

# THE POWER OF HOPE.

Dr. Talmage Says No Better Medicine Did a Man Ever Take.

Forgive the Repentant—The Perfect Life to Come—Cultivate Hope.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage would lift people out of despondency and bring something of future joy into earthly depression. The text is Hebrews vi, 19, "Which hope."

There is an Atlantic Ocean of depth and fallow with the waves from fiction my text is taken, and I only wade into the wave at the beach and take two words. We have all favorite words expressive of delight or abhorrence, words that easily freeze from the tongue, words that have in them mornings and midnights, laughter and tears, thunderbolts and dewdrops. In all the lexicons and vocabularies there are few words that have for me the attraction of the last word of my text, "Which hope."

There have in the course of our life been many good angels of God that have looked over our shoulders, or met us on the road, or chanted the words of wisdom, or lifted the curtains of the great future, or pulled us back from the precipices, or rolled down upon us the rapturous music of the heavens, but there is one of these angels that has been most precious to us, and that we wish throughout all time and eternity to celebrate it—the angel of Hope. St. Paul makes it the center of a group of three, saying, "Now abideth faith, hope, charity, but the greatest of these is charity is the preeminent of the three, he does not take one plum from the ring, or one ray of luster from the brow, or one aureole from the cheek, or one melody from the voice of the angel of my text, "Which hope."

That was a great night for our world when in a Bethlehem caravansary the infant Royal was born, and that will be a great night in the darkness of your soul when Christian hope is born. There will be chanting in the skies and a star pointing to the Nativity. I will not bother you with the details of the birth, and tell you what hope is. When we sit down hungry at a table, we do not want an analytical discourse as to what bread is. Hand it on, pass it round; give us a slice of it, and we will be satisfied with it. "Pure hope," Peter calls it a "lively hope," Paul styles it a "good hope," a "sure hope," a "rejoicing hope." And all up and down the Bible it is spoken of as an anchor, as a harbor, as a helmet, as a door.

When we draw a check on a bank, we must have reference to the amount of money we have deposited, but Hope makes a draft on a bank in which for her benefit all heaven has been deposited. Hope! May it light up every dungeon, stand by every sickbed, lend a helping hand to every orphanage, loosen every chain, careen every forlorn rascal and turn the unpurged room of the beggar's house into the vestibule of heaven! How suggestive that mythology declares that when all other deities fled the goddess of Hope remained.

It was hope that revived John Knox when on shipboard near the coast of Scotland he was fearfully ill, and he was requested to look shoreward and asked if he knew the village across the water. He answered: "I know it well, for I see the steeple of that place where God first opened my mouth in public to His glory, and I am fully persuaded how weak that ever I now appear to you, and how feeble I still till I shall glorify His holy name in the same place." His hope was rewarded, and for twenty-five years more he preached. That is the hope which sustained Mr. Menzies in his arduous expedition this life at twenty-four years of age he declared, "I should like to understand the secrets of eternity before tomorrow morning." That was the kind of hope that the apostle had in mind when, after several standard bearers had fallen, and turned to a lieutenant-colonel and said, "If I fall, tell my dear wife that I die with a good hope in Christ and that I am glad to give my life for my country." That was the good hope that Dr. Goodwin had in his last hour when he said: "Ah, is this death? How have I dreaded as an enemy this smiling friend!"

No better medicine did a man ever take than hope. It is a stimulant, a febrifuge, a tonic, a catholicon. Thousands of people long ago departed this life who have been living to-day but for the reason they let hope slip their grasp. It is known people to live on hope after one lung was gone and disease had seemed to lay hold of every nerve and muscle and artery and bone.

Alexander the Great, starting for the wars in Persia, divided his property among the Macedonians. He gave a village to one, a port to another, a field to another and all his estates to his friends. "Circumstances ask of me, 'What have you kept for yourself?'" He answered triumphantly, "Hope."

And, whatever else you and I give away, we must keep for ourselves hope—all comforting, all cheering hope. In the condition of every man, woman and child that hears or reads this sermon may God implant this principle right now!

Many have full assurance that all is right with the world, and they are sure of heaven as if they had passed the pearly panels of the gate, as though they were already seated in the temple of God unrolling the libretto of the heavenly chorister. I congratulate all such, I wish I had it too—full assurance—but with me it is hope. "Which hope?" Sinful, it expects forgiveness; troubled, it expects relief; bereft, it expects reunion; clear dawn, it expects wings to lift; shipwrecked, it expects lifeboat; bankrupt, it expects eternal riches; a prodigal, it expects the wide open door of the father's farmhouse. It does not wear itself out by looking back; it always looks forward. What is the use of giving so much time to the rehearsal of the past? Your mistakes are not corrected by a review. Your losses cannot, by brooding over them, be turned into gains. It is the future that has the most for us, and hope cheers us on. We have all committed blunders, but does the calling of the roll of them make them any the less blunders? Look back in all matters of usefulness. However much you may have accomplished for God and the world's betterment your greatest usefulness is to come. "No," says some one, "my money is gone." "No," says some one, "the most of my years are gone and therefore my usefulness." Why, you talk like an infidel. Do you suppose that all your capacity to do good is gone in by this life? Are you going to be a lounge and do nothing after you have quit this world?

It is my business to tell you that your faculties are to be enlarged and intensified and your qualifications for usefulness multiplied tenfold, a hundredfold, a thousandfold.

Is your health gone? Then that is a sign that you are enjoying a celestial health compared with which the most joyous and hilarious vitality of earth is invalid. Are your fortunes spent? Remember, you are to be kings and queens unto God. And how much more wealth you will have when you reign forever and ever! I want to see you when you get your heavenly work dress on. This little bit of a speck of the world we call the earth is only the place where we get ready to work. We are only journeymen here, but will be master workmen there. Heaven will have no losers hanging around. The book says of the inhabitants, "They see not day nor night." Why rest when they work without fatigue? Why seek a pillow when there is no night there? I want to

see you after the pedestrianism of earth has been exchanged for power of flight and velocities infinite and enterprises interstellar, interworld.

I suspect that the telescope of that observatory brings in sight constellations that may comprise ruined worlds which need looking after and need help saintly and missionary. There may be worlds that, like ours, have sinned and need to be rescued, perhaps saved by our Chosen or by some plan that God has thought out for other worlds as wise, as potent, as lovely as the atonement is for our world.

The laziness which has cursed us in this world will not gain the land of eternal activities—so much tonic in the air, so much inspiration in the society, so much achievement after we get the shackles of the flesh forever off. Do not dwell so much on opportunities past, but put your emphasis on opportunities to come.

Am I not right in saying that eternity can do more for us than can time? What will we not be able to do when our powers of locomotion shall be quickened and our immortal spirit's speed? Why should a bird have a swiftness of wing when it is of no importance how long it shall take to make its aerial way from forest to forest and we, who have so much more important errand in the world, get on so slowly? The roebuck outruns us, the hounds are quicker in the chase, but wait to enter the same from our own Chosen and hindrances. Then we will fairly begin. The starting post will be the tombstone. Leaving the world will be graduation day before the chief work of our mortal and spiritual career. Hope sees the doors opening, the victor's foot in stirrup for the mounting. The day breaks—first flush of the horizon. The mission of hope will be an everlasting mission, as much of it in the heavenly hereafter as in the earthly now. Shall we have gained all as soon as we enter realms celestial—nothing more to learn, no other heights to climb, no new anthems to raise, a monotony of praise, the same thing over and over again for endless years? No! More progress in that world than we ever made in this.

Hope will stand on the hills of heaven and look for ever brightening landscapes, other transfigurations of color, new glories rolling over the scene, new celebration of victories in other worlds, heaven rising into grand heavens, seas of glass brightly lit, becoming a more brilliant glass mingling with a more flaming fire. "Which hope."

Hope on, and, though you may never hear of your son's reformation and others think he has left this life hopelessly, who knows but that in the last moment, after he has ceased to speak and before his soul launches away, your prayer may have been answered and he be one of the first to meet you at the shining gate. The prodigal in the parable got home and sat down at the feast, while the elder brother, who never left the old place, stood pointing at the back door and did not go in at all.

To another class of persons I introduce the angel of hope, and they are the invalids. I cannot take the diagnosis of your disorder, but let hope cheer you with one of two thoughts. Such marvellous cures have been wrought in our day through medication and surgery that your invalidism may yet be mastered.

Persons as ill as you have got well. Cancer and tuberculosis will yet give way before the new discoveries. I see every day people strong and well who long ago I saw pallid and leaning heavily on a staff and hardly able to climb stairs.

But if you will take the hand of hope for earthly convalescence, let me point you to the perfect body you are yet to have if you love and serve the Lord. Death will put a prolonged anesthetic upon your present body, and you will never again feel an ache or pain, and then in His good time you will have a resurrection body, about which we know nothing except that it will be painless and glorious beyond all present appreciation. We must be the health of that land which never feels out of cold or blast of heat, and where there is no east wind sowing pneumonias in the air, your fleetness greater than the foot of deer, your eyesight clearer than eagle in sky, perfect health, in a country where all the inhabitants are everlastingly well!

You who have in your body an encyclopedia of sin since the Civil War; you who have kept alive only by precautions and self denials and perpetual watching of pulse and lung; you of the deafened ear and dim vision and the severe headache; you who have not been free from pain for ten years, how do you like this story of physical reconstruction, with all weakness and suffering subtracted and everything found and bounding added. Do not let me have anything to do with the gloom that Harriet Martineau expressed in her dying words: "I have no reason to believe in another world. I have had enough of life in one and can see no reason why Harriet Martineau should be perpetuated." Would you not rather have the Christian enthusiasm of Robert Anan, who when some one said, "I will be able to get on if I manage somehow to get to heaven," replied, pointing to a sunken vessel that was being dragged up the River Tay: "Would you like to be pulled into heaven with two tugs like that vessel yonder? I tell you I would like to go in with all my sails set and colors flying."

Again, let me introduce the element of hope to those good people who are in despair about the world's moral condition. They say, gathered up appalling statistics. They tell of the number of divorces, but do not take into consideration that there are a thousand happy homes where there is one of marital discord. They tell you of the large number of our land who are living profligate lives, but forget to mention that there are many millions of men and women who are doing the best they can.

They tell you the number of drunkeries in this country, but fail to mention the thousands of glorious churches with two doors—one door open for all who will enter for pardon and consolation, and the other door opening into the heavens for the ascent of souls prepared for translation.

From this hour cultivate hope. Do so by reading all the Scriptural promises of the world's coming Edenization, and doubt if you dare the veracity of the Almighty when He says He will make the desert rosete, and the leopard and kid will lie down in the same pasture field, and the lion, ceasing to be carnivorous, will become graminivorous, eating "straw like an ox," and reptilian venom shall change into harmlessness, so that the "weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den, and there shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." So much for the world at large.

Then cultivate hope in regard to your own health, your own financial prosperity, your own longevity, by seeing how in other people God mercifully reverses things and brings to pass the unexpected, remembering that Washington lost more battles than he gained, but triumphed at the last, and, further, by making sure of your eternal safety through Christ Jesus, understand that you are on the way to palaces and thrones. This life is a span long, ending in durations of bliss that cannot be measured, nor archangelic fact can measure or estimate—redolence of a springtime that never ends and fountains tossing in the light of a sun that never sets. May God thrill us with anticipation of this immortal bliss! "Which hope?"

I said in the opening of this subject that my text was only the wave on the beach, while the whole verse from which it is taken is an ocean. But the ocean tides are coming in, and the sea is getting so deep I must fall back, wading out as I waded in, for what mortal can stand before the mighty surges of the full tide of eternal gladness? "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."



## GARDEN AND FARM.

### WHEN MILK IS FILTERED.

When milk is filtered through cotton no cream is lost, but experiments show that the cotton largely prevents the access of germs to the milk, and that filtration is almost equal to sterilization.

### WOOL IS NOT A LEADING METAL.

Wool is no longer the leading article to be derived from sheep. A leading breeder of large mutton sheep declared that he could burn every pound of wool and then make more money than from the fine-wool breeds.

### PREPARING CHARCOAL FOR HENS.

It is a good plan to always have some charcoal where the hens can get at it, as there is nothing that can be fed to hens that has the effect which charcoal has in preventing disease. You can feed them charred corn once a week which will take the place of charcoal. You can char it by putting the corn, ear and all in the oven and leaving it there until it has burned black, after which the fowls will gladly pick it from the cob.

### SELL OFF THE YOUNG ROOSTERS.

All the young roosters on the farm not intended for breeding or home use should be sold just as soon as they are large enough, as they will bring a better price. In most of the poultry markets there is not much of an inquiry for male birds after they get to be of large size.

### POTASH FERTILIZERS.

Waldo E. Brown writes for the Cincinnati Weekly Gazette that the office of potash as plant food is to help form the starch, and such crops as corn and potatoes, which contain large amounts of starch, need more potash than those that have but little starch. Light, sandy and peaty soils need it more than clayey soils. The muriate gives a good quality of potatoes on light soils, but on heavy clay the sulphate produces the better quality. If used freely on garden crops it should not come in direct contact with the seed, as it may prove too caustic, but the amount in the fertilizers usually sown with wheat will do no damage. He has this to say about certain fertilizing material that may produce good results at comparatively small cost: "Among the waste of material which furnishes potash to the soil, tobacco stems and dust are valuable, and, as they contain also nitrogen and some phosphoric acid, they are very nearly a complete fertilizer. One ton of tobacco stems of good quality contains nitrogen-equivalent to five hundred pounds of nitrate of soda, and potash equal to two hundred pounds of sulphate of potash. As this material can often be bought at the tobacco factories at from \$3 to \$5 per ton, it is a cheap fertilizer. There is a green sand marl found in New Jersey and southeastern Virginia which contains a large percentage of potash and some phosphoric acid, and, while it is slow in its action, it is permanent. Professor W. F. Massey tells of a farm in Virginia which had an application of four hundred bushels to the acre forty years ago, and was made permanently productive by it and has needed no application of potash since."

### HOW DIAZ IS GUARDED.

The President of Mexico Not Likely to Be Killed by an Assassin.

Dr. Frank J. Toussaint has returned from a six months' exploring trip through the mining and agricultural districts of Northwestern Mexico. Dr. Toussaint traveled on horseback with his caravan of pack mules and peons and his knowledge of the foothills and arroyos of the States of Chihuahua and Sonora, as well as the remote plantations far from the railroads and beaten tracks of the modern tourist is very exact. He also made a visit to the City of Mexico and conferred with President Diaz in relation to mineral rights on a government grant in Yaqui Valley.

"The shooting of President McKinley," said Dr. Toussaint, "would not have been possible in Mexico, a country where expected assassination is one of the accepted incidents of government. President Diaz never takes a walk on the street or in any public place without Secret Service men watching over him. Nobody with his hand wrapped up or with his hand in his pocket could approach him without being stopped. One morning a lame man, carrying a heavy cane, was passing him on the street. A detective brushed against the man as if by accident and knocked the cane out of his hand. He picked it up and returned it to the man with profuse apologies, but while he had the cane in his hands he gave the head a turn and a pull to satisfy himself that it was not a sword cane. Another time an old woman carrying a basket on her arm was stopped because her hand was concealed in the basket. The detective lifted her hand out of the basket, and seeing that it held no weapon apologized for the liberty."

"Attempts on the life of Diaz have been made, and no precaution has been spared to prevent a repetition of them. If a man clasps his hands behind him while he is talking with a public man a detective will suggest that he allow his hands to hang naturally at his side."

—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

### MAINTAINING THE MILK FLOW.

Now, during the flush of feed, with its maximum milk yield for the season, should dairymen be keenly on the alert to make the most of the opportunity.

It is always very hard to make a cow recover lost ground in milk yield. It is far easier to keep her yield up than to attempt to raise it again after shrinkage. So, while you, as dairymen, are congratulating yourselves on the abundant flow now coming from your cow's udders, do not imagine that it will keep up without systematic effort on your part.

The man who does not sow cannot reap along dairy lines any more than in other agricultural fields.

Remember, that the feed in your pastures will soon begin to wane, and if you are not prepared, with it will come a proportionate wane in the lactal output.

The preparation essential is of course other food to supplement scant pasturage. At such a juncture the wisdom of the farmer with a patch of succulent fodder corn comes to the front.

Very often those who are not thus prepared will turn their milk cattle on to the rowen of meadows, and so rob Peter to pay Paul.

Rather than do that one had better purchase ground feed, which, if judiciously fed, will give you back your money in milk yield, and with a fair rate of interest thereon. The idea is to do anything in the way of legitimate supplemental feeding rather than to allow a premature milk shrinkage.

Barring prolonged droughts, the pastures in our most extensive dairy regions might be made to yield supporting feed much later into the season than they now do.

On a limited scale in one portion of Wisconsin I saw irrigation utilized successfully in keeping a cow pasture green and flourishing the whole summer.

Top-dressing the land with stable compost by mulching the grass roots helps to subserve moisture, which is fully as important in stimulating the growth of feed as is the fertilizing principle that it imparts. Shade trees in the pasture judiciously placed also serve the same end and at the same time shield the cattle from the sun's rays.

Many pastures, too, are not well selected as to character of soil and location, and hence are of little aid in profitably maintaining a dairy herd.

The best grass land should be chosen, that is, land fertile and capable of retaining moisture, as occurs where there is a clay subsoil.

Once established, a good, reliable pasture is the cheapest, and hence the most profitable means of maintaining a summer dairy.—George E. Newell, in American Cultivator.

### LICE ON CHICKENS.

Judging from the number of inquiries that come to us, the question of ridding the poultry of lice must be a source of much worry—though we are inclined to think that the owner in most cases is at fault.

If the poultry houses are kept clean and the fowls are allowed a place to dust themselves in, there is no reason why lice should trouble them.

On the other hand, we cannot expect old nests which have done service in hatching several broods of chicks to remain free of lice.

Nests should be renewed at least once a month, and they should have tobacco dust sprinkled in the straw. A moth ball laid in the nest will also help to keep mites away.

The roosts should be sprayed with kerosene every two weeks, and the interior of the house should have two coats of whitewash each year.

Don't let the house get overrun with vermin, and you will have no trouble. Take the same precaution before they come as you would be forced to take afterward, and there will be less worry.—Home and Farm.

### THE MARKET IN GOOD CELERY.

If one could grow good celery every time, he would have no lack of market for it, yet poor celery often sells most readily and at the highest prices. Buyers admire the large and long stalks, and are willing to pay well for them, and too often they find that such stalks are hollow, and what there is of stalk is tough and stringy. In many or most cases this is the fault of the seed. We have seen cases where other seed sown at the same time and of the same variety in adjoining rows gave solid and crispy stalks. We do not know any reason for this, as we are not familiar with the growing or curing of celery seed, but we state the facts as we know them.

But not always is the fault in the seed or the plants set. We think a fertilizer too stimulating or containing too much nitrogen may produce this result, and we have seen it appear in almost every case when the manure used was fresh and not well rotted. How one may always have tender and crisp celery we cannot say, but we advise the grower not to use fresh manure or any commercial fertilizer which has not a larger percentage of potash than of nitrogen, and when he finds a dealer whose seed or plants give good results to stand by them every time. And even then he may expect some corky or stringy celery.—The Cultivator.

### COST AND VALUE OF CUT FODDER.

By dry corn fodder I understand to mean fodder with the corn, which is our main course feed for the winter. We feed three times a day, of which the night and morning roughage is cut corn fodder, the afternoon nation clover, or clover and timothy hay, while the cows when not in stable have free access to oat straw. The morning and evening grain rations are fed, the former after milking, the latter before, both being given on a clean floor. Formerly I fed all corn fodder whole, generally keeping 45 to 50 cows. Later I bought a three-horse mounted tread power and a sixteen inch fodder cutter. I have cut in one-quarter, one-half, three-quarters, one and a half and three-inch lengths, and adopted the longest cut for several reasons. I can cut with less power. It makes mubbins of the large ears, thus shelling much less grain than when cut short. The leaves being cut long are more easily secured by the cows.

The stubs and whatever may be left are thrown under the cows for bedding, and when mixed with the manure furnish the very best fertilizer. In the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

whole fodder I believe the same amount cut will feed about one-tenth more than if given whole. There is a great advantage gained by having a quantity of feed on hand, thus not necessitating a trip to the field every day in any and all kinds of weather. There is convenience and pleasure in handling cut feed, together with the satisfaction one always feels when work is being done right.

The cost of our cutting is estimated at 30 cents per ton for labor. This does not include the wear on machinery, or the interest on the investment, which, per ton, would be very small. The cost of power as furnished by horse tread I do not regard as anything. The difference between the feed required for a horse at work and at rest for the time we use them, about fifty minutes per ton, is insignificant. I do not cut either hay or straw, but believe it would be satisfactory to cut straw if it were desired to feed with grain in order to economize. It is my firm belief that it will pay the farmer to cut his corn fodder, if nothing more than for the extra value he secures from his stalks by being used for litter.—Healy W. Alexander, in New England Homestead.

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elevation of about eight inches on the back. The soil is dug out to a depth of eighteen to thirty inches from the glass to suit the crop to be grown. The earth is banked around the frame for protection.

I construct frames as near air-tight as possible. It requires less protection during the severe freezing weather. The sash is thoroughly glazed and every crack is puttied. The crack across the glass is run with mastic. My sash are mostly four by six feet, with four rows of ten inch glass. A bar two by four inches is placed between each sash. It is put down a little below the edge of the top board, but even with the top of the lower edge of frame. I use a strip one inch thick the depth of the sash; it is nailed on top of the two by four inch bar, overjets the bottom of frame and is even with the top edge. I put on a cap board eight inches wide along the top. It is nailed to the back board of frame and the bars between the sash. This forms a perfect shelter for the sash to slide under, the frame being built about four inches wider than the length of the sash. I find this a great protection, as much heat escapes and much cold enters the crack between the back board and the sash if constructed in the ordinary way. I find there is very little necessity for mats or straw for a bed so constructed.

Frames built after this plan will cost about \$5 per sash. With care they will last for years. I think every farmer ought to have a frame, if only a few sash. He can have lettuce, green parsley, celery, etc., all winter. If any surplus he can always dispose of it at a good price. I do not think a farmer is half living who does not have a few fresh vegetables on his table from his own frame at all times. We do not use as much manure in our beds as some other growers. I use leaves, as they retain the heat much longer than the pure straw manure. My mixture is one load of manure and two loads of new oak leaves.—Richard Vincent, Jr., in American Agriculturist.

### HOW DIAZ IS GUARDED.

The President of Mexico Not Likely to Be Killed by an Assassin.

Dr. Frank J. Toussaint has returned from a six months' exploring trip through the mining and agricultural districts of Northwestern Mexico. Dr. Toussaint traveled on horseback with his caravan of pack mules and peons and his knowledge of the foothills and arroyos of the States of Chihuahua and Sonora, as well as the remote plantations far from the railroads and beaten tracks of the modern tourist is very exact. He also made a visit to the City of Mexico and conferred with President Diaz in relation to mineral rights on a government grant in Yaqui Valley.

"The shooting of President McKinley," said Dr. Toussaint, "would not have been possible in Mexico, a country where expected assassination is one of the accepted incidents of government. President Diaz never takes a walk on the street or in any public place without Secret Service men watching over him. Nobody with his hand wrapped up or with his hand in his pocket could approach him without being stopped. One morning a lame man, carrying a heavy cane, was passing him on the street. A detective brushed against the man as if by accident and knocked the cane out of his hand. He picked it up and returned it to the man with profuse apologies, but while he had the cane in his hands he gave the head a turn and a pull to satisfy himself that it was not a sword cane. Another time an old woman carrying a basket on her arm was stopped because her hand was concealed in the basket. The detective lifted her hand out of the basket, and seeing that it held no weapon apologized for the liberty."

"Attempts on the life of Diaz have been made, and no precaution has been spared to prevent a repetition of them. If a man clasps his hands behind him while he is talking with a public man a detective will suggest that he allow his hands to hang naturally at his side."

—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

### MAINTAINING THE MILK FLOW.

Now, during the flush of feed, with its maximum milk yield for the season, should dairymen be keenly on the alert to make the most of the opportunity.

It is always very hard to make a cow recover lost ground in milk yield. It is far easier to keep her yield up than to attempt to raise it again after shrinkage. So, while you, as dairymen, are congratulating yourselves on the abundant flow now coming from your cow's udders, do not imagine that it will keep up without systematic effort on your part.

The man who does not sow cannot reap along dairy lines any more than in other agricultural fields.

Remember, that the feed in your pastures will soon begin to wane, and if you are not prepared, with it will come a proportionate wane in the lactal output.

The preparation essential is of course other food to supplement scant pasturage. At such a juncture the wisdom of the farmer with a patch of succulent fodder corn comes to the front.

Very often those who are not thus prepared will turn their milk cattle on to the rowen of meadows, and so rob Peter to pay Paul.

Rather than do that one had better purchase ground feed, which, if judiciously fed, will give you back your money in milk yield, and with a fair rate of interest thereon. The idea is to do anything in the way of legitimate supplemental feeding rather than to allow a premature milk shrinkage.

Barring prolonged droughts, the pastures in our most extensive dairy regions might be made to yield supporting feed much later into the season than they now do.

On a limited scale in one portion of Wisconsin I saw irrigation utilized successfully in keeping a cow pasture green and flourishing the whole summer.

Top-dressing the land with stable compost by mulching the grass roots helps to subserve moisture, which is fully as important in stimulating the growth of feed as is the fertilizing principle that it imparts. Shade trees in the pasture judiciously placed also serve the same end and at the same time shield the cattle from the sun's rays.

Many pastures, too, are not well selected as to character of soil and location, and hence are of little aid in profitably maintaining a dairy herd.

The best grass land should be chosen, that is, land fertile and capable of retaining moisture, as occurs where there is a clay subsoil.

Once established, a good, reliable pasture is the cheapest, and hence the most profitable means of maintaining a summer dairy.—George E. Newell, in American Cultivator.

### LICE ON CHICKENS.

Judging from the number of inquiries that come to us, the question of ridding the poultry of lice must be a source of much worry—though we are inclined to think that the owner in most cases is at fault.

If the poultry houses are kept clean and the fowls are allowed a place to dust themselves in, there is no reason why lice should trouble them.

On the other hand, we cannot expect old nests which have done service in hatching several broods of chicks to remain free of lice.

Nests should be renewed at least once a month, and they should have tobacco dust sprinkled in the straw. A moth ball laid in the nest will also help to keep mites away.

The roosts should be sprayed with kerosene every two weeks, and the interior of the house should have two coats of whitewash each year.

Don't let the house get overrun with vermin, and you will have no trouble. Take the same precaution before they come as you would be forced to take afterward, and there will be less worry.—Home and Farm.

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## PENNSYLVANIA BRIEFLY TOLD.

Latest News Gleaned From All Over the State.

### LIST OF PENSIONS GRANTED.

A Media Cripple Could Not Escape From Burning House and Was Cremated—Eighteen Pennsylvania Corporations Increase Their Stock During October—Norwood Man Under Ball for Setting Fire to a Barn.

Pensions granted Pennsylvanians: James B. Wilkins, Broadtop, \$12; Isaac Byers, New Eagle, \$10; Robert Jack, Allentown, \$8; Henry Bewilhamer, Saegstraw, \$8; John Glover, Meyersdale, \$12; Samuel Plank, Shade Valley, \$8; Frank Hulick, Oak