THIS PICTURE AND THAT.

A Few Christmas Reflections on the Past and Present.

The city was draped in white. The soft, pure, velvety down of Nature beautified and illumined the face of Mother Earth and silently, as the footsteps of angels, the whirling snowflakes continued to fall. Zion, decked in her Christmas robes, and like a bride awaiting the coming of the groom, seemed eager and ready for the gift long-hoped for and promised by the Great Santa Claus of Bethlehem nearly nineteen hundred years ago—the gift of redemption!

Peering through the snow, emerging and meandering on its course from the clouds, an aged mother in Israel sat last in reverie. Her cozy parlor, in which the fire flames flickered up the chimney in cheery contrast to the descending cold outside, had no other occupant than she. What was she thinking of?

One of the pioneers, she had passed through the terrible ordeal of, and endured the privations consequent with, the expulsion from Nauvoo and the march of a thousand miles from the verge of a civilization that, because of her religion, had robbed, murdered and driven her and her people from home but not hopeless into the desert wilds, but it was not of that she was thinking.

Those were days that tried men's souls; but to the Saints sacrifice of earthly possessions, endeavors life itself, was a mere bagatelle to the sacrifice of the principles of the Gospel. Had the people been Mohammedans, Protestants or Roman Catholics, they would, doubtless, have sought to defend their property and principles with the sword; but they were neither. They were simply followers of the meek and lowly Jesus and, therefore, they could only pray for those that despitefully used them.

To our aged sister those days were not as a bowl pleasant, the coldness and poverty that overshadowed them with its chill, nevertheless, their silver lining; they were a means to the end of personal purification and exaltation; and for having passed through them faithfully she is not without reward, that by her they were forgiven her enemies, if their memory could not be effaced.

As the snow-flakes caused before her, in obedience to the mandate of "Jack Frost," the scenes of olden days were conjured up and formed in rather crude fashion in the snow-flecked air. "Look upon this picture and then upon this"—the Zion of now and that of twenty years ago.

As she gazed upon them in their floury imagery she compared the simplicity, poetry, beauty and love—the eternal fitness of things—reflected by some—that one so familiar and so loved by her, as full of happy remembrances and replete with blessings showered upon her by the great All-Father—with the medley of pride, indifference, fashion-following, and Mrs. Grundy-worship that were prominent and formed part in the other and that now are demanded as necessary by some of the younger generation as a concession to the demands of the "Gentile" world, with which their association and wealthy surroundings have involved them.

They are, they think, so far advanced in education, etiquette, fashion and civilization(?), and the past seems but the chrysalis out of which the present interesting, aspiring, state of affairs was bound to take wings and depart, that a word of warning from the Priesthood and others who would gather them "as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing," is looked upon as meaningless, and is thus ignored.

This was the picture that the old lady was meditating on. How changed everything was becoming! How many strange fleets were being daily paraded in the march of civilization! How long would it last?

Then she was thankful that only a small number of the Saints—the poth, and only part of that—were really entranced in the vortex of pleasure, but, nevertheless, her heart went out to them in compassion. The whirlpool was dangerous and who could tell how many would be dashed on the rocks and lost forever!

But why should they not be rescued that such dire possibilities might be averted?

How many had pleasure led into sin and sin to destruction? And how many of these had struggled alone against impulse and passion, striving to regain the narrow path, assisted by friendly word or friendly help, daily, also! they were lost in their very weakness?

Never were the Saints in so prosperous a condition that now, we did think, appear so great an out-reaching after worthy things and pleasure as now. Tithing and donations were given in a manner that indicated a hearty offering of worldliness in away—so said the Bishop—and many paid none at all.

What is the conclusion of it all? Are we beginning to feel that we need Christ? Did the Lord say He would try His people with riches—with a little in upper Zion—and already been scourged in blood and fire and learned? Surely it is nothing to place!

By riches shall many perish. Therefore, the path of pleasure, so beautifully paved with wealth, is all the more inviting to the Saints in that it leads faster and further into Hell that they (in) through which they shall be called to pass or by which they shall be consumed.

Those who have chosen the society of the world out of which they were commanded by the Lord to come, in preference to that of their brethren and sisters who have suffered the loss of and for its applause (or loss of fire) will doubtless, or ignore the advice of the Priesthood and encourage a spirit of indifference, independence of feeling in their duties, shall not be able to stand unless they repent. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon!"

"How hard it is for those that trust in riches to enter into the Kingdom of God! It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

And so, while the aged dame sings in her quiet solitude and the dancing lights of night escape her sight, let us withdraw from the presence of her whose meditations we have heard, with a prayer that the Great Father will help us to be more faithful and less as children to the end. That we may, in every sense, be Zion—the pure in heart. It we will do this Redemption is near at hand.

S. W. M.

SOCIETY GOWNS CHEAP.

WHAT BECOMES OF EXPENSIVE DRESSES BUT LITTLE WORN.

Very Rare Garments of the Wealthy Cost Up Four Hundred Dollars a Yard Sold by Their Owners and Are Then Within the Reach of More Humble People.

The other day an acquaintance passed behind a bolter of New York society with the exclamation, "Do you know I saw a gown in that same time dress? How do you suppose anyone is to be managed in a set of gentlemen? Your gowns and your clubs all are wonderful, but I did not expect that generously full at least once a year."

The woman smiled inscrutably, saying: "The gown we have always with us. Two gowns look handsomer, though it is an absolute fact that my Worth gowns help to warm many a poor creature every winter. Not, of course, in their own persons, but I mean that the money that makes them available. When I have had you my part of the story I will send you to her for the rest.

"You see, I am going on a great deal, heaps of clothes are a necessity, and the more unique and striking a gown is the easier is its sense of usefulness. For people constantly see it, and it is not much the experience if at all Depew. Then you must either remodel it, give it away or sell it to another.

"A lower grade, of course, is not for super tips, does transform a simple gown with new draperies and trimmings, but give her an embroidered French creation, refitted with the tailored, and Worth or Doucet and the bonnet trying—so terribly, in fact, that the best state of the garment is more suitable than the first.

THE PRACTICAL ALTERNATIVE.

"The most serviceable gown in the world is silk or velvet, very handsome and well cut, but entirely plain, upon which all sorts of trimmings may be added, imposed to give the effect of different costumes. By stitching yourself you will escape expense. To the other hand, just as you will never be remarried, and what woman would bear that? Nearly all prominent society women have dresses, courtesy, gowns, dresses for special occasions, and to make the gift of time scarcely worn garments more than acceptable. That is what becomes of a lot of society's frills. Their new owners make them over or wear them about in fresh frills and accessories too.

"Our Fifth avenue matrons whose my knowledge is a mass of special purchases to every person of whom she knows nearly more than their names. The surplus of her wardrobe goes into the hands of a lady dressmaker, one who delights to dress in its money other gentlewomen who are so rich enough of their gentility not to take offense at the gift.

"That sort of thing goes on largely abroad, where the ranks of poor gentlewomen are so plentifully crowded. There is gown of it here, too, that you would be astonished at the number of times that some fair and lovely woman, cover would be impossible not for such good luck. Very handsome stuffs are, of course, sumptuous gowns, worn by dressmakers outside, but it is the exception, not the rule.

"In London, though, you always could see getting a gown evening gown out of your mind with silver or gold lace, presumably it is fair to the paste lace, and heaven knows how many breathless wives—or it is as easy to deal with as new stuff, besides, there is the dancing for a new wardrobe. Thousands upon thousands, too, are kept and made over.

WHERE THE GOWNS GO TO.

"Indeed, as a rule, each one of our charities very rich silk of not peculiar sort, and one of all sorts, lace, velvet and satin. In each of our charities, the ladies are so fortunate as to become seamstresses, and for the most part we keep them very well.

"Our maids of course some to for many things, even such as to positively impossible for them to wear. But generally we wear one's personal attendant is more and more taking other forms.

"Disappointed sweethearts have some than ever arrive from the mail's appearing in the guise or the ornaments of the mourning merchant, too, such gifts are purposely turned into the passage sometimes, or is and of questionable association. In instance is gone then every blessing and a necessity. She is the dressed, neat, small Brooklyn woman, who, at the shop in not out of the way sort. Her has been in business years and years. We all have her all dress, and when gowns and wraps begin to become shabby, she is sent for, comes and takes a cab, rides delightedly about, pulling over and peeping at things, then says: "Give the lady so many dollars," counts out the money and goes away. Next day a crunch or two leaves the house, not addressed, but in charge of some one who knows where to take it. It is about the same time, maybe, the classy gentlewoman receives a note in money, either anonymously or accompanied by a well known name, and, oddly enough, it is exactly the amount necessary to cover her. Not a great sum, either. She took twenty-eight gowns from me at her last call. Nine than half were French, and had cost from $200 to $300 each, and I had just sent for my food."

AT MADAME'S SHOP.

A card took the incumbrance person to this mysterious place, and, presented, was ushered into the wonders of her shop. The half had not been told of it. Worth gowns overflowed the closets, the presses, the big drawers, and the boxes, well, all, the modiste's stamp, and many with hardly a trace of wear.

It was a rich of silk, of embroidery, of jewels, of lace, of velvet, and, opened on lace, Madame Sharon the gowns lovingly. The garment came from mail door to a Vanderbilt, that one had figured as an Astor, that one had worn down to Newport at a Sanford dinner, in weather being forced to put on something within the next week. Here were gowns from Murray Hill, there people with riches—and, alas, a little in upper Zion—and already been scourged in blood and fire and learned. Surely it is nothing to place!

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S. W. M.

The Appearance in the Elevator.

Some years ago a young man came to Chicago from Vermont. His father had sent him off from his country. He found it in the same town where I lived. He finally obtained a place in one of the big grain elevators here. I do not know what the place was except that he had something to do on the top floor, about up under the roof. Several men were employed with him in the same place. One day while he was dusting he suddenly stopped and asked his associate who that nicely dressed old man was that was standing back there by the door. Strangely enough he allowed in those big elevators, and to see one there well dressed was enough to excite comment. His companions looked in the direction indicated and said they saw no one. He looked and when they laughed at him he went to the place where he saw the figure standing. On his approach it vanished.

The young man feared. He recovered and then asked his companions to make a note of the occurrence, the date and the time of day. He said the figure he saw was that of his father, he (meaning) he received a letter from the old country telling him of his father's death. The date and time agreed with the date and time of the occurrence I have described. The letter also informed him that his father had forgiven him and remembered him in his will. He returned to the fatherland, got his portion of the estate and is living there now. You may say what you please, but I know what I saw, and I know that the same I heard this story. The spirit of that boy's father appeared to him on the top floor of that elevator.—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

Why the Stock Is Always Hungry.

As it is a source of wonder how the flea manages to exist in the sand, where his chances of satisfying a meal may not occur once in a lifetime, so natural, one may guess, as to how the shark maintains himself. The ocean is wide, and the number of men who fall overboard would indeed be comparison to its area. The vast proportion of sharks, then, must go through their lives without a single chance of satisfying a meal at the expense of the human kind.

There is no ground for the supposition that the shark can exist upon air; he is not like the whale, provided with an appetite that enables him to sweep up the tiny inhabitants of the sea. He is too active to be sluggish, and industry too alive in turning, to catch any fish that did not dodge early enough into his mouth, and unless we suppose that, as it is said of the snake, he shares a magnetic influence over fish and causes them to rush headlong to destruction between his jaws, it is impossible to imagine how he obtains a sufficient supply of food for his sustenance.

Indeed, it would appear that it is only when he gets the good luck to light upon a dead or badly injured fish that the shark has ever the opportunity of making a really square meal. His prolonged fasts certainly furnish an ample explanation and excuse for his alleged savagery of disposition.—London Standard.

Cure for a Bottle of Gold Paint.

A twenty-five cent bottle of gold paint is a capital investment for any woman. She will find a dozen occasions for its employment before it is half used. Perhaps she chips some bit of Japanese or other fancy porcelain in dusting; a mouthful of gold paint over the chip will make everything right. A gilt picture or mirror frame may be bruised or tarnished by the moving of furniture; a few minutes in fire minutes and for a fraction of a cent a damage the cabinet maker would charge a dollar to repair and keep your frame a couple of days besides.

By the by, you girls who are clever with your fingers, that bottle of gold paint will save you a few dollars at the dressed counters of the large Japanese stores. Do you know that you can buy for a trifle lovely delicate vases and bits of colored water that would sell for many dollars more than the price of a bottle of gold paint? Buy these, perhaps, take them home tenderly and spend half an hour with your gold paint, filling up the cracks with fine points, plenty of paint or gently. Any of them will take color readily, and if carefully painted and dried the vases will be practically as good as the best.—New York Press.

The Shark Is a Fine Fisherman.

One ill service nature has done the shark, namely, that of placing a triangular fin on his back which acts as a danger signal and gives warning of his approach. Happily the shark has not been gifted with sufficient sagacity to be aware of this peculiarity, for had he been so he would unquestionably abandon his habit of swimming close to the surface of the water, and would, in that case, be enabled to approach his victim undetected. The shark is a close rival of the eagle and strength.

Byron observes, "As darts the dolphin from the shark!" but Byron was a poet, and does not appear to have been a close observer of the habits of inhabitants of the ocean. Had he been well versed in the habits of the shark, he would have known that a shark would have no more chance of catching a dolphin than a sleepy snail of overhauling a hare. A shark will keep up with a sailing ship, but it is as much as it can do to follow in the wake of a fast steamer, and a torpedo boat would be able to give it points.—London Standard.

Dressing Cheese Fats.

Nothing cleans soiled fat better than benzine. Artisans inhaling their wips in bulbs of this liquid with most excellent results. Buy the fluid at a paint store, where one can get a full quart bottle, rather than at the druggist's, where the same amount will cost a quarter. Wash the fat until the benzine ceases clear the first two or three rounds will show fairly black. Be careful not to throw the fluid into any receptacle where by any chance a lighted match may follow.—New York Times.

A Crisis in Spain.

Queen of Spain—Mon gracias! The baby king has the stomach ache.

Lord Chamberlain (anxiously)—Wrong! Call the secretary of the interior.—Good News.

All the heads being broken on both sides, we hear no more of Irish affairs. The sons of Erin still enjoy the "fourteen fights in fifteen minutes" parlous apparently.

Pope never wrote compose well with good first declining. For some time at the top of his voice, and then sending his nervous system to the fullest activity.

A TIME SAVING DEVICE.

A Refrigerator in the Poultry House Which It Will Pay Farmers to Adopt.

Some day both into half a dozen poultry houses when you are driving out and not how few, even of the improved ones, are kept clean. This one piece of work is the great impediment in the business. Why? First, it is a dirty job, becoming still more disagreeable by order increased, it takes so much more time that it is put off. It is easy and quick enough to keep the roosts clean, if it is done every morning and in the right way, affirms a correspondent in the Philadelphia Farm Journal, who writes about the matter in this way:

By morning things I found that my chicken roosts had more of my time than all other poultry affairs, so I just set about correcting them. I gave you a drawing of the refrigerator. I had built a smooth dropping board and then nailed a board just below its outer edge. These are stationary. Then I put a crop box and put it under the end of the roosts. The perches are built in a

A DRAWING OF THE INFORMATION.

framework and hinged to the wall so I can turn them up instantly while scraping the platform. They are left in this position from morning, when I clear the boards, until after the last feeding, when I turn them down.

But the improvement of all this does not lighten the work of wood shavings. The box shown above the perches is the real wizard in the operation. The corrugated shaped affair coming out of the bottom is a sheet of cloth four inches in diameter and three feet long. The box is filled with dry cornmeal from the upper floor or it is crushed into a wooden box over it. A false bottom (indicated by the dotted line) throws it all to the sleeve. I never allow myself to unlock the perches for the hour until I have first taken the dust sack off the back where its free end rests and sifted a sprinkling of the sawdust over the platform. Then the next morning a light sweeping will easily do in one minute what pick and shovel would work at an hour.

Wheat and Rye Compared.

The agricultural office of the New York World says:

Wheat flourishes best and is most productive on calcareous soils—that is, on soils that contain more or less lime. Rye grows well on soils much lighter and drier, and although it does better on lands containing some lime, it does not require it necessarily to the same extent that wheat does. Farmers now rye on soils they consider too poor for wheat, and therefore the fields will usually be found occupying the poorest soils of the farm. Rye reduces yield better than wheat, and is a common substitute for it on soils that will not grow the latter grain with certainty and profit. Rye sown as a crop in the fall may be used for winter pasture or for soiling in the spring, in either case furnishing green food, which no other crop will so well supply at the same season. When harvested for the grain the straw of rye, which is of little value, is a valuable part of the crop for sale, being extensively used for packing and bedding material, but on account of its toughness and compactness it has but little value as animal food.

Sweet or Sour Cream Butter.

There has been considerable revival of the old war between sweet and sour cream butter advocates since the new extractor came into the field. This new war has led to some excellent results. Men have been experimenting to find some way to prevent the alleged loss of butter in churning sweet cream, and, according to Professor Moyers, of the West Virginia experiment station, if the sweet cream is churned at 34 degs. Fahrenheit will come within forty minutes, as against an hour in the sour cream churned at 60 degs. Fahrenheit. There is still the excuse of marketing the two kinds of butter. The commission merchants set their faces as a flint against sweet cream butter, but at the same time they accept butter made from cream that ten years ago would have been called sweet by any butter maker of those days.—American Agriculturist.

Homes of Various Nations.

Every nation has its prejudices in favor of the horses of their own country as the best in the world; they get educated up to that standard type. In Scotland they think the Clydesdale the best draft horse, while the English are equally sure that the Suffolk is the great model draft horse for the world. Across in Belgium every one from peasant to the king and queen believes that the Belgian draft horse is best of all breeds, while the Frenchman takes first in his good draft horses outside of France. America finds models admire in each of these breeds, which are being so extensively imported and crossed upon our native mares and from which the American drafter is being evolved—the best of all.—Western Agriculturist.

Farm Hints.

To give delicacy of flesh to chickens make their principal food for a week or ten days before killing barley meal moistened with milk. Alternate with Indian meal; mold with either water or milk. During the interval keep the chicks confined in a darkened coop. Valuable given in The Poultry Yard.

The Philadelphia Farm Journal tells that a good thing for a cheap paint and one that is durable is to mix yellow ocher with cow tar. The color is green, and it does well for coarse woodwork or roofs.

For perfect pruning, care should be a year or more old and care should be taken to keep it where also cannot reach it.

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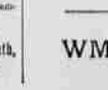

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And WILL CONTINUE UNTIL EVERY PIECE IS SOLD OUT, REGARDLESS OF VALUE. I have sold to the trade for the last ten years, and they purchase for their trade, and that very satisfactorily, and I will continue to do so, as I will have a very large stock, and the prices will therefore remain low, for some time yet, daily acquaintance of goods that are now in transit. ☞ It will be to your advantage to call every day during the sale, as I will be able to show you goods at least half less than they can be bought for later on. Bear in mind that this is a bona fide sale, and not a fake, as I have no other business than that of selling goods, and I cannot do it if I do not sell my stock. Remember the place, 205-207 Main St., and the time, MONDAY, OCTOBER 19th, 1891.

☞ The STOCK of LADIES' and CHILDREN'S CLOAKS IS BY FAR THE CHOICEST IN THIS CITY, And the Stock of Dress Goods and Silks will compare favorably with that of any West of the Missouri River.

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