TALMAGE'S SERMON.

MOOSPEL FARMING" SUBJECT OF SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE.

from the Text "I am the True Vine Father Is the Husbandman' -John EV: 1- Plowing and Sowing that We May Reap the Good Things of Life.



HIS last summer having gone different directions over between five and six thousand miles of harvest fields, I can hardly my Bible without smelling the breath of newmown hay and seeing the golden light

of the wheat field. And when I open my Bible to take my text, the Scripture leaf rustles like the tassels of the corn.

We were nearly all of us born in the country. We dropped corn in the hill. and went on Saturday to the mill, tying the grist in the center of the sack so that the contents on either side the horse balanced each other; and drove the cattle afield, our bare feet wet with the dew, and rode the horses with the halter to the brook until we fell off, and hunted the mow for nests until the feathered occupants went cackling away. We were nearly all of us born in the country, and all would have stayed there had not some adventurous lad on his vacation come back with better clothes and softer hands, and set the whole village on dre with ambition for city life. So we all understand rustic allusions. The Bible is full of them. In Christ's sermon on the Mount you could see the fullblown lilies and the glossy back of the crow's wing as it flies over Mount Oilvet. David and John, Paul and Isaiah find in country life a source of frequent illustration, while Christ in the text takes the responsibility of calling God a farmer, declaring, "My Father is the husbandman."

Noah was the first farmer. We say nothing about Cain, the tiller of the soil. Adam was a gardener on a large scale, but to Noah was given all the acres of the earth. Elisha was an agriculturist, not cultivating a ten-acre not, for we find him plowing with twelve yoke of oxen. In Bible times the land was so plenty and the inhabitants so few that Noah was right when he gave to every inhabitant a certain portion of land; that land, if cultiwated, ever after to be his own possesston. Just as in Nebraska the United States Government on payment of \$16 there and cultivate the soil.

though I am told that sometimes minfaters do plunge so deeply into worldliness that they remind one of what Thomas Fraser said in regard to a man in his day who preached very well, but lived very ill: "When he is so fatal that one drop is enough to kill out of the pulpit, it is a pity he should | the soul. ever go into it, and when he is in the pulpit it is a pity he should ever come out of it."

and all kinds of grain came up at the struck them. Conviction turned up a call of the harvesters. Pliny tells of great many things that were forgotten. one stalk of grain that had on it be- As a farmer plowing sometimes turns tween three and four hundred ears. The rivers and the brooks, through ar- atomy of a monster long ago buried, tificial channels, were brought down to the roots of the corn, and to this habit of turning a river wherever it was ago entombed. wanted, Solomon refers when he says: brought up from the depths of the Lord, and he turneth it as the rivers of water are turned, whithersoever he

The wild beasts were caught, and then a book was put into their nose, and then they were led over the field, groan over their sins, but get no betand to that God refers when he says ter. They weep, but their tears are to wicked Sennacherib: "I will put a not counted. They get convicted, but book in thy nose and I will bring thee | not converted. What is the reason? back by the way which thou camest." And God has a hook in every bad man's a standard with a red flag at the nose, whether it be Nebuchadnezzar or other end of the field. We kept our eye Ahab or Herod. He may think himself on that. We aimed at that. We plowvery independent, but some time in ed up to that. Losing sight of that we his life, or in the hour of his death, made a crooked furrow. Keeping our he will find that the Lord Almighty eye on that we made a straight furhas a book in his nose.

This was the rule in regard to the culture of the ground: "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together," illustrating the folly of ever putting intelligent and useful and pliable men in association with the stubborn and the unmanageable. The vast majority of troubles in the churches and in reformatory institutions comes from the disregard of this command If the Lord, "Thou shalt not plow ith an ox and an ass together."

There were large amounts of propinvested in cattle. The Moabites d 100,000 sheep as an anausi tax. , had 7,000 sheep, 3,000 camels, 500 se of oxen. The time of vintage e ushered in with mirth and music. clusters of the vine were put into wine press, and then five men he juice from the grape until their ents were saturated with the wine covered with the blood of crucimaking use of this allusion the question was asked: "Whereart thou red in thine apparel and arments like one who treadeth the vat?" He responded: "I have

den the wine press alone." or paid to agriculture. mment is frong in proportion as it house to day bee 600 sores of spiritual Expiritual Expiritual in proportion as it house to day bee 600 sores of spiritual Expiritual

is supported by an athletic and industrious yeomanry. So long ago as before the fall of Carthage, Strabe wrote twenty-eight books on agriculture; Heslod wrote a poem on the same subject-"The Weeks and Days." Cato was prouder of his work on husbandry than of all his military conquests. But I must not be tempted into a discussion of agricultural conquests. Standing amid the barvests and orchards and vineyards of the Bible, and standing amid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of our own countrylarger harvests than have ever before been gathered-I want to run out the analogy between the production of crops and the growth of grace in the soul—all these sacred writers making use of that analogy.

In the first place, I remark, in grace as in the fields, there must be a plow. That which theologians call conviction is only the plow-share turning up the sins that have been rooted and matted in the soul. A farmer said to his indolent son: "There are a bundred dollars buried deep in that field. The son went to work and plowed the field from fence to fence, and he plowed it very deep, and then complained that he had not found the money but when the crop had been gathered and sold for a hundred dollars more than any previous year, then the young man took the hint as to what his father meant when he said there were a hundred dollars buried down in that field. Deep plowing for a crop. Deep plowing for a soul. He who makes light of sin will never amount to anything in the church or in the world. If a man speaks of sin as though it were an inaccuracy or a mistake, instead of the loathesome, thing that God hates, that man will never yield a harvest of usefulness.

When I was a boy I plowed a field with a team of spirited horses. plowed it very quickly. Once in a while I passed over some of the sod without turning it, but I did not jerk back the plow with its rattling devices. I thought it made no difference. . After awhile my father came along and said: "Why, this will never do; this isn't plowed deep enough; there you have missed this and you over again. The difficulty with a great many people is that they are only scratched with conviction when the subsoil plow of God's truth ought to be put in up to the beam.

My word is to all Sabath school teachers, to all parents, to all Christian workers-Plow deep! Plow deep!

And if in your own personal experience you are apt to take a lenient view | threshed out of the straw. "Dear Lord, of the sinful side of your nature, put down into your soul the ten command- son of one of my elders, "Dear Lord, years ago gave pre-emption right to ments which reveal the boliness of 160 acres to any man who would settle God, and that sharp and glittering eyes and woke in glory. Henry W. coulter will turn up your soul to the All classes of people were expected to deepest depths. If a man preaches to cultivate ground except ministers of re- you that you are only a little out of ligion. It was supposed that they order by reason of sin and that you would have their time entirely occu- need only a little fixing-up, he depied with their own profession, alceives! You have suffered an appalling injury by reason of sin. There are quick poisons and slow poisons, but the druggist could give you one drop that could kill the body. And sin is like that drug; so virulent, so poisonous,

Deep plowing for a crop. Deep plowing for a soul. Broken heart or no religion. Broken soil or no harvest. They were not small crops raised in Why was it that David and the jailer those times, for though the arts were and the publican and Paul made such rude, the plow turned up very rich ado about their sins? Had they lost soil, and barley, and cotton, and flax, their senses? No. The plow-share up the skeleton of a man or the anso the plow-share of conviction turns up the ghastly skeletons of sins long Geologists never "The king's heart is in the hand of the | mountain mightler ichthyosaures or

megatherium. But what means all this crooked plowing, these crooked furrows, the repentance that amounts to nothing, the repentance that ends in nothing? Men I remember that on the farm we set row. Now in this matter of conviction we must have some standard to guide us. It is a red standard that God has set at the other end of the field. It other end of the field. We kept our eye that you will make a straight furrow. Losing sight of it you will make a crooked furrow. Plow up to the Cross. Aim not at either end of the horizontal piece of the Cross, but at the upright piece, at the center of it, the heart of the Son of God who bore your sins and made satisfaction. Crying and weeping will not bring you through. "Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance." Oh, plow up to the Cross!

. . . Again, I remark, in grace as in the farm there must be a reaping. Many Christians speak of religion as though d get into the press and trample it were a matter of economics or insurance. They expect to reap in the next world. Oh, no! Now is the time to had become the emblems of reap. Gather up the joy of the Chris-Christ himself, wounded tian religion this morning, this afternoon, this night. If you have not as much grace as you would like to have. thank God for what you have, and pray for more. You are no worse enslaved than Joseph, no worse troubled than was David, no worse scourged than was Paul. Yet, amid the rattling n all ages there has been great of fetters, and smid the gloom of dun-Seven- geons, and amid the horror of shipthe of the people in every coun- wreck, they triumphed in the grace the mummies, the Arabs of to-day can are disciples of the plow. A gov- of God. The weakest man in the wear it. It is all of linen, the ancient

joy all ripe. Why do you not go and reap it? You have been groaning over your infirmities for thirty years. Now give one round shout ever your emancipation. You say you have it so hard; you might have it worse. You wonder why this great cold trouble keeps revolving through your soul, turning and turning with a black hand on the crank. Ah, that trouble is the grindstone on which you are to sharpen your sickle. To the fields! Wake up! Take off your green spectacles, your blue spectacles, your black spectacles. Pull up the corners of your mouth as far as you pull them down. To the fields! Reap! reap!

Again, I remark, in grace as in farming there is a time for threshing. tell you bluntly that is death. Just as the farmer with a fiall beats the wheat out of the straw, so death beats the soul out of the body. Every sickness is a stroke of the flail, and the sick-bed is the threshing-floor. What, say you, is death to a good man only taking the wheat out of the straw? That is all. An aged man has fallen asleep. Only yesterday you saw him in the sunny porch playing with his grandchildren. Calmly he received the message to leave this world. He bade a pleasant good-bye to his old friends. The telegraph carries the tidings, and on swift rail-trains the kindred come, wanting once more to look on the face of dear old grandfather. Brush back the gray hairs from his brow; it will never ache again. Put bim away in the slumber of the tomb. He will not be afraid of that night. Grandfather was never afraid of anything. He will rise in the morning of the resurrection. Grandfather was always the first to rise. abominable, consuming, and damning His voice has already mingled in the doxology of heaven. Grandfather always did sing in church. Anything ghastly in that? No. The threshing of the wheat out of the straw, that is

The Savior folds a lamb in his bosom. The little child filled all the house with her music, and her toys are scattered all up and down the stairs just as she left them. What if the hand that plucked four-o'clocks out of the meadow is still? It will wave in the eternal trlumph. What if the voice that made have missed that." And he plowed it music in the home is still? It will sing the eternal hosanna. Put a white rose in one hand, a red rose in the other hand, and a wreath of orange blossoms on the brow; the white flower for the victory, the red flower for the Savior's sacrifice, the orange blossoms for her marriage day. Anything ghastly about that? Oh, no! The sun went down and the flower shut. The wheat give me sleep," said a dying boy, the give me sleep." And he closed his Longfellow, writing a letter of condolence to those parents, said, "Those last words were beautifully poetle." And Mr. Longfellow knew what is poetic. "Dear Lord, give me sleep."

Twas not in cruelty, not in wrath That the reaper came that day: Twas an angel that visited the earth And took the flower away.

So may it be with us when our work is all done. "Dear Lord, give me sleep."

I have one more thought to present. I have spoken of the plowing, of the sowing, of the harrowing, of the reaping, of the threshing. I must now speak a moment of the garnering.

Where is the garner? Need I tell you? Oh, no. So many have gone out from your own circles-yea, from your own family, that you have had your eyes on that garner for may a year. What a hard time some them had? In Gethsemanes of suffering, they sweat great drops of blood They took the "cup of trembling" and they put it to their hot lips and they cried, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." With tongues of burning agony they cried, "O Lord, deliver my soul!" But they got over it. They all got over it. Garnered! Their tears wiped away; their battles all ended; their burdens lifted. Garnered! The Lord of the harvest will not allow those sheaves to perish in the equinox. Garnered! Some of us remember, on the farm, that the sheaves were put on the top of the rack which surmounted the wagon, and these sheaves were piled higher and higher, and after awhile the horses started for the barn; and these sheaves swayed to and fro in the wind, and the old wagon creaked, and the horses made a struggle, and pulled so hard the harness came up in loops of leather on their backs, and when the front wheel struck the elevated door of the barn it seemed as if the load would go no farther, until the workmen gave a great shout, and then, with one last tremendous strain, the horses pulled in the load; then they were unharnessed, and forkful after forkful of grain fell into the mow. O my friends, our getting to heaven may be a pull, a hard pull, in twenty-four hours, enabling the nona very hard pull, but these sheaves are bound to go in. The Lord of the harvest has promised it. I see the load at | have unsuccessfully endeavored to selast coming to the door of the heavenly garner. The sheaves of the Christian soul sway to and fro in the wind of death, and the old body creaks under the load, and as the load strikes the those at present afflicted with the disfloor of the celestial garner, it seems as if it can go no farther. It is the sast struggle, until the voices of angels and the voices of our departed kindred and the welcoming voice of God shall send the harvest rolling into the eternal triumph, while all up and down the sky the cry is heard: "Harvest home

Ancient Egyptian Cloth.

harvest home!"

The cloth of the old Egyptians was so good that, though it has been used for thousands of years as wrappings of

ILLINOIS.

RECORD OF MINOR DOINES CH THE WEEK.

loven Days' Happenings Condensed—Social, Religious, Political, Criminal, Obituary and Miscellaneous Events from Every Section of the State.

Mr. Ed. Malloy of Rantoul has four ears of corn that weigh six pounds. Mr. J. R. Fisher of Savoy has raised a sweet potato which weighs five

pounds. New Holland is now a full-fledged village. At an election six trustees were elected.

A team of horses drawing a load of 8,000 pounds through the streets of Delayan attracted much attention. George Connely, near Hopedale, has

a pet monkey and a dog, which he is teaching to draw a little wagon, as a Recently the dead body of an unknown man was found in a corn field

near Hoopeston. Hogs had stripped the flesh from the bones. The young son of Mr. and Mrs. Ed ward Morgan, of Crane Creek town-

ship, Mason county, was kicked by a horse and died of his injuries.

A jury in Judge Neely's court at Chi cago returned a verdict giving Mrs. Katherina Majoor \$500 damages for injuries she received in an encounter with a large German mastiff belonging to Richard Galli. The latter is a butcher and in January, 1892, had a meat market at 1123 Southport avenue. Majoor was one of his customers. She called at the market to make some purchases, and in leaving the place was attacked by the dog. Mrs. Majoor sued for \$10,000 damages.

Germania lodge, No. 2, Knights of Pythias, has been ordered to appear before the Grand lodge at Rock Island. Ill., and show cause why the charter of the organization should not be revoked The order results from Germania lodge refusing to comply with Chancellor Blackwell's order that all ritual serv ices be conducted in the English language. The Germania todge will carry the matter into the courts. A committee of three was appointed to represent the lodge at Rock Island.

The Commercial club, the Citizens association and the real estate board. all of Chicago, are sending out circulars to voters advocating the proposed amendment to the constitution making it possible to pass three amendments to the constitution at a single session of the legislature. Only one amendment can be added at each session now. The last legislature submitted the proposition to the people to vote on at the election Nov. 3. The proposition will appear on the ballots. Those in favor of making the change will vote Yes. Those against it will vote

Ex-Chicago & Alton Passenger Conductor Fred S. Cook of Chicago went from Chicago to Springfield the other day over his old run under somewhat unusual circumstances. He was under arrest, a deputy sheriff accompanying him. He was placed in the Sangamon shrubs which are much affected by county fail on a bench warrant charg- wasps, the insects liking to attach ing him with embezzlement. The there to these nests. These nests, charge is made by the Chicago & Alton | though small, have a very venomous Railroad company, who claims that sting. Baboous have often been no-Cook, who was a conductor on the ticed eyeing with envious glances the road, was mixed up in the Council fast ripening fruit in one certain garembezziement case. Cook was dis den, but feared to gather for fear of charged after the embezzlement was attracting the assaults of wasps. One discovered. It is now generally ru- morning the farmer heard terrible mored that Jack Council, the ticket cries, and with the aid of a good field agent, has turned state's evidence and that he gave the grand jury all the information that was necessary to indict the other men. From appearances Council will not be sentenced.

Extra precautions are being taken by the asylum authorities at Kankakee against typhoid fever and other contagious diseases. Work has been begun on a reservoir 70 feet long, 10 feet wide and 4 feet deep, which will have a capacity of 20,000 gallons, and supply pure water to the inmates. The tank will be filled by three filters, each of which has a capacity of 4,000 gallons an hour. The system has just been put in and will be completed by the reservoir. It includes a boiler in which all the filtered water will be subjected to a temperature of 212 degrees. The filters may be used collectively or scp. arately and are arranged that it is possible to cleanse one with filtered water other day who demanded and was from the other two. "The system we have just completed will cost about supposed efficiency could command. \$1,000," said Dr. Gapen, "and the reservoirs as much more. It is merely to was found to have but little head for tide us over the present season of threatened contagious diseases. What is wanted is a purifying or filtering basin about one acre in extent, where the water may pass through a fourfoot layer of sand and gravel, not more than eighty gallons to the square foot injurious bacteria to destroy all organic matter. This basin, which we cure an appropriation for, is the only absolutely safe method of purifying water." No new cases of typhoid fever have appeared at the hospital, and ease are recovering as fast as may reasonably be expected.

James G. Madden, Esq., one of the oldest residents of Monmouth, is dead. He went there in 1846. He was one of the founders of Monmouth college, and identified with all the enterprises of a public nature. He was the father of Frank H. Madden, A. S. Madden and Miss Emma F. Madden, of Chicago; and Mrs. R. W. McClaughry, of Pon-

Thirty small boys from the State reformatory at Pontiac were allowed to go nutting a few days ago, properly guarded. They got a magon lead of walnuts and bickery nuts.

Bishop Spalding, of the Roman Catholic discess of Peoris, has bad suit brought against him by Henry Weast, of Metamora, who seeks to recover \$3,500, which amount, he alleges, was loaned to the church at Metamora Ly his mother. The declaration avera that Mrs. Weast carried the money to church in a handkerchief and dropped it on the floor. The priest in charge it is claimed, had been informed where the money would be dropped and followed the woman and got the money. Mrs. Weast is now flead and the ad ministrator aces to recover principal

and interest.

Five more alleged victims of Mrs Carrie Meyer appeared at The East Chi cago avenue police station the other morning to identify the woman and children as the person who robbed them, and four were successful their identification. Mrs. E. Vrooman of 813 Forty-fourth street said the woman robbed her of cape and valise about a month ago, when they were returning by boat from Milwaukee. She said Mrs. Meyer occupied a lower berth with her children, while she had a berth just above them. The other women who identifled Mrs. Meyer are: Mrs. H. M. Chase 377 North Market street; Mrs. Anna F Gordon, 403 North Clark street; Mrs. J. A. Crismore, 834 Edgewater place. Mrs. J. Patricks of 161 Monroe street reported the loss of \$200 worth of valuables to the police and says she suspects the Meyer woman of being implicated in the theft. Mrs. Meyer is still locked up at the station. Capt Barcal said the children will be given over to the care of the Humane society.

The International Sunday Observance league, which for more than a all that anybody ought to do, is gainyear has not proceeded actively against the proprietors of Chicago saloons who keep their places open on the Sabbath day, has again taken up the club against them, and a number of arrests have already been made. By way of example, so the league's officers say, they have chosen for the prosecution three aldermen who are engaged in the saloon business-John Powers of the Nineteenth ward and John J. Brennan and John A. Rogers of the Eighteenth ward. The Rev. W. W. Clark, secretary of the league, says that the society felt when the municipal legislators disregarded Sunday laws their cases ought to be considered first. Ald. Brennan and Rogers, in response to warrants sworn out before Justice Cleveland of Norwood Park, appeared at the latter's court-room. Their counsel asked for a change of venue to Justice Ball, and the latter granted them a continuance upon the plea that they had not yet had an opportunity to collect evidence for their side of the case. The matter will be heard next Wednesday. In the case of Ald. Powers, when it was called before Justice Cleveland, the defendant was not in court and his bonds were declared forfeited.

An Apr's Strategy for a Meal. In the Transvaal some of the fruit gardens are much exposed to the ravages of large synocephalic ages, and a good guard has to be kept, or the resuits of long labor will be lost. some of these gardens grow certain glass, he witnessed the following tragedy: A large, venerable baboon, chief of the band, was catching the younger apes and pitching them into the shrubs whereon hung the waspe' nests. This he repeated again and again, in apite of the most piteous cries from his victims. Of course, the wasps assumed the defensive in awarms. During this part of the performance the old brute quietly fed on the fruit, deigning occasionally to throw fragmentary remains to some female and young baboons a little farther off.-Washington Budget.

After the long vacation the return to the duties of housekeeping is sometimes irksome to the house-mother, especially where new help-which is often a hindrance-must be employed.

"Taffy" From the New Cook.

A lady had a cook come to her the promised the high rate of wages her But after the first day's experience she her business, and the work lagged so much that the mistress went down to the kitchen to make a cake for tea. The result was all that could be desired, and the new cook praised her mistress' efforts to the skies.

"I'd like ye to give me the rule for the illigant cake, mum," she said, "till I be afther tryin' it, 'tis so foine," and much more that was extremely flattering to her mistress' ability.

But the lady on leaving the kitchen happened to go into the china closet and through the slide heard the flatterer say to the waitress:

"Pooh, I only said that to taffy her a little; I can knock the spots out of that cake meself."-Boston Herald,

PERSONALS.

H. B. Plant is to build a permanent exposition building for Florida exhibits

at Tampa Bay. W. Lewis Fraser, art manager of the Century Magazine, made his start in life in Canada.

Miss Mary Taylor, the heroine of the poem, "Mary Had a Little Lamb," died recently at Somerville, Mass. W. H. Ellerbe, democratic sandidate for governor of South Candida, is one of thirteen children, all living.

CAMPING IN COLORADO

demething About a Very Wi ing Bulayed This Fe Whoever would outer the planears existence; whoever would extend power for such enjoyment; would continue his life and post to be sen the remembrances of the bull going hand in hand with that play must break away from deak and th grinds of modern office life, and see rest and health in the rougher yet his lier environments of Nature. Among the cloud-capped mountains and in the cauons which separate them, men livi

to be grizzled and brawny, with appe tites which devour all food with avidit and relish, and which the city man, a flicted with indigention, envise was ever chance affords the opportunity for self comparison, more than anything else. I speak from a personal know edge of the fact, for these reflections were induced by a recent visit to the beart of the Rocky Mountains in Colorado. The Denver & Ric Grande traveler Railroad takes Denver and carries him amids the splendor of scenery on every hand, to the confines of the wilderness, high up in the clouds, where birds and beasts and fishes are free, but where men have also encroached, and are spending their lives in digging and blasting for the precious minerals which the mountains hide behind their rocky fronts. Camping outfits which belong to city people, out for a good time, "roughing it," are to be seen in many of the beautiful parks, made by the rush of waters and left when they receded to their newly-established beds, It's the thing to do, they hold, to spend a portion of the year away from business, and the theory that ten or eleven months of good work makes up for the time spent in regaining health, and is ing many converts. In the summer the mountains and the canons are lovely, but not more so, I think, than when in the Autumn they assume their royal colors and when the air has a snap in it, and the red rosebuds are fragrant as apples, and the grass which browned under 'he hot sun, has been refreshed by the later rains and is green, vising with the cedars and pines which tower above, reaching the clouds.

mountains west of the San Luis valley, and he who enjoys piscatorial sport may have his feast. The trout are those delicious spotted beauties which wear your patience when you are angling and give you such an opportunity to edify your friends on your return home. The enterprising Denver & Rio Grande road has reached the vicinity of the fishing resorts, as well as the mining camps, and the traveler can go as comfortably as he wishes to, until he reaches the point from which the way must be gone by wagon or on horseback. Alamosa to a good outfit ting point-so is Monte Vista or De Norte, or any of the many bustling towns which are passed. The weather to delightful until as late as Januar and no inconvenience will be exper enced at night if you do have to lie with the sky for a ceiling. We co one night at Lake Fork, on the other side of a mountain 8,000 feet. about six miles from the pess deserted village of Plators, and the hero of Gettysburg, who had lost his right arm and his hearing at the same moment, and is now mining, with the help of his son, told us that across the lake there were plenty of bear and door and mountain lions and other big game. It was so plenty that the ranch man and the cowboys gave it a wide berth, and relinquished the idea of sending cattle over there to grase, as they were sure to find fewer brands when the rounded them up later. The locality affords such variety of amusement that it is an ideal one for any company of friends, no matter how varied their tastes or their object in making the trip. Let me suggest to my readers that they try it, if not this Pall, then

There are some fine lakes in the

F. P. BAKER.

Pure Gold.

next Summer.

Gold, when refined from all impurftles and alloys of inferior metals, in denominated pure. This means gold of twenty-four carats, and this is the standard recognized by the mint meater and dealers in gold. As a matter of fact, however, there is no gold as pure. Gold of twenty-two carate is about as pure as it can be got. It has two parts of aliver or one part of copper. The copper darkens the color of gold, while silver lightens it in color. Twenty-three carat gold is occasionally seen, which means a half a carst m aliver and of copper. Ordinarily eighteen carat gold is the best gold that can be had. Certainly it is the best for jewelry, for pure gold, as it is called, is too soft and will wear away much faster than the owners of it da-

A California Burgiary. A Calflornia burgiar recently cut the screen door of a room on a perch, look out a pair of trousers, and cleared of with \$16.45, while the man and will were arguing as to whether the can was making the noise.

"The idea of making women our political equals!" exclaimed the man with the hat anchored to his coat by a hall inch cable; "there is not a pe which one of them could fill

"Oh, yes, there is," broke in Mr. H. ry Peck; "there is one job my w could hold up to perfection." "Name-it!" exclaimed the excited or

"Secretary of war."-Buffalo

POETRY OF FLOWER NAMES

The nolana is named from 1

The fuchsia is named after . Fuchs, a noted German botani The herpestis is named from word, meaning "a creeping The begonia was named in M. Begon, & French patress of