

Religious.

A holy life is a voice; it speaks when the tongue is silent, and is either a constant attraction or a perpetual reproof.

Let all your words be full of truth,
Let kindly feelings reign;
Do good to all, and let your smiles
Leave blessings in their train.
If Satan seeks by winsome wiles
To fill your life with woe,
Oh! heed him not, but turn away,
And boldly answer, No!

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
but riches, fineless, is as poor as winter to him who fears he ever will be poor.

"O deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
For God, who pities man, hath shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

"The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears,
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years."

The Gospel of Work.

This was the gospel of the first century. "We read of the 'Acts of the Apostles'; the work of faith and labor of love;" and are told to "work out our own salvation."

The gospel has more to do than just to get individuals souls to heaven. It is to rear a christian civilization, to build up righteousness in the earth, to redeem society from the evils that prey upon it from the heart of humanity the burden under which "the whole creation groans and travails in pain."

Our view of the "kingdom of God" is too meagre if we do not take in all this. And how much the hand has to do in bringing this to pass! We need converted hands, consecrated hands, as well as hearts.

Some of you, brethren, think you have very little talent to talk; a very poor gift at prayer; and so it may be. But God has given you two good strong hands. Use them for him. The gospel of the hand is as scriptural as the gospel of the heart; the gospel of work is as orthodox as that of prayer. Without the two together the world has no gospel at all. The bible order is to pray out your work, and then to work out your prayers. So the psalmist prayed: "Establish thou the work of our hands upon us, yea the work of our hands establish thou it."

An honest, manly, womanly work in which you can make yourself useful to your fellow-men—earning bread for your family, if you have one; training your children in various ways; cooking, mending, washing for them; as a christian mother;—there's the gospel of the hand.

And how Christ preached this gospel in the shop at Nazareth! And so can you in your shop, too. Why not? Your saw, your auger, your plane, your hammer, your hoe and plow and yard-stick and scales may be just as consecrated instruments of religion as those which Jesus used when he worked in the carpenter's shop; and be just as truly devotional as your bible or hymn book. People get a notion that religion is something connected with churches, and what are called religious exercises; and that is all. It is a great misleading, fundamental error, propagated by "the father of lies," and which the whole life of Christ ought to explode.

Of course, mere work is not religion. But work inspired, enthused by the love of God and the Spirit of Christ and "good will to man"—this is religion; the kind the world needs most, and out of which its regeneration is to come. Christian love and loyalty and principle put into the gospel of the hand.

Reflections on Death.

The following lines are an extract taken from a letter recently written by Col. Ingersoll from Long Beach to a personal friend who had suffered a bereavement in the death of his mother:

"After all there is something tenderly appropriate in the serene death of the old. Nothing is more touching than the death of the young, the strong. But when the duties of life have all been nobly done—when the sun touches the horizon, when the purple twilight falls upon the present, the past and the future—when memory with dim eyes can scarcely spell the records of the vanished days—then, surrounded by kindred and by friends death comes like a strain of music. The day has been long, the road weary, and we gladly stop at the inn.

"Life is a shadowy, strange and winding road, on which we travel for a little way—a few short steps, just from the cradle, with its lullaby of love, to the low and quiet wayside inn, where all at last must sleep, and where the only salutation is 'Good night.'"

"Nearly forty-eight years ago, under the snow in the little town of Cazenovia, my poor mother was buried. I was but two years old. I remember her as she looked in death. That sweet, cold ace has kept my heart warm through these years."

Men who are themselves imperfect, ought to bear with patience the imperfections of others.

For Our Youth.

FRUITS RIPE AND GREEN.

Apple green,
Boy same,
Eating soon,
Walketh lame.

Curlew lower,
Pain immense,
On the floor,
Prostrate, tense.

Papa cometh,
Canech boy,
Mamma runneth,
For a toy.

Telephone call,
For Doctor Screw,
Doctor cometh,
P. D. Q.

Brisk confication,
Urchin hollers,
Hot application,
Fee, three dollars.

ENVOY.

For the children, Heaven sent thee,
Fruits a kind of new nepenthe.
They'll eschew unripened dummies,
If you cater to their "ummies."
Buy them ripe fruit as you "orter,"
"Peaches, all ripe, three quarts for a quart."

—Life.

Little Harry had been told not to bathe in the mill-pond; but as he was climbing over the fence back of his house he saw other boys in bathing, and the temptation was too much for him. He was careful however, to keep his head dry, so as not to arouse suspicion when he returned to his mother. But she immediately taxed him with having disobeyed her. "Why, mother," said he, taking off his hat, "look at my hair; it would be wet if I had been swimmin'." "Yes, my son; but how comes your shirt wrong side out?" "Oh! why,"—faltering, then gleefully—"Oh, I turned that getting over the fence." "Oh, you did, did you? Well, then, one good turn deserves another." And the walls from little Harry told that he had been turned to a horizontal position.

ESOP REVISED.—HOW THE CANINE AND THE ROOSTER SECURED THE BULGE ON REYNARD.—A dog and a rooster who worked the Damon and Phytias racket were traveling together one summer, and finding no wayside inn en route wherein to rest at night, took up their abode on the soft side of a tree. The fowl flew readily to a leafy branch near the top, but the dog, remarking that "it was a heathen climb up there," laid down en route and slept the sleep of a democrat.

At early dawn the rooster waked and tooted his callope as only a rooster can. By his noise, which indeed was louder than the bark of the dog—or the tree for that matter—he attracted the attention of a fox, who was in search of his morning meal, and who viewed with delight the prospect of rooster on toast.

"Ah, my pretty bird," said he, "how useful you are. Will you come down and live with me, and be my own little alarm clock? Come down; it is raining; you'll get wet."

"Does it rain hard?" smiled the fowl.

"Don't move," said the fox. "A bird that will make such tough puns must, according to the proverb 'toughs from the tough,' be unfit for my purposes. Why, I believe you're so tough that if you were a hen you'd lay hard boiled eggs. You're a—"

Just then the dog awoke, and striking the fox on the collar button, sent him to his halo, thereby deducing the moral that it don't pay to vituperate a rooster.

"OLD RATTLEBONES."—A writer in the *Cottage Herald* tells the following story of how a thoughtful boy was punished for calling names:

A number of us school children were playing by the roadside one Saturday afternoon, when the stage-coach drew up to a neighboring tavern, and the passengers alighted. As usual, we gathered around to observe them. Among the number was an elderly man, with a cane, who got out with much difficulty, and when on the ground he walked in the most curious contortions and queer variations of gait. His feet turned one way, his knees another, and his whole body looked as though the different members were independent of each other, and every one was making motions to suit itself.

I unthinkingly shouted, "Look at old rattlebones!" while the poor man turned his head with an expression of pain which I can never forget. Just then to my surprise and extreme horror my father came around the corner, and immediately stepping up to the stranger shook his hand warmly, and assisted him to our house near by.

I could enjoy no more play that afternoon but, when tea time came, to my great relief the stranger did not recognize me, but remarked pleasantly to my father as he introduced me: "Such a fine boy was surely worth the saving!"

How the words cut me to the quick! My father had often told me the story of a friend who had plunged into the river, to save me, as I was drowning, when an infant, and who in con-

sequence of a cold then taken, had been made a cripple by inflammatory rheumatism; and this was the man I had made a butt of ridicule and a laughing stock for my companions!

The Wonders of Mexico.

There is a wonderful salt lake, situated 150 miles west of Albuquerque, in New Mexico, and about fifty miles from the Arizona line. The lake is located upon the top of a volcano mountain, and evidently occupies an extinct crater. It is, perhaps, three-quarters of a mile in diameter, and is so strongly impregnated with salt that the crust of pure white salt, of a spongy consistency, like floating ice, encrusts the margin. It is so plentiful that it is carried away by the wagon load. It has long been used by the Indians. The salt is white, of the purest quality and destitute of sand or any foreign ingredient. The texture is porous, like congealed white foam.

The most curious feature of this lake is a tall column or monument shaped formation, which rose up near the center to the height of 100 feet, and which appeared to be composed of white lava, thrown up by some ancient convulsion during some ancient period. The outside of this singular column is sloped from the base toward the top, and was rough enough to enable it to be ascended. On reaching the top of the cone the interior was found to be hollow like a tube, and at the bottom there was seen a circular pond of water with bright emerald green color in appearance, probably to be attributed to the sparse sun rays which penetrated the huge tube, and were reflected from the smooth, mirror-like surface of water. On the projecting sides of the interior of this bowl were found no incrustations of salt on the surface like that on the outside, but on thrusting the hand into the water and withdrawing it, the hand came out perfectly white from particles of salt that adhered to it. It was evidently a very strong brine.

There is also a desolate, arid plain, composed of lava, 100 miles in width, situated beyond the Organ mountains, so called because the basaltic columns rising up, as seen at a distance, resemble the pipes of an organ. The great plain beyond is about eight miles west of Las Cruces. It is entirely destitute of water, which has to be conveyed to the crossing this inhospitable waste. But the remarkable thing about this desert is an immense stratum of gypsum of semite of a pure white color, and when seen at a distance resembles a huge snow drift. The gypsum bed is several miles in extent, and is in sufficient abundance to furnish a supply for all purposes for which it is used, to the inhabitable globe. There are other remarkable physical appearances in the region mentioned scarcely known to the outside world. It is a scene of wonders.—*Las Vegas Optic.*

Table Fowl.

It is an admitted fact that the majority of the American people indulge too freely in pork as a meat food. And it is equally true that the major number of farmers and market poultrymen are very indifferent as to the quality of poultry flesh they send to market. One class of our poor people see nothing tempting in the poultry line to induce them to become lovers of chicken flesh and the other do not endeavor to produce a fowl that will be universally considered excellent for the table.

If we take any of the fancy bred varieties of poultry there is hardly one except the game, which is what may be considered a first-class table fowl. The Dorking, though having a national reputation, is almost tabooed from the poultryer's yard on account of being tender and difficult to rear in this country. The Asiatic, as now bred, carries enormous quantities of feathers, while their breasts are almost devoid of flesh, and present little more than a heap of bones when placed on the table, while their skins are terribly coarse.

The Plymouth Rock has been bred in the past few years above the natural size. This alone, if no other, would detract from the quality of its flesh. The Houdan is fast being changed, by those who breed them for exhibition, into an ornamental fowl. The Crevecoeur is also becoming a bird of plumage, and is difficult to raise. The Spanish will never answer for a table fowl as they are utterly useless for the rough wear and tear of the farmyard. The Hamburgs, Leghorns and Polish are too small for the food market, and do not take on fat kindly. Farmers could not be induced to breed them for table eggs only. We are therefore compelled to arrive at the conclusion that among the many varieties of poultry we have not yet succeeded in breeding one which may be considered a prime table fowl.—*American Poultry Journal.*

—Love laughs at locksmiths, but it never laughs at the latch of a front gate when pa was coming with a club.

Experiment in Feeding Pigs.

Last spring, at the Iowa Agricultural College, was tried an experiment which developed some points of interest. Six shotes were fed in two lots, one lot receiving only shelled corn, fifteen pounds per day, the other the same weight of corn meal moistened with water. After continuing the ration four weeks two pounds were taken from each ration and the place supplied with the same weight of oil meal. When whole corn and corn meal were fed alone the cost of pork per pound was 245 cents and 31-10 cents when the oil meal was added the cost was reduced to 2 cents and 21-5 cents in the corresponding lots. Corn is here valued at 35 cents, corn meal at 41 cents per bushel, and oil meal at 14 per pound. It was observed that the pigs would eat their mess of moistened meal in eight minutes, while it took the others twenty-two minutes to eat the shelled corn. In this experiment, with pork at \$6.65, corn meal fed to pigs returned \$1 per bushel and whole corn 93 cents.

This experiment points in the same direction as the one reported some weeks ago, that about feeding ensilage to fattening steers. It will be remembered that in this case the steers that were fed ensilage gained sixty-four pounds more than those fed hay. It is not to be inferred that this increased result is due to greater nutritive value of ensilage, but rather that the succulent ensilage had the effect of increasing the digestibility of the corn fed with it. It is a well-known fact that two animals will sometimes eat the same amount of grain, and the one will gain in flesh and the other not. In certain conditions of digestive organs the power to assimilate nutriment is so impaired that no more is used than just what is sufficient to keep up the ordinary operations of life. It seems highly probable that the increased gain in the pigs fed a small quantity of oil meal with their corn was due to the superior digestibility of the mixture over corn or corn meal alone.—*Nebraska Farmer.*

How Ideas Come.

A certain lawyer justifies his pet hobby, which is carpenter work, not merely by the healthy relaxation of nervous tension and exercise of muscle it brings him, but chiefly because he works out his legal problems, plane in hand. Old law reading comes back to him then, out-of-the-way recedents recur to mind, the very text of the law book is never so clearly before him as then. He has a glimpse of the column and page, and the very part of the page on which is some needed citation for which he would otherwise have long to seek. Nor is it only memory which works when he is half engrossed with the affairs of his handicraft. Original thought arise and ingenious devices and clever combinations take shape of themselves. The case works itself out, and mental labor is only pleasurable exertion, just as his amateur handiwork is. Hawthorne composed walking. Musicians are seized with ideas, and modern playwrights seize upon others' ideas at the most unexpected moment. Business men have been known to depend upon their meditations at dead of night for a sound review of the present and the forecast on which they base their plans. When we are hurried we long for rest, to "think over things" and decide rationally; but relieved from pressure we "think of nothing at all." Come the moment for action, we settle in three seconds the confusion of days, and, for good or ill results, our plans are at least clear. What is needed is not time nor will but rather the favorable moment when there is harmony. Then, like the electric message, thought is swift and sure. The idea which we have long waited for arrives not as the certain result of earnest thought, but as the reward of thought, just as honorable fame is the reward of noble deeds, but not the certain result of them.

A Prehistoric Giant.

Farmer Hannon of Barnard, Mo., found a shin bone protruding from the bank of a ravine cut by the heavy rains of the last few years. He began an investigation and succeeded in unearthing the skeleton of a human being who was twelve feet high when in full life. The thigh bones were thirty inches long and large in proportion. When the earth was removed the ribs stood up high enough to enable a man to crawl in and explore the interior of the skeleton, turn around and come out with ease. The first joint of the great toe, above the nail, was three inches long, and the entire foot eighteen inches in length. The skeleton lay on its face twenty feet below the surface of the ground, and the toes were imbedded in the earth, indicating that the body either fell or was placed there when the ground was soft. The left arm was passed around backward, the hand resting on the spinal column,

while the right arm was stretched out to the front and right.

Mme. Jenny Lind Goldsmith flatly denies, in the *London Press*, that she had any such interview as recently went the rounds of the English and American press, purporting to be the report of a conversation between herself and an American reporter. She pronounces the article a pure invention.

A Good Indian Robbed.

An Indian of the Piute tribe settled on a piece of land in an out-of-the-way corner, about forty miles from San Bernardino, Cal., on the head of Rock Creek, in a place where he found some water, and as he supposed was safe from intrusion. He built here for himself and squaw a little hut, carrying all the material on his back for the same, and fitting up quite a comfortable home. He worked for fifty cents a day and earned sufficient money to get some seed barley, and at infinite labor prepared his land and put in a crop and patiently worked and watched his growing crops, upon which he was depending for life. A short time since he went with his squaw to hunt down deer; he was gone but a short time, and upon his return he was confronted by a scoundrel who had jumped his little farm and stood in the door of his house with a pistol and threatened to shoot the owner if he dared to claim what by the most laborious toil he had made for himself. The unfortunate Indian was driven from his home by the scoundrel, robbed of everything he possessed on earth, and the fellow who was guilty of this outrage is now harvesting the grain which the poor Indian had produced by the hardest manual labor. If this outraged man appeals to the courts, there is no redress for him; if he does as a white man would do, and take justice into his own hands, then there would be an outcry against the savage race and a demand for their extermination.

Clips.

—11,368 acres in London parks.

—Wurtemberg, Germany, has over 600 breweries.

—Several new comic operas have recently been brought out in Europe.

—A "mysterious" disease is reported to be killing off a great many horses in Utah.

—A soda-water fountain in a Brooklyn candy store exploded a few days ago and broke the proprietor's arm.

—Silence is golden, and the modern philosopher observes three spherical sections of it over every pawnbroker's door.

—E. and W. Renshaw, who vanquished the Messrs. Clark at lawn tennis, at Wimbledon, are twin brothers.

—The Russian town of Yekaterinoslavskiyvitch, recently destroyed by a conflagration, is to be rebuilt on the old name, which was fireproof.

—The German Government, for the encouragement of electric lighting, has ordered the admission of Edison and Swan lamps on payment of nominal duties.

A New thing for a Guess.

It used to be the correct thing to guess on the weight of a hog at the agricultural show, and on the cake at the church fair, and later, folks have named their "futures" or the number of beans or pills in a glass jar, generally at a quarter a guess, with about a millionth chance of winning a sewing-machine or a cook-stove. Now the smart young man takes out a \$20 gold piece, and asks his friends how many dollars bills will balance it in the scales, and offers to treat any one who will guess within one hundred of the number. The thing was tried and the range of human judgment was never better illustrated. One clerk thought it would take 800 bills to counter-balance the gold coin, another 1000 and so on until everybody present had placed his judgment in jeopardy. The lowest guess was 350 bills. When the guesses were all recorded the double eagle was placed on the scales and nine dollar bills were counted into the other side until the beam went down with 34 in the tray.

Not Altogether.

"I have made it a rule through life," he said at a lunch table the other day to the man at his left, "never to meddle with another man's business." "That's right, perfectly right," was the reply. "But I see you have a new confidential clerk." "Yes sir, yes." He's a hard looking case. I've seen him drunk a dozen times, and I would not trust him out of my sight with a nickel. Took him out of charity, eh?" "Well, not altogether, you know. He happens to be my oldest son." Then there was a period of silence so painful that both wished some one would yell "fire!" to break it.

Cultivation of Tobacco.

There is some reason to apprehend white veins and piebald colors in neglected sheds of '83 Seedleaf. To avoid these blemishes visit your sheds daily, or often enough to know that the curing process is going on properly. There will be unavoidable variation of moisture in the shed during the day, of course, but the extremes of dry and brittle or wet and dripping leaf may be measurably avoided by soaking the ground in the bottom of the shed with water, when the season is dry, and leaving a space of six or eight inches open all around the bottom of the shed, all other openings being kept closed except the space above the plates on which the rafters rest. Too much moisture in sheds will produce houseburn; a lack of moisture will produce white veins. The whole secret of successful curing lies in preserving, as far as possible, a uniform degree of moisture in the sheds and in avoiding the extremes of drought and flood at all hazards.

Among growers of Seedleaf the opinion prevails that tobacco must go in and out of case frequently to cure well, but not a single good reason can be advanced in support of this theory. The curing process is not necessarily a fitful, halting, grasshopper movement. As a matter of fact such progress is disastrous in most seasons. Curing should be a gradual and uniform change, and when the season is unfavorable to a process of this sort artificial measures must be resorted to.—*Miami Bulletin.*

Interesting to Tobacco Men.

The tobacco division of the internal revenue bureau has made several interesting decisions in regard to the sale of tobacco and cigars. A dealer who does business on fair grounds must have his special tax stamp affixed to his stand and cannot send out persons to sell away from it without providing each such peddler with a separate stamp. Collector Routt, of Illinois, has been informed, in response to an inquiry, that a manufacturer cannot pack tobacco in any but the lawfully prescribed packages, but, after the tobacco is packed and stamped, it may be removed to another building and there placed in envelopes or other small packages for gratuitous distribution, but in case of delay in such repacking, evidence of its having been taken from duly stamped packages may be required. Some anxiety has been expressed by manufacturers whose districts have been changed under the consolidation scheme, in regard to their being required to give bond. The trade generally has been rendered quite unsettled by the uncertainty arising in regard to this question, and in response to an inquiry, the commissioner has had a circular letter addressed to the collectors in the several districts interested. The following is the effect of this letter: "It is not necessary to require a new bond to be filled by a cigar manufacturer if his present bond is good and sufficient. Neither the law nor the regulations require more than one surety to such a bond. After a cigar manufacturer has properly qualified by giving a good and sufficient bond and paying a special tax, it is not deemed good policy to require a new bond, or to interfere with his legal right to manufacture, unless there is reason to believe that his present bond has become defective or insufficient."

Comptroller Lawrence has rendered a decision to the effect that no claims for rebate on tobacco, cigar or cigarette stamps presented after June 30, 1883, can be entertained. He holds that the 60 days' grace granted from the date (May 1) that the law went into effect expired on June 30, and that any holders of stamps who neglected to present their claims until after that date must lose their benefits under the law. A large number were so received from distant districts, and the senders have been notified that their claims cannot be allowed.—*Phila. Tobacco Age.*

Of Interest to Tobaccoists.

The following information is of such interest to tobaccoists that we publish it in official form:—

U. S. INTERNAL REVENUE,
DEPUTY COLLECTOR'S OFFICE,
SIXTH DISTRICT, VA.,
LYNCHBURG, Sept. 1, 1883.

The tobacco manufacturers of the old Fifth District of Virginia, who have been consolidated with the Sixth District, Virginia, are hereby informed that no change will be made in the number of their factories.

The manufacturers will change their caution labels from the Fifth to Sixth District, Virginia.

JOHN S. WATSON,
Deputy Collector, Sixth District, Va.,
—Lynchburg Virginian.

—The Nashville iron furnaces have all been making money, many of them handsome profits.