that highest plane, one of them appears to have been a very then they could raise others. (Cheers.) famous grower of the lentils, or, as they London Chronicle. would say, "Cloers;" and it is very easy see from this how "Cicero" was

When naming a plant in honor of some great man liberties are frequently taken in the orthography, and very often the person chosen is more honored in the did to deserve it. The celebrated French tanist Baillou had the naming of a plant from the island of Juan Fernandes that had never before been named or described. From that island he had naturally the story from Robinson Crusoe in mind, and he thought, to honor Crusoe's man Friday, he would give this plant his name; but he did not call it Friday, but transated it into the French name of Friday-that is to say. the sixth day of the week, Vendredi, and the plant became described in the books as Vendredia. No one would ever Chicago News.

Aphorisms.

Kindness out of season destroys authority.-Saadi. It is never wise to slip the bands discipline. - Lew Wallace. Age is a matter of feeling, not of years. George William Curtis.

God alone can properly bind bleeding heart.—Joseph Roux. Only evil grows of itself, while for goodness we want effort and courage.— If a man cannot be a Christian in the

place where he is he cannot be a Christian anywhere.—Henry Ward Beecher. Nobody can give you wiser advice than vonrself: you will never err if you listen to your own suggestions.-Cicero.

The firmest friendships have formed in mutual adversity, as iron is the most strongly united by the flercest flame. There is a healthful hardiness about real dignity that never dreads contact and communion with others, however hum-

ble.—Washington Irving. Other blessings may be taken away, but if we have acquired a good friend by goodness, we have a blessing which improves in value when others fail. It is even heightened by sufferings.—Channing. Insincerity in a man's own heart must make all his enjoyments, all that concerns him unreal; so that his whole life must seem like a merely dramatic representation.—Hawthorne.

Bicycling and the Eyes.

The French medical journals just issued announce the discovery of a new form of eye disease, or opthalmia, which attacks cyclists. It is said to be due to the fact that the air which envelopes the cyclist's head when he is traveling rapidly is anything but pure, being charged with fine dust and the substances of the road stirred up by the wheel, the eye be ing opened to its widest extent for the purpose of observing any impediment or obstacle that may lie in the path. The Paris physicians have given this new form of opthalmia, which is prevalent in France and apparently infectious, the name of the "cyclist eye." Mistakes of the "Publisher's Reader."

I was speaking of some of my experiences as a publisher's "reader," a few years ago, in a recent conversation with a friend, who told me that Mr. John Morley had read "Mr. Isaacs" for Messrs. Macmillan, and had advised against its publication, on the ground that while it would be a most creditable book to have on their list, there would be no sale for In the light of subsequent events this is rather amusing, but it only proves that even so astute a critic as Mr. Morley is not infallible; in other words, that he is

To Preserve Wooden Posts. To preserve wooden posts set them in the ground reversed from the position which they had when growing. The capillaries of a tree are so arranged as to promote the ascent of fluids from the root same relation as the trunk of a growing tree will draw moisture from the ground, causing the wood to decay. If it be set with the other end up the action of the capillaries tends to oppose the ascent of oisture and the posts last much longer.

Just Why They Can Hat Pire. The secret of fire-eaters consists in washing out the mouth and rubbing the the sam with pure spirit of sulphur, which cauterizes the outer skin. AESTHETIC VEGETARIANS.

Generally Accepted

various systems of supplying the soil low view of the question. The aesthetic with currents of electricity have been expensive and unsatisfactory until the present method was adopted. A pole 40 or 50 feet high is surmounted by a chevaux de frise of copper spikes insulated by a porcelain knob from the pole. The atmospheric electricity is collected night and day and conducted by a copper wise to a potential of the distribution of the wise not enough to take up vegetarians, she remarked, because it prevented indirection or because it by a copper wire to a network of wires prevented indigestion, or because it was laid at a depth of five or six feet under easy, or because it was economical. Those by a copper wire to a network of wires laid at a depth of five or six feet under the soil. One such pole supplies sufficient electricity to stimulate several acres of vegetables. There is no expense of generative with the constraint of the machinery and better that the cause would advance. ting electricity by machinery and better great idea for which everything else was to work in electroculture is done than by be sacrificed that the cause would advance. the ordinary expensive methods. Entire crops in forcing plots of ground have been increased 50 per cent. It is, however, with sugar beets that the most satisfactory results have been observed. It was accidentally discovered that an increase of one and two per cent. of sugar was being obtained. Experiments in distances of wires and lights were made until the correct distance was Those who had attained this mental home of a vegetarian who had not yet was added to the soil. The beets take it attained to the aesthetic plane, and up so rapidly that no nitrogen remained pointed out how the want of unity would be shown in the books and the pictures, in the skins of animals which adorned the floor, and in the wearing of furs and in sugar varying from 20 to 30 per cent. feathers. These were all obstacles to a has been obtained and it is expected woman who was aiming at the aesthetic feathers. These were all obstacles to a side of vegetarianism. If they wanted to make their life unified they must give up these luxuries and these fashions, and everything that militated against the one great idea, for it was only in that way that the true aestheticism of vegetarianism could be attained. It was only when human beings recognized their brother-

Why "Grey" Hound?

to go forward. The true world around

were as kings, responsible whether the

Up to about 300 years ago "grey hounds" were the shaggy, gray-colored dogs used in the chase of large game. After that the name was transferred, name than by anything special that he sufficiently absurdly, to the black, white, blue, and yellow, but generally spotted or bi-colored and never gray, dog that is now so popular for coursing hares. It is very odd that no one, writing about the dog, should have insisted upon so obvious an absurdity. On the contrary, a great many writers who have written very wisely about the word "grey," have tried to explain away its simplest meaning by referring to Celtic, Gaelic, and Saxon roots; but, considering these two animals were called indifferently and the plant became described in the books as Vendredia. No one would ever suspect from this name that it was intended to honor Robinson Crusoe's sole companion on the desolate island.—

were called indifferently "grey dogs" or "grey hounds"—in two words—when our language first came to be written, and that in those days "dog" and "hound" were absolutely synonymous, it seems to me as great a waste of wisdom to try and prove that "graie," "gray," or "grey," when it is joined with dog or hound, meant anything else but grey, as to say that grey-fly means a fly of princely extraction or gray-beard a champion beard.

If I were quarrelsome, I should like to pretend that greyhound really means "badger-dog." At any rate, I should have sense of language on my side, (for gray, grey, graie, or grei are all names for badger,) and I would not be more absurd than the rest-Good Words.

Ice More Slippery Than Glass. Ice has the property-peculiar to bodies which expand on freezing—of liquefying under pressure and solidifying again when the pressure has been removed. Consequently the weight of any body moving upon a sheet of ice causes the formation of a thin layer of water which separates it from the ice, and thus, by reducing the friction to a minimum, enables it to move smoothly over the surface-i. e., makes the ice more 'slippery." On glass, on the contrary, this liquid medium is wanting, so that the two solids and unyielding bodies come into actual physical contact, causing a friction which, in spite of the smoothness of the glass, considerably retards the motion of the body. If two smooth sheets of glass be taken and a few drops of water sprinkled over the one and the other placed above it, a thin layer of water will be formed, and until this layer has been pressed out the upper glass will move on the other as smoothly as if on ice. This peculiar property of ice is due to the effect of pressure in lowering the freezing point of water, so

pressure it partially melts Mexican's Curious Idea of Business. "While traveling in Mexico a few years ago I had a funny experience with Mexican vender which goes to show what little business ability the lower classes have," said E. F. Guignon, of St. Louis. 'I was en route to look at some mines away up in the mountains. At the station where we left the train to take the stage I saw an old woman selling some honey. She did not have more than ten pounds of it altogether, and as it looked so good I wanted to buy it all to take along with us. I asked our interpreter to buy it. Much to my surprise the old wo-man would sell him but two boxes, claiming that if she sold it all to him she would have nothing to sell to other people, neither would she have anything else to do during the remainder of the day."-Denver Republican.

that whenever ice is subjected to great

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Attention

We are sending out accounts to those whe wil be promptly responded to. Those who A modification of the French invention called the geomagnetifere has been tested with great success at the Government experimental station at Amherst. The paper, and remit without waiting to be notified. One word is sufficient All arrears must be paid at an early date.

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