

BE good ship Umbria town, but already majestic Mrs. Clafwas laid out in her steamer-chair, miserably limp and sea-sick. She might as well have been a mummy for all the interest she took in the watery world around her, or all that her fellow-passengers took in her, completely hidden as she was in her

wrappings of vails and afghans. But the bright eyes of the young girl beside her were observing enough for them both, and her fair, interesting face attracted the attention of every one who passed along that side of the deck.

The invigorating salt wind ruffled up her soft, light hair, that curled coquettishly under the dark blue Tam O'Shanter, and

brought a warm glow to her cheeks. The deck was thronged with people taking their morning constitutional, and the constantly recurring figures afforded her

much entertainment. She lay back in her chair watching them with no thought of seeing a familiar face among them, and was almost startled when she caught sight of one she recognized.

A tall young fellow in a gray tourist's suit, sauntered along with his hands behind him, looking abstractedly off to sea. He was going by without noticing any one. She leaned forward a little and called his name. "Rob-Rob Eustis!" It was spoken so softly that her companion failed to hear, but Eustis heard, and came hurrying up to shake hands, his face glowing with pleasure at the unexpected meeting.

"Well, now, this is jolly!" he exclaimed "I didn't think there was a soul on board that I knew. Who is that you have hidden away so carefully?"

"Oh, that is Mrs. Clafflin. She is sound asteep now. She is chaperoning me home, you know. The rest of the family were not ready to come. I have another year at school yet, before they will let me stay abroad longer than through vacation."

He looked around for a vacant chair, but seeing none, proposed a promenade around the deck.

"I hope James Clafflin's mother will have a good sleep," she remarked, as he piloted her around to the other side of the ship. "Why, what do you mean by that, Kitty?" he asked, calling her by the old name he had given her long ago.

"My chaperone, you know. She has done nothing but talk of her son James ever since we left London. He is a model for all jons and would be quite a catch for even a Crown Princess in her opinion. I am tired to death of having James and his virtues siways on dress parade."

"She has been very good to me," Katherine went on, "but James is getting to be such a tiresome old story. Then, too, she watches me like a hawk, and seems to resent any little, friendly attentions and overtures that naturally grow out of a sea voyage."

"Eureka!" he cried, with a mischievous boyish twinkle in his gray eyes. "I've had an inspiration! Let's worry the old lady a believe I'm an old sweetheart of yours Come on around to her and present me."

"All right," assented Katherine, with the same readiness with which she had entered into their childish games when she was six and he was ten.

The sickening sound of the gong for lunch had just aroused Mrs. Clafflin to the recollection that she was pitching around on the unstable deep, when Katherine came up with Rob Eustis.

She introduced him as an old friend, with a shy, upward giance at him that aroused dark suspicions in Mrs. Claffin's busy

They stayed and chatted awhile, rearranged her rugs and cushions, ordered her lunch, and then sauntered off a little way to lean over the railing and talk long and

"She's watching us," said Katherine. after awhile. "I can feel her eyes on me. There, she's getting her spy glass out.'



SHE CALLED HIS NAME.

"Whew! this sun is hot!" answered Rob. "Let me raise your umbrella. Maybe she can tell what you are saying by the mo tion of your lips," he added, carefully ad justing the umbrella to shut off the view 'I wonder how madame likes that. She can imagine all sorts of sweet glances and tender words are going on under this thing. whereas it is the most platonic of friend ships, with all sentiment left out."

Mrs. Clafflin chafed with impatien curiosity, and had numerous questions to ask her charge when Rob finally brought her back and settled her in her chair.

One day near the end of the voyage he stopped Katherine on the stairs. "I'm going to write you a note," he said, hurriedly. for the old lady to read with her spy-glass I'il be up on deck in a few minutes. Watch how she takes it." Presently he sauntered past them with a

formal good morning, and seating himself at some distance from them, opened a little traveling companion of Russia leather, and began to write.

Mrs. Clafflin grew uneasy. "Is that a ves sel coming in sight?" she remarked, after awhile. "It ertainly looks like one." She carefully adjusted the glass, and her

eager and slowly swept the horizon. Then she shifted her chair, partly turning her back on Katherine, who was absorbed in

"How changeable the water is this morn ing," she observed. "Green and gray and blue-such constant variations." The seemed lost in thought for awhile,

Katherine watched the glass furtively. "I:'s aimed pretty straight," she said to

herself. 1.cb wrote slowly, with long pauses wherein he seemed deliberating what form of expression to use, or how best to give utterance to his thoughts; and slowly, word by word, Mrs. Clafflin deciphered it

as he wrote. It was a straightforward, manly letter. ability to speak to her instead of writing on account of her argus-eyed companion, who evinced such dislike for him.

was not yet half a diate answer. I know you are too young now to think of marriage, but I want the "I do not ask," he wrote, "for an immesweet assurance that you care for me-not as you cared for the old friend and comrade-but as a lover now, and by and by as something still nearer and dearer. Think about it to-day and I will come to you at sunset. If you greet me with a smile, my Kathleen, then I shall know that I may hope, but if you turn away or I do not find you in your usual place on the deck, then I shall know that the love that has grown to be dearer than life is denied me."

> Katherine had been down in the diningroom at lunch for some time when Rob finished the letter. Mrs. Claffin never ventured beyond its threshold, so she was taking her lunch on deck by herself when one of the stewards came up with a book. "For Miss Allport," he said. "I thought she was here.

"Let me have it. I will give it to her," she answered.

That evening at sunset Rob Eustis passed back and forth along the deck. Mrs. Clafflin sat alone. "Kathie, dear," she had said s few minutes before, "Mrs. Espey is very anxious to hear you sing and I promised you would favor her this evening. I see her coming now to take you to the music-room."

"My plan is working out beautifully," thought Mrs. Claffin. "Ah! I forgot to tel. you, my dear, Mr. Eustis sent this to you resterday while you were at lunch. It is the book you were discussing the other

Katherine turned the pages indifferently. The note was not there. Mrs. Clafflin had slipped out the sealed envelope Rob had placed there, intending to replace it just before landing, when an interview and explanation would be too late. She dropped it



ANY SERVICE TO-MORROW,

into the traveling bag under her berth when she went to her state-room, forgetting that her's and Katherine's were exactly

Katherine found it, guessed how it came there and laughed heartily to herself when she read it, thinking of the consternation with which it must have been read when Mrs. Claffin turned her glass upon it.

Then she re-read it. Something in it | The men who now go to sea with moved her strangely, and she read it again. It did not sound like a jest. A vague unhappiness she could not account for took passession of her and all the rest of the day she was absent-minded and quiet.

Now that Eustis was disposed of, Mrs. Clafflin felt that she could relax her vigilance, and retired to her state-room to su perintend her packing.

Katherine strolled out to the bow and eaned over the railing to watch the fascinating rise and fall of the foam-tipped waves. It was almost dark. They would be in sight of the harbor lights before midnight.

Presently Rob came up beside her. "Can I be of any service to-morrow, Kitty?" he asked. "It is tedious business getting through the custom-house."

"Oh, no, thank you," she answered. "James will be there to do every thing." Then she laughed.

"Mrs. Clafflin thinks she has nipped a fine romance in the bud. She thinks you have proposed to me, that you believe I received your note and paid no attention to it, and that I am ignorant of the true state of affairs. But she saw 'through a glass darky' when she turned her lens on us, and her little stratagem was useless."

Rob did not answer. She stood there a silence. Some unaccountable barrier seemed between them, and she could not go on joking as she had done before. Presently he offered her his arm, and they began to walk slowly back and forth.

Darkness drew down over the sea, but the light streamed out from the cabin doors

and port holes. "No," he said at length, "her little strataem was not useless. It brought me face to ace with myself. All that I wrote you that night in jest I have come out here to-night o repeat to you in earnest, and a thousand imes more than that. I know now that I loved you then, or I could not have written as I did. I know that this may seem sudden to you, but it is not sudden. It has been the slow growth of years, though I have been so long in recognizing it."

The deep, earnest voice struck a reponsive chord in the girl's heart, but she would not let him know it.

"Well, Rob," she said, gaily, "you always could carry out a joke better than any one I ever knew. I wish Mother Clafflin could hear you now."

"Oh, Katherine, do be serious," he pretested, with a desperate earnestness. lieve me, sweetheart, it is the happiness of a lifetime I am asking for. Don't you care

for me in the least!" He bent over her in the darkness. Her hand rested a moment in his, but the sweet willful lips so near his own spoke no word, and the night hid the answer he might have

read in her eyes. Mrs. Espey passed with her maid.

"Mrs. Ciaffin is looking for you," she said in passing. "She is around on the other

"Wait," pleaded Rob. "You have not answered me. I will see you to-morrow at your home! No; tell me now, Kitty. I can't let you go without some little word

of hope." She gave him both her hands an instant n a quick, impetuous way, and then was

Early next morning Mrs. Claffin stood with glass in hand, eagerly scanning the hundreds of people at the docks for a sight of James' well-known face, and glancing at Satherine now and then to wonder how hey would impress each other. She nolown the gang-plank; and turned in time to see Robert Eustis raise his hat in what seemed to her a very cool, indifferent man-

"He couldn't have been so much in love with her as his letter seemed to indicate," she thought to herself, "or he never would have gotten over it so quickly. No telling, though, what it might have come to if I TO THE HOLY LAND.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage Addresses the Public Through the Press.

Vessels of the Olden Time and the Present -The Christian's Journey Over Life's Billows - The Voyage to Heaven -Farewell Greetings.

dev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, on his embarkation for the Holy Land by the steamer City of Paris, addressed his friends through the press, taking for his text Acts xx. 38: "And they accompanied him unto the ship." Following is the sermon:

To the more than 25,000,000 people in many countries to whom my sermons come week by week, in English tongue and by translation, through the kindness of the newspaper press, I address these words. I dictate them to a stenographer on the eve of my departure for the Holy Land, Palestine. When you read this sermon I will be in mid-Atlantic. I go to be gone a few weeks on a religious journey. I go because I want for myself and hearers and readers to see Bethlehem, and Nazareth, and Jerusulem, and Calvary, and all the other places connected with the Saviour's life and death, and so reinforce myself for sermons. I go also because I am writing the "Life of Christ," and can be more accurate and graphic when I have been an eye witness of the sacred places. Pray for my successful journeying and my safe return.

I wish on the eve of departure to pronounce a loving benediction upon all my friends in high places and low, upon congregations to whom my sermons are read in absence of pastors, upon groups gathered out on prairies and in mining districts, upon all sick and invalid and aged ones who can not attend churches, but to whom I have long administered through the printed page. My next sermon will be addressed to you from Rome, Italy, for I feel like Paul when he said: "So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also." The fact is that Paul was ever moving about on land or sea. He was an old sailor-not from occupation, but from frequency of travel. I think he could have taken a vessel across the Mediterranean as well as some of the ship captains. The sailors never scoffed at him for being a "land lubber." If Paul's advice had been taken the crew would never have gone ashore at Melita. When the vessel went scudding under bare poles Paul was the only self-possessed man on board, and, turning to the excited crew and despairing passengers, he exclaims, in a voice that sounds above the thunder of the tempest and the wrath of the sea: "Be of good cheer."

maps and charts and modern compass, warned by buoy and lighthous nothing of the perils of ancient navigation. Horace said that the man who first ventured on the sea must have had a heart bound with oak and triple brass. People then ventured only from headland to headland and from island to island, and not long after spread their sail for a voyage across the sea. Before starting, the weather was watched, and the ship having been hauled up on the shore, the mariners placed their shoulders against the stern of the ship and heaved it off, they at the last moment leaping into it. Vessels were then chiefly ships of burden-the transit of passengers being the exception; for the world was not then migratory as in our day, when, the first desire of a man in one place seems to be to get into another place. The ship from which Jonah was thrown overboard, and that in which Paul was carried prisoner, went out chiefly with the idea of taking a cargo. As now, so then, vessels were accuswas inscribed with the name of a noment, feeling a strange restraint in his heathen deity. A vessel bound for Syra- the promenade deck. Mortify your cuse had on it the inscription "Castor and Pollux." The ships were provided with anchors. Anchors were of two kinds; those that were dropped into the sea, and those that were thrown up onto the rocks to hold the vessel fast. This last kind was what Paul alluded to when he | riotous appetites. said: "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail." That was what the sailors being mapped out, vessels carried a plumb line. They would drop it and find the water fifty fathoms, and drop it ledger. You ought to know every night, again and find it forty fathoms, and as well as every year, how things are drop it again and find it thirty fathoms, going. When the express train stops at autumn the Mediteranean sea was white of the rail train. Bound, as we are, with the wings of ships, but at the first with more than express speed toward a the nearest harbor, although now the try the work of self examination? world's commerce prospers in Janusparks of terrible furnaces on the wild shelter of the smoke-stack, looking off

is written in scrolls of foam and fire: and from the masthead let float the path in the great waters!" that I see a group of men, women and goes a Christian, bound for the port of ranean. Paul is about to leave the con- she has too many guns aboard." Run gregation to whom he had preached and up your flag on this pully: "I am not is a solemn thing to part. There are so is the power of God and the wisdom of many traps that wait for a man's feet. God unto salvation." When driven The solid ground may break through, back or laboring under great stress or and the sea-how many dark mysteries whether-now changing from starboard hasty good-bye, a last look, and the board to starboard-look above the top and the planks are hauled in and Paul a war drum as the streamers float on the is gone. I expect to sail over some of wind. The sign of the cross will make the same waters over which Paul sailed, you patient, and the crown will make but before going I want to urge you all you glad.

to embark for Heaven.

ought to be of solid stuff. For the want | through the waters I will be with thee; of it vessels that looked able to run and through the rivers, they shall not their jibbooms into the eye of any overflow thee." Are you ready for such tempest when caught in a storm have a voyage? Make up your minds. The been crushed like a wafer. The truths gang planks are lifting. The bell rings. of God's word are what I mean by floor timbers. Nothing but oaks, hewn in the forest of divine truth, are stanch enough for this craft.

You must have love for a helm to the hand-love married to work, which you I leave in trouble. Things are golove, not like books, which foam and had a hard struggle with poverty or river that runs up the steps of mill ment. Light after light has gone out, on the other side, but visits the man nd merely saying "Poor fellow! you are fearfully hurt," but, like the good Samaritan, pours in oil and wine and pays his board at the tavern. There must also be a prow, arranged to cut and override the billow. That is Christian perseverance. There are three mountain surges that sometimes dash against a soul in a minute—the world, the flesh upset the tent and killed Job's children and the devil; and that is a well built prow that can bound over them. For magnificent poem that has astounded April than they do in November, is to and never started again. It is the broadside wave that so often sweeps the deck and fills the hatches; but that They are proud, discontented, useless troubles courageously and you surmount | ful folks go among those who have been them. Stand on the prow and as you wipe off the spray of the split surges, ery out with the apostle, "none of these things move me." Let all your fears stay aft. The right must conquer. Know that Moses in an ark of bulrushes can run down a war steamer.

Have a good, strong anchor. "Which hope we have as an anchor." By this strong cable and windlass hold on to your anchor. "If any man sin, we have use the anchor wrongfully. Do not allongitude. You will never ride up the innumerable, when he says: harbor of eternal rest if you all the way

drag your anchor. But you must have sails. Vessels are not fit for the sea until they have the flying jib, the foresail, the topgallant, the skysail, the gaffsail and other canvas. Faith is our canvas. Hoist it, and the winds of heaven will drive you ahead. Sails made out of any other canvas than faith will be slit to tatters by the first northeaster. Strong faith never lost a battle. It will crush foes, and hardships, they behaved well. Afblast rocks, quench lightnings. thresh | ter a while they prayed for meat and the mountains. It is a shield to the war- sky darkened with a large flock of rior, a crank to the most ponderous wheel, a lever to pry up the multitudes all about them; and the Ispyramids, a drum whose beat gives raelites ate and ate and stuffed themstrength to the step of the heav- selves until they died. Oh! my friends, enly soldiery, and sails to waft ships it is not hardship, or trial, or starvation laden with priceless pearls from the that injures the soul, but abundant sup-

must have what seamen call the running rigging. This comprises the ship's braces, halliards, clew lines and such like. Without these the yards could not be braced, the sails lifted, nor the canvas in anywise managed. We have prayer for the running rigging. Unless I had gone overboard I would have gone you understand this tacking you are not to the very depths. You know I can do a spiritual seaman. By pulling on these ropes you hoist the sails of faith and turn them every whither. The prow of courage will not cut the wave, nor the sail of faith spread and flap its wing, unless

you have strong prayer for a halliard. One more arrangement and you will be ready for the sea. You must have a compass-which is the Bible. Look at it every day and always sail by it, as its needle points toward the Star of Bethlehem. Through fog and darkness and storm it works faithfully. Search the Scriptures. "Box the compass."

Let me give you two or three rules for the voyage. Allow your appetites tomed to carry a flag. In those days it and passions an under deck passage. Do not allow them ever to come up on members which are upon the earth. Never allow your lower nature any thing but a steerage passage. Let watchfulness walk the decks as an armed sentinel, and shoot down with great promptness any thing like a mutiny of

Be sure to look out of the forecastle for icebergs. These are cold Christians floating about in the Church. The frigid zone professors will sink you. Steer call a "hook anchor." The rocks and clear of icebergs. Keep a log book dursand bars, shoals and headlands, not ing all the voyage-an account of how May you be blessed in your business and many furlongs you make a day. The merchant keeps a day book as well as a thus discovering their near approach to the depot, you hear a hammer sounding the raptures that God has prepared for That is the worst possible place for it. the shore. In the spring, summer and on all the wheels, thus testing the safety those who love Him! I utter not the wintry blast they hied themselves to great eternity, ought we not often to considering that I have your hand tight-

Be sure to keep your colors up! You arv as well as in June, and in midwinter, know the ships of England, Russia, all over the wide and stormy deep, there France and Spain by the ensigns they float palaces of light, trampling the bil- carry. Sometimes it is a lion, somelows under foot, and showering the times an eagle, sometimes a star, sometimes a crown. Let it ever be wind; and the Christian passengers, known who you are, and for what tippeted and shawled, sit under the port you are bound. Let "Christian" be written on the very front, with upon the phosphorescent deep, on which a figure of a cross, a crown and a dove; Thy way, O God, is in the sea and thy streamers of Immanuel. Then the pirate vessels of temptation will pass It is in those days of early navigation you unharmed as they say: "There children on the beach of the Mediter- Heaven. We will not disturb her, for they are come down to see him off. It ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it it hides in its bosom! A few counsels, a back to larboard, and then from larropes rattle and the sails are hoisted, gallants, and your heart shall beat like

o embark for Heaven.

Before you gain port you will smell the Churchis the drydock where souls the land breezes of Heaven, and Christ,

All aboard for Heaven! This world is not your rest. The chaffinch is the silliest bird in all the earth for trying to make its nest on the rocking billow.

O, how I wish that as I embark for the guide and turn the craft. Neither pride. Holy Land in the East, all to whom I nor ambition, nor avarice will do for a preach by tongue or type would embark rudder. Love not only in the heart, for Heaven! What you all most need is but flashing in the eye and tingking in God, and you need Him now. Some of many look upon as so homely a bride- ing very rough with you. You have rattle, yet do nothing, but love like a sickness, or persecution, or bereavewheels, and works in the harness of and it is so dark that you can hardly factory bands; love that will not pass by see any blessing left. May that Jesus who comforted the widow of Nain and who fell among thieves near Jericho, raised the deceased to life, with His clover seed, with but a tritle more than gentle hand of sympathy wipe away one per cent. of impurity by weight, your tears! All is well. When David was fleeing through the

wilderness, pursued by his own son, he was being prepared to become the sweet singer of Israel. The pit and the dungeon were the best schools at which Joseph graduated. The hurricane that prepared the man of Uz to write the lack of this many have been put back the ages. There is no way to purify the gold but to burn it. Look at the people that is unproductive on good hay and who have always had their own way. which strikes in front is harmless. Meet | and unhappy. If you want to find cheerpurified by the fire. After Rossini had rendered "William Tell" the five hundredth time a company of musicians came under his window in Paris and serenaded him. They put upon his brow a golden crown of laurel leaves. But amidst all the applause and enthusiasm Rossini turned to a friend and said: "I would give all this brilliant scene for a the melancholy feeling of Rossini, who hands. When clean, rinse in beiling an advocate with the Father." Do not had every thing that this world could give him, to the joyful experience of ways stay in the same latitude and Isaac Watts, whose misfortunes were

The hill of Zion y elds A thousand sacred sweets Before we reach the heavenly fields Or walk the golden streets. Then let our songs abound, And every tear be dry; We're marching through Immanuel's

ground, To fairer worlds on high. It is prosperity that kills and trouble that saves. While the Israelites were on the march, amidst great privations quails, and these quails fell in great the quails! it is the quails!

I can not leave you until once more I confess my faith in the Saviour whom I have preached. He is my all in all. I owe more to the grace of God than most men. With this ardent temperament, if nothing by halves.

O to grace how great a debter Daily I'm constrained to be!

I think all will be well. Do not be worried about me. I know that my Re- stead are worth noticing: deemer liveth, and if any fatality should pefall me, I think I should go straight. have been most unworthy, and would friends had been as unworthy a Christian as myself. But God has helped a great many through, and I hope he will help me through. It is a long account of shortcomings, but if He is going to rub any of it out, I think He will rub it all out. And now give us (for I go send letters to a distant land you say via such a city, or via such a steamer. send them via the throne of God. We shall not travel out of the reach of your

prayers. There is a scene where spirits blend. Where friend holds intercourse with friend; Though sundered far, by faith we meet

round one common mercy seat. And now, may the blessing of God come down upon your bodies and upon your souls, your fathers and mothers, your companions, your children, your brothers and sisters and your friends! in your pleasures, in your joys and in your sorrows, in the house and by the way! And if during our separation an arrow from the unseen world should strike any of us may it only hasten on cellar-neither comb nor extracted. word farewell; it is too sad, too formal a word for me to speak or write. But ly clasped in both of mine, I utter a kind, an affectionate and a cheerful good-bye!

GREETED IN SPANISH.

The Delegates Meet With a Novelty at

Louisville, Ky. LOUISVILLE, Ky., Nov. 3 .- A band in the rotunda of the Galt House yesterday morning played that dreamy Spanish air, La Paloma, and thus were the All-Americas excursionists awakened to begin a round of hospitalities in this city. At the Board of Trade Hon. Harvey Watterson, gray-haired, seventy-six years old, yet erect and sturdy, with Governor Buckner and ex-Governor McCreary received the visitors. President Cornwall, of the Board of Trade, presented Hon. Harvey itself not only in the appearance of the Watterson as one who fifty years ago was the American Minister to the Argentine Confederation. The aged Southron was cheered as he stood upon his feet, and as he began speaking the face of every Spanish-American brightened with gratification. For the first time since the journey began the men from the South were listening to words of greeting in their own tongue,

The Yantic has been ordered to convey to Santiago de Cuba Lieutenant are to be fitted out for Heaven. In mak- the pilot, will meet you as you come John A. Forris and party, organized to nain't interfered. Thank goodness, here ing a vessel for this voyage, the first into the Narrows of Death, and fasten determine the difference in longitude in nd his hope, and his in comes James!" ____ A. J. F. J. need is sound timber. The floor timber to you, and say: "When thou passest West Indies during the coming winter. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

-A well trained shepherd dog is a good piece of property. An untrained one is of no value about sheep or cattle.

-The gooseberry is such a favorite fruit that its season can never be too long. To secure fruit some weeks later than is produced in the ordinary quarters, a number of bushes should be planted behind or against a north wall.

-Once in a while a cheap cow makes a good return to her owner, but that is not the rule. The rule is that cheap things are the most expensive in the end, and cows are not an exception to the rule. That does not mean, however, that a man should invest a fortune in a cow.

-Examination at the Delaware experiment station of moderately pure showed that it contained the seeds of plantain, ragweed, smartweed and foxtail grass in sufficient quantity to put one seed every foot in drills fifteen inches apart if the clover seed were sown eight pounds to the acre.

-To feed calves and young stock hay and have them weigh no more in lose hay and labor; and to feed a dairy grain and make the profit from dairying off of the grass next season, on low prices, is quite as unprofitable. If the cows are to go unproductive let them do so in grass and fly-time. Make the barvested crops pay a profit.

-Rubbing will shrink flannels, therefore a board never should be used. Make a very hot suds with Castile soap and about a teaspoonful of borax. Soak the flannels in this for a short time. then wash by rinsing them well in this few days of youth and love." Contrast water, rubbing very lightly with the hot water, then in another water with a very little Castile soap sads, and dry

quickly out of the wind. -The Ohio Poultry Journal tells us that fowls do not moult alike, nor do they moult at the same time annually; the usual season, however, is from June to September, while in some cases it runs to Christmas. Young and healthy fowls, fed largely on nitrogenous food, mouit early in the season; old and debilitated hens moult late. Hens must have the material for making rich blood and feathers before they shed their old feathers.

-Oyster Fritters: Drain off the oyster liquor, boil and skim, and to a cup of it add a cup of sweet milk. three eggs, salt, and flour for a fairly thick batter. Have hot butter or beef drippings ready in a kettle; stir the oysters into the batter whole, and drop harbor of earth to the harbor of Heaven. ply. It is not the vulture of trouble into the hot fat by the spoonful, one But you are not yet equipped. You that eats up the Christian's life; it is oyster to each spoonful of batter. The oysters should be large and plump. Let the fritters fry to a delicate brown and serve piping hot.

> ABOUT COMBED HONEY. How to Care for It So That Will Bring &

Too much of the honey which is sent to market brings a low price because it has been poorly cared for. These practical hints from the lowa Home-

In the first place, there is no hurry about taking it off the hives. The bees can care for it more cheaply, and even be sorry to think that any one of my | if it is not quite so white as when taken off earlier, flavor is improved by perfect ripening, which, to my mind, more than compensates for the slightly darker shade which the comb presents.

If taken off during warm weather it will sometimes be spoiled by the larvae not alone) your benediction. When you of the bee-moth. The worms can be fumigated with sulphur in a tight box or room, but this is seldom necessary. When you send your good wishes to us, and is not practiced to any extent by the best honey producers. If comb honey is produced by the best methods there will be scarcely any pollen cell in it, and in the absence of these the moths do little harm. A worm is seldom seen in surplus honey unless there is pollen in some of the cells. When honey is taken off the hive, if in small sections containing only one comb each, it can be held up to the light and every cell of polien detected. If these are kept by themselves and used or sold first, the rest will be comparatively free from moths.

Honey should never be kept in a It will gather moisture or "sweat" and soon become "off flavor," if not positively sour. Store it in a dry. warm room, if possible (safe from mice), then it will keep ten years. It will not granulate so soon in a warm room, and its flavor will improve. I now have some that is three years old, and is not candied, but is so thick that it will not run. Extracted honey can not be kept in too warm a room.

A Remedy for Insomnia.

The abuse of the eye is the crime of the age. I am prepared to demonstrate that at least nine-tenths of the prevailing sleeplessness of which we hear so much is due to nervousness directly traceable to the optic nerve. We are wearing our eyes out over books and desks and types, and the effect shows organ itself, but in its retroactive effect on nerve and brain. I have discovered a remedy for sleeplessness, and for the reason I have never known it to fail I am fortified in my opinion that the whole trouble arises from the overstrain of the eyes Take a soft clothsay a piece of napped towel-and fold in it two small pieces of ice at a distance apart to exactly cover the eyes when the cloth is laid across them, Then lie down, adjust the cloth with the ice over the closed eyes and you will be asleep in a very short while .--