DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE SECOND DISCOURSE ON OLD WORLD JOURNEYS.

He Finds Confirmation of the Truth of the Scriptures in the Testimony of the Cities and Rivers and Places of Long Ago.

The Tabernacle Pulpit.

Dr. Talmage preached on "Sailing Up the Nile," the second sermon of the series entitled "From the Pyramids to the Acropolis; or, What I Saw in Egypt and Greece Confirmatory of the Scriptures." His text was Ezekiel xxix, 9, "The River Is Mine and I Have Made It."

Aha! This is the River Nile. A brown or yellow or silver cord on which are hung more jewels of tarilling interest than on any river that was ever twisted in the sunshine. It ripples through the book of Ezekiel, and flashes in the books of Deuteronomy and Isaiah and Zecharia and Nahum, and on its banks stood the mighties of many ages. It was the crystal cradle of Moses, and on its banks Mary, the refugee, carried the infant Jesus. To find the birthplace of this river was the fascination and defeat of expeditions without number.

As we start where the Nile empties into the Mediterranean Sea, we behold a wonderful fulfillment of prohecy. The Nile in very ancient times used to have seven mouths. As the great river approached the sea, it entered the sea at seven different places. Isaiah prophesied, "The Lord shall utterly destroy the tongue of the Egyptian sea and shall smite it in the seven streams." The fact is they are all destroyed but two, and Herodotus said these two remaining are artificial. Up the Nile we shall go; part of the way by Egyptian rail train and then by boat, and we shall understand why the Bible gives such prominence to this river, which is the largest river of all the earth with one exception.

But before we board the train we must take a look at Alexandria. It was founded by Alexander the Great, and was once the New York, the Paris, the London of the world. Temples, palaces, fountains, gardens, pillared and efflorescent with all the architectural and Edenic grandeur and sweetness. Apollos, the eloquent, whom in New Testament times some people tried to make a rival to Paul, lived here. Here Mark, the author of the second book of the New Testament, expired under Nero's anathema. From here the ship sailed that left Paul and the crew struggling in the breakers of Melita. Pompey's pillar is here, about one hundred feet high, its base surrounded by so much filth and squalor I was glad to escape into an air that was breathable. This tower was built in honor of Diocletian for sparing the rebellious citizens.

After having declared that he would make the blood run to his horse's knees, and his horse fell with him into the blood and his knees reddened, the tyrant took it for granted that was a sign he should stop the massacre, and hence this commemorative pillar to his mercy. This is the city to which Omar came after building 1,400 mosques and destroying 4,000 temples and 35,000 villages and castles, yet riding in on a camel, with a sack of corn, a sack of figs and a wooden plate—all that he had kept for himself—and the diet to which he had limited himself for most of the time was bread and water. Was there ver in any other man a commingling of elements so strange, so weird, so generous, so cruel, so mighty, so weak so religious, so fanatical?

In this city was the greatest female lecturer the world ever saw—Hypatia. But the lesson of virtue that she taught was obnoxious, and so they dragged her through the streets and scraped her flesh from her bones with sharp oyster shells and then burned the fragments of the massacred body. And here dwelt Cleopatra, pronounced to be the beauty of all time—although if her pictures are correct I have seen a thousand women in Brooklyn more attractive—and she was as bad as she was said to be handsome. Queen, conqueress, and spoke seven languages, although it would have been better for the world if she had not been able to speak any. Julius Cæsar conquered the world, yet she conquered Julius Cæsar.

But Alexander, fascinating for this or that thing, according to the taste of the visitor, was to me most entertaining because it had been the site of the greatest library that the world ever saw, considering the fact that the art of printing had not been invented. Seven hundred thousand volumes and all the work of a slow pen. But down it all went under the torch of besiegers. Built again and destroyed again. Built again, but the Arabs came along for its final demolition and the 4,000 of the city were heated with those volumes, the fuel lasting six months, and were ever fires kindled at such fearful cost? What holocausts of the world's literature! What martyrdom of books! How many of them have gone down under the rage of nations.

Only one book has been able to withstand the bombardment, and that has gone through without smell of fire on its lids. No sword or spear or musket for its defense. An unarmed New Testament. An unarmed Old Testament. Yet invulnerable and triumphant. There must be something supernatural about it. Conqueror of books! Monarch of books! All the books of all the ages in all the libraries outshone by this one book which you and I carry to church in a pocket. So methought amid the ashes of Alexandrian libraries.

But all aboard the Egyptian rail train going up the banks of the Nile! Look out of the window and see those camels kneeling for the imposition of their load. And I think we might take from them a lesson, and, instead of trying to stand upright in our strength, become conscious of our own weakness and need of divine help before we take upon us the heavy duties of the year or the week or the day, and so kneel for the burden. We meet processions of men and beasts on the way from their day's week, but alas, for the homes to which the poor inhabitants are going, for the most part hovels of mud. But there is something in the scene that thoroughly enlists us. It is the novelty of wretchedness and a scene of picturesque rags. For thousands of years this land has been under a very damnation of taxes. Nothing but Christian civilization will roll back the influences which are "spoiling the Egyptians." There are gardens and palaces, but they belong to the rulers.

This ride along the Nile is one of the most solemn and impressive rides of all my life time, and our emotions deepen as the curtains of the night fall upon all surroundings. But we shall not be satisfied until we can take a ship and pass right out upon these wonderous waters and between these ranks crowded with the story of Empires.

According to the lead pencil mark in my Bible it was Thanksgiving day morning, Nov. 28, 1888, that with my family and friends we stepped aboard the steamer on the Nile. The Mohammedan call to prayers had been sounded by the priests of that religion, the Muezzins, from the 400 mosques of Cairo as the cry went out: "God is great. I bear witness that there is no God but God. I bear witness that Mohammed is the apostle of God. Come to prayers. Come to salvation. God is great. There is no other but God. Prayers are better than sleep."

The sky and city and palm groves and river-shipping were bathed in the light. It was not much of a craft that we boarded. It would not be hailed on any of our rivers with any rapture of admiration. It fortunately had but little speed, for twice we ran aground and the sailors jumped into the water and on their shoulders pushed her out. But what yacht of gayest sportsman, what deck of swiftest ocean queen could give such a thrill of rapture as a sail on the Nile? The pyramids in sight, the remains of cities that are now only a name, the villages thronged with population. Both banks crowded with historical deeds of forty or sixty centuries. Oh, what a book the Bible is when read on the Nile!

As we slowly move up the majestic river I see on each bank the wheels, the pumps, the buckets for irrigation, and see a man with his foot on the treadle of a wheel that fetches up the water for a garden, and then for the first time I understand that passage in Deuteronomy which says of the Israelites after they had got back from Egypt, "The land whither thou goest in to possess it is not as the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot." Then I understood how the land could be watered with the foot.

That Thanksgiving morning on the Nile I found my text of to-day. Pharaoh in this chapter is compared to the dragon or hippopotamus suggested by the crocodiles that used to line the banks of this river. "Thus saith the Lord God: Behold I am against thee Pharaoh, King of Egypt, the great dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers, which hath said my river is mine own, and I have made it for myself. But I will put hooks in thy jaws and I will cause the fish of thy rivers to stick unto thy scales, and I will bring thee up out of the midst of thy rivers, and all the fish of thy rivers shall stick unto thy scales, and the land of Egypt shall be desolate and waste; and they shall know that I am the Lord; because he hath said the river is mine and I have made it."

While sailing on this river or stopping at one of the villages, we see people on the banks who verify the Bible description, for they are now as they were in Bible times. Shoes are now taken off in reverence to sacred places. Children carried astride the mother's shoulder as in Hagar's time. Women with profusion of jewelry as when Rebecca was affianced. Lentils shelled into the pottage, as when Esau sold his birthright to get such a dish. The same habits of salutation as when Joseph and his brethren fell on each other's necks. Courts of law held under big trees as in olden times. People making bricks without straw, compelled by circumstances to use stubble instead of straw.

Flying over or standing on the banks as in Scripture days are flamingoes, ospreys, eagles, pelicans, herons, cuckoos and bullfinches. On all sides of this river sepulchers. Villages of sepulchers. Cities of sepulchers. Nations of sepulchers. And one is tempted to call it an empire of tombs. I never saw such a place as Egypt is for graves. And now we understand the complaning sarcasm of the Israelites when they were on the way from Egypt to Canaan, "Because there are no graves in Egypt hast thou taken us away to die in the wilderness." Down the river bank come the buffalo and the cattle or kine to drink. And it was the ancestors of these cattle that inspired Pharaoh's dream of the lean kine and the fat kine.

Here we disembark a little while for Memphis, off from the Nile to the right. Memphis founded by the first king of Egypt and for a long while the capital. A city of marble and gold. Home of the Pharaohs. City nineteen miles in circumference. Vast colonnades through which imposing processions marched. Here stood the Temple of the Sun, itself in brilliancy a sun shone on by another sun. Thebes in power ever a thousand one hundred years, or nearly ten times as long as the United States have existed. Here is a recumbent statue seventy-five feet long. Bronzed gateways. A necropolis called "the haven of the blest." Here Joseph was prime minister. Here Pharaoh received Jacob. All possible splendors were built up into this royal city. Hosea, Ezekiel, Jeremiah and Isaiah speak of it as something wonderful.

Never did I visit a city with such exalted anticipations, and never did my anticipations drop so flat. Not a pillar stands. Not a wall is unbroken. Not a fountain tosses in its sun. Even the ruins have been ruined and all that remains are chips of marble, small pieces of fractured sculpture and splintered human bones.

But back to the Nile and on and up till you reach Thebes, in Scripture called the City of No. Hundred gated Thebes. A quadrangular city four miles from limit to limit. Four great temples, two of them Karnac and Luxor, once mountains of exquisite sculpture and gorgeous dreams solidified in stone. Statue of Rameses II, 887 tons in weight and seventy-five feet high, but now fallen and scattered. Walls abloom with the battlefields of centuries.

The surrounding hills of rock hollowed into sepulchers on the wall of which are chiseled in picture and hieroglyphics the confirmation of Bible story in regard to the treatment of the Israelites in Egypt so that, as explorations go on with the work, the walls of these sepulchers become commentaries of the Bible, the Scriptures originally written upon parchment here cut into everlasting stone. Thebes mighty and dominant 500 years. Then she went down in fulfillment of Ezekiel's prophecy concerning the City of No, which was another name for Thebes: "I will execute judgment in No. I will cut off the multitudes of No." Jeremiah also prophsied, "Thus saith the Lord, I will punish the multitudes of No."

This city of Thebes and all the other dead cities of Egypt iterate and reiterate the varacity of the Scriptures, telling the same story which Moses and the prophets told. Have you noticed how God kept back these archæological confirmations of the Bible until our time, when the air is full of unbelief about the truthfulness of the dear old book? He waited until the printing press had been set up in its perfected shape, and the submarine cable was laid, and the world was intelligent enough to appreciate the testimony, and then he resurrected the dead cities of the earth, and commands them, saying: "Open your long sealed lips and speak! Memphis and Thebes, is the Bible true?" "True!" respond Memphis and Thebes. "Babylon, is the Book of Daniel true?" "True!" responds Babylon. "Ruins of Palestine and Syria, is the New Testament true?" "True!" respond the ruins all the way from Joppa to the Dead Sea and from Jerusalem to Damascus

What a mercy that this testimony of the dead cities should come at a time when the Bible is especially assailed.

Two great nations, Egypt and Greece, diplomatized and almost came to battle for one book, a copy of "Æschylus." Ptolemy, the Egyptian King, discovered that in the great library at Alexandria there was no copy of "Æschylus." The Egyptian King sent up to Athens, Greece, to borrow the book and make a copy of it. Athens demanded a deposit of $17,700 as security. The Egyptian King received the book, but refused to return that which he had borrowed, and so forfeited the $17,700.

The two nations rose in contention concerning that one book. Beautiful and mighty book, indeed! But it is a book of horrors, the dominant idea that we are the victims of hereditary influences from which there is no escape, and that fate rules the world, and although the author does tell of Prometheus, who was crucified on the rocks for sympathy for mankind, a powerful suggestion of the sacrifice of Christ in later years, it is a very poor book compared with that book which we hug to our hearts, because it contains our only guide in life, our only comfort in death, and our only hope for a blissful immortality. If two nations could afford to struggle for one copy of "Æschylus," how much more can all nations afford to struggle for the possession and triumph of the Holy Scriptures?

But the dead cities strung along the Nile not only demolish infidelity, but thunder down the absurdity of the modern doctrine of evolution which says the world started with nothing and then rose, and human nature began with nothing but evolved into splendid manhood and womanhood of itself. Nay, the sculpture of the world was more wonderful in the days of Memphis and Thebes and Carthage than in the days of Boston and New York. Those blocks of stone weighing 300 tons high up in the wall at Karnac imply machinery equal to, if not surpassing, the machinery of the Nineteenth century.

How was that statue of Rameses, weighing 887 tons, transported from the quarries 200 miles away and how was it lifted? Tell us, modern machinists. How were those galleries of rock, still standing at Thebes, filled with paintings surpassed by no artist's pencil at the present day? Tell us, artists of the Nineteenth century. The dead cities of Egypt, so far as they have left enough pillars or statues or sepulchers or temple ruins to tell the story—Memphis, Migdol, Hierapolis, Zoan, Thebes, Goshen, Carthage—all of them developing downward instead of upward. They have evoluted from magnificence into destruction. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is the only elevator of individual and social national character. Let all the living cities know that pomp and opulence and temperal prosperity are no security.

Those ancient cities lacked nothing but good morals. Dissipation and sin slew them, and unless dissipation and sin are halted, they will some day slay our modern cities, and leave our palaces of merchandise and our galleries of art and our city hall as flat in the dust as we found Memphis on the afternoon of that Thanksgiving day. And if the cities go down, the nations will go down. "Oh," you say, "that is impossible; we have stood so long—yea, over a hundred years as a nation." Why, what of that? Thebas stood 500 years. Memphis stood a thousand years. God does not forget. One day with the Lord is as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day.

Rum and debauchery and bad politics are more rapidly working the destruction of our American cities than sin of any kind and all kind worked for the destruction of the cities of Africa, once so mighty and now so prostrate. But their gods were idols, and could do nothing except for debasement. Our God made the Heavens and sent His Son to redeem the nations. And our cities will not go down, and our nation will not perish because the gospel is going to triumph. Forward! all schools and colleges and churches! Forward! all reformatory organizations. Forward! all the influences marshaled to bless the world. Let our modern European and American cities listen to the voice of those ancient cities resurrected, and by hammer and chisel and crowbar be compelled to speak.

I notice the voice of those ancient cities is hoarse from the exposure of forty centuries and they accentuate slowly with lips that were palsied for ages, but all together those cities along the Nile intone these words: "Hear us, for we are very old, and it is hard for us to speak. We were wise long before Athens learned her first lesson. We sailed our ships while yet navigation was unborn. These obelisks, these pyramids, these fallen piliars, these wrecked temples, these colossi of black granite, these wrecked sarcophagi under the brow of the hills, tell you of what I was in grandeur and of what I am coming down to be. We sinned and we fell. Our learning could not save us. See these half obliterated hieroglyphics on yonder wall, Our architecture could not save us. See the painted columns of Philæ, and the shattered temple of Esneh. Our heroes could not save us. Witness Menes, Diodoros, Rameses and Ptolemy. Our Gods Ammon and Osiris could not save us. See their fallen temples all along the 4,000 miles of Nile. Oh, ye modern cities get some other God; a God Who can help, a God Who can pardon, a God Who can save. Called up as we are for a little while to give testimony, again the sands of the desert will bury us. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust!" And as these voices of porphyry and granite ceased, all the sarcophagi under the hills responded, "Ashes to ashes!" and the capital of a lofty column fell grinding itself to powder among the rocks, and responding, "Dust to dust!"

Ethel's Error.

Ethel—Papa, wasn't the prophet, Job, the first printer?

Papa—Not that I am aware of, my dear.

"Oh, dear! I thought that he was the inventor of Job printing—Pittsburg Bulletin.

REAL RURAL READING

WILL BE FOUND IN THIS DEPARTMENT.

Agriculture the Basis and Foundation of All Wealth—A Home-made Harrow—Care of Farm Animals—Household—Orchard and Garden, Etc.

Dignity of Agriculture.

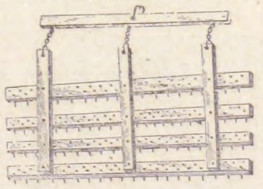
AGRICULTURE is the basis, the foundation of all wealth, and the other pursuits are so closely connected with it that their prosperity depends upon the success of farming. There is not only no antagonism between them, but they are mutually beneficial to each other and the utmost good feeling should exist, and they should endeavor to promote each other's interest. No portion of the cummunity needs higher intellectual advancement and more refined culture than the cultivators of the soil. They occupy a proud, high, and honorable position and they should make it greatly sought after.

The youths of the country, instead of abandoning agricultural pursuits, should seek them and endeave to make them a source of profit and give them high improvement. In this way they will have culture and refinement as well as health and pleasure.

Let the intelligent, progressive, and practical farmers in every neighborhood meet on some Saturday afternoon in every month to consult and advise with each other. Let them give in public meetings the results of their experience, show how to increase the fertility of the soil; to cause greater productions and to improve their live stock. These meetings will become schools of instruction. They will be pleasant and agreeable, as well as instructive, and will enable the farmers to get the benefit of each other's experience. I know of no better method the farmers can have of improving the agriculture of the country and of making it profitable as well as agreeable. How could time be better or more delightfully spent than at these meetings? They are not held for the purpose of advancing the political interests of the men engaged in them, and enabling them to get some office by creating antagonism between the different classes of the community, but their object is to advance the interests of the whole community and to improve agriculture. None but intelligent, progressive and thrifty farmers can be expected to take an interest in these meetings. All such, by uniting together and acting in concert, will exert an influence, the happy effects of which will be felt throughout the whole region in which they exist. If they need any pecuniary assistance to keep up the association, it can be obtained by voluntary contributions made by the members at such times as not to feel them.—Exchange.

Home-made Corn Harrow.

This, for effective work, cannot be beaten. Take four pieces of good plank, 2x6 inches, and ten feet long; soak in water thoroughly; then drive



two rows of 20-penny wire spikes into each plank, about two inches apart each way; now bolt three pieces across these, as shown in cut; attach an evener with three chains and you have the harrow made. Corn can be harrowed till two or three inches high with this harrow, without injuring it, and, therefore, is superior to the common harrow for that purpose. —J. W. Armstrong, in Practical Farmer.

Farm Proverbs.

Use diligence, integrity and proper improvement of time to make farming pay. Do not have more live stock than you can keep well. House all things as much as possible—animals, utensils and crops. When you are offered a fair price for your produce do not store it for rats and speculators. The more comfortable you can keep your animals the more they will thrive. A good cow is a valuable machine; the more food she can properly digest the greater the profit. A few roots daily to all the stock are as welcome as apples to boys and girls. Iron shoes on sleds last a lifetime and are cheaper in the end than wooden ones. Replace the bars where you often pass by strong gates, and then wonder that you did not do so before. Although in draining land thoroughly your purse may be drained, yet the full crops that follow will soon fill it again. Always give the soil the first meal; if it is well fed with manure it will feed all else—plants, animals and men. A borrowed tool if broken should be replaced by a new one. A sense of honor in such matters is much to be commended.

How Much a Silo Should Cost.

In reply to a question how much a silo should cost, it is told in a bulletin issued from the New Hampshire Station that the day of costly silos is past, and it is this fact alone which enables the rapid extension of this system of storage. A wooden silo keeps its contents with less loss than a stone or cement one, chiefly because of the penetration of air through mortar and cement. A silo built independent of the barn, having its own frame, roof, etc., can be built for $1 per ton of capacity, if above seventy-five tons capacity. If built in the corner of the barn the cost of material and labor will be about one half that sum, but on most farms where there is lumber, and where much of the work can be done by the farm help, this cost can be reduced almost, if not quite, to an actual cash outlay of $25.

LIVE STOCK.

When to Sell Hogs.

When to sell hogs is a mooted question among farmers.

One writer advises to sell hogs when the most money can be got for the least outlay.

The ups and downs of prices we cannot control, but by careful attention to the feeding and use of scales we can tell closely whether we are making corn into pork at a profit or not. If not, there ought to be a change of ration or an immediate sale of marketable stock. It doesn't pay to hold beyond the time of profitable growth and fattening.

Most successful feeders believe it pays best one year with another to sell the pork when the highest point in gain has been reached, letting the question of probable higher prices alone. Corn used in keeping over fattening hogs will make twice as much pork if given to other animals.

It is a losing game to hold for an increase of price as a rule.

Make all the pork you can out of your corn in just as little time as possible and then market to the best advantage, is the advice of the Cincinnati Commercial.

Care of Farm Animals.

The most practical and valuable information that can be brought to the intelligently practical farmer is that which relates to the care and management of farm animals. But few farmers have any solid data of facts to draw upon derived from their own experience. To know just exactly which costs the most to produce, a pound of mutton or a pound of beef or a pound of pork is something not more than one farmer in a thousand can tell, for the 999 never keep exact records. All of them can guess at it, may be, quite closely, but it is guess work after all. To be sure they put their money up on their guess work, and embark in mutton feeding, beef feeding, or pork feeding, and many say they ought to know all about it as long as they are in the business. It is true they ought and they would know if they did not have such an universal contempt for keeping exact records. Here is where the English and Scotch farmer excells his American cousin. He is trained in the art of keeping books and records. He is not considered a good safe farmer unless he can show what a thing costs. That is just as great an advantage to the earnest thinking farmer as it is to the manufacturer. The dollars the farmer is to earn runs the gauntlet of ill-luck and accident to as great an extent as the manufacturer's dollars. He should not be loaded down with an extra per cent. of carlessness and indifference to sound rules of business proceedure.

Best Horse to Sell.

The American Agriculturist states that horses to be sold in the New York market for "general purpose" will bring the best prices when they conform as nearly as possible to the following standard: A good sized, bony head, full, kind eye, pricked ears, good crest, oblique shoulders, short on back, long on belly, somewhat arched at coupling, well ribbed up, heavy boned, short, flat legs, compact, active, blocky, good tempered and a good walker. He should weigh from 1,000 pounds upward.

THE DAIRY.

Pay as You Go.

The creameryman who goes into a community and pays the cash for his milk just as fast as it is delivered at his door, the same as any other business does—or ought to do—will establish himself on a firm basis of esteem among the farmers, and will be supplied with the best the dairy affords, besides insuring the eternal good of all the people of his neighborhood. The farmer and dairyman has to wait too long for returns. A cash basis would benefit all concerned.

It is easy to deride this idea, and say that it is impracticable, chimerical, etc., but this does not make it so, nor will it convince us that it is so. Every line of business is hanging too much on the farmer's capacity (now nearly exhausted) for indulgence, and it is high time for a radical change.

Pay as you go.

Dairy Notes.

STILL another milk-testing apparatus is announced, called the Hutton.

NIAGARA is the name given a butter cooler exhibited at the show at Bath, Eng. It consists of a water-tight chamber around which cold water is made to flow.

A CONDENSED milk plant is to be put in at Newport, Me., at a cost of $50,000 to consume the milk of 4,000 cows. Several others are to follow if this one succeeds.

FILLED cheese is still in the market in Chicago and the Farmer's Review of Chicago and a correspondent of the Wisconsin Farmer both advocate a national law against all such frauds.

MILK drawn from an inflamed udder will almost invariably, if made into butter, develop an offensive odor, resembling decaying meat. Such milk is unfit for use. Do not feed it even to pigs. Pour it on the manure pile.

IF a man is a criminal who robs your purse, in what category would you place the one who robs you of that which is dearer and more precious than money—your health? Look out for the one who seeks to sell you any of the so-called compounds that are guaranteed to prolong the keeping qualities of milk. They are slow but sure destroyers of health.

SOME complaint is heard that the dairymen who have had the milk feature of the Columbian Exposition in charge have dubbed four breeds—dairy breeds—and shut out the rest. Guernseys, Jerseys, Holsteins and Ayrshire are the lucky breeds. They must be rather exasperating to the Shorthorn men if to no others, in view of the position the breed has occupied in this country.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

A Good Marker.

To make a neat soil marker, says Popular Garden, take a piece of board an inch thick and two inches wide, and of any desired length; draw a

line down the center of each side and one edge, and with a plane or sharp knife pare it down to a sharp edge; fasten a handle of convenient size and length at center of strip on the upper edge and the device is complete.

Grasp the handle firmly, press the sharp edge into the earth, and you have a straight, even drill of uniform depth for sowing. By marking and cross-marking, as in corn planting,

you have even spacing for pricking or transplanting. To mark off the distance to next row you might also put on a runner at one side, fastened to rod of iron passing through the marker, as shown in lower figure. This runner can be adjusted any distance and do perfect work. Of course handle and marking strips can be made any length from a few inches to several feet. After trying one you will probably make several of different sizes.

Horticultural Hints.

THE Pearl tuberose, besides being dwarf and having larger flowers than the common one, is earlier blooming, the flowers opening a couple of weeks before the other.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Water as a Disinfectant.

It is a fact that appears to be not generally known, perhaps because it may not be generally credited, that pure, fresh, cold water is one of the most valuable of disinfectants, inasmuch as it is a powerful absorbent. Every sick room should have a vessel of clear water frequently renewed, placed not far from the bed, or even beneath it. This not only absorbs much of the hurtful vapor, but by its evaporation it softens and tempers the atmosphere, doing away with the dryness which is so trying and depressing to an invalid—or even to well persons, for that matter. It has frequently been shown by actual experiment, that troubled sleep and threatened insomnia are corrected by so simple a thing as the placing of an open bowl of water near the sufferer's couch. Of course it hardly need be said, after these matters have been considered for a moment, that water which has stood for any length of time in a close room is not proper for drinking purposes. — Good Housekeeping.

Polite Table Manners.

Soup should be eaten quietly from the side of the spoon; never from the point.

Do not use your knife to serve yourself from dishes from which other people at the table are to take food.

Do not sit sideways on your chair or on the edge of it.

Do not drink tea from your saucer or pour it into the saucer to cool.

Do not leave your spoon standing in your tea cup, but take it out and lay it in the saucer.

Do not wait on yourself before older people or any guests, who may be present, are served.

Do not shove the dishes along the table, but take them up carefully and pass them.

Do not use your napkin for a pocket handkerchief or the back of your hand for a napkin.

Do not use your knife to convey food to your mouth; that marks you as from the backwoods at once.

Do not leave the table before the conclusion of the meal, without asking to be excused.

Do not monopolize all the conversation with talk about the crops if you are a farmer, or about the jelly that will not "jell" if you are a farmer's wife; neither should you eat your meal in solemn silence, but make the conversation general and of interest to all present.

Do not eat fruit in a mussy or unpleasant manner or spit the stones, skins or seeds into your plate, but remove them from the month with your thumb and fingers or with a fork or spoon.

The table is not the proper place to clean or pick the teeth and toothpicks should not be placed on the table in a private house.

Make no noise with your mouth in drinking or eating; it is a sign of ill breeding.—Farm and Home.