# REV. DR. TALMAGE.



TEXT: "My father, if thou hast opened thy nouth unto the Lord, do to me according to hat which hath proceeded out of thy mouth." -Judges xi., 36.

Jephthah was a freebooter. Early turned put from a home where he ought to have been cared for, he consorted with rough men ind went forth to earn his living as best he bould. In those times it was considered dight for a man to go out on independent nilitary expeditions. Jephthah was a good man according to the light of his dark age, but through a wandering and predatory life be became reckless and precipitate. The grace of God changes a man's heart, but aever reverses his natural temperament.

The Israelites wanted the Ammonites friven out of their country, so they sent a Relegation to Jephthah, asking him to be-tome commander-in-chief of all the forces. He might have said, "You drove me out when you had no use for me, and now you tre in trouble you want me back," but he did aot say that. He takes command of the army, sends messengers to the Ammonites to tell them to vacate the country, and getting no favorable response marshals his troops lor battle.

Before going out to the war Jephthah makes a very solemn vow that if the Lord will give him the victory then on his return home whatsoever first comes out of his doorway he will offer in sacriflee as a burnt of-fering. The battle opens. It was no skir-mishing on the edges of danger, no unlim-bering of batterles two miles away, but the hurling of men on the points of swords and spears until the ground could no more drink the blood and the horses reared to leap over the piles of bodies of the slain. In those ald times opposing forces would fight until their swords were broken, and then each one would throttle his man until they both fell, teeth to teeth, grip to grip, death stare to death stare, until the plain was one tumbled mass of corpses from which the last trace of

manhood had been dashed out. Jephthah wins the day. Twelve cities lay captured at his feet. Sound the victory all through the mountains of Gilead. Let the trumpeters call up the survivors. Home-ward to your wives and children. Homeward with your glittering treasures. Home-ward to have the applause of an admiring Nation. Build triumphalarches. Swing out flags all over Mizpeh. Open all your doors to receive the captured treasures. Through every hall spread the banquet. Pile up the viands. Fill high the tankards. The Nation is redeemed, the invaders are routed, and the National honor is vindicated. Huzza for Jephthah, the conqueror ! Jeph-

thab, seated on a prancing steed, advances amid acclaiming multitudes, but his eye is not on the excited populace. Remembering that he had made a solemn vow that, returning from victorious battle, whatsoever first came out of the doorway of his home, that should he sacrifice as a burnt offering, he has his anxious look upon the door. I wonder what spotless lamb, what brace of doves, will be thrown upon the fires of the burnt offering. Oh, horrors! Paleness of death blanches his cheek. Despair seizes his heart. His daughter, his only child, rushes out the doorway to throw herself in her father's arms and shower upon him more kisses than there were wounds on his breast or dents on his shield. All the triumphal splendor vanishes. Holding back his child from his heaving breast and pushing the locks back from the fair brow and looking locks back from the fair brow and looking into the eyes of inextinguishable affection, with choked utterance he says "Would God I lay stark on the bloody plain. My daughter, my only child, joy of my home, life of my life, thou art the sacrifice!" The whole matter was explained to her.

leaf trembles in the sough of the south wind. there may have been the starting of a tear like a raindrop shook from the anther of a water lily, but with a self sacrifice that man may not reach and only woman's heart can compass she surrenders herself to fire and to death. She cries out in the words of my text, "My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do unto me whatsoever hath proceeded from thy mouth. She bows to the knife, and the blood which so often at the father's voice had rushed to the crimson cheek smokes in the fires of the burnt offering. No one can tell us her name. There is no need that we know her name. The garlands that Mizpeh twisted for Jephthah, the warrior, had gone into the dust, but all ages are twisting the girl's It is well that her name came not to us, for no one can wear it. They may the name of Deborah or Abigail or Miriam, but no one in all the ages can have the title of this daughter of sacrifice. Of course this offering was not pleasing to the Lord ; but before you hurl your denunciations at Jephthah's cruelty, remember that in olden times, when vows were made, men thought they must execute them, perform them, whether they were wicked or good. There were two wrong things about Jephthan's yow. First, he ought never to have made it. Next, having made it, it were better broken than kept. But do not take on pre-tentious airs and say, "I could not have done as Jephthah did." If to-day you were stand-ing on the banks of the Ganges and you had been born in India, you might have been throwing your children to the crocodiles. It is not because we are naturally any better gums is not because we are naturally any better, but because we have more gospel light. Now, I make very practical use of this question when I tell you that the sacrifice of Jephthah's daughter was a type of the physi-cal, mental and spiritual sacrifice of 10,000 children in this day. There are parents all unwittingly bringing to bear upon their chil-dren a class of influences which will as cer-tainly ruin them as knife and torch destroyed Jephthah's daughter. While I speak, the whole Nation without emotion and without looks upon the stupendous sacrifice In the first place, I remark that much of the system of education in our day is a sys-tem of sacrifice. When children spend six or seven hours a day in school, and then must spend two or three hours in prepara-tion for school the next day, will you tell me how much time they will have for sunshine and fresh air and the obtaining of that exu-berance which is necessary for the duties of coming life? No one can feel more thankful than I do for the advancement of common school edu-cation. The printing of books appropriate for schools, the multiplication of philosoph-ical apparatus, the establishment of normal ical apparatus, the establishment of normal schools, which provide for our children teach-ers of largest caliber, are themes on walch every philanthropist ought to be congratulat-ed. But this herding of great multitudes of children in ill ventilated school-rooms and poorly equipped fialls of instruction is mak-ing many of the places of knowledge in this country huge holocausts. Politics in many of the cities gets into ed-portioual affairs, and while the two political ucational affairs, and while the two political parties are scrabbling for the honors Jephthah's daughter perishes. It is so much so hat there are many schools in the country today which are preparing tens of thousands of invalid men and women for the future, so of invalid men and women for the future, so that in many places by the the time the child's education is finished the child is fin-fished ! In many places, in many cities of the country, there are large appropriations for everything else and cheerful appropriations, but as soon as the appropriation is to be made for the educational or moral interest of the city we are struck through with an econ-omy that is well nigh the death of us. In connection with this I mention what I might call the cramming system of the com-

reason, they say, "We cannot afford to allow our children's health to be destroyed in order that they may gather the honors of an institution.

Tens of thousands of children educated into imbedlity, so connected with many such literary establishments there ought to be asylums for the wrecked. It is push and asylums for the wrecked. It is push and crowd and cram and stuff and jam until the child's intellect is bewildered, and the memory is wrecked, and the health is gone. There are children turned out from the schools who once were full of romping and laughter and had checks erimson with health, who are now turned out in the after-noon pale faced, irritated, asthmatic, old be-fore their time. It is one of the saddest sights on earth, an old-mannish boy or an old-womanish girl.

old-womanish girl. Girls 10 years of age studying algebra! Boys 12 years of age racking their brains over trigonometry! Children unacquainted with their mother tongue crying over their Latin, French and German lessons! All the vivacity of their nature beaten out of them by the heavy beetle of a Greek lexicon ! And you doctor them for this, and you give them a little medicine for that, and you wonder what is the matter with them

will tell you what is the matter with them; they are finishing their education. In my parish in Philadelphia a child was so pushed at school that she was thrown into a fever, and in her dying delirium, all night long, she was trying to recite the multiplication table. In my boyhood I remember that in our class at school there was one lad who

knew more than all of us put together. If we were fast in our arithmetic, he extricated us. When we stood up for the spelling class, he was almost always the head of the class. Visitors came to his father's house, and he was almost always brought in as a prodigy. At 18 years of age he was an idiot. He lived 10 years an idiot and died an idiot, not knowing his right hand from his left, or day from night. The parents and the teachers made

him an idiot. You may flatter your pride by forcing your children to know more than any other chil-dren, but you are making a sacrifice of that child if by the additions to its intelligence you are making a subtraction from its fu-ture. The child will go away from such maltreatment with no exuberance to fight the battle of life. Such children may get along very well while you take care of them, but en you are old and dead, alas! for them when you are old and dead, alas! for them if through the wrong system of education which you adopted, they have no swarthi-ness or force of character to take care of themselves. Be careful how you make the child's head ache or its heart flutter.

I hear a great deal about black men's rights and Chinamen's rights and Indians' rights and women's rights. Would God that some-body would rise to plead for children's right The Carthaginians used to sacrifice their children by putting them into the arms of an idol which thrust forth its hand. The child was put into the arms of the idol, and no sooner touched the arms than it dropped into the fire. But it was the art of the mothers

to keep the children smiling and laughing until the moment they died. There may be a fascination and a hilarity about the styles of education of which I am speaking, but it is only laughter at the moment of sacrifice. Would God there were on'y one Jephthath's daughter.

Again, there are many parents who are sacrificing their children with wrong systems of discipline-too great rigor or too great leniency. There are children in fam-ilies who rule the household. They come to the authority. The high chair in which the infant sits is the throne, and the rattle is the scepter, and the other childen make up the parliament where father and mother have no vote! Such children come up to be miscreants.

that has never learned to mind. Such peo-ple become the botheration of the church of

This was no whining, hollow hearted giri into whose eyes the father looked. All the giory of sword and shield vanished in the presence of the valor of that girl. There "the governor," "the squire," "the governor," "the squire," "the squire," "the squire," "the compared to be the set of the state of the set of the state of the set of the state of the squire of the squire of the state of the set of the squire of the squire of the state of the st "the governor," "the na tipha old moman?" They are those who in youth, in childhood, never learned to respect authority. Eli, having heard that his sons had died in their wickedness, fell over backward and broke his neck and died. Well he might. What is life to a father whose sons are debauched? The dust of the valley is pleasant his taste, and the driving rains that drip through the roof of the sepulcher are sweeter than the wines of Helbon. There must be harmony between the father's government and the mother's government. The father will be tempted to too great vigor. The mother will be tempted to too great leniency. Her tenderness will overcome her. Her voice is a little softer : her hand seems better fit to pull out a thorn and soothe a pang." Children wanting anything from the mother cry for it. They hope to dissolve her will with tears. But the mother must not interfere, must not coax off, must not beg for the child when the hour comes for the assertion of parental supremacy and the subjugation of a child's temper. There comes in the history of every child an hour when it is tested whether the parents shall rule or the child shall rule. That is the crucial hour. If the child triumphs in that hour, then he will some day make you crouch. It is a horrible scene, I have witnessed it -- a mother come to old age, shivering with terror in the presence of a son who cursed her gray hairs and mocked her wrinkled face and begrudged her the crust she munched with her toothless

is, in some of the cities parents do not allow arms." "Oh." you say, "that was very old their children to graduate for the simple fashioned." It was quite old fashioned. But do you suppose that a child under such nurture as that ever turned out bad?

In our day most boys start out with no idea higher than the all encompassing dol-lar. They start in an age which boasts it can scratch the Lord's Prayer on a 10 cent piece, and the Ten Commandments on a 10 cent piece. Children are taught-to reducemorals religion, time and eternity, to vulgar tions. It seems to be their chief attainfractions. ment that 10 cents make a dime, and 10 dimes make a dollar. How to get money is only equaled by the other art, how to keep it. Tell me, ye who know, what chance there is for those who start out in life with such perverted sentiments? The money market resounds again and again with the downfall of such people. If I had a drop of blood on the tip of a pen, I would tell you by what awful tragedy many of the youth of this ountry are ruined. Further on thousands and tens of thou-

sands of the daughters of America are sacri-ficed to wordliness. They are taught to be in sympathy with all the artificialities of society. They are induced into all the hollowness of what is called fashionable life. They are taught to believe that history is dry, but that 50-cent stories of adventurous love are delicious. With capacity that might have rivaled a Florence Nightingale in heavenly minis-tries, or made the father's house glad with filial and sisterly demeanor, their life is a waste, their beauty a curse, their eternity a lemolition.

In the siege of Charleston, during the Civil War, a lieutenant of the army stood on the floor beside the daughter of the ex-Governor of the State of South Carolina. They were taking the vows of marriage. A bombshell struck the roof, dropped into the group and nine were wounded and slain; among the wounded to death, the bride. While the bridegroom knelt on the carpet trying to stanch the wounds the bride demanded that the ceremony be completed, that she might take the vows before her dethe parture, and when the minister said, "Wilt thou be faithful unto death?" with her dying lips she said, "I will," and in two hours sh he's departed. That was the accidental slaughter and the sacrifice of the body, but at thousands of marriage altars there are daughters slain for time and slain for eterny. It is not a marriage ; it is a massacre. Affianced to some one who is only waiting

until his father dies so he can get the property. Then a little while they swing around in the circles, brilliant circles. Then the in the circles, brilliant circles. Then the property is gone, and having no power to earn a livelihood the twain sink into some corner of society-the husband an idler and a sot, the wife a drudge, a slave and a sacri-flee. Ah, spare your denunciations from Jephthah's head and expend them all on this wholesale modern martyrdom!

I lift up my volce to-day against the sacri-fice of children. I look out of my window on a Sabbath and I see a group of children--un-washed, uncombed, un-Christianized. Who cares for them? Who prays for them? Who utters to them one kind word?

When the city missionary passing along the park in New York saw a ragged lad and heard him swearing, he said to him "My son, stop swearing! You ought to go to the house of God to-day. You ought to be good. You ought to be a Christian." The lad looked in his face and said, "Ah, it is easy for you to talk, well clothed as you are and well fed, but we chaps hain't got no chance!" Who lifts them to the altar for baptism? Who goes forth to snatch them up from erims and death and woe? Who to-day will go forth and bring them into schools and churches? No. Heap them up, great piles of rags and wretchedness and filth. Put underneath them the fires of sacrifice, stir up the blaze, put on more fagots, and while we sit in the churches with folded arms and indifferent crime and disease and death will

There is no chance in this world for a child go on with the agonizing sacrifice. During the early French Revolution at Bourges there was a company of boys who ple become the botheration of the endreh of God and the pest of the world. Children that do not learn to obey human authority are unwilling to learn to obey Divine author-ity. Children will not respect parents whose authority they do not respect. Who are those rement the searce tirrough the stress authority they do not respect through the stress authority they do not respect through the stress rement the searce tirrough the stress rement the stress the searce tirrough the stress rement the searce tirrough the stress rement the stress the searce tirrough the stress rement the searce tirrough the stress rement the searce tirrough the stress rement the stress the searce tirrough the s

parents who are doing congrat

## HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

INSECTS ON VEGETABLES. Sometimes you will find small insects clinging to the vegetables fresh from market. Make a strong brine of a pound and a half of salt to a gallon of water. Place the vegetables in this with the stalks uppermost Let them remain there for a couple of hours. This will destroy the insects which cluster in the leaves, and they will sink to the bottom of the pan. - New York World.

TO ICE FRUIT.

To ice any fruit, dip first in the beaten white of an egg, then in pulverized sugar. Do this until the icing is sufficiently thick. Peaches should be pared and cut in halves, and sweet, juicy pears are treated in the same Cherries, strawberries and other wav. small fruits are iced with the stems on, only the largest being chosen. Pineapples should be cut into thin slices, and these again divided into quarters. Oranges and lemons should be pared and all the white skin removed, the lemons cut into horizontal slices, the oranges divided into quarters .- New York Times.

## HOW TO WASH DISHES.

Do you know how to wash dishes? Not merely so that you get them off the kitchen table into the china closet, but so that the despised and dreaded task becomes almost a pleasure. This is the way to accomplish that result.

As soon as the cooking is done, fill all the cooking utensils with water and leave them to soak. When the meal is ended scrape all the plates clean-not with a knife, for that scratches and nicks-but with a soft piece of leftover bread. Put the plates in one pile, the saucers in another, the cups, emptied of their drainings, together, and the glass and silver together. Have a bowl of water cool enough to

allow your hand to remain in it a few minutes without scalding, but hot, and wash the glasses with soap in that. Dry them as fast as they are washed. If you let them stand upon a tray the air dries them, and does it in streaks where the water is trickling down. Have a soft, clean, lintless cloth for this purpose.

Then wash the silver; the water should be very hot for this. If there are any crevices, clean them with a brush kept for the purpose. Dry on a clean towel and polish with silver powder.

Next wash your cups and saucersone at a time. Use a mop with a handle, and don't, in this day and generation, be without one of those wire kitchen conveniences known as a soapshaker. Wipe each cup and saucer before putting it out of your hand, or it will dry partially and streakily, and be rough to the touch. After the cups and saucers, wash the plates in the same way. Then clean the tins,

and then the pots and pans. To clean knives, rub with a soft flannel dipped in powdered bathbrick, or in wood ashes. Never let the ivory handles be dipped in hot water. Tins may be kept in a state of dazzling brightnesss by being rubbed with sifted wood ashes or with whitening

## Scotland's Frecious Belt.

The belt of the sword of state of Scotland has been restored to its place in the regalia of Scotland in Edinburgh Castle by the Marquise of Breadalbane, the Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. After the battle of Dunbar it became necessary to place the regalia of Scotland in a place of greater safety than Edinburgh Castle, and it was removed to the strong Castle of Dunnottar, where Sir G. Ogilvy defended it. He had, however, only forty men and could not

was then buried underneath the stones in Kinneff Church, where it lay for several years. When it was restored Sir G. Ogilvy, for some cause not explained, retained the sword belt. It was discovered in 1700 built into the garden wall of the house of Barras, near Stonehaven, and since then it had been handed down from father to son as a precious relic. - Picayune.

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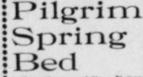
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might call the cramming system of the com-mon schools and many of the academies-that might appall a mature intellect, chil-dren going down to school with a strap of books half as high as themselves. The fact

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is To have a thankless child:

But, on the other hand, too great rigor must be avoided. It is a sad thing when do-mestic government becomes cold military despotism. Trappers on the prairie fight free with fire, but you cannot successfully fight your child's bad temper with your own bad temper. We must not be too minute in our inspection. We cannot expect our children to be perfect. We must not see everything. Since we have two or three faults of our own, we ought not to be too rough when we dis-cover that our children have as many. If tradition be true, when we were children we were not all little Samuels, and our parents

were not fail fait less they could not raise us because of our premature goodness. You cannot scold or pound your children into nobility of chara-ter. The blocm of a Again, there are many who are sa willcing their children to a spirit of worldliness. Some one asked a mother whose children had turned out very well what was the secret had turned out very well what was the secret by which she prepared them for usefulness and for the Christian life, and she said : "This was the secret. When in the morning I washed my children, I prayed that they might be washed in the fountain of a Saviour's merey. When I put on their gar-ments, I prayed that they might be arrayed in the robe of a Saviour's righteousness. When I gave them food, I prayed that they might be fed with manna from heaven. When I started them on the road to school, I

their children away best to keep are going to be answered. Your prayers dren may wander dren may wander away from God, out, they will come back again. A volce comes from the throne to-day encouraging you, "I will be a God to thee, and to thy seed after thee," And though when you lay your head in death there may be some wanderer of the family far away from God, and you may be 20 years in heaven be foresalvation shall come to his heart, he will be brought into the kingdom, and be fore the throne of God you will rejoice that you were faithful. Come at last, although long postponed his coming. Come at Inst

I congratulate all those who are toiling for the outcast and wandering. Your work will soon be over, but the influence you are setting in motion will never stop. Long after you have been garnered for the skies your pray-ers, your teachings and your Christain influence will go on and help to people heaven with bright inhabitants.

with bright inhabitants. Which would you rather see—which scene would you rather mingle in in the last great day—being able to say, "I added house to house and land to land and manufactory to manufactory; I owned half the city; what-ever my eyes saw I had, whatever I wanted Leto!" or on that day to have Christ loop ever my eyes saw I had, whatever I wanted I got," or on that day to have Christ look you full in the face and say. "I was hungry, and ye fed Me; I was naked, and ye elothed Me; I was sick and in prison, and ye visited Me; inasmuch as ye did it to the least of My brethren, ye did it to Me?"

#### The Hermit of the Bowery.

Four or five years ago the people of New York talked for a day about the story of Hermit Coe of the Bowery and then forgot it. A dozen years before Leonard Coe, that being the name he was known by, had taken up his residence in a Bowery lodging house. He seemed very poor, but paid his rent promptly, and spent a few cents each day for food. He was morose and taciturn, could seldom be drawn into conversation, and rarely left his room. You cannot scold or pound your children into nobility of character. The bloom of a child's heart can never be seen under a cold drizzle. Above all, avoid fretting and scolding in the household. Better than 10 years of fretting at your children is one good, round, old fashioned application of the slipper! That minister of the Gospel of whom we read in the newspapers that he whipped his child to death because he would not say his prayers will never come to can-onization. The arithmetics cannot cal-culate how many thousaads of children have been ruined forever either through to great rigor or too great leniency. The heav-ces and the earth are filled with the groan of the sacrificed. In this important matter seek divine direction, 0 father, 0 mother. Some one asked the mother of Lord Chief Justies Mansfield if she was not proud to have three such eminent sons and all of them so good "No," she said, "it is nothing to be proud of but something for which to be very gratefn!" Again, there are many who are saxificing the is ohildren to a soirt of worldilmers the sourt of worldilmers. When he did he always carried with graduate of Yale College and had studied both law and medicine. Later he had engaged in the publishing business with his brother, but had in time retired with a competence, and had finally drifted to New York. There, for some unknown reason, he had sunk his identity under the name of Coe and adopted the squalid life of a hermit of the slums .- New York Recorder.

The total number of colored troops in the United States army during the

Copper utensils should be scoured with brick dust and flannel.

The dish cloths and mops should be washed, scalded and dried after each using. The towels should never be thrown aside in a damp lump, but should be hung to dry, and then dropped into the kitchen hamper against washing day.

The dishpan should be thoroughly washed with soap and water, scoured and rinsed with scalding water, dried and hung on its own hook. Then the sink should be scoured and rinsed with scalding water, in which common soda has been dissolved. - New York World.

## IN LOVE-APPLE SEASON.

Tomatoes are healthy and tomatoes are growing cheap. Therefore, the New York Recorder concludes, rules for tomato cookery are in order :

Tomato Eggs-Cut three or four good-sized tomatoes in half. Take out a little of each inside. Fry the tomatoes lightly in a pan containing two ounces of melted butter. When almost done carefully drop a raw egg from the shell into the hollow of each tomato. When the egg is perfectly set take each one separately from the pan and lay it on a small, round slice of buttered toast; dust with a little coraline pepper and sprinkle a little newly grated ham over the white of each egg. Serve on a hot dish, with a garnish of nasturtium flowers and leaves.

Tomatoes and Shrimps-Choose a dozen smooth-skinned, medium-sized tomatoes; cut a piece off the top of each and scoup out a portion of the interior. Scald, bone and fillet three anchovies; pound in a mortar with a half pint of freshly-skinned shrimps, a tablespoonful of ham, one of taragon leaves, a pinch of salt and a dash of cayenne. Mix together and nearly fill each tomato with the mixture; then pour into each a little oil and vinegar, seasoned with prepared mustard; lay the tomatoes in a bed of freshly-picked and washed cress.

Tomato Fritters-Boil, peel and pound to a pulp four tomatoes. Beat up with this the yolks of four and the whites of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cream, two tablespoonfuls of white wine, seasoned with a little grated nutmeg and dash of cinnamon. Beat until very light; then divide into small fritters and fry in a pan of heated butter; drain on paper and send to the table with a sauce made of an ounce of melted butter, the juice of two lemons and a tablespoonful of caster sugar.

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