TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SERMON DELIVERED IN WASHINGTON LAST SUNDAY.

Beware of the Special Allurements of the Season—Parents Should Make Home Attractive—Arm the Young Against Temptations—Rum Horrors.

The Opening Winter.

Last Sunday Dr. Talmage chose as the subject of his sermon "The Opening Winter." Although the cold comes earlier or later, according to the latitude, this sermon is sooner or later as appropriate everywhere as it is in Washington. The text selected will be found in Titus iii., 12, "I have determined there to winter."

Paul was not independent of the seasons. He sent for his overcoat to Troas on a memorable occasion. And now in the text he is making arrangements for the approaching cold weather and makes an appointment with Titus to meet him at Necropolis, saying, "I have determined there to winter." Well, this is the 8th day of December and the second Sabbath of winter. We have had a few shrill, sharp blasts already, forerunners of whole regiments of storms and tempests. No one here needs to be told that we are in the opening gates of the winter. This season is not only a test of one's physical endurance, but in our great cities is a test of moral character. A vast number of people have by one winter of dissipation been destroyed, and forever. Seated in our homes on some stormy night, the winds howling outside, we imagine the shipping helplessly driven on the coast, but any winter night, if our ears were good enough, we could hear the crash of a thousand moral shipwrecks. There are many people who came to the cities on the 1st of September who will be blasted by the 1st of March. At this season of the year temptations are especially rampant. Now that the long winter evenings have come, there are many who will employ them in high pursuits, intelligent socialities, in Christian work, in the strengthening and ennobling of moral character, and this winter to many of you will be the brightest and the best of all your lives, and in anticipation I congratulate you. But to others it may not have such effect, and I charge you, my beloved, look out where you spend your winter nights.

Evil Allurements.

In the first place, I have to remark that at this season of the year the evil allurements are especially busy. There is not very much temptation for a man to plunge in on a hot night amid blazing gaslights and to breathe the fetid air of an assemblage, but in the cold nights satan gathers a great harvest. At such times the grogshops in one night make more than in four or five nights in summer. At such times the playbills of low places of entertainment seem especially attractive, and the acting is especially impressive and the applause especially bewitching. Many a man who has kept right all the rest of the year will be capsized now, and though last autumn he came from the country, and there was luster in the eye, and there were roses in the cheek and elasticity in the step, by the time the spring hour has come you will pass him in the street and say to your friends: "What's the matter with that man? How differently he looks from what he looked last September!" Slain of one winter's dissipation. At this time of the year there are many entertainments. If we rightly employ them and they are of the right kind, they enlarge our socialities, allow us to make important acquaintances, build up in our morals and help up in a thousand ways. I can scarcely think of anything better than good neighborhood. But there are those entertainments from which others will come besoiled in character. There are those who by the springtime will be broken down in health, and, though at the opening of the season their prospects were bright, at the close of the season they will be in the hands of the doctors or sleeping in the cemetery. The certificate of death will be made out, and the physician, to save the feelings of the family, will call the disease by a Latin name. But the doctor knows, and everybody knows, they died of too many levees. Away with all these wine drinking convivialities. How dare you, the father of a family, tempt the appetites of the young people? Perhaps at the enterment, to save the feelings of the minister or some other weak temperance man, you leave the decanter in a side room, and only a few people are invited there to partake, but it is easy enough to know when you come out by the glare of your eye and the stench of your breath that you have been serving the devil.

Practice Self Control.

Men simetimes excuse themselves and say after late suppers it is necessary to take some sort of stimulant to aid digestion. My plain opinion is that if you have no more self control than to stuff yourself until your digestive organs refuse their office you had better not call yourself a man, but class yourself among the beasts that perish. At this season of the year the Young Men's Christians Associations of the land send out circulars asking the pastors to speak a word on this subject, and so I sound in your ear the words of the Lord God Almighty, "Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips." Rejoice that you have come to the glad winter months that remind you of the times when in your childhood you were shone on by the face of father, mother, brothers, sisters, some of them, alas! no more to meet you with a "Happy New Year," or a "Merry Christmas." But again and again have we seen on New Year's day the sons of some of the best families drunk, and young men have excused themselves by the fact that the wine cup has been offered by the ladies, and again and again it has been found out that a lady's hand has kindled the young man's thirst for strong drink, and long after all the attractions of the holiday have passed that same woman crouches in her rags, and her desolation, and her woe under the uplifted hand of the drunken monster to whom she had passed the fascinating cup on New Year's day. If we want to go to ruin, let us go alone and not take others with us. Can we not sacrifice our feelings if need be? When the good ship London went down, the captain was told that he might escape in one of the lifeboats. "No," he replied, "I'll go down with the passengers." All the world applauded his heroism. And can we not sacrifice our tastes and our appetites for the rescue of others? Surely it is not a very great sacrifice. Oh, mix not with the innocent beverage of the holiday the poison of adders! Mix not with the white sugar of the cup the snow of this awful leprosy! Mar not the clatter of the cutlery of the festal occasion with the clank of a madman's chain!

Pass down the street and look into the pawnbroker's window. Elegant watch, elegant furs, elegant flute, elegant shoes, elegant scarf, elegant books, elegant mementoes. You sometimes see people with pleased countenances looking into such a window. When I look into a pawnbroker's window, it seems to me as if I had looked into the window of hell! To whom did that watch belong? To a drunkard. To whom did those furs belong? To a drunkard's wife. To whom did those shoes belong? To a drunkard's child. I take the three brazen balls at the doorway of a pawnbroker's shop and I clank them together, sounding the knell of the drunkard's soul. A pawnbroker's shop is only one of the eddies in the great torrent of municipal drunkenness. "Oh," says some one, "I don't patronize such things. I have destroyed no young man by such influences. I only take ale, and it will take a great amount of ale to intoxicate." Yes, but I tell you there is not a drunkard in America that did not begin with ale. Three X's—I do not know what they mean. Three X's on the brewer's dray, three X's on the door of the ginshop, three X's on the side of the bottle. Three X's. I asked a man. He could not tell. I asked another what is the meaning of the three X's. He could not tell me. Then I made up my mind that the three X's were an allegory, and that they meant thirty heartbreaks, thirty agonies, thirty broken up households, thirty prospects of a drunkard's grave, thirty ways to perdition. Three X's. If I were going to write a story, the first chapter I would call "Three X's" and the last chapter I would call "The Pawnbroker's Shop." Oh, beware of your influence.

Curse of Modern Society.

The winter season is especially full of temptation, because of the long evenings allowing such full swing for evil indulgences. You can scarcely expect a young man to go into his room and sit there from 7 to 11 o'clock in the evening reading Motley's "Dutch Republic" or John Foster's essays. It would be a very beautiful thing for him to do, but he will not do it. The most of our young men are busy in offices, in factories, in banking houses, in stores, in shops, and when evening comes they want the fresh air and they want sightseeing, and they must have it, they will have it, and they ought to have it. Most of the men here assembled will have three or four evenings of leisure on the winter nights. After tea, the man puts on his hat and coat, and he goes out. One form of allurement says, "Come in here." Satan says: "It is best for you to go in. You ought not to be so green. By this time you ought to have seen everything." And the temptations shall be mighty in dull times such as we have had, but which, I believe, are gone, for I hear all over the land the prophecy of great prosperity, and the railroad men and the merchants, they all tell me of the days of prosperity they think are coming, and in many departments they have already come, and they are going to come in all departments, but those dull times through which we have passed have destroyed a great many men. The question of a livelihood is with a vast multitude the great question. There are young men who expected before this to set up their household, but they have been disappointed in the gains they have made. They cannot support themselves—how can they support others? And to the curse of modern society the theory is abroad that a man must not marry until he has achieved a fortune, when the twain ought to start at the foot of the hill and together climb to the top.

That is the old fashioned way, and that will be the new fashioned way if society is ever redeemed. But during the hard times, the dull times, so many men were discouraged, so many men had nothing to do—they could get nothing to do—a pirate bore down on the ship when the sails were down and the vessel was making no headway. People say they want more time to think. The trouble is too many people have had too much time to think, and if our merchants had not had their minds diverted many of them would long before this have been within the four walls of an insane asylum. These long winter evenings, be careful where you spend them. This winter will decide the temporal and eternal destiny of hundreds of men in this audience.

Unattractive Homes.

Then the winter has especial temptations in the fact that many homes are peculiarly unattractive at this season. In the summer months the young man can sit out on the steps, or he can have a bouquet in the vase on the mantel, or, the evenings being so short, soon after gaslight he wants to retire anyhow. But there are many parents who do not understand how to make the long winter evenings attractive to their children. It is amazing to me that so many old people do not understand young people. To hear some of these parents talk you would think they had never themselves been young and had been born with spectacles on. Oh, it is dolorous for young people to sit in the house from 7 to 11 o'clock at night and to hear parents groan about their ailments and the nothingness of this world. The nothingness of this world? How dare you talk such blasphemy? It took God six days to make this world, and he has allowed 6,000 years to hang upon his holy heart, and this world has shone on you and blessed you and caressed you for these fifty or seventy years, and yet you dare talk about the nothingness of this world! Why, it is a magnificent world. I do not believe in the whole universe there is a world equal to it except it be heaven. You cannot expect your children to stay in the house these long winter evenings to hear you denounce this star lighted, sun warmed, shower baptized, flower strewn, angel watched, God inhabited planet.

Oh, make your home bright! Bring in the violin or the picture. It does not require a great salary, or a big house, or chased silver, or gorgeous upholstery to make a happy home. All that is wanted is a father's heart, a mother's heart, in sympathy with young folks. I have known a man with $700 salary, and he had no other income, but he had a home so happy and bright that, though the sons have gone out and won large fortunes and the daughters have gone out into splendid spheres and become princesses of society, they can never think of that early home without tears of emotion. It was to them the vestibule of heaven, and all their mansions now, and all their palaces now, cannot make them forget that early place. Make your homes happy. You go around your house growling about your rheumatisms and acting the lugubrious, and your sons will go into the world and plunge into dissipation. They will have their own rheumatisms after awhile. Do not forestall their misfortunes. You were young once, and you had your bright and joyous times. Now let the young folks have a good time. I stood in front of a house and I said to the owner of the house, "This is a splendid tree." He said in a whining tone, "Yes, but it will fade." I walked round his garden and said, "This is a glorious garden you have." "Yes," he said, "but it will perish." Then he said to my little child, whom I was leading along, "Come and kiss me." The child protested and turned away. He said, "Oh, the perversity of human nature!" Who would want to kiss him? I was not surprised to find out that his only son had become a vagabond. You may groan people out of decency, but you can never groan them into it, and I declare in the presence of these men and women of common sense that it is a most important thing for you to make your homes bright if you want your sons and daughters to turn out well.

Arm Against Temptation.

Alas, that old people so much misunderstand young folks! There was a great Sunday school anniversary, and there were thousands of children present. Indeed all the Sunday schools of the town were in the building, and it was very uproarious and full of disturbance, and the presiding officer on the occasion came forward and in a very loud tone shouted, "Silence!" and the more noise the presiding officer made the more noise the children made. Some one else rose on the platform and came forward and with more stentorian voice shouted "Silence!" and the uproar rose to greater height, and it did seem as if there would be almost a riot and the police have to be called in when old Dr. Beaman, his hair white as the driven snow, said, "Let me try my hand." So he came forward with a slow step to the front of the platform, and when the children saw the venerable man and the white hair they thought they would hush up that instant and hear what the old man had to say. He said: "Boys, I want to make a bargain with you. If you will be still now while I speak, when you get to be as old as I am I will be as still as a mouse." There was not another whisper that afternoon. He was as much a boy as any of them. Oh, in these approaching holidays let us turn back our natures to what they were years ago and be boys again and girls again and make all our homes happy. God will hold you responsible for the influence you now exert, and it will be very bright and very pleasant if some winter night when we are sleeping under the blankets of snow our children shall ride along in the merry party, and hushing a moment into solemnity look off and say, "There sleep the best father and mother that ever made a happy new year." Arm yourself against these temptations of December, January and February. Temptations will come to you in the form of an angel of light.

I know that the poets represent satan as horned and hoofed. If I were a poet and I were going to picture satan, I would represent him as a human being, with manners polished to the last perfection, hair falling in graceful ringlets, eyes a little bloodshot, but floating in bewitching languor, hand soft and diamonded, foot exquisitely shaped, voice mellow as a flute, breath perfumed as though nothing had ever touched the lips but balm of a thousand flowers, conversation facile, carefully toned and Frenchy. But I would have the heart incased with the scales of a monster, and have it stuffed with all pride and beastliness of desire and hypocrisy and death, and then I would have it touched with the rod of disenchantment until the eyes became the cold orbs of the adder, and to the lip should come the foam of raging intoxication, and to the foot the spring of the panther, and to the soft hand the change that would make it the clammy hand of the wasted skeleton, and then I would suddenly have the heart break out in unquenchable flames, and the affected lisp of the tongue become the hiss of the worm that never dies. But until disenchanted, ringleted and diamonded and flute voiced, and conversation facile, carefully toned and Frenchy.

Engage in High Pursuits.

Oh, what a beautiful thing it is to see a young man standing up amid these temptations of city life incorrupt while hundreds are failing. I will tell your history. You will move in respectable circles all your days, and some day a friend of your father will meet you and say: "Good morning. Glad to see you. You seem to be prospering. You look like your father for all the world. I thought you would turn out well when I used to hold you on my knee. If you ever want any help or any advice, come to me. As long as I remember your father I'll remember you. Good morning." That will be the history of hundreds of these young men. How do I know it? I know it by the way you start. But here's a young man who takes the opposite route. Voices of sin charm him away. He reads bad books, mingles in bad society. The glow has gone from his cheek, and the sparkle from his eye, and the purity from his soul. Down he goes, little by little. The people who saw him when he came to town while yet hovered over his head the blessing of a pure mother's prayer, and there was on his lips the dew of a pure sister's kiss, now as they see him pass cry, "What an awful wreck!" Cheek bruised in grogshop fight. Eye bleared with dissipation. Lip swollen with indulgences. Be careful what you say to him; for a trifle he would take your life.

Lower down, lower down, until, outcast of God and man, he lies in the asylum, a blotch of loathsomeness and pain. One moment he calls for God, and then he calls for rum. He prays; he curses; he laughs as a fiend laughs, then bites his nails into the quick, then puts his hand through the hair hanging around his head like the mane of a wild beast, then shivers until the cot shakes with unutterable terror, then with his fists fights back the devils or clutches for serpents that seem to wind around him their awful folds, then asks for water which is instantly consumed on his cracked lips. Some morning the surgeon going his rounds will find him dead. Do not try to comb out or brush back the matted locks. Straighten out the limbs, wrap them in a sheet, put him in a box and let two men carry him down to the wagon at the door. With a piece of chalk write on top of the box the name of the destroyer and the destroyed. Who is it? It is you, O man, if, yielding to the temptations of a dissipated life, you go out and perish. There is a way that seemeth bright and fair and beautiful to a man, but the end thereof is death. Employ these long nights of December, January and February in high pursuits, in intelligent socialities, in innocent amusements, in Christian work. Do not waste this winter, for soon you will have seen your last snow shower and have gone up into the companionship of him whose raiment is white as snow, whiter than any fuller on earth could whiten it. For all Christian hearts the winter nights of earth will end in the June morning of heaven. The river of life from under the throne never freezes over. The foliage of life's fair tree is never frost-bitten. The festivities, the hilarities, the family greetings of earthly Christmas times will give way to larger reunion and brighter lights and sweeter garlands and mightier joy in the great holiday of heaven.

The Largest Toy Factory.

The largest toy factory in the world is in New York, where playthings in tin are manufactured literally by the million. It stands five stories high, and turns out 1,607 distinct varieties of tin toys. No. 1 is a tin horse; 1,607 a tin menagerie. The output of circular tin whistles is 2,000,000 per annum. To make a tin horse twelve inches long dies have to be cast costing $75. The children of different countries have different tastes, but tin swords are wanted all over the world, the military instinct being as universal in the nurseries as in the courts and cabinets of the world.

Axle Grease for the North Pole.

Bill Nye might be mistaken by a stranger for a judge, and, as a matter of fact, he was a lawyer, when lack of practice drove him into newspaper work in Laramie. He is a man of very sober demeanor, and rarely cracks jokes outside of newspaper columns. He has been known, however, to play a practical joke on a friend. John Fox, Jr., says that when Lieut. Greeley started on his expedition to the north pole Nye gave him a sealed box that was not to be opened until he had reached his farthest point north. It contained axle-grease for the pole.

The Difference.

Johnnie—What's the difference between a visit and a visitation?

Pa—A visit, my son, is when we go to see your grandmother on your mother's side.

"Yes."

"A visitation is when she comes to see us."

OUR RURAL READERS.

SOMETHING HERE THAT WILL INTEREST THEM.

A Winter Poultry House that Has Much to Commend It—New Way to Keep Green Fodder—Hog-Killing Suggestions—Home-made Scraper.

Winter Poultry House.

The accompanying illustration, taken from the Agriculturist, shows a poultry house that has much to commend it. For best results fowls must have a chance to scratch in the open air in winter and in stormy weather, and that, too, without being obliged to go on to the snow or out into the rain. An open scratching shed answers the purpose admirably. Such a house may be built to a somewhat extended length, as suggested in the illustration, and so be used for a number of breeds, or for numerous flocks of the same breed; or it may be made of a length to have a single closed room and an accompanying open shed. The latter may have a stout cloth curtain to fit down snugly over the opening on days when the snow would drift into the sheds. Plenty of light would come through the cloth to make it a pleasant place for fowls to

COMFORTABLE POULTRY HOUSE.

scratch in, even on stormy days; or a light pair of doors, with some glass in them, could be used. Each closed room and open shed should have their yard in front, and litter should be provided in the shed in which to scatter grain. Such a scratching room will also be found serviceable in hot weather, when fowls are sure to seek shelter if it is to be found. Doors open straight through the entire building, these being located on the back side.

To Keep Green Fodder.

In the first place, let me say that during the past year we have been struggling with the question of green feed, how to grow and how to preserve it. The trouble has been to preserve the food as nearly green as possible without danger of rotting, and without the expense of building a silo, and it was thought this might be accomplished by stacking the corn when well cured between layers of straw. We commenced our stack with a foot of straw on the ground, then a layer of the green grain, then another foot of straw, and so on till the stack was completed, says the Manitoba Farmer. We now have a stack containing between fifty and sixty tons of feed. The fodder is in very good condition—the stack having been opened just shortly before I left. The corn did not freeze. We chopped it before feeding. I think I may say that we have solved the problem of green feed and its preservation. We averaged fourteen tons to the acre of North Dakota Flint, and it cost us at the rate of $1.40 per ton green.

Home-made Earth Scraper.

Iron shovels or scrapers for removing earth are somewhat expensive. A good substitute can be made at home, after the plan shown in the accompanying illustration. It should be of hard wood, and the edge in front should

EARTH SCRAPER.

be covered with sheet iron, after which an old piece of crosscut saw may be fastened beneath the edge and turned up at the sides, as shown in the sketch. The iron straps to which the chain is attached should go around the back as well as the sides of the scraper, to give strength. Such an implement is exceedingly handy on the farm for leveling off ridges and filling depressions, and for scraping up into heaps the manure that becomes scattered over the barnyard.—Orange Judd Farmer.

A Select List of Apples.

An enthusiastic reader of the Independent asks for a list of ten apples and ten pears for successive home use. He wishes them to cover the year from July to May. I am sure that, if such a list were made out once a month, more inquiries would come in covering the same ground. But here is a list that will go: Red Astrachan, Summer Rose, Early Strawberry, Gravenstein, Hubbardston, Pound Sweet, Fameure, Shiawasse Beauty, King, Northern Spy, Rhode Island Greening, Swaar, Roxbury Russet. That is as near ten as I can get and not leave out too many. As it is, I omit half a dozen very choice fruits. As for ten pears, I should select Margaret, Bartlett, Flemish Beauty, Sheldon, Hardy Seckel, Lawrence, Anjou, Josephine and Quince Bonne on quince stock. This does not include all really choice pears, but is a good list, and will reach from August to April.

Water in Butter.

On the question of water in butter, a butter-maker says in a dairy paper: "The amount of water that butter will retain depends on the temperature at which the creameries churn, the size of the granules, and the way the butter is handled afterwards. I have found out that to have butter contain from twelve to fifteen per cent. of water, the following conditions must be observed: The cream must be rich and fat, and churned at a low temperature, washed just enough to get the milk out, and then worked once. I have had the butter analyzed every day for a year under these conditions, and it was found to contain about this amount of water at all times."

Hog-Killing Suggestions.

The work of hog killing is always done in cold weather. The alteration of exposure to severe winds and to a temperature of scalding water makes the work doubly disagreeable. It will pay for health and comfort to have the work of dressing the hog done under a shed where snow and winds cannot come. For very heavy hogs ropes and tackle to aid in lifting the carcasses will be a great assistance and saving of heavy labor. It is well also to have a thermometer to test the water for scalding. Many farmers think they can guess this closely enough, but they waste more time from having water too hot, thus setting the hair more firmly than would pay for a dozen thermometers. The temperature of water for scalding should be between 180 and 190 degrees. When the water is thrown on the hog cover it quickly with hair or woolen cloths, until the heat has effected the loosening of the hair.

Slow and Fast Husking.

There is a great difference in the amount of corn that can be husked by men who have had equal practice in the art. Much depends on how the husker began when he learned his business. We remember an old man who had always an apparently slow motion in handling stalks and detaching the husks from the ears. Yet he would husk forty to fifty bushels of good corn in a day, putting up the stalks as he went along. The secret was that he made every motion tell. There was just the same way of seizing the stalk each time, and the same method of stripping the husks and breaking off the ear. It makes hard work for the hands if pursued all day. It usually takes sixty to seventy ears of corn to fill a bushel basket so that it will shell out a bushel. Multiply this by forty or fifty bushels, and it will be seen that there is no time to be lost by a husker who will get out that number of bushels of ears in a day.—Ex.

A New Mechanical Milker.

A continuous gaspipe passes along the bottom of the manger in front of each stall, and to it is attached a rubber hose four feet long, to which are attached the milking-cups. These cups are fastened over the teats of the cow, and are held there by air-pressure, the suction quickly drawing the milk from the udder. The pressure for the entire number of cows is supplied by a machine outdoors, says Hoard's Dairyman. The cows take very kindly to the new mechanism; in fact, if their actions count for anything, it is away ahead of the old process. The iron pipe leads to a large reservoir, and the most absolute cleanliness is insured. Two men can fasten the cups and milk one hundred cows an hour.

Feed Your Grain.

It sounds passing strange in these days of cheap oats, cheap corn and cheap barley, and butter at a good price, to hear farmers talking about selling their grain, says Hoard's Dairyman. There are three pounds of butter in a bushel of oats or corn or barley, when fed to a good butter-producing cow. Can a man sell his grain at any better price, in these times, than to turn it into butter? Some men seem fearfully afraid of trusting the cow, while they will go it blind on a horse or a hog.

Low Wagon Wheels from Logs.

Select a log of the desired size from a gum sycamore, or any other hard timber that does not split readily. Saw off the wheels, making them the desired thickness, says the Agriculturist. Then take out the spokes from an old wagon wheel, square the hub and fit into the center of the log wheel. The wheel is then completed, and will last many years on farms, or even for the road, if well taken care of. Many of these are in use in this locality, and are quite satisfactory.

Killing Insects.

Late frosts and severe winters will not kill insects in the ground. It is favorable to insects and parasites when the ground is hard and frozen throughout the entire winter. When the ground is plowed, however, late in the fall or early in the spring, so as to subject insects to dampness, as well as alternate warming and freezing weather, they are then destroyed. It is the exposure to the surface which they cannot endure.

Keep the Horse Mangers Clean.

To clean out the feed boxes in the horse stable every day will be time well spent. The leavings of cut feed will sour and become offensive to any animal, says the Massachusetts Ploughman, and, worse than this, it will be productive of disease of various kinds. It is a good plan to have a small shovel, such as is used with the kitchen stove, for this work, gathering the uneaten food daily, giving it to the pigs, which will dispose of it profitably.

Cooked Feed for Stock.

It costs something to cook food for stock, which lessens the gain by so doing, but it should be a rule to give the stock cooked food at least once a week as a change of diet. Potatoes, turnips and carrots, cooked and thickened with bran and middlings, seasoned with salt and fed warm on cold days, will be highly relished.

To Keep Cut Flowers.

It is said that cut flowers will keep very fresh if a small pinch of nitrate of potash, or common saltpetre, is put in the water in which they stand. The ends of the stems should be cut off a little every day to keep open the absorbing pores.

An Open Furrow.

A ditch across a wet field will assist in draining a large area, and will perform valuable service by permitting the teams to work on such land early in the spring, instead of waiting for the water to sink down or keeping the land wet.

Whitewash Trunks of Fruit Trees.

A thick daubing of whitewash will be an advantage to fruit trees, even at this season, and it may be sprinkled over the ground, around the trunks of the trees also, as a partial remedy for the destruction of spores.

Ground Meat for Poultry.

Ground, dried meat, which is a very cheap substance, is one of the best egg-producing foods for all kinds of poultry that can be used. It may be mixed with ground grain, and should be given once a day.

To Make a Team Pull Even.

It is said that if a team is inclined to pull unevenly, the trouble may be remedied by hitching the inside traces and crossing them, so as to have the same horse attached to the same end of each single tree.

RECORD OF THE WEEK

INDIANA INCIDENTS TERSELY TOLD.

Sad Affliction of a Little Girl—Mind Reader Johnstone Has His Troubles—Ben Davis Kills Himself—Convict Eats Soap to Avoid Work, and Dies.

When Will the Night Be Over?

The 8-year-old daughter of William Jucks, of North Manchester, recently had an attack of scarlet fever, and as a result of the disease has become totally blind. Her parents have not had the courage to speak to her of the affliction, and the little one inquires pathetically, at short intervals, when it will be daylight again and when the night will be over. It is thought the loss of sight will be permanent.

Covert After Johnstone.

Elder W. R. Covert, the anti-Spiritualist, who has been conducting a fight in the vicinity of Anderson, is branching out in a new line. Paul Alexander Johnstone, the mind-reader, was billed for a performance in Anderson. Mr. Covert, who classes this with other "fakes," announced that he would arrest Johnstone for false pretenses in obtaining money if he did not state before the performance that all of his mind readings and other matters were done by a trick method. Covert is also a mind-reader of no mean ability and he is able to expose how it is all done by trickery. Some of his readings, like those of his exposures of spiritual phenomena, are wonderful and border on the marvelous.

Gets Spot Cash with His Bride.

Mrs. Sarah Ray, an Indianapolis widow of 74, announced she would marry again, and if any young man of good character and good family was the suitor she would make him a present of $20,000. George Brown, a society man of 26, thereupon paid court to the widow, and was accepted. In the meantime her heirs at law began lunacy proceedings against her, but the jury found she was sane. Fearing that other steps would be taken to prevent the nuptials, Brown and Mrs. Ray eloped and were married by a peace justice in an adjoining county. As the ceremony that made them man and wife was concluded, she handed her husband a check for $20,000.

In Presence of His Sweetheart.

Ben Davis, aged 22, son of B. N. Davis, a farmer near Vevay, committed suicide in the presence of his sweetheart, Agnes Livingstone. He visited her at her home, drew a revolver, put it to his head, and pulled the trigger. It missed fire, and before he could use it again the girl wrested it from him. He recovered it later, and backing to the door held the frantic girl back with one hand, while with the other he sent a ball through his brain and fell dead at her feet. He was a hypochondriac.

Ruse Ends in Death.

James Bogard, a convict sent from Evansville to serve two years for larceny, died at Jeffersonville of an illness superinduced by eating soap. Bogard had been a source of annoyance to the officials of the penitentiary by constantly shirking his tasks and asking admission to the hospital for treatment. He was serving his third term and the fact that he had been eating soap to produce sickness was revealed by a statement he made a short time before his death.

Charged with Embezzlement.

W. H. Swann, who has been manager of the Indiana Gas Belt station of the Standard Oil Company, located in Anderson, is missing. He is wanted by the company for embezzlements of nominal sums. The officers have been investigating for some time and got ready to make the arrest when they found that their man was missing. Mr. Swann is well known among oil men. It is thought that he has gone to Chicago.

All Over the State.

E. G. Hill, florist, of Richmond, took first premiums on his pink chrysanthemums, "Indiana," exhibited at Madison Square, New York.

Friday the old John Behan farm, north of Brazil, was sold by the Fleming heirs for $20 an acre. This land was originally purchased of the old Wabash and Erie Canal Company at $2.50 per acre. Coal was discovered on the land, and Mrs. Behan realized $160,000 royalty.

Foster Fletcher, a wealthy Crawfordsville citizen, has been sued for libel by Prof. Philip Hauk, principal of the Center School, who asks $6,000 damages. Prof. Hauk alleges Fletcher busied himself circulating a rumor to the effect that Hauk had been detected hugging a girl pupil.

Lorenzo Turner left his home in Southern Illinois at the close of the civil war to seek his fortune in the great West. A few months later word was received that he was killed in an Indian massacre somewhere in the Southwest. Since that time his parents have mourned him as dead, although no further news was received as to the disposition of his body. Tuesday an old man stepped from the train at Brazil and inquired for Mrs. G. W. McClure. He proved to be Turner. He is a brother to Mrs. McClure. He is now one of the wealthiest cattlemen of South Dakota. He was almost killed in the Indian massacre and allowed his family to believe him dead until his fortune was made.

A desperate fight among a brace of convicts at the Jeffersonville prison south Wednesday morning may result in the death of one of the combatants. William Able and James Sherman, long term men, employed in the foundry of the institution, engaged in a controversy over a remark alleged to have been made by Sherman reflecting on the character of Able's sister. Words led to blows and Able, procuring a ramming iron used by molders, attempted to strike Sherman, who warded off the blow. Another attempt to strike Sherman was made, when the latter drew a knife and thrust the blade into Able's breast near the heart, inflicting a dangerous wound.

At Washington the strike among Cabel & Co.'s miners is still on, with no prospects of settlement. The difficulty is about a screen used at one of the mines, and both sides have taken a determined stand.

Miss Lizzie A. Myers, a schoolteacher of Golden Corners, in Ripley County, while in the act of entering her cart, was attacked by a mad dog, and she avoided the brute by running around the vehicle, the dog chasing her, and finally stopping to bite the pony and to attack another dog. All the animals bitten died of hydrophobia.

The story sent out from Kokomo that the Grand Jury had returned indictments against members of the Amish Society, a strange religious sect, for alleged violations of laws, is officially said to be untrue.

Frank Benadum, the saloon-keeper of Muncie, who was convicted of the murder of Lem Bailey, the attorney, and was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment in the prison north, is paralyzed, as the result of an accident. Benadum was struck with a belt, and one of his legs was nearly torn off. Paralysis from the hips down resulted. Benadum is 50 years old. He has not yet served two years of his penalty.

Winter House Flower.

Freesias are a most satisfactory bulb for the winter window box; they are so easy and sure to grow, requiring only good soil, plenty of water and sunshine. They are sure to bloom and the freesia blossoms are very lasting, remaining bright and fresh for many days. Freesia bulbs are so small that six may be planted in a five-inch jar and unlike most bulbs intended for winter blooming they do not need to be put away in a dark room to form their roots. They are slow to start and it may be weary waiting for the buds to appear, but when the blossoms come one is sure to feel that they are worth waiting for. What a blessing a well-cared-for window garden will prove itself to be when the cold and cheerless days of winter are with us! It not only adds beauty to the home, but it lends an air of refinement that cannot be obtained by any number of expensive ornaments and bric-a-brac.—Farm and Fireside.

SWEET-SCENTED FREESIAS.

A Few Practical Suggestions.

Here is a remedy for burns, particularly valuable for those who have charge of children. The burned part is to be bathed with common essence of peppermint, such as one may procure at any druggist's for a few cents. Relief is almost immediate, but the bathing should be continued till the pain is over.

Chloroform is useful for taking paint stains from black silks. Persistent rubbing is necessary. Chloroform will also restore faded plush goods by sponging carefully.

Ink stains on white goods can be removed by soaking in water and then covering the spots with pounded salts of lemon. Bleach in sun for half an hour, wash in suds, rinse and dry.

Pink and blue ginghams of a washable make can be kept from fading by washing in a weak solution of vinegar and water. Rinse in the same way and dry in the shade.

Don't clean brass articles with acids. Use putty powder with sweet oil. Wash off with soapsuds, and then dry. This will insure brightness.

Wise Hints.

Moths will not eat cast iron, observes Judge.

Codfish will not make satisfactory English pigeon pie.

Oil rusty scholarships with a fresh solution of knowledge.

The custom of eating soup with the fingers is going out of vogue.

Save steps by dropping them into a small bank made for that purpose.

Ice must be used for freezing ice cream. Boiling water will not answer.

It is waste of time to put coal on the furnace with sugar tongs. Try a shovel.

To prevent children losing their mittens or gloves whip them with a stout stick.

A wash boiler should not be left in the drawing-room—especially if guests are expected.

A sleeping apartment cannot be sufficiently ventilated by the windows in a neighbor's house.

To restore a tarnished conscience remove it from its solution of lye and polish vigorously with unadulterated truth.

Bag Pudding.

One cup currants, one cup seedless raisins, one cup of beef suet, chopped fine; one cup milk, one cup molasses, three cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder in the flour. Make a bag half a yard long of toweling, wet the bag and wring out before putting in the contents; have boiler on with water boiling to cover the bag; tie it so the contents will not empty out. Allow the bag long enough to allow pudding to swell; boil three hours, keeping it covered with hot water. Dressing for it: One pint milk, to come to a boil; add one egg, sugar to taste, stirring all the time; after it is cold add two teaspoonfuls of vanilla.

Snowball Pudding.

Boil a quart of milk; thicken with three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch. Beat the yolks of four eggs with half a cupful of sugar, and add to the milk; pour into a pudding dish and set in the oven to bake for ten minutes. Beat the whites of the eggs until stiff with four tablespoonfuls of sugar; add half a teacup of boiled rice; flavor with extract of lemon, and drop in little balls over the pudding; set in the oven until a slight crust is formed, but do not let color.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Egg Corn Bread.

Here is a receipt for an excellent corn bread: Half a cupful of bread crumbs soaked in a pint of milk, two eggs, two cupfuls of cornmeal, a tablespoonful of lard or butter, a teaspoonful of salt. Beat the eggs light and the soaked bread crumbs to a batter; melt the shortening; stir all together until hard, and bake in shallow tins in a quick oven.

White Potato Salad.

Take five boiled potatoes and cut them in thin slices. Mix one tablespoonful of vinegar, one of oil, a pinch of salt, a little pepper, one small onion minced fine, one egg sliced or chopped, and a little mustard.