

Sunday in London.

Talk about the Sunday law and its enforcement in Baltimore! It does not compare to the observance of that day in this great city. One hardly knows London to-day, after the bustle and whirl of yesterday. The stores have closed, the wagons have disappeared, the cabs seem to run more quietly, and the people seem almost afraid to speak aloud. What a contrast after a continental Sabbath! I was hungry this morning, and thought I would go to the Criterion and get lunch. Imagine my surprise when I arrived at that restaurant and found it closed, the Gaiety and St. James likewise. All down the Strand, up in the West End, and even in "the city" the restaurants were closed tighter than the proverbial clam. Not a place to eat on Sunday save the dining-room of a hotel. The chophouses, the "grill-rooms" and the "buffets" are closed until 6 o'clock in the evening, and even the drinking bars and ale-houses—as far as exteriors are concerned—are dark and uninviting. Unless you know the proprietor, and can enter by the "family" or "whole-sale liquor" entrance there is no use trying to get in before 1 o'clock. There are plenty of churches to visit and good sermons are preached, and the people seem to take advantage of this and go to church. At Spurgeon's tabernacle the crowd is always great, and every stranger pays it one visit at least. When you approach the entrance you are met by a verger or official who gives you an envelope. This envelope requests you to give a contribution—a penny or more—and drop it in the box provided. The far-seeing, as well as the charitable, do this, and to them the side gate or door is open. The sexton places you in a back seat and requests you to wait until 10:50 o'clock. The rule is, pew-holders must be in their seats by that time or lose their places. When the hour arrives the sexton tells you to go up the aisle and take any vacant seat. When those who have contributed are seated, the great doors are opened and the crowd admitted. Then the services begin.—*Col. Ballymore American.*

Cooking Apples.

When apples are plenty they may be so cooked as to form an important article of diet, and that too without cloying the appetite. The core removed through the blossom end of fair, sour apples, the cavities filled with sugar and the apples baked, will make a nice dessert. Sweet apples are delicious when boiled in sugar and served in their own syrup. Apple shortcakes and dumplings are variously made. One of the best is to fill a baking dish half full of tart, easily-cooked apples; spread over it a dough of sour cream, made stiff with flour, and a little salt and soda, and bake. Eat with sweetened cream, or a nice sauce made of one-third of a cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, two table-spoonfuls of corn starch, one table-spoonful of vinegar, half a nutmeg, and a pint of boiling water. Nice apple dumplings can be made while stewing apples, either fresh or dried. Take a cupful of rich, sour cream, with salt and soda, and stir quite stiff with flour. When the apples are nearly done drop the batter on top, a spoonful in a place; then cover the stew-pan and cook rather slowly until done. Take off the dumplings and lay each in a saucer with a bit of butter on top; then sweeten the apple sauce, and cover the dumpling with it until the saucers are full. When stewing apples, add occasionally a little lemon or orange peel; always stir a little butter with the sugar; sometimes slice the apples thin, add sugar, a little butter and cinnamon, and stew very slowly and not quite soft. Baked sweet apples are exceedingly healthful, and with bread and milk make a nice supper for little folks. Crab apples either whole or quartered, are good if stewed in sweetened water. Fresh apples, mellow, or crisp and juicy, deserve a place on the dinner and tea-table, and are sure to be much relished.—*Country Gentleman.*

"Iron John's" Grief.

The tenderness of Lord Lawrence to his little children, to all little children indeed, was exquisite and unfailing.

The small Bertie, his youngest son, born during his residence in England before his appointment as Governor General, was especially dear to the father's heart. "The moment," says the biographer, "that Sir John returned from his work at the India office he might have been seen, if it was a summer's evening, tramping over the fields with his young child over his shoulders, and as the boy grew older, and was able to walk alone, he would follow his father about like a dog, trying to walk as he did, with his hands crossed behind him.

In the winter evenings he would keep a keen lookout for his father's arrival at the door, and follow him into his room, where they would play together by the hour; and after Sir John had been called away to India, it was long before the child could be persuaded that the usual hour in the afternoon would not bring his father to the door of the house again. Of all the trials which the new Governor General had to face in leaving his home, I am inclined to think that there was no trial equal to that of leaving this child permanently behind him. "I shall never see Bertie again" he said, and, once more the strong-hearted man burst into tears. Not that he was looking forward to his own death in India, but that he knew that the child whom he did look forward one day to see again in the flesh could not be the same child. The infant would have grown into a boy, the long hair, and the half-formed words, and the simple child-like trust, and the hundred nameless charms which go to make up a young child, would be clean gone. There was something in the thought which was almost as hard to bear as the thought of death itself.—*Life of Lord Lawrence.*

A Pleasant Proposal.

"Don't you love the smell of a good cigar?" inquired an Austin antipodes of Vanderbilt of Gus de Smith.

"You bet I do," replied Gus, his face brightening up with anticipation.

"Have you got 10 cents about your person?" inquired the first speaker again.

"Yes; what of it?" asked Gus.

"Well, you give me 10 cents, and that with the money I will purchase a prime cigar."

"But what will I get," said Gus.

"Why, you'll get the smell which you say you do upon so much."—*Texas Siftings.*

Do More Horse-Back Riding.

I don't think the girls in the country, or the boys either, for that matter, do half enough horse-back riding. It is the exception in my "neck of the woods" to see a youth of either sex riding a horse for pleasure or to do village errands. The universal buggy, in its fu-

nereal black, has taken the place of the saddle, the trot, and the canter. I believe, with Dr. Holmes, that "the outside of a horse is good for the inside of a man," and wish the boys and girls, and the young men and women, would take to the saddle as those did of a generation ago. Dio Lewis may be considered a little cranky by "regular" (old fogey) practitioners, but his writings are fuller of common-sense suggestions than an old school pill is of calomel, and they are worth ten times as much to an invalid. In speaking of a consumptive case cured (lungs healed) by daily exercise on horse-back, he says: "Of course I do not disparage other features of the needed regimen, but the saddle-horse is the Hamlet of this play. I do not believe in 'specifics,' but the saddle, in consumption, comes very near one."—*Prairie Farmer.*

Japanese Gardens.

The love of flowers, shrubs and trees is widely spread in Japan; even in the busy commercial quarters of the large towns almost every house has its garden spot with its tiny dwarf shrubs. These dwarf shrubs and trees probably owe their origin to the narrow limits of space, and their production is carried on to such a ridiculous degree that a Dutch merchant was shown a box three inches deep, and with a square inch of surface, in which a bamboo, a fir and a plum tree, the latter in full bloom, were growing and thriving. The price was about \$400. The method of dwarfing was by checking the circulation of the sap, cramping the extension of the branches, chilling the roots in flat iron pots, which are kept constantly cold and wet. Many dwarf plants have striped or variegated leaves, and the production of such varieties, both dwarfed and in the natural size, is a famous hobby with Japanese gardeners. In the portions of the garden immediately surrounding the house, no tree or shrub is allowed to retain its natural size, but within one sees fans, ships in full sail, round tables, candelabra, large crescents and stiff, rectangular walls. A soft, velvet-like turf covers the ground, and the clean gravel paths are bordered with gay stones, dwarf trees and flower vases. From the artificial rivulets rise mossy little rocks to which tiny bridges of every conceivable shape lead. Such spots require too much care and attention to admit of wide extension, and so they generally occupy but a comparatively small space in front of the mansion. High, pruned hedges enclose these green boudoirs, where nature is disguised and cued as conventional culture and the usage of "good society" demand. Without these lies the larger part of the garden, where nature is left more to herself. Japanese gardens look most beautiful toward the end of autumn, when the foliage of the maple assumes a bright, purple hue, and the azaleas and wax trees are clothed in dark purple tints. About this time, too, the winter chrysanthemum is in bloom; it is the favorite flower of the Japanese, who possess countless varieties of it. The size and splendor of its star-like flowers are often incredible.—*J. Douglas, in Gardener's Chronicle.*

Sex in Seasickness.

"Are women more subject to seasickness than men?"

"Yes; but, on the other hand, they stand it better. A woman struggles right up to the point of despair against the—what I call the impropriety of the thing. She isn't so much tortured by the pang as she is worried by the prospect of becoming disheveled, haggard and draggled. She fights against it to the last and keeps up appearances as long as she can hold up her head. Then she becomes mandarin and pathetic. She takes her room and invariably asks three questions. First, whether people die frequently of seasickness; then, how many miles we are from shore, and, lastly, when will we get there. She also often asks me how deep the water is, and if I think it possible for any one to go seven days without food. The doctor is always talked over. When the patient gets so ill that she loses interest in the doctor she usually lies on her side and cries by the hour. Luckily, the more violent attacks only last a short time."

"How is it with men?"

"Oh, men give in at once. They blow like bulls and make a great rumpus until they are compelled to take to their berths. Then they grumble and swear until they are well enough to go on deck again. A great many passengers come aboard loaded with medicines and schemes for the prevention of seasickness. I never knew a preventive yet, except the one I mentioned when we first began to talk."—*Old Steward, in Philadelphia Record.*

The Education of Ministers.

President Eliot struck the note when he claimed that ministers ought to be educated to understand the social spirit and forces of the age. The study of sociology is just as important as the study of theology. You must have knowledge of both. Men who have preached about God what they did not know; they are preaching about man to the ignorant of the divine revelation; what is most needed is that they shall put the Christian church before our communities as the divine state of human society. It is, doubtless, important to swell the membership of churches; but it is vastly more important to make our American Christianity respectable enough to secure the assent and cooperation and enthusiasm of the capable young men of the community.—*Boston Herald.*

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The Little Model Republic.

VALPARAISO, CHILI.—Senor Ricardo Stoven, a leading commission merchant of this city, after having exhausted all other remedies, has been completely cured of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-banisher. He makes this public.

Sensation in Plants.

M. Figuier believes that a plant has the sensation of pleasure and of pain. Cold, for instance, he says, affects it painfully. We see it contract, or, so to speak, shiver under a sudden or violent depression of temperature. An abnormal elevation of temperature evidently caused it to suffer, for in many vegetables, when the heat is excessive, the leaves droop on the stalk, fold themselves together and wither; when the cool of the evening comes, the leaves straighten, and the plant resumes a serene and undisturbed appearance. Drought causes evident suffering to plants, for when they are watered after a prolonged drought they show signs of satisfaction. The sensitive plant, touched by the finger, or only visited by a current of unwelcome air, folds its petals and contracts itself. The botanist, Desfontaines, saw one, which he was conveying in a carriage, fold its leaves while the vehicle was in motion and expand them when it stopped—a proof that it was the motion that disturbed it. Sensation in plants is of the same kind as in animals, since electricity kills and crushes them as it does animals. Plants may also be put to sleep by washing them in opium dissolved in water and hydrocyanic acid destroys their vitality as quick as it does that of animals.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

A PERSIAN can either marry, purchase or hire a wife for a specified time, and he is bound to support the offspring.

A Happy Exemption.

Or relief from any and all the disagreeable symptoms which proceed from disorder of the liver is experienced by those who use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as an auxiliary of health or a remedy for disease. Constipation, yellowness of the skin, nausea, headache and pains through the right side and shoulder blade are the most unknown to the illusus patient who resorts to it and against those malady ailments, of which derangement of the liver is an invariably attendant, and which it injures and fosters, this standard medicine is almost as effective as a pleasant safeguard. Remedy of the liver is a sure and safe one.

It is a permanent attainment by the use of average cathartics—Invariably results from its use, and complete of the nerves and sound digestion of the liver, which are the chief causes of disease, and the most effective in the reforming of the kidneys and inactivity of the kidneys and bladder.

A CONTEMPORARY mentions a case beyond

the ordinary oculist. It is that of a young lady who, instead of a pupil, has a college student in her eye.

An illustration of stingsness is cited by a writer, who knows a man who talks through his nose in order to save the wear and tear of his false teeth.

It's hard to believe Miss Whittier was cured of such terrible sores by Hood's Sarsaparilla, but reliable people prove it.

DO NOT WASTE TIME AND MONEY STUDYING FASHION-PLATES. GO TO CHURCH.

"WHEN we say that Samaritan Nerve cures rheumatism, we mean it!"—*Frisco Journal.*

THE first Doctor of Divinity is said to have been "O. Fiddle, D. D."

DR. B. F. LAUGHLIN, Oldo, Kan., writes:

"Samaritan Nerve cures fits."

AN editor offers a reward of \$5 for the best treatise on "How to make out-door life attractive to all."—*W. H. Ward, late Col. 6th N. Y. Guard.*

LOST FAITH IN PHYSICIANS.

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