

DOOR OF MERCY.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Says There Will Be Salvation for the Morally Shipwrecked.

Yield Not to the Force of Immoral Gravitation—Helplessness of Religion.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage depicts the struggle of a man who desires liberation from the enthrallment of evil and shows how he may be set free; text: Proverbs xxiii, 35: "When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again."

With an insight into human nature such as no other ever had, Solomon in these words is sketching the mental process of a man who has stepped aside from the path of rectitude and would like to return. "Wishing for something better, he says: 'When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again.' But seized upon by unradicated appetite and pushed down hill by his passions he cries out: 'Alas, and I will seek it yet again.'"

About a mile from Princeton, N. J., there is a skating pond. One winter day, when the ice was very thin, a farmer living near by warned the skaters of the peril of skating on the ice. They all took the warning except one young man. He, in the spirit of bravado, said, "Boys, one round more. He struck out on his skates, the ice broke and he fell. He was brought up. And in all matters of temptation and allurements it is not a prolongation that is proposed, but only just one more indulgence, just one more sin. Then comes the time when the body is one round more! "I will seek it yet again."

Our libraries are adorned with elegant literature addressed to young men, pointing out to them all the dangers and perils of life. Complete maps of the voyage of life—the shoals, the rocks, the quicksands. But suppose a young man is already shipwrecked, suppose he is already off the track, suppose he is already in the way how can he get back? That is a question that remains unanswered, and amid all the books of the libraries I find not one person I think of directing myself.

You compare what you are now with what you were three or four years ago, and are greatly disheartened. You are ready with every passion to give up and listen to a dispiriting prayer. "Be of good cheer! Your best days are yet to come. I offer you the hand of welcome and rescue. I put the silver trumpet of the gospel to my lips and blow out my own soul. 'Whoever will, let him come, and let him come now.' The church of God is ready to spread a banquet upon your return, and all the hierarchs of heaven fall in line of benediction procession over your redemption."

Years ago, and while yet Albert Barnes was living, I preached in his pulpit one night to the young men of Philadelphia. In the opening of my discourse I said: "O Lord, give me one soul to-night!" At the close of the service Mr. Barnes introduced a young man, saying, "This is the young man you prayed for."

So far as God may help me, I propose to show what are the obstacles to your return, and then how you are to surmount those obstacles. The first difficulty in the way of your return is the force of moral gravitation. Just as there is a natural force which brings down to earth anything you throw into the air, so there is a corresponding moral gravitation. I never shall forget a prayer I heard a young man make in the New York. With trembling voice and streaming eyes he said: "O God, Thou knowest how easy it is for me to do wrong and how hard it is for me to do right. Give me, O God, a fallen man knows not his own heart who has never felt the power of moral gravitation."

In your boyhood you had good associates and bad associates. Which most impressed you? During the last few years you have heard pure anecdotes and impure anecdotes. Which the easiest stuck to your memory? You had good habits and bad habits. To which did you cling more easily? But that moral gravitation may be resisted. Just as you may pick up anything from the earth and hold it in your hand toward heaven, just so, by the power of God's grace, a fallen man may pick up anything from the earth and hold it toward heaven, toward peace, toward pardon, toward salvation. The force of moral gravitation is in every one of us, but also power in God's grace to overcome that force.

The next thing in the way of your return is the power of evil habit. I know there are those who say it is very easy for them to give up evil habits. I cannot believe them. If it is so easy, why do you not give it up? The fact that it is hard to give it up, it is a very easy thing to sail down stream, the tide carrying you with great force, but suppose you turn the boat up stream—is it so easy then to row it? As long as we yield to the evil inclinations in our heart and to our bad habits we are sailing down stream, but the moment we try to turn we put our boat in the rapids just above Niagara and try to row up stream.

A physician tells his patient that he must quit the use of tobacco, as it is destroying his health. The man replies, "I can stop that habit easy enough." He quits the use of the weed. He goes around not knowing what to do with himself. He cannot sleep nights. It seems as if the world had turned upside down. He feels his business is going to ruin. Where he was kind and obliging he is scolding and angry. The company that characterized him has given way to a fretful restlessness, and he has become a complete idiot. What power is it that has rolled a way of woe over the earth and shaken a portent in the heavens? He has quit tobacco. After awhile he says: "I am going to do as I please; the doctor does not understand my case. I am going back to my old habit. And he returns. Everything assumes its usual composure. His business seems to brighten. The world becomes an attractive place to live in. His children, seeing the difference, hail the return of their father's genial disposition. What wave of color has dashed blue into the sky and greenness into the mountain foliage and the glow of sapphire into the sunset? What enchantment has lifted a world of beauty and joy on his soul? He has resumed tobacco."

The fact is we all know in our own experience that habit is a taskmaster. As long as we obey it, it does not chastise us. But let us resist it and we find that we are lashed with scorpion whips and bound with ship cable and thrown into the track of bone breaking juggernauts.

In Paris there is a sculptured representation of Bacchus, the god of revelry. He is riding on a panther at full leap. Oh, how suggestive. Let every one who is speeding on bad ways understand he is not riding a docile and well broken steed, but that he is riding a monster wild and bloodthirsty and going at a death leap.

I have also to say if a man wants to return from evil practices society religion is not the answer. The prodigal, wishing to return, tries to take some professor of religion by the hand. The professor of religion looks at him, looks at the faded apparel and the marks of dissipation and instead of giving him a firm grip of the hand offers him the tip end of the longer fingers

of the left hand, which is equal to striking a man in the face.

Oh, how few Christian people understand how much gospel there is in a good honest handshaking! Sometimes when you have left the need of encouragement and some Christian man has taken you by the hand have you not felt thrilling through every fiber of your body, mind and soul an encouragement that was just what you needed?

The prodigal, wishing to get into good society, enters a prayer meeting. Some good man without much sense greets him by saying: "Why are you here? You are about the last person that I expected to see in a prayer meeting. Well, the dying wish was saved, and there is hope for you." You do not know anything about this, unless you have learned that when a man tries to return from evil courses of conduct he runs against repulsions inaudible.

We say of some man, "He lives a block or two from the church, or half a mile from the church." In all our great cities there are men who are 5000 miles from the church—5000 miles of indifference between them and the house of God. The fact is we must keep our respectability though thousands perish. Christ sat with publicans and sinners, but if then came the house of God, we are with marks of dissipation upon him people are almost sure to put up their hands in horror, as much as to say, "Is it not shocking?"

These dainty, fastidious Christians in all our churches are going to get into heaven I do not know unless they have an especial train of cars cushioned and upholstered, each one a car to himself. They have not got with the great herd of publicans and sinners.

O ye who curl your lip of scorn on the fallen, I tell you plainly that if you had been surrounded by the same influences which you are sitting to-day among, you would have been as crooked and twisted and the refined and the Christian you might have been a crouching wretch in stable or ditch covered with filth and abandoned.

It is not because we are naturally any better, but because the mercy of God has protected us. Those that are brought up in Christian parentage should not be so hard on the fallen, that men are often hindered from returning by the fact that churches are anxious about their membership, too anxious about their denominations, they rush out when they see a man about to give up sin and turn to God and ask him how he is going to be baptized, whether by sprinkling or immersion, and what kind of a church he is going to join.

Ob, despise not parental anxiety! The time will come when you will have neither father nor mother, and you will go around the place where they used to be, and you will find them gone from the house and gone from the field and gone from the neighborhood. Cry as loud for forgiveness as you may over the mound in the churchyard, they cannot answer. Do not despair.

God pity the young man who has brought disgrace on his father's name! God pity the young man who has broken his mother's heart! Better that he had never been born, if he were the first hour of his life, instead of being said against the warm bosom of maternal tenderness, he had been confined and sepulchered.

There is no balm powerful enough to heal the heart of one who has brought parents to a sorrowful grave, and who wanders about through the dismal cemetery rending the air and wringing the hands and crying, "Mother! Mother!" Oh, that to-day, by all the memories of the past and by all the hopes of the future, you would yield your heart to God! May your father's God and your mother's God be your God forever!

This hour the door of mercy swings wide open. Heitate not a moment. In many a case hesitation is the loss of all. At the corner of a street I saw a tragedy. A young man evidently doubted as to which direction he had better take. His hat was lifted high enough so you could see he had an intelligent forehead. He had a stout chest and a robust development. Splendid young man! Cultured young man! Honored young man! Why did he stop there while so many were going up and down? The fact is that every young man has a good angel and a bad angel contending for the mastery of his spirit, and there were a good angel and a bad angel struggling with that young man's soul at the corner of the street. "Come along with me," said the good angel; "I will take you home. I will carry you wings over your pillow. I will lovingly escort you all through life under supernatural protection. I will bless every cup you drink out of, every couch you rest on, every doorway you enter. I will consecrate your tears when you weep, your sweat when you toil, and at the last I will hand over your grave into the hand of the bright angel of a Christian resurrection. He has been sent of the Lord to be your guardian spirit. Come with me, said the good angel in a voice of unearthly sympathy. It was music like that which drops from a lute of heaven when a seraph breathes on it.

"Oh, no," said the bad angel, "come with me. I have something better to offer. The wines I pour are from chalices of bewitching carousal. The dance I lead is a dance of voluptuousness with unrestrained indulgence. There is no God to frown upon the temples of sin where I worship. The skies are Italian. The paths I tread are through meadows daisied and primrosed. Come with me."

The young man hesitated at a time when hesitation was ruin, and the bad angel smote the good angel until it departed, spreading wings through the strait, upward and away until a door swung open in the sky, and forever the wings vanished. That was the turning point in that young man's history, for the good angel flows, he hesitated no longer, but started on a pathway which is beautiful at the end, but blasted at the last. The bad angel led the way through gate after gate, and at each gate the road became rougher and the sky more lurid, and what was peering through the gate slammed shut it came to with a jar that indicated it would never open. Past each portal there were a grinding of locks and a shoving of bolts, and the scenery on each side of the road was from gardens to deserts, and the June air became a cutting December blast and the bright wings of the bad angel turned to scabbled, and the fountains that at the start had tossed with wine poured forth bubbling tears of foaming blood. And on the right side of the road there was a serpent, and the man said to the bad angel, "What is that serpent?" And the answer was, "That is the serpent of stingy remorse." On the left side of the road there was a lion, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that lion?" The answer was, "That is the lion of all devouring despair." A vulture flew through the sky, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that vulture?" The answer was, "That is the vulture waiting for the carcasses of the slain."

And then the man said to the bad angel, "What does all this mean? I trusted in what you said at the street corner; I trusted it all. Why have you thus deceived me?" Then the last deception fell from the charmer and he said, "I was sent from the pit to destroy your soul. I watched my chance for many a long year. When you hesitated that night at the street corner I gained my triumph. Now you are here. Ha, ha! You are here! Come, now, let us fill the chalice and drink to darkness and woe and death! Hail, hail!"

Oh, young man, will the good angel sent forth by Christ or the bad angel sent forth by sin get the victory over you? Their wings are interlocked this moment above you, contending for your soul. The one above you, the eagle and condor fight in midsky. The hour decides eternal destinies.



WILL RINGLETS RETURN

The early Victorian fashions are slowly returning, writes a feminine contributor to the London Graphic. The low-cut dresses, the bell sleeves, the fichus, the peleries, the hair drawn over the ears and gathered low in the neck. Will ringlets come back, too? Our mothers loved those curious appendages, which framed the face, half hiding, half revealing it in the most coquettish manner possible. The poke bonnet, the ringlets which required constant attention, and which Becky Sharp shook back so archly, are surely unsuited to quick movements—the bicycled, the hockey field or the lightning drive on a motor car. Still, they may return.

CHINESE RIBBONS

Chinese ribbons, showing quaint symbols on gold and silver grounds, make fascinating belts and collars and can be found at the Oriental shops. Persian bands and Italian embroidery both promise to retain their hold, although no metal accessories will be used to the excess that was the case last year. An all-white bodice is the way a good investment. If it soils it can be readily and thoroughly cleaned. Worn with these rich toned ribbons it becomes exceedingly chic, and it is always well to remember, can be varied again and again. For immediate wear, deep, glowing orange, the shade that suggests autumn splendor, is eminently smart. Worn in bits upon a white waist, it is brilliantly effective as well as in the height of style.

PEARLS IN GREAT VOGUE.

The tremendous vogue and consequent high prices of pearls is the striking feature of the jewelry world to-day. Only a few weeks ago a pearl necklace sold for \$100,000.

The famous pearls of the Countess de Castiglione, who died in Paris last summer, brought a high price. Possibly the finest pearls in England are the celebrated Orloff pearls, which once were worn by an Empress and now belong to the American Duchess of Marlborough. Mrs. Bradley-Martin has some of the best pearls in England.

The vogue of the nouveau art jewelry has created an extraordinary demand for fresh water pearls, which are lavishly used in bizarre designs. America is furnishing the best of them. There was a time when England was famous for her fresh water pearls, but none is found in her rivers now.

THE NEWPORT STOOP.

A certain modification has been noted in the carriage feminine in fashionable circles. The body is carried at a different angle and military erectness is no longer the rule. Mademoiselle assumes the Newport stoop, which is certainly a graceful pose, quite far removed from lounging. It has something of the suavity and urbanity implied in the pose, an art of graceful concession to the guest whom one entertains. For want of a better name it is called the Newport stoop. The assumption implies a delicate compliment to one's companion, an air of solicitude for the entertainment of one's companions. It is the reverse of the old military or stiffly erect demeanor which was once considered a mode. This attitude was one of dignity, but rather aggressive in its assumption of self importance and of condescension to companions. Although the new deportment and carriage of the physique should not be exaggerated into the vulgarity of the "Grecian bend" of thirty or more years ago, it is, perhaps, a turn in that direction. It should not be burlesqued. Practice before a cheval glass and begin very gradually. The inclination of the body is not from the neck nor from the shoulders, but from the hips.

SOME DECEITFUL APPEARANCES.

"Isn't it strange," said the observant young woman, "that you never see a woman the back of whose head is beautiful, who has a pretty face? I don't know how many times I have seen women the back of whose heads were covered with pretty rippling, wavy masses of hair, dressed so delightfully that I have taken great pains to get a view of the face of the woman. Either old or noticeably plain. Perhaps pretty women are so pleased with the reflection of their faces in the mirror that they can't give the time to arrangement of the back of the head, or the plain woman may dislike so much to look at her face that she turns her attention to her hair, from which it is possible to bring about satisfactory results. But if you don't believe me, just notice, and see if it isn't the exception which proves the rule which a woman has a back head view which is attractive, and an equally pleasing face."—New York Times.

THE COAT OF WINTER.

It is not a subject of congratulation to most women that the three-quarter coat will be the coat of the winter. The majority of women are not tall and slender, and a three-quarter coat on any other figure spells a word that means the opposite of grace.

Except in fur the bellows will at last retire from its exalted position as first favorite, and the infinitely more becoming and cozy little coat, either very loose or with a small neatly fitting basque, has come to comfort us and, let it be whispered, improve our figures at the same time.

Another favorite is to be the Russian blouse in velvet—velvet with silk strappings and curious embroideries now and velvet with fur later on. With this coat alone shall we see tight cuffs though the sleeve above will be quite full, particularly at the elbow. Except in fur revers will have almost vanished, big collars will still hold their own, but in many cases our shoulders are to be displayed in the neatest possible lines.

FOR MAKING UP.

In plain materials there are plenty of serges, and some with herringbone

weaving in pastel shades, reps, chevrons, satin cashmires of all colors, light and dark, fancy chevrons with zebline effects on fancy weavings, as well as the plain, good cashmires always in demand, but now apparently returning to special favor.

Rich and soft are piano cloths, for which there is a universal demand in gray, violet and navy and other shades. They are so silky, soft and charming it is not wonderful they have had so great a following and are likely to continue it.

A WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE IN KLONDIKE.

We loaded our outfits into the boats, and at one o'clock pushed out across Linderman, which is seven miles long, and which connects with Bennett Lake by a river about half a mile in length. The water of which is shallow, and filled with large sharp rocks, necessitating the lining through of our boats. The men packed the goods around to the shore of Lake Bennett, and as I walked along the shore I came across a newly made grave with the following inscription, "J. Mathews, age 26." I learned that after losing his all on the summit he went back to Dyea, put his dollar into a second outfit, and tried to carry his loaded boat through this channel, when it was dashed to pieces on the rocks and everything lost. He was so discouraged after his second loss that he shot himself through the heart.

I gathered a few green boughs from the spruce trees near, placed them in the snow over his grave, and if I could have learned where his mother was would have sent her word, as she will be waiting and watching many weeks for mail from the Klondike, another lone watcher grieving for the absence of one who will never return.—Emma L. Kelly, in Lippincott's Magazine.

VALUE OF DRESSING WELL.

A few years ago a well-known teacher, who had founded and carried on for many years a successful school for girls in one of the Middle States, decided to retire. She looked about for a successor.

Many candidates were brought to her notice. The place was an important one. The emoluments were large, no school stood higher in the esteem of the public, and Mrs. Blank was anxious to find just the right woman for the place, says the Youth's Companion.

At last a woman offered to take the school who, apparently, had every qualification to carry it on with distinction. She was one of the most learned women in the country, she spoke half a dozen languages, and was witty and wise in them all, and she had a long and successful record as an educator.

But Mrs. Blank, after a brief interview, declined to consider as a candidate, and also refused to make known at the time her reason for the decision. Years afterward she said to a friend: "There was no doubt as to her scholarship or her ability to teach, but her gloves were soiled and one shoe had lost half of the buttons. Trifles you think made her unfit to be the guide of young girls. The woman, whatever her ability, who does not respect herself enough to be clean and neat will never command the respect of others."

The applicant never knew that her gaping glove and slovenly shoe cost her a place of ease and honor for life. A place of trust with a large salary was open to women in one of the public departments in Washington several years ago. One candidate brought the highest recommendation, but was dismissed promptly by the committee who had the power of appointment. She was glaringly dressed in the extreme of the fashion, with glittering jewels and nodding plumes.

"We want a working woman, not a cockatoo," said the chairman, after the absurdly dressed candidate had retired. Nothing shows sense or discretion more accurately in men or women than the way in which they dress. If they are at all correct in importance to their coats and gowns they are likely also to estimate the other factors of life at their just value.

GLEANINGS FROM THE SHOPS.

Wool and other knit gloves for heavy winter wear.

Large hats adorned by ribbon running in and out around the entire brim.

Beautiful matched sets consisting of hat, box and muff, and made of leathers, fur, etc.

Waists of more antique silk in light and striking colors.

Women's stock collars with four-hand ties attached; made of flannel.

Hats of all shapes and materials, trimmed with green parrots.

Prix seam suede gloves, showing white edges, for both men and women.

Beautiful hats of velvet trimmed with Irish point lace.

Flannel waists in a wide variety of colorings, with elaborately embroidered fronts.

Women's 36-inch tan coats made of handsome smooth cloth.

Women's heavy white gloves trimmed with gilt braid.

The new lines of lace-trimmed handkerchiefs in irregular shapes.

Fur capes, collars and boas in mink, sable, marten and a variety of other popular sorts.

A great variety of combinations in pearl and silver umbrellas handles.

Women's lace scarfs, to be tied as an automobile or in any other desired form.

Raglan mackintoshes, in black, tan, brown and green.



CORN FODDER AND HAY FOR STOCK.

It is difficult to make a proper comparison between corn fodder and hay, because the quality of either largely depends upon the curing. Bright, green corn fodder, shredded or cut fine, is superior to improperly cured hay, while good hay is far superior to corn fodder that was not cut down until the leaves turned yellow. If fodder is tender and juicy the animals will prefer the stalks to the leaves, as the stalks are rich in sugar, but much depends upon the stage of growth at which the stalks were harvested.

VALUE OF CORN STOVER.

The Maryland Experiment Station reports that by weighing the ears and stover of corn, and analyzing them, they found 1,530 pounds of digestible matter in the ears and 1,642 in the stover, or 112 pounds more of food in the stover than in the ear. Probably it was not so rich in percentage of protein as was the ear and grain, but it was certainly too valuable to be wasted, as it often is, where the corn sheds are not come in use. And, by the way, chemists say the lower part of the stalk is more nutritious than that above the ear.

EXCELLENT WINTER FEED.

Turnips and carrots make excellent winter food. For cattle they should be sliced with a root slicer, which does the work very rapidly. Even poultry can consume such foods when the materials are sliced. The way to prepare sliced roots is to sprinkle corn meal and bran over the mess and give it to the cattle or fowls at least once a day. The advantages are that such foods are succulent, easily digested, and afford a change from the usual dry rations. Ensilage should be given if there is a supply on hand, but the root crops will be found excellent, no matter what the other foods may be.

SELECTION OF THE GARDEN.

There should be upon the farm either a change in the location of the garden, putting the place used for that purpose into grass for a year or two to cleanse it not only of weeds, insect pests and fungous diseases, or such changes as will serve as a rotation of crops. It is true that many of the perennial crops, as rhubarb, asparagus, and the bush fruits, cannot be changed so often, but they need not be in the garden proper. There are often strips along the walls or by the side of the buildings that can be used for these plants, that are now given over to burdock and other weeds, that could be fitted for cultivation with a little labor, and are often by their location fertile, and would be well adapted to growing the fruits, or, indeed, anything else one might want to put there. Being near the house they would be convenient of access from the kitchen, and could receive the soap suds and other house slops to stimulate growth, while they would be handy when it was desired to gather a picking from them. And, indeed, the rhubarb, currants and other bush fruits would often do better if new plantations were set about once in three years and the old ones dug up when the new ones had reached full bearing.

UTILIZING BEESWAX FOR PROFIT.

I take all the old comb from our colonies of bees each season, put it in a large iron kettle, such as is used on the farm outdoors, and fill the kettle with water. This is boiled vigorously for several hours. A tub is then filled half full of water, on which is floated an old board of some sort. The mixture is then dipped out with an old pan or dipper from the kettle, and poured through a hemp sack or other thin material, which is allowed to rest upon the board floating in the tub. The wax runs through the sack into the tub. There will be a considerable residue left in the sack, which can be separated by squeezing or rolling the mass with a round stick or other press.

The wax will float on the surface of the water and soon cool. In the meantime the kettle should be cleaned, filled with clear water and the wax boiled up a second time. After the first straining it looks brown and second time and strained carefully through a fine mesh cloth several times. It can be melted now without water and put in molds ready for the market. The sack or cloth used for straining the wax is of no special value afterward and should be thrown away. I have made as much as twenty pounds a season out of comb considered worthless, and would have been thrown away under ordinary circumstances. I always find a good market for first-class beeswax, and save all scraps and pieces of old comb, treating it in the manner described above.—Mrs. W. H. Johnson, in New England Homestead.

SWINE FOR MARKET.

For several years now there has practically been a shortage in hogs, and the coming winter promised to be an exception. The industry is not suffering under a boom nor depression. It has been steady and uniform throughout. Probably the most unsatisfactory thing about some farm crops is that they are subject to rather violent booms and periods of great depression. No farmer of the right type enjoys such uncertainties. There may be a certain class of farmers who like it. But they are rather the speculators and hangers-on of the business, who want to get rich suddenly, and cannot stand the steady, uniform work which carries a man's business by degrees from a low to a high position. Even in the great industrial world booms and depressions are dreaded by all the conservative men and are enjoyed by the speculators and idlers.

In recent years the efforts of cattle men have been directed toward the establishment of steady, uniform markets. They have deplored the uncertainties of their business, and to-day we have far less fluctuations than

formerly. Still, the failure or partial failure of corn or wheat must always tend to create a great change in cattle. Without adequate feed on hand cattle dealers will rush their stock to the market, and later there will come a period of scarcity. The wise preparation for any emergency is a part of the business policy of every one engaged in this work. It is something that conservative growers expect and largely anticipate. Now hogs have suffered no depression in the last two years, and in view of present crop conditions, there is little likelihood of the market being overstocked with swine for the next eighteen months. Indeed, one was never surer of good returns from swine-breeding and feeding than to-day. With the comparative scarcity of corn there will naturally be more difficult in feeding the hogs at a cost which will enable the growers to realize profits. But with our great dairy and grain interests presenting unknown and almost unguessed possibilities for feeding the shrewd, experienced breeder of hogs will not find the present problem too great for him to solve. There is more than one way to reach any point, and also to perform any problem, but often each one must solve it for himself.—E. P. Smith, in American Cultivator.

WINTERING BEES.

The colonies should be strong to winter well. It is the number of bees that count and not the number of hives. When there are weak colonies it is good policy to unite them. They may be united as late as November. If not united the weaklings will continue weak, if they live through the winter, which is doubtful. United, they would make a good strong colony by next June, providing other conditions are favorable. They could then be divided into two good ones. It might do to attempt to winter the weak colonies separate if there was any hope of them building up in the spring, but they won't do it. The bees will die off faster than the young ones come on. They cannot keep the inside of the cluster warm enough for rearing early brood. Being so few in numbers their whole strength is needed to resist the cool spring weather. A large number of bees clustered together can stand the severest cold in winter and keep the nursery warm for the rearing of young bees early. Not more than half the bees in the strongest colonies live through the winter and the weaker ones lose more than half. There should be young bees hatching as late as October to take the place of the old bees that die off during the winter. There should be enough honey in the hives to take the bees through the spring as well as winter.—Fanny M. Wood, in The Epitomist.

HARVESTING APPLES AND PEARS.

The proper picking of apples and pears has more to do with their keeping than many imagine. On a large orchard where thousands of bushels of these fruits are harvested, the work is apt to be rushed, and haste generally spoils a good deal of the crop. Poor, ignorant and careless pickers are also responsible for the spoiling of a good deal of the fruit. From 2 to 5 per cent of the crop is generally figured out as injured by the picking and packing. The experienced apple picker, who works by the day, is worth more to the farmer than two inexperienced men working by the piece. The latter, in order to count a great number of bushels for the day's work, will grow careless and indifferent. He will injure more fruit than his services are worth.

I prefer experienced pickers employed by the day every time, especially in an orchard where fine fruits are raised. For the export trade you cannot afford a careless picker. Apples intended for this trade should be raised on trees where the fruit has been thinned out systematically, in order to make each apple grow its largest. Now on such a tree you cannot afford to lose an apple by careless picking. Yet this may be done by careless pickers so easily that the profits will be seriously cut into. I have seen beginners in their haste to fill their baskets shake the limbs where a few choice apples were just beyond their reach. They not only dislodge these fruits but injure many more on other branches. So important is the picking that I always begin early and employ only a few pickers at a time. They work under my supervision, and if the limbs are shaken or the fruit unduly bruised and pricked, some explanation must be given. The apples are all large and choice, and I expect each one to be harvested without a bruise. There is no reason why more than half a dozen apples or so should be dropped from each tree. If more are dislodged there is some trouble—carelessness or ignorance on the part of the pickers. The employment of boys to pick apples is generally a great mistake unless the apples are small and intended for the cider mill or some local market. While the boys cost only half the amount paid to expert men pickers, the difference will be found in favor of the latter at the end, especially where choice apples or pears are raised. So much depends upon the proper harvesting of apples and pears that it may be said the packing and shipping are only secondary importance. No bruised and pricked fruits can be packed and shipped to keep. First of all, the fruits must be sound and free from all injury.—S. W. Chambers in American Cultivator.

Ancestry of Presidents.

President Roosevelt is the second President of Dutch ancestry, Van Buren being first. Of our other Chief Executives fourteen have Scotch-Irish stock, five from Scotch-Irish, three from Scotch, and one, Jefferson, from Welsh.

The tube of a twelve-inch gun has five grooves, causing the projectile to revolve seventy-five times a second.