

ONE GREAT QUESTION.

IT IS: WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?

Dr. Talmage Preaches on the Crying Need of the Times—People Are Striving for that They Know Not What It Is Religion.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29, 1895.—For the closing discourse of the year, Rev. Dr. Talmage chose a subject which appeals to the unconverted everywhere, viz: "The Philanthropist." The text selected was: "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" Acts 16:30.

Incarcerated in a Philanthropic penitentiary, a place cold, dark, and damp, and loathsome, and hideous, unillumined save by the torch of the official who comes to see if they are alive yet, are two ministers of Christ, their feet fast in instruments of torture, their shoulders dripping from the stroke of leathern thongs, their mouths hot with inflammation of throat, their heads faint because they may not lie down, in a comfortable room of that same building, and amid pleasant surroundings, is a paid officer of the government whose business it is to supervise the prison. It is night and all is still in the corridors of the dungeon save as some murderer struggles with a horrid dream, or a ruffian turns over in his chains, or there is the cough of a dying consumptive amid the dampness; but suddenly, crash! go the walls. The two clergymen pass out free. The jail-keeper, although familiar with the darkness and the horrors hovering around the dungeon, is startled beyond all bounds, and flambeau in hand he rushes through amid the falling walls, shouting at the top of his voice: "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"

I stand now among those who are asking the same question with more or less earnestness and I accost you in this crisis of your soul with a message from heaven. There are those in this audience who might be more skillful in argument than I am; there are those here who can dive into deeper depths of science, or have larger knowledge; there are in this audience those before whom I would willingly bow as the inferior to the superior; but I yield to no one in this assemblage in a desire to have all the people saved by the power of an omnipotent Gospel.

I shall proceed to characterize the question of the agitated jail-keeper. And first, I characterize the question as courteous. He might have rushed in and said: "Paul and Silas, you vagabonds, are you tearing down this prison? Aren't you satisfied with disturbing the peace of the city by your infamous doctrines? And are you now going to destroy public property? Back with you to your places, you vagabonds!" He said no such thing. The words of four letters, "Sirs!" equivalent to "lords," recognized the majesty and honor of their mission. Sirs! If a man with a capacious spirit tries to find the way to heaven he will miss it. If a man comes out and pronounces all Christians as hypocrites and the religion of Jesus Christ as a fraud, and asks irritating questions about the mysterious and the inscrutable, saying, "Come, my wise man, explain this and explain that; if this be true how can that be true?"—no such man finds the way to heaven. The question of the text was decent, courteous, gentlemanly, deferential. Sirs.

Again, I characterize this question of the agitated jail-keeper by saying that it was a practical question. He did not ask why God let sin come into the world, he did not ask how Christ could be God and man in the same person, he did not ask the doctrine of the degrees explained or want to know whom Cain married, or what was the cause of the earthquake. His present and everlasting welfare was involved in the question, and was not that practical? But I know multitudes of people who are bothering themselves about the non-essentials of religion. What would you think of a man who should, while discussing the question of the light and heat of the sun, spend his time down in a coal cellar, when he might come out and see the one and feel the other? Yet there are multitudes of men who, in discussing the chemistry of the Gospel, spend their time down in the dungeon of their unbelief, when God all the while stands telling them to come out into the noonday light and warmth of the Sun of righteousness. The question for you, my brother, to discuss is not whether Calvin or Arminius was right, not whether a handful of water in holy baptism or a baptism in the better, not whether fornication and free agency can be harmonized. The practical question for you to discuss, and for me to discuss, is, "Where will I spend eternity?"

Again, I characterize this question of the agitated jail-keeper as one personal to himself. I have no doubt he had many friends, and he was interested in their welfare. I have no doubt he found that there were persons in that prison who, if the earthquake had destroyed them, would have found their case desperate. He is not questioning about them. The whole weight of his question turns on the pronoun "I." "What shall I do?" Of course, when a man becomes a Christian, he immediately becomes anxious for the salvation of other people, but until that point is reached the most important question is about your own salvation. "What is to be my destiny?" "What are my prospects for the future?" "Where am I going?" "What shall I do?" The trouble is we shuffle the responsibility off upon others. We prophesy a bad

end to that inebriate, and terrific exposure to that defaulter, and awful catastrophe to that prodigal. We are so busy in weighing other people we forget ourselves to get into the scales. We are so busy watching the poor gardens of other people that we let our own doorway go to weeds. We are so busy sending off other people into the lifeboat we sink in the wave. We cry "fire!" because our neighbor's house is burning down and seem to be uninterested although our own house is in the conflagration. O wandering thoughts, disappear today! Blot out this entire audience except yourself. Your sin, is it pardoned? Your death, is it provided for? Your heaven, is it secured? A mightier earthquake than that which demolished the Philanthropic penitentiary will rumble about your ears. The foundations of the earth will give way. The earth by one tremor will fling all the American cities into the dust. Cathedrals and palaces and prisons which have stood for thousands of years will topple like a child's blockhouse. The surges of the sea will submerge the land, and the Atlantic and Pacific oceans above the Alps and the Andes, clap their hands. What then will become of me? What then will become of you? I do not wonder at the anxiety of this man of my text, for he was not only anxious about the falling of the prison, out the falling of a world.

Again, I remark: I characterize this question of the agitated jail-keeper as one of incomparable importance. Men are alike, and I suppose he had scores of questions on his mind, but all questions for this world are hushed up, forgotten, annihilated in this one question of the text: "What must I do to be saved?" And have you, my brother, any question of importance compared with that question? Is it a question of business? Your common sense tells you that you will soon cease worldly business. You know very well that you will soon pass out of that partnership. You know that beyond a certain point, of all the millions of dollars' worth of goods sold, you will not handle a yard of cloth, or a pound of sugar, or a penny's worth. After that, if a conflagration should sweep all Washington into ashes, it would not touch you, and would not damage you. If every cashier should abscond and every bank suspend payment, and every insurance company fail, it would not affect you. Oh, how insignificant is business this side of the grave compared with business on the other side the grave! Have you made any purchases for eternity? Is there any question so broad as the base, so altitudinous, so overshadowing as the question: "What must I do to be saved?" Or, is it a domestic question, is it something about father, or mother, or husband, or wife, or son, or daughter that is the more important question? You know by universal and inexorable law that relation will soon be broken up. Father will be gone, mother will be gone, children will be gone, you will be gone; but after that, the question of the text will begin to harvest its chief gains, or deplore its worst losses, or roll up its mightiest magnitudes, or sweep its vaster circles.

Again, I characterize this question of the agitated jail-keeper as one crushed out by his misfortunes, pressed out by his misfortunes. The falling of the penitentiary, his occupation was gone. Besides that the flight of a prisoner was ordinarily the death of the jailer. He was held responsible. If all had gone well, if the prison walls had not been shaken of the earthquake, if the prisoners had all stayed quiet in the stocks, if the morning sunlight had calmly dropped on the jailer's pillow, do you think he would have hurried this red-hot question from his soul into the ear of his apostolic prisoners? Ah! no; you know as well as I do it was the earthquake that roused him up. And it is trouble that starts a great many people to asking the same question. It has been so with a multitude of you. You appear to be not as bright as it once was. Why have you changed the garb? Do you not like solferino, and crimson, and purple as well as once? Yes. But you say: "While I was prospered and happy those colors were accordant with my feelings; now they would be discord to my soul." And so you have plaited up the shadows into your apparel. The world is a very different place from what it was once for you! Once you said: "Oh, if I could only have it quiet for a little while." It is too quiet. Some people say that they would not bring back their departed friends from heaven even if they had the opportunity; but if you had the opportunity you would bring back your loved ones and soon their feet would be heard in the family, and the old times would come back just as the festal days of Christmas and Thanksgiving—days gone forever. Oh, it is the earthquake that startled you to asking this question—the earthquake of domestic misfortune. Death is so cruel, so devouring, so relentless, that when it swallows up our loved ones we must have some one to whom we can carry our torn and bleeding hearts. We need a balm better than anything that exuded from earthly tree to heal the pain of the soul. It is pleasant to have our friends gather around us and tell us how sorry they are, and try to break up the loneliness; but nothing but the hand of Jesus Christ can take the bruised soul and put it in his bosom, hushing it with the lullaby of heaven. O brother; O sister! the grave-stone will never be lifted from your heart until Christ lifts it. Was it not the loss of your friends, or the persecution of your enemies, or the overthrow of your worldly estate—was it not an earthquake that started you out to ask this stupendous question of my text?

In the troubled times of Scotland, Sir John Cochrane was condemned to death by the king. The death warrant

was on the way. Sir John Cochrane was bidding farewell to his daughter Grisel at the prison door. He said: "Farewell, my darling child! I must die." His daughter said: "No, father, you shall not die." "But," he said, "the king is against me, and the laws after me, and the death warrant is on its way, and I must die; do not deceive yourself, my dear child." The daughter said: "Father, you shall not die," as she left the prison gate. At night, on the moors of Scotland, a disguised wayfarer stood waiting for the horseman carrying the death warrant, containing the death warrant. The disguised wayfarer, as the horse came by, clutched the bridle and shouted to the rider—to the man who carried the death warrant: "Dismount!" He felt for his arms, and was about to shoot, but the wayfarer jerked him from his saddle and he fell flat. The wayfarer picked up the mail-bags, put them on his shoulder and vanished in the darkness, and fourteen days were thus gained for the prisoner's life, during which the father confessor was pleading for the pardon of Sir John Cochrane.

The second time the death warrant is on its way. The disguised wayfarer comes along, and asks for a little bread and a little wine, starts on across the moors, and they say: "Poor man, to have to go out on such a stormy night! It is dark and you will lose yourself on the moors." "Oh, no," he says, "I will not." He trudged on and stopped amid the brambles and waited for the horseman to come carrying the mail-bags containing the death warrant of Sir John Cochrane. The mail-carrier spurred on his steed, for he was fearful because of what had occurred on the former journey, spurred on his steed, and through the darkness there was a flash of firearms and the horse became unmanageable, and as the mail-carrier discharged his pistol in response, the horse flung him, and the disguised wayfarer put upon his shoulders the mail-bags, leaped upon the horse, and sped away in the darkness, gaining fourteen more days for the poor prisoner, Sir John Cochrane; and before the fourteen days had expired, pardon had come from the king. The door of the prison swung open, and Sir John Cochrane was free. One day when he was standing amid his friends, they congratulating him, the disguised wayfarer appeared at the gate, and he said, "Admit him right away." The disguised wayfarer came in and said: "Here are two letters; read them and cast them into the fire." Sir John read them. They were his two death warrants, and he threw them into the fire. Then said Sir John Cochrane: "To whom am I indebted? Who is this poor wayfarer that saved my life? Who is it?" And the wayfarer pulled aside and pulled off the jerkin and the cloak, and the hat, and lo! it was Grisel, the daughter of Sir John Cochrane. "Gracious Heaven!" he cried, "my child, my savior, my own Grisel!" But a more thrilling story. The death warrant had come forth from the king of heaven and earth. The death warrant read: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." The death warrant coming on the black horse of eternal night. We must die! But breasting the storm and putting out through the darkness was a disguised wayfarer who gripped by the bridle the on-coming doom and flung it back, and put his wounded and bleeding foot on the overthrown rider. Meanwhile pardon flashed from the throne, and, Go free! Open the gate! Strike off the chain! Go free! And to-day your liberated soul stands in the presence of the disguised wayfarer, and as he pulls of the disguise of his earthly humiliation and the disguise of his thorns, and the disguise of the seamless robe, you find he is none of your bone, flesh of your flesh, your Brother, your Christ, your Pardon, your Eternal Life. Let all earth and heaven break forth in vociferation. Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!

A guilty, weak and helpless worm, On thy kind arms I fall; Be Thou my strength and righteousness. My Jesus and my all.

FOR WOMEN ONLY.

Wash the face every morning and evening in warm water. Follow the morning ablution by dashing cold water over it. Use soap at night. If the hands chap wash them in warm water at night, partially dry them, rub cold cream well into their skin and use a pair of loose, fingerless kid gloves. Thorough drying is half the secret of pretty hands. In cold weather, when the slightest dampness will cause the hands to chap, they should be rubbed with almond meal after drying with a towel.

To keep the skin soft rub it frequently with cold cream. To keep it free from wrinkles, massage it once a week. To keep it clear in color take plenty of exercise and eat nourishing easily digested food. The nails should be soaked in warm, soapy water every three days, and when the cuticle is loosened it should be pressed back and trimmed with a pair of sharp scissors. The nails should be cut on the sides, filed in oval shape, polished slightly with powder, washed again, dried and polished with a chamois rubber.

PERSONAL.

The German emperor is about to take to bicycling, and a track for his private use is being laid down at Potsdam. The Prince of Wales receives daily on an average between five hundred and six hundred letters, two hundred of which are begging letters. It is said that whether at home or abroad, the Prince of Wales never fails to glance through a copy of the London Times each morning.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

ABULLETIN OF the Indiana Experimental Station says: The smut in corn differs in several important particulars from the common smuts of the smaller cereals, wheat, oats, rye and barley. In no respect is the difference more marked than in its mode of attacking the plant, and in this fact lie valuable hints to the cultivator. It has been assumed that because the smut of wheat and oats can be prevented by immersing the seed in hot water or a solution of some fungicide, the same method is applicable to corn. But it is not true and for the reason that the method by which the corn smut attacks the plant is very unlike that of most of the other cereal smuts.

It has been found out at the Indiana Experimental Station that the smut does not attack the plant through the seed, but like wheat rust it starts in the leaves and stems, wherever the spores are carried by the wind and find lodgment and sufficient moisture to enable them to germinate. The spores will grow as soon as ripe, that is as soon as the mass containing them turns black, and they will also retain their vitality for a year or two in case conditions for growth are not favorable. It is evident from this that neither the time of planting nor the previous condition or treatment of the seed will have any effect upon the amount of smut in the crop; and experiments already carried out substantiate this deduction. It is equally evident that meteorological conditions will have decided influence. But the farmer cannot control the weather.

Two things can be done to decrease smut in corn. The growing crop can be sprayed with a suitable fungicide and the entrance of the smut into the plant prevented. That this can be made effective is shown by the experiments of the Indiana station. But it is an expensive and troublesome method. The other, more convenient but less thorough method, is to gather and destroy the smut, and thus eventually rid the fields of it. The best time to gather the smut is just before the ears silk, when the fields should all be gone through and every sign of smut removed, being careful not to scatter it upon the ground, or in any way let the spores get free. The gatherings must be burned or deeply buried to certainly destroy the smut. One or more later gatherings should also be made. This may be called clean culture, and if persisted in for a few years would reduce the annual production of smut to an inconspicuous and harmless amount. J. C. Arthur, Botanist.

When Planting an Orchard.

Dig the holes the proper depth and level at the bottom, and large enough that the roots may be straightened to their full length by the hand. The roots should be equally divided as near as can be done. The proper placing of the roots has much to do with the growth and beauty of the tree. If the roots are thrust into the ground cramped, crooked, and without proper care, the trees will grow in like manner, stunted, crooked and misshapen. When the trees are placed in the hole, the roots properly divided and straightened, a little fine earth should be shaken over the roots, the tree slightly raised so as to give the roots a natural descent. The tree-top should incline to the west several inches, the hole to be filled with fine earth and firmly pressed, so as to hold the tree in its proper place. The prevailing west winds will soon bring the tree up to a perpendicular position, for if you will take the trouble to examine the orchards around you, you will find nearly all the trees leaning to the east. This is caused by the strong west winds.

The ground is prepared, the trees selected and planted, but your work is not finished; care must be taken of the trees and ground. The tree tops should be well formed by proper pruning. The branches from the trunk should be at or as near equal distances apart as it is possible to have them, and three main branches or limbs are quite enough to form a beautiful head or top; if this is done after pruning, no large branches will require to be cut or removed from the trunk; without this precaution at first pruning and forming the top it is often necessary to remove large limbs from the trunks, thereby causing a gradual decay and finally destroying the tree. The ground should be well cultivated and kept in good heart, and may be profitably cropped for several years with potatoes, turnips, mangolds, carrots, cabbages or any other root crops.—Wm. Gray.

Growing Cucumbers.

Some of our neighbors have been growing cucumbers in a new way for the last year or two, and as their success with them has been so wonderful, will give their way for the benefit of others. A spot about four feet square is first spaded up and well manured; a half barrel with the head knocked off is then set in the middle of the spot, and pushed down into the soil, but simply resting on the surface. The barrel is filled nearly full of well rotted manure. The loose earth is drawn up slightly all around the edge of the barrel and the seed is planted there in the ground. Every day a pailful or two of water is poured into the barrel,

and it soaks slowly through the manure until it reaches the soil where the seeds are. The surface being hollowed allows the water to reach the roots of the cucumber more readily, and the manure in the water makes them grow so fast that the striped squash bugs have little effect on them.—Bernice Baker, in Vick's Magazine.

South Dakota and Irrigation.

The Dakota Farmer has issued a special irrigation number. By illustrations and by reports of actual trials it is shown that the most marvelous results followed successful irrigation. According to all reports the supply of water beneath the surface is unlimited. It is estimated that the 10,000 square miles in the area stated with a single well on each section that is, 10,000 wells on the whole area, could be flooded annually to a depth of 30 inches, while ten inches of water supplied by ditches is sufficient to mature a crop, for every bit of the water is utilized and none runs to waste, carrying the fertile soil of the hills with it, as is the case with rain water. The population that such an area could support under such a state of cultivation almost exceeds comprehension. Six million people could have ten acres each, or one million could have sixty acres each, and a sixty acre farm under this intensive cultivation would be as productive as a section in a state of nature.

This is by no means a dream-picture. It is believed to be possible, and that by men who have given scientific study to the question, and it has been already realized in many places. The issue of the Farmer referred to shows that all over the basin farmers are sinking artesian wells and constructing large reservoirs in which to store the water until the proper time comes for its utilization. What was once a sun-dried region is becoming a region of ditches and lakes and ponds with vegetation and fish and crops which do not depend upon the uncertain clouds, but simply upon the ingenuity and industry of man. What a relief it will be for farmers, relief from anxiety in summer and want in winter when they are no longer compelled to look at the clouds. That anxious, despairing look which has been worn on the faces of so many farmers during the past few seasons in the trans-Missouri West will disappear and give place to the look of contentment and joy. The people of Dakota are not only applying the water from these wells to farming operations, but to power for mills, large and small, for sprinkling purposes, lighting and every want of humanity. The same well that raises the corn cuts it up in the corn shredder or grinds the wheat in the mills.

The Acids of Fruits.

The grateful acid of the rhubarb leaf arises from the malic acid and binoxalate of potash which it contains; the acidity of the lemon, orange, and other species of the genus Citrus, is caused by the abundance of citric acid which their juice contains; that of the cherry, plum, apple, and pear from the malic acid in their pulp; that of gooseberries and currants, black, red and white, from a mixture of malic and citric acids; that of the grape from a mixture of malic and tartaric acids; that of the mango from citric acid and a very fugitive essential oil; that of the tamarind from a mixture of citric, malic, and tartaric acids; the flavor of asparagus from aspartic acid, found also in the root of the marshmallow, and that of the cucumber from a peculiar poisonous ingredient called fungin, which is found in all fungi, and is the cause of the cucumber being offensive to some stomachs.

It will be observed that rhubarb is the only fruit which contains binoxalate of potash in conjunction with an acid. Beet root owes its nutritious quality to about 9 per cent of sugar which it contains, and its flavor is a peculiar substance containing nitrogen mixed with pectic acid.

The carrot owes its fattening powers also to sugar, and its flavor to a peculiar fatty oil; the horseradish derives its flavor and blistering power from a volatile acid oil. The Jerusalem artichoke contains 14½ per cent of sugar, and 3 per cent of inulin (a variety of starch), besides gum and a peculiar substance to which its flavor is owing; and, lastly, garlic and the rest of the onion family derive their peculiar odor from a yellowish, volatile acid oil, but they are nutritious from containing nearly half their weight of gummy and glutinous substances not yet clearly defined.—G. W. Johnson, in the Chemistry of the World.

California Versus Missouri Fruits.

A leading grocer advertises California peaches. California lemon cling peaches, California White Heath peaches, California Bartlett pears, and even California corn, tomatoes, cove oysters, etc. It seems absurd that Missouri should use such vast supplies from California, not only peach, pear, cherry, but even tomatoes and corn, and the same is true of Illinois and other states. These fruits and vegetables are produced in California on costly land, with high priced labor, enormous freights crossing the mountains, and yet it pays them. Why not Oark peaches and pears, adding Missouri or Arkansas, as the case may be, and why not Missouri, Illinois, Kentucky and Tennessee corn and tomatoes, as well as fruits. People of the Ozarks, Colorado and New Mexico are beginning to wake up, and soon California will cease gathering all the cream. We admire their enterprise but we want to see more of it in every state. People everywhere should grow more fruits and not depend upon disposing of it in the green state; have canning factories, make jelly, preserves, etc. Look what a great industry preserving of fruits in England.—Stark Bros. Bulletin.

A woman with a silvery laugh often exposes a gold plate in her mouth.

Cider or Acid Vinegar.

Cider vinegar is an article little known to the inhabitants of our large cities. Possibly and even probably this is true of our smaller cities, and even of our towns. It is doubtful if there be any other article of food where the imitation has so fully taken possession of the market as with vinegar. In many cases it is not possible to get pure cider vinegar. One has but to attend a convention of cider vinegar makers to have his eyes opened to the astounding fact that their business is largely in collapse, as the honest article is unable to compete with the false. After attending such a meeting some three years ago, the writer returned to his home determined to find out if he had been using acid vinegar all these years when he had been buying what was advertised as cider vinegar. As it happened, he was trading at the store of the most reputable grocer in his neighborhood, and so could expect to find the true product there if anywhere.

Asking the price of vinegar, he was told that white wine vinegar was 20 cents per gallon, cider vinegar 25 cents a gallon. He wanted cider vinegar, but he wanted still more to know if that cider vinegar had ever had any cider in it. He got the grocer aside and briefly gave him an extemporaneous lecture on the state and conditions of the traffic in cider vinegar, and also as to its manufacture and the high price at which it had to be sold in the market, taking into consideration the high price of apples. He did this to impress on the grocer the idea that he knew so much about the ins and outs of the vinegar trade that it would be useless to try to fool him. Then, to make it easy for said grocer to tell the truth, he put his question in this way: "Of course, I know that the vinegar you are selling for cider vinegar is not cider vinegar, but what I want to know is, why you do not keep some real genuine cider vinegar for such people as myself who are willing to pay for it?" The reply of the grocer was reasonable and to the point. He said: "I am aware that the vinegar I sell is not cider vinegar altogether, though there may be some cider in it. I would be glad to keep the genuine article if I could sell it, but I can't. I would have to sell it at 40 cents a gallon to make any profit on it. But here is the trouble, and the reason why I would not be able to get rid of it: I would charge 40 cents for my best cider vinegar. My competitors would advertise that they had genuine cider vinegar and would sell it for 25 cents a gallon. They would make as much noise over the imitation article as I could over my genuine article, and people would believe them, and buy where they thought they were getting it the cheapest. We are obliged to sell as cheaply as others, and there is probably not a grocer among hundreds that is selling vinegar without acids. The people are themselves to blame, for they will not use good judgment, but expect to get things even below the wholesale price."

The grocer further justified himself by saying that perhaps the acid product was as good and sometimes better than that made from cider; at least he believed it was better for making pickles, "for cider vinegar always eats out the heart of the cucumber and leaves it hollow." The above reply will indicate somewhat the scarcity of non-imitation vinegar; it being so little used that a grocer could make a statement like the last one quoted, and believe it. In addition it is to the interest of merchants to handle the vinegar made from acids, since the profits are larger. Sulphuric and muriatic acid cost but little, and these are the chief acids of which the common product is made. Someone has said that not more than two pounds of either is needed to make a barrel of the stuff sold on the market as vinegar.

As to remedies, there is great diversity of opinion. In Illinois and many other states there is no law to prevent this wholesale swindling of the people. Laws have been advocated by the different state societies interested in such matters, but have never got beyond their introduction in the legislature. The general trouble with them has been they were so very radical as to be unconstitutional. They called for total prohibition of the manufacture of acid vinegar; while the most a constitutional law, in Illinois at least, could do, would be to prevent acid vinegar from being sold as cider vinegar. Such a law should be passed in every state where one does not already exist. However, little real relief could be hoped for from any legal measure. The most feasible plan would seem to be to bring the producer and consumer together by correspondence. This would necessitate the consumer buying his vinegar in larger quantities than his custom when he depends on the corner grocery. Some orchardists that are making vinegar have adopted this plan, and also put up their product in kegs containing but a few gallons.

Soil Protection in Winter—One material is always at hand in protecting garden plants in winter—that is, the soil. And it is one of the best materials, and for very many plants all that is needed. It can be drawn up around them, and over them, if needed, and thus secure them against injury. The ground often freezes two feet deep in our northern climates, and thus must at the same time freeze the roots of many plants, but as they thaw slowly and gradually, on account of the surrounding soil, they remain uninjured. Use the soil for protection wherever it can be employed to advantage.—Ex.

Flower Culture at Railway Stations—Prizes to the amount of \$1,000 offered by the Midland Railway company of England to the station keepers along their route resulted in 200 entries for competition. By this means the stations along the course were beautified.—Ex.

Appetite for drink is the devil's iron chain on the drunkard's neck.