











**USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.**

—An increase of one-fourth in the milk producing qualities of a cow is doubling the net profits.

—You can not make a better use of your suds than to pour it around young trees, grape-vines and rose-bushes. It is a first-class fertilizer for all.—*Exchange.*

—It is very wisely advised that poultry breeders should not lose sight of the double object of raising poultry—the production of eggs and the production of the supply of carcass.

—Prunes bear the same relation to plums that raisins do to grapes, and are probably the most digestible of all dried fruits, while they are as wholesome as any.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—Nature is very much like a shiftless child, who, the more he is helped the more he looks for. The more medicine a man takes, the more he will have to take, whether it be anodyne, tonic or alterative.—*Idiot's Journal of Health.*

—Enough corn and potatoes are every year destroyed by the cultivator, because the hills are a few inches out of the way, to pay extra wages for good workmen who will plant as corn and potatoes should be planted.—*Troy Times.*

—Potato balls are very nice for breakfast. Boil them, and while still warm mash them until there are no lumps left; then mix with butter, salt, a little chopped parsley and one or more raw eggs; beat these together thoroughly, then mold in balls, dip in beaten eggs and then in flour, and fry in butter.—*Exchange.*

—A plain baked Indian-pudding, without fruit, is surprisingly improved by serving it with a rich sauce, and will seem to be anything but a common dish. Peat two ounces of sugar and one ounce of butter together till they are like cream; then beat one egg, and thoroughly mix with the butter and sugar; flavor with extract of vanilla or with grated nutmeg.—*Boston Budget.*

—An exchange says that it would be a great advantage to farmers if the seed of grain could offer a premium or the best collection of dangerous and troublesome weeds in pots, and the best mode of getting rid of them. There is nothing that would be of more benefit or interest to the farming community. The total loss to farmers from weeds is immense. There is hardly a farm crop whose yield is not diminished by them. Some of the worst weeds in the country are plants originally sent forth as flowers.

**FACTS AND FIGURES.**

—Troy, N. Y., manufactures 36,000, 000 linen collars every year, besides 3,360,000 shirts.—*Troy Times.*

—Seventy-nine fires have been caused in New York City during twelve years by rats and mice nibbling matches.—*N. Y. Times.*

—There are over 11,000,000 people in the United States, men, women and children, who are dependent upon labor at mines and manufactories.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The Agricultural Bureau at Washington has, during the present year, expended over \$300,000 in the introduction of the tea-plant into the various points of the United States.—*Washington Star.*

—A considerable share of the lumber output of the East comes from the mills of Fort Edward, Glens Falls, and from those along the Hudson between these two places. Thirteen mills produce about 200,000,000 feet annually, beside slabs and other refuse.—*Albany Journal.*

—According to the latest census the people of the United States engaged in active business pursuits are thus employed: In agriculture, 22,000,000; professional and personal service, 12,000,000; manufacturing and mining, 11,000,000; trade and transportation, 3,000,000.

—The track of the Iron Mountain Railway, Missouri, 700 miles long, was changed to the standard gauge in one day, June 28, 1879. Three thousand men were employed. The gauge of the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio Road, 225 miles, was changed from broad to standard gauge between 3 and 9:30 a. m., June 22, 1883, by 2,500 men.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The largest sailing ship in the world was launched at Glasgow recently, from the yards of Messrs. Hamilton & Co. She is described as a handsomely-modeled iron, four-masted, full-rigged sailing ship of the following dimensions: Length over all, 340 feet; breadth, 49 feet; depth of hold, 25 feet 8 inches; register tonnage, 3,173. Her principal masts and yards are made of steel.

—The game captured by the Greely party during the two years ending August, 1883, was as follows: Seven wolves, 7 foxes, 8ermine, 8 lemmings, 103 musk oxen, 19 seals, 57 hares, 44 king ducks, 53 long tailed ducks, 30 eider ducks, 60 doves, 1 diver, 6 burghmaster gulls, 1 Sabine gull, 21 Arctic terns, 178 skuas, 81 bent geese, 1 raven, 79 ptarmigan, 100 turnstones, 1 sandpiper, 1 sandpiper, 73 knots, 2 ringed plovers, 18 owls, 2 phalaropes, 1 walrus.—*N. Y. Herald.*

**Religious Department.**

**WHEN WILL IT BE?**

No man knoweth the coming of the Son of Man.

When will it be?  
Just as the faithful, when all work is done, And rest comes, following the vanished sun, Bringing us peace to those who weary grow With labor lasting all the long day through?  
Will it be then?

Or will it be at midnight's solemn hour,  
When earth seems sleeping like a folded flower?  
Then will there come a knocking at the door,  
And the soul start at sounds unheard before,  
And listen for a voice in terror dumb,  
The dreaded voice of Death, that says: "I Am ready for the journey thou must take Before the cock crows and thy friends awake."

Or will it be at morning, when the sun Is on the point of rising, and the dawn  
Will be standing at the plover when he  
Will face we greet so much shall come to  
And say: "Give over thy labor, say good-bye To the earth comrades." Will I shrink and  
"Oh! spare me yet a little while, I pray,  
I am not ready. Wait till close of day!"  
Alb. says: "I will be the plover's friend,  
Uttered by lips that terror has made pale?  
No. He will say: "Thou knowest, soon or late,  
My feet would stray at the soul's closed gate.  
Wait thou not hidden to be ready? Lo! I  
I come and find thee unprepared to go.  
Thou askest time. Was time not given thee?  
Too late regret, and all in vain thy plea?"

Rise, seek, and set thy house in order. Let At any moment Death should be thy guest,  
At any moment Death should be thy guest,  
At any moment Death should be thy guest,  
At any moment Death should be thy guest.

**Sunday-School Lessons.**

THIRD QUARTER.

Sept. 14—Waiting for the Lord. . . . . Psa. 40: 1-7  
Sept. 21—A Song of Praise. . . . . Psa. 103: 1-22  
Sept. 28—Review of Missionary Temperance, or other Lesson selected by the school.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Oct. 5—Solomon succeeding David. . . . . 1 Kings 1:23-31  
Oct. 12—David's Charge to Solomon. . . . . 1 Kings 2:1-13  
Oct. 19—The Temple Built. . . . . 1 Kings 6: 1-14  
Oct. 26—The Temple Dedicated. . . . . 1 Kings 8: 1-26  
Nov. 2—The Wisdom of Solomon. . . . . 1 Kings 10: 1-13  
Nov. 9—Solomon's Sin. . . . . 1 Kings 11: 1-13  
Nov. 16—Proverbs. . . . . Prov. 1: 1-7  
Nov. 23—Prize Wisdom. . . . . Prov. 8: 1-17  
Dec. 7—Blessings of Wisdom. . . . . Prov. 23: 24-35  
Dec. 14—Pleasure. . . . . Eccles. 2: 1-13  
Dec. 21—The Creator Remains. . . . . Eccles. 12: 1-14  
Dec. 28—Review of Missionary Temperance, or other Lesson selected by the school.

**THEREWITH TO BE CONTENT.**

It was a wonderful lesson Paul had learned. He knew how to be abased, and how to abound; he had learned to be full and to be hungry; to abound and to suffer want; and in all things to be content. Very few have that lesson. Very few are equally strong on either side. They who boast of their strength in one direction are often weakness itself in another. The tree which braces itself firmly against the west wind may be uprooted by the eastern gale. Some flowers that endure the cold of winter wilt under the heat of summer. The men who bear adversity well. They grow strong and compact under its pressure. They grow pure, refined and gentle under its fires. As their calamities rise, their manhood rises. Always equal to the occasion, they are strengthened by what threatens to overwhelm them. These same men, so unconquerable in calamity are often so unmanned by a touch of prosperity. The moment the pressure ceases they relax and weaken. They are like Samson with his locks shorn, taken captive and set grinding at the mill of sin.

**Youths' Department.**

**STORY OF THE FARMER BOY.**

When is time to plow the fields, and to reap and mow?  
Do the hens "with yellow legs?"  
Do you and I, when you hunt for eggs?  
Do you go to the ducks to drink, waddling in a row?  
Do the pigs in concert squeal  
When you bring their evening meal?  
Tell me, little farmer boy, for I'd like to know,  
Nimble little sailor boy, tell me how you know  
How to navigate your ship when the tempests blow.  
Do you and I, when you hunt for eggs?  
Do you go to the ducks to drink, waddling in a row?  
Do the pigs in concert squeal  
When you bring their evening meal?  
Tell me, little farmer boy, for I'd like to know,  
Nimble little sailor boy, tell me how you know  
How to navigate your ship when the tempests blow.

**A Common Mistake about the Golden Rule.**

There is a very common mistake about the meaning of the precept. It is sometimes taken as though it required us to rule our conduct towards other men by their wishes: to do this would often be a folly and a sin. It really requires us to rule our conduct towards others by what our wishes would be if we were in their place; and this is a very different matter. In other words, we are to make what we see are their real interests our own. I have heard of a foolish father who, when one of his girls was fourteen or fifteen years old, gave her the choice of a pony or remaining another year or two at school. The child naturally elected to have the pony, and most children at her age would do the same. The father's conduct was ruled by the girl's wishes, and he inflicted on her a grave injustice.

**Practices What He Preaches.**

Much of Mr. Moody's success is attributed to his perfect faith. When he became convinced that he was an effective worker or the Church (before the burning of Chicago), he abandoned his business, and followed the example of Jesus Christ and His disciples, trusting to Providence for his own support. Of late it has been a common report that Moody was rich, worth half a million etc. now, if Moody were rich, it would be an abandonment of his early principles, and it would be inconsistent with his great faith. Inquiry shows that some years ago, enough money—some ten thousand dollars—was reserved from the proceeds of a sale of the Moody and Sankey publications to pay for a farm at Northfield, Mass., and that this farm was presented to Mrs. Moody by the publishers, who are friends of the family. This farm is now utilized as a home and a place of schooling for poor boys. Those scholars who can afford it, pay one hundred dollars a year, but most of them are supported and educated for nothing, and this good work is understood, exhausts the entire income of the family. It is stated to the *Current* on the best of authority, that Mr. Moody owed four hundred dollars to a gentleman in Chicago, and that recently—before he found it convenient to pay off the principal Mr. Moody, it may thus fairly be stated, is a "square man," and practices precisely what he preaches. Had the possession of wealth been his ultimate aim, he might, probably, be worth vast sums of money to day.—*Chicago Current.*

**Wise Sayings.**

—A talent may be perfected in solitude; a character, only in the world.—*Goethe.*

—We write our blessings on the water, but our afflictions on the rock.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

—When the family pews begin to be filled there will be evidence that homes have become more Christian and more home-like. God speed the time!—*Freeman's Journal.*

—I have often wondered whether that religion that cost nothing in this world would pay anything in the world to come—whether any piety could grow up in a heart crisped up with pure sting.—*Our Lives.*

—Infidelity reproves nothing that is bad. It only ridicules and denounces all that is good. It tears down—it never constructs; it destroys—it never imparts life; it attacks religion, but offers no adequate substitute.—*J. K. Paxton.*

—The men who would ignore Christianity and create in its stead what they call a scientific religion have to borrow their ideal of character from Christian morals. On all that is really worth knowing and believing in, they light their light leaves men in darkness.—*Exchange.*

**Youths' Department.**

**"BOYS."**

Story little farmer boy, tell me how you know  
When is time to plow the fields, and to reap and mow?  
Do the hens "with yellow legs?"  
Do you and I, when you hunt for eggs?  
Do you go to the ducks to drink, waddling in a row?  
Do the pigs in concert squeal  
When you bring their evening meal?  
Tell me, little farmer boy, for I'd like to know,  
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**A BRAVE LITTLE SISTER-MOTHER.**

Sunshine Woodleaf was one of the dearest and prettiest little girls that ever gladdened the hearts of a household.

Her hair was of reddish-gold and it crinkled all over her small round head. Her eyes were as blue as a summer-day's sky, and as sparkling as a summer-night's stars, and her cheeks, and dimpled chin and wee, smiling mouth were almost as red as the berries we find on the wild rose bushes after the pink flowers are gone.

Sunshine had no brothers and only one sister—Lucy—who was six years older than herself. Never were two sisters more unlike in appearance—for Lucy's cheeks were but faintly tinged with pink, and her eyes were hazel and her hair straight and brown—or more alike in disposition. And never did two sisters love each other more dearly.

**Twenty Little Poultries.**

It never would have happened if mother had not gone away, and the twins had not been left to themselves because Hannah was "preserving," and if that grindstone had not been left out in the yard.

But mother was gone, Hannah was busy, the grindstone was there, and it did happen—this naughty thing!

The twins were sitting on the doorstep, eating bread and "servis" that Hannah had given them. It was very warm and quiet, and there was not a thing to do. The bees were busy enough out there in the clover, but then they were bees, and did not know any better fun than to work all day.

It was Dell who began it. She always did begin things, and Bell had to follow. She finished her bread first, and sat trying to think of something to play. Then she saw that grindstone, and said: "O Bell, let's grind!"

Bell swallowed her last bite quickly, and followed Dell to the grindstone.

Now they did not seem to remember that some one, mamma, p'raps, had said: "Never touch the grindstone, little girls." Bell did begin to remember, when, suddenly, there was Dell turning that lovely stone with both hands. Of course Bell had to get a knife and hold it to grind.

They ground two knives which they got from the kitchen when Hannah's sack was turned. Then they ground the hoe till it was "awful sharp," and some of the points off the handsaw. Then Bell said: "Let's grind our fingernails." They turned the stone and held their fingers on it, and at first it felt funny and tickly. When they stopped, oh dear!—the tips of every one of those poor little fingers were sore indeed, for they had ground the skin right off, and the blood came.

They ran crying to Hannah; and what do you think she did? Why, she put a little poultice of bread and milk on every one of those fingers and thumbs on each naughty hand.

The twins were so ashamed to have mamma see those hands, when they had promised to be so good! When she came home at night, two sorry little girls met her, with their hands behind their backs, and when she asked "what was the matter with her hands," they sorrowfully held up those ten—twenty little poultries.—*Our Little Ones.*



A WINDY TERROR.

A Cyclone Shakes Up Wisconsin and Other Places Doing Much Damage—Compensating Feature, a Humorous Incident.

St. Paul, September 11.—Specials from Clear Lake, Wis., say: Late yesterday afternoon a cyclone struck this place and devastation was the result.

PARALYZED WITH FEAR. The strongest man was as a little child, for no human power could have resisted the storm's terrific force.

LEFT DESTITUTE. Not a vestige of their worldly possessions remaining. A report received from Marine says fifteen or twenty houses were wrecked by the cyclone.

STRIKING SOME TENTS. At the fair grounds, tearing them in ribbons. At Clayton, Wis., half of the lighter structures of the fair were blown down by the storm.

FINELY-SHAPED CONFORMATION. Mrs. Drake's fine large house to the west of Tom Brian's place, suffered seriously, most of the windows being blown in.

CAUGHT IN THE FALLING TIMBER. And fatally injured, Ira J. Soule, the engineer, also received severe injuries.

BUILDINGS WERE WRECKED. In Clear Lake, including the Methodist, Congregational and Lutheran Churches.

THE HIGHEST POINT. of 1880 and it will be reached to-night. All the bridges on Duncan Creek at Chippewa Falls were carried away and scores of families were moving out of their houses with teams in four feet of water.

MINNESOTA FLOODS.

The Eau Claire and Chippewa Rivers Raging and Doing Damage. St. Paul, Minn., September 12.—A special from Eau Claire says: A boom on Point Creek, a tributary of the Chippewa River, went out late in the night and the water in the Chippewa rose rapidly.

FLOODED THE STREETS. of this city and is doing great damage. The Eau Claire and Chippewa Rivers are higher than was ever known before.

DEPENDING UPON NEIGHBORS. who live on high ground for shelter and food. Relief committees have been organized and hundreds of people are being fed in the court house.

A WALK OF FOUR MILES. is necessary in reaching the business portion of the east side from the court house. Almost every family in the city will lose something.

ONE LIFE HAS BEEN LOST. In the flood here, a man named Ehler, drowned while trying to rescue his sick wife. Mayor Davis has telegraphed to Washburn for a steam ferry boat.

GREAT FLOOD OF 1880. Every bridge on the Chippewa has gone out—five railroad bridges and five wagon bridges. In Eau Claire the loss of property is appalling.

ALL HIS BUILDINGS. valued at \$45,000. Business houses on all sides of the river are submerged and great apprehension is felt lest when the water recedes the foundations may be so much impaired as to crumble the walls.

NOTIFIED OF HIS CONDITION. It seems that McCullough fancies he is followed by men who want to kill him, and he keeps dodging imaginary foes constantly.

Cyclone Damages. St. Paul, September 12.—Advices from the country visited by a cyclone show that the damage was greater than at first reported.

A Rattling Farm.

He was sitting on a store box in front of the village store, whittling and talking to an old crowd. Something about the man and the way he emphasized his statements made me suspicious that he was not altogether reliable.

He was talking about farming lands when I came, and I heard this much: "Now, there's that land of mine down at the Forks. I've cultivated it seventeen years, and it has never needed any fertilizers. It's too rich now."

We got into it with hand saws. I kept going on that land for a year, but the wood grew so wonderfully it smothered all the lock. I had to give it up.

My cattle, from walking in that ground so much, are troubled with a wonderful growth of legs, can't hardly reach the cows to milk them. I have noticed that the brick-bats that were thrown out have all grown into full-sized bricks.

Both the Chippewa and Eau Claire Rivers began falling at noon, after reaching their unprecedented height of twenty-six feet, three feet higher than the GREAT FLOOD OF 1880.

McCULLOUGH INSANE. A Report that the Great Actor is Insane. New York, September 12.—At Coney Island last evening a strange man was discovered attempting to walk the trestlework of the Marine Railway from Manhattan to Brighton Beach.

Goldfish. As a Chronicle reporter passed one of those motley collections of birds, fish and shells—a veritable sea-curiosity shop—he noticed several small boys trying to abstract something from the two tin cans at the door.

The Cost of Sickness. I think, then, that we can not escape from the reasons to believe that we lose in England and Wales, every year, in consequence of sickness, 20,000,000 weeks' work; or, say, as much work as 20,000,000 healthy people would do in a week.

Field Experiments with Fertilizers. Only in very rare cases can any mixture of commercial fertilizers, made up of ammonia, salts or nitrates, phosphates and potash salts, be profitably substituted for stable manure.

and—but of course you can't expect me to give away, you know. But this is what it looks like." opening a box and displaying a pile of thin, water-like sheets, white and about two inches square.

"Do they ever fight?" "Not a great deal, though sometimes when a new fish is put into the tank the others set upon him, lash him with their fins, chase him around, bite him and finally kill him."

"That depends upon several conditions, such as the care and food they get; but all being favorable, they will live a long time. There is a man opposite who has had the same fish for seven years; keeps them in a small globe, too, and they are as lively as when he first got them."

"Has he a complicated apparatus for breeding purposes?" "No, merely a tank of water floored with stones, and in it considerable variety of such grass as this," pointing to a spiked variety of a fresh-water grass in his aquarium.

Nearly everybody in this country has corns, young, old, high, low, rich, poor; and there appears to be a special crop of them at this season of the year.

The Loss by Ill Health. Sir James Paget recently delivered an address before the International Health Exhibition in London, in which he stated that the population of England between the ages of fifteen and sixty lose about 20,000,000 weeks' work annually on account of sickness.

The Candidate's Mistake. "Madam, may I kiss these beautiful children?" inquired the candidate, as he leaned over the front gate.

Buffalo Skeletons. Thousands of skeletons are gathered on the Western plains, more especially in the valley of the Arkansas, and sent East to phosphate manufacturers.

The General Markets. KANSAS CITY, September 15, 1884. CATTLE—Shipping Steers... \$4.80 @ 5.95

As a rule, the young English girls that one meets in society have as little to say as have the French society damsels, though they are by no means kept under such severe restraint.

They are very sweet, simple and modest, but they lack sparkle and entrain most woefully. English girls, too, are in general far less brilliantly educated than are their American contemporaries.

They ride well and are devoted to lawn-tennis and other out-door games, and in the main are a healthy, happy race, physically superb, but lacking mental brilliancy and charm.

They are far less addicted to them than our own young girls. They ride well and are devoted to lawn-tennis and other out-door games, and in the main are a healthy, happy race, physically superb, but lacking mental brilliancy and charm.

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