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LOCAL ITEMS.

There are 1,800 men at work on the Ottawa, Arnprior and Parry Sound railway.

There seems to be an impression in some quarters that bloomers are breaches of good taste.

Mr. Jos. Batterton, of the Ottawa Fish Hatchery, deposited 130,000 salmon trout fry in Charleston Lake on Wednesday last.

Rideau Record: Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Blanchard of Athens have been visiting friends in this vicinity during the past week.

The Montreal conference of the Methodist church elected Rev. Mr. Armstrong, of Valleyfield, president for the ensuing year, and Rev. F. L. Lett, of Iroquois, secretary.

On account of funds accumulating quickly, will lend money on real estate at the very lowest rate—$12,000 on hand now. Mortgages also purchased. —JOHN CAWLEY, Athens, Ont.

According to the numerous tests as to the periods of sowing all kinds of grain at the Ottawa Experimental Farm, it is proven that from the 20th to the 30th April is the most favorable.

Chemists say that more than twice as much sugar is needed to sweeten preserves, sauces and the like, if put in when they begin to cook, as it does to add it after the process is accomplished.

CASH.—$8000.00 worth of crockery china and glassware at Bankrupt prices Sale continues for a short time only —T. W. Dennis, Tea Store and China Hall, Brockville, Ont., nearly opposite the Revere house.

A hunter named Mr. Curry has started a beaver farm on Geneva Lake, near Cartier, on the C. P. R. He has now twenty-seven beavers on "the farm," and they are apparently thriving under his care.

Mr. Thos. Southworth, the recently appointed Inspector of Forestry for Ontario, was in Ottawa last week consulting with Prof. Craig, horticulturist of the Experimental Farm, with regard to experiments with the culture of black walnuts in eastern Ontario.

A strong layman's organization was formed last week in connection with Montreal conference for the promotion of the interests of the Methodist Church. The lay delegate from Athens, Mr. A. James, was honored with a position on the executive committee.

Mr. Robert Wright, sr., one of Brockville's leading dry goods merchants, will sail on the 15th inst., by steamship Labrador, for the old country on a business trip. He will visit England, Ireland, France, Switzerland and Germany, and expects to be absent about six weeks.

It is claimed that so far 20,000 inebriates have been treated in the various Murphy Gold Cure Institutes in Canada and the United States, and out of that large number only four have died in residence. In the Ottawa branch as many as 500 have been treated, and it is claimed that 95 per cent. of these are to-day sober and healthy.

The corner-stone of the Foresters' Temple at Toronto was laid last Thursday by his Excellency the Governor-General in the presence of a large concourse of people. The temple will be one of the largest and most splendidly equipped of the kind on the continent of America, costing $200,000. Dr. Oronhyatekha was in charge of the ceremonies.

Messrs. F. C. Hagar and C. G. Johnston of Athens and Miss Annie B. McCallum of Gananoque are eligible to receive congratulations, having been successful in passing the final examination of the Ontario Medical Council. Miss McCallum will be remembered with pleasure by many of our citizens as having been a pupil of Athens high school a few years ago.

Mr. Pusey, the President of the Bancroft & Irondale R.R., was in town on Tuesday, and afterwards drove out to Lanark. It is proposed to build this road from Brockville through Perth and then North-West by Fallbrooke or Lanark to Bancroft, thence to Gravenhurst to the Georgian Bay. The same men control the charter for the St. Lawrence Bridge, at Brockville, and it is likely to become a great through line.—Perth Expositor.

We are pleased always to note a happy idea in the line of artistic embellishment, such as has made the cover page of Toilettes the cynosure of all eyes in search of the latest fashion magazine. This publication presents with each monthly issue a lithographed bouquet of beautiful flowers emblematic of the month for which it is named. For the current number, July, a magnificent bunch of Gladiolas is twined half around the figure of the proverbial summer girl attired in a becoming lawn tennis costume. Each issue of Toilettes contains a larger number of illustrations than any other fashion magazine published in the world. Price, 20 cents, at all news stands.

The Final Draft.

The final draft of the stationing committee of Montreal Conference as affecting this district, differing from that published by the Reporter last week, is as follows:

Brockville Wall Street, Rev. Dr. Griffith; Lyn, Hiram W. Warren B.A., assistant to Mr. Perley; Addison, Wm. Pimlott; Maitland, J. M. Larmour B.D., Frankville and Toledo, R. S illwell.

Other changes of interest in this section are: E. B. Ryckman D.D., of Montreal, goes to Queen street Kingston; Dr. Jackson, of Perth, goes to Gananoque; Dr. Benson goes to Mountain street, Montreal; D. Winter, of Sydenham, goes to Ottawa West, and Dr. Saunders goes to Dominion Church Ottawa; Wm. Knox, of Addison, goes to Ashton on the Ottawa district; Rev. J. C. Cornell goes to Wolfe Island; G. H. Porter B.A., of Frankville, goes to St. John's, P.Q.; E. Thomas, of East Gananoque, goes to Franklin Centre; E. S. Coates, of Lyn, goes to Clarendon; F. H. and Salem Bland return to Cornwall for 4th year; Charles Bland to St. Henri for 4th year.

Rev. Dr. Griffith was re-elected chairman of the Brockville district and Rev. S. J. Hughes, financial secretary.

Wanted—10,000 lbs. of wool at the store of Phil. Wiltse & Co., Athens.

Rev. W. Giles occupied the pulpit of St. Paul's church on Sabbath evening.

The Foresters are passing three candidates through the woods this month.

Pembroke residents have commenced removing fences from in front of their lawns.

Mr. Harlow G. Wiser, a prominent resident of Prescott, died suddenly on Wednesday last.

Last Friday evening the Citizens' band gave the first of their regular open-air performances and the music was much enjoyed by a large number of promenaders.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Blanchard of New York arrived here last week for a visit with relatives and friends. Mr. Blanchard will remain in this vicinity about two weeks. To-day he is enjoying a trip to Ottawa.

The water in the Victoria street fire tank has risen steadily until yesterday it had attained a depth of five feet. This result during the present dry season is very gratifying, giving assurance of an abundant supply.

On Wednesday evening at 8.30 delegates representing all the lodges of I. O. O. F. in Brockville district will assemble in the Athens lodge room to receive reports and transact general business. Members of Athens lodge are requested to attend promptly at 8 o'clock.

The Baptist Convention.

A resolution, moved by J. J. Barker, seconded by Rev. G. Boville, protested against the "attempt upon the federal government to make us as citizens, parties to a distinct violation of the principle of separation of church and state for which Baptists throughout their history have always contended" referring to the dominion government's remedial order in the Manitoba school question. The motion was unanimously adopted.

Church Re-opening.

During the past winter important improvements have been made in Christ church, and during their progress the congregation have been attending service in the vestry, which had been specially fitted up for the purpose. Now the work, above and below, is completed and a special re-opening service is announced to be held on Friday of this week at 10.30 a.m., when the preacher will be Rev. J. H. Nimmo, B. A., M. D., rector of Trinity church, Brockville. In the evening of the same day a grand concert will be held in the high school hall, at which a number of distinguished performers have promised to be present. Admission to concert, 25c.; reserved seats, 35c. Proceeds of the collection at the morning service and of the concert go to the repair fund.

Against Interference.

At the Montreal Conference at Smith's Falls last week the following resolution was introduced: "Resolved that we, the members of the Montreal conference, both ministerial and lay, assembled in Smith's Falls, desire to place on record our entire disapproval of any interference by remedial legislation or otherwise with the Manitoba school law, as embodied in the act of 1890 and in subsequent legislation and feel that the precedent of non interference by the federal government in provincial legislation, established in the case of the Jesuit estate act, should be carried out in this instance."

A lively discussion followed, lasting for several hours, but ultimately the resolution was carried with a sweeping majority, only eight dissenting.

Suburban Items.

Mr. R. Williams, Lansdowne, sowed 4½ lbs. Mangelwurzels on 6 acres. He says that, besides being the best of general feed, it is astonishing what a splendid result they give when fed a month or two previously to any kind of stock coming in. They have been known to yield 50 tons to the acre. Never flavor milk.

Sylvester Andress and Sons, without trouble, dispose regularly, fall and spring, of all their make up in cutters and buggies, and Ed. is the boy to do both buggy and house painting.

There is a lady, a farmer's wife near Caintown, who bakes a hundred lbs. of flour a week.

The ditching is in full blast along the line of Yonge Mill pond. One tent and twenty additional men to be on, June 5th.

Light colonies can't get supplies to nourish their brood such days as this (June 6th). A few such in succession will destroy the colony with its brood, if it don't get a little help.

The cow that has no horns has no flies about the head. This is a fact.

Lyndhurst Agricultural Society.

A meeting of the directors of the Rear Leeds and Lansdowne agricultural society was held at Lyndhurst on Saturday, June 1st. Present: Messrs. Thos. Johnson, E. C. Sliter, F. B. Sheffield, R. W. Copeland, J. W. Hollister, Alex. Sheldon.

In the absence of the president, Thomas Johnson was, on motion, appointed to preside.

Mr. R. W. Copeland moved, seconded by Mr. J. W. Hollister, that Messrs. E. C. Sliter, F. B. Sheffield and Thos. Johnson be a committee to arrange special prizes for printing.—Carried.

Mr. Alex. Sheldon moved, seconded by Mr. F. B. Sheffield that, owing to the meeting of the Dairy Fair at Gananoque being on the date of Lansdowne fair, Lyndhurst fair be held on Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 16 and 17 in order to accommodate Lansdowne.—Carried.

Mr. E. C. Sliter moved, seconded by Mr. J. W. Hollister, that we notify Lansdowne that we protest against their using our dates for their fair and hereby notify their secretary that we shall claim our right to our former dates hereafter.—Carried.

Mr. R. W. Copeland moved, seconded by Mr. Alex. Sheldon, that the printing be done at the Athens Reporter office as per offer.—Carried.

Mr. E. E. Sliter, moved, seconded by R. W. Copeland, that the committee on improvements be directed to finish the improvements on fair ground and paint fair buildings, and that they be authorized to draw on the Fair Society for sufficient to pay all bills not exceeding $100.—Carried.

Adjourned to meet again on June 21st at 1 p.m.

W. G. KENDRICK, Sec'y.

SHAMGAR'S OXGOAD.

ITS USE AS A WEAPON AGAINST THE PHILISTINES.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Enforces the Necessity of Using the Weapon We Have at Hand For All Great Emergencies—But We Must Have God With Us.

New York, June 3.—In his sermon yesterday Rev. Dr. Talmage discussed one of the most heroic and picturesque characters in ancient Jewish history, a man who, like many others who achieved high distinction, came from the sturdy rural classes—the agriculturists. The subject of the sermon was "Shamgar's Oxgoad," the text being, "After him was Shamgar, which slew of the Philistines 600 men with an oxgoad" (Judges iii, 31).

One day while Shamgar, the farmer, was plowing with a yoke of oxen his command of whoa-haw-gee was changed to the shout of battle. Philistines, always ready to make trouble, march up with sword and spear. Shamgar, the plowman, had no sword and would not probably have known how to wield it if he had possessed one. But fight he must or go down under the stroke of the Philistines. He had an oxgoad—a weapon used to urge on the lazy team; a weapon about eight feet long, with a sharp iron at one end to puncture the beast, and a wide iron chisel or shovel at the other end with which to scrape the clumps of soil from the plowshare. Yet, with the iron prong at one end of the oxgoad and the iron scraper at the other, it was not such a weapon as one would desire to use in battle with armed Philistines. But God helped the farmer, and leaving the oxen to look after themselves he charged upon the invaders of his homeland.

Some of the commentators to make it easier for Shamgar suggest that perhaps he had a regiment of farmers into the combat, his oxgoad only one of many oxgoads. But the Lord does not need any of you to help in making the Scriptures, and Shamgar, with the Lord on his side, was mightier than 600 Philistines, with the Lord against them.

The battle opened. Shamgar, with muscle strengthened by open air and plowman's and reaper's and thrasher's toil, uses the only weapon at hand, and he swings the oxgoad up and down, and this way and that, now stabbing with the iron prong at one end of it, and now thrusting with the iron scraper at the other, and now bringing down the whole weight of the instrument upon the heads of the enemy. The Philistines are in a panic, and the supernatural forces come in, and a blow that would not under other circumstances have prostrated or slain left its victim lifeless, until when Shamgar walked over the field he counted 100 dead, 200 dead, 300 dead, 400 dead, 500 dead, 600 dead—all the work done by an oxgoad with an iron prong at one end and an iron shovel at the other. The fame of this achievement by this farmer with an awkward weapon of war spread abroad and lionized him until he was hoisted into the highest place of power and became the third of the mighty judges of Israel. So you see that Cincinnatus was not the only man lifted from plow to throne.

For what reason was this unprecedented and unparalleled victory of a farmer's oxgoad put into this Bible, where there was no spare room for the unimportant and the trivial?

It was, first of all, to teach you, and to teach me, and to teach all past ages since then, and to teach all ages to come that in the war for God and against sin we ought to put to the best use the weapon we happen to have on hand. Why did not Shamgar wait until he could get a war charger, with neck arched, and back caparisoned, and nostrils sniffing the battle afar off, or until he could get war equipment, or could drill a regiment, and wheeling them into line command them forward to the charge? To wait for that would have been defeat and annihilation. So he takes the best weapon he could lay hold of, and that is an oxgoad. We are called into the battle for the right, and against wrong, and many of us have not just the kind of weapon we would prefer. It may not be a sword of argument. It may not be the spear of sharp, thrusting wit. It may not be the battering ram of denunciation. But there is something we can do and some forces we can wield. Do not wait for what you have not, but use what you have. Perhaps you have not eloquence, but you have a smile. Well, a smile of encouragement has changed the behavior of tens of thousands of wanderers and brought them back to God, and enthroned them in heaven. You cannot make a persuasive appeal, but you can set an example, and a good example has saved more souls than you can count in a year if you counted all the time. You cannot give $10,000, but you can give as much as the widow of the gospel, whose two mites, the smallest coins of the Hebrews, were bestowed in such a spirit as to make her more famous than all the contributions that ever endowed all the hospitals and universities of all Christendom of all time. You have very limited vocabulary, but you can say "yes" or "no," and a firm "yes" or an emphatic "no" has traversed the centuries and will traverse all eternity with good influence. You may not have the courage to confront a large assemblage, but you can tell a Sunday school class of two—a boy and a girl—how to find Christ, and one of them may become a William Carey to start influences that will redeem India, and the other a Florence Nightingale, who will illumine battlefields covered with the dying and the dead.

That was a tough case in a town of England where a young lady, applying for a Sabbath school class, was told by the superintendent she would have to pick up one out of the street. The worst of the class brought from the street was one Bob. He was fitted out with respectable clothing by the superintendent. But after two or three Sabbaths he disappeared. He was found with his clothes in tatters, for he had been fighting. The second time Bob was well clad for school. After coming once or twice he again disappeared and was found in rags, consequent upon fighting. The teacher was disposed to give him up, but the superintendent said, "Let us try him again," and the third suit of clothes was provided him. Thereafter he came until he was converted, and joined the church, and started for the gospel ministry, and became a foreign missionary, preaching and translating the Scriptures. Who was the boy called Bob? The illustrious Dr. Robert Morrison, great on earth and greater in heaven. Who his teacher was I know not, but she used the opportunity offered, and great has been her reward. You may not be able to load an Armstrong gun. You may not be able to lead a Hotchkiss shell. You may not be able to shoulder a glittering musket, but use anything you can lay your hands on. Try a blacksmith's hammer, or a merchant's yardstick, or a mason's trowel, or a carpenter's plane, or a housewife's broom, or a farmer's oxgoad. One of the surprises of heaven will be what grand results came from how simple means. Matthias Joyce became a great apostle of righteousness not from hearing John Wesley preach but from seeing him kiss a little child on the pulpit stairs.

Again, my subject springs upon us the thought that in calculating the prospects of religious attempt we must take omnipotence and omniscience and omnipresence, and all the other attributes of God into the calculation. Whom do you see on that plowed field of my text? One hearer says, "I see Shamgar." Another hearer says, "I see 600 Philistines." My hearer, you have missed the chief personage on that battlefield of plowed ground. I also see Shamgar and 600 Philistines, but more than all, and mightier than all, and more overwhelming than all I see God. Shamgar, with his unaided arm, however muscular, and with that humble instrument made for agricultural purposes and never constructed for combat could not have wrought such victory. It was omnipotence above and beneath, and back of and at the point of the oxgoad. Before that battle was over the plowman realized this, and all the 600 Philistines realized it, and all who visited the battlefield afterward appreciated it. I want in heaven to hear the story, for it can never be fully told on earth—perhaps some day may be set apart for the rehearsal, while all heaven listens to the story of how God blessed awkward and humble instrumentalities. Many an evangelist has come into a town given up to worldliness. The pastors say to the evangelist: "We are glad you have come, but it is a hard field and we feel sorry for you. The members of our churches play progressive euchre, and go to the theatre, and bet at the horse races, and gayety and fashion have taken possession of the town. We have advertised your meetings, but are not very hopeful. God bless you." This evangelist takes his place on platform or pulpit. He never graduated at college, and there are before him twenty graduates of the best universities. He never took one lesson in elocution, and there are before him twenty trained orators. Many of the ladies present are graduates of the highest female seminaries, and one slip in grammar or one mispronunciation will result in suppressed giggle. Amid the general chill that pervades the house the unpretending evangelist opens his Bible and takes for his text, "Lord, that my eyes may be opened." Opera glasses in the gallery curiously scrutinize the speaker. He tells in a plain way the story of the blind man, tells two or three touching anecdotes, and the general chill gives way before a strange warmth.

A classical hearer who took the first honor at Yale and who is a prince of properties finds his spectacles becoming dim with a moisture suggestive of tears. A worldly mother who has been bringing up her sons and daughters in utter godlessness puts her handkerchief to her eyes and begins to weep. Highly educated men who came to criticise and pick to pieces and find fault now on their gold headed canes. What is that sound from under the gallery? It is a sob and sobs are catching, and all along the wall and all up and down the audience, there is deep emotion, so that when at the close of the service anxious souls are invited to especial seats, or the inquiry room, they come up by scores and kneel and repent and rise up pardoned; the whole town is shaken, and places of evil amusement are sparsely attended and rum holes lose their patrons, and the churches are thronged, and the whole community is cleansed and elevated and rejoiced. What power did the evangelist bring to bear to capture that town for righteousness? Not one brilliant epigram did he utter. Not one graceful gesture did he make. Not one rhetorical climax did he pile up. But there was something about him that people had not taken in the estimate when they prophesied the failure of that work. They had not taken into calculation the omnipotence of the Holy Ghost. It was not the flash of a Damascus blade. It was God, before and behind, and all around the oxgoad. When people say that crime will triumph, and the world will never be converted because of the seeming insufficiency of the means employed, they count the 600 men on one side, and Shamgar, the farmer, awkwardly equipped, on the other side; not realizing that the chariots of God are 20,000, and that all heaven, cherubic, seraphic, archangelic, deific, is on what otherwise would be the weak side. Napoleon, the author of the saying, "God is on the side of the heaviest artillery," lived to find out his mistake; for at Waterloo, the 160 guns of the English overcame the 250 guns of the French. God is on the side of the right, and one man in the right will eventually be found stronger than 600 men in the wrong. In all estimates of any kind of Christian work, do not make the mistake every day made of leaving out the head of the universe.

Again, my subject springs upon us the thought that in God's service it is best to use weapons that are particularly suited to us. Shamgar had, like many of us, been brought up on a farm. He knew nothing about javelins and bucklers and helmets and breast plates and greaves of brass and catapults and ballistae and iron scythes fastened to the axles of chariots. But he was familiar with the flail of the thrashing floor and knew how to thrust with that, and you and I will do best to use those means that we can best handle, those weapons with which we can make the most execution. Some in God's service will do best with the pen, some with the voice, some by extemporaneous speech, for they have the whole vocabulary of the English language half way between their brain and tongue, and others will do best with manuscript spread out before them. Some will serve God by the plow, raising wheat and corn and giving liberally of what they sell to churches and missions; some as merchants and out of their profits will dedicate a tenth to the Lord; some as physicians, prescribing for the world's ailments, and some as attorneys, defending innocence and obtaining rights that otherwise would not be recognized, and some as sailors, helping bridge the seas, and some as teachers and pastors. The kingdom of God is dreadfully retarded by so many of us attempting to do that which we cannot do—reaching up for broad sword or fatchion or bayonet or scimiter or Enfield rifle or Paixhan's gun—while we ought to be content with an oxgoad. I thank God that there are tens of thousands of Christians whom you never heard of and never will hear of until you see them in the high places of heaven, who are now in a quiet way in homes and schoolhouses, and in praying circles, and by sick beds, and up dark alleys, saying the saving word and doing the saving deed, the aggregation of their work overpowering the most ambitious statistics.

In the grand review of heaven, when the regiments pass, the Lord of Hosts, there will be whole regiments of nurses and Sabbath school teachers and tract distributors and unpretending workers, before whom, as they pass the kings and queens of God and the Lamb will lift flashing coronet and bow down in recognition and reverence. The most of the Christian work for the world's reclamation and salvation will be done by people, of one talent and two talents, while the ten talent people are up in the astronomical observatories studying other worlds though they do little or nothing for the redemption of this world, or are up in the rarefied realms of "higher criticism" trying to find out that Moses did not write the Pentateuch, or to prove that the throat of the whale was not large enough to swallow the minister who declined the call to Nineveh and apologizing for the Almighty for certain inexplicable things they have found in the Scriptures. It will be found out at the last that the Krupp guns have not done so much to capture this world for God as the oxgoads.

Years ago I was to summer in the Adirondacks and my wealthy friend, who was a great hunter and fisherman, said, "I am not going to the Adirondacks this season, and you can take my equipment and I will send it up to Paul Smith's." Well, it was there when I arrived in the Adirondacks, a splendid outfit, that cost many hundreds of dollars, a gorgeous tent and such elaborate fishing apparatus; such guns of all styles of exquisite make and reels and pouches and bait and torches and lunch baskets and many more things that I could not even guess the use of. And my friend of the big soul had even written on and engaged men who should accompany me into the forest and carry home the deer and the trout. If the mountains could have seen and understood it at the time, there would have been panic among the antlers and the fins through all the "John Brown's Tract." Well, I am no hunter, and not a roebuck or a game fish did I injure. But there were hunters there that season who had nothing but a plain gun and a rug to sleep on and a coil of fishing line and a box of ammunition and bait, who came in ever and anon with as many of the captives of forest and stream as they and two or three attendants could carry. Now, I fear that many Christian workers who have most elaborate educational and theological and professional equipment and most wonderful weaponry, sufficient, you would think, to capture a whole community or a whole nation for God, will in the last day have but little except their fine tackling to show, while some who had no advantages except that which they got in prayer and consecration will, by the souls they have brought to the shore of eternal safety, prove that they have been gloriously successful as fishers of men and in taking many who, like the hart, were panting after the water brooks.

What made the Amalekites run before Gideon's army? Each one of the army knew how much racket the breaking of one pitcher would make. So 300 men that night took 300 pitchers, and a lamp inside the pitcher, and at a given signal the lamps were lifted, and the pitchers were violently dashed down. The flash of the light and the racket of the 300 demolished pitchers sent the enemy into wild flight. Not much of a weapon, you would say, is a broken pitcher, but the Lord made that awful crash of crockery the means of triumph for his people, and there is yet to be a battle with the pitchers. The night of the world's dissipation may get darker and darker, but after awhile, in what watch of the night I know not, all the ale pitchers, and the wine pitchers, and the beer pitchers, and the whisky pitchers of the earth will be buried into demolition by converted inebriates and Christian reformers, and at that awful crash of infernal crockery the Amalekitish host of pauperism and iniquity and domestic quarrel and cruelty and assassination will fly the earth.

Take the first weapon you can lay your hands on. Why did David choose the sling when he went at Goliath and Goliath went at him? Brought up in the country, like every other boy, he knew how to manage a sling. Saul's armor was too heavy. The helmet was clapped on him as an extinguisher, and David said, "I cannot go with these, for I have not proved them." And the first wise thing David did after putting on Saul's armor was to put it off. Then the brook Elah, the bed of which was dry when I saw it and one vast reach of pebbles, furnished the five smooth stones of the brook with which Goliath was prostrated. Whether it be a boy's sling, or a broken pitcher, or an oxgoad, take that which you can manage and ask God for help, and no power on earth or in hell can stand before you.

Go out, then, I charge you, against the Philistines. We must admit the odds are against us—600 to one. In the matter of dollars, those devoted to worldliness and sin and dissipation, when compared with the dollars devoted to holiness and virtue—600 to one. The houses set apart for vice and dissipation and ruin, as compared with those dedicated to good, 600 to one. Of printed newspaper sheets scattered abroad from day to day, those depraving as compared with those elevating, are 600 to one. The agencies for making the world worse compared with the agencies for making the world better, 600 to one. But Moses in his song chants, "How should one chase a thousand and put ten thousand to flight?" and in my text one oxgoad conquers 600 uplifted battleaxes, and the day of universal victory is coming, unless the Bible be a fabrication and eternity a myth, and the chariots of God are unwheeled on the golden streets, and the last regiment of the celestial hosts lies dead on the plains of heaven. With us, or without us, the work will be done. Oh, get into the ranks somewhere, armed somehow; you with a needle, you with a pen, you with a good book, you with a loaf of bread for the hungry, you with a vial of medicine for the sick, you with a pair of shoes for the barefooted, you with a word of encouragement for the young man trying to get back from evil ways, you with some story of the Christ who came to heal the worst wounds and pardon the blackest guilt and call the farthest wanderer home. I say to you as the watchman of London used to say at night to the householders, before the time of street lamps came: "Hang out your light!" "Hang out your light!"

Well-Disciplined Soldiers.

In Altona a private soldier, on being relieved from his duty as a sentinel, went up with firm tread to the officer in command and reported himself as having committed suicide. Sure enough, on inspection he was found to have a bullet-hole beginning at the left nipple and ending underneath his shoulder-blade. Thirty minutes later he was dead.

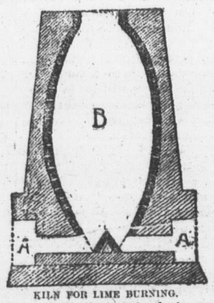
FARM AND GARDEN

CONTINUOUS LIME KILN.

It Does Not Cost Very Much to Build One on the Farm.

Limestone is a carbonate of lime, and lime is the oxide of the metal calcium, which has such an intense avidity for oxygen that it takes fire and burns with intense heat and light when exposed to air that is at all moist. Thus it is a rare metal, and used only for chemical purposes. The great abundance of limestone, which is more or less diffused everywhere in the soil, and in places is very abundant, being found in vast beds of marble and other forms of it, might lead to the supposition that plants might procure all they need without any help. But it is quick lime they need, and not the inert carbonate of it; and thus it is that the stone is burned to drive out of it the carbonic acid, and make it into lime, which is an acrid, caustic substance that exerts a most energetic action on all organic matter; and considerable action on mineral compounds in the soil, dissolving silica and thus setting free such plant foods as potash, magnesia, soda and phosphoric acid from insoluble compounds. Limestone is insoluble in water, but lime is soluble in 700 parts of water. Thus it is that while the roots of plants may possibly decompose to some extent the common carbonate, and get a little lime in this way, it is found very useful, some think indispensable, to apply the actual lime to the soil.

It is not much of a job to make lime. The limestone may be put in a heap with wood or coal, and a wall built up around the heap to confine the heat. The fuel being fired, the stone is made into lime in three or four days. But this is a costly way, and thus where there is a demand for the lime, kilns are used, some temporary ones, but little improved on the heaps, or clamps, as they are called, and some strong structures called permanent kilns of which the cut is an example. This is made of any kind of hard stone, and lined with fire brick. It is egg-shaped, because as the limestone is burned, and the coal or wood used as fuel is consumed, the bulk decreases, and thus what will fill the belly of the kiln, only fills the throat at the bottom. This kiln may have three or four throats or openings for drawing out the lime, but each is made in the way shown. The lime when it reaches the bottom being fully burned, is drawn out into the hearth a, through the opening into the kiln, b. In burning the stone is broken into convenient size for handling, and a way is made to the top of the kiln, which is most often built in a



KILN FOR LIME BURNING.

bank. A small sloping track is sometimes made to the top of the kiln, and a platform around it, so that the small cars of lime and fuel may be drawn up and dumped into the kiln. The fire is started in the bottom by filling in dry wood, from the throat, then more fuel, wood or coal (the cheap slack being used), is dumped in at the top, then some lime, and then alternately fuel and limestone until the kiln is full, when it is fired, and goes on day after day as long as lime is required. About the third day, the lime is ready for raking out, which is done with long bars of iron with a right angled hook at the end. It is only necessary to start it, when it fills the hearth, where it is left to cool. When it is taken out, more lime comes down, or if it lodges, the hook is used to loosen it. After the kiln is first charged, the stone sinks down steadily, and as this is always to be kept heaped at the mouth, as soon as it has sunk down to a level, a fresh supply is heaped up. As the fumes from the kiln consist of carbonic acid, which is a deadly gas when breathed, it is necessary for the man in charge of feeding the kiln to keep on the windward side, so that the gas is blown away from him.—Rural New Yorker.

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

"Do you remember me?" he began as he entered the corner drug store and deposited his carpet bag and umbrella on the floor and wiped his perspiring brow on the sleeve of his linen duster.

"I can't say I do," replied the clerk who came forward.

"It was just a year ago to-day that I cum in here and asked fur sody water. Don't you remember that I took vanilly in mine."

"So many come in, you know."

"Yes, I know, but we had a dispute as to whether sassyparilly or vanilly was the best fur the system."

"Perhaps so, but I don't remember. Did you want vanilla again?"

"I dew. Draw her slow and don't pass off too much froth on me. Don't you remember that while I was drinkin' that

"THAR STANDS NUMBER TWO."

sody water a woman stood over thar looking in at the winder?"

"Seems as if I did."

"And when she begun to holler and pound on the glass you went out and threatened to hev her arrested."

"Oh, yes, I remember now! And when you went out she followed you down the street, and I wondered about it."

"Yes, followed me right home. She was my wife. Cur'us coincidence, hain't it?"

"What?"

"Why, she's dead, and I'm married agin, and thar stands No. 2 lookin' in at the same winder and smackin' her lips while I—ah! but that vanilly goes right to the spot!"

"Call again," said the clerk as he received a battered old dime and made change.

"Yes, thankee," replied the man as he wiped his mouth on the tail of his duster. "Yes, I'll call agin in a year or so and probably hev No. 3 along and take vanilly agin. Hope it don't bother you any fur them to look inter the winder? Women is cur'us critters, ye know! If I kin manage to leave the old woman sumwhar fur half an hour, I'll cum back and git yer lowest price on a hull gallon!"

Never Know When We Are Safe.

Stills—What was Bixby arrested for?

Allison—Bigamy. Married the two-faced woman in a freak show.

Stills—Waow! Guess I'll skip the country. My wife has been two-faced for over twenty years, and I never knew I stood in danger.

The Dawn of Light.

Townley—Commuter—would you think it?—believes in fairies.

Subbubs (of Brooklyn-on-Hudson)—Huh! All those New Jersey fellows pretend to believe in fairies, but just the same they're hustling to get that North River bridge!

Occidental Sarcasm.

Alkali Ike—So you are from England, eh?

Briton (touring in Oklahoma)—Yahs, me deah fellah, Hi ham.

Alkali Ike—H'm! What did you do in England that you had to leave thar?

No Danger.

Gillback—What kind of paper have you on your walls?

Bilter—Cartridge.

Gillback—Aren't you afraid it will go off?

Bilter—No; it's blank.

Vice Versa.

A plumber and poet show different types
Of man in peculiar ways,
The plumber we often find laying his pipes,
While the poet is piping his lays!

Duty as Directed.

Dr. Pillem—Did you administer the opiate at nine o'clock, as I directed?

Mrs. Gamp (with a sniff)—That I did, sir. "But it seemed a pity to have to wake the poor man out of the first sound sleep he's had in four days to give it to him!

Bondoir Economics.

May—Are your skirts divided, Madge?

Madge—Yes; after I get through with them they are divided among my young sisters.

Up to Date.

Street Railway Magnate—Sorry, but I can't give you a pass.

Assemblyman Easy—I don't want a pass; I want stock in the company.

Political Economy.

"He is about decided to run and is in the hands of his friends."

Feminine Foreboding.

Men have borrowed our hairpins to clean out their pipes
Whenever it suited their humors;
They've borrowed our needles, our thread and our pins,
And they'll probably borrow our bloomers.

—Washington Star.

Put to the Test.

Bildad—The count must be a good thing.

Ichabod—Why?

Bildad—His creditors are always pushing him.—Town Topics.

With Bones.

"That fellow does a rattling business."

"Who is he?"

"End man in a minstrel troupe."—Atlanta Constitution.

An Appropriate Name.

He—Wasn't Brown's wife named Stone before she was married?

She—Yes; and it was a very suitable name.

He—What do you mean?

She—Oh, nothing; only she threw herself at his head.—Life.

Kindness.

Though the new woman to usurp
Man's rightful place aspires,
She'll still permit him to get up
And build the morning fires.

—Kansas City Journal.

His Only Caller.

"I wonder if Snooper has learned to ride his wheel yet. Have you seen him lately?"

"No. I believe no one is permitted to see him but the doctor."—Town Topics.

Eminently Practical Suggestion.

Mr. Billus—I've had a roaring in my head all day. I think I'll consult a doctor about it.

Mrs. Billus—Hadn't you better consult a wheelwright?—Chicago Tribune.

By Far the Most Pleasing.

The Young Lady of Accomplishments—Which of these songs would you most enjoy hearing me sing?

The Bored One—The shortest.—Chicago Record.

That's Why He's Liked.

"I cannot sing the old songs,"
He murmured, feeling blue;
"I cannot sing the old songs,
Nor any of the new."

—Boston Courier.

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