

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "The City of Blood."

Text: "Our bones are scattered at the grave's mouth, as when a cuttleth and cleaveth wood upon the earth. But mine eyes were unto Thee, O, God, the Lord!" Psalms cxli, 7.

Though you may read this text from the Bible, I read it as cut by the pedestal of a cross beneath which lie many of the massacred of Cawnpur, India. To show you what Hindoos and Mohammedans really are, where they have full swing, and not as they represent themselves in a "parliament of religions," and to demonstrate to what extent of cruelty and abominable human nature may go when fully let loose, and to illustrate the hardening process of sin, and to remind you how our glorious Christianity is being trampled out of the grave, I preach this my second sermon in the round world series, and I shall speak of "The City of Blood," or Cawnpur, India.

Two hours and ten minutes after its occurrence Joseph Lee, of the Shropshire Regiment of foot, rode in upon the Cawnpur massacre. He was the first man I met at Cawnpur. I wanted to hear the story from some one who had been there in 1857, and with his own eyes gazed upon the slaughtered heaps of humanity. I could hardly wait until the horses were put to the carriage, and Mr. Lee, seated with us, started for the scene, and the story which makes tame in contrast all Moloo and Choctaw butcheries.

It seems that all the worst passions of the century were to be impersonated by one man, and the Nan Sahib, who escorted at Cawnpur, Joseph Lee, knew the man personally. Unfortunately there is no correct picture of Nana Sahib in existence. The pictures of him published in the books of Europe and America are all false. He is all an amusing mistake. This is the fact in regard to him: A lawyer of England was called to India for the purpose of defending the case of a native who had been seized with fraud, and the story of the case was skillfully managed by the client that the client paid him enormously for his services, and he went back to England, taking with him a picture of his Indian client. After while the picture was taken down, and Nana Sahib was mentioned as the champion villain of the whole affair, and the newspapers of England wanted a picture of him, and to interview some one on Indian affairs who had seen this picture. The picture of Nana Sahib was taken by a man named John Bull, and he was the only picture he had brought from India was a picture of his client, the man charged with fraud. The attorney gave this picture to the journals as a specimen of the way the Hindoos dress, and forthwith that picture was used, either by mistake or intentionally, for Nana Sahib. The English lawyer said he lived in dread of the picture, and he would save the use made of his picture, and it was not until the death of his Hindoo client that the lawyer divulged the facts. Perhaps it was never intended that the face of such a demon should be preserved amid human records. I said to our escort, "Mr. Lee, was there any peculiarity in Nana Sahib's appearance?" The reply was: "Nothing very peculiar. He was a dull, lazy, cowardly, sensual man, brought up to do nothing but to continue on the same scale to do nothing."

From what Mr. Lee told me and from all I could learn in India, Nana Sahib ordered the massacre in that city from sheer revenge. His father, who had the throne, and the English paid him annually a pension of \$400,000. When the father died, the English Government declined to pay the same pension to the son, Nana Sahib, but the poor fellow was not in any suffering from lack of funds. His father left him \$80,000 in ornaments, \$500,000 in jewels, \$300,000 in bonds and other resources amounting to at least \$1,500,000. But the poor young man was not satisfied, and the Cawnpur massacre was his revenge. General Wheeler, an Englishman who had been at this city, although often warned, could not see that the sepoy were planning for his destruction, and that of all his regiments and all the Europeans in Cawnpur.

Mr. Lee explained to me to me by the fact that General Wheeler had married a native, and he naturally took her story and thought there was no peril. But the time for the proclamation from Nana Sahib had come, and such a document was sent forth as never before had seen the light of day. I give you an extract:

"As by the kindness of God, and the good fortune of the emperor, all the Christians who were at Delhi, Poonah, Sattara and other places, and those who were at Cawnpur, and who went in disguise into the former city and were discovered, are destroyed and sent to hell by the pious and sagacious troops who are firm to their religion, and as they have all been exposed, and as the government, and as no trace of them is left in these places, it is the duty of all the subjects and servants of the government to rejoice at the delightful intelligence and carry on their respective works with coolness and ease. As by the bounty of the glorious Almighty and the enemy destroyed fortune of the emperor, the yellow flag and narrow minded people have been sent to hell, and Cawnpur has been conquered, it is necessary that all the subjects and landowners and government servants should be as obedient to the present government as they have been to the former one; that it is the incumbent duty of all the proprietors and landed proprietors of every district to rejoice at the thought that the Christians have been sent to hell, and both the Hindoo and Mohammedan religions have been confirmed, and that they should be loyal, be obedient to the authorities of the government and never suffer any complaint against themselves to reach to the ears of the higher authority."

"Mr. Lee, what is this?" I said to our escort as the carriage halted, by an embarkment. "Here," he said, "is the instrument by which the Christians of Cawnpur took refuge." It is the remains of a wall which at the time of the mutiny was only four feet high, behind which, with no shelter from the sun, the heat at 131 degrees, 45 men, 56 women and children dwelt nearly a month. A handful of flour and split peas was the daily ration, and only two wells near by, the one in which they buried their dead, because they had no time to bury them in the earth, and the other well the focus on which the artillery of the enemy played, so that it was a choice between death by thirst and death by bullet or shell. Ten thousand yelling Hindoos outside the fort had 1000 suffering, dying people inside. In addition to the army of the Hindoos and Moslems, and invincible army of sickness swooped down upon them. Some went raving mad under exposure, others dropped under apoplexy. A starving, mutilated, fevered, emaciated, ghastly group waiting to die: Why did not the heathen dash down those mud walls on the 10,000 annihilate the now less than 1000? It was because they seemed supernaturally defended.

Nana Sahib resolved to celebrate an anniversary. The 23rd of Jan., 1857, would be 100 years since the battle of Plassey, when, under Lord Clive, India surrendered to England. That day the last European in Cawnpur was to be slaughtered. Other anniversaries have been celebrated with wine. This was to be celebrated with blood. Other anniversaries have been adorned with garlands. This with drawn swords. Others have been kept with songs. This with execrations. Others with the dance of the gay. This with the fane of death. The infantry and cavalry and artillery of Nana Sahib on that day on grand assault, but the few guns of the English and Scotch put to flight these Hindoo tigers. The courage of the few broke against that wall as well as the waves of the sea against a lighthouse. The cavalry horses returned full run without their riders. The Lord looked out from the

heavens, and on that anniversary day gave the victory to His people. Therefore Nana Sahib must try some other plan. Standing in a field not far from the intrenchment of the English, was a native Christian woman, Jacoby, by name, holding high up in her hand a letter. It was evidently a communication from the enemy, and General Wheeler ordered the woman brought. She handed him a proposed treaty. It General Wheeler and his men would give up their weapons, Nana Sahib would conduct them into safety. They could march out unmolested, the men, women and children, and the women would find boats to take them in peace to Allahabad.

There was some opposition to signing this treaty, but General Wheeler's wife told him to sign it, and he signed it. There was great joy in the intrenchment that night. Without molestation they went out and got plenty of water to drink and water for a good wash. The hunger and thirst from the consuming sun, with the thermometer from 120 to 140, would cease. Mothers rejoiced at the prospect of saving their children. The young ladies were in a hurry to get out, and would escape the wild beasts of human form. On the morrow, true to the promise, carts were ready to transport those who were too much exhausted to walk.

But into the carriage, Mr. Lee, "and we will ride to the banks of the Ganges, for which the liberated combatants and non-combatants started from this place." On our way Mr. Lee pointed out a monument over the burial place which was the site of General Wheeler's intrenchment, the well into which every night the dead had been dropped. Around it is a curious memorial. There are five crosses, one at each corner of the garden and one in the centre, from which inscription I-to-day read my text. Riding on we came to the Memorial Church built to the memory of those fallen in Cawnpur. The walls are covered with the names and surnames of the fallen. The names of the women are written in three of the inscriptions: "These are they who come out of great tribulations." Also, "The dead shall be raised incorruptible." Also, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but who can bear these things, let them be glad." Also, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away." Also, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."

"Get into the carriage," said Mr. Lee, and we rode to the Ganges and the Hindoo temple standing on the banks. "Now," said Mr. Lee, "here is the place to which General Wheeler and his people came under the escort of Nana Sahib." I went down the steps to the margin of the river. Down these steps went General Wheeler and the men, women and children under his care. They stood on one side of the steps, and Nana Sahib and his staff stood on the other. As the women were being taken down the boats Nana Sahib objected that only the aged and infirm women and children should go on board the boats. The young and attractive women were kept out. Twenty-eight boats were filled with men, women and children and floated out into the river. Each boat contained ten armed natives. Then three boats fastened together were brought up, and General Wheeler and his staff got in. Although orders were given to start, the three boats were somehow detained. At this juncture a boy of twelve years of age hoisted on the top of the Hindoo temple on the banks two flags, a Hindoo and a Mohammedan flag, at which signal the boats and armed natives jumped from the boat and swam for the shore, and from innumerable guns the natives on the bank fired on the boats, and masked batteries above and below roared with destruction, and the boats sank with their precious cargo, and went down like three strong swimmers, who got to the opposite shore. Those who struggled out near by were dashed to death. Nana Sahib and his staff with their swords slashed to pieces General Wheeler and his staff, who had not got well away from the shore. I said that the young and attractive women were not allowed to get into the boats. These were marched away under the guard of the sepoy.

"Which way?" I inquired. "I will show you," said Mr. Lee. Agains we took to the carriage and started for the climate of desolation and diabolism. Now we are on the way to a summer house, called the assembly rooms, which had been built for recreation and pleasure. It had two rooms, each twenty-five by ten, and each with two closets, and here were imprisoned 206 helpless people. It was to become the prison of these women and children. Some of these sepoy got permission of Nana Sahib to take one or more of these ladies to their own place on the promise they should be brought back to the summer garden next morning. A daughter of General Wheeler was so taken and did not return. She afterwards married the Mohammedan who had taken her to his tent. Some sepoy aimed themselves by thrusting children through with bayonets and holding them up before their mothers in the summer house. All the women closed and the ladies standing guard, the crowded women and children, and their doom for eighteen days and nights amid sickness and flies and stench and starvation.

The butchers came out exhausted, thinking they had done their work, and the doors were closed, but when they were opened three women and three boys were still alive. All these were soon dispatched, and not a Christian or European was left in Cawnpur. The murderers were paid fifty dollars for each lady slain. The Mohammedan assassins dragged by the hair the dead bodies out of the summer house and threw them into a well, by which I stood with such appalling as you cannot imagine. But after the mutilated bodies had been thrown into the well the record of the scene remained in hieroglyphics of crimson on the floor and wall of the slaughter house. An eyewitness says that he walked in the blood was shoe deep, and on this blood were the fragments of muslin, broken combs, fragments of pinafores, children's straw hats, a card-case containing a card, with the inscription, "Ked's hair, with love," a few leaves of an Episcopal prayer book; also a book entitled "Preparation for Death," a Bible on the leaf on which was written, "For darling mamma, from her affectionate daughter, Isabella Blair," both the one who presented it and the one to whom it was presented departed forever.

Then Nana Sahib heard that Havelock was coming, and his name was a terror to the sepoy. Let the women and children imprisoned in the summer house, or assembly rooms, should be liberated. He ordered that their throats should be cut. The officers were commanded to do the work and attempted it, but failed because the law of God would not allow the Hindoo to hold the victims while they were being slain. Then 100 men were ordered to fire through the windows, but they fired over the heads of the imprisoned ones, and only a few were killed. Then Nana Sahib was in a rage and ordered professional butchers from among the lowest of the zipsies to go at the work. Five of them, with hatchets and swords and knives, began the work, but three of them collapsed and lay under the gashlines, and it was left to two butchers to complete the slaughter. The straggle, the sharp cut, the blinding blow, the cleaving through scalp an skull, the begging for life, the death agony of hour after hour, the tangled limbs of the corpses, the piled up dead, only God and those who were inside the summer house can ever know.

I said: "Mr. Lee, I have heard that in-different things were found written on the walls." He answered: "No, but those poor creatures wrote in charcoal and scratched on the wall the story of the brutalities they had suffered." When the English and Scotch troops came upon the scene, their wrath was so great that General Neill had the butchers arrested, and before being shot compelled them to wipe up part of the floor of this place of punishment, for there is nothing that a Hindoo so hates as to touch blood. When Havelock came upon the scene, he had this order annulled. The well was now only full of human bodies, but corpses piled on the outside. The soldiers were in many hours engaged in covering the dead.

It was about 5 o'clock in the evening when I came upon this place in Cawnpur. The building in which the massacre took place has been torn down, and a garden of exquisite flowers has been laid out on the site. Mr. Lee pointed out to us some seventy mounds containing bodies or portions of bodies of those not thrown into the well. A soldier stands on guard to keep the flowers from being trampled, and he pulled. I asked a soldier if I might take a rose as a memento, and he handed me a cluster of roses, red and white, both colors suggestive to me of the red typical of the carnations there enacted, and the white for the purity of those who from that spot ascended. But of course the most absorbing interest concentrated at the well, into which hundreds of women and children were flung or wrowed. A circular wall of white marble incloses this well. The walls are about twenty feet high. Inside this wall there is a marble pavement. I paced it and found it fifty-seven paces around. In the center of this inclosure and immediately above the well of the dead is a sculptured angel of resurrection, with illumined face, and two palm branches, meaning victory. This angel is seated on a throne, and she has her wings raised, but the two wings suggest the rising of the last day. Mighty consolation in marble! They went down under the hatchets of the sepoy. They shall come up under the uplifted hands of the angels. This is a weak and all a-tremble as I stood reading these words on the stone that covers the well: "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who were massacred near this spot by the rebel, Nana Sahib, and thrown, the dying with the dead, into the well beneath on the 15th day of July, 1857." On the arch of the mausoleum were cut the words, "The angels of mercy who came out of great tribulation."

The sun was sinking beneath the horizon as I came down the seven or eight steps of that place of sepulcher, and I thought myself: "No emperor, unless it was Napoleon, had more children than Nana Sahib. He had no children, and no queen, unless it was the one of Taj Mahal, had reared for her grander monument than crowns the resting places of the martyrs of Cawnpur. But when the sun set, the light of the nineteenth century, Nana Sahib? Two men went out to find the whereabouts of the daughter of General Wheeler tracked Nana Sahib during a week's ride into the wilderness. He was told that he had been after the mutiny Nana Sahib set up a little camp in the jungles. Among a few thousand Hindoos and Mohammedans he took for himself the only two tents the neighbors had, and he had a life preserver, an umbrella, and people would go every day to bathe, and people would go and stare. For some reason, after while he forsook even that small attention, and disappeared among the mountains of the Himalayan Mountains. He took with him in his flight that which he always took with him—a ruby of vast value. He wore it as some wear an amulet. He wore it as some wear a life preserver, and he lost it on his bosom. The Hindoo priest told him as long as he wore that ruby his fortunes would be good, but both the ruby and the prince who wore it have vanished. Not a treasure worth the name of the ruby, but a piece of wood inside the heart, is the best protection. Solomon, who had rubies in the hilt of his sword, and rubies in the lip of the tankards, and rubies in his crown, declared that which was not a ruby was better than a ruby. When the forests of India are cleared by the axes of another civilization, the lost ruby of this Cawnpur monster may be picked up and be sold for a few cents, and the prince who wore it may be buried in a pauper's grave. Ask the vultures! Ask the reptiles! Ask the jackals! Ask the midnight Himalayas!

Much criticism has been made of Sir Henry Havelock and Sir Colin Campbell because they did not save the women and children with these sepoy. Indeed it was awful. My escort, Mr. Lee, has told me that he saw the sepoy fastened to the mouths of cannon, and then the guns would fire, and for a few moments the smoke would be so thick that as the smoke began to lift fragments of flesh would be found flying through the air. You may do your own criticism. There is no doubt, however, that the women and children were saved by the fact that the Europeans could play at the same game which the Asiatics had started. The plot was organized for the murder of the British in the city of Cawnpur, India. Under its knives and bloodstained American Presbyterianism lost its glorious mission. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. MacMullin, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Carey, and others, were all slain. The work of slaughter had been done in all directions on an appalling scale, and the commanders of the English army made up their minds that this was the best way.

The British broke the silence of the night by a stone pavement twenty feet by twenty feet, and the ground covered by the prison. The building had two small windows, and was intended for two or three prisoners. The British broke the silence of the night by a stone pavement twenty feet by twenty feet, and the ground covered by the prison. The building had two small windows, and was intended for two or three prisoners. The British broke the silence of the night by a stone pavement twenty feet by twenty feet, and the ground covered by the prison. The building had two small windows, and was intended for two or three prisoners.

I call upon England to stop the present attempt to palliate the natives by allowing them to hold positions of trust. I am no alarmist, but the only way these Asiatics can be kept from another mutiny is to put them out of power, and to say henceforth, the Lucknow and Cawnpur and Delhi martyrs, over which the hemispheres have wept, will be enshrined in a hall of fame. I speak of what I have seen and heard. Give the opinion of every intelligent Englishman and Scotchman and Irishman and American whom I met in India. Prevention is better than cure. I do not say it is better that England rule in India. I say nothing against the right of India to rule herself, but I do say that the moment the native population of India think there is a possibility of driving out the Europeans from India they will make the attempt, and they have enough gradations for the time suppressed, which, if let loose, would submerge with carnage every town from Calcutta to Bombay and from the Himalayas to Cochin.

Now, my friends, go home, after what I have said, to see the heathens of the Mohammedanism and Hindoosism which many think it will be well to have introduced into America, and to dwell upon what natural evolution will do where it has had an unhindered way for thousands of years, and to think upon the wonders of martyrdom for Christ's sake, and to pray more earnest prayers for the missionaries, and to contribute more liberally to the evangelization, and to be more assured that even the overthrow of the idolatries of Nations is such a stupendous work that nothing but an omnipotent God through the gospel of Jesus Christ can ever achieve it. Amen!

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR DECEMBER 23.

Lesson Text: "The Prince of Peace," Isaiah ix., 2-7—Golden Text: Isaiah ix., 7—Commentary.

"The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light. They that dwell in the shadow of death, and in the shadow of the light shined." The Spirit, through Matthew, says that there was a fulfillment of this when Jesus left Nazareth and went to dwell in Capernaum (Math. iv., 13-16). Wherever the Jews is not known it is certainly darkness and oftentimes "deep darkness," as the expression, "shadow of death," is translated in the margin of the R. V. both here and in Ps. cxlii., 4, and elsewhere. This word can only be used of the world, an individual, or a nation or a land as Jesus, the Light of the world, is revealed. Those who have heard of and have received the light can give such light to those who are in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" (II Cor. iv., 6). That makes us think of the darkness that was over the deep in the beginning of the Bible story, when the Spirit moved upon the face of the waters, and God said, "Let there be light," and there was light. God is light, and He who is the Light of the world, it is written that the entrance of His word giveth light, and we know that His words are spirit and life (I John i., 5; John vii., 12; Ps. cxix., 190; John vi., 69). Jesus said to Nicodemus, "Thou art the light of the world" (Math. v., 14). We know that we have no light in ourselves any more than the moon, which appears to be a sun of nature, is a man. But if the sun shining upon the moon can give such light to the world, we may imagine how the Lord Jesus might make us shine for Him if we were only willing to reflect His light and give Him all the glory. After we have shone for Him a little longer, and He has shined through us, let us be in the church, then in the midst of gross darkness covering the people the Lord shall appear upon Israel, and His glory shall be seen upon them, and the nations shall come to their rising, and the brightness of their rising (Isa. lx., 1-3).

"Thou hast multiplied the nation and not increased the joy. They joy before Thee according to the joy in harvest and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil." Isaiah lv., 7. Gives for the second lesson, "Thou hast increased their joy." This is certainly more in accord with the rest of the verse and with the context. The light would give them joy. Isaiah lx., 10, "The Lord shall shine the everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." Even in the days of Mordecai "the Jews had light and gladness and joy and honor" (Est. vi., 16). As the entrance of God's word giveth light, so also we become with joy and peace by believing, and were commanded to "Rejoice in the Lord always" (Rom. xv., 18; Phil. iv., 4). Our voice says, "They joy before Thee, and in Ps. xlvii., 11, we read: "In Thy presence is fulness of joy. Thy right hand are pleasures forevermore."

"For Thou hast broken the yoke of His burden, and the staff of His shoulder, the rod of His oppressor, as in the days of old." All past deliverances of Israel, whether in the days of the judges under Gideon, Sampson, Jephtha and others and even the deliverance from Egypt under Moses, were but foreshowings of a greater and fuller deliverance from anti-Christ, the kingdom shall come. The deliverance from Midian under Gideon, as recorded in Judg. vi. and vii., is one of the most interesting and instructive of Bible stories showing how the weak things of the world have overcome the strong. The deliverance that shall be wrought by His glory. But the greater deliverance that shall outdo all others is plainly referred to in Jer. xvi., 14, 15, and xliii., 5-8. "Then shall the Lord go forth and fight against those nations, as when He fought in the day of battle."

"For every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood, but this shall be with burning and fuel of fire." Isaiah lxiii., 2. "For all the armor of the armed man in the tumult and the garments rolled in blood shall even be for burning or fuel of fire." The Spirit's own comment and light upon this is found in Ezek. xxxvii., 12, where we are told that the weapons of war shall provide fuel for Israel for seven years, and they shall be seven months burying the dead. The church, the body of Christ, the story of which is so fully revealed in the Old Testament, having been completed, and caught up to meet Him in the air, shall afterward return with Him when He comes to the earth in His glory for the conversion of Israel and the overthrow of her enemies. The day of the Lord shall be a day of recompense for Israel and vengeance upon her enemies, so often referred to (Isa. xxxiv., 8; xxxv., 4; Is. lxiii., 4).

"For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon His shoulder, and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." This verse, with the following, is one of those many passages in which we have a summary of the sufferings of Christ and the glory that shall follow (I Pet. i., 11), or, in other words, His first coming in humiliation to suffer for us, and His second coming in glory to reign. The Christmas lesson which only looks back to His coming as a babe in Bethlehem teaches only half the story. There was no covering up on our part of Him in His first coming. They gave Him no title for His birthplace, a manger for His cradle; not where to lay His head during His life, a cross and a grave with the wicked for His reward. But God raised Him from the dead, and gave Him glory, and when He shall come again in that glory then shall He be seen to be the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. He was indeed wonderful in His humiliation, and in His love and patience and faithfulness unto death, but it shall be seen yet more fully that His name is Wonderful (Judg. xiii., 18, margin).

"Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end upon the throne of David and upon His kingdom, to order it and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even forever." The Lord of Hosts will perform this. It is a fearful perversion of Scripture to speak of Jesus being now on David's throne, as if David ever had a throne in heaven. David reigned seven years at Hebron and 33 years in Jerusalem, and Jesus is to sit on David's throne at Jerusalem and reign over the house of Jacob, according to the simplest meaning of plain words, as in Jer. li., 17; Luke 31, 32, 33, etc.—Lesson Helper.

Gotham's Parcel Post System. A few days ago the parcel post system, which is popular in London, was introduced by the Postoffice Department in New York City as an experiment, and it has proved a great success. Seventy large tin boxes with patent lids were placed in convenient localities in the shopping district during one night last week, and at the first collection, which was made at 8:30 o'clock the following morning, they were found to contain over a thousand packages, and there was an increase at every collection during the day. This trial having demonstrated the convenience and popularity of such facilities, the Postmaster-General has decided to extend them through the city of New York and introduce the system among the larger cities and towns of the United States. The parcel post in London has about three million packages a year, or 2-3 and eight-fourth packages for every inhabitant.

Cost of the House of Representatives. The report of James Kerr, Clerk of the House of Representatives, shows that the cost of the House for the year ending June 30, 1894, the salaries of members and other expenses of the House amounted to \$930,000, of which total \$250,000 was for the hire of members' clerks.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

INITIAL LETTERS.

An easy way of putting large initial letters on pillow-cases, pillow-shams and towels is to use white carnation braid to cover the stamped lines. The braid is so woven that when applied it has much the effect of raised or padded embroidery. It should be wet and dried before using to prevent shrinking. It is applied to the pattern by sewing it "over and over." The same braid is very pretty when used to outline a pattern on the border of a tea-cloth, either on white or colored linen or denim.—New York Post.

THE BREAKFAST OATMEAL.

Mrs. Rorer gives a succinct and simple formula that is infallible if carefully followed: Add four heaping tablespoonfuls oatmeal to one quart of boiling water, add a teaspoonful of salt; mix, and put the whole in a double boiler. Fill the lower boiler with boiling water, stand the inside boiler in this, and boil rapidly twenty minutes, then push the boiler to one side of the range, and cook slowly over night. The oatmeal must not be stirred after the first mixing—it cannot burn in a double boiler, unless the under boiler becomes dry—as the stirring makes the mush starchy or waxy, and also spoils its flavor. Oatmeal made after this receipt will be light, each grain separate, but swollen to three times its original size, and will have a delicious flavor. Turn it out carefully into the dish, without stirring or breaking the grains.—American Cultivator.

DUSTING.

The ideal maid is the maid who dusts properly. But where do we find our ideals? Not in our own parlors, as a rule, but in parlors of other women, who do the dusting themselves. The careful housekeeper will have faded upholstery, dull woodwork and badly defaced carving unless she is willing to pay the price of eternal vigilance. She must go over everything herself when she has a new maid and insist on that worthy looking and listening attentively. She must give her a feather duster, and she must give her a separate duster for ordinary use. The marbles and ornaments must have a separate duster from the furniture, and a large soft piece of muslin can be used to polish the picture glasses with. A chamous and a little oil do for finishing touches for the mahogany and polished oak and a soft brush must be used to penetrate the crevices of carving. A whisk broom is also necessary for the upholstered furniture, and a cane dust beater is well used twice a week.—New York Advertiser.

THE SOURING OF MILK.

A professor in the Michigan Agricultural College speaks of atmospheric microbes from the foul air of stables getting into milk and causing it to "sour and spoil." This language implies that the souring of milk must of necessity result from its contact with air that is impure. Instead of this the souring is always the result of contact of the milk with the oxygen of the atmosphere. There are always some impurities in air, and these cause it to spoil, the oxygen making this spoiling more rapid. If all impurities could be kept out of milk, it would sour without spoiling. But when milk is in contact with air no matter how pure it may seem, this is impossible. Souring thus necessarily means that the milk will continue to ferment until it becomes rotten or spoiled. The Michigan professor, however, makes a mistake in suggesting the possibility of milking through tubes into close cans, in order to keep out the injurious microbes always found in the air. The air always fills the open space in the cows' teats, and thus the milk even before it leaves them must have some impurities. The only way to have milk entirely pure is to sterilize it by subjecting it to enough heat to destroy all injurious microbes. No care in milking can ever entirely prevent their entrance into it.—Boston Cultivator.

RECIPES.

Chocolate Cookies—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, four eggs, one cup of grated chocolate, one-half teaspoonful of soda. Flour to roll thin. They are better with age.

Home Dabs—One cup of fine hominy boiled two hours in a quart of milk; white hot, add a little salt, two eggs well beaten, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Drop from a spoon on a tin sheet, and bake a light brown.

Salt Mackerel Broiled—Soak the mackerel for a while in lukewarm water; take up and wipe dry. Dip in melted butter, then in beaten egg, and roll in bread crumbs. Broil and serve with lemon juice and parsley, or maitre d'hotel butter.

St. George Pudding—One cup each of raisins, suet and molasses; three cups of flour, one teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of allspice, one teaspoonful saleratus, two eggs. Boil or steam four hours. Serve with wine sauce.

Rusk—Melt half a pound of butter and mix it with two-thirds of a pint of milk, add flour to make a thick batter and three tablespoonfuls of yeast. Set the batter in a warm place until light. Beat two eggs with half a pound of granulated sugar and work it into the batter with the hand. Add a teaspoonful each of salt and cinnamon, and flour enough to make it sufficiently stiff to mould into cakes the size of biscuit. Let them rise till a spongy lightness. Bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven.

MY WIFE'S NERVES

Are weak and she suffers terribly from nervousness, headache and loss of sleep. Such is the testimony of many a man. The poor, tired woman is suffering from impure and impoverished blood. Her food does not digest. She is living on her nerves, her strength is gone. Her nerves and muscles

NEED STRENGTHENING

By the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla which makes pure, rich blood, creates an appetite, and gives tone to all the organs of the body. This is not what we say, it is what Hood's Sarsaparilla does. "My wife began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla about three months ago. She has been in poor health for 15 years. Hood's is doing her good. Her appetite is better, she looks better and there has been improvement in every way." J. W. ROBERTSON, Greenfield, Tennessee.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Be Sure to get Hood's Cures Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, prevent constipation.

Ohio's Indian Names.

Ohio has more counties bearing Indian names than almost any of the other Western States. Even Delaware County is said to derive its name from an Indian word now corrupted beyond recognition. Coshocton comes from the Indian name Coshochoquen. Geauga is from the Indian word sheaug, meaning raccoon. Hocking is from Hook-hoking, Indian for bottle river, the name bestowed upon the Hocking because of some peculiarity of its falls. Mahoning is a corrupted Indian word, meaning "the lick." Miami is the Ottawa word for mother, and it closely resembles in sound the word "mamma." Muskingum means "the glare of the elk's eye, and seems to perpetuate an interesting fact as to the fauna of Ohio. Ottawa means "trailer," and Sandusky "cool water."—Chicago Herald.

In Russian commercial circles a project is on foot to transfer the famous fair of Nijni-Novgorod to Moscow.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs. Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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Has justly acquired the reputation of being The Savior for INVALIDS and The Aged.

AN INCOMPARABLE ALIMENT FOR THE GROWTH AND PROTECTION OF INFANTS AND CHILDREN A superior nutritive in continued Fevers, And a reliable remedial agent in all gastric and enteric diseases; often in instances of consultation over patients whose digestive organs were reduced to such a low and sensitive condition that the IMPERIAL GRANUM was the only nourishment the stomach would tolerate when LIFE seemed depending on its retention.

And as a FOOD it would be difficult to conceive of anything more palatable. Sold by DRUGGISTS, Shipping Depot, JOHN CABLE & SONS, New York.

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