

bling shoreward to lose themselves at hre feet. She gazed down at their fascinating coolness and a strange feelingcame over her; how peace. ful it would be to be gathered back in the retiring waters. Over her soul rushed a dark temptation to

end it all. Who would care! After looking steathily about her for a moment she rested her eyes once more on the water; but this time she shuddered.

The tide crept to her feet and withdrew, murmuring: "Hush! hush! Peace is not with us!" And in her innermost soul she cried out: "Save me, Father, in any way Thou seest fit; only save me!" In the calmness which came over her then something seemed to whisper that she was close

on to the promised good. Yes, up at the house they were getting deng nicely without her. Her husband was ping by this time; and at this hour his mother, sitting near the bed talking low to lanet, didn't miss her.

They would not care for her anyway, so she would walk on and on, up and down the

The promised good seemed near; was it over there across the bay in the city showing dlmly through the twilight shadows? Could it be that he- O! she dared not even look that way, for he was over there where in the vicinity of the Ex-

And he had no right to care for her as he did; and she was not privileged to murmur his name, as she had many times in these terrible years.

The maelstrom of terror in her husband's me had whirled into temptation this badgered soul so divided against itself, until the tortured love reached out for sympathy elsewhere and found it—aye! had met with

more than sheer compassion.

And Sadie Willard found herself asking, again and again, why should she give up this one golden gleam that, like a ray of beaven, lighted up her lonely years? And the answer came: "Because it has grown too

She had only been annexed to the family M Beachside six years ago, simply for her money. She did not dream of it then; but It had come plain enough since, and O! what a revelation it was to the shy little

And lately, when she had been tempted sore, she would come down to the beach to walk to and fro by the water. The low music of the waves lulled to repose the evil and let the better judgment assert it-

There was nothing on the lonely shore more desolate than she, and as for fears, she left them up at the house, there where the lights shine out over the bluffy shore. Then her thoughts went back to him-not

her husband! No. Once she remembered when he had as sisted her drunken husband home he had remained at Beachside longer than was his rout. And when he was ready to go he had taken her hand for a moment and suid: "It would add to your happiness, Mrs.

Willard, and mine, too, if he was dead." Then he had grown white to his very lips, and had gone away suddenly. He had never let his soul out in words since, ever, yet she never could forget the Book of self-condemnation on his face as he crossed the sill that day.

But if he had done wrong God surely had forgiven him; he had been studied in

Shis manner toward her ever since. This and more swept across her soul to night as she paced wearily along in the gathering gloom.

Away out there where lay the city the lights were beginning to flash up and down the shore. "O!" she cried, "when and where will all this end?"

A hand was laid on her arm. She gave a little, frightened cry; but a familiar voice stopped her. "Sadie, he is bad-worse a great deal since you left the house. You would better go back to them; perhaps 'tis the last, and you may do some good, may be you can, Sadie."

"O! Henri," she exclaimed in terror, statching his arm, "is he so bad as that?
O! tell me that I need not eyer return to that awful place called home."

He put his arms around her then, drew her to his aching heart and kissed the hot Sips fervently. "God forgives me, Sadie," he said. "Go now, and may Heaven keep god safely through it all-for me."

He was gone now, but her heart had gone also. The waves boomed to the shore and it grew dark. Slowly she went up the winding pathway in the friendly darkness. She was not afraid; he was somewhere on the sands, doubtless.

"Is Allan better?" she asked of the servant whom she met at the gate. And the servant answered: "No, he is worse." They went into the house together; the

sae keeping a temptation warm in her heart, the other full of sympathetic sorrow. "He is in an awful way," mouned the enother, wringing her hands as she rushed down-stairs into the presence of the white-



THE TIDE CREPT TO HER PEET.

faced, wild-eyed Sadie. "An awful way Allan's in," wailed she. "O dear, dear I'm sure he'll not live the night through. But I don't believe you care one bit, Sadie; It seems to me you don't!"

The wife made no reply, but went upstairs followed by the servant. Maudiin carses mingled with low, coarse laughter ed their ears as they listened; then in an instant a trenzy seized him, and he shricked out as the lost, and the two women acd down-stairs in mortal fear.

The family physician and friends were soing all that was in their power to quiet and relieve the unfortunate man. Sadie crept into the darkness of her little

sewing-room; she needed no light, the glimless night stole over the casement, and that was enough.

The shade as comforted, soothed her, and the friendly night framed in her suffering These as she sat motionless by the pane. Outside the little room were sounds of

hurrying feet, intent on bringing relief to the tortured and most wretch There were no tears on Sadie Willard's face; her dry, hot eyes looked out into the black, cheerless night in apprehensive ter-

Overhead was the man who had promised to love and to cherish her until death. What a failure their married life had been-what a wooful, total failure!

Hear him shrick! She put her hands to her ears to shut out the terrible sound. Wasn't it awfulf He might die to-night-Henri intimated it-and O! such a death! A cold, freezing sensation passed over her and she shivered.

Death had come under their roof once, two years ago, and little Garnet slept the last sleep with a smile on his baby face, but this would be so different.

Instinctively she turned her head. Ah! yes; there was the little wicker cradle in the corner, empty and silent! Its white outlines were plainly visible through the shadows, and seemed reaching out to her in

The mother's heart was touched, and the pent-up tears came to the relief of the dry, hot eyes. Tears, not for the living, but for the innocent dead; for little Garnet, who went away with his tiny hands full of forget-me-nots to never return.

Rising, she tottered over to the empty cradle-bed and knelt by it in an agony of broken prayer.

Only God understands and gathers together the fragments of such disconnected

petitions into beautiful prayers. And Sadie Willard forgot every thing;

forget the friend who never might clasp her



SHE TOTTERED OVER TO THE EMPTY CRADLE. more; forget the crazed and tortured husband whose maudlin shricks cut the shuddering air, and only saw a glorious promise

through her tears. Gleaming across the black night she saw in toat hour of her Gethsemane: "I will

give you rest." Yes; Sadie saw and smiled, and the weariness went out of her life.

Morning dawned fair and beautiful over the silent shore which told no tales of that last cry on its sands, nor of the friend who single sail. Well, there is a dark night no pardon. he went away, his heart wrung with an-

The patient upstairs at Beachside was decidedly better; but his wife did not ap-

pear. Who could take up the daily routine of toil as well as Allan's wife? She had not waited on him during the night; she must have rested. Call Sadie. But no answering voice responded.

Search was made and at last they found her in the cozy sewing-room. Kneeling beside the white-curtained cradle in the corner was the shy little wife, with one arm

thrown caressingly over its emptiness.
"Badie, Badie!" But she heeded not the call. She had gone to that beautiful rest. He had promised and, forevermore, was saved from temptation.

MANDA L. CROCKER

HE OBJECTED. A Hoosier Who Didn't Believe in Wearing Collars.

An Indiana man who had moved to Dakota came to Washington one summer day in 1886 to ask for an office. He had formerly been a constituent of Hon. William S. Holman, of Indiana, and called upon that distinguished statesman for his indorsement. It was cheerfully given and filed in the proper department. But the office was not forthcoming. Then the Dakotan asked Mr. Holman to introduce him to President Cleveland. Mr. Holman said: "I will do it if you will go and buy a collar for your shirt. I can't go to the White House with you unless you wear a collar and comb your hair."

The frontiersman bought a turn-down collar, and put it on wrongside up. Holman never noticed the difference. They walked into the White House, and the old man was suffering torments all the time, for the points of the collar were prodding him under the chin.

His mouth was full of tobacco, and he was unable to chuck his head forward to expectorate. The result was that his long, black beard was full of nicotine, his head thrown unnaturally backward, and his face pinched with discomfort, if not positive agony. As they stepped out on the front portice of the executive mansion, the frontiersman yanked off that collar, spat

upon the stone steps and said: "Bill Holman, you made a gol derned fool out en me. I wouldn't wear no collar agin for no office on yearth. Lookee here, my chin is a bleedin' from your cussed col-lar. Bill Holman, I wouldn't a thought you'd make a guy of a critter what has been your friend for years."

He has never forgiven Holman unto this tay. He thinks that the compulsory wearing of a collar was unpardonable persecu-

Little Alice. "There is one of the plucklest little women n the world," said a telegraph operator in Washington City a few days ago. "That is Our Alice,' and we are all in love with her. very one of us. She is true as steel. When he signal came for a general strike all over he country a few years ago 'Our Alice' vas the first to put on her little hat and cave her instrument. She marched out of he office and stood by the boys until the strike was declared off."

"Our Alice" is a pretty little girl with oright blue eyes and soft, brown hair. She is one of the best operators in the country ind asks no favors of any one in the profession.

The Innocence of Childhe Jim-Say, Pete, what you watchin'? Pete-Jest you hold your jaw and see. le you see the guv'ner across the street!

"An' see the minister coming down the treet towards him!"

"Well, I jist slipped the eachre deck in he guv'ner's tail pocket, and when he MORAL CASTAWAYS.

Dr. Talmage on the Moral Wrecks of Life.

False Religious Lights Lead Many on the Shoals of Destruction-The Gospel the Only True Light-Salvation For the Family.

In a recent sermon at Portland, Ore. Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, of Brooklyn, took his text from 1 Cor. ix. 27: 'Lest that by any means I myself should be cast away." The preacher said:

In the presence of you who live on Pacific coast, I who live on the Atlantic coast may appropriately speak on this marine allusion of the text, for all who know about the sea know about the castaway. The text implies that ministers of religion may help others into Heaven and yet miss it themselves. The carpenters that built Noah's ark did not get into it themselves. Gown and surplice, and diplomas and canonicals are no security. Cardinal Woolsey, after having been petted by kings and having entertained foreign ambassadors at Hampton Court, died in darkness. One of the most eminent ministers of religion that this country has ever known plunged into sin and died; his heart, by post-mortem examination, found to have been, not figuratively, but literally broken. We may have hands of ordination on the head and address consecrated, assemblages, but that is no reason why we shall necessarily reach the realm celestial. The clergyman must go through the same gate of pardon as the layman. There have been cases of shipwreck where all on board escaped excepting the captain. Alas! if having "preached to others I myself should be cast away." God for-

I have examined some of the commentaries to see what they thought about this word "castaway" and I find they differ in egard to the figure used, while they agree in regard to the meaning. So I shall make my own selection and take it in a nautical and seafaring sense and show you that men may become spiritual castaways and how finally they drift into that calamity.

You and I live in seaboard cities. You have all stood on the beach. Some of you have crossed the ocean. Some of you have managed vessels in great stress of weather. There is a sea captain, and there is another, and yonder is another, and there is a goodly number of you who, though once you did not know the difference between a brig and bark and between a diamond knot and a sprit sheet sail knot, and although you could not point out the weather cross jack brace, and though you could not man the fore clew garnets, now you are as familiar with a ship as you are with your right hand, and if it were necessary you could take a vessel clear across to the mouth of the Mersey without the loss of a became unmanageable. You saw it was scudding toward the shore. You heard the cry: "Breakers ahead! Land on the lee bow!" The vessel struck the rock and you felt the deck breaking up under your feet, and you were a castaway, as when the Hercules drove on the coast of Caffraria, as when the Portuguese went staying, splitting, grinding, crashing on the Goodwins. But whether you have followed the sea or not you all understand the figure when I tell you that there are men who, by their sins and temptations, are thrown helpless! Driven before the gale! Wrecked for two worlds! Castaways! Castaways! By talking with some sea captains I have found out that there are three or four causes for such a calamity to a vessel. I have been told that it sometimes comes from creating false lights on the beach This was often so in olden times. It is not many years ago, indeed, that vagabonds used to wander up and down the beach getting vessels ashore in the night, throwing up false lights in their presence and deceiving them that they may

despoil and ransack them. All kinds

of infernal arts were used to accom-

plish this. And one night on the

Cornish coast when the sea was coming in

fearfully some villains took a lantern and

tied it to a horse and led the horse up and

down the beach, the lantern swinging to

the motion of the borse, and a sea captain

in the offing saw it, and made up his mind

that he was not any where near the shore,

for he said: "There's a vessel, for it has

a movable light," and he had no appre-

hension till he heard the rocks grating on the ship's bottom, and it went to pieces and the villains on the shore gathered up the packages and treasures that were washed to the land. And I have to tell you that there are multitudes of souls ruined by false lights on the beach. In the dark night of man's danger, false religion goes up and down the shore shaking its lantern, and men look off and take the flickering and expiring wick as the signal of safety, and the cry is: "Heave the main topsail to the mast! All is well!" when suddenly destruction come:h upon them and they shall not escape. So there are all kinds of lanterns swung on the beach-philosophical lanterns, educational terns, humanitarian lanterns. look at them and are deceived, when there is nothing but God's eternal lighthouse of the Gospel that can keep them from becoming castaways. Once on Wolf Craig lighthouse they tried to build a copper figure of a wolf with its mouth open, so that the storms beating into it the wolf would howl forth the dangers to mariners that might be coming anywhere near the

coast. Of course it was a failure. And so all new inventions for the saving of man's soul are unavailing. What the human race wants is a light bursting forth from the cross standing on the great headlands-the light of pardon, the light of comfort, the light of Heaven. You might better go to-night and destroy all the great lighthouses on the dangerous coasts -the Barnegat lighthouse, the Fastnet lighthouse, the Sherryvore lighthouse, the Longship's lighthouse, the Hollyhead lighthouse—than to put out God's great ocean lamp-the Gospel. Woe to those who swing false lanterns on the beach till men crash into ruins. Castaways! Cast-

By talking with sea captains I have beard also that sometimes ships come to this calamity by the sudden swoop of a tempest. For instance, a vessel is sailing along in the East Indies, and there is not single cloud in the sky; but suddenly the breeze freshens, and there are swift feet on the ratlines, and the cry is: "Way, haul away there!" but before they can square the booms and tarpaulin the hatchways the vessel is groaning and creaking

men destroyed through the sudden swoop and one day there was a perfect life boat, of temptations. Some great inducement to worldliness, or sensuality, or high temper, or to some form of dissipation comes upon them. If they had time to examine their Bible, if they had time to consult with their friends, if they had time to deliberate, they could stand it; but the temptation came so suddenly—an euro-clydon on the Mediterranean, a whirlwind of the Caribbean. One awful surge of temptation and they perish.

And so we often hear the old story: "I hadn't seen my friend in a great many years. We were very glad to meet. He said I must drink and he took me by the arm and pressed me along, and filled the cup up until the bubbles ran over the edge, and in an evil moment all my good resolutions were swept away, and to the outraging of God and my own soul I fell." Or the story is: "I had hard work to support my family. I thought that by one false entry, by one deception, by one embezziement, I might spring out free from all my trouble, and the temptation came upon me so fiercely I could not deliberate. I did wrong, and baving done wrong once I could not stop." O, it is the first step that costs; the second is easier; and the third, and on to the last. Once having broke loose from the anchor it is not so easy to tie to parted strands. How often it is that men are ruined for the reason that the temptation comes from some unexpected quarter. As vessels lie in Margate Roads, safe from southwest winds; but the wind changing to northeast they are driven helpless and go down. O. that God would have mercy upon those whom there comes the suiden swoop of temptation, lest they perish, becoming castaways! castaways!

By talking with sea captains I have found out also that some ve-sels come to this calamity through sheer recklessness, There are three million men who follow the sea for a living. It is a simple fact that the average or human life on the sea is less than twelve years. This comes from the fact that men by familiarity with danger sometimes become reckless-the captain, the helmsman, the stoker, the man on the lookout, become reckiess, and in nine out of ten shipwrecks it is found out that some one was awfully to blame. So I have to tell you that men are morally shipwrecked through sheer recklessness. There are thousands who do not care where they are in spiritual things. They do not know which way they are sailing. and the sea is black with piratical hulks that would grapple them with books of steel and blindtold them and make them 'walk the plank." They do not know what the next moment may bring forth. Drifting in their theology. Drifting in their babits. Drifting in regard to all their future. No God, no Christ, no settled acceptance of eternal felicity; but all the time coming nearer and nearer a dangerous coast. Some of them are on fire with evil habits and they shall burn on the sea, the charred hulk tossed up on the barren beach. Many of them with great troubles, financial troubles, domestic troubles, social troubles; but they never pray for comfort. With an aggravation of sin they pray for

dances in gladness at the mouth of Heaven's barbor; reckless as to where they come out, drifting further from God, further from early religious influences, further from happines .; and what is the worst thing about it is they are taking their families along with them, and the way one goes the probability is that they will all go. Yet no anxiety. As uncon scious of danger as the passengers aboard the Arctic one moment before the Vesta crashed into her. Wrapped up in the business of the store, not remembering that soon they must quit all their earthly possessions; absorbed in their social position, not knowing that very soon they will have attended the last sevee and whirled in the last schottische, they do not deliberately choose to be ruined. Neither did the French frigate Medusa aim for the Arguin banks, but there it went to pieces. I wish I could wake you up. The perils are so augmented, you will die just as certainly as you sit there unless you bestir yourself. Are you willing to become a castaway? You throw out no oar: you take no surroundings; you watch no compass. You are not calculating your bearings while the wind is abaft, and yonder is a long line of foam bounding the horizon and you will be pushed on toward it, and thousands have perished there and you are driving in the same direction. R-ady about! Down helm! Hard down! Man the lifeboat! Pull, my lads, pult! "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck shall be suddenly destroyed and that without remedy," but some of you are saving within yourselves: "What shall I do?" Do? Do? Why, my brother, do what any ship does when it is in trouble. Lift a distress signal. On the sea there is a flash and a boom. You listen and you look. A vessel is in trouble. The distress gun is sounded or a rocket sent up, or a blanket is litted or a bundle of rag-any thing to catch the eye of the passing craft. So if you want to be taken off the wreck of your sin you must lift a distress signal. The publican lifted the distress signal when he cried: "God. be merciful to me a sinner!" Peter lifted the distress signal when he said: 'Lord, save me, I perish!" The blind man lifted the distress signal when he said: "Lord, that my eyes may be opened." The jailer lifted the distress signal when be said: "What must I do to be saved?" And help will never come to your soul until you lift some signal. You must make some demonstration, give some sign, make some Heaven-piercing outer cry for help, lifting the distress signal for the Church's prayer, lifting the distress signal for Heaven's pardon. Pray! Pray! The voice of the Lord now sounds in your ears: "In Me is thy help." Too proud to raise such a signal, too proud to be saved. There was an old sailor thumping about

in a small boat in a tempest. The larger vessel had gone down. He felt he must die. The surf was breaking over the boat and he said: "I took off my life belt that it might soon be over and I thought somewhat indistinctly about my friends on shore and then I bid them good-bye like, and I was about sinking back and giving it up when I saw a bright star. The clouds were breaking away, and there that blessed star shone down on me, and it seemed to take right hold of me; and somehow, I can not tell how it was, but somehow while I was trying to watch that star, it seemed to lift me." O, sinking soul, see you not the glimmer between the rifts of the storm cloud? That is the star

Deathstruck, I ceased the tide to stem, When suddenly a star arose, It was the star of Bethlebem!

of hope.

If there are any here who consider

the Northumberland, ready at Ramsgate. The life boat being ready, to test it the crew came out and leaped on the gunwale on one side to see if the boat would upset; it was impossible to upset it. Then, amid the huzzas of excited thousands, that boat was launched, and it has gone and come, picking up a great many of the shipwrecked. But I have to tell you now of grander launching, and from the dry docks of Heaven. Word came up that a world was beating on the rocks. In the presence of the potentates of Heaven the lifeboat of the wor'd's redemption was launched. It shoved off the golden sands amid angelic hosanna. The surges of darkness teat against its bow, but it sailed on and it comes in sight of us this hour. It comes for you, it comes for me. Soul soul, get into it. Make one leap for Heaven. Let that boat go past and your opportunity is gone. I am expecting that there will be whole families here who will get into that lifeboat In 1823 the Isabella came ashore off

Hasting, England. The air was filled

with sounds—the hearse sea trumpet,

the crash of the axes and the bellowing of the tornado. A boat from the shore came under the disabled vessel. There were women and children on board that vessel. Some of the sailors jumped into the small boat and said: "Now give us the children." A father who stood on deck took his first born and threw him to the boat. The sailors caught him safely and the next, and the next, to the last. Still the sea rocking. the storm howling. "Now," the sailors, "now the mother," and she leaped and was saved. The boat went to the shore; but before it got to the shore, the landsmen were so impatient to help the suffer.ng people that they waded clear down into the surf with blankets and garments, and promises of help and succor. So there are whole families here who are going to be saved, and saved altogether. Give us that child for Christ, that other child, that other. Give us that mother, give us the father, the whole family. They must all come in. All Heaven wades in to help you. "I claim this whole audience for God. I pick not out one man here nor one man there; I claim you all. There are some of you who, thirty years ago, were consecrated to Christ by your parents in baptism. Certainly I am not stepping over the right bound when I claim you for Jesus. Then there are many here who have been seeking God for a good while, and I am not right in claiming you for Jesus? Then there are some here who have been further away, and you drink, and you swear, and you bring your families without any God to take care of them when you are dead. And I claim you, my brother, I claim all of you. You will have to pray some time; why not begin now, while all the ripe and purple cluster of divine promise bend over into your cup, rather than postpone your prayer until your chance is past, and the night drops, and the sea washes you out, and the appalling fact shall be announced that notwithstanding all your magnificent opportunities, you have become a castaway.

THE CROW INDIANS.

Some of the Things That Can Be Seen in Their Montana Reservation.

The Crows have got horses and cattle and show an ability to hold on to them. There are on the reservation 30,000 to 40,000 head of cattle and 25,-000 head of sheep, belonging to white men. For the grazing privilege the white men pay 50 cents a head on horses and cattle and 10 cents a head on sheep. The money goes to the tribe. The advantage of this privilege is that it lets the stockmen out of pay-

ing taxes to the county government. The ability of the Crow to turn an honest penny was illustrated recently. when Troop K of the First Cavalry was crossing Pryor creek on the way to Livingston, Quartermaster Edwards was ahead of the command some distance, looking for the best roads and acting as pilot. He came to a place where the water had spread out over the road, making it almost impassable. What made matters worse the road was fenced in. Old Crooked Face, a Crow, had his ranch at that point. He made his appearance as the Quartermaster was speculating how to get around the slough. It was evident that the horses would mire if the troop attempted to cross. At length old Crooked Face pointed to the fence, and suggested that he take it down and let the soldiers go through his field. He concluded his proposition by saving it would cost the soldiers only 25 cents a piece. The Quartermaster declined without thanks and set about plans to fix the road. It wasn't but a few moments until the discovery was made that the whole trouble was caused by the damming of a spring near by. That had been done with the evident purpose of making the water overflow and ruin the road. Old Crooked Face looked on until he saw the jig was up, and then an intensely dis\_usted expression came over his intelligent counten nce.

The Crows haven't made such proobtain more striking views.

up by the half hour. When he goes present, develops selfishness. The themselves castaways, let me say God is into a store he knows just what he habit, early formed, of doing every doing every thing to save you. Did you wants and doesn't pull over forty dif- thing well is a moral safeguard, it preneets the minister he'll stop to talk and ull in the grip of a tornado, and falls over into the trough of the sea, and broadside it rolls on to the beach and keels over, i'ip! Let's mosey; he's yanked the cards!"

Texas Siftings

Texas Si

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

-One of the best things in a well regulated farm-house, is a bathroom always supplied with clean, topid water and accessible at all hours.

-Calves should have some kind of shade during the middle of the day. If exposed to the heat of the sun too long they become liable to bowel disease.

-It is suggested that the posts to which harbed wire is fastened for fencing, be painted white, as they will then be better observed by cattle. Pieces of tin, painted white and fastened along the line of the wire, have aiso been recommended as a safeguard against injury.

-Corn and Oatmeal Cake: One cup of oatmeal mush, well cooked (cold); one cup of cream meal, raw; one egg. a pinch of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, the same of yeast powder, sufficient water to make a suitable batter to fry in small, thin cakes in hot lard. -The Housewife.

-The barnyard, as a source of fertility, is commended as the safest of any that we have to deal with. We have nothing to lose and every thing to gain by managing it properly. This is confirmed by the verdict of some of the foremost agriculturists of the Middle States.

-If care is taken to cure the potatoes well and to store where they are certain to keep dry there is less risk of damage than if they are left in the ground. But if they are dug and are piled up without curing, or if piled where there will be more or less water to drip down on them, the better plan will be to let them stay in the ground

until cooler. -Cucumber Salad: Two young cucumbers, half teaspoonful of salt, quarter teaspoonful of black pepper, four tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Pare and slice the cucumbers very thin, soak them in cold water one hour, then drain and dry. Put them in the salad bowl, sprinkle them with the salt and pepper, and pour over the vinegar. Serve immediately.

-Pork Puffs: Fry the pork a nice brown, turn off the fat, place the spider. with the pork, back on the stove; when hot, pour over it a batter made of three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sweet cream, three tablespoonfuls of flour, a bit of salt, all beaten thoroughly. Then place in a hot oven and bake about five minutes.-Farm and Fireside.

MISSIONARY PLOWMAN.

Why Moral and Material Interests Should Go Hand in Hand,

It will be incongruous and inexcusaole if we, the honored recipients, the chief beneficiaries, of ever-expanding bounties and blessings, fail to move in harmony with divine arrangement that strews our path with increasing good. It is ordained that improvement shall culminate in perfection. We make a fatal mistake if we fail to see that this applies to small things as well as great. Human advancement has to der with innumerable particulars, all related to each other and to the final consummation. This opens the way for work as diversified and different as human character and capabilities. If gives everybody something to do. something they can do, something to help the forward movement. The moral and the material are inseparably connected; they go hand in hand. Intellect, soul and body must each be ministered unte. They are missionaries laboring for the world's regeneration who put better fruit, bread, vegetables, milk, butter on the mark et, giving honest measure. It needs to be known that the man who makes a barren spot productive, as unsightly place attractive, a malarial region healthful, helps to usher in "the good time coming." He whe gives a better form, a richer color, a sweeter perfume to the flower; he who adds grace and beauty to the trees and shrubs that adorn our homes takes his place among public benefactors. He who plants trees by the road -side, removes deformities and smooths the path where weary men and weary

things of beauty-nature arrayed in its best garb-elevate and improve beholders, diverting them from frivolities, foilies and gross sensualities. Character is formed by environment to an extent little understood and appreciated. Preaching and teaching will do little good to people living in damp, dark, dismal, uninviting tenements, opening into narrow, dirty alleys. God is better served by furnishing the poor with houses fit to live in and at a lower rent than by building gress toward civilization as to put costly churches where pride is more their dead under ground. They still conspicuous than piety. To make the inclose the corpses in boxes and perch homes of hard-working men and womthem on platforms as high in the air en more convenient, comfortable and as possible. In a different climate a comely will for many years af. Crow cemetery would be a nuisance. ford employment to people inclined Montana air makes mummies of bodies to make things better. Whoever thus exposed. There is nothing in determines to leave things better one of these places to offend the ol- than he found them, and with factories. Tourists, who bring with purpose and persistence labors for that them their amateur cameras, have end, develops beauties and utilities great sport visiting the "last resting wherever his efforts and influence explace" of the Crows. They even open | tend, but what is of more consequence the boxes, take out the dried bodies to him personally, acting from such imand prop them in groups in order to pulses and working for such ends, the reflex influence benefits him personal-The Crow is any thing but a stoical ly even more than he benefits his surindividual. If you say "How" to him roundings. Imperfect work in any dehe is likely to reply with emphasis, partment of business demoralizes the "Good morning." He is a wit and a worker. Every painstaking and consport, and when he is in town he sees scientious performance invigorates the all that is going on. He will start a moral sense. Doing with sole reference game of "tag" in a crowd and keep it to immediate gain, doing for the

horses tread, has not lived in vain.

We need to be often reminded that