"HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 1956. Southern Convention of Congregational Christian Churches

THE NURTH CAROLINA PROHIBITIONIST.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE PROHIBITIONISTS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

VOL. IV.

GREENSBORO, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1886.

ADVICE TO PARENTS

THE THEME OF REV. DR. T. DE WITT TALMAGE'S SERMON.

How Children Ought to be Brought Up. Sins that Are Inherited-I? You Do Not Live Right Yourselves, You Cannot Expect Your Children to Do So.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 21.-The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached in the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning on the subject: "What is to Become of Our Children?" The opening hymn begins:

> Come, let us join our friends above Who have obtained the prize; And on the eagle wings of love To joys celestial rise.

After expounding from Genesis xlix, Jacob's wonderful discrimination of the characteristics of his sons, the preacher took for his text Genesis xliv, 30: "Seeing that his life is bound up in the lad's life," and delivered the following discourse:

These words were spoken by Judah as descriptive of the tenderness and affection which Jacob felt toward Benjamin, the vonncest son of that patriarchal family; but they are words just as appropriate to many a parent in this house-since "his life is bound up in the lad's life." I have known parents that seemed to have but little interest in their children. A father says: "My son must look out for himself. If he comes up well, all right; if he turns out badly I cannot help it. I am not responsible for his behavior. He must take the same risk in life that I took." As well might the shepherd throw a lamb into a den of lions and then say: "Little lamb, look out for yourself!"

It is generally the case that even the beast looks after its young. I have gone through the woods on a summer's day, and I have heard a great outcry in a bird's nest, and I have climbed up to see what was the matter. I found out that the birds were starving and that the mother bird had gone off not to come back aga n. But that is an exception. It is generally the case that the old bird will pick your eyes out rather than let you come

nigh its brood. The lion will rend you in twain if you approach too nearly the whelps; the fowl in the barnyard, clumsy footed and neavy winged, flies fiercely at you if you

cold drizzle. Here is a parent who says: "I will not err on the side that parent has erred, in being too strict with his children. I will let mine do as they please. If they want to come in to prayers, they can; if they want to play at cards, they can; they can do anything they please-there shall be no hindrance. Go it! Here are tickets for the opera and theatre, son. Take your friends with you. Do whatever you desire." One day c gentleman comes in from the bank to his father's office and

thunderstorm than in three or four days of

says: "They want to see you over at the bank a minute." Father goes into the bank. The cashier says: "Is that your check?" Father looks at it and says: "No; I never gave that check. I never cross a 't' in that way; I never make the curl to a 'y' in that way. It is not my check; that's a forgery.' Send for the police." "Ah," says the cashier, "don't be so quick; your son did that." The fact was that the boy had been out in dissipating circles, and \$10 and \$50 went in that direction; and he had been treated and he had to

treat others; and the boy felt he must have \$500 to keep himself in that circle. That night the father sits up for the son to come home. It is 1 o'clock before he comes into the hall. He comes in very much flushed, his eyes glaring and his breath offensive. Father says: "My son, how can you do so? I have given you everything you wanted and everything to make you comfortable and happy, and now I find, in my old age, that you are a spendthrift, a libertine and a drunkard." The son says: "Now, father, what's the use of your talking in that way! You told me I might have a good time and to go it. I have been acting on your suggestion, that's all." And so one parent errs on one side, and another parent errs on the

other, and how to strike a happy medium between severity and too great leniency, and train our sons and daughters for usefulness on earth and bliss in heaven, is a question which agitates every Christian household in my congregation. Where so many good men and women have failed, it is strange that we should sometimes doubt the propriety of our theory and the accuracy of our kind of government. Again, parental anxiety often arises from

home. Let the wife crouch in the corner, and the children hide under the bed. They are going home! What is the history of that young man? He began his dissipation at the

nation in the worst grog shop in Navy street. But sin even does not stop here. It comes to the door of the drawing room. There are men of leprous hearts that go into the very best classes of society. They are so fasci-nating-they have such a bewitching way of offering their arm. Yet the poison of asps is under the tongue and their heart is hell. At first their sinful devices are hidden, but after a while they begin to put forth their talons of death. Now they begin to show really what they are. Suddenly, although you could not have expected it, they were so charming in their manner, so fascinating in their address, suddenly a cloud, blacker than

was ever woven of midnight or hurricane, drops upon some domestic circle. There is agony in the parental bosom that none but the Lord God Almighty can measure-an agony that wishes that the children of the household had been swallowed by the grave, when it would be only a loss of body instead of a loss of soul. What is the matter with that household? They have not had the front windows open in six months or a year. The mother's hair suddenly turned white; father, hollow cheeked and bent over prematurely, goes down the street. There has been no death in that family-no loss of property. Has madness seized upon them? No! no! A villain, kid gloved, patent leathered, with gold chain and graceful manner, took that

an early exhibition of sinfulness in the child. cup of domestic bliss, elevated it high in the The morning glories bloom for a little while air until the sunlight struck it, and all the rainbows danced about the brim, and then

greasy you can hardly tell who has | mother! that it is what you do that is going the best hand. But never mind; they to affect your children, and not what you are only playing for drinks. Shuffle away! say. You tell your children to become Chris-Shuffle away! The landlord stands in his shirt sleeves with hands on his hips, watching the game and waiting for another call to fill into the ark if he had not gone in? They up the glasses. It is the hot breath of eternal woe that flushes that young man's cheek. In the jets of gaslight I see the shooting out of gone in." You cannot push children into the the fiery tongue of the worm that never kingdom of God; you have got to pull them dies. The clock strikes twelve; it is the toll-ing of the bell of eternity at the burial of a soul. Two hours pass on, and they are all but that is not the kind of a man to arouse sound asleep in their chairs. Landlord says: "Come, now, wake up; it's time to shut up." Push them out into the air. They are going his troops following him with wild huzza. So you cannot stand off in your impenitent state and tell your children to go ahead into the Christian life, and have them go. You must yourself dash into the Christian conflict: Fifth Avenue hotel, and completed the damyou must lead them and not tell them to go. Do you know that all the instruction you

give to your children in a religious direction goes for nothing unless you illustrate it in your own life? The teacher at the school takes a copybook, writes a specimen of good writing across the top of the page, but he makes a mistake in one letter of the copy. The boy comes along on the next line, copies the top line and makes the mistake, and if there be fifteen lines on that page they will have the mistake there was in the copy;on the top. The father has an error in this life -a very great error. The son comes along and copies it now, to-morrow, next year, copies it to the day of his death. It is what you are, not so much what you teach. Have a family altar. Let it be a cheerful place, the brightest room in your house. Do not wear your children's knees out with long prayers. Have the whole exercise spirited. If you have a melodeon, or an organ, or a piano, in the house, have it open. Then lead in prayer. If you cannot make a prayer of your own, take Matthew Henry's prayers or the Episcopal prayer book. None better than that. Kneel down with your little ones morning and night; commend them to God. Do you think they will get over it? Never! After you are under the sod a good many years there will be some powerful temptation around that son, but the memory of father and mother at morning and evening prayers will have its effect upon him: it will bring him back from the path of sin and

death But I want you to make a strict mark, sharp, plain line, between innocent hilarity on the part of your children and a vicious proclivity. Do not think your boys will go to ruin because they make a racket. A glum, unresponsive child makes the worst form of a villain. Children, when they are healthy, always make a racket. I want you at the very first sign of depravity in the child to correct it. Do not laugh because it is smart. If you do you will live to cry because it is take. malicious. Do not talk of your children's frailties lightly in their presence, thinking they do not understand you; they do understand. Do not talk disparagingly of your child, making him feel that he is a reprobate Do not say to your little one, "You're the worst child I ever knew." If you do he will be the worst man you ever knew. Are your children safe for heaven? You can tell better than any one else. I put to you the question: "Are your mildren safe for heaven!" I heard of a mother, who when the house was afire, in the excitement of the occasion got out a great many valuable things-many choice articles of furniture-but did not think to ask until too late: "Is my child safe?" It was too late then. The flames had encircled all; the child was gone! Oh, my dear friend, when sea and land shall burn in the final conflagration will your children be safe? I wonder if what I have said this morning has not struck a chord in some one in the audience who had a good father and mother, but who is not yet a Christian? Is that your history Do you know why you came here this morning? God sent you to have that memory revived. Your dear Christian mother, how she loved you! You remember when you were sick how kindly she attended you; the night was not too long, and you never asked her to turn the pillow but she did it! You remember her prayers also; you remember how some of you-I do not know where the man is in the audience-how some one here broke his mother's heart. You remember her sorrow over your waywardness, you remember you in health. the old place where she did you so many kindnesses; the chairs, the table, the door sill where you played; the tones of her voice. Why, you can think them back now. Though they were borne long ago on the air, they come ringing through your soul to-day, calling you by the first name. You are "Mr." to her; it is just your not plain, first name. Is not this the time when her prayers will be answered? Do you not think that God sent you in to-day to have that memory of her revived? If you should come to Christ this morning, amid all the throngs of heaven, the gladdest of them would be your Christian parents who are in glory waiting for your redemption. Angels of God, shout the tidings, the lost has come back again; the dead is alive! Ring all the bells of heaven at the jubilee! Ring! Ring!

GOOD HEALTH. Gymnastic Exercises and Massage Treat-

of Waterbury, Conn., who was frozen to death while ascending Pike's peak two years ago, left \$150,000 to the Society for the Pre-vention of Cruelty to Animals. Her rela-tives contested the will, but the case has just been decided in favor of Henry Berg, reprement to Keep You Well. The massage treatment consists in pinch-ing the muscles and twisting them this way and that, going from head to foot, all over the body. The patient lies naked upon a slab, and the masseur or operator performs his pow-wow upon him. It is delightful to the senting the society.

patient after it is over, but exhausting to the operator: A machine has lately been inthe present style of dress suits, although they may now be embellished with white silk vented to take the place of hand manipula-tion. One of the New York Sun's young vests and pique shirt fronts. At the Tuxedo ball he appeared in a coat without any tail and a scarlet vest. The effect was dazzling. men tried it as follows:

The principles of massage, treatment, have been known ever since cannibals were discovered kneading each other's stomachs to help the digestion of hig dinners, but the process was never so popular as it is now. The re-ported treatment of the president by a masseur has given the business a boom, and massage artists are in a fair way to get rich. But while the masseur is wearing the flight

off fat people, he is himself losing strength and flesh by the hard and slow work. Neces-sity has just become the mother of another invention, whereby a sort of makinge treatment is applied by machinery run by steam. The principal machine consists of two rabber pads about five inches long and two inches wide, placed parallel to each other, and fast-ened so that they adjust themselves to any part of the body. They vibrate longitudinally-that is, like a shoe brush, 1,200 times a minute. The patient, without removing his clothes, lies down on a lounge, and the masseur applies his rubbers without exerting his own muscles much. A reporter tried it. The masseur clapped the machine on the region of his liver, and then moved it slowly up to to his lungs, giving the stomach such a two-horsepower shaking up that a good breakfast was nearly frightened away. The masseur said he could "do as much work with the machine in five minutes as the hand masseur could do in an hour."

Caleb Chusatemuch, the first and only In-dian graduate of Harvard, was duly repre-sented in the students' torchlight procession. In another corner of the room there is a machine on the floor which keeps several bootjacks wobbling in all directions. An invalid was sitting in a chair before the machine, with one foot in a jack, which kept the toe seesawing with the heel, with the ankle joint as a pivot. This was another style of massage. her husband on his tour to this country,

Cure for Diphtheria.

PERSONAL MENTION. SPARE THE PRETTY BIRDS Carrie Welton, a somewhat eccentric lady

Prince Bismarck has resumed his little din-

Bancroft, the historian, has collected and

classified all the material for his history up to the war of the rebellion. He has not done

much literary work since the death of his

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge has just de-

cided that dogs shall not be allowed on the streets of London unless musiled or led by a

Campanini, the great tenor, is to undergo another surgical operation in the hope of im-

Baroness Burdett-Coutts is to accompany

ouse of Prussia was the late Baron Karl

only son, has joined the ranks of Bostone

Mrs. Don Cameron's new baby is one

Paul Philippoteaux is painting his fourth

A ROMANCE OF THE WEST.

Industry Made to Tell in an Unexpecte

St. Faul to a reporter, as he looked throu

ifferent things around the mill this

mit and return the ring to the owner.

man and gave his consent to a marriage ar-

the marriage took place the young man left the mill and was started in business by his

000 and can lay his good fortune to recover ing the lost ring."-St. Paul Globe,

Sleeping in a Water Drain.

Colored Congressmen.

At Pesth the other night thirty poor

the mill and was started in business by his wife's father. He is now worth about \$100,-

r ny her mother, who had died some year

Way-Story of a Ring.

the pets of Washington society.

nvas of the battle of Gettysburg.

proving the purity of his voice.

planned for next spring.

nagazine writers.

dry champagne afterward.

wife, however.

string.

coinage will scarcely pass current.

Brooklyn Girls Pledge Themselves to Wear No Plumage on Their Hats. Will The students of the Packer institute, in Brooklyn, have for a week past been banding themselves together into a branch of the Audubon Bird Protection society, and have pledged themselves to do their best to stop the slaughter of birds of handsome plumage Griswold Lorillard has declared war on

NO. 46.

the slaughter of birds of handsome plumage for the decoration of bonnets. Their enthu-slasm for the cause was due to the appeals of Professor Walter Stevens, who is a member of the Audubon society, and of the teachers of the institute. The girls were told they did net med to do not be the society of the did not need to give up wearing hats they had already bought, which had bright feathers for trimming, but that they should refuse to buy any more of them when the hat was worn ner parties. He invites a few gentlemen to each, prefers to see them informally dressed, insists upon frank talk and gives them two wines only—a good red wine first and a very

Four days after these appeals were made 100 slips of printed paper had been handed in to the teachers, bearing signatures to this

Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford perpetrates the worst abomination in the shape of a new-ly coined word in her story in Harper's Weekly. She uses "talith" for height. That pledge: "I pledge myself not to make use of the "I piedge myself hot to make use of the feathers of any wild bird as ornaments of dress or household furniture, and by every means in my power to discourage the use of feathers for decorative purposes." The girls who signed the pledge are hand-ing around among the other girl of Brooklyn statistics showing these details of bird M. Le Couppey, the senior professor of the piano at the Paris conservatoire, has just sent in his resignation after fifty-eight years of uninterrupted teaching at that institution. M. Le Couppey is now in the 77th year of his

"A single local taxidermist handles 30,000 "A single local taxidermist handles 50,000 bird skins in one year; a single collector brought back from a three months' trip 11,-000 skins; from one small district on Long Island about 70,000 birds were brought to New York in four months' time. In New York one firm had on hand Feb. 1, 1886, 200,-000 skins. The supply is not limited by do-mestic consumption. American bird skins are sent abroad. The great European mar-kets draw their supplies from all over the world. In London here were sold in three months from one anotion room 404,464 West Indian and Brazilian bird skins, and 356,889 East Indian birds. In Paris 100,000 African birds have been sold by one dealer in one year. One New York firm recently had a Ernest Schilling still rings up fares on the Sixth avenue line, and avoids any allusion to the absence of his wife. their own story-but it is a story which might be known even without them; we may read it plainly enough in the silent hedges, ence vocal with the morning songs of birds, and in the deserted fields where once bright

come too near the little group, and God intended every father and mother to be the protection and the help of the child. Jesus comes into every dwelling and says to the father or mother: "You have been looking after this child's body and mind; the time has come when you ought to be looking after its immortal soul." I stand before hundreds of people with whom the question morning, noon and night is: "What is to become of the child! What will be its history! Will it choose paths of virtue or vice? Will it accept Christ or reject him? Where will it spend eternity?"

I read of a vessel that foundered. The boats were launched; many of the passengers were struggling in the water. A mother with one hand beat the waves, and with the other hand lifted up the little child toward the lifeboat, crying: "Save my child! Save my child!" The impassioned outcry of that mother is the prayer of hundreds of Christian people who sit listening this morning while I speak. I propose to show some of the causes of parental anxiety, and then how that anxlety may be alleviated.

I find the first cause of parental anxiety in the inefficiency and imperfection of parents themselves. We have a slight hope, all of us, that our children may escape our faults. We hide our imperfections, and think they will steer clear of them. Alas, there is a poor prospect of that! There is more probability that they will choose our vices than choose our virtues. There is something like sacredness in parental imperfections when the child looks upon them. The folly of the parents is not so repulsive when the child looks at it. He says: "Father indulges in it; mother indulges in it; it can't be so bad." Your boy, 10 years of age, goes up a back street smoking his cigar-an old stump that he found in the street-and a neighbor accosts him and says: "What are you doing this for? What would your father say if he knew it?" The boy says: "Oh, father does that himself!" There is not one of us this morning that would deliberately choose that his children should in all things follow his example, and it is the consciousness of imperfection of our part as parents' that makes us most anxious for our children.

We are also distressed on account of the unwisdom of our discipline and instruction. It requires a great deal of ingenuity to build a house or fashion a ship, but more ingenuity to build the temple of a child's character and launch it on the great ocean of time and sternity. Where there is one parent that seems qualified for the work there seem to be twenty parents who miserably fail. Here is a father who says: "My child shall know nothing but religion; he shall hear nothing but religion; he shall see nothing but religion." The boy is aroused at 6 o'clock in the morning to recite the Ten Commandments. He is awakened off the sofa on Sunday night to see how much he knows of the Westminster catechism. It is religion morning, noon and night. Passages of Scripture are plastered on the bedroom wall. He looks for the day of the month in a religious almanac. Every minister that comes to the house is told to take the boy aside and talk to "him and tell him what a great sinner he is. After a while the boy comes to that period of life when he is too old for chastisement, and too young to know and feel the force of moral principle, Father and mother are sitting up for the boy to come home. It is nine o'clock at night-ten o'clock-it is twelve o'clock-it is half past twelve, and they hear the night key jingle in the door. They say he is coming. George goes very softly through the hall hoping to get up stairs before he is accosted, The father says, "George, where have you been?" "Been out!" Yes, he has been out, and he has been down, and he is on the broad road to destruction, for this life and the life to come. Father says: "There is no use in

under the sun, and then they shut up as the heat comes on: but there are flowers along the Amazon that blaze their beauty for weeks at a time; but the short lived morning glory fulfills its mission as well as the Victoria Regia. There are some people who take forty, fifty or sixty years to develop. Then there are little children who fling their beauty on the vision and vanish. They are morning glories that cannot stand the glare of the hot noon sun of trial. You have all known such little children. They were pale; they were ethereal; there was something very wonderfully deep in the eye; they had a gentle foot and soft hand, and something almost supernatural in their behavior-ready to be wafted away. You had such a one in your household. Gone now! It was too delicate a plant for this rough world. The heavenly gardener saw it and took it in. We make splendid Sunday school books out of such children, but they almost always die. I have noticed that, for the most part, the children that live

sometimes get cross, and pick up bad words in the street, and quarrel with brother and sister, and prove unmistakably that they are wicked-as the Bible says, going astray from the womb, speaking lies. See the little ones in the Sabbath class, so sunshiny and beautiful, you would think they were always so. but mother, seated a little way off, looks over at these children and thinks of the awful time she had to get them ready.

After the boy or girl comes a little further on in life the mark of sin upon them is still more evident. The son comes in from a pugilistic encounter in the streets, bearing the marks of a defeat. The daughter practices positive deception, and the parent says: "What shall I do? I can't always be correcting and scolding, and yet these things must be stopped." It is especially sad if the parent sees his own faults copied by the child. It is very hard work to pull up a nettle that we ourselves planted. We remember that the greatest frauds that ever shook the banking houses of the country started from a boy's deception a good many years ago; and the gleaming blade of the murderer is only another blade of the knife with which the boy struck at his comrade. The cedar of Lebanon, that wrestles with the blast, started from seed lodged in the side of the mountain, and the most tremendous dishonestics of the world once toddled out from the cradle. All these things make parents

anxious. Anxiety on the part of parents also arises from the consciousness that there are so many temptations thrown all around our young people. It may be almost impossible to take a castle by siege-straightforward siege-but suppose in the night there is a traitor within and he goes down and draws the bolt and swings open the great door, and then the castle falls immediately. That is the trouble with the hearts of the young; they have foes without and foes within. There are a great many who try to make our young people believe that it is a sign of weakness to be pure. The man will toss his head and take dramatic attitudes and toll of his own indiscretions, and ask the young man if he would not like to do the same. And they call him verdant, and they say he is green and unsophisticated, and wonder how he can bear the Puritanical straight jacket. They tell him he ought to break from his mother's apron strings, and they say: "I will show you all about town. Come with me. You ought to see the world. It won't hurt you. Do as you please, it will be the making of you." After a while the young man says: "I don't want to be odd, nor can I afford to sacrifice tuese friends, and I'll go and see for myself." From the gates of hell there goes shout of victory. Farewell to all innocence; farewell to all early restraints favorable to that innocence which once gone nover comes back. I heard one of the best men I ever knew, 75 years of age, say: "Sir, God has forgiven me for all the sins of my lifetime. I know that; but there is one sin I com-

dashed it down in the desolation and woe. until all the harpies of darkness clapped their hands with glee, and all the voices of hell uttered a loud ha! ha! Oh, there are scores and hundreds of homes that have been blasted, and if the awful statistics could be fully set before you, your blood would freeze into a solid cake of ice at the heart. Do you wonder that fathers and mothers are anxious about their children, and that they ask themselves the question day and night: What is to become of them? what will be their des-

I shall devote the rest of my remarks to alleviation of parental anxiety. Let me say to you, as parents, that a great deal of that anxiety will be lifted if you will begin early with your children. Tom Paine said: "The first five years of my life I became an infidel." A vessel goes out to sea; it has been five days out. A storm comes on it; it springs a leak; the helm will not work; everything is out of order. What is the matter? The ship is not seaworthy, and never was. It is a poor time to find it out now. Under the fury of the storm the vessel goes down, with 250 passengers, to a watery grave. The time to make the ship seaworthy was in the dry dock before it started. Alas for us, if we wait until our children get out into the world before we try to bring upon them the influence of Christ's religion! I tell you, the dry dock of the Christian home is the place where we are to fit them for usefulness and for heaven. In this world, under

the storm of vice and temptation, it will be too late. In the domestic circle you decide whether your child shall be truthful or false-whether it shall be generous or penurious. You can tell by the way a child divides an apple just what its future history will be. You ought to oversee the process. If the child take nine-tenths of the apple, giving the other tenth to his sister, if he should live to be one hundred he will be grasping and want the biggest piece of everything. I stood in a house in one of the Long Island villages, and I saw a beautiful tree, and I said to the owner: "That is a very fine tree, but what a curious crook there is in it!" "Yes," said he, "I planted that tree, and when it was a year old I went to New York and worked as a mechanic for a year or two, and when I came back I found that they had allowed something to stand against the tree; so it has always had that crook." And so I thought it was with the influence upon children. If you allow anything to stand in the way of moral influence against a child on this side or that side, to the latest day of its life on earth and through all eternity it will show the pressure. No wonder Lord Byron was bad. Do you know his mother said to him, when she saw him one day limping across the floor with his unsound foot: "Get out of my way, you lame brat!" What chance for a boy like

that? Two young men come to the door of sin. They consult whether they will go in. The one young man goes in and the other retreats. Oh, you say, the last had better resolution. No, that was not it. The first young man had no early good influence; the last had been piously trained, and when he stood at the door of sin discussing the matter he looked around as if to see some one, and he felt an invisible hand on his shoulder saying: "Don't go in! Don't go in! Whose hand was it? A mother's hand, fifteen years ago gone to dust. A gentleman was telling me of the fact that some years ago there were two young men who stopped at the door of the Park theatre in New York. The question was whether they should go in. That night there was to be a very immoral play enacted in the Park theatre. One man went in; the other stayed out. The young man who went in went on from sin to siu and through a crowd of iniquities, and died in the hospital of delirium tremens The other young man, who retreated, chose Christ, went into the Gospel, and is now one of the

A New Jersey Madstone.

Benjamin Titus, of Trenton, N. J., has somewhat of a mania for collecting curiosities. Among his latest acquisitions is quite a large specimen of what is commonly known as the madstone. Before it was accidentally broken by a fall on a stone floor it was about seven inches long and an inch thick and shaped like a calf's tongue. On wetting the finger and applying it to the stone the latter will adhere to the skin and can only be pulled off with considerable exertion. Should then be a cut on the finger Mr. Titus says that this application will cause pains to shoot up the arm as far as the shoulder. According to the popular belief madstones are supposed to cure rattlesnake bites and to preclude all necessity for sending a dog bitten mortal across to M. Pasteur. The stone is extremely hard, although very light in weight, and it is of a dull gray color. The present owner has never had a chance to test its virtues.-Chi-

Rectified oil of turpentine (oleum terebin thinae rectificatum) is said to be an infallible will reach \$600,000. remedy for diphtheria. For children the dose is one teaspoonful in the morning and The first Jew to sit in the upper legislative the same at evening. Rothschild

Adults should take one tablespoonful Afterward drink a little lukewarm milk to allay the burning in the throat. For children the second dose can be mixed with milk, which will render it easier to

The result is really marvelous. /The in flammation of the abnormal diphtheritic spots in the throat grows lighter at the edges, and in this way they gradually shrink until in twenty-four hours they disappear entirely, leaving no sign. A gargle of chlorate of potash may be used with advantage every two hours between the first dose and the second-one ounce chlorate of potash to forty ounces distilled water. Marvelous cures are said to have been wrought by this simple remedy.

Gymnastic Exercises.

First, an introductory course of postaring and light exercises with dumb bells and bar balls; second, leaping, the horizontal beam vaulting (bar and horse); third, parallel bars trapeze, swinging rings, ladders, horizonta known Minneapolis people. bar, the plank, escalading; fourth, climbing the pole (fixed, slanting and turning), the pair of poles, the rope, the resary and mast. good man in his position. One day a party of fadies visited the mill, among them the By one hour's daily exercise for eight months twelve men, from 19 to 20 years of age, lady you saw him with. While looking at the gained under this system an average of three-eighths of an inch in height, ten pounds lady dropped from har finger into a lot of wheat which was being stored a valuable diamond ring which had been presented to in weight, two and seven-eighths inches i chest, three fourths inch of forearm and one

and three-fourths inches of upper arm. Horseback riding is an excellent exprei too much fallen into disuse, and lawn tenn is one of the best and most graceful of all.-Popular Science News.

To Keep Well. saw the whole thing and made up his mind to Simple, good food, good temper, a daily recover the ring. That evening, as soon as bath and plenty of sunlight and air will keep his work was done, he went to the bin in which the wheat had been stored and there, vizaadaily soud sus

GOOD MANNERS.

What an Invitation or Party Call Is Etiquette, In that invaluable book, "Don't," Maj. Bunce tells everybody what not to do in conversation and mannars. In reference to that common and horrible American fashion of saying "I am through," when one means that he is done or has finished, "Don't" says; "Don't say I am through, when you are announcing that you have finished dinner de

breakfast." "Are you through!" asked an American of an Englishman, when seated at table. "Through !" exclaimed the Englishman, looking in an alarmed way down to the floor and.

up to the ceiling-"through what!" Again: "Don't reject bits of bone or other sub stances, by spitting them back into your plate. Quietly eject them upon your fork, holding it to your lips, and then place them

upon the plate. "Don't eat with your knife. Never pu your knife into your mouth." In a foot note, Major Bunce says, about

suns deprived of shelter were discovered by the police sleeping in a hot and dirty water drain leading from the Pannonia mill to the the direction not to put the knife into the Danubs. They were entirely naked, and slept with their bodies in the water and their mouth: "This advice has been declared unnecessary for people of any degree of social culture, but the fact is that while eating ads on heaps of stones -- New York Sun. with the knife is much less common than

formerly, instances of it may still be

Reception Days.

in South Carolina, represented in congress by Robert Smalls, the famous negro pilot of In accordance with the custom already well established in the large cities, ladies every where are having particular days of the week or month in which their friends may call on them. This is a great convenience, enabling New York city.-Ohicago Herald.

busy women to attend to their other duties Where Daniel Webster Pleaded.

flashed in the sunlight."-New York Sun. prietor of The New York World, it is said,

A Curious Lawsuit.

A curious lawsuit is in progress in a small town in Saxony. A man caught a rat, tied a small bell round its neck and let it go again, Henry N. Howe, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's as he had heard that such a rat would scare every other rat out of the house. The plan every other rat out of the noise. Any pass succeeded, and his house in a few days was clear of the plague. A few nights later, how-ever, his neighbor's family were nearly fright-ened out of their wits by hearing the mysterious sound of a bell in various parts of the house. They came to the conclusion that the house was haunted, until the servant girl accidentally heard of their neighbor's do who now is to be fined, if he loses the suit, for creating a nuisance.—Chicago Hersid.

"There goes a young man who has a ro-mance," remarked a well known chisan of **Premature Blank Funeral Notices** A Montreal doctor who had an account the window, as a young man of perhaps with a job printer agreed to take his pay in work. After he had had all the printing the window, as a young man or pernaps to passed up First avenue, a remarkably hand-some lady leaning upon his arm. "Tell you about it? Certainly; only I won't give you the names of the parties, for if I did you would print it and nearly every one in the done that he needed there still rema balance, and, as his wife was very sick, he decided to have some blank funeral notice struck off with her name on them. He city would recognize in the couple two well locked them in his desk, his wife got well and found them, and now she talks of get-"Some years ago the young man werked in one of the big mills and was looked upon as a ting a divorce.

Butterflies in Georgia.

In the fall butterflies are always seen in quantities on sunny days flying castward. The editor says: "We sat talking to a friend about an hour on Monday morning, with an open space of 100 yards or more immediately front of us, and counted the migrating pill grims passing before us, averaging one to every minute. Myriads may be seen in the "Of course, the young lady was nearly heartbroken and refused to be comforted by open piny woods."-Camilla (Ga.) Clarion.

Successful Dental Operation

her friends. This young man, who was standing near when she dropped the ring, ames Truett, a fashionable young man of sciale, Ga., was in danger of having his beauty disfigured by the loss of one of his front teeth. In this dilemma he paid a friend \$15 for a sound tooth. The two then accompanied by a friend, sifted all the wheat and placed it in bags. It was nearly morn-ing when he found the ring. The wheat was went to a dentist, who extracted the friend' tooth and inserted it in the mouth of Truett

then emptied back into the bin and the young man went home. When he went to work again he went to the head miller and suc-Didn't Dream Enough: Charles Caughlin, of Philadelphia, \$3,200 stolen from him. A neighbol ceeded in being released for the day. His next move was to dress himself in his best woman dreamed that it was hidden away a hayloft, and she climbed up and found all but \$1,000 in a handkerchief. She was at once arrested for not dreaming where the "To her he related how he recovered it, and by his pleasing manners so captivated her that she invited him to call. This he balance was, and a search of her house did, and the friendship, thus begun soon ripened into something stronger. The young lady's father took a great liking to the young brought the missing sum to light.

Sugar in Mortar.

Sugar in its coarse state, called "goor," has seen used in India from time immer an ingredient in mortar. Masonry came with this mortar has been known to every effort of pick and shovel, and to yield only to blasting when it has been found nec essary to remove old puckah buildings.—New York Sun.

Wild Geese in Canada

Wild geese are being slaughtered by the thousand at Beaver lake, in northwestern Canada. Two men recently killed 1,000 and dried the meat for winter use, and it is no unusual for the local gunners to bag 50 and 100 in a day's shooting.

No More Honorary Degrees.

Cornell university will confer no ho There are two so-called black districts, one legrees hereafter, and to become a doctor of laws under the new rules of that ins Fort Sumter memory; the other in North Carolina, represented by James E. O'Hara, a bright, well aducated mulatto, a native of

Honor to the Confederate Dead.

J. C. Latham, a rich New Yorker, once a

to come. Father sitys: "There is no use in the Ten Commandments; the catechism seems to me to be an utter failure." Ah, my friend, you make a very great mistake. You stuffed that child with religion until he could not digest it; you made that which is a joy in many households an abhorrence in yours. A man in midlife said to me: "I can't become i Christian. In my father's house I got such i prejudice against religion I don't want any of it. My father was one of the best	time, I know that; but there is one sin I com- mitted at 20 years of age that I never will forgive myself for. It sometimes comes over me overwhelmingly, and it absolutely blots out my hope of heaven." Young man, hear it. How many traps there are set for our young people! That is what makes parents so anxious. Here are temptations for every form of dissipation and every stage of it. The young man when he first goes into dissipation is very particu-	in." And for that reason, my friends, I be- lieve so much in Bible classes. But there is something better than the Bible class, and that is the Sunday scheol class. I like it be-	Pedestrian Tours by an Empress. Though the empress of Austria is no longer allowed to take horse exercise, she is using her returning strength to make extensive pe- destrian excursions in the neighborhood of Ischl. Her household find it difficult, in fact, to fall in with their imperial mistress' new ways, for she not only walks long distances,	an inopportune time. On days other than the reception date, no ordinary caller can claim the lady's time, and she need not be surprised if she is not admitted. Women physicians and other feminine professionals usually have one evening in the month for being at home to their friends. Very busy women can adopt the same rule. The day and hours of reception are printed on the	The Old Umbrella. The old green umbrella strapped to the	bodies of 100 of his comrades, put them in a new cemetery at Hopkinsville, Ky., and placed a granite shaft over them to tell of their deeds in war. Against Biding on Top. The Baltimore Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has decided to make a vigorous fight against the drivers of coal
man in midlife said to me: "I can't become t Christian. In my father's house I got such t prejudice against religion I don't want	what makes parents so anxious. Here are temptations for every form of dissipation and every stage of it. The young man when	lieve so much in Bible classes. But there is something better than the Bible class, and that is the Sunday scheol class. I like it be- cause it takes children at an earlier point; and the infant class I like still better, because it takes children before they begin to walk or to talk straight, and puts them on the road to heaven. You cannot begin too early. You stand on the bank of a river flowing by. You cannot stop that river, but you travel days and days toward the source of it, and you find after a while where it comes down drop- ping from the rock, and with your knife you make a course in this or that direction for the dropping to take, and you decide the course of the river. You stand and see your chil- dren's character rolling on with great impet- nosity and passion, and you cannot affect	Ischl. Her household find it difficult, in fact, to fall in with their imperial mistress' new ways, for she not only walks long distances, but gets up at abnormal hours in the morn- ing to start on her journeys. Last Monday she was up just after 4 a. m. in order to start for the Lac de Grundl, and only got back to Ischl about 8 in the evening. If monarchs of the period mean to go in this way intending courtiers will soon have to pass an examina- tion in athletics, including the walking of a measured mile.—London Figaro. A Plague of Flies. The towns and villages in South Lincoln- shire, England, lately suffered from an extra- ordinary plague of small files known as "midges," which made themselves almost un- bearable in connection with the nose, eyes and mouth. ' e air was literally filled with them, and numbers of persons were almost covered from head to foot with the tiresome	usually have one evening in the month for being at home to their friends. Very busy women can adopt the same rule. The day and hours of reception are printed on the visiting cards. Invitation or Party Call. What is meant by an invitation call, and what purpose is it intended to serve? Many C. W. A call, after being invited to an entertain- ment, such as an afternoon reception, an evening party or a dinner, is intended as a recognition by the person invited of the com- pliment paid him or her by the hest. They are often called party calls, but-invitation call is better, inasmuch as one's calls embrace recognition of a variety of entertainments. In fashionable society ladies owing a very large number of calls often give a reception, inviting all those to whom they are indebted. This throws all they invited into debt for a call to the hostess.	-Chicago Tribune. The Old Umbrella. The old green umbrella strapped to the trunk that Denman Thompson uses in "The Old Homestead," was presented to the actor by an admiring citizen of Worcester, Mass., whose great-grandfather kept off the raim with # 100 years ago. Raisins at Riverside. Riverside, Cal., will pack about 200,000 boxes of raisins this year, which will sell for something like \$400,000. This is the yield of 1,000 acres of vineyard, say an average of \$400 an acre. A depaty marshal of Paoli, Kan., wears probably the most novel necktie that ever adorned a shirt front. It is made of the skin of a rattlesnake, and the ratile is used for a	The Baltimore Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has decided to make a vigorous fight against the drivers of coal carts who make a practice of riding on top of their carts while the carts are loaded.— Chicago Times. From the Old Frigate. A citizen of Rockland, Ms., has a brier- wood pipe which he found embedded in a large mass of salt at the bottom of one of the water tanks of the old frigate Sabine.