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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Glorious Palm."

Text: "They took branches of palm trees and went forth to meet Him."-John xii., 13.

How was that possible? How could palm How was that possible? How could palm branches be cast in the way of Christ as He approached Jerusalem? There are scarcely any palm trees in Central Palestine. Even the one that was carefully guarded for many years at Jericho has gone. I went over the very road by which Christ approached Jerusalem, and there are plenty of clive trees and fir, trees but to even that I could be the could be trees that I could be the could be the could be trees that I could be the could be the could be trees that I could be the could be the could be trees that I could be the could be trees that I could be the could be trees that I could be trees that I could be the could be trees that I could be the could be trees that I could be trees the I could be trees that I could be trees that I could be trees t and fig trees, but no palm trees that I could see. You must remember that the climate has changed. The palm tree likes water, but by the cutting down of the forests, which are leafy prayers for rain, the land has be-come unfriendly to the palm tree. Jericho once stood in seven miles of palm grove.
Olivet was crowned with palms. The Dead
Sea has on its banks the trunks of palm
trees that floated down from some oldtime palm grove and are preserved from decay by the salt which they received from the

Dean Sen.
Let woodmen spare the trees of America. if they would not ruinously change the cli-mate and bring to the soil barrenness instead of tertility. Thanks to God and the legisla-tures for Arbor Day, which plants trees, try-ing to atone for the ruthlessness which has destroyed them. Yes, my text is in har-mony with the condition of that country on the morning of Palm Sunday. About three million people have come to Jerusalem to attend the religious festivities. Greatnews! Jesus will enter Jerusalem to-day. The sky from with the morning, and the people are flocking out to the foot of Olivet, and up and on over the southern shoulder of the mountain, and the procession coming out from the city meets the procession escorting Christ, as He comes toward the city. There is a turn in the road where Jerusalem suddenly bursts upon the vision.

dealy bursts upon the vision.

We had ridden that day all the way from Jericho, and had visited the ruins of the house of Mary and Martha and Lazarus, and were somewhat weary of sight seeing, when there such enly arose before our vision Je. usalem, the religious capital of all Christian ages. That was the point of observation where my text comes in. Alexander rode Bucephalus, Duke Elfe rode bis famous Merchegay, Sir Henry Lawrence rode the high mettled Con-iad, Wellington rode his proud Copenhagen, but the conqueror of earth and heaven rides a colt, one that had been tied at the roadside. It was unbroken, and I have no doubt fractions at the vociferation of the populace. An extemporized saddle made out of the garments of the people was put on the beast. While some people griped the bridle of the colt, others reverently waited upon Christ at

The two processions of people now become one—those who came out of the city and those who came over the hill. The orientals are more demonstrative than we of the western world, their voices louder, their gesticulations more violent and the symbols by which they express their emotions more significant. The people who left Phoces, in the far east, wishing to make impressive that they would never return, took a red hot f iron and threw it into said they would never return to Phocea until that ball rose and floated on the surface. Be not surprised, therefore, at the demonstra-

As the colt with its rider descends the slope of Olivet, the palm trees lining the road are called upon to render their contribution to the scene of welcome and rejoicing. The branches of these trees are high up, and some must needs climb the trees and tear off the leaves and throw them down, and others make of these leaves an emerald pavement for the colt to trod on.

Long before that morning the palm tree had been typical of triumph. Herodotus and Strabo had tous described it. Layard finds the palm leaf cut in the walls of Nineveb, with the same significance. In the Greek athletic games the victors carried palms. am very glad that our Lord, who five days after had thorns upon His brow, for a little while at least had palms strewn under His Ob. the glorious palm! Amarasinga, the Hindoo scholar, calls it "the king among the grasses." Lannæus calls it "the prince of vegetation."

Among all the trees that ever cast a shadow or yielded fruit or lifted their arms toward heaven, it has no equal for multi-tudinous uses. Do you want nowers? One palm tree will put forth a hanging garden of them, one cluster counted by a scientist containing 207,000 blooms. Do you want food? It is the chief diet of the whole nations. One palm in Chile will yield ninety gallons of honey. In Polynesia it is the chief food of the inhabitants. In India there are multitules of people dependent upon it for sus-

Do you want cable to hold ships or cords to hold wild beasts? It is wound into ropes unbreakable. Do you want articles of house furniture? It is twisted into mats and woven into baskets and shaped into drinking cups and swung into hammocks. Do you want medicine? Its nut is the chief preventive of disease and the chief cure for vast popula-tions. Do you want houses? Its wood furnishes the wall for the homes, and its leaves thatch them. Do you need a supply for the pantry? It yields sugar and starch and oil and sago and milk and salt and wax and

vinegar and candles.
Oh, the palm! It has a variety of endowments, such as no other growth that ever rooted the earth or kissed the heavens. To the willow, God says, "Stand by the water courses and weep." To the cedar He says, "Gather the hurricanes into your bosom." To the fig tree He says, "Bear fruit and put it within reach of all the people." But to the palm tree He says, "Be garden and the paim tree He says, "Be garden and storehouse and wardrobe and ropewalk and chandlery and bread and banquet and mannfactory, and then be type of what I meant when I inspired David, My servant, to say, The righteous shall flourish like a palm

Ob. Lord God, give us more palm trees men and women made for nothing but to be useful; dispositions all abloom; branches of influence laden with fruit; people good for everything, as the palm tree. If kind words everything, as the palm tree. If kind words are wanted they are ready to utter them. If helpful deeds are needed they are ready If helpful deeds are needed they are ready to perform them. If plans of usefulness are to be laid out they are ready to project them. If enterprises are to be forwarded they are ready to lift them. People who are "Yes! Yes!" when they are asked for usustance by word or deed, instead of "No!

Most of the mysteries that bother others do not bother me, because I adjourn them; but the mystery that roally bothers me is why fied made so many people who amount to nothing so far as the world's betterment be concerned. They stand in the way, They object. They discuss hindrances. They stagest possibilities of failure. Over the road of life, instead of pulling in the traces, they are iving back in the breechings. They are the everlasting No. They are bramble trees, they are willows, always mouraing or wild cherry trees, yielding only the lifter, or trab apple trees, profuding only the goar, while flox would have us all flourish s concerned. They stand in the way . They

like the palm tree. Planted in the Bible that

tree always means usefulness. But how little any of us or all of us accomplish in that direction. We take twenty or thirty years to get fully ready for Christian work, and in the after part of life we take ten or twenty years for the gradual closing of active work, and that leaves only selittle time hetween and the control of the cont so little time between opening and stopping work that all we accomplish is so little an angel of Godneeds to exert himself to see it

Nearly everything I see around, beneath and above in the natural world suggests useful service. If there is nothing in the Bible that inspires you to usefulness, go out and study the world around you this spring-time, and learn the great lesson of usefulness, "What art thou doing up there, little star? Why not shut thine eyes and sleep, for who cares for for thy shining?" "No," saith the star, "I will not sleep. I guide the sailor on the sea. I cheer the traveler among the mountains. I help tip the dew with light. Through the window of the poor man's cabin I cast a beam of hope, and the child on her mother's lap asks in glee whither I come and what I do and whence I go. To gleam and glitter, God set me here. Away! I have no time to sleep."

The snowflake comes straggling down. fickle wanderer, why comest thou "I am no idle wanderer," responds flake. "High up in the air I was born, the child of the rain and the cold, and at the divine behest I come, and I am no straggler, for God tells me where to put my crystal heel. To help cover the roots, the grain and grass, to cleanse the air, to make sportsmen more happy and the ingle fire more bright, I come. Though so light I am that you toss me from your muffler and crush me under your foot, I am doing my best to fulfill what I was made for. Clothed in white I come on a heavenly mission, and, when my work is done and God shall call, in morning vapor I shall go back, drawn by the flery courses of the sun."

the fiery courses of the sun."

"What doest thou, insignificant grass blade under my feet?" "I am doing a work," says the grass blade, "as best I can. I help to make up the soft beauty of field and lawn. I am satisfied, if, with millions of others no bigger than I, we can give pasture to flocks and herds. I am wonderfully made, the who feeds the revent gives me substance. He who feeds the ravens gives me substance from the soil and breath from the air, and He who clothes the lilies of the field rewards

me with this coat of green."
"For what, lonely cloud, goest thou across
the heavens?" Through the bright air a voice drops from afar, saying: "Up and down this sapphire floor I pace to teach men that like me they are passing away. I gather up the waters from lake and sea, and then, when the thunders toll, I refresh the earth, making the dry ground to laugh with har vests of wheat and fields of corn. I catch the frown of the storm and the hues of the rainbow. At evening tide on the western slopes I will pitch my tent, and over me shall dash the saffron, and the purple, and the fire of the sunset. A pillar of cloud like me led the chosen across the desert, and sur-rounded by such as I the Judge of Heaven and Earth will at last descend, for "Behold He cometh with clouds!"

Ob, my friends, if anything in the inanimate world be useful, let us immortal men and women be useful, and in that respect be like the palm tree. But I must not be tempted by what David says of that green shaft of Palestine, that living and glorious pillar of the eastern gardens, as seen in olden times—the palm tree; I must not be tempted by what the Old Testament lessen my emphasis of what John, the even-gelist, says of it in my text.

Notice that it was a beautiful and lawful robbery of the palm tree that helped make up Christ's triumph on the road to Jerusalem that Palm Sunday. The long, broad, green leaves that were strewn under the feet of the colt and in the way of Christ were torn off from the trees. What a pity, some one might say, that those stately and grace ul trees should be despoiled. The sap oozad out at the places where the branches broke. The glory of the palm tree was appropriately sacrificed for the Saviour's triumphal pro-So it always was, so it always be in this world-no worthy triumph of any sort without the tearing down of something

Brooklyn Bridge, the glory of our continent, must have two architects prostrated, the one slain by his toils and the other for a lifetime invalided. The greatest pictures of the world had, in their richest coloring, the blood of the artists who made them. The mightiest oratories that ever rolled through the churches had in their pathos, the sighs and groans of the composers, who wore their lives out in writing the harmony. American independence was triumphant, but it moved on over the lifeless forms of tens of thousands of men who fell at Bunker Hill and Yorktown and the battles between which

were the hemorrhages of the nation.

The kingdom of God advances in all the earth, but it must be over the lives of missionaries who die of malaria in the jungles or Christian workers who preach and pray and toil and die in the service. The Saviour triumphs in all directions-but beauty and strength must be torn down from the palm trees of Christian heroism and consecration

and thrown in His pathway. To what better use could those palm trees on the southern shoulder of Mount Olivet and clear down into the Valley of Gethsemane put their branches than to surrender them for the making of Christ's journey toward Jerusalem the more picturesque, the more memorable and the more thumphant? And to what better use could we put our lives than into the sacrifice for Christ and cause and the happiness fellow creatures? Shall we not willing to be torn down that right-coursess shall have triumphant way? Christ was torn down for us. Can we not afford to be torn down for Him? If Christ could suffer so much for us, can we not suffer a pittle for Christ? If He can afford on Palm Sunday to travel to Jerusalem to carry a cross, can we not afford a few leaves from

our branches to make emerald His way? The process is going on every moment in all directions. What makes that father have such hard work to find the hymn today? He puts on his spectacles and holds the book close up, and then holds it far off. and is not quite sure whether the number of the hymn is 150 or 130, and the fingers with which he turns the leaves are very clumsy. He stoops a good deal, although once he was straight as an arrow, and his eyes were keen as hawk's, and the band he offered to his bride on the marriage day was of goodly

shape and as God madeit. I will tell you what is the matter. Forty years ago he resolved his family should have no need and his children should be well edu-cated and suffer none of the disadvantages of lack of schooling from which he had suffered for a lifetime, and that the wolf of sunders should never put its paw on his door-sill, and for forty or lifty years he has been tearing off from the palm tree of his physical strength and manly form branches to throw in the pathway of his household. It has cost him muscle and brain and health and eyesight, and there have been twisted off more years from his life than any man in the crowd on the famous. Palm Sunday

in the crowd on the famous Palm Sunday kwisted off branches from the palm trees on the road from Bethpaga to Jerusalem.

What makes that mother look so much older than she really is? You say she ought not yet to have one gray line in ner hair. The truth is the family was not always as well off as now. The married pair had a

hard struggle at the start. Examine the tips of the forefinger and thumb of her right hand, and they will tell you the story of the needle that was plied day in and day out. Yea, look at both her hands, and they will tell the story of the time when she did her own work, her own mending and scrubbing

Yea, look into the face and read the story of scarlet fevers and croups and midnight watchings, then none but God and herself in that house were awake, and then the burials and the loneliness afterward, which more exhausting than the preceding watch-ing had been, and no one now to put to bed. How fair she once was, and as fair as the palm tree, but all the branches of her strength and beauty were long ago torn off and thrown into the pathway of her house-

Alas! that sons and daughters, themselves so straight and graceful and educated, should ever forget that they are walking today over the fallen strength of an industrious and honored parentage. A little ashamed, are you, at their ungrammatical utterances? It was through their sacrifices

utterances? It was through their sacrifices that you learned accuracy of speech. Do you lose patience with them because they are a little querulous and complaining.

I guess you have forgotten how querulous and complaining you were when you were getting over that whooping cough or that intermittent fever. A little annoyed, are you, because her hearing is poor and you have to tail her something twice? She was you, because her hearing is poor and you have to tell her something twice? She was not always hard of hearing. When you were two years old your first call for a drink at midnight woke her from a sound sleep as quick as any one will waken at the trumpet call of the resurrection.

Oh, my roung lady, what is that under the sole of your fine shoes? It is a palm leaf which was torn off the tree of maternal fidelity. Young merchant, young lawyer, young journalist, young mechanic, with good salary and fine clothes and refined surgood salary and the crowder what a time roundings, have you forgotten what a time your father had that winter, after the sun mer's crops had failed through droughts or floods or locust, and how he wore his old coat too long and made his old hat do, that he might keep you at school or college? What is that, my young man, under your fine boot to-day, the boot that so well fits your foot, such a boot as your father could never afford to wear?

It must be a leaf from the palm tree of your father's self-sacrifices. ashamed of him when he comes to town, and because his manners are a little old fashioned try to smuggle him in and smuggle him out, but call in your best friends and take him to the house of God and introduce him to your pastor, and say; "This is my father." If he pastor, and say; "This is my father." If he had kept for himself the advantages which he gave you he would be as well educated and as well gotten up as you. When in the English Parliament a member was making a great speech that was unanswerable a Lord derisively cried out, "I remember you when you blackened my father's boots!" "Yes," replied the man, "and I did not do it well?" Never be ashamed of your early surroundings. Yes, yes, all the green leaves we walk over were torn off some palm tree. I have cultivated the habit of forgetting the unpleasant things of life, and I chiefly remember the smooth things, and as far as

remember the smooth things, and as far as I remember now my life has for the most part moved over a road soft with green leaves. They were torn off two palm trees that stood at the start of the road. The prayers, the Christian example, the good advice, the hard work of my father and mother. How they toiled! Their fingers were knotted with hard work. Their forewere wrinkled with many cares. Their backs stooped from carrying our

burdens. They long ago went into slumber amon their kindred and friends on the banks of the Raritan, but the influences they threw in the way of their children are yet green as leaves the moment they are plucked from a palm tree, and we feel them on our brow and under our feet, and they will strew all the way until we lie down in the same slum-ber. Self sacrifice! What a thrilling word. Glad am I that our world has so many specimens of it. The sailor boy on shipboard was derided because he would not fight or gamble, and they called him a cow-ard. But when a child fell overboard and no one eise was ready to help, the derided sailor leaped into the sea, and, though the waves were rough, the sailor, swimming with one arm, carried the child on the other arm till rescued and rescuer were lifted into safety, and the cry of coward ceased and all d at the scene of daring and self

When recently Captain Burton, the great author, died, he left a scientific book in manuscript which he expected would be his wife's fortune. He often told her so. He said, "This will make you independent and affluent after I am gone." He suddenly died, and it was expected that the wife would publish the book. One publisher told he could himself make out of it \$100,000. But it was a book which, though written with pure scientific design, she felt would

do immeasurable damage to public morals. With the two large volumes, which had cost her husband the work of years, she sat down on the floor before the fire and said to herself. "There is a fortune for me in this book, and although my busband wrote it with the right motive and scientific people might be helped by it, to the vast me people it would be harmful, and I know would damage the world." Then she took apart the manuscript sheet after sheet and put it into the fire, until the last line was consumed. Bravo! She flung her livelihood, her home, her chief worldly resources under the best moral and religious

How much are we willing to sacrifice for others? Christ is again on the march, not from Bethpage to Jerusalem, but for the conquest of the world. He will surely take it, but who will furnish the palm branches for the triumphant way? Self sacrifice is the world. There is more more world to dethe word. There is more money paid to destroy the world than to save it more buildings put up to ruin the race than churches to evangelize it. There is more deprayed literature to blast men than good

literature to elevate them. Oh, for a power to descend upon us all like that which whelmed Charles G. Finney with mercy, when, kneeling in his law office, and before he entered upon his apostolic career of evangelization, he said: "The Holy Ghost descended on me in a manner that see to go through me, body and soul. I could feel the impression like a wave of electricity going through and through me. Indeed it semed to come in waves and waves of liquid love. It seemed like the breath of God. can recollect distinctly that it seemed to fan me like immense wings. I wept aloud with and love. These waves came over me and over me one after another, and until, I recollect, I cried out, I shall die it these waves continue to pass over me.' I said, "Lord, I cannot bear any more." And when a gentleman came into the office and said, "Mr. Finney, you are in pain?" he re-plied, "No, but so happy that I cannot live." My hearers, the time will come when upon the whole church of God will descend such an avalanche of blessing, and then the bringing of the world to God will be a matter of a few years, perhaps a few days or a few hours. Ride on, O Christ! for the evangelization of all nations. Thou Christ who nidst ride on the unbroken colt down the sides of Olivet, on the white borse of eternal victory ride through all nations, and

may we, by our prayers, and our self suc-rifices, and our contributions, and our cou-

secrations, throw palm branches in the way. I clap my hands at the coming vic-

way. I clap my hands at the coming victory.

I feel this morning as did the Israelites when on their march to Canaan, they came not under the shadow of one palm tree, but of seventy palm trees standing in an oasis among a dozen gushing fountains, or as the Book putsit, "Twelve wells of water and three score and ten palm trees." Surely there are more than seventy such great and glorious souls present to-day. Indeed, it is a mighty grove of palm trees, and I feel when our last battle fought, and our last burden carried, and our last tear wept, we shall become one of the multitudes St. John describes "clothed in white robes and palms in their hands."

Hail thou bright, thou swift advancing, thou everlasting Palm Sunday of the skies! Victors over sin and sorrow and death and woe, from the hills and valleys of the heav-enly Palestine they have plucked the long, broad, green leaves and all the ransomed some in gates of peart, and some on battlements of amethyst, and some on streets of gold, and some on seas of sapphire, they shall stand in numbers like the stars, in splendor like the morn, waving their palms!

ENGLAND'S SHAME,

Responsible for the Use of Opium Among! 670,000,000 People.

Americans do not realize the extent of the terrible curse of the opium vice in Asia. In China alone 125,-000,000 out of a population of between 300,000,000 and 400,000,000 use

And now the British Government in India, to increase its revenue, has authorized the licensing of shops, throughout India and Burmah for the free sale of opium. These licenses are issued in very unusual form. Those who take the license come under obligation to sell a stipulated amount, or to pay a forfeit! Thus the Government almost compels the holders of the license to stimulate its subjects to consume a deadly poison! The door is thrown wide open for all the inhabitants of India to take that which destroys at once the body and

the soul. The unrestricted sale of opium is permitted in Java, with its 20,000, 000 of population. It is also permitted in the French possessions of 8,000,-000 or 10,000,000. The vice is also carried by the Chinese immigrants into Siam and all the islands of the Eastern Archipelago. If the populations of the various countries in Asia, in which free sale of opium is permitted, are added together the aggregate number is more than 600,-000,000! In Europe and America the sale is restricted to medical use, by the direction of physicians, and the vials and boxes containing it, when thus given out by druggists, are carefully labeled, "Poison!"

The laws of China once prohibited the sale and use of opium, the violation of which was punished by death. So carnest were the Chinese to prevent its introduction into the country that the Government became involved in a costly war with England about it, at the close of which a treaty was made, in which England, recognized China's right to prohibit the introduction of opium, but left it with China to seize the vessels that smuggled it in and confiscate the vessel and cargo! But as the smugglers were Englishmen and the ships English ships the Chinese were afraid to execute the law, and so opium was brought in English bottoms from India to China from 1842 to 1860. The Chinese Government finding it could not stop the smuggling of opium into the country by British ships finally determined to legalize the horrible traffic it could not destroy. Shops were opened in every village and town in the country and the cultivation of the poppy was begun. To such an extent has the use of opium been extended that missionaries have said that seventy out of every 100 people are more or less opium eaters.

To sum up: The population of India and Burmah, according to the census taken last year, is 285,000,000; that of China is 350,000,000, some make it 400,000,000. The Island of Java counts its 20,000,000, to which the French possessions in Southeastern Asia add at least 10,000,000 more. he Eastern Archipelago has say 5,000,000, making altogether a total of 670,000,000! The curse of Asia has been saddled upon that continent by Christian Europe. For his terrible blight cast upon the greatest of the four-quarters of the globe, the British government is chiefly responsible A hundred years ago the East India Company commenced to monopolize the production of opium for sale in China, and the government at home gave to the company the protection of the British flag. Since 1858 the British Government has had a monopoly of the production and sale of opium. Great Britain is thus directly responsible for the prevalence of the optum plague among the 670,000,000 people in Asia!

Street Cleaning.

Analysis of the street cleanings in one of the large cities shows that while they contain less water than horse manure, they contain also less potash, nitrogen and phosphoric acid The insoluble matter, sand, etc., in the sweepings are fifty times more than in the horse manure, which leaves but little value in the sweepings compared with horse manure.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

SAL-SODA A KITCHEN TREASURE.

There is nothing more useful about a kitchen than sal-soda. It will, dissolved in a little water, remove grease from anything, and there is nothing like it for cleaning an iron sink. It is also the very best thing for cleaning hair brushes, which, by the by, should be cleaned much more frequently than they are. Dissolve a little sal-soda in clear warm water and wash the bristles thoroughly, avoiding as much as possible wetting the back of the brush. Then rinse in clear water and dry with the bristle side down. The bristles of a brush washed in this way will be as white and firm as those of a new brush.-Chicago Post.

PRACTICAL DISH WASHING MACHINE. At last a satisfactory and practical

machine for washing dishes has been invented. It is an arrangement with racks of various sizes so that each article of tableware has its own appropriate place and a whole dinner outfit can be washed at the same time. Everything fits in its own little wire rack and the water is then turned on and they are washed perfectly clean without being touched, and they don't even have to be dried for after the washing is all over a crank is turned, they are rinsed with boiling hot water, the lid of the macaine is left open and they are dried by steam and left perfectly smooth and shining. Silver and knives and forks of course have to be dried. The dishes can be left in the box until they are needed again for the table so the endless handling by which so many things are chipped, as avoided. Isn't this a blessing?—American Dairyman.

FURNISHIG A ROOM WITH BARRELS...

"Do you know you can really furnish a room with a few barrels?" said an energetic lady, who had hved on the frontier for many years. "When I lived in a shanty in —, at the time my husband was opening the new railroad, I made nearly every bit of my furniture myself. Some day I may tell you more about my various contrivances. The barrel and its uses is a sufficiently prolific theme. Why, there are no end of things they can be used for," she continued, waxing enthusiastic. "Cut in two, and properly fastened, they serve as washtubs or bathtubs; turn them over and upholster them, and you have beautiful French puff divans for your parlor, and every one knows the comfortable barrel armchairs that they make. Take out the staves and string them on ropes, and you make for yourself a delightful | tain his refreshment. hammock. Bore holes at each end of three or four and pass a rope through, knotting it to keep the staves about a casionally asks for some cast-off clothfoot apart, and you have a perfectly good lot of bookshelves, which you can either varnish or paint."-New York Tribune.

PRAISES FOR THE HUMBLE ONION.

Onions are invaluable for soups. They are blood purifiers. A liberal use of them is recommended as a cure for boils, and they tend to make the complexion clear and the face free from pimples. The children of those nationalities who eat of them most largely, noticeably escape that bane of childhood, worms. Their use is beneficial to the digestive organs, they are excellent in certain diseases, are of benefit in liver complaints, and their powers for good in lung troubles is well known. They are the best cure for insomna.

A favorite remedy for a cough is a sirup made by alternating slices of raw onion with white sugar. Cut a large enion, horizontally, into thin slices, put one in a dish, sprinkle sugar over it, then add another slice of onion, building it up thus by layers until all are used. Cover the dish. About once in three hours a teaspoonful of sirup will have formed, which should be taken at intervals of about this length throughout the

Hot poultices, made of onions, and mixed with goose oil, have been used advantageously in croup. Roasted onions are sometimes bound to the feet and placed upon the chests of little ones suffering from the effects of a cold. Placed raw upon a cloth, then beaten to a pulp, bandaging with this the throat and well up over the ears, they have given relief in cases of diphtheria .- Gook House-

RECIPES.

Egg Bread-To two eggs, well beaten, add one teaspoon sugar, one tablespoon lard, one-half teaspoon salt, one pint cornmeal, in which has been thoroughly mixed one heaping teaspoon baking powder. Mix to a thick batter with sweet milk, and pour in well-greased pan

Mayonnaise-One egg, two tablespoons sugar, one teaspoon butter, one-half cup vinegar, one-half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon mustard. Mix other ingredients and pour on beaten egg. Simmer all together ten minutes, stirring constantly. This is a nice dressing for any kind of meat, and will keep for two weeks.

Sour Milk Corn Cake-One cup flour, one-half cup corn meal, one-half teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon sods, onethird cup sugar, two eggs, one tablepoon butter melted, one cup sour milk. Mix This seemed to show that the horses the flour, meal, salt, soda (sifted) and augar; add sour milk, eggs beaten well and butter. Bake in shallow cake-pan London (England) Spectator. and cut in squares.

Potato Biscult-One cup each butter, yeast, two eggs; mix altogether with six are first class ships of war.

enough flour to make a batter; let this rise; then add as much flour as you can stir with a spoon, rise again; roll out one-half inch thick, cut in small round. cakes, place one on top of the other, or. rather put two together.

Baked Omelet-Six eggs, one teaspoon corn-starch, one-half teaspoon salt, one cup sweet milk, one teaspoon butter; beat yolks with corn-starch, add salt, butter and milk, and lastly, the whites, beaten separatery. Have frying-pan (this is best) hot and well greased, pour into it and set in oven. It will bake in a few minutes, and should be slipped on a hot plate and served immediately.

Easter Broth-To one quart sweet milk and one tablespoon butter, at the boiling point, add one tablespoon flour, mixed thoroughly in a little cold milk; pour into the milk, adding salt and pepper and stir constantly till smooth and thickened. Pour this over a broad dish of brown buttered toast, covered with slices of hard-boiled eggs. Sprinkle a few sprips of parsley and serve hot.

The Tramp's Food-Hunting Ingenuity. Much ingenuity and knowledge of

human nature are often displayed by the tramp in his efforts to obtain food. I presume all railway surgeons in the smaller towns and cities have experiences similar to my own. I occasionally see some of the class who seeks my services gratis, ostensibly for illness, but apparently, to me at least, for the purpose of mentioning, at an appropriate time, that he thinks his trouble is almost wholly due to the fact that he has had no food for two, three, or more days, according to circumstances. If he has any illness worthy the name, the ruse succeeds; for I cannot send a sick man away hungry, if I am being mildly imposed upon. As I stepped out of the door one morning last winter, a man clothed about as are the men who work upon the track of the railways accosted me with a cordial "Good-morning, doctor." These section men, being very numerous, furnish a large proportion or the cases of illness among railway employes, and hence are seen constantly by the company surgeons. Supposing him to be one of these men who knew me, but whom I failed to recognize, I responded with a "What can I do for you?" sort of an air, when the tramp, for such he was, produced a tomato can from behind his back, and asked, with a smile, "if I couldn't get him a little coffee." I capitulated at once, for I do not believe such talent should go unrewarded, and took him around to the kitchen to ob-

Although food is the main thing necessary to the tramp's welfare, he ocing. As the weather becomes colder it is noticeable that these vagrants work off to the South. Hunger and thirst are more easily provided against than cold, and so they move away from the northerly States. And yet there must be a vast amount of suffering among them from

At times they want things not ordinarily in the line of articles desired by a tramp. One asked me one day for a blacking-brush and some blacking, and another for a hat different from the one he wore, for the weather had grown warmer, and that one was rather out of style. The hotels and boarding-houses, where considerable help is employed, are great sources of food and raiment to the tramp, many a good meal being obtained for splitting a little wood for some kitchen-boy as lazy as he is dishonest, or for similar service for which the employes are paid .- Harper's Weekly.

this cause.

Clever Horses and Cattle.

That horses and cattle can communicate intelligence to each other, and are endowed with a certain amount of reasoning faculty, the following facts are pretty conclusive proof: I once purchased a station on which a large number of cattle and horses had gone wild. To get cattle in, I fenced the permanent water (a distance of twenty miles) leaving traps at intervals. At first this answered all right, but soon the cattle became exceedingly cautious about entering the traps, waiting outside for two or three nights before going in, and if they could smell a man or his tracks, not going in all. At last they adopted a plan which beat me. A mob would come to the trap-gate, and one would go in and drink and come out; and then another would do the same, and so on till all had watered. They had evidently arrived at the conclusion that I would not catch one and frighten all the others

To get in wild horses, 600 of which were running on a large plain (about 20,000 acres), I erected a large stockyard, with a gradually widening lane, in a hollow where it could not easily bu seen, and by stationing horsemen at intervals on the plain, galloped the wild horses in. My first hunt (which lasted some days) was successful, the wild horses heading toward the mouth of the lane without much difficulty, but, of course, some escaped by charging back at the stock-yard gate and in other ways. My second hunt, about a month later, was a failure; every mob of horses on the plain seemed to know where the yard was and would not turn that way, that escaped from the first hunt told all the others where the stockyard was .--

The Russian navy of the present time sugar, milk, hot mashed potatoes and consists of 192 vessels, of which thirty-