

THE BEST WAY.

All must work, with head or hand
For self or others, good or ill;
Life is ordained to bear, like land,
Some fruit, be fallow as it will;
Evil has force itself to sow
Where we deny the healthy seed;
And all our choice is this, to grow
Pasture and grain or noxious weed.

Then in content possess your hearts,
Unenvious of each other's lot,
For those which seem the easiest parts
Have travail which ye reckon not;
And he is bravest happiest, best
Who from the task within his span
Earns for himself his evening rest,
And an increase of good for man.

—Richard Monckton Milnes.

"GO YE THEREFORE INTO THE HIGHWAYS."

BY JOHN PRESTON TRUE.



HE hearty laugh came ringing in at the windows. Just the merriest, mirthful, laughter-inspiring laugh. The day was warm and sunny, the clouds in the sky were white and fleecy, and the birds in their way were all joyous with laughter, too. Yet that outburst of fun brought a quick response of frowns on several faces, a pained look on another, and a general grimace on a number more.

Perhaps it was unfortunate that that particular mossy spring welled up just there beneath the forked roots of a giant beech; perhaps it was not well that the spot happened to be just half way between two well grown towns with a sandpapered road linking them; a road shadowed by arching elms, and perhaps it was an unhappy circumstance that the knoll was altogether so suitable for a resting place. Then again, perhaps all of these were peculiarly fortunate circumstances. It all depends on the point of view, for one thing, and on whether the one to decide has a breadth of soul capable of rendering a divine decision.

The bell in the church had already ceased tolling, the air was no longer vibrating with the resonant hum of the reverberating mass of iron in the tower, and the voice of the organ was stealing softly out into the silence, the notes groping like blinded beings here, there, for hearts with which they might echo their undertone in sweet attune. And then—and then came that rollicking laughter pealing in at the windows and jarring the harmony of soul that had already settled down to quiet enjoyment of a coming quiet Sunday sermon, a decorous Sunday sermon, full of thankfulness of past blessings, prayer for more to come; and not too vigorous in its stirring up to look after duties over which half the world is content to draw a veil. What wonder that the deacons frowned!

Deacon Endicott—an Endicott, he, with a generation or two of duty-doing Endicotts at his inherited back—sat up briskly, glanced across at his colleagues among the elders, noted the irresolute expression on the face of Brother Winthrop with a smile of pity, and reached under the seat for his hat. One or two others reached for their hats also, but the Endicott habit was to lead, not follow, and the deacon was already at his pew door, when down from the pulpit came a low word, in a clear-out tone that carried it as though on effortless wings of a sailing bird. "Brother!"

The pastor is a younger man than his deacons, but there is something wonderfully compelling in his winsome, penetrating eye, and the congregation, now fully aroused and eager, was not surprised to see first one and then another of the elders rise from his seat and approach the pulpit to attend the impromptu conference that was thus suddenly started in the recess behind the rail. Even the sexton was called for, and a word was said; and then all dispersed as suddenly to their several pews, some smiling, some rather sulkily, while the pastor himself descended the pulpit stairs and strode forward toward the door. There were grown people in that church who wished for once that they were not grown, and that they dared to face public opinion and crowd the windows. There were others who were disposed to anathematize the organist for selecting that moment to burst forth with one of his beautiful voluntaries, which entrancingly throbbed and sang through the pointed arches overhead, but effectually shut off any sound of voice which might have come from windward. There was no one to see, none to hear, and the pastor felt in his heart of hearts a thrill of loneliness as he strode down the aisle, much as though he were the leader of a forlorn hope; bound to be first in the battery, bound to be blamed if the assault was a failure, bound to succeed, if he succeeded at all, through no earthly power whatever.

There were fully thirty-five wheelmen in a close group around that spring, sprawled at ease upon the turf, and enjoying the light-knit breeze, when the tall, close-knit figure of the pastor came swiftly down the steps and toward them.

"Here comes the enemy?" said one, jocularly, and instinctively a muffled ring of resistance settled over them. They would move on when they got ready and not before. It had not yet had time to crystallize, however, when the pastor was among them, with such a bright, welcoming smile, so enthusiastic, that it by sheer contagion brought a smile in answer on nearly every face.

"Gentlemen we are just about to begin divine service in our little church.

Will you not join us? We should be very pleased indeed to have you!"

The suggestion quite took them aback; it was far from what they expected; and they glanced irresolutely at one another, and before they had time to think the voice began again, that wonderfully persuasive voice, so clear and winning, so full of genuine pleasure at the meeting.

"Come, gentlemen, now don't disappoint me! The sexton is unlocking the vestry door; it is on a slope, you see, so that you can run your wheels right in and stack them there; and if you would like to brush off any dust there are whisks awaiting you. And I am sure you will enjoy your ride afterward all the more because of the rest and the coolness—holding out a hand to each of the two nearest to assist them to rise. They did rise, a little sheepishly at first, then a little defiantly, as though for once they did not care if the fellows did laugh at them! But the next breath that wise-as-a-serpent pastor said innocently: "This is a beautiful spring! I can always talk better, I think, after I have had a glass at it, the water is so pure and wholesome. Let us take a parting drink of it before we go!"

And that flash of kindred feeling, the last bit of icy constraint melted away. Two of the wheelmen stole quietly from the crowd, and silently mounted and sped away, but the rest followed the pastor who never left them until he had seen their wheels stored, their clothes dusted, and they themselves shown up a rear stairway that thus avoided the display of a parade down the church, and which landed them quietly in a series of wing pews near the pulpit. Hymn books were handed them, blinds were thrown open for their comfort, and then the pastor without comment began service.

All this had taken time, of course, and the sermon prepared for that day would not be too long. He quietly laid it aside, and without notice began a new sermon, on the Gospel for every day, such as his people had rarely if ever heard. He urged them to remember that if one gives a child a beautiful robe the giver is not best pleased if it is trailed in the mire. He is not best pleased if it is used without care, suffered to get moth eaten, and finally thrown away instead of being a life-long adornment and used to make the wearer's little world the happier from its presence. So God has given us a healthy body. He gave it to us for our enjoyment. It could hardly be possible that He would be pleased by its manifest misuse; lack of use was also misuse and led to ill-health; and ill-temper and ill-health are too often synonymous. So, too, with other gifts. He did not give us this inspiring air, this glorious sunlight, the beautiful blue of the hills along the horizon, in order that we might plod along through life looking down upon the dusty road without enjoying them as we went. I have not space to tell you all he said. But that was a talk which his hearers long remembered. And when it was over, the final hymn and the benediction and all (he quietly omitted taking up the customary collection), he stepped down from his pulpit and reaching out his hands for a farewell shake to the embarrassed wheelmen, he said:

"Gentlemen, I thank you for your presence here to-day. You doubtless have your own churches, but whenever you are in this neighborhood in time for our service it will give us great pleasure to welcome you among us. Hereafter you will find the vestry open to your wheels, and an attendant on hand prepared to check them for you during service without charge; and these pews are equally at your service. It is my hope to see all of you again and often."

That portion of the congregation that came in carriages or on foot went home in a very conversational mood. That portion that stayed at home was for the rest of the day quite regretful. But that portion that went wheel was for a long time as silent as their rubber-tired conveyances; and it was not until they neared the town where most of them lived that a single comment was made. Then the roughest looking mill hand in the centre of the lot said abruptly:

"Boys, that parson was a good fellow."

"Fact!" said his neighbor, sentimentally, looking sedulously down into the dust a few inches ahead of his wheel.

"I thought we were in for a lecture, and he never preached at us an atom!"

"'No other fact!' said another neighbor as succinctly.

Then number one took courage, straightened up and gave a vicious look around to see if he could detect a sneaker, but seeing only sober faces, allowed the lines of his own face to soften, and blurted out:

"I don't mind sayin' that I had a good time. And what's more—I'm going again!"

And he sat up with an air of "there! put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

But the only response was the Spartan-like comment of two or three more in chorus:

"Same here, Billy!"

Just before church-time on the following Sabbath a number of wheelmen whizzed up and dismounted at the spring, coming from different directions.

"Hello, Billy!" "How are yer, Sam!" "So you ain't thought better of it?" "Ain't any better!" but under the chaff was a strained feeling of wonder as to what they had really better do about it. Just then out came the pastor with a large board in his hands. He did not notice them until he reached them, and when he did the flash of pleasure in his face was a pretty thing to see.

"Now, this is really kind of you; I am very glad you have come," and his tone was so genuine that it once more

broke the ice. "May I trouble you to help me a bit before we go in?" and he looked up at the branches overhead. "I want to hang this sign up, and I'm not dressed exactly for climbing"—with a humorous look at his clothes.

Up sprang a couple of active fellows, and were up among the broad spreading boughs like monkeys. In a twinkling the sign was hanging just where it would meet the eyes of one who was likely to be halting for a drink. On the board was painted a hand and the following inscription:

"HERE WE REST."
All Wheelmen are invited to join us
IN DIVINE SERVICE
THIS DAY.
Wheels checked in the vestry, and pews reserved.

The bell was tolling. Its tones were booming in stately strokes above them. "Come, boys, it is time to go in," said the pastor, cheerily. "And"—as another has said—"They followed him."—Detroit Free Press.

A Mighty Turtle Hunter.

Never before were turtles so numerous, fat and large in the tributaries on the south side of the Big Sandy, in Kentucky, as this year. It is an unexplained fact that while turtles abound in the streams on the lower side of Big Sandy, very few are ever found on the upper side. The theory advanced is that the multiplicity of muskrats in the lower streams accounts for the turtles. East Fork is the best fishing ground in the State for turtles, and the stream is alive with muskrats. These creatures dig a hole in the creek bank below the water's surface, but turn the entrance up so that the rooms in which they live are dry. Into these holes crawl the turtles.

Dick Carr, of Ashland, is the champion turtle catcher. With two assistants, in a very light skiff, Carr hunts for them. He wades about, and with a long, sharp oak stick prods the mud and searches the banks for muskrat holes. When a turtle is found in the mud it is pried out and placed on its back on the creek bank. Whenever a rat-hole is discovered Carr thrusts his arm into it as far as he can and rarely fails to find a turtle.

Last week he caught 118 turtles in four days, eight being found in one rat hole. The turtles are brought to Ashland, and sold as ordered to local saloons, hotels and restaurants, and many are shipped to Cincinnati, Pittsburgh and all the small cities along the Ohio. Several others beside Carr catch turtles for a living, but he is the boss of the business. In almost every yard up East Fork the natives have from one to a dozen turtles penned up to sell.

Jake Henry, who lives in a double log house about sixty miles from here, has in one room a general country store. He often trades pork and crackers for turtles, and out in his rear yard razor-backed hogs and sometimes a score of turtles fight for the slop in the troughs. Catching turtles is tiresome work. Carr always works with bare hands, but most of the hunters use a heavy glove to protect them from the sharp edges of the turtle's shell and the vicious teeth of the easily angered muskrats. The average weight of these fresh water terrapins is about five pounds, but quite a number weighing twenty pounds are bagged, and once in a while a twenty-five-pounder delights the fisher. The prices range from fifty cents to \$2.50 each.—New York Recorder.

Flying Machine.

The Langley flying machine, which flew 1000 feet on a trial triposome days ago at Washington, D. C., is a marvel of mechanical ingenuity, delicacy and symmetry. Aluminum and steel form the greater part of its frame. Its boilers and engines weigh less than fourteen pounds to the horse power, and the whole structure weighs less than the original safety bicycle. The horizontal plane section of the body has the contour of a mackerel, though all its traverse sections are circles. The machine is about eight feet long, and the wings, of fine oil-glass silk, at their widest portion not over twelve inches across, with a spread of perhaps four feet each. They are the wings of the dragon fly, rather than of the gull, whose motion in flight Secretary Langley has studied so closely. At a trial flight of the model not long ago Professor Langley and Alexander Melville witnessed it together, and when it sailed through the air danced with joy and hugged each other in exuberance like a pair of schoolgirls.—Atlanta Constitution.

An Interesting Family.

When Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Coleman called the roll at their breakfast table the other morning, they saw twenty smiling faces, the family having been doubled by the marriage of the pair the day before. Mr. Coleman, who is Chairman of the town of Eaton, Brown County, Wisconsin, is a widower with ten children. He married Mrs. Dennis Fitzgerald, a widow with three children. The ceremony was observed at the Roman Catholic Church, in the village of Humboldt, and the children of the happy pair, all of whom were present, occupied the entire front row of seats.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Custom Started in Germany.

The custom of celebrating gold and silver weddings belongs to Germany. The silver wedding occurred on the twenty-fifth anniversary and most people could celebrate that, but to be fifty years married was a sort of event in a family. The house was quite covered with garlands, and the neighbors from far and near were assembled.



TRANSPLANTED WEEDS.

Weeds should not be hoed during wet weather. The moisture on their leaves will prevent them from drying up, while the roots against the moist and loosened earth will get a root hold and send out new fibres. A weed once or twice transplanted is almost as difficult to kill as a perennial. The only way to kill such a weed is to cover it while wet with moist soil. Then the sap in the weed will cause it to rot, and this will effectively check new growth of the root.—Boston Cultivator.

LONG-HANDED FORK FOR BRUSH.

When piling brush use a long-handed fork. In no other place are the advantages of a long handle over a short one more apparent. To lift and stretch in vain to make a forkful of brush swing clear of the earth is the severest labor known. Brush often contains grape and other running vines, as well as briars, which make it hard to handle. A short handle has convinced many persons that brush cannot be handled by a fork, but such is not the case. Clear up and burn everything in the form of brush before snow falls. After the snow is gone in spring work will be pressing, and the clearing has to wait until after haying, to the detriment of the mowings.—American Agriculturist.

SALTING STOCK.

We use rock salt in large lumps for the horses, writes T. B. Terry. Each horse has a lump before him all the time, to lick from as he may want it. We salt our cows in the barn at milking time, once a day. That is, a little salt, say a heaping teaspoonful, is put before every cow each morning to eat if she wants it. It is put right on the cement feeding floor. A little salt daily aids digestion in the cow or horse and waters the milk in a legitimate way. Salting freely once a week is not the best way, any more than it would be for us to eat all our salt for the week every Sunday morning. In fact, I believe that salt thus fed is often an injury, as well as an advantage. Stock need salt as well as food, but it should be given them in a proper way. Fed in the stable, as we do, each cow has her own, and cannot be robbed by some boss cow, to the injury of both.—Practical Farmer.

MILKING.

Under the head of milking may be comprised the cleanliness of the animals and the manner and time of milking. The introduction of separators practically revealed the necessity for cleanliness in a cow stable. At the termination of the process of separating a peculiar slime is to be found adhering to the sides of the separator. Its color varies from gray to green, brown, and even black. When examined under the microscope, germs, portions of plants, hair, scurf, linen have been discovered, and when exposed to the air for a short time it putrefies rapidly. It consists in reality of dirt, and, as such, must injure the quality of milk and butter. In order to keep the milk as free from the dirt as possible, the cows ought to be rubbed down with a straw whisk on their right hind quarters and udders before they are milked in the morning. During the day it is necessary to currycomb and brush each animal. The best kind of brush to be used is one made rather more open than an ordinary horse brush, but of the best hog bristle. The animals are first scraped over with the currycomb and then brushed. In addition, the udders of all cows ought to be washed and dried before milking, and the milkers ought to dip their hands in cold water after milking each animal. Care must be taken to completely empty the udder when the cow is milked. In large establishments where several milkers are employed it is advisable to select one or two of the more careful persons to strip the cows after they have been milked. By this means the carelessness of some of the milkers may be corrected. Each milker should have his own stool and pail marked or numbered, and should be held responsible for the cleanliness of the same. The milk ought to be poured from the pail into the milk can through a double hair strainer, and the milk cans ought, if possible, to be placed outside the cow house.—Connecticut Farmer.

Flour of Bananas.

A good deal of attention has been drawn of late to the use of the banana as a source of flour or meal, and though such an application is by no means new, or the discovery modern, it seems not at all unlikely that banana flour is an article that has a prospect of great development in the near future. Wherever the banana or plantain thrive, the fruits, when dry, are converted into meal, and used for making cakes, puddings, and for various other uses in cookery. An effort is being made to establish a factory for the manufacture of banana meal.

As to the use of banana flour for brewing purposes, Mr. Kahle, one of the best known manufacturers of yeast in Germany, writes in this connection:

"Banana flour, without doubt, from its richness in starch and its good flavor, is particularly suitable for the manufacture of yeast. The flour is easily rendered saccharine. The yeast obtained by adding banana flour to the other ingredients has a good color, all the requisite properties of an excellent class of yeast, and, moreover, keeps well. The alcohol obtained from it leaves nothing to be desired, so that this flour may be introduced as an article of commerce, and employed without any special preparation. Satisfactory experiments have also been made in some breweries, where twenty per cent. of malt has been replaced by flakes and flour of bananas. The flavor of beer was not altered, and the quantity of liquid was increased, and the malt was replaced by a less expensive substance. Experiments are being made in which the proportion of banana flour is increased."—Philadelphia Record.

Their Diamond Wedding.

The diamond wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mannel, whose marriage took place, as the town records show, seventy-five years ago, was celebrated in Kennebunkport, Me., on Tuesday, July 16. Mr. Mannel is ninety-eight years old, and his wife two years his junior. Both have been blessed with unusually good health in their old age. The celebration was not an ostentatious affair, for the venerable people are in rather limited financial circumstances. A number of the townspeople and not a few of the summer sojourners at Ocean Bluff paid a visit to the house. Mr. Mannel came to Maine in 1817. He was a Portuguese sailor. Three years later he married Miss Sarah Wildes. He was cook on a vessel for a number of years, and was afterward skipper of a little fishing craft. They have had ten children, of whom seven are living.—Boston Post.

The construction of the Jungfrau Railway is not to be allowed to proceed without opposition. An energetic protest is being organized in Switzerland.

Dr. Killeen's Swamp-Root cure all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

Bicycles are reported to have ruined the livery business in New Hampshire.

Skinner Sufferers Saved.

Tobacco users as a rule are always below normal weight because tobacco destroys digestion and causes nerve irritation that saps brain power and vitality. You can get a quick, guaranteed relief by the use of No-To-Bac, and then if you don't like your freedom and improved physical condition you can learn the use of tobacco over again, just like the first time. No-To-Bac sold under guarantee to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

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They Call It Overwork.

Business requires a clear head; yet how few business men—with all their sense—realize what is the trouble with their heads. They call it over-work, worry, anything but what it really is—indigestion. This deadliest of ailments usually comes disguised as something else. Wouldn't you be convinced if a box of Ripans Tablets cleared your head and brightened up the business outlook?

Rev. H. P. Carson, Scotland, Dak., says: "Two bottles of Hall's Catarrh Cure completely cured my little girl." Sold by Druggists, Etc.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, Etc. A bottle free. For Whooping Cough, Piso's Cure is a successful remedy. M. P. DIETHELM, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1894.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

I Can't Sleep

Is the complaint of many at this season. The reason is found in the fact that the nerves are weak and the body in a feverish and unhealthy condition. The nerves may be restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which feeds them upon pure blood, and this medicine will also create an appetite and tone up the system, and thus give sweet refreshing sleep and vigorous health.

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