REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

The Many Temptations Which Beset Young Men—Evils Resulting From Getting Into Debt—An Irreligious Life Always Destroys Young Men's Morals.

TEXT: "As an ox to the slaughter."—Proverbs vii., 22.

There is nothing in the voice or manner of the butcher to indicate to the ox that there is death ahead. The ox thinks he is going on to a rich pasture field of clover where all day long he will revel in the herbaceous luxuriance, but after awhile the men and the boys close in upon him with sticks and stones and shouting and drive him though bars and into a doorway, where he is fastened, and with well aimed stroke the ax fells him, and so the anticipation of the redolent pasture field is completely disappointed. So many a young man has been driven on by temptation to what he thought would be paradisiacal enjoyment, but after awhile influences with darker hue and swarthier arm close in upon him, and he finds that instead of making an excursion into a garden he has been driven "as an ox to the slaughter."

We are apt to blame young men for being destroyed when we ought to blame the influences that destroy them. Society slaughters a great many young men by the behest: "You must keep up appearances. Whatever be your salary, you must dress as well as others, you must give wine and brandy to as many friends, you must smoke as costly cigars, you must give as expensive entertainments and you must live in as fashionable a boarding house. If you haven't the money, borrow. If you can't borrow, make a false entry or subtract here and there a bill from a bundle of bank bills. You will only have to make the deception a little while. In a few months or in a year or two you can make it all right. Nobody will be hurt by it, nobody will be the wiser. You yourself will not be damaged." By that awful process 100,000 men have been slaughtered for time and slaughtered for eternity.

Suppose you borrow. There is nothing wrong about borrowing money. There is hardly a man who has not sometimes borrowed money. Vast estates have been built on a borrowed dollar. But there are two kinds of borrowed money, money borrowed for the purpose of starting or keeping up legitimate enterprise and expense and money borrowed to get that which you can do without. The first is right, the other is wrong. If you have money enough of your own to buy a coat, however plain, and then you borrow money for a dandy's outfit, you have taken the first revolution of the wheel down grade. Borrow for necessities; that may be well. Borrow for the luxuries; that tips your prospects over in the wrong direction.

The Bible distinctly says the borrower is servant of the lender. It is a bad state of things when you have to go down some other street to escape meeting some one whom you owe. If young men knew what is the despotism of being in debt, more of them would keep out of it. What did debt do for Lord Bacon, with a mind towering above the centuries? It induced him to take bribes and convict himself as a criminal before all ages. What did debt do for Walter Scott, broken hearted at Abbotsford? Kept him writing until his hand gave out in paralysis to keep the sheriff away from his pictures and statuary. Better for him if he had minded the maxim which he had chiseled over the fireplace at Abbotsford, "Waste not, want not."

The trouble is, my friends, that people do not understand the ethics of going in debt, and that if you purchase goods with no expectation of paying for them, or go into debts which you cannot meet, you steal just so much money. If I go into a grocer's store and I buy sugars and coffees and meats with no capacity to pay for them, and no intention of paying for them, I am more dishonest than if I go into the store, and when the grocer's face is turned the other way I fill my pockets with the articles of merchandise and carry off a ham. In the one case I take the merchant's time, and I take the time of his messenger to transfer the goods to my house, while in the other case I take none of the time of the merchant, and I wait upon myself, and I transfer the goods without any trouble to him. In other words, a sneak thief is not so bad as a man who contracts debts he never expects to pay.

Yet in all our cities there are families who move every May day to get into proximity to other grocers and meatshops and apothecaries. They owe everybody within half a mile of where they now live, and next May they will move into a distant part of the city, finding a new lot of victims. Meanwhile you, the honest family in the new house, are bothered day by day by the knocking at the door of disappointed bakers and butchers and dry goods dealers and newspaper carriers, and you are asked where your predecessor is. You do not know. It was arranged you should not know. Meanwhile your predecessor has gone to some distant part of the city, and the people who have anything to sell have sent their wagons and stopped there to solicit the "valuable" custom of the new neighbor, and he, the new neighbor, with great complacency and an air of affluence, orders the finest steaks and the highest priced sugars and the best of the canned fruits and perhaps all the newspapers. And the debts will keep on accumulating until he gets his goods on the 30th of next April in the furniture cart.

No wonder that so many of our merchants fail in business. They are swindled into bankruptcy by these wandering Arabs, these nomads of city life. They cheat the grocer out of the green apples which make them sick, the physician who attends them during their distress and the undertaker who fits them out for departure from the neighborhood where they owe everybody when they pay the debt of nature, the only debt they ever do pay.

Now our young men are coming up in this depraved state of commercial ethics, and I am solicitous about them. I want to warn them against being slaughtered on the sharp edges of debt. You want many things you have not, my young friends. You shall have them if you have patience and honesty and industry. Certain lines of conduct always lead out to certain successes.

There is a law which controls even those things that seem haphazard. I have been told by those who have observed that it is possible to calculate just how many letters will be sent to the dead letter office every year through misdirection; that it is possible to calculate just how many letters will be detained for lack of postage stamps through the forgetfulness of the senders, and that it is possible to tell just how many people will fall in the streets by slipping on an orange peel. In other words, there are no accidents. The most insignificant event you ever heard of is the link between two eternities—the eternity of the past and the eternity of the future. Head the right way, young man, and you will come out at the right goal.

Bring me a young man and tell me what his physical health is and what his mental caliber and what his habits, and I will tell you what will be his destiny for this world and his destiny for the world to come, and I will not make five inaccurate prophecies out of the 500. All this makes me solicitous in regard to young men, and I want to make them nervous in regard to the contraction of unpayable debts.

When a young man will rash and of choice, having the comforts of life, goes into the contraction of unpayable debts, he knows not into what he goes. The creditors get after the debtor, the pack of hounds in full cry, and alas for the reindeer. They jingle his doorbell before he gets up in the morning, they jingle his doorbell after he has gone to bed at night. They meet him as he comes off his front steps. They send him a postal card or a letter in curtest style, telling him to pay up. They attach his goods. They want cash or a note at thirty days or a note on demand. They call him a knave. They say he lies. They want him disciplined in the church. They want him turned out of the bank. They come at him from this side and from that side and from before and from behind and from above and from beneath, and he is insulted and gibbeted and sued and dunned and sworn at until he gets the nervous dyspepsia, gets neuralgia, gets liver complaint, gets heart disease, gets convulsive disorder, gets consumption.

Now he is dead, and you say, "Of course they will let him alone." Oh, no! Now they are watchful to see whether there are any unnecessary expenses at the obsequies, to see whether there is any useless handle on the casket, to see whether there is any surplus plait on the shroud, to see whether the hearse is costly or cheap, to see whether the flowers sent to the casket have been bought by the family or donated, to see in whose name the deed to the grave is made out. Then they ransack the bereft household, the books, the pictures, the carpets, the chairs, the sofa, the piano, the mattresses, the pillow on which he died. Cursed be debt! For the sake of your own happiness, for the sake of good morals, for the sake of your immortal soul, for God's sake, young man, as far as possible keep out of it!

But I think more young men are slaughtered through irreligion. Take away a young man's religion and you make him the prey of evil. We all know that the Bible is the only perfect system of morals. Now, if you want to destroy a young man's morals, take his Bible away. How will you do that? Well, you will caricature his reverence for the Scriptures, you will take all those incidents of the Bible which can be made mirth of—Jonah's whale, Sampson's foxes, Adam's rib. Then you will caricature eccentric Christians or inconsistent Christians. Then you will pass off as your own all those hackneyed arguments against Christianity which are as old as Tom Paine, as old as Voltaire, as old as sin. Now you have captured his Bible, and you have taken his strongest fortress. The way is comparatively clear, and all the gates of his soul are set open in invitation to the sins of earth and the sorrows of death, that they may come in and drive the stake for their encampment.

A steamer 1500 miles from shore, with broken rudder and lost compass, and hulk leaking fifty gallons the hour, is better off than a young man when you have robbed him of his Bible. Have you ever noticed how despicably mean it is to take away the world's Bible without proposing a substitute? It is meaner than coming to a sick man and steal his medicine, meaner than to come to a cripple and steal his crutch, meaner than to come to a pauper and steal his crust, meaner than to come to a poor man and burn his house down. It is the worst of all larcenies to steal the Bible which has been crutch and medicine and food and eternal home to so many. What a generous and magnanimous business infidelity has gone into—this splitting up of lifeboats and taking away of fire escapes and extinguishing of lighthouses! I come out and I say to such people, "What are you doing all this for?" "Oh," they say, "just for fun." It is such fun to see Christians try to hold on to their Bibles! Many of them have lost loved ones and have been told that there is a resurrection, and it is such fun to tell them there will be no resurrection! Many of them have believed that Christ came to carry the burdens and to heal the wounds of the world, and it is such fun to tell them they will have to be their own savior! Think of the meanest thing you ever heard of, then go down 1000 feet underneath it, and you will find yourself at the top of a stairs 100 miles long; go to the bottom of the stairs, and you will find a ladder 1000 miles long; then go to the foot of the ladder and look off a precipice half as far as from here to China, and you will find the headquarters of the meanness that would rob this world of its only comfort in life, its only peace in death and its only hope for immortality. Slaughter a young man's faith in God, and there is not much more left to slaughter.

Now what has become of the slaughtered? Well, some of them are in their father's or mother's house, broken down in health, waiting to die; others are in the hospital, others are in the cemetery, or, rather, their bodies are, for their souls have gone on to retribution. Not much prospect for a young man who started life with good health and good education and a Christian example set him, and opportunity of usefulness, who gathered all his treasures and put them in one box, and then dropped it into the sea.

Now, how is this wholesale slaughter to be stopped? There is not a person who is not interested in that question. The object of my sermon is to put a weapon in each of your hands for your own defense. Wait not for Young Men's Christian Associations to protect you or churches to protect you. Appealing to God for help, take care of yourself.

First, have a room somewhere that you can call your own. Whether it be the back parlor of a fashionable boarding house or a room in the fourth story of a cheap lodging I care not. Only have that one room your fortress. Let not the dissipater or unclean step over the threshold. If they come up the long flight of stairs and knock at the door, meet them face to face and kindly yet firmly refuse them admittance. Have a few family portraits on the wall, if you brought them with you from your country home. Have a Bible on the stand. If you can afford it and can play on one, have an instrument of music—harp or flute or cornet or melodeon or violin or piano. Every morning before you leave that room pray. Every night after you come home in that room pray. Make that room your Gibraltar, your Sevastopol, your Mount Zion. Let no bad book or newspaper come into that room any more than you would allow a cobra to coil on your table.

Take care of yourself. Nobody else will take care of you. Your help will not come up two or three or four flights of stairs; your help will come through the roof, down from heaven, from that God who in the 6000 years of the world's history never betrayed a young man who tried to be good and a Christian. Let me say in regard to your adverse worldly circumstances, in passing, that you are on a level now with those who are finally to succeed. Mark my words, young man, and think of it thirty years from now. You will find that those who thirty years from now are the millionaires of this country, who are the orators of the country, who are the poets of the country, who are the strong merchants of the country, who are the great philanthropists of the country—mightiest in church and State—are this morning on a level with you, not an inch above, and in straitened circumstances now.

There is no class of persons that so stir my sympathies as young men in great cities. Not quite enough salary to live on, and all the temptations that come from that deficit. Invited on all hands to drink, and their exhausted nervous system seeming to demand stimulus. Their religion caricatured by the most of the clerks in the store and most of the operatives in the factory. The rapids of temptation and death rushing against that young man forty miles the hour, and he in a frail boat headed up stream, with nothing but a broken oar to work with. Unless Almighty God help them they will go under.

Ah, when I told you to take care of yourself you misunderstood me if you thought I meant you are to depend upon human resolution, which may be dissolved in the foam of the wine cup or may be blown out with the first gust of temptation. Here is the helmet, the sword of the Lord God Almighty. Clothe yourself in that panoply, and you shall not be put to confusion. Sin pays well neither in this world nor the next, but right thinking and right believing and right acting will take you in safety through this life and in transport through the next.

I never shall forget a prayer I heard a young man make some fifteen years ago. It was a very short prayer, but it was a tremendous prayer: "O Lord, help us! We find it so very easy to do wrong and so hard to do right! Lord, help us!" That prayer, I warrant you, reached the ear of God and reached His heart. And there are 100 men who have found out—1000 young men, perhaps, who have found out—that very thing. It is so very easy to do wrong and so hard to do right.

I got a letter one day, only one paragraph, which I shall read:

"Having moved around somewhat, I have run across many young men of intelligence, ardent strivers after that will-o'-the-wisp—fortune—and of one of these I would speak. He was a young Englishman of twenty-three or twenty-four years, who came to New York, where he had no acquaintances, with barely sufficient to keep him a couple of weeks. He had been tenderly reared, perhaps I should say too tenderly, and was not used to earning his living and found it extremely difficult to get any position that he was capable of filling. After many vain efforts in this direction he found himself on a Sunday evening in Brooklyn, near your church, with about $3 left of his small capital. Providence seemed to lead him to your door, and he determined to go in and hear you. He told me his going to hear you that night was undoubtedly the turning point in his life, for when he went into your church he felt desperate, but while listening to your discourse his better nature got the mastery. I truly believe from what this young man told me that your sounding the depths of his heart that night alone brought him back to his God whom he was so near leaving."

That is the echo of multitudes. I am not preaching an abstraction, but a great reality. O friendless young man, O prodigal young man, O broken hearted young man, discouraged young man, wounded young man, I commend to you Christ this day, the best friend a man ever had. He meets you this morning. Despise not that emotion rising in your soul; it is divinely lifted. Look into the face of Christ. Lift one prayer to your father's God, to your mother's God, and this morning get the pardoning blessing. Now, while I speak, you are at the forks of the road, and this is the right road, and that is the wrong road, and I see you start on the right road.

One Sabbath morning at the close of the service I saw a gold watch of the world renowned and deeply lamented violinist, Ole Bull. You remember he died in his island home off the coast of Norway. That gold watch he had kept wound up day after day through his last illness, and then he said to his companion, "Now, I want to wind this watch as long as I can, and then when I am gone I want you to keep it wound up until it goes to my friend, Dr. Doremus, in New York, and then he will keep it wound up until his life is done, and then I want the watch to go to his young son, my especial favorite."

The great musician who more than any other artist had made the violin speak, and sing, and weep, and laugh, and triumph—for it seemed when he drew the bow across the strings as if all earth and heaven shivered in delighted sympathy—the great musician, in a room looking off upon the sea, and surrounded by his favorite instruments of music, closed his eyes in death. While all the world was mourning at his departure sixteen crowded steamers fell into line of funeral procession to carry his body to the mainland. There were 50,000 of his countrymen gathered in an amphitheater of the hills waiting to hear the eulogium, and it was said when the great orator of the day with stentorian voice began to speak the 50,000 people on the hillsides burst into tears. Oh, that was the close of a life that had done so much to make the world happy! But I have to tell you, young man, if you live right and die right, that was a tame scene compared with that which will greet you when from the galleries of heaven the 144,000 shall accord with Christ in crying, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!" And the influences that on earth you put in motion will go down from generation to generation, the influences you wound up handed to your children, and their influences wound up and handed to their children, until watch and clock are no more needed to mark the progress, because time itself shall be no longer.

HORSES WANTED IN ALASKA.

They Are Worth From $20 to $40 on the Klondike.

Cattlemen are buying horses for from $2 to $5 east of the Cascade Mountains in Washington and selling them readily for from $20 to $40 for Klondike packing purposes. The horses will be used to pack supplies over the mountain passes, and when they can be used no longer for packing purposes they will be driven to Dawson City and sold for dog meat at ten cents per pound.

For several years horses have been a drug on the market. Thousands of head have been bought at from $1 to $2.50 apiece and slaughtered and canned. This meat has sold freely in Japan and Europe, but on the Pacific coast canned horse is not salable. Several cattlemen have already cleared large sums on the sale of horses for the Klondike country. The Indian tribes of the coast ranges have also realized handsomely on the demand for good pack ponies.

JAPAN IS HARD UP.

Treasury Said to Be Seriously Embarrassed For Ready Money.

The Japanese Government is seriously embarrassed financially owing to the rapid pace at which the nation has been going since the war with China.

Civilization has necessitated increased expenditures in every direction, particularly in building railroads, telegraph lines, new Government buildings, improving harbors and strengthening the army and navy.

The treasury was not directly benefited by the big war indemnity paid by China, because it has been kept in England to pay for new war ships and armament. Owing to the increased expenditures during the past year all the Government's reserve funds are exhausted.

There is great need of rain in Korea, and the Governor has sent priests to the mountains to petition the gods for showers. It is certain large importations of grain will be necessary.

A WARNING TO THE GOLD SEEKERS.

Hardships Sure and Starvation For Many Almost Certain.

L. M. Turner, who has spent eleven years in Alaska and the Arctic regions in the employ of the Government, says in an interview: "It is about time to call a halt on this mad rush to the Klondike gold fields. Hundreds of men are going as far as they can, relying on others to help them. That help will be meagre enough and scores will certainly endure hardships that death alone will relieve. The transportation companies cannot possibly accommodate the number going by way of St. Michaels. The small river steamers will not afford room for one-third the number going by the route. The provisions will have to be furnished by the transportations companies, and two-thirds of the passengers will board at St. Michaels or along the Yukon, and they will not see Dawson City until next spring. Many of those who go by the way of Dyea will be compelled to winter at the headwaters of the Yukon."

Now Officially "Klondike."

It was officially decided by the Geological Survey, Washington, that in the future the name of the river on which the gold fields are located should be spelled with an i instead of y, as has been observed heretofore. The spelling has been more frequently Klondyke than Klondike, but the latter is now the correct way.

Crush of Office Seekers.

It has been found necessary to raise the floor of the White House lobby, which has been crushed down a distance of four inches by the swarming office seekers.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ON AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

Good Hog Pasture—Improved Grain Shock—Clearing Fence Corners—Preventing After Swarms, Etc., Etc.

GOOD HOG PASTURE.

At the Oklahoma experiment station a large quantity of excellent pasturage for hogs has been secured by sowing broadcast a mixture of Japan or soy beans, Kaffir and sorghum. The pigs evidently prefer the beans. The crop outgrowing the ability of the pigs to consume it, cows have been pastured on the plot to their great satisfaction.—New England Homestead.

IMPROVED GRAIN SHOCK.

According to a writer in the Farm Journal nine bundles of grain make a better "shock" than the old-fashioned dozen. Get up four in a cross, then four more, one in each of the spaces between two of the first four, and cap with the ninth, well broken, and the tops toward the prevailing wind. If well set, that is, each sheaf standing on its own bottom and thoroughly closed in at the top, such a shock will stand a stiff windstorm and a three days' rain without harm.

CLEARING FENCE CORNERS.

Nothing more clearly shows the painstaking and careful farmer than to have fence corners between fields or along the roadside kept free from weeds, grass or shrubs. As a rule all the old-time fence corners were kept scrupulously clean. A good deal of valuable hay was made from what the scythe reached in and cut there. But when the horse mower and the self-binding reaper came into use, it every year became harder to find anybody who could be hired to clear out the fence corners. The result was that the axe rather than the scythe was required, and the growth, instead of being restricted to fence corners, encroached each year more on the cultivated fields.—Boston Cultivator.

PREVENTING AFTER-SWARMS.

The best way to prevent after-swarms is to have all the bees that can fly go with the first swarm, and this is the way we manage it. Have all colonies strong, even if it should be necessary to double them up in spring, so that they will swarm at the beginning of the honey flow. Then hive the prime swarm on the old stand, removing the super, if any, from the parent hive to the swarm; then set the parent hive on top of the swarm's hive and allow it to remain there two or three days. All the young bees that have ever been out of the hive, when they come out, will go in below with the swarm. About the afternoon of the second day, if the weather has been favorable, the parent colony will have become so depleted of bees that they will give up swarming a second time, and will begin to carry out drone-brood. It is then safe to carry them to a new location; they will not swarm again, but will build up to a strong colony, and will store some fall honey and be a good colony to winter. In this way we get extra strong colonies that will store more honey than the two together would if the queen-cells had been cut out. Crowd the brood chamber with bees instead of contracting it.

FORCING CHICKS RAPIDLY.

One of the results of brooding chicks in the brooder is that they feather very rapidly, and the pullets mature much sooner than when they are hatched under hens and run at large. In fact, young pullets raised in brooders have been known to begin laying before they were four months old, even when but large enough to be sent to market. This is due to the forcing process practised. Those who feed young chicks heavily overlook the fact that they are kept very warm in the brooder-house, and they do not require as heavy feeding as if exposed to the cold. Young chicks always begin to feather as soon as they are two or three days old, which is weakening, but this is also due in many cases to the forcing process. Brahma and Cochin chicks do not feather so rapidly as some other kinds, but it is usually the case that quite a lot of the chicks perish from rapid feathering. There is no remedy to prevent this difficulty except to reduce the food and not feed oftener than three times a day, using meat and a little linseed meal and a proportion of bulky food. It is never necessary to force young chicks before they are eight weeks old, as they will lose more weight than they will gain, and there will also be less liability of loss of chicks.

CARE OF THE HORSE.

In cleaning up the stables remember the troughs and mangers.

Bad feet in the colt often ruin the value of an otherwise valuable horse.

The value of an old horse depends very largely upon his treatment while young.

Growing colts need plenty of exercise and good grooming to make a good growth.

Half blood horses may do well enough for work, but they should never be used for breeding.

Treat your horses as you would wish to be treated if you were dumb, and serving a master.

Look out for your horse's shoulders. No horse can do his duty with a sore shoulder, to say nothing of his suffering.

The feet and legs of horses used in the mud should have particular attention, or they will have "scratches" first thing you know.

Have all the parts of the harness soft and pliable, and well fitting to the animal. Treat well the noble servant of man and he will serve you faithfully.

When your colt is ten days' old commence to get it used to the halter. For this method you will find that he will be more easily led when you wean him.

The genealogy of a first class roadster shows many of them to have thoroughbred blood in their veins, it refines blood and muscle, quickens the locomotive force and gives them endurance.

BEST HOG FOR THE FARMER.

"Never buy a pig in a poke," we believe is still good advice, nor we we will add, ever give full credence to all that is told us when buying alleged thoroughbred stock, but ever hold a little mental reservation of doubt for safety's sake, as it were, says James I. Baird in an agricultural paper. Not that there are none strictly honest who deal in this line, but that there are so many not very scrupulous as regards exaggerating the facts in the case and who are usually more energetic in pushing forward their stock.

Now we have it from good authority, as we think, that nothing in the pig line is so questionable as the cant about thoroughbreds. Anway, our own, though limited, experience in the business verifies this. For after a short run with our thoroughbred stock we found it was not a fixed type, but rather the result of careful selection and skiliful management, and so very soon, our fine stock degenerated.

Most if not quite all of our modern breeds are only crosses, and promiscuos crossing and breeding from crosses, is simply taking the back track in breeding. And it does not take long in this way to get back to the original type. And, as just intimated, many of the so-called thoroughbreds are only well-selected models, skillfully pampered, and which will, without much care and skill, revert back to the most dominant type from whence derived.

Now, that which is best for the ordinary farmer is a hog that will yield good his qualities without so much care to prevent deterioration. Indeed it is not verity of pedigree so much—good as this is—as individual excellence, for even though there be but two pigs in a litter, one will prove better than the other even with the same care and keeping. None of our domestic animals are so easily moulded, perhaps, as the hog, hence, in breeding for a purpose, the swine raiser has at his command any qualities he may wish to perpetuate. And, hence, if sows usually bring large litters, the manufacturer of false pedigrees has every opportunity to accomplish his purpose with but little risk of detection.

However the pedigree, the hog that will pay the farmer best is the one that will convert surplus corn into meat, making the greatest number of pounds for the amount of corn consumed, and do it at the earliest age. Such a hog, we believe, is a cross between the Berkshire and the Poland-China. Many, however, give the preference to the latter breed; others again to the former, but from our own experience in the matter, we find that the better qualities of each are found united in the cross. There is an increase of frame and flesh from the Poland-China, and a finer grained quality of meat, which is from the Berkshire, and, perhaps, a little more energy and hardiness. A pig of this cross, slaughtered at the age of eight or ten months, will usually weigh from 200 to 250 pounds, besides the flesh will be of better quality, and of a fair admixture of fat and lean.

In running seed wheat through the fanning mill, give it sufficient wind to blow at least a fourth of the wheat over. This will get away with the lighter grains, large or small, while the screens, properly adjusted, will separate the small grains.

Every year we see a great deal of late-sown wheat that barely clears the clods or the drill marks before the winter sets in. This is bad policy. For best results the wheat should come up early to make a growth that will nearly or quite cover the ground. It is its own best winter protection when it does this.

At the South cow-peas make an excellent preparation for wheat. By plowing the ground deeply and well in spring, before sowing the peas, it will not require plowing in the fall, as a better seed-bed can be secured by the use of a disc and harrow. Peas, being legumes, serve the same purpose as clover in trapping the nitrogen of air.

POULTRY NOTES.

Burying grain usually does away with idle hens.

Healthy fowls pick up their food quickly and relish it.

Build your poultry house so that it can be easily cleaned.

One male to fifty hens, one breeder declares, is plenty.

Pepper is not food, but a stimulant, and must be fed carefully.

Ducks lay in the morning and should not be turned out too early.

Feed one ounce of ground green bone to each fowl every third day.

Young ducks eat more than chickens, but are of marketable size sooner.

Ground clam shells are excellent for layers, but chicks need ground bone.

Some pullets will begin to lay much earlier if males do not run with them.

Kill poultry by bleeding in the mouth or opening the veins in the neck.

Lice mites or bed bugs spoil many hatches by drawing the hen from the nest.

Keep sawdust out of the poultry pens. If the fowls eat it, it is likely to pack the crop.

If hens are kept in idleness, you may look out for feather pulling. Keep Biddy busy.

The Toulouse geese sometimes weigh sixty pounds to the pair and are the largest geese.

BEE HINTS.

Covers to hives should not leak, as it will prove very damaging to the bees. The cover to the hive, or rather the lid, should answer all the purposes of a roof, and no other covering is needed, hence the lid is the most important part, and should be well made and painted.

A set of combs that have been built by the bees with foundation, contain too much drone comb as a general thing, and in every case it should be gone through and the drone comb removed. In natural comb building bees do not do the most profitable thing thus, as it is their nature to increase rather than to store surplus honey.

Swarming is the rule with bees during good honey seasons, and if we do not prevent it our crop of honey will be small. On the other hand, if we keep down swarming and give the bees plenty of room, properly arranged, to store honey, the result will be a good honey crop. This can easily be accomplished by removing all queen cells the bees build preparatory to swarming.

Those who keep bees should acquaint themselves with the nature and habits of the same, so they can be successful with them. The loss of queens is perhaps the greatest loss that occurs with bees, and any one should be able to detect this loss by an examination of the interior of the hive. Usually the presence of brood is an indication of the presence of the queen, and when no brood is found it rather indicates that she is not there.

Fish as Food.

Fish is regarded by Sir Henry Thompson as in many cases a preferable food to meat. In Food and Feeding he thus expresses his views on the subject:

"For the sedentary man, whatever his calling in life, whose engagements permit only just that moderate amount of muscular exercise which is in all circumstances essential to health; for a great proportion of women whose habits mostly are not, and often cannot be active, the nutritive elements afforded by fish admirably supply an important part of the body's wants. The moderate amount of flesh-forming material present in fish, and in a form which entails little labor on the digestive organs (for most persons eat less fish than meat), and the facility with which fish may be associated with other elements—some fatty matters, with cereals and vegetables, as well as fruits—place it in the first rank of foods in that mixed dietary which is so suitable to those who lead more or less the kind of life referred to. I by no means say that it should supersede the use of meat altogether, although it may do sometimes with advantage—a point only to be determined in each individual instance after some observation and experiment. For in all cases it is to be remembered that no man who has habitually eaten meat two or three times daily can at once exchange it for fish and cereals or vegetables without some discomfort, to say the least. All radical changes in diet, even in the right direction, require to be gradually made. The stomach conforms slowly when long accustomed to deal with highly nitrogenized animal food, to the task of deriving from unaccustomed materials the support necessary to the body."

End of a Remarkable Romance.

A little, purring kitten rubbed herself last night in a friendly fashion against the great iron bars of the den of Old Paul, the Cincinnati Zoo's famed lion, of whom extreme age has made a pitiable show these many weeks. It was the kitten's way of coaxing Paul to come to say good night to her, for Paul and kittie were the best of friends. She was the only bit of outside life that Paul was ever friendly with.

Kittie has crept shyly up in front of the bars of the old lion's home every night for weeks, and when she mewed to him he came forward and put his great shaggy head as close to her as he could, and they caressed each other.

When kittie came last night and rubbed coaxingly against the bars and mewed softly, Paul just lay still, his head between his paws, and didn't notice her at all. Tiring of coaxing him, the faithful kittie stopped and looked at the noble, great fellow.

A keeper saw her do something that instinct never let her do before. She shyly crept through the big, black iron bars, and going in, caressed the great, bowed head in her most loving way. But there was no response. Then kittie slowly went away, and Paul slept the sleep that knows no waking.

Scores of people who had known the old lion for nearly twenty years had just been visiting him, and hosts of tiny children had tossed him kisses just as death was coming on. He died exactly as Superintendent Stephan a month ago said he would, "as if asleep, with his head between his paws."—New York Telegram.