Subject . "Ceylon, the Isle of Palms."

Text: "The ships of Tarshish first."-Isa-

The Tarshish of mytext by many commer tators is supposed to be the island of Cey-ion, upon which the seventh sermon of the round the world series lands us. Ceylon was called by the Romans Tapobrane. John Milton called it "Golden Chersonese." Mod-erns have called Ceylon "the isle of palms," "the isle of flowers," "the pearl drop on the brow of India." "the isle of jewels," "the teland of spice," "the show place of the universe," "the land of hyacinth and ruby." In my eyes, for scenery, it appeared to be a mixture of Yosemite and Yellowstone Park. All Christian people want to know more of Ceylon, for they have a long while been contributing for its evangelization. As our ship from Australia approached this island there hovered over it clouds thick and black as the superstitions which have hovered here for centuries, but the morning sun was breaking through like the gospei light which is to scatter the last cloud of moral gloom. The sea lay along the coast calm as the eternal pur-poses of God toward all islands and con-tinents. We swing into the harbor of Colombo, which is made by a breakwater built at vast expense. As we floated into it the water is black with boats of all sizes and manned by people of all colors, but chiefly Tamils and Cingalese. There are two things I want most to see

on this island: A heathen temple with its devotees in idolatrous wor-hip and an audi-ence of Cingalese addressed by a Christian missionary. The entomologist may have his capture of brilliant insects, and the sportsman his tent adorned with antier of red deer and tooth of wild boar, and the painter his portfolio of gorge 3000 feet down and of days dying on evening pillows of purple cloud eiched with fire, and the botanist his camp full of orchids and crowfoots and gential and valerian and lotus. I want most to find out the moral and religious trumphs, how many wounds have been healed, how many sorrows comforted, how many entombed nations resurrected. Sir William Baker, the tamous explorer and geographer, did well for Ceylon after his eight years' residence in this island, and Professor Ernst Heckel, the professor from Jena, did well when he swept these waters and rummaged these hil s and took home for future inspection the insects of this tropical air. And forever bonored be such work, but let all that is sweet in rbythm and graphic on canvas and imposing in monument and immortal in memory be brought to tell the deeds of those who were heroes and heroines for Christ's sake.

Many scholars have supposed that this ial-and of Ceylon was the original garden of Eden where the snake first appeared on reptilian mission. There are reasons for belief that this was the site where the first homestead was opened and destroyed. It is so near the equator that there are not more than twelve degrees of Fahrenheit differ-ence all the year round. Perpetual foliage, perpetual fruit and all styles of animal life prosper. What luxuriance and abundance and superabundance of life! What styles of plumage do not the birds sport! What styles of scale do not the fishes reveal! What do not the fishes reveal! What styles of song do not the groves have in their

Here on the roadside and clear out on the beach of the sea stands the cocoanut tree saying: "Take my leaves for shade. Take the juice of my fruit for delectable drink. Take my saccharine for sugar. Take my fiber for the cordage of your ships. Take my oil to kindle your lamps. Take my wood to fashion your cups and pitchers. Take my leaves to thatch your roofs. Take my leaves to thatch your roofs. Take my smooth surface on which to print your books. Take my 30,000,000 trees covering 500,000 I will wave in your fans and spread abroad in your umbrelias. I will vibrate in your musical instruments. I will be the

scrubbing brushes on your floors." Here also stands the palm tree saying:
"I am at your disposal. With these arms I
fed your ancestors 150 years ago, and with
these same arms I will feed your descendants 150 years from now. I defy the cen-

Here also stands the nutmeg tree saying "I am ready to spice your beverages and en-zich your puddings and with my sweet dust make insipid things palatable."

Here also stands the coffee plant saying "With the liquid boiled from my berry l estimulate the nations morning by morning Here also stands the tea plant saying "With the liquid boiled from my leaf I soothe the world's nerves and stimulate the world's conversation evening by evening. Here stands the cinchona saying . the foe of majaria. In all climates my bit-

terness is the slaughter of fevers." What miracles of productiveness on these islandst Enough sugar to sweeten all the world's beverages, enough bananas to pile all the world's fruit baskets, enough rice to mix all the world's puddings, enough cocoa-nut to powder all the world's cakes, enough flowers to garland all the world's beauty.

But in the evening, riding through a cinnamon grove, I first tasted the leaves and bark of that condiment so valuable and cate that transported on ships the aroma of the cinnamon is dispel'ed if placed near a rival bark. Of such great value is the cinnamon shrub that years ago those who in jured it in Ceylon were put to death. But that which once was a jungle of cinnamon ts now a park of gentlemen's residences. The long, white dwelling houses are bounded with this shrub, and all other styles of growth congregated there make a botanical garden. Doves called cinnamon doves hop among the branches, and crows, more poetically styled ravens, which never could sing, but think they can, fly across the road giving full test of their vocables. Birds which learned their chanting under the very eaves of heaven overpower all with their grand march of the tropics. The hydiscus dapples the scene with its scarlet clusters. All shades of brown and emerald and saffron and brillfance; melons, limes, magnosteens, custard apples, guavas, pineapples, jasmine so laden with aroma they have to hold fast to the wall, and begonias, gloriosas on fire and orchids so delicate other lands must keep them under conservatory, but here defiant of all weather, and flowers more or less akin to azaleas and honeysuckles and floxes and fuchsias and chrysanthemums and rhododendrons and loxgloves and pansles which dye the plains and mountains of Ceylon with

The evening hour burns incense of all styles of aromatics. The convolvalus, blue as if the sky had fallen, and butterflies spangling the air, and arms of trees sleeved with blossoms, and rocks upholstered of moss, commingling sounds and sights and odors until eye and ear and nostrils vie with each other as to which sense shall open the door to the most enchantment. A struggle between music and perfume and iridescence Oleanders reeling in intoxication of color. Great banyan trees that have been changing their minus for centuries, each century carsying out a new plan of growth, attracted our attention and saw us pass in the year of 1894 as they saw pass the generations of 1794 and 1694. Colombo is so thoroughly amouvered in follage that if you go into one of its towers and look down upon the city of 120,000 people you cannot see a house. Ob, the trees of Ceylon! May you live to beob, the trees of Ceylon! May you have to be hold the morning climbing down through their branches or the evening tipping their leaves with amber and gold! I lorgive the Euddhist for the worship of trees until they know of the Got who made the trees. I wonder not that there are some trees in Ceylon called sacred. To me all trees are sacred. I wonder not that before one of them they burn camphor flowers and hang lamps around its branches and 100,000 people each year make pilgrimage to that tree. Worship something man must, and, until here rother or the only Being worthy of worship, what so elevating as a tree! What glory enthroused amid its foliage! What a majestic specification and re-enforcement. It was the rose of Sharon after walking among nettles. It was the morning light after a thick darkness. It was the gospel after Hindooism.

But passing up and down the streets of Ceylon you find all styles of people within five minutes—Afghans, Kaffirs, Portuguese, Moormen, Dutch, English, Scotch, Irish, Americax—all classes, all dialects, all manners and customs, all styles of salaam. The

a voice when the tempests pass through it! How it looks down upon the cradle and the grave of centuries! As the fruit of one tree unlawfully eaten struck the race with woe and the uplifting of another tree brings peace to the soul, let the woodman spare the tree and all nations honor it, if, through higher teaching, we do not, like the Ceylon-ese, worship it! How consolatory that when we no more walk under the tree branches on earth we may see the "tree of life which bears twelve manner of fruit and yields her fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations!"

Two processions I saw in Ceylon within the content of the same ladders.

one hour, the first led by a Hindoo priest, a huge pot of flowers on his head, his face disfigured with boly lacerations and his un-washed followers beating as many discords from what are supposed to be musical in-struments as at one time can be induced to enter the human ear. The procession halted at the door of the huts. The occupants came out and made obeisance and presented small contributions. In return therefor the priest sprinkled ashes upon the children who came forward, this evidently a form of by the priest, started again. More noise, more ashes, more genufication. However keen one's sense of the ludicrous, he could find nothing to excite even a smile in the movements of such a procession. Meaning-less, oppressive, squalid, flithy, sad. Returning to our carriage, we rode on for

few moments, and we came on another procession, a kindly lady leading groups of native children, all clean, bright, happy, aughing. They were a Christian school ou for exercise. There seemed as much intelligence, refinement and happiness in that regment of young Cingalese as you would find n the ranks of any young ladies' seminary being chaperoned on their afternoon walk through Central Park, New York, or Hyde Park, London. The Hindoo procession il-lustrated on a small scale something of what Hindooism can do for the world. The Christian procession illustrates on a small scale something of what Christianity can do for the world. But those two processions were only fragments of two great processions ever narching across our world, the procession blasted of superstition and the procession blessed of gospel light. I saw them in one afternoon in Ceylon. They are to be seen in

Nothing is of more thrilling interest than he Christian achievements in this island. The Episcopal church was here the national hurch, but disestablishment has taken place, and since Mr. Gladstone's accomplishment of that fact in 1880 all denominations are on platform, and all are doing mighty work. America is second to no other nation in what has been done for Ceylon. Since 1816 she has had her religious agents in the Jaffna peninsula of Ceylon. The Spauldings, the Howlands, the Drs. Poor, the Saunders, and others just as good and strong have been fighting back monstage of super. have been fighting back monsters of superstition and cruelty greater than any that ever swung the tusk or roared in the jungles.
The American missionaries in Ceylon ave given special attention to medical ins a living mother in Ceylon. Oh, how much Ceylon needs doctors, and the medical classes of native students under the care of those who follow the examble of the late of those who follow the examble of the late that all the alleviations and kindly might.

ide come to this part of the room and all the boys on Christ's side go to the other

All the boys except two went on Buddha's ide, and when the two boys who were to be paptized were scoffed at and derided one of hem yielded and retired to Buddha's side. But afterward that boy was sorry that he had yielded to the persecution, and when the day of baptism came stood up beside the boy who remained firm. Some one said to the boy who had vacillated in his choice between Buddha and Christ, "You are a coward and not fit for either side," but he replied, "I was overcome of temptation, but I repent and believe." Then both boys were baptized, and from that time the Angelican mission moved on more and more vigorously.

I will not say which of all the denominations of Christians is doing the most for the evangelization of that island, but know this will be taken for Christ! Sing Bishop Heber's hymn:

What though the spicy breezes Blow soft over Ceylon's isle!

Among the first places I visited was a Buddhist college, about 100 men studying to scome priests gathered around the teachers. Stepping into the building where the high priest was instructing the class, we were apolegetic and told bim we were Americans if he had no objections, whereupon he be gan, doubled up as he was on a lounge, his right hand playing with his foot. In his left hand he held a package of bamboo eaves, on which were written the words of the lesson, each student holding a similar package of bamboo leaves. The high priest first read, and then one of his students read. A group of as finely formed young men as I ever saw surrounded the instructor. The last word of each sentence was intoned. There was in the whole scene an earnestness which impressed me. Not able to understand a word of what was said, there is a book of language and intonation that is the same among all races. That the Buddhists have full faith in their religion no one can doubt. That is, in their opinion, the way to heaven. What Mobammed is to the Mo-hammedan, and what Christ is to the Christian, Buddha is to the Buddhist. We waited for a pause in the recitation, and then xpressing our thanks retired,

Nearby is a Buddhist temple, on the altar of which before the image of Buddha are of ferings of flowers. As night was coming on we came up to a Hindoo temple. First we were prohibited going farther than the outside steps, but we gradually advanced until we could see all that was going on inside. The worshipers were making obeisance. The tamtams were wildly beaten, and shrill pipes were blown, and several other instruments were in full bang and blare, and there was an indescribable hubbub and the most laborous style of worship I had ever seen or heard. The dim light's, and the jargon, and the glooms, and the flitting figures mingled for eye and ear a horror which it is difficult to shake off. All this was only suggestive of what would there transpire after the toilers of the day had ceased work and had time to of the day had ceased work and had time to appear at the temple. That such things should be supposed to please the Lord or have any power to console or help the wor-shipers is only another mystery in this world of mysteries. But we came away saddened with the spectacle, a sadness which did not leave us until we arrived at a place where a Christian missionary was preaching in the

street to a group of natives. I had that morning expressed a wish to witness such a scene, and here it was. Stand-ing on an elevation, the good man was addressing the crowd. All was attention and silence and reverence. A religion of relief and joy was being commended, and the dusky faces were illumined with the sentiments of

doxology spreads out in its branches! What most interesting thing on earth is the human race, and specimens of all branches of it confront you in Ceylon. The island of the present is a quiet and inconspicuous affair compared with what it once was. The dead cities of Ceylon were larger and more im-posing than are the living cities. On this island are dead New Yorks and dead Pekings and dead Edinburghs and dead Lon-dons. Ever and anon at the stroke of the archæoglist's hammer the tomb of some great municipality flies open, and there are other buried cities that will yet respond to

the explorer's pickax.

The Pompeli and Herculaneum under-neath Italy are small compared with the Pompeiis and Herculaneums underneath Ceylon. Yonder is an exhumed city which was founded 500 years before Christ, standing in pomp and splendor for 1200 years. Stairways up which fifty men might pass side by side. Carved pillars, some of them fallen, some of them aslant, some of them Phidiases and Christopher Wrens erect. never heard of here, performed the marvels of sculpture and architecture. Alsles through which royal processions marched. Arches under which kings were carried. City benediction. Then the procession, led on by the priest, started again. More noise, more ashes, more genuflection. However cooling and refreshing for twelve centuries. Ruins more suggestive than Melrose and Kenilworth, Ceylonian Karnaks and Luxors.

Ruins retaining much of grandeur, though wars bombarded them, and time put his chisel on every block, and, more than all, vegetation put its anchors and pries and wrenches in all the crevices. Dagobas, or places where relics of saints of dieties are kept—dagobas 400 feet high and their fallen material burying precious things, for sight of which modern curiosity has digged and blasted in vain. Procession of elephants in imitation, wrought into lustrous marble. Troops of horses in full run. Shrines, chapels, cathedrals wrecked on the mountain side. Stairs of moonstone. Exquisite scrolls rolling up more mysteries than will ever be unrolled. Over sixteen quare miles the ruins of one city strewn. bronerooms on which at different times sat 165 kings, resigning in authority they in-herited. Walls that witnessed coronations, assassinations, subjugations, triumphs. Altars at which millions bowed ages before the orchestras celestial woke the sheperds with

midnight overture. When Lieutenant Skinner in 1832 discovered the site of some of these cities, he found ongregated in them undisturbed assemblages of leopards, porcupines, flamingoes and pelicans; reptiles sunning themselves on the altars, prima donnas rendering ornithological chant from deserted music halls. One king restored much of the grandit unhealthed with a host of plagues? Was it foreign armies laying seige? Was it whole generations weakened by their own vices; Mystery sits amid the monoliths and brick dust, finger on lip in eternal silence, while struction and are doing wonders in driving the centuries guess and guess in vain. We back the horrors of heathen surgery. Cases simply know that genius planned those of suffering were formerly given over to the cities, and immense populations inhabited of suffering were formerly given over to the cities, and immense populations inhabited devil worshipers and such tortures inflicted as may not be described. The patient was trampled by the feet of the medical attendants. It is only of God's mercy that there are all the control of the medical attendants. It is only of God's mercy that there are all the control of t

that all the alieviations and kindly minis- city from the size of the cup out of which it tries and scientific acumen that can be found drank. Cities crowded with inhabitants—in American and English hospitals will soon not like American or English cities, but in American and English hospitals will soon bless all Ceylon.

In that island are thirty-two American school, 210 Church of England schools, 234 Roman Catholic schools. Ah, the schools decide most everything! How suggestive the incident that came to me in Ceylon. In a school under the care of the Episcopal church two boys were converted to Christ and were to be baptized. An intelligent Buddist boy said in the school, 'Let all the boys on Buddha's side come to this part of the room and all strays. A last judgment is appointed for ingrave. A last judgment is appointed for individuals, but cities have their last judgment in this world. They bless, they curse, they worship, they blaspheme, they suffer, they are rewaided, they are overthrown.

Preposterous! says some one, to think that any of our American or European cities which have stood so long can ever come through vice to extinction. But New York and London have not stood as long as those Ceylonese cities stood. Where is the throne outside of Ceylon on which 165 successive kings reigned for a lifefime. Cities and nations that have lived far longer than our present cities or nation have been sepul-chered. Let all the great muncipalities of this and other lands ponder. It is as true now as when the psalmist wrote it and as rue of cities and nations as of individuals, The Lord knoweth the way of the righ teous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

A History of St. Valentine.

St. Valentine was an Italian priest who suffered martyrdom at Rome in 270, or at Terni in 306. Historians differ as to the date. Legend amplifies, by dwelling on the virtues of his life and the manner of his death, and tells how he was brought before the Emperor, Claudius II., who asked why he did not cultivate his friendship by bonoring his gods. As Valentine pleaded the cause of the one true God earnestly, Calphurnius, the priest, cried out that he was seducing the Emperor, whereupon he was sent to Asterius to be judged. To him Valentine spoke of Christ, the light of the world, and Asterius said: "If He be the light of the world He will restore the light to my daughter, who has been blind for two years." The maiden was brought, and after Valentine prayed and laid hands on her she sick and weakly. received her sight. Then Asterius asked that he and his household might be baptised, whereat the Emperor, being enraged, caused all to be imprisoned and Valentine to be beaten with clubs. He was beheaded a year later on February 14, 270.

History, having little to tell concerning the man, makes amends by dwelling at length on the ceremonies observed on this day. They trace the origin of these to the Roman Luberserve and honor the woman whose name he had drawn.

Novel Discovery of a Comet.

Eclipse photographs taken in Chile in April, 1893, showed a comet-like structure in the corona, near the sun's south pole, but nothing of the kind could be made out on photographs taken in Brazil and Africa. With the idea that faint objects can easily be found when it is known where to look for them, however, copies from the negatives have been compared and it is found that the photographs all show the object. Its angular distance from the moon's limb, as photographed from the different stations, has finally been measured, and the variations of this distance seem to prove conclusively that this interesting apparition was really a comet.



KEEPING APPLES IN WINTER.

One method suggested for keeping apples during the winter is to pack them in perfectly dry oats, not permitting one apple to touch the other. If wrapped in paper before packing in the oats the apples will keep all the better. They may be packed in boxes or barrels, and if put up in an attractive manner will bring good prices. Apples have been higher in price than oranges for the past four or five years, and are always salable after cold weather sets in. - New York Observer.

WARMTH IN THE HEN HOUSE.

In the very coldest weather we think it pays to introduce artificial heat into the hen house. A small coal stove does not cost much, and a fire in it made once a day will keep the temperature right and the fowls will be as happy as in springtime. It is cold weather quite as much as the difference in feed that makes eggs scarce in winter. Besides, in the coldest weather there is always temptation to feed corn for warmth. The stove in the hen house, carefully guarded against fire, is cheaper as well as better for the fowls than giving them a corn diet so as to keep them warm .- Boston Cultivator.

GOOD WINTER COVERING FOR ROSES,

Lay down your hybrid perpetual writes E. E. Rexford. I find nothing away. Hay and litter will not require graph. anything to hold them in place, but it is a good plan to lay boards over the whole in such a manner as to shed rain. - American Agriculturist.

JUDGING BUTTER.

It seems to me that one method of judging butter would be improved if to be the fodder of the future. we would follow the examples of Dairy salt is as sensitive as milk or nt, says Professor H. C. Wallace. When a judge is asked to pass upon a ring of twenty-five or thirty horses, he first goes over them carefully and selects a dozen of the best ones, sending the rest to the stable. Then he goes over these critically and weeds out the poorer half, continually narrowing the competition down until he has but two or three to decide between. If, instead of doing this, he started in with a handful of scorecards and attempted to select the winner in that manner, he would very soon regret the day he consented to act in the capacity of a judge. And as hay, straw or fodder. yet he would have a very easy task compared to that of a man who attempts intelligently to score thirty tubs of butter in succession. If our butter judges would go over the exhibit in this manner, they would have little difficulty in selecting the best half dozen or dozen tubs. - Farm and

ECONOMY OF SHELTER. The time is at hand when the wise and merciful man will see to it that his live stock are properly sheltered during the winter months. Warmth and comfort are essential to health and thrift. If they are not provided an attempt to supply them will be made by an increased consumption of an unsatisfactory one, as it cannot he is. prevent the check which the growth will receive. Like all substitutes, it sometimes fails to accomplish the end designed, and the animal then grows should be given about three pounds of If, on the other hand, the animal is toughened and hardened by exposure,

what is gained? The extra feed he has consumed is more valuable than the shelter which would have avoided its need, his stunted growth will never be made up, and the toughening and hardening of his constitution, on which so much stress is often laid, has resulted in a deterioration in quality. The native steer is hardier than the Shorthorn, but which makes the best calia, celebrated in February, at beef? The scrub cow will bear more which one practice was to put the exposure than the delicate Jersey, but names of women in a box to be drawn | which yields the richest milk? It is a by the men, each being bound to law of nature that improvement, whether in man or beast, is accompanied with a certain amount of delicacy. If we desire the former we must be willing to give the necessary care to counterbalance the latter .-New York World.

DANGER OF FEEDING WHEAT TO HORSES. This winter a great many are advocating or considering the advisability of feeding wheat to horses on account of the cheapness of this feed, and a few have raised the alarm against such a practice. While this grain may prove of advantage to hogs and other animals, it is certainly unsuited to impunity to a horse twenty or this

years old, it will, in nine cases out of ten, founder a young one.

If some of the old horse breeders and farmers can look back thirty or forty years, they will remember when wheat was fed quite liberally to horses, and the term "grain founder," then became very generally known through hard experience. This is the worst founder known to horses, and after a great number of horses suffered in this way, it was found that grain was the cause of the trouble, and the chief grain was wheat. A young horse that has been liberally fed with wheat when growing, even for only one winter, is pretty sure to be unsound, and many purchasers would refuse to take such a horse at any price.

In feeding wheat to horses this winter it should be remembered that this danger is always present. It may be fed in small quantities along with oats, so that no real harm may follow, but as a rule it is the worst possible food for horses used on the road. It makes them lazy, slothful, fat and overheated. If one wishes to make fat instead of muscle, in the form of good bran, wheat can be fed along with hay or oats very successfully. Old stallions do well on a diet of one part oats and three parts of wheat, for it makes them more vigorous in the stud, but fat and lazy.

There is a time in a horse's life when wheat can be fed with great success, roses, and cover them in some way, and that is as a medicine to a mare with foal that is apt to have abortion. better than leaves, but if you cannot As soon as the mares begin to get get these use hay, or straw, or ever- loose, they should be fed some wheat. green branches. I have often win- A pint of clean, sound wheat, mixed tered plants finely by simply covering with two quarts of clean, sound oats, them with soil. This answers very should be fed night and morning for well if there is good drainage about three days. By that time the trouble the plants, so that water is not rewill stop. Where a suckling foal has tained in the soil long enough to in- the scours a pint of wheat flour in a jure the wood of the branches. But pail of water will generally remedy the better way is to lay the branches the evil. Sometimes a little wheat down in a close mass, all pointing one mixed with the feed will answer the way, and set boards six or eight inches same purpose. Wheat is constipating high, on each side. Fill in between and it consequently has its value in the boards, and over the bushes with the feed economy, but it is hardly the leaves, upon which place evergreen kind of feed we need for our horses as branches to prevent their blowing a regular diet.-Germantown Tele-

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Milk is eighty-seven per cent water. Cheese is the most concentrated form of milk.

Silage of corn and clover is believed

judges of live stock to a certain ex- cream to odors, and should be equally guarded from them.

Like corn, wheat is better for slow, hard work, than for speed. Oats and hay are best for fast-goers. Feed alone will never control the

value of milk. The individuality of the cow has much to do with it. Wheat is more a growth than a fat

producer, is good for young animals, but should be coarsely ground before feeding. Grain alone is too highly concen-

trated food for horses. They must have some "roughness" with it, such

The man who expects the biggest success in dairying must have dairy cows. The all-around cow is not and never will be a shining success.

Cultivation may be stopped late in the season, and a crop can then be sown upon the land. This crop may serve as a cover or protection to the soil, and as a green manure.

Trotting stock, except for extreme speed, is suffering from over-production, but there is and probably always will be a profitable market for handsome, useful, half-bred hackneys.

Never believe the man who says he can remove a spavine of ring-bone and leave no blemish. Even if he calls himself a professor, do not question food. This is a costly substitute and his title-that is what he is and all

Two parts each of bran and ground wheat and one of chopped oats make the best ration for brood mares. They it, three times a day, with hay or straw.

Feed that will make a pound of beef will make a pound of butter or two pounds of cheese. If butter and cheese bring more than beef there is money in dairying, rather than stockraising.

Barn manures are generally more economically used when applied to farm crops than when applied to orchards; yet they can be used with good results, particularly when rejuvenating old orehards.

Whole wheat should not be fed to horses, they swallow it without chewing, and it ferments in their stomachs, producing indigestion and colic, or passes through unchanged. It should be either soaked to burst the grains, or coarsely ground, for the same pur-

In general, the commercial complete fertilizers are less practical for orchards than a fertilizer made for the occasion out of materials evidently needed by the trees; but the complete fertilizers give much better results than the prevailing indifference and neglect.

Any cow that will give less that twelve pounds of solids in every 100 horses, except in the very smallest of her milk, three pounds of which quantities, and then more as medicine should be butter fat, is not profitable, than as food. It is much better for and should be converted into beef. an old horse than for a young growing There should be thirteen pounds of animal, and while it may be fed with solids in every 100 of milk, with four --- ands of actual butter fat.

A WOMAN'S NERVES.

THE STORY OF A WOMAN TO WHOM NOISE WAS TORTURE.

Prostrated by the Least Excitement-Physicians Baffied By Her Case.

(From the Gate City, Keokuk, Iona.) Mrs. Helen Meyers, whose home is at 3515 Vernon avenue, Chicago, and whose visit to Keokuk, Ia., will long be remembered, was at one time afflicted with a nervous malady which at times drove her nearly to distraction. "Those terrible headaches are a thing of the past," she said the other day to a Gate City representative, "and there is quite a story in connection with it too.

*My nervous system sustained a great shock some fifteen yers ago, brought on, I believe, through too much worrying over family matters, and then allowing my love for my books to get the better of my discretion where my health was concerned. Why, whenever my affairs at home did not go along just as I expected, I would invariably become prostrated from the excitement and I would consider myself fortunate indeed if the effects of the attack would not remain for a week. I was obliged to give up our pleasant home not far fron the Lake shore. drive, because I could not stand the noise in that locality. I could find no place in the city which I deemed suitable to one whose nervous system was always on the point of explosion. To add to my misfortunes my complexion underwent a change and I looked so yellow and sallow that I was

ashamed to venture from the house at all 'Madam,' said my doctor to me soon after an unusually severe attack of the malady, 'unless you leave the city and seek some place of quiet, you will never recover.' So I concluded I would visit my uncle, who lives in Dallas County, Iowa, and whose farm would surely be a good place for one in my pitiable condition. I picked up the Gale City one day and happened to come in my pitiable condition. I ploked up the Gate City one day and happened to come across an interesting recital of the recovery of some woman in New York State who was afflicted as I had been. This woman had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I thought that if Pink Pills cured that woman they might do the same for me. I began to take the pills according to directions and I began to feel better from the start. After I had taken several boxes of them I was ready to go back to Chicago. My nervousness was gone and my complexion was as fresh as that of any sixteen-year-old girl in Iowa, and Pink Pills is what put the color in my cheeks. No wonder I am in such high spirits and feel like a prize fighter. And no wonder I like to come to Keokuk for if it had not been for Pink Pills bought from a Keokuk firm I would not have been alive now," laughingly concluded the lady. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the

elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

Protection Against Pneumonia.

An English physician calls attention to a means of keeping pneumonia, colds, chills, and all the affments that cold weather brings on, at a distance. Deep and forced respirations, he says, will keep the entire body in a glow in the coldest weather, no matter how thinly one may be clad. He was himself half frozen to death one night. and began taking deep breaths and keeping the air in his lungs as long as possible. The result was that he was thoroughly comfortable in a few minutes. The deep respirations, he says, stimulate the blood current by direct muscular exertion, and cause the entire system to become pervaded with the rapidly generated heat. - New York Sun.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y. Cassandra is from the Greek and means a

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

With local applications, as they cannot reach
the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or
constitutional disease, and in order to cure
it you must take internal remedies. Hall's
Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's
Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was
prescribed by one of the best physicians in this
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It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect
combination of the two ingredients is what
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The Most Pleasant Way

Of preventing the grippe, colds, headaches and fevers is to use the liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs, whenever the system needs a gentle, yet effective cleansing. To be benefited one must get the true remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrap Co. only. For sale by all druggists in 50c. and \$1 bottles. "An Ounce

of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Ripans Tabules do not weigh an ounce but they contain many pounds of good. One tabule gives relief. Try for yourself the next time you have a headache or bilious attack.

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Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

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