

LIVE STOCK HUSBANDRY

DIPPING THE SHEEP.

Eradicates Ticks and Stimulates the Growth of Wool.

The dipping of sheep is an annual duty for every sheep breeder to follow or should be so considered, writes A. S. Alexander, M. D. C., in the Farm Journal. Many shepherds from laziness or some other similarly senseless reason or none neglect to dip their sheep, with the result that the flock loses a good deal of growth that might otherwise be set down to profit, while there is the risk of getting skin disease among the sheep, which will be found very hard to eradicate after it has once become well rooted.

There was a time when the dipping of sheep was rather a formidable undertaking for the reason that people did not have the proper appliances.

Nowadays the construction of proper dipping tanks is well understood, and



The Dorset Horned breed of sheep is very popular in America because of its fecundity and early breeding habit. It is a white faced sheep with a close fleece, which will weigh about five pounds. It is larger than the Southdown, and, although most esteemed for its prolificacy, its mutation is above the average of short woolled sheep. The flock of lambs shown are Dorset Horned.

there are numbers of effective dips upon the market which merely require the addition of water to make them ready for effective work either for the destruction of ticks or for the cure of scab.

There has been a vast deal of discussion pro and con as to the merits and demerits of sulphur and lime concoctions, but the weight of testimony has in our opinion been clearly against the use of this combination, which, while fairly effective, has the drawback of being highly detrimental to the wool. On the other hand, there are many who claim with good reason that dips of the tar product variety are a positive advantage to the wool in that they keep it soft and full of vigor and when used after shearing stimulate a rapid and healthy growth.

The best time to dip sheep is just after shearing in that the dip then gets into closer contact with the skin and will therefore prove most effective both in destroying any ticks that may be present, curing skin trouble which may be in the incipient stage and in stimulating a fresh growth of healthy, long stapled wool. At this time, too, all of the young lambs should be dipped for the reason that the ticks will have largely migrated to their tender bodies, causing untold misery and at the same time retarding growth and health.

It has further been found that where sheep and lambs are properly dipped at the season of the year indicated the dip will retain sufficient strength for some time to keep away both gaddies—whose larvae enter the nostrils, causing the grubs which later torment the victims and even lead to fatal results in some instances—and the other common fly, which deposits eggs about the anus or in any sores that may exist upon the body, later producing a crop of horrid maggots, which prove a source of suffering and emaciation to the sheep and disgust to the owner. Viewed from every standpoint we can think of, the dipping of sheep is sensible and hygienic.

ALFALFA GOOD FOR COLTS.

Illinois Farmer Believes It Fine Feed For Bone and Growth.

A seven-months-old colt on the Sam Gerber farm in Tazewell county, Ill., weighed 920 pounds last fall, and it sold at that age for \$275. Mr. Gerber is an ordinary farmer who has recently purchased a team of pure bred mares to do his farm work and raise his colts, and he is beginning to think it is the right thing to do, says the American Agriculturist.

He thinks it a very important thing to feed the mares well as well as the colts. They are worked up to the time of foaling, receiving all of the alfalfa hay they care for, three quarts of oats three times a day and an ear of corn twice a day. The colts are fed one-third bran and two-thirds oats, together with all the alfalfa hay they care for. Mr. Gerber believes the alfalfa is great to make bone and growth. The 920 pounds colt that he sold did not know what timothy was and would not eat it at the sale barn.

Feed For a Sow.

For a sow supporting a large litter of pigs the following ration will be satisfactory:

Two parts, by weight, of ground oats, bran and wheat middlings and four parts of cornmeal, adding from one-quarter to one pound of oilmeal for each day's feeding, according to whether skim milk can be supplied or not. The more skim milk the less oilmeal. After the first week the sow may take liberally of this ration.

THE STOCKMAN.

A hog wallow without filth is possible and also highly desirable. It is safe to say, "Raise draft horses," but be sure to raise good ones. Give the sheep the highest and driest pasture on the farm. Pork made on good pasture, with some grain, costs about one-third less than when made in pens or dry yard feeding. The careless, cruel man should never handle a brood mare. Pushing the lambs for rapid growth is simply thrifty common sense.

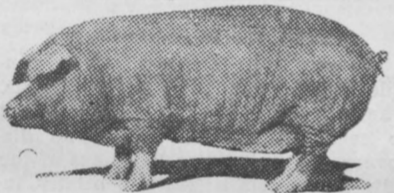
RATIONS FOR PIGS AT WEANING PERIOD

Weaning time is one of the critical periods in the life of a pig. If the sow and litter has been properly cared for thus far the pigs may be weaned without noticing the change, writes a correspondent of the White Breeders' Companion. The pigs should be eating and drinking with their mothers before any attempt is made to wean them. The sows and pigs should then be separated, removing the sows to some other pasture or lot and letting the pigs remain in the quarters they are used to.

Continue the feeding of the same rations to the pigs that were fed the sow before weaning, as a change at this time is liable to upset the pig's digestive system. Many a runt is started upon its miserable career at this time. All pens, troughs, etc., should be kept in a sanitary condition.

It will pay well to run the pigs through a dipping vat filled with one of the standard dips once each three or four weeks. The modern rubbing post or hog oiler are good paying devices, as they do away with vermin and prevent skin diseases.

Now, as to the weaning pig ration, nothing can beat milk, but in its ab-



The Poland China breed of swine is the result of a long period of work by American hog growers. The breed is of the lard type. The color is black with white points. In general form the Poland China is of medium length, good depth and thickness, carrying a wealth of thick flesh. The sows are good mothers and the pigs are universally strong, healthy and full of life. The animal shown is a Poland China sow.

sence a good slop can be made of six parts shorts, two parts oilmeal and two parts bran or ground oats mixed with enough water to make the mixture slightly thicker than milk. This is fed nicely in V shaped troughs on a cement feeding floor. The pigs should be fed several times each day at first, and they will soon forget that they ever had a mother. They seem to enjoy corn dry, and it is just as well fed that way. After pigs have been weaned two or three weeks it is a good plan to feed shelled corn and tankage in a self feeder, where they can get it as they want it, and they will soon make hogs of themselves.

CARING FOR SHEEP.

Ticks and Internal Parasites Can Be Easily Eliminated.

Spring is a season of annoyance by parasites, both external and internal. I have had very little trouble in this way, writes an Ohio farmer in the American Agriculturist. Formerly the flock was infested with ticks, but dipping has solved that problem. I use plenty of tobacco mixed with salt, which is kept before them at all times. Sheep are not wholly averse to tobacco, and their appetite for nicotine seems to increase after they have learned to use it. I have never seen the slightest indication of unhealthiness, and, whether true or not, much of the credit is given to tobacco, which is a specific for almost all parasites, including the dreaded intestinal nodule.

As long as our ewes retain their flesh under regular conditions of feed they are kept in the flock, but when they show bad mouths and angular indications of age they are segregated and fattened for the butcher.

Our sheep are not given the use of fields which are in the regular crop rotation. They feed so exclusively on the tender center of clover and timothy that they greatly damage them. Accordingly, they are kept mainly on permanent pasture areas consisting principally of blue grass, which is comparatively hardy and insusceptible to injury. They are very useful in establishing and maintaining a blue grass sward in out of the way places, and as trimmers of our house residence yards they are indispensable.

Our sheep double in value yearly. A ewe worth \$5 to \$8, according to market fluctuations, will produce a lamb, and this lamb, with the wool, will bring as much more. I estimate that the amount of dry feed necessary to keep a 1,000 pound steer will keep twenty ewes. When on pasture, while the proportion is not so favorable, it shows a marked preference for sheep in dollars of gain.

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FOREIGN POWERS ON WATCH

All Governments Find It Hard Work to Guard Secrets of a Military Nature.

The protection of government secrets has always required the greatest vigilance. Each nation is inquisitive as to what every other country is accomplishing in inventing new appliances for war purposes. The construction of warships, for example, calls for much secrecy. Neutral powers must guard well their naval secrets. Offenders against the neutral policy of a country should also bear in mind the severe punishment in store for them, for discovery is certain sooner or later.

Many government secrets do leak out in every country. This is owing to the lure of gold and to the activity of unknown secret agents. The United States, in common with other nations, has its secret service, and perhaps it is as successful as any other similar agency.

American inventors should not make public certain inventions without first offering them to the government. In that way they could be kept secret.

Scientific means for the protection of a country have not been exhausted, indeed, they are only just beginning to be used. Present naval secrets of neutral powers may prove of slight importance compared with the possible methods of warfare in the future. These new methods devised here should be solely at the disposal of the United States, and unknown until it is necessary to use them.—Boston Globe.

HOME NO PLACE FOR POISON

Frequency of Accidents Should Impress That Fact on All—National Law Seems Needed.

United States public health reports recall attention to the fact that such a large number of deaths take place every year in this country from the unintentional use of poison that it would evidently be a very good thing if people generally could be persuaded never to keep poisons in the home, the New York Herald states. The advantages to be derived from them are never quite equal to their dangers.

Deaths from bichloride of mercury, carbolic acid and other such substances continue to occur with sad frequency. No amount of warning will protect against inadvertence or ignorance, and fatal accidents from the mistaking of a dangerously potent drug for one that is comparatively inert have become staple, often reiterated items of news in recent years.

In the present rather confused state of our laws with regard to poisons in this country, due to the fact that each of the states makes its own legislation in this matter, it is probable that until an efficient national law can be enacted a definite crusade of persuasion against the dangerous practice of keeping poisons for any reason in the home would serve to save many lives every year. It is a simple matter, yet of very great importance to the community. The authority of the United States public health service should literally bring it home to many.

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WAR-SWEPT VERDUN

Crashing of Shells Only Sound in Deserted Village.

Three Remaining Civilians Boast of Their Courage in Staying in BombarDED Town—Gendarmes Keep Good Watch and Prevent Pillaging.

London.—H. Warner Allen, representative of all the British newspapers with the French armies, sends the following picture of war-battered and deserted Verdun:

Today, Verdun is not crowded. Not a shop is open. It can muster three civilians, and all three of them are rightly proud of their courage in staying in the bombarded town.

I have just been walking down the main street. Everywhere there is silence except for the crashing of the big shells and the sound of splinters falling on the roofs. All the goods the shopkeepers had collected as specially calculated to appeal to the soldier in the trenches have disappeared and now when one walks down the Rue Mazel one's course is frequently interrupted. There comes a rush of wings in the air and instinctively one makes for the nearest doorway, ducking as one goes. Then there is a big explosion and one goes on.

It was in the Rue Mazel that I met one of the three civilians of Verdun. He was contemplating the view from his door with a contented smile and looked at me with supreme contempt when I scuttled for cover at a particularly loud explosion. "You are taking refuge on the wrong side of the road," he remarked mildly. "The left is the side to escape from splinters, since that is the side from which the Boches are firing. Anyhow it is no use ducking, since by the time you've heard the shell the danger is over."

As we went up the steep, lonely streets towards the cathedral our attention was suddenly attracted by a strong, piercing sound that contrasted quaintly with the continuing roar of exploding shells. It was a kitten mewing plaintively in the first story of a house. It had obviously been forgotten in the haste of evacuation. The owner of the house had closed up the shutters and had never given a thought to the poor beast and it was slowly starving to death.

A rescue party was at once formed, M. Georges Scott, the artist, who is mobilized as a chasseur alpin, mounted on my shoulders and endeavored to pry open the shutter with a stick, but his efforts were unavailing, and eventually the kitten's life was saved by the firemen of Verdun, who, at our request, broke into the house.

Several large shells had fallen near the cathedral. One of them had gutted a girls' school and another had landed fair and square on a shop that sold religious ornaments and emblems. For some unexplained reason there was a cure's hat lying pathetically on the top of the debris, and at the back against a wall that had miraculously escaped destruction stood a stucco statue of Joan of Arc.

The pigeons, which were flying in uneasy circles above the cathedral, seemed to be curiously disturbed by the bombardment. As a general rule, the birds seem to regard bombardment as a natural cataclysm, to be suffered since it cannot be prevented. Anyhow, the pigeons of Verdun have not yet grown accustomed to the noise of the German bombardment.

Despite German shells, the French gendarmes keep a good watch in Verdun. There is no pillaging, and the refugees who in their hurry left their house windows open and doors unlocked can sleep easy as to the contents of their houses, except in so far as an enemy projectile may reduce them to powder. Just near one of the gates there is a house of which the shutters have not been closed and the window is still open. It seems that just before the evacuation the owner of the house had some special occasion to celebrate. Looking through the window one can see a table laid for 16 persons and everything prepared for an excellent meal. There was a beautiful, clean tablecloth with napkins folded miter-shaped for every guest. Decanters of wine, red and white, were standing beside each plate. On the sideboard piles of oranges and apples were waiting for the party which was never to eat them.

The gendarmes in Verdun seem to keep a catalogue of the shells which fall in the town. Those who live in bombarded towns take a definite pride in showing the visitors the holes made by German projectiles and the houses that they had thoroughly destroyed. It was with an expression of the greatest satisfaction that one of the gendarmes asked us to come and see his gate, because, during the previous night he had counted 117 big shells that had fallen into its neighborhood.

M. Scott, the artist, remarked to me: "This war is the end of the battle painter, since, apart from curiously lucky circumstances, there is absolutely nothing to paint. Modern warfare has nothing to do with colors. It is a symphony in sound. It is a subject matter for the musician, not the artist. Perhaps the musician of the future will be able to convert into terms of music the extraordinary contrasts of noise and sullen silence which one may hear in a bombarded town."

The cinematographers have been taking everything they can find in Verdun, and their only grief is that so far no shell has burst near enough to their apparatus to be photographed.

A Strip of Seaweed

It Was Given as a Token at the Time of a Betrothal.

By F. A. MITCHEL

In the olden time Newport, R. I., was an important shipping port. Indeed, until the period of the Revolution a number of points on the Atlantic coast were about equally prominent in this respect. As the years rolled on all except New York, Boston and Philadelphia dropped out, the latter finally leaving the first the supremacy.

In that early day on the beach where now in the summer season hundreds, at times thousands, of fashionable persons drive and lounge and bathe, one moonlight night a young man and a girl sat looking out upon the gilded water. They were Edmond Roscoe and Evalina Blair, the young man a son of a prominent shipowner, the girl the daughter of a merchant. There were no sounds of revelry in the little town back of them, as there are now at that season, and, as for the beach, not a sound was to be heard except the plash of the sluggish waves as they broke and rolled in on the sand.

There could be no more fitting place for a young man to tell his story to a maiden, and Edmond Roscoe was telling Evalina Blair his love for her. Then and there their troth was plighted under the yellow light of the moon, the lovers' voices accompanied by the effervescent sound of the waves as they slid up in foam on the smooth sands.

There were both happiness and sadness for these two young creatures whose lives seemed so much to them. In a few days they were to part for several years. Evalina was to go to England that her education might be finished under the supervision of an aunt, for she was of the Blairs of Devonshire, a family of country gentlemen and ladies of blue blood, and must needs be given accomplishments suitable to her rank. Edmond was to enter Brown university, which was then in its babyhood and soon to give up its as yet only dormitory to quarter soldiers of the Revolution.

The transports of betrothal were scarcely over when Edmond said:

"You are going to a land where you will meet many persons of rank and fashion. I know that you will be a belle among them. Some man, possibly a noble, will fall in love with you. You will dread to return to this uncultivated land. You will remain in England, and I shall never see you again."

Looking at him through her earnest eyes, she replied:

"Give me some token by which I shall remember these words of yours. If I am tempted by fortune to remain in England I promise you I will look at it and am sure it will bring up before me the happiness of this evening, and I shall choose you and the life of a simple Rhode Island woman in preference to that of a lady of rank."

"Alas, I have nothing suitable. I should give you a ring or—"

"I wish no bauble," replied Evalina. "Give me something to remind me of these sands, the ocean, the plash of the waves."

Looking about him, Edmond saw a seaweed lying within his reach. Taking it up, he handed it to Evalina. She took it and, spreading it out on her lap, said:

"I, Evalina, promise you, Edmond, that in case I am tempted to place rank and fortune before my love for you I will think of you with this plant of the sea before me. And I assure you that when I have finished my education I will bring the token to you as evidence that I have been true to you and my heart has been always yours."

After this assurance there was a long embrace. Then they arose and, taking a path which is now a broad avenue, returned to the town.

Every day, or, rather, every evening, till Evalina's departure the lovers went to the beach. They were not troubled even in the daytime with persons to disturb their meetings. There were no bathers in fantastic suits, no carriages, no loungers. The last evening before Evalina's departure they passed there. The moon rose, as it were, out of the ocean, the first spark appearing like a far distant bonfire, then gliding the shore over the crests of the waves, and finally the great round disk rested on the horizon of water.

"Heaven grant," said Edmond, "that we will again see this beautiful sight and that we shall then be one."

"If I live you will have your wish," replied Evalina.

The next day the ship that was to carry her to England sailed from the little town on Narragansett bay, the lovers waving until they could distinguish each other's forms no longer.

During the first year of their separation Evalina wrote regularly to her lover. The second year abroad was for an education in social life. As her lover had predicted, she became a belle. She wrote Edmond of the fine people she met, of the amusements common among persons of quality. But her letters showed no diminution of love for him and indicated that she looked forward to their reunion with as much hope and pleasure as when she had left him.

Yet there was a great deal that she

did not write him. She did not write of the offers of marriage that followed one another in rapid succession.

When these offers of marriage were showered upon Evalina she declined them without giving as a reason a previous attachment. Later, possibly as one might hide behind gauze, she frequently wore as a decoration the seaweed that her American lover had given her. Sometimes it was tacked to her skirt, sometimes she wore it in her corsage, and again it would be intertwined with her hair. In time she came to be called the Seaweed Lady.

Meanwhile Roscoe was studying as a collegian, though his mind was with his heart, and that was across the ocean. He read with avidity Evalina's letters and shuddered as he thought of the differences between himself, an undergraduate of a college but a few years old, without fortune, compared with some coroneted man with vast estates. Evalina's letters were reassuring, but she was growing from maidenhood to womanhood, and would she not give way at last?

However, the period allotted for her sojourn abroad was drawing to a close. She did not write her lover that she was coming home for the reason that she did not know if she would be permitted to return. Her parents were much chagrined at hearing that she had refused an earl and the second son of a duke and were debating whether to send the funds for her passage back to America or insist that she remain longer.

It was two years from the time of Evalina's departure that a storm such as Newport had not experienced in many years broke upon the coast. For three days the giant waves struck wildly upon the cliffs and rolled far up into Narragansett bay. Then, on the evening of the third day, the clouds broke away in the west, and the sun set in golden splendor.

That night the moon was at the full. As the sun went down the queen of night rose. Edmond, desiring to view the effect of the storm on the waves, when night had fallen and the moon was lighting the land and the water, started for the beach. The path was lonely, and there was terror in the tumbling of the great waves on the sands. The only likeness to the night of Edmond and Evalina's betrothal was the full moon.

He had passed midway from the town to the water when he saw before him a figure that he knew to be a woman by her garments fluttering in the wind, which was still strong. She seemed to be coming toward him, but as he advanced drew no nearer to him. He went on until he came to the edge of the beach and saw her still distant from him, sometimes flitting nearer, sometimes farther, and always seeming to rock like a bird resting on the crest of a wave.

Whether it was the night, still disturbed by the storm that had passed, or something bewildering in this unsteady figure, Roscoe could never tell, but an appalling premonition stretched a pall over him like the wings of some huge black bird. Something within him seemed to say: "A great misfortune has fallen upon you. The wind and the waves are a dirge. Be strong or you will be crushed."

And now, having reached a point overlooking the water, the sands being soaked, progress was slower. Scattered ragged clouds were flying above, now and again dashing across the face of the moon and shutting off its light. At these dark periods the flitting figure was lost, but reappeared when the cloud had passed and the full light of the moon was released.

Edmond had spent many an hour when home from college on the spot where he and Evalina had spoken their betrothal, and he saw that the figure was slowly moving toward it. Yet it was the movement of a floating object, driven by alternate advancing and receding waters, yet borne by an invisible tide toward a given point. But notwithstanding this apparently slow movement he gained but little on the figure. At last it reached the very spot where he and Evalina had plighted their troth. There it paused. Hastening his steps so far as he could—the moon at the moment was overcast—he advanced to join the figure. When he was a few yards from it a bright light burst from the moon and revealed—Evalina, looking at him with pale and melancholy visage.

He sprang toward her with outstretched arms, but at the moment another black cloud swept across the face of the only available light and hid his form from her. When it had passed she had vanished.

At his feet was a strip of seaweed.

When morning came a boatman stalking along over the soft sands saw a man lying so still that he thought it might be one cast in from a wreck by the storm. He found Edmond Roscoe. There was life in him, and the boatman after rousing him helped him home.

A ship came in and with it news that Evalina had departed for America. But the vessel on which she sailed never reached port. Pieces of wreck came ashore on the coast, denoting that a ship had foundered, but no fragment bore its name.

Edmond Roscoe never went back to college. He had lost all ambition, all desire for life. It was claimed that he had received some physical stroke which impaired his mental faculties. Whether this were so or whether the loss of his betrothed and his ailment were a coincidence was never settled. He was often seen on the beach at Newport wandering about aimlessly or sitting on one spot looking out on the water. This continued till he was an old man, and in the town in which he lived a few residents of other places began to build cottages for summer residences.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XII.—Second Quarter, For June 18, 1916.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xvi, 19-34. Memory Verses, 33, 34—Golden Text, Acts xvi, 31—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

In verses 16-18 of our lesson chapter we read of an evil spirit possessing a woman who, as she followed Paul and his friends, cried out, "These men are the servants of the Most High God, who show unto us the way of salvation." She continued to do this many days, but Paul, being grieved by even so good and true a testimony from such a source and knowing her to be controlled by an evil spirit, commanded the spirit to come out of her in the name of Jesus Christ, and he did. It was certainly strange to hear such a testimony from such a source, but an evil spirit in the synagogue at Capernaum one day when Jesus was present cried out, "I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God!" And Jesus commanded the spirit to come out of the man (Mark i, 23-26).

Truth may be talked without being known in the heart, but the Lord reads the heart and does not want testimony from His enemies. Knowing the truth about the Lord Jesus does not save any one, yet it may be that many think they are saved because they believe that Jesus lived and died and rose again and that He is the Son of God. But it is he that hath the Son of God that hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life. Only such as receive Him become children of God (1 John v, 12; John i, 12).

When those who employed this woman and made money by her saw that this source of income was taken from them they incited a riot against Paul and Silas and had them beaten and cast into prison, and the jailer, having received a charge to keep them safely, put them in the inner prison and made their feet fast in the stocks (verses 19-24). There are some things right on the surface of this record, and one is that people are apt to grow very angry if they are making money wrongfully and their business is interfered with. Compare the riot of the silversmiths at Ephesus in chapter xix, and then think of the opposition of the liquor dealers and all who dishonor Jesus Christ to the work and teaching of Rev. William Sunday and all true evangelists; also the opposition of those who profit by graft to those who desire righteousness.

Then notice that if you won't let the devil help you he will take pains to show you how he can hate you and persecute you. Compare in Ezra iv, 1-5, the decided opposition of those who were not permitted to help in the work. There are still those who are ready to help in many a good work if they may belong to the devil while they do it. But if asked to renounce the devil and to receive the Lord Jesus and put their trust in His great sacrifice as the Son of God, then one is apt to witness the enmity of the carnal mind against God.

How grand was the victory of faith in these men of God, who, with sore and bleeding backs and feet in the stocks, could praise the God whose they were and whom they served and talk with Him in heaven from their prison! Not only did the other prisoners hear them praising God, but they were heard in heaven, and suddenly the earth was shaken, and the prison, too; prison doors were opened and every one's bonds loosed (verses 25, 26). Oh, how great and wonderful is our God, the God of Israel, who only doest wonders! (Ps. lxxii, 18, 19.) As some one has said, these men had not influence enough on earth at Philippi to save them from this shameful treatment (1 Thess. ii, 2) and from prison, but they had influence enough in heaven to shake the earth. It was midnight when they prayed and sang praises, but the God of Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps; He watches over His people night and day (Ps. cxxi, 4; Isa. xxxvii, 3).

Not only was the prison shaken, but the keeper was so shaken when he saw the prison doors open that he would have killed himself if Paul had not cried out, "Do thyself no harm, for we are all here!" He was shaken deep down in his soul, too, for, falling down trembling before Paul and Silas, he brought them out and said, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" Then did Paul at this unexpected midnight service speak to him and to his house the word of the Lord, and they believed—that is, they received the Lord Jesus Christ—and, being saved, they confessed Christ in baptism and were all filled with rejoicing. The second saved household at Philippi (verses 14, 15, 27-34).

Reading of saved households, I always think of the Lord's word to Noah, "Come thou and all thy house," and I find great encouragement to believe that the Lord still loves to save households. It would seem that before the baptism those poor scarred backs were made more comfortable, and then what a love feast they must have had in the jailer's house, and what joy there was in heaven as well as on earth! Next morning those who had imprisoned the apostles wanted to let them go privately, but Paul insisted upon a public acquittal, which was granted them, and after a call upon Lydia they departed.

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