

Sunday Reading.

By taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior.

Adversity is the trial of principle; without it, a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not.

Be loving, and you will never want for love; be humble, and you will never want for guiding.

Life is a battle. From its earliest dawn to its latest breath we are struggling with something.

The worst enemy which the church has in this world is the open saloons. The saloons of to-day are doing more to empty Sabbath-schools and paralyze the church in her efforts to make the world better, than all other agencies combined.—*Lever.*

He that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with others or with himself. Constant success shows us but one side of the world, for as it surrounds us with friends who will tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone we can learn our defects.

Life is not so very different, as one might think, east or west, in country or in city. Anywhere a man may be a gentleman if he will. Anywhere one may do honest, faithful work, if he will. Anywhere one may live a pure and noble life, doing good, if he will, and these are the works of a man.

The true use of Sunday morally is to spend it reviving one's moral consciousness or conscience. There is a portion of our nature that is dwarfed six days. Sometimes it is dwarfed by selfishness, sometimes by solitude, again by evading our family kindness and filial or parental affection. Sunday should be the restoring day for man's self respect, the rest-day for his more enslaved faculties, the joy day of his week.

HOW TO ENJOY LIFE.—Avoid all boastings and exaggerations, backbiting, abuse, and evil-speaking, slang phrases, and oaths in conversation; depreciate no man's qualities, and accept hospitalities of the humblest kind in a hearty and appreciative manner; avoid giving offense, and, if you do offend, have the manliness to apologize; infuse as much elegance as possible into your thoughts as well as your actions; and, as you avoid vulgarities, you will increase the enjoyment of life, and grow in the respect of others.

THE IRREVERENCE OF THE AGE.—In his sermon last Sunday, Mr. Talmage spoke from Isaiah vi., part of verse 2, describing the glory of the seraphim. He deplored the irreverence of this age toward parents, and toward serious and sacred things. "It is the finite confronting the infinite; it is like a tack-hammer trying to break a thunderbolt," he said. "Don't be flippant about God; don't joke about death; don't make fun of the Bible; don't deride eternity. The brightest and mightiest of angels take no familiarities with God."

Whatever advantage we may possess over others, we should not permit it to make us vain, or to fill us with self-conceit. "Pride," we are told, "goeth before a fall," and is indeed often one of the principal causes which leads to that end. It naturally excites the envy and opposition of others, and necessarily leads to trouble. Little minds are puffed up with a sense of their greatness and importance, but the truly wise and good are always humble and unassuming. Our true wisdom is to cultivate a spirit of humility under the most prosperous circumstances. We should never permit our present attainments, nor the prospect of future advancement, to make us vain. God can easily humble our pride, and make us feel how little we are.

"In our midnight explorations we saw that all the scenes of wickedness were under the enchantment of the wine cup. That was what flushed the cheeks of patrons who came in. That was what staggered the steps of patrons as they went out. The officers of the law tell us that nearly all the men who go into the shambles of death, go in intoxicated—the mental and spiritual abolished for the time that the brute may triumph. Tell me that a young man drinks and I know the whole story. If he becomes a captive of the wine cup, he will become a captive of all other vices. No one ever knows drunkenness alone; that is the carrion crow that goes in a flock, when you see that beak ahead you may know the others are coming. In other words the wine cup unbalances and dethrones the better judgment, and leaves one the prey of all evil appetites that may choose to alight on the soul."—*Talmage.*

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.—Many are the illustrations of the truth that a great result may flow from an apparently trivial cause.

The following story well illustrates this truth. It is related by the distinguished Archibald Alexander, who was a professor in the theological seminary at Princeton. Dr. Alexander says,

In attending commencement at Dartmouth college, in 1801, I became acquainted with Rev. Dr. Packard, of Shelburne, Mass. In traveling with him on horseback down the Connecticut river, my horse became lame, and he invited me to go and spend a few weeks with him in his parish, so that my horse might recruit. I did so.

During my stay in Shelburne, there was an interesting work going on in the church. Many of the children and youth were influenced by it.

As Dr. Packard and myself were on morning walking along by a house he said to me—

"There, I wish you would go and talk with that chunk of a boy, who stands by the fence yonder."

I did so as faithfully as I could. I of course did not suppose that I should see or hear of the boy again.

Some years ago a stranger passed through Princeton, and called at my study. He said,

"You are Dr. Alexander; do you remember that you spent a few weeks in Shelburne, Mass., many years ago?"

"I do," said I.

"Do you remember, Dr. Packard asked you one morning to talk with a chunk of a boy that stood by the fence?"

"Why," said I, "the circumstances had long been forgotten, but I now recall it to mind."

"That chunk of a boy was myself. The words which you spoke to me were blessed to my spiritual good. I date my religious life back to that time."

The chunk of a boy who, as a man, thus confessed that his religious life was due to an apparently undesigned conversation, became one of the most distinguished ministers of the Presbyterian church in the United States.

Thus slight are the means which are often used for the accomplishment of great results in the kingdom of God.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters."

National Populations.

"If the various countries maintain their present rate of increase," says Mr. Gosselin, Secretary of Embassy at Berlin, "fifty years hence the United States will have a population of 190,000,000, Russia approximately 153,000,000, Germany 83,000,000, the United Kingdom 63,000,000, Austria-Hungary and Italy both 44,000,000, and France only 40,000,000. Germany has already in round numbers 7,500,000 more inhabitants than France; but in this reckoning Algeria is not taken into account." For war purposes, however, it is obvious that the balance is not so heavily against France, for whereas in Germany there only 965 males to every thousand females, in France there are 991. Germany has, therefore, only three and a half millions more than France.

Ought to Have a Wife that Can't Add.

It was on the Elevated Road the other morning. A man was seen to suddenly rise upward, look around on the seat, feel in his pockets, and grow excited over the loss of something or other. "Lost your wallet?" queried the man next to him. "No." "Had your watch taken?" "No." "Lost a roll of bills, perhaps?" "It's my check-book. I believe I left it at home. Dear, how careless I am!" "It might be worse," said the other, in a consoling tone. "I don't see how it could," growled the other. My wife will sit down and figure up the stubs, and when I go home to dinner it'll take a full hour to make her believe that 'incident' has anything to do with household expenses."

Couldn't get his Money.

He was a seedy and not over clean individual, and his breath was redolent of rum as he stopped and thus accosted a gentleman on the street yesterday: "Shay, mister, I want to borrow a dollar. Pay you to-morrow, sure pop, soon's I get a letter from New York. Ought to have my clothes full of money for I sent on to my partner in business—a prominent broker on Wall street—to send me on telegraphic order for a hundred and a half, but blamed telegraphers gone and struck and can't get nothin' through. Hard case, ain't it? and peculiar? but no fault of mine, you see. I'm square, but dashed blasted monopoly! What they want to paralyze business interests of country for? Well, 'bout that dollar. Where the thunder is that feller I was talkin' to? Gone! Well, that's a nice way to treat gen'l'm'n"—and he went off to work his newly-inspired scheme elsewhere.—*Boston Jou. na.*

A New Orleans paper says that dignity kills a picnic. But there is little chance for dignity with one of the party trying to kick some red ants out of his trousers' legs.

Agricultural.

Does Truck-Farming Pay?

Let not farmers be disturbed by the fears of some that truck-farming will not pay. Those who expect to make sudden fortunes by it may be disappointed, and as a considerable number of men at all trades become impatient and disgusted if their losses fail to respond promptly to their loose half-hand summons, it is very likely that some of them in like manner will retire from the truck farms. Nobody has advised the farmers to drop everything else and go to truck-farming, but to diversify with truck, and thus increase the probability of profit. Truck-farming compels the adoption of the "intensive" system of farming, and it thus pays by enriching the soil for other crops that may be planted after the truck is gathered. It gives the family an abundance of early vegetables, and thus pays by saving more costly articles of food, and as such early productions may enter great markets in the countries where they cannot be produced at that season, is wholly unreasonable, nay, nonsensical, to argue that it will not pay to send them there. Let farmers go on learning how to prepare the soil, how to cultivate, how to pack and ship, what varieties to plant, how to market, in a word how to produce at the lowest practical cost, and results will take care of the profits.

Feeding for Quality and Yield.

A writer of the *Country Gentleman* has the following to say regarding the feeding of dairy cows for quality and yield: "To produce first-class gilt-edge butter from a herd of Jersey cows, the food must be pure and wholesome at all times. Weeds in pastures or hay destroy the fine flavor of the butter. Rag weed and others are as injurious in a manner as wild onions. The next great point is cleanliness, commencing at the yards and stables, and ending with the finishing of the butter. To wet a cow's teats while milking is a filthy practice, and should never be tolerated. If these rules are strictly adhered to and the modern dairy fixtures employed, the result will be satisfactory. If it is not, then the dairy maid has neglected something, or she does not understand the business. I have noticed in your valuable paper the statement of a correspondent that if a cow yields a large amount of butter it will be of an inferior quality on account of the large quantity of food required to produce it. I assert that to be a delusion. Take, for instance, Mr. Darling's young cow Bomba, now admitted to be the queen of her family, and full sister to F. M. Carry's young bull, Trailer, who, from all present indications, is destined to be the coming bull and king of the Rieter-Violet-Alpha family. Bomba was not overfed during her official test. To make a cow pay give her a variety of good food of a bulky nature, as much as you can get her to eat up clean, with plenty of pure water to drink, and not allow her to be beaten, worried or excited; and you may be assured that the food will not injure the quality of her butter. Any practical man knows, when testing a cow, that if he overfeeds her she will surely go off her feet inside of three days, and probably be sick from indigestion. That ends the test until she recovers her health. It is sheer folly to try to force a sixteen or eighteen pound cow to yield twenty-one pounds of butter in seven days. There is no food known to dairymen that will do it."

Farm Notes.

One of the best crosses between fowls is the mating of a Houdan cock and a Brahma hen, which produces not only an unusually large fowl but also an excellent class of laying hens. The cross also combines hardness, early maturity and quick feathering.

Samuel Miller, of Missouri, to the end of increasing the crops of potatoes when seed is new and high-priced, plants the tubers in boxes early by a stove and starts the sprouts, and when three inches in height they are removed and set out, and the operation continued several times.

Experiments at the Canadian Model Farm show that a cow previous to calving should be confined to a straw and hay diet and completely dried off; that the milking periods should be only once a day for awhile, then once in two days, and prolonging the intervals as long as it is safe to do so.

At a recent meeting of the South Haven and Casco Pomological Society Mr. Joseph Lannin related the following curious incident: Early in the evening, fearing a frost might injure his Niagara grapes, they gathered everything available to cover them; the result was that every vine covered with white cloth had all the buds killed, while those that were covered with dark cloth and those not covered at all were not injured in the least.

Hawks have a partiality for a tall pole, from whence they can survey the field before seizing their prey. The knowledge of this propensity of the hawk by the farmers sometimes induces them to erect poles at certain locations, at the top of which are fastened

steel spring traps, which close when the hawk alight on them.

Bees range to a great distance in search of honey. As fences are no protection against their raiding on neighboring fields bee-keeping is often practiced by those who have but little space, and the honey thus procured is nearly all clear profit, for but little assistance is required by bees in the shape of artificial food.

W. P. Atherton, in a paper on the care of fruit trees, read before a Maine horticultural society, told the following: "A farmer dismissed a hand because he set only nine trees in a day during his absence; the next day he set the balance of 100 himself. When they bore fruit, the nine set by the hired man proved to be more valuable than the ninety set by himself."

Garey Smith says in the *Inca Homestead*: "Three tons of hay or 100 bushels of corn, or one animal pastured per acre means plenty of manure. To make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, is more a matter of manure than brains, yet brain power may come to our aid in the work of putting the manure where it will do the most good."

The Kansas City *Live Stock Indicator* finds from assessors' reports that the crop of dogs is growing less in that State. In 1881 there were 144,104, while in 1882 there were only 129,328. That looks well for the sheep interests. But, unfortunately, the 1882 dogs, though in smaller numbers, killed more sheep than the 1881 dogs did. The smallness of the dog crop does not seem to work desirable results.

Aylesbury ducks have long been considered by most breeders of this class of fowls as standing at the head, all things being taken into account, and the best variety of ducks known. Their distinctive characteristics consist of a plumage of unspotted white, a pale, flesh-colored bill; a dark, prominent eye; orange legs, stately carriage, prolificness and excellent quality as market birds. The weight of the grown fowls averages, if properly fed, from ten to twelve pounds a pair (duck and drake). The ducks often weigh eight and ten pounds each. The ducks are prolific layers. Instances have been known where 300 eggs have been obtained from two ducks in one year, besides which one of them sat twice and the other once during the time, the three nests giving thirty young ducks. It is also claimed for Aylesbury ducks that their consumption of food is less than any other sorts, besides obtaining maturity at an early age as compared with common ducks, and being far more marketable from their superior appearance when plucked. The females are good sitters and excellent mothers.

The Toulouse goose is one of the most popular, on account of its size, early development, good laying quality and tender and well-flavored flesh. In color, the breast and abdomen are light gray; the back dark gray; the neck darker gray than the back; wings and abdomen shading off to white; under part of the body white. The skin of the breast and abdomen show a tendency to hang down in folds, nearly touching the ground. This detracts much from the market value of the breed, as it gives the impression of greater age than the goose may actually possess. The bill of the Toulouse goose is pale flesh color, and the legs and feet deep orange, inclined to red. It is easily fattened, sometimes reaching the enormous weight of fifty or sixty pounds to the pair, while its cross with the common goose is thought to be even larger than the pure breed. For breeding, only two or three geese should go with one Toulouse gander. The geese produce thirteen to fifteen eggs each. After the geese has sat a day or two, thirteen eggs should be given. The period of incubation is from twenty-eight to thirty days.

English Wealth Coming to America.

Of late years it has become the habit of wealthy English peers to own a considerable amount of property in the United States, and among others Lord Rosebery is now the possessor of a tremendous estate in Virginia, on which, an American gentleman tells me, the arrangements for making it productive are largely carried on. In looking over a "financial record" of the States, I also notice that the Duke of Sutherland holds five million dollars in their funds, Sir Thomas Brassey a like sum, and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, twenty millions.

No words can express how much the world owes to sorrow. Most of the Psalms were born in a wilderness, most of the Epistles were written in a prison. The greatest thoughts of the greatest thinkers have all passed through fire. The greatest poets have "learned in suffering what they taught in song." In bonds Bunyan lived the allegory that he afterward indited, and we may thank Bedford Jail for the "Pilgrim's Progress." Take comfort, afflicted Christian! When God is about to make pre-eminent use of a man, he puts him in the fire.

Family Photograph Album.

"This," the young lady said, "is the photograph of a young gentleman who used to pay attention to Aunt Martha. He was attending Lethered College when this picture was taken."

And he was a nice young man. His collar wanders out over his shoulders and his necktie looks like a roll of carpet with the ends fringed. His vest is a bowered pattern of velvet cut low in the neck. His coat is a Prince Albert, and his legs hang down from the vast embrace of its encircling tails, making him look like a double-tongued bell. His trousers are broad, and he leans on a large book in a very painful attitude. His hair is combed low on his forehead and high at the temples, thus displaying the broad sweep and comprehensive scope of two ears that flare with the unfolding spread of intellectual development. His brow is contracted with thought and the intense effort to look fixed at the impossible point indicated by the artist. The freckles on his nose do not show. They were kindly and carefully obliterated by the photographer, whose motto is: "Art, for art's sake," and who saw they were the only real and natural thing in the negative.

"And this," said the young lady, "is a photograph of Mrs. Thistlepod, an old friend of our family. I think I have heard it said that pa liked her, indeed, before he met ma. It is not a good photograph."

The young lady is correct. The execution is not a brilliant success. The bonnet which is massive and of a multiflora style of decoration is well outlined, and the massive bow of four-inch ribbon with which it is tied under the chin, is brought out in startling relief against the blank, oval-shaped space between it and the brow of the "bunnet," which is supposed to represent the placid features of "pa's" early fame. Crossed on her lap, in close focus, Mrs. Thistlepod's hands are magnified into the dimensions of small hams with fingers. This colossal effect is also rather emphasized by the too long fingers of the gloves. Mrs. Thistlepod is sitting so rigidly erect that you fear she has swallowed the head rest by mistake, instead of leaning against it, as she was told. The deadly weapon lying in her lap is sometimes mistaken for a policeman's billy. It is Mrs. Thistlepod's fan.

"And here," the young lady went on, "is Mr. Thistlepod. He is a very kind-hearted man."

I was glad she told me so. Mrs. Thistlepod had made her husband's shirts under the impression that he was a rapidly growing boy instead of a man of 47 years weighing already 172 pounds. The shirt boils and bubbles and wrinkles up out of his vest front. His collar stands up like the ear of a terrier on one side, but drops away in languid angularity on the other. His black necktie, after passing five times around his neck, is tied in a knot the secret hitch of which is only acquired by long years of actual practice in tying old-fashioned hamstrings. The coat he wears is the awful coat of the Sabbath day and Fourth of July, and the set of the fearful and wonderful pantaloons, all taut on the larboard tack, betrays the solitary suspender in all its loneliness. One knotted knee is crossed above the other, and the suspended foot hangs out in the air like the coffin of Mahomet. His trousers crawl up the rigid legs of his boots.

In one hand, with the arm still fixed in the frozen agony of the acute angle at which the artist set it, he holds a stovepipe hat with a level brim, with the intensity of a despairing man who will only loose his vise-like grip upon that hat with death. The other arm has been lashed across his body, and the extended fingers driven between his vest and coat with a sledge hammer. You cannot see the tenpenny nails which pin this arm to its place but you know they are there. Mr. Thistlepod's hair is combed straight out from his head in both directions from any point of view. His lips are set, and his eyes glare with the jaundiced expression of a man who has just been given the pleasant alternative of having his tooth pulled or the boil on the back of his neck lanced, as the only cure for the felon on his thumb. In all the agony of his face you can read murder in his heart and the beholder is glad to have the pretty young lady's word for it, that Mr. Thistlepod is a kind-hearted man.

"And this," the young lady said, pitching her voice in a little lower key, while a faint color mantled her cheeks, this is George Stevenson."

I knew by her voice and manner that George Stevenson was the most important man in that album, but her father came in just then to take me to the train and I had only a brief glance at George Stevenson. His collar was very high and very wide open at the throat. His curling hair curled as never hair curls outside of a country village. It climbed up on top of itself in billows of curls like pine shavings; it clustered over his brow in rings and hooks and

scrolls and not even the art of the all-disguising photographer could hide the glistening of the perfumed bear's oil wherewith those twining locks were anointed. His right hand rested on his hip; his left held his cane; his legs crossed. The expression of his face was stern, as a man born to command.

His profession was clerk in a hide and leather store. His mustache curled up to meet his hair. A bouquet bloomed in the lapel of his coat. The ring on his finger had a set as large as an acorn and the pin in his scarf looked like a champagne cork. I glanced in through the sitting-room window as I drove away with her father, and the young lady was still looking with tender interest at the picture of George Stevenson.

Railway Rumbblings.

The earnings of the Manitoba railroad for the second week in August, 1883, were \$151,500; do. 1882, \$202,200; decrease, \$50,700.

The earnings of the Shenandoah Valley railroad from August 1 to 17, 1883, inclusive, were \$48,338; ditto 1882, \$29,256; increase, \$19,082.

Mr. Cyrus W. Field says that the earnings of the Manhattan Elevated railroad are from 15 to 20 per cent. higher than last year, and that each week's receipts show an increase.

The approximate receipts of the Cincinnati Southern railroad for fourteen days ending August 14, from freight and passenger business, amount to \$103,565.69; ditto 1882, \$91,263.35; increase, \$12,312.34.

London mail advices report that the recent attack on Grand Trunk shares in that market was due to the threat of an injunction on behalf of a Mr. Adams, a stockholder in the Great Western Company, and a committee of shareholders, should the directors of the United undertakings attempt to apply the reserve of the Great Western Company toward the payment of dividends.

The approximate earnings of the Norfolk and Western Railroad from August 1 to 14, 1883, inclusive, were \$93,342; do. 1882, \$82,664; increase, \$10,678. The new river division was opened for business on May 21, and the daily earnings accruing therefrom are included in the above statement. From August 1 to 18 inclusive there were moved on the division 649 loaded cars, of which 443 were coal and coke same period last month, 382; increase over last month, 267.

A meeting of the Trunk Line Committee, passenger department, has been called to consider the emigrant business and the attitude of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad in relation to all kinds of passenger business. The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western still remains outside the pool, and it is alleged, though professing to work with the pool, it is building up business by a systematic rate cutting. An attempt is to be made by the trunk lines to meet Lackawanna rates on emigrant business.

They Struck.

A teacher finding it difficult to obtain the prompt attendance of the boys in her class resolved to adopt a plan which she felt sure would be successful. She said to the boys:

"Now, I will give a bright penny to each one who will be in their places every Sunday."

The plan seemed to work well until one Sunday not a boy appeared in his place. The teacher was surprised and somewhat discouraged that her plan had not succeeded. But the next day, while walking down the street and thinking what to do next, she met one of the boys and said to him:

"Well, Johnnie, where were you yesterday?"

"At home, mum."

"But why did you and the other boys not come to Sunday-school and get your pennies?"

"Oh, teacher, cause we've struck; we won't come for less than two cents now."—*Exchange.*

Odd Fun.

A few nights ago Mr. Gilbert, the actor, was standing at the gate of his house with his hat off. He had, in fact, seen some ladies to their carriage; they had driven off and he remained standing on the sidewalk, enjoying the cool of the evening. Out of a neighboring house where he had been dining stepped a gentleman, who after walking a few paces, became aware of Mr. Gilbert, whom he mistook for the butler of the establishment. Addressing him at once, with an air of polite superiority, he said: "Will you call me a hansom cab?" "Certainly," replied Mr. Gilbert, "you are a Hansom cab." This odd bit of fun reminds me of poor Frank Talpud's famous reply to the man who, seeing him on a bitter night without a wrap, said: "Why, Talpud, you never wear an overcoat!" "No," replied Talpud, "I never was."