THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY

SERMON.

TEXT: Thou, therefore, endure hardness. —II. Timothy, ii., 3. Historians are not slow to acknowledge the merits of great military chieftains. We have the full-length portraits of the Cromwells, the Washingtons, the Napoleons and the Wellingtons of the world. History is not written in black ink, but with red ink of human The gods of human ambition do not drink from bowls made out of silver, or gold or precious stones, but out of the bleached skulls of the fallen. But I am now to unroll before you a scroll of heroes that the world has never acknowledged; those who faced no guns, blew no bugle-blast, conquered no critics, chained no captives to their chariot wheels, and yet, in the great day of eternity, will stand higher than those whose names startled the nations; and seraph, and rapt spirit, and

archangel will tell their deeds to a listening universe. I mean the hero's of common, In this roll, in the first place, I find all the heroes of the sick room. When Satan had failed to overcome Job, he said to God: "Put forth thy hand and touch his bones and his flesh, and he will curse thee to thy face." Satan had found out what we have found out, that sickness is the greatest test of one's character. A man who can stand that can stand anything. To be shut in a room as fast as though it were a bastile; to be so nervous you cannot endure the tap of a child's foot; to have luxuriant fruit, which tempts the appetite of the robust and healthy, excite our loathing and disgust when it first appears on the platter; to have the rapier of pain strike through the side, or across the temples, like a razor, or to put the foot into a vice, or throw the whole body into a blaze of fever. Yet there have been men and women, but more women than men, who have cheerful

ly endured this hardness. Through years of exhausting rheumatisms and ex cruciating neuralgias they have gone, an l through bodily distresses that raspel the nerves, and tore the muscles, and paled the cheeks, and stooped the shoulders. By the dim light of the sick-room taper they saw on their wall the picture of that land where the inhabitants are never sick. Through the dead silence of the night they heard the chorus of the angels. The cancer ate away her life from week to week and day to day and she became weaker and weaker, and every "good night" was feebler than "good night" before—yet never The children looked up into her face and saw suffering transformed into a heavenly smile. Those who suffered on the battle-field, amid shot and shell, were not so much heroes and heroines f rheumatism. Heroes of Heroes of spinal complaint. lifelong invalidism. Heroes and heroines.

They shall reign forever and ever. Hark! I catch just one note of the eternal

anthem: "There shall be no more pain."

Bless God for that.
In this roll I also find the heroes of toil, who when you know that the whole nation will applaud the victory; it is comparatively easy to doctor the sick when you know that your skill will be appreciated by a large company of friends and relatives; it is comparatively easy to address an audience when, in the gleaming eyes and the flushed cheeks, you know that your sentiments are adopted. but to do sewing where you expect that the employer will come and thrust his thumb through the work to show how imperfect it is, or to have the whole garment thrown back on you to be done over again; to build a wall and know there will be no one to say you did it well, but only a swearing employer howling across scatfold. to work until your eyes are dim and your back aches, and your heart faints, and to know that if you stop before night your children will starve. Ah! the sword has not slain so many as the needle. The great battle-fields of our last war were not Gettysburg and Shiloh and South Mountain. The great battle-fields of the last war were in the arsenals, and in the shops and in the attics, where women made army jackets for a sixpence. They toiled on until they died. They had no funeral eulogium, but, in the name of my God, this day, I enroll their names among those of whom the wor'd was not worthy. Heroes of the needle. Heroes of the sewing machine. Heroes of the attic. Heroes of the cellar. Heroes and heroines.

Bless God for them. In this roll I also find the heroes who have uncomplainingly endured domestic injus There are men who for their toil and anxiety have no sympathy in their homes. Exhausting application to business gets them a livelihood, but an unfrugal wife scatters it. He is fretted at from the moment he enters the door until he comes out of it. The exasperations of business life augmented by the exasperations of domestic life. Such men are laughed at, but they have a heartbreaking trouble, and they would have long ago gone into appalling dissipations but for the grace of God. - Society to-day is strewn with the wrecks of men, who under the northeast storm of domestic infelicity have been driven on the rocks. There are tens of thousands of drunkards in this country to-day, made such by their wives. That is not poetry. That is prose. But the wrong is generally in the onposite direction. You would not have to go martyrdom. Something heavier than a stroke of the fist; unkind words, staggerin; home at midnight, and constant maltreat ment which have left her only a wreck of what she was on that day when in the midst of a brilliant assemblage the vows were taken, and full organ played the wedding march, and the carriage rolled away with the benediction of the people. What was the compared with this? Those men soon became unconscious in the fire, but here is a fifty years' martydom, a fifty years' putting to death, yet uncomplaining. No bitter words when the rollicking companions at 2 o'clock in the morning pitch the husband dead drunk into the front entry. No bitter words when wiping from the swollen brow the blood struck out in a midnight carousal. Bending over the battered and bruised form of him, who, when he took her from her father's home, promised love, and kindness, and protection, yet nothing but sympathy, and prayers, and forgiveness before they are asked for. No bitter words | and no weapon formed against them shall when the tamily Bible goes for rum, and the pawnbroker's shop gets the last decent dress. Some day, desiring to evoke the story of her sorrows, you say: "Well, how are you getting along now! and rallying her trembling voice, and quieting her quivering lip, she "Pretty well. I thank you, pretty She never will tell you. In the debox with no silver plate to tell her years, for grows the cotton of the South will let you she has lived a thousand years of trial and freeze for lack of clothes? Do you think that for that funeral-one carriage to carry the orphans and the two Christian women who Did you ever hear the experience of that a short: "Lift up your head, ye everlasting gate, and let her come in!" And Christ will out of your discourage bread?" Get up tep forth and are "Come in." gate, and let her come in! And Christ will out of your discouragement, O! troubled tep forth and say: "Come in! ye suffered with me on earth, be glorified with me in heaven." What is the highest throne in Gol Almighty and the Lamb." No doubt with complaints you have told to no one, are not the clean and airy things they accommodating to persons living along about it. What is the next highest throne in heaven! While I speak it seems to me that it | Listen to our great Captain's cheer: "To him

earthly torture. Heroes and heroines. I find also in this roll the heroes of Christian charity. We all admire the George Peabolys and the James Lenoxes of the earth, who give tens and hundreds of thousands of dol ars to good objects. But I am speaking this morning of those who, out of their pinched poverty, help others—of such men as those Christian missionaries at the West, who are living on \$250

in New York, saying: "I thank for that \$25. Until yesterday you have had no meat in our house for three months. We have suffered terribly My children have no shoes this winter." And of those people who have only a half loaf of bread, but give a piece of it to others who are hungrier; and of those who have only a scuttle of coal, but help others to fuel; and of those who have only a dollar in their pocket, and give twenty-five cents to somebody else; and of that father who wears a shabby coat, and of that mother who wears a faded dress, that their children may be well apparelled. You call them paupers, or ragamuffins, or emigrants. I call them heroes and heroines. You and I may not know where they live, or what their name is. God knows, and they have more angels hovering

will have a higher seat in heaven. They may have only a cup of cold water to give a poor traveler, or may have only picked a splinter from under the nail of a child's finger, or have put only two mites into the treasury, but the Lord knows them. Considering what they had, they did more than we have ever done, and their faded dress will become a white robe, and the small room will be an eternal mansion. and the old hat will be a coronet of vicand all the applause of earth and all the shouting of heaven will be drowned out when Gol rises up to give his reward to those humble workers in his kingdom, and to say to them: "Well done, good and faithful servant." You have all seen or heard of the ruin of Melrose Abbey. I suppose in some respects it is the most exquisite ruin on earth. And yet, looking at it I was not so impressed -you may set it down to bad taste-but I was not so deeply stirred as I was at a tombstone at the foot of that Abbey-the tombstone placed by Walter Scott over the grave of an old man who had served him for a good many years in his house. The inscription most stand there and read it without tears coming into his eyes. The epitaph: "Well done, good and faithful servant." Oh! when our work is over, will it be found that because of anything we have done for God, or the church, or suffering humanity, that such an inscription is appropriate for us? God grant

Who are those who were bravest and deserved the greatest monument-Lord Claverhouse and his burly soldiers, or John Brown, the Edinburgh carrier, and his wife? Mr. Atkins, the persecuted minister of Jesus Christ in Scotland, was secreted by John Brown and his wife, and Claverhouse rode one day with his armed men shouted in front of the house. John Brown's little girl came out. He said to her: "Well, miss, is Mr. Atkins here!" She made no answer, for she could not betray the minister of the Gospel. "Ha!" Cleverhouse said, "then you are a chip of the old block, are you? I have something in my pocket for you. It is a nosegay. Some peo-ple call it a thumbscrew, but I call it a nosegay." And he got off his horse, and he put t on the little girl's hand, and began to turn it until the bones cracked, and she cried. He shell, were not so much heroes and heroines as those who in the field hospital and in the as those who in the field hospital and in the asylum had fevers which no ice could cool amo out, and Claverhouse said: "Ha! It and no surgery cure. No shout of a comrade seems that you three have laid your holy to cheer them, but numbness, and aching, neads together determined to die like all the been raised against it. Collector Hedrest of your hypocritical, canting, snivelling brew: rather than give up good Mr. Atkins, pious Mr. Atkins, you would die. I have a neuralgia. Heroes of spinal complaint. telescope with me that will improve your Heroes of sick headache. Heroes of vision," and he pulled out a pistol. 'Now," ne said, "you old pragmatical, lest you should eatch cold in this cold morning of Scotand, and for the honor and safety of the king, to say nothing of the glory of and the good of our souls, proceed simply and in the neatest do their work uncomplainingly. It is compar-and most expeditious style possible to blow atively easy to lead a regiment into battle vour brains out." John Brown fell upon his your brains out." John Brown fell upon his tnees and began to pray. "Ah!" said Clavertouse, "look out, if you are going to pray; teer clear of the King, the council and Richard Cameron." "O! Lord," said John

Brown, "since it seems to be Thy will that I should leave this world for a world where I can love Thee better and serve Thee more, I put this poor widow woman and three help-less, fatherless children into Thy hands. We have been together in peace a good while, but now we must look forth to a better meeting in heaven, and a for these poor creatures, blindfolde! and infatuated, that stand before me, convert them before it be too late, and may they who have sat in judgment in this lonely place on this blessed morning, upon me, a poor, defenseless fellow-creature-may they, in the Last Judgment, find that mercy which they have refused to me, Thy most unworthy, but faithful servant. Amen." He rose up and said: "Isabel, the hour has come of which I oke to you on the morning when I proposed hand and heart to you; and are you willing now, for the love of God, to let me She put her arms around him "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name "Stop that snivelling," said Claverhouse. "I have had enough of it. Soldiers, do your work. Take aim! Fire!" and the head of John Brown was scattered on the ground. While the wife was gathering up in her apron the fragments of her husband's head-gathering them up for burial -Claverhouse looked into her face and "Now, my good woman. how do you feel about your bonnie man?" "Oh!" said, "I always thought weel of him; he has been very good to me; I had no reason for thinking anything but weel of him, and I is given. grand thing it will be in the Last Day to see God pick out his heroes and heroines. Who are those paupers of eternity trudging off from the gates of heaven? Who are they? The Lord laverhouses and the Herods and those who had sceptres, and crowns, and thrones, but they lived for their own aggrandisement, and they broke the heart of nations. Heroes of earth, but paupers in eternity. I beat the drums of their eternal despair.

But there is great excitement in heaven. far to find a wife whose life is a perpetual Why those long processions! Why the ing of that great bell in the tower! It s coronation day in heaven. Who are those rising on the thrones, with rowns of eternal royalty! They must have been great people on earth, world renowned people. No. They taught in a ragged school! is that all? That is all. Who are those wayng sceptres of eternal dominion? Why, they tre little children who waited on invalid burning of Latimer and Ridley at the stake nothers. That all? That is all. She was 'alled "Little Mary" on earth. She is an empress now. Who are that great multitude on the highest thrones of heaven? Who are they! Why, they fed the nungry, they clothed the naked, they healed he sick, they comforted the heart-broken. They never found any rest until they put their head down on the pillow of sepulchre. God watched them. God laughed lefiance at the enemies who put their heels pard down on these His dear children; and one day the Lord struck His hand so hard on His thigh that the omnipotent sword ratt'ed in the buckler, as he said: "I am their God, prosper." What harm can the world do you when the Lord A'mighty with unsheathed word fights for you!

I preach this sermon for comfort. Go you to play the hero or the heroine. Do not envy any man his money, or his applause, or his social position. Do not envy any woman lirium of her last sickness she may her wardrobe, or her exquisite appeartell all the secrets of her lifetime, ance. Be the hero or the heroine. If but she will not tell that. Not there be no flour in the house, and you do thrones of judgment will ever be known get bread, listen, and you will hear what she has suffered. Oh! ye who are something tapping against the window-pane. twisting a garland for the victor, put it on | Go to the window and you will find it is the that pale brow. When she is dead the beak of a raven, and open the window and neighbors will beg linen to make her a there will fly in the messenger that fed shroud, and she will be carried out in a plain | Elijah. Do you think that the God who anguish. The gamblers and swindlers who | the God who allowed the disciples on Sunday destroyed her husband will not come to the morning to go into the grain field, and then One carriage will be enough take the grain and rub it in their hands and funeral—one carriage to carry the eat. Do you thin's God will let you starve? presided over the obsequies. But there is a old man: "I have been young, and now am hash, and the opening of a celestial door, and I old, yet have I never seen the righteous heaven? You say: "The throne of the Lord | way to turn, O! you bereft one, O! you sick one come and get the comfort of this subject. will be the throne of the drunkard's wife, if that overcometh will I give to eat of the she with cheerful patience endured all her fruit of the tree of life which is in the midst of the Paradise of God."

At a ball in London, considered one of the best of the season, the staircase was hung with double wreaths of pink peonies; the alcoves were lined with red roses in baskets, and in the ball-room the a year that they may proclaim Christ to the great chandelier was effectively wreathed people; one of them, writing to the Secretary | in flowers

BILLIONS IN AN OLD CART.

HOW CUSTOMS RECEIPTS ARE TAKEN TO THE SUB-TREASURY.

Modest Hand-Cart, Surrounded by a Determined Guard, is Trundled Through Wall Street Daily.

A heavy-wheeled hand-cart, with a thickset little guiding wheel in front and pushed by two men from behind, clattered down the steps of the William street entrance to the Custom-House at 3:45 yesterday afternoon. It was inover them than you and I have, and they | stantly followed by four broad-shouldered laboring men, a smooth-faced old man of clerical appearance and a sternlooking man with a heavy brownish mustache, who quickly grouped them selves on both sides of it and in front of it and behind. The little group, with the cart rumbling in the centre, pushed rapidly to Wall street to the noth side and the Sub-Treasury people stopped and significant, and I defy any man to \$1,000,000 or more, and that this money New York World. represented Uncle Sam's daily tolls on merchandise imported from abroad, and that it was on its way to be poured into the Treasury, another contribution to swell the great surplus which now hes idle there.

For over twenty years, at about the same hour on six days in every week, the cart has made the same journey surrounded by its escort. How many thieves have cast envious eyes at it, how many close over them, have thought that to only have for but a few weeks or a few days the contents of that ugly iron-bound suicide anybody can imagine. Doubtless many a gang of knaves have wasted miny a long hour trying to devise some daring scheme to waylay its guardians, smash the heavy box and make off with written warning that a plot had been | Press. hatched to attack the treasure cart. It was the work of some practical joker most likely. A little extra precaution was exercised for a time, but the plot never de eloped. The most daring rob-ber could not fail to see the madness of such an attempt. The cart has carried its millions with never the loss of so much as a cent.

Familiar as is the sight of the little vehicle and its guard its appearance never fails to partially stop the hurrying Wall street throng for a moment. Those who know what it means cast a reverent eve on it as it passes. Strangers who understand nothing of it catch sight of the big letters "U. S." painted on each end of the cart, and the hurried seriousness of those who surround it and know that it is no light matter that is in

The system by which the money is thus transferred is perfectly simple. In the cashier's office at the Custom House are kept four boxes, iron-bound and made of thick oak board. They are two feet in length, by one foot in breadth and about a foot in depth. At each end is a massive iron handle that in itself weighs nearly two of the fifteen pounds at which each box tips the beam. When the day's work is completed the money is counted and placed in these boxes. It is then delivered to the custody of United States Detective T. J. Murtha. Four laborers then come, and each one shoulders a box and carries it to the ground floor. Here the boxes are placed in the strong box on the cart, which Murtha locks At the Sub-Treasury the money is again counted, and if it agrees with the Custom-House count a receipt

The daily average of cash we carry, said the good-natured detective yesterday, "is about \$500,000, though, of course, there are many days when we carry over a million. When we have a good deal of coin the load is a very heavy one, and this, with the great weight of the cart and the boxes, makes it no easy thing to push. We always have two only one who is armed. We go up the north side of Wall street because there are more people there and always some of Inspector Byrne's detectives about. I have only been here about two years, but I suppose we have carried not far | sauce from \$350,000,000 in that time. What wealth that old cart has had in its bowels! It makes a man dizzy to think of it. The surplus in the Treasury would be as a little chicken feed in your pocket away with anything? The street is filled with people. They would have to disable me first. There would be pistol-shots sma h in the box on the cart, and then they would have to lug away the dead weight of one or more of those inner boxes. There would be 500 people and a dozen policemen and detectives about before they got that far. The system is absolutely safe so far as that is concerned, unless a small army of desperate

men swept down upon us. "The place where I have feared stealing the most is right in the public room of the cashier's office. It is often so crowded that there is barely standing room. Each importer fills out the blanks until the books of eternity are opened on the not know where your children are to there at a shelf running along the wall. He then counts his cash there. Not infrequently as high as \$70,000 is counted out in one pile. I have feared a quick, skilful sneak thief might snatch a bundle of bills, dash down the stairs there by the door, and out into Hanover Square. There would be a few chances of his escaping."-New York World.

Deceitful Sponges.

Temptingly displayed along Fourteenth street are baskets of beautiful white sponges, offered at marvelously tucky the mails are often carried as far low rates. It is probably worth the ex- as thirty-five mile; by men who perience to pay the few cents demanded | walk the whole distance once a day. A for an attractive looking sponge inas- local paper thus describes o e of these much as one will find that those sponges | sturdy carriers: "Mr. Dougherty is very seem to be. After a year's immersion in | the line (he ought to le.) He will carry water, hot or cold, it will be found that a saddle, bee-hive, pup, or even a dog. the sponge still retains the consistency | if he is not too big, and he is ofered of a petrified and perforated rock. The enough. He will ride a horse through clear white color is due to the bleaching for any one for a quarter, and carry the effect of a chemical of such peculiar mail pouches on his shoulder." power that the bleach remains long after the sponge itself has disappeared. - New York Tribune

A prize of \$120 is offered for the best Electrical Society.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS,

The Rose of Order. How can I tell her? By her cellar. Cleanly shelves and whitened walls. can guess her By her dresser,

By the back staircass and hall And with p'easure Take her measure By the way she keeps her brooms;

Or the peeping At the 'keeping Of her back an lunseen rooms; By her k tcher's air of neatness, And its general completeness, Where n in cleanliness and sweetness The Rose of Order blooms.

Gathering Rose Leaves. The delightful work of gathering rose or late in the evening. Shake into a ed a circular describing it, which he distrib wide basket the petals from roses that are about to fall to pieces. The rose leaves shou'd be spread out on a sheet then went at a quick pace up the street to laid down in a dry place where the wind Nassau, then around to Pine street, and will not disturb them. Rose leaves Mexico. was swallowed up in the rear entrance to gathered on different days should not the Sub-Treasury Building. All along be mixed, but each collection on the the journey from the Custom-House to sheet should be stirred and turned every day; when they are all nearly dry they vehicle. The box was literally a box- dried leaves alone, packed in as tight as derstood the matter knew that it might | for a short time, will perfume a room if contain anywhere from \$500,000 to the rose leaves are stirred up a little.

A Useful Contrivance. For the benefit of tired mortals who recline in hammocks most of the time during the warm months there is a contrivance from which, if properly made, they will derive much ease and comfort. Make a square frame of wood and cover with any light fabric, and place a thick fringe of the same at the bottom. To the top of the frame nail three pieces of speculators on the verge of ruin, how | board two at the sides and one in the many dishonest bank employees with the center, the three meeting together, or impending crisis of discovery hanging attach cords in the same manner by my life." "Saved your life! Nonsense, impending crisis of discovery hanging attach cords in the same manner by my life." "Saved your life! Nonsense, impending crisis of discovery hanging attach cords in the same manner by my life." "Saved your life! Nonsense, impending crisis of discovery hanging attach cords in the same manner by my life." "Saved your life! Nonsense, impending crisis of discovery hanging attach cords in the same manner by my life." "Saved your life! Nonsense, impending crisis of discovery hanging attach cords in the same manner by my life." "Saved your life! Nonsense, impending crisis of discovery hanging attach cords in the same manner by my life." "Saved your life! Nonsense, impending crisis of discovery hanging attach cords in the same manner by my life." "Saved your life! Nonsense, impending crisis of discovery hanging attach cords in the same manner by my life." "Saved your life! Nonsense, impending crisis of discovery hanging attach cords in the same manner by my life." "Saved your life! Nonsense, impending crisis of discovery hanging attach cords in the same manner by my life." "Saved your life! Nonsense, impending crisis of discovery hanging attach cords in the same manner by my life." "Saved your life! Nonsense, impending crisis of discovery hanging attach cords in the same manner by my life." "Saved your life! Nonsense, impending crisis of discovery hanging attach cords in the same manner by my life." "Saved your life." "Save which hang to a screw above the hammock. On one side of the frame attach cords as for a kite, and have a cord long box would be rescue from ruin, flight or | enough to put through another screw on a nost on a line with the side of the hammock, which, when swung, will cause the frame to swing and stir a delightful breeze. A damp towel can be attached to the bottom, instead of the said: "Don't cry, don't cry; this isn't a thumb- its contents. But from all this nothing fringe, during the intense heat. A string den in his time did receive, it is true, a be utilized as a fly fan. - De roit Free

> Apples in Many Styles. Lubig says: " Eesides contributing large proportion of sugar, mucilage and other nutritive compounds in the form of ford, apples contain such a fine combination of vegetable acids, attractive substances and automatic principles, with the nutitive matter, as to act powerfully in the capacity of refrigerants, tonics and antiseptics, and when freely used at the season of ripeness, by ural laborers and others, they prevent debility, strengthen digestion, correct the putrefactive tendency of nitrogenious food, avert scurvy and probably mainta n and strengthon the power of productive labor.

> "If all fruits none are more healthful or afford a greater variety of dishes than apples. We give the following recipes for preparing them, all of which will be found-to be excellent "STEWED APPLES. -- Pare tart apples,

> cut them in quarters and remove the cores, put them in a porcelain kettle, stew with sugar, add the juice of half a lemon and a few bits of the rind, cover with boiling water and simmer gently until tender. Dish very carefully without breaking the pieces and serve cold. "BAKED APPLES. - Wipe sweet apples dry and clean, remove the cores without paring, put them in an earthen dish and bake in a moderate oven until tender. Serve cold with sugar and cream.

> "CODDLED APPLES. - Pare tart apples, remove the cores, stand in a kettle, cover with sugar, pour in a little boiling water, put on the lid and allow the apples to steam on the back of the stove until very tender. Dish carefully without breaking, pour the syrup over them and stand away to cool.

"COMPOTE OF APPLES. - Quarter, peel, core and cook a dozen apples with a little water and sugar. Take up the apples, boil down the syrup, add a sliced lemon and a handful of raisins, let jelly and pour over the apples.

"APPLE Snow .- Pare and core some large apples without dividing them. men pushing and four around it, besides Boil some rice for ten minutes, drain and myself and the messenger. I am the let cool. Spread the rice in as many portions as there are apples on small cloths, tie the fruit separately in these and boil for three-quarters of an hour. turn them carefully on a dish, sprinkle with sifted sugar and serve with sweet

"APPLES WITH WHIPPED CREAM .-Fare and core large juicy apples, fill the cavities with sugar and a little lemon juice and a little grated rind, put them in a pan with a little water in the botcompared to it. I never feel the least tom. Sprinkle the top with sugar, bake fear of an attack. How could they get them and when done set to cool. Cover entirely with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored.

"AFPLE MERINGUE, -Boil tart apples; before that. Then they would have to after they are pared and cored rub through a colander and sweeten to taste. To a pint of the pulp stir in lightly the beaten whites of six eggs, flavor, put in a pudding dish, set in the oven, brown and serve with custard.

"CHARLOTTE DE POMME. - Cut ten sour apples into quarters, peel, put them in a kettle with hot water and two cups of ugar, and stew until they are clear. When they are done, line a large dish with slices of sponge cake, turn the apples in, make a round hole in the middle and fill with the syrup in which the apples were cooked. Then put them in a stove oven for an hour. Turn it out on a dish, place over the top slices of sponge cake. Serve with sugar and lemon

"APPLE FLOAT. - Pare and slice some ripe apples; stew down and run through a sieve; beat to every quart of apples the whites of twelve eggs and a pound of sugar. Flavor with extract of lemon.'

Robust Mail Carriers.

In many of the back districts of Ken-

Shallow things are capable only of the mystery of darkness. The most genuise and profound things you may bring forth into the fullest light, and let the work on electro-magnets, by the Italian | sunshine batter them through and through.

Understood Baseball.

Young lady in grand stand to her escort, just as the pitcher has knocked over a batter with a swift inshoot-"Oh, yes, I remember this game now I thought I had never seen baseball before, but I have. Papa used to take me when I was a little girl. Papa used to play himself, but he used a much larger ball -a wooden ball, you know, and instead of having a man to knock over with it he used to have wooden pegs about foot high. Oh, yes, I un lerstand the game thoroughly now." Escort falls off the bench and dies.—St. Louis Republic.

It seems that the discovery of a sure cure for baldness, claimed to have been made by H. A. Fechter of New Haven, Conn., is genuine. Some of the results it has accomplished leaves is best done early in the morning are really wonderful. Mr. Fechter has printutes free to all who apply for it.

> "Dan" Rice, the old showman, owns 350,000 acres of land in Texas and New

Texas has 4,878,301 head of sheep and

Better than a Hero. What a coward that Major Smith is. the army"? "Don't say anything egainst possible! What do you mean"? "I mean that I was in the first stages of consumption: I was losing strenght and vitality every day with the terrible disease, when Smith advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I had tried all kinds of medicines without success, and my physician had given me no hope; yet here I am, as well as ever a man was, and I owe my life to Smith, and to the wonderful remedy he recommended.

Don't hawk, and blow, and spit, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

That unsightly excrescence commonly called a wart can be removed by touching it several times a day with castor oil. This is the simplest known remedy.



Paine's Celery Compound, that great nerve tonic, is almost a specific in these disorders, and by its regulating influence on the liver, bowels, and kidneys, removes the disorders peculiar to old age. Old people find it stimulating to the vital powers, productive of appetite, and a promoter of digestion.

Sold by druggists, \$1.00. Six for \$5.00. Send for eight-page paper, with many testi-monials from nervous, debilitated, and aged people, who bless Paine's Celery Compound

Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

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FOR OLD PEOPLE!

In old people the nervous system is weakened, and that must be strengthened. One of the most prominent medical writers of the day, in speaking of the prevalence of rheumatic troubles among the aged, says: "The various pains, rheu matic or other, which old people often complain of, and which materially disturb their comfort, result from disordered nerves." There it is in a nutshellthe medicine for old people must be a nerve tonic. Old people are beset with constipation, flatulency, drowsiness, diarrhæa, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia,



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TERS. Last October I had a very severe attack of Lumbago and suffered untold agony: could not turn in bed or get in any pos tion without assistance, and with pain; almost unbearable; the folks suggested Allcock's Po the manufacturers, that it will give satisfac- ROUS PLASTERS. As soon as possible I had one applied to the small of my back, and to have not had the slightest symptoms of lumbago since. They are a wonderful and valu able Plaster for lumbago, and I take much pleasure in recommending them. W. S. PHILLIPS.

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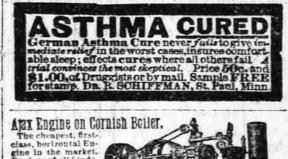


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