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B. F. SCHWEIER. THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

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TANGLED SKEIN

MRS. ALEXANDER

CHAPTER I.

The last notes of an air from the "Trovatore" were dying out over the shining sea. The crowd which had gathered on the pier to listen to the band began to move and disperse, the music being over for that afternoon, a fine glowing August afternoon, tempered by the fresh, soft air breathing across the bay, crisping the waters here and there and bringing a delightful saltness from the rippling waters.

The scene is Fordsea, a flourishing bathing place on the South Coast of England, not altogether dependent for its prosperity on summer nomads. Its attractions are of a more permanent character. Being in the close neighborhood of the naval and military station of Eastport, the officers of both services are glad to establish their families in the villas, terraces, crescents, which border the grassy common intervening between them and the beach.

At the end of this pleasant common a pretty two-storied villa stood on an abrupt rising ground. A veranda, its supports overgrown with roses and honeysuckles, ran along the side facing the sea. This veranda was evidently used as a morning room, comfortable lounging-chairs, a work table laden with books, bright-colored silks and wools, a doll and a cup and ball lay about.

On the beach in front of this dainty mansion a young lady was sitting on a piece of shingle, bleached by sea and seawater to perfect cleanliness, which afforded a comfortable resting place. The young lady seemed much at her ease. Her skirt of blue serge was turned up over a second skirt of white and blue and caught up at the back in what used to be called "fishwife" fashion—the bodice fitting her slight supple figure easily, perfectly; a little foot in a dark blue stocking, and an incomparable shoe peeped forth as she supported an open book on one knee, and a wide-brimmed sailor hat almost hid her face as she bent over the page. A big brown boat drawn up beside her made a shelter from the level rays of the sinking sun. Altogether she presented a pretty picture of quiet enjoyment.

As the last strains of the band died away a gentleman in boating attire strolled slowly across the grass, paused, looked round as if searching for something, and then came straight over the shingle towards her.

She heard his step and looked at her book with renewed attention, nor did she move till he stood beside her. Then she raised her face, an interesting, rather than pretty face, somewhat brunette in complexion, and pale, with a warm paleness—a small, oval face, with a delicate chin and a very slight downward curve at the corners of the soft red mouth, that gave a pathetic expression to her countenance when in repose. Her eyes, too, which were her best feature—large eyes, with long, dark lashes, had a wistful, faraway look, more suited to a saint than to their piquant owner.

The man who paused beside her was tall and slender, with a grace of movement not usual in an Englishmen. He was darker, too, than ordinary Anglo-Saxons, who rarely possess such blue-black hair and flashing dark eyes as his. His well-cut, refined, but determined mouth was unshaded by mustaches, though a strong growth of black beard showed through the clear olive-brown skin. He smiled a soft, caressing smile as he threw himself on the sand at her feet, saying: "I thought you had gone on the pier with Callander?"

"No; he has gone to the station to meet Mr. Standish, and Mabel has had the honor of a command from the Grand Duchess to drive with her."

The saintly-pathetic expression entirely disappeared as she spoke with a swift, arch smile, and a flash of scorn from her "holy eyes."

"Ah," he returned, in an amused tone, "why did you not go to meet your beloved guardian?"

"I never meant to go. I came out of the way to listen to the band here. Music is so charming as it comes fitfully on the breeze, and I enjoy it most alone."

"Well, it is over now, so I may venture to stay?"

"Oh, yes, if you like! But I am tired of sitting here. I want to match some silks. Do you mind, Mr. Egerton?"

"Don't you think it would be cruel to waste this lovely evening matching silks in a stuffy shop? Let us go along the common towards the pier. We may meet some of your party returning."

"Yes, let us go along by the sea."

They walked awhile in silence, Egerton's expression hardening as though his thoughts were not pleasant. Presently he began to speak on indifferent topics, and suddenly, after a pause, Miss Wynn asked: "Do you really think Col. Callander seems better?"

"Yes, I do. I fancy the sunstroke which knocked him down was not severe. Good as an excuse to come home to his wife, perhaps, and—here she is!" he exclaimed, interrupting himself, as a smart victoria and pair came up at a brisk pace and stopped beside them.

"I thought we might meet you," said the elder of two ladies who occupied the carriage, a stately looking woman of perhaps sixty or more, with iron gray hair, a thin-lipped, close-shut mouth, and eyes too light for her complexion. Her companion was a beautiful young woman, exquisitely fair, with soft blue eyes and rich golden brown hair. Except on her lips she had scarce a trace of color, and her delicate face expressed pensive weariness as she lay back in the carriage.

"I thought we should meet you," repeated the elder lady, who was the Dowager Mrs. Callander. "Now Mabel can walk home with you, for I must return to receive my niece, Henrietta Oakeley. You ought to have come with us, Dorothy, but no doubt you were better engaged——"

Egerton bowed, and raised his hat as if he had received a high compliment. Dorothy smiled and gave a saucy little toss of her head as her sister alighted from the carriage.

"I hope you will all dine with me to-morrow, to meet Miss Oakeley," continued the Dowager. "May I have the pleasure of seeing you, too, Mr. Egerton?"

"Certainly; I shall be delighted!"

Mrs. Callander opened and upreared a grand white, much-betlounced parasol, bowed graciously and was whirled away to her hotel.

"You do not look much the better of your drive, Mabel!" said her sister, looking earnestly at her.

"I assure you Mrs. Callander was unusually amiable. I don't think she stabbed me more than once or twice." She slipped her arm through Dorothy's, and turning towards home, walked on slowly between her sister and Egerton.

Mabel and Dorothy Wynn were the daughters of a military officer, who in the days of purchase, never had money enough to buy the next step beyond that of captain.

When both girls were babies, Captain Wynn lost his wife, and then, in consideration of his junior officers' wishes, expressed in bank notes, retired. He did not long survive the combined loss of wife and career. His daughters remained at the school where she had placed them, in order to acquire the means of adding to their diminutive income.

They had apparently no relation save their guardian, Paul Standish. He was a distant cousin of the late Captain Wynn, and his nearest friend—he was also executor to his kinsman's will, as well as guardian to his children; and very faithfully did he fulfill the duties he had undertaken. The young orphans soon learned to look upon him as an elder brother; indeed to Dorothy, who was five years younger than her sister, he seemed in their childish days quite elderly.

One afternoon he brought a married sister to see them. This lady invited the two girls to dine, and go to the theater. A supreme joy in itself, and productive of important consequences.

At dinner they met Colonel, then Major, Callander, a grave, sedate man, who had run the gauntlet of many garrisons without any serious affairs of the heart; and now, in the most unexpected manner, he fell utterly and absolutely fathoms deep in love with the defunct captain's lovely daughter Mabel.

Colonel Callander carried out his project, and Mabel, won by his quiet kindness, and pleased at the prospect of a home which he assured her she should share with her sister, consented with sweet, frank readiness, and in about six months after their first meeting Mabel Wynn became Mabel Callander, the object of her grave husband's profound devotion, of her overbearing mother-in-law's deepest dislike.

This event wrought a considerable change in the life of Mabel's sister. The first grief of parting over, Dorothy found that many pleasures and advantages had come into her hitherto rather meager existence. She had prettier frocks, more abundant bonnets, and more frequent expeditions to concert and panorama with those better-off elder girls whose superior lot she had hitherto envied.

The Christmas and midsummer holidays, spent with Major and Mrs. Callander wherever they happened to be quartered, were glorious periods of fun and frolic, and when little baby niece was presented to her, her joy and exultation knew no bounds. Towards her brother-in-law she felt the warmest regard, not untinged with awe, and her highest reward, when she did not resist her natural tendency to idleness, and attained any school distinction, was Callander's grave approbation. This halcyon period came to a close when the baby girl was a few months old, and the regiment being ordered to India, the commanding officer retired and Callander got his step. But a warm climate did not suit his fair wife, who was never very strong. After the birth of a boy she was ordered home.

Dorothy, now close on the serious age of eighteen, by Callander's wish, left school to reside with her sister. The only drawback to this blissful arrangement was the neighborhood and supervision of Mrs. Callander, the delicacy and depression of Mabel. This, however, seemed likely to pass away, as, in a month or two, Dorothy gladly recognized an improvement in health and spirits. The winter was a pleasant one, for Paul Standish proved himself the best "guide, philosopher and friend" they could have had.

The gayety of their lives was considerably increased towards Christmas by the arrival in London of Egerton, who had known Colonel and Mrs. Callander in India, where he had gone for sport and travel. He loaded the sisters with flowers, stalls at the theaters, small presents, endless attentions, managing at the same time to stand well with the Dowager, who respected his wealth and position.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Callander's little dinner was a greater success in her own estimation than perhaps in that of her guests. She had what she considered a distinguished party, which included an Honorable Major St. John, whose pretensions to exclusiveness and superiority were upheld by masterly taciturnity; her niece, a much-traveled and experienced young lady of good fortune, and beyond the twenties, to whom the Dowager once thought of marrying her son, and who was nothing loth; an eloquent Low Church divine, the Rev. Septimus Cole, who was her spiritual director; Egerton, sundry nonentities, naval and military, of good position, and her son with his wife, who looked provokingly elegant. Dorothy had been unceremoniously put off to make room for St. John, who was especially asked for Miss Oakeley's benefit, and as Egerton, who was, Mrs. Callander thought, the greatest man there, was more silent than usual, and looked slightly bored, she began to fear before dinner was over that she had made a mistake in dispensing with that conceited, insignificant chit Dorothy, for really Mr. Egerton seemed to miss something, and that something might be Dorothy.

The rest of the company, with the exception of Miss Oakeley, "made" conversation more or less stiffly. She rattled away on all possible subjects to St. John and Egerton, between whom she sat, being divided between the desire to make an impression on the latter and animate the former. Colonel and Mrs. Callander remained to the last, as he acted host, and when the family party were left alone, Miss Oakeley took a low chair beside her cousin's wife. "I have not had the chance of a word with you," she exclaimed, "and it must be more than two years since we met. I protest you are prettier than ever, but paler and graver."

"Thank you, Henrietta. Please remember I have two babies to think of now."

"Horrid little brats! I hate children."

"Heretic! they are sweet things, but certainly troublesome. How do you think Herbert looks?"

"Oh, very well. I would not trouble about him. Tell me, how do you come to be such friends with Randal Egerton? He is the most exclusive of men, and never allows himself to be bored."

"Then I suppose we do not bore him. He was hurt when out tiger shooting, and carried into our bungalow, where we nursed him. He fancied we saved his life. Herbert is very fond of him."

"And Dorothy? I fancy she has grown pretty. May I come to luncheon to-morrow? I promise not to murder the children if you show them to me. And so Mr. Standish is with you. Why in the world didn't my aunt ask him to dinner? He is so agreeable and so popular."

While Miss Oakeley chattered on, Mrs. Callander was pouring a few grievances into her son's ear.

"I am sorry Mabel was so bored at dinner to-day, but I am quite aware of the reason."

"Indeed! Well, I did not observe her being bored, nor do I know why she should be."

"Oh, I am the offender! I did not ask Mr. Standish to join us. He is, I confess, a man I neither like nor approve."

"There is no accounting for tastes. He is a good fellow enough."

"A mere worldling. I fear his want of faith has had an evil influence on Mabel and Dorothy."

"Oh, come! If there are no worse women in the world than my wife and little Dorothy it would not be a bad place!—Mabel, it will be late before we reach home."

The Dowager (as she liked to be called—it somehow smacked of ducal rank) bade them a glacial good-night, but Henrietta ran downstairs to see them off. "You will be at Mr. Egerton's picnic on Tuesday, will you not? He has asked me and Aunt Callander. Just fancy her yachting! She will bore and be bored. Mind you are at home to luncheon, Herbert; I am coming!"

"Certainly! As to the picnic, nearly every one is going, ourselves among the number. Good-night."

(To be continued.)

ALASKAN INDIAN WOMEN.

They Have Artistic Ability Despite Their Toilsome Lives.

Writing of the "Indian Women of Alaska and Their Handiwork," in the Woman's Home Companion, Olive McGregor says: "The huge expressionless face of an Alaska Indian woman shows but little evidence of any ambition or ability to perform even the simplest features of domestic art, and yet the skillful and artistic results of the handiwork of these untutored aborigines much sought after by the tourists who visit their villages during the summer. Moreover, though the women are all fat and lazy-looking, their lives are not uninterrupted ease, notwithstanding that their needs are few. Abundance of fuel is all about them, and food, which with them is synonymous with fish, swims almost to their doors. But the procuring as well as the preparing of this food is all accomplished by the women. During the summer they leave the villages and towns for the islands in less frequented water, where they camp for weeks at a time, catching and curing the fish for winter use, while the men lazily watch them, or paddle the canoe, or otherwise amuse themselves. * * *

"If an Indian's wife is in ill health or too old to work, he marries another younger wife, usually a relative of the first one, who is expected to provide the food, while the first wife cares for the house and children. Fish and berries furnishing almost the only food of these people, the women have little scope or ambition for developing culinary art, but in matters of personal adornment they take keen delight. During the long, dark winter they weave beautiful blankets and baskets for their own use and to sell. The blankets are made from the strong rough wool of the wild mountain sheep. Yet some of these are as soft as silk, and in beauty of coloring and intricacy of design rival the Oriental rugs and hanging. It usually takes a woman six months to complete one blanket, but many of them sell for prices ranging from fifty to two hundred dollars. The much-sought-after genuine Chilkat blanket is about four feet long and two and one half feet wide at each end, but as one side is pointed, the center is a foot wider than the ends, and on this side is ornamented with a ten-inch fringe. These are worn in the dance, thrown around the shoulders, with the pointed fringed side hanging down. The design is grotesque, consisting of conventionalized faces of men and animals in pale green, outlined with black on a white ground. Sometimes dull blue takes the place of the pale green. A peculiarity which stamps their genuineness is a fine thread or shaving of deerskin in the center of each hard twisted strand of wild sheep's wool yarn, of which they are made, rendering them almost indestructible."

Scotland's Strange Birds.

From the small island of St. Kilda, off Scotland, 20,000 young gannets and an immense number of eggs are annually collected, and although this bird lays only one egg per annum and is four years in obtaining its maturity its numbers do not diminish. Obviously such birds must reach a great age or they would long ago have been exterminated.

General Sports.

A match race between Hamburg and Ornament will be run on the Saratoga track on August 10.

It is claimed that Jockey Sloan has been offered $25,000 as a retainer for his services next year in the stable of Mr. Simon, the multi-millionaire, of London and South Africa.

J. Andrews, an Englishman, recently wagered $2000 to $1000 that he could ride 60 miles in three hours with the aid of his three horses. The race took place at Blackpool on a track measuring 770 yards. To complete the distance 137 laps and 110 yards had to be traversed. Twenty-three miles were covered in 1.01.30, and continuing to gain time at each lap, Mr. Andrews eventually covered the distance in 2.53.37. The two sulkies used were fitted with pneumatic tires.

The recent English athletic championships were successful from every point of view, and the standard of the performances were unusually high. Hugh Welsh, a Scotchman, won the mile run in 4.17 4-5 and he is expected later, on to smash Tom Connell's record of 4.15 3-5.

Partridges are reported more plentiful in Montgomery and upper Chester counties than for several years.

The Kensington Driving Club will hold a race meeting at Holmesburg Junction on August 3.

The Canadian contingent at the National Regatta are very anxious to have Edward Hanlan Ten Eyck row at the Canadian Regatta next month, as they believe, with a little more practice and experience, Charles Goldman, the Argonaut Rowing Club sculler, can give him the race of his life.

FROGS EATEN IN NEW YORK.

The Consumption Is Greater than in Paris.

Are there many frogs' legs eaten in New York?" the reporter asked of Commissioner Blackford.

"There is not a city in the world," said Commissioner Blackford, "that consumes so many frogs' legs as New York."

"More than in Paris?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the commissioner. "While years ago the French were commonly known as 'frog eaters,' the New-Yorkers to-day should more properly be called 'frog-eating people,' rather than the Parisians. I seldom found the dish on the menus in the restaurants of Paris, while in New York you can get them at nearly every first-class hotel and restaurant. This dish is not common in London, and only a few of the high-grade restaurants there prepare it."

According to Commissioner Blackford's figures, fully 75 per cent. of the frogs for the New York market are shipped from the Ontario district in Canada. The remaining 25 per cent. come from the Adirondacks and the State of Maine. Frogs are very plentiful in all of these districts, and they multiply so rapidly that there is no danger of a decrease in the supply for years to come. About six of the saddles of these frogs weigh a pound, and retail at 75 cents.

The largest frogs in the world come from the State of Missouri, but they are scarce and do not figure largely in New York's market. Three of these saddles will make a pound. Great quantities of frogs are to be found in the New Jersey meadows, but they are so small that a pound of dressed legs cannot be obtained from less than two or three dozen frogs. Occasionally a farmer's boy will bring forty or fifty of these frogs to market, but the pay is so small compared with the amount of work required in the hunt that no one makes a regular business of searching the adjacent meadows.

The frog-taking season begins about June 1 and continues steadily until Sept. 1. Throughout Canada there are many men who make a regular business of frog-catching, while in the Adirondacks the work is done by the guides during their spare hours. The animals are caught with a hook baited with red flannel and suspended from a rod about ten feet in length. There is a strange fascination about red flannel that the ordinary croaker cannot resist. The moment it is dangled within a few inches of his nose he makes a wild leap at it, with jaws wide open, and is promptly hooked. He is released and placed in a big basket carried on the back of the frog hunter.

Sometimes the frog is found to be sleeping. Then the hook is placed under him, and a quick jerk lands him. When the basket is filled the frogs are carried to a pen in one corner of the pond near the huts of the hunters, and are kept there until there is a demand for them from New York. They are then scooped out of the pen with a net and killed and dressed.

This operation is very simple. The frog is stunned with a blow on the head and immediately the head is severed. Then the skin is loosened at the top and in a jiffy it comes off like a glove. The saddle is separated from the body with one blow, and the legs are folded together as one would fold his arms. They are packed in boxes of chopped ice and are ready for shipment.

During the summer months the New York market receives from 8,000 to 10,000 pounds of dressed saddles daily. The retail price then reaches the lowest notch of 25 cents a pound. As it is impossible to take the frog during the winter, immense quantities of the saddles are frozen during the early autumn and stored in ice boxes. The meat retains its full flavor, and is as good as if it had been killed the day previous.

A great many attempts have been made toward the artificial propagation of frogs from the eggs, but none has ever succeeded. Seth Green, one of the most successful fish culturists in the country, made many tests several years ago, but met with failure. During the past summer Commissioner Blackford received several orders from France for live bullfrogs, which were to be used in stocking the ponds in that country, as the supply was found to be falling below the demand.—New York Herald.

VANDAL HANDS ARE STAYED.

Grounds of the Borghese Villa Purchased by the Government.

An "open space" that has a European reputation has long been threatened and has now at last been rescued from the speculative builder. In no capital has he been more active lately, or more ferocious, than in Rome. He found the old city marble and he is rapidly leaving it plaster. Every one who knows Rome will remember the beautiful grounds of the Villa Borghese, just outside the city walls, high upon the Pincian hill. Thence you look down on the city stretching southward beyond you and can see the sun setting behind St. Peter's.

In the healthiest quarter of Rome this site was the very opportunity of the speculative builder, if chance were to cast it into the market. And of this there has lately been an alarming probability. The Borghese family were no longer the inheritors of their old opulence. Year by year the quaintly laid out grounds were falling into neglect and the artificial ruins were crumbling in veritable decay. Once the Casino held a collection of antique sculpture so rare that Napoleon carried them off to Paris and the indemnity promised to the Prince Borghese of that day—15,000,000 francs—was never paid. But the pedestals were not left unoccupied and to this day the Casino is one of the sights of Rome.

The grounds themselves are in a way its Hyde Park. It is here that, in the season, in the winter months, and in the early spring, the fashion of the modern city is seen and scarcely a day passes but the scarlet liveries show that the king or queen is driving in the grounds. This "open space" was too intimately associated with many sides of the life of modern Rome to allow of its being sacrificed to the builder. The municipality has bought it from the family, to whom will be paid for the concession an annuity of £6,000 a year.—London News.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

The beautiful and delicate colors observed on the eggs of birds are not very fast to light, more especially when they belong to the lighter class of color.

Four of the Montana willows, with one from the island of Unalaska, are the smallest shrubs of Salicaceae in the world. One of these growing often only half an inch high, is believed to be the smallest species of willow ever known.

If the land surface of the globe were divided and allotted in equal shares to each of its human inhabitants, it would be found that each would get a plot of twenty-three and one-half acres, but much of it would not be worth having.

A new method of preserving wood from decay, known as the Haskin process, is being tried on a large scale in England. Instead of withdrawing the sap and injecting creosote or some other antiseptic substance, as is usually done, Mr. Haskin submits the wood to superheated air, under a pressure of fourteen atmospheres. Under this process, it is averred, the sap is chemically changed into a powerful antiseptic mixture, which, by consolidating with the fiber, strengthens as well as preserves the wood.

The "live" electric wire is said to be used with great success by lion-tamers in impressing upon their savage pupils the utter hopelessness of an attack on the master. When a lion is in the early stages of education it sometimes starts for its tamer when the latter's back is turned. Formerly the only security for the man was in keeping a sharp outlook over his shoulder. Now he can have a charged wire stretched across the cage in front of the beast, and if the latter touches the wire he gets a lesson which makes a deeper impression than the cut of a whip.

The Los Angeles Ocean Power Company has, at Potencia Beach, California, a metallic pier 350 feet long, at the outer end of which are three floats ten by ten feet in dimension, which rise and fall with the incoming waves. By means of pistons the floats force water into a reservoir on the bank. The upper part of the reservoir contains air, which, being compressed, forces the water through a nozzle upon a Pelton water wheel, which is thus driven at a high rate. The water wheel supplies power to a dynamo. Each float develops between two and three horse-power. The managers of the enterprise are represented as being well satisfied with the results.

On the Grand River near Moab in Utah exists a remarkable "natural bridge," of which a photograph was recently made by a Moab photographer. Mr. Arthur Winslow, of Kansas City, in forwarding the photograph to Science, says that the span of the bridge is estimated to be 500 feet, and its height 150 feet. Mr. Winslow thinks it is a product of erosion by wind. He has himself made photographs of similar formations, on a smaller scale, in the same region of country. The excavating agents are the grains of sand whirled by the wind. Starting with a depression in the friable sandstone rock, the blasts of flying sand rapidly excavate pot-holes in comparatively flat surfaces, and "windows" in standing walls and isolated buttes.

Danger Awheel.

No matter how stout a man's courage may be,
There are times when he's certain to quail,
Though the blazing of battle he calmly may see,
In peace all his firmness may fail,
Though bullets which sought in his being to lodge,
Serenely he often defied,
He'll tremble and pant as he struggles to dodge,
The girl who is learning to ride.

A marksman afar will perchance miss his aim,
When the dynamite deadly is fired,
For e'en mathematical skill cannot claim
To guarantee all that's desired.
But when her front wheel seems to waver a bit
And she thinks it's time to collide,
You know you're a target that's bound to be hit
By the girl who is learning to ride.
—Washington Star.

Spelling by Ear.

An American gentleman, residing in Berlin, taught a little German boy the simple stanzas, "Ding-dong bell" and "Twinkle, twinkle, little star." On being asked to write the words of these poems, as he thought they were spelled, the boy produced the following, according to the Home Guard:

Dinn, dann, bell, Pussis in wi well,
Hupurterium, littil ganni grues,
Hutuckeraut littell Tammi Truat
Wardarnortibeu was tat
Tudraun Purpussikat.

Twinkel, Twinkel, littell star,
Hauelwander wad juar,
Ababaf wi-wool so hel
Leikeldeiermann in wiski.

How Much He'd Be Missed.

"Henrietta," said Mr. Meekin, "do you think you'll miss me?"

She looked at him in surprise and queried:

"When?"

"When I have gone to war."

"Mr. Meekton," she answered, "I have had reason for resenting a great many things, but I am willing to owp that if Spanish marksmanship is such that you are missed in the war as often as I will miss you at home there won't be any risks for you whatever!"

The Size of Alaska.

Some idea of the size of Alaska may be formed when it is known that it contains an area of 577,890 square miles. This is more than twice the area of Texas. Twelve States the size of Pennsylvania could be carved out of the Territory of Alaska, with enough left over to make a State like South Carolina.

Farm Notes.

The canker worm, known as the measuring worm, is a nuisance much dreaded by fruit-growers, as they feed not only on apple, plum, cherry and other fruit trees, but also on the elm and maple. The eggs are deposited in masses of a hundred or more, and the patent moth lays in the fall as well as in spring. Spraying with Paris green is the remedy.

Any crop that grows rapidly crowds out weeds because it gets ahead of them. Buckwheat, which can be seeded down now, is a crop that grows on nearly all soils and can take care of itself. It is used by some on very weedy land with benefit, and is also a profitable crop.

Some weeds seem to hold possession of the land persistently, but when they are kept down by frequent cutting off of the tops it is but a matter of time before they will die, as every cutting causes exhaustion. The stubble field is a favorite place for weeds, but if the mower is run over the field the weeds will be prevented from seeding until the land can be plowed.

Cabbage will thrive with frequent cultivation; in fact, they may be cultivated every day with advantage. The first cultivation should be deep, so as to permit the ground to absorb water from rains, after which the stirring of the top soil for an inch or two will answer. If grass and weeds grow in the spaces between the plants do not hesitate to use the hoe as the rapid growth of the cabbages will well repay for the labor.

When the crop has been picked from the raspberry and blackberry canes it is seldom any work is bestowed on the canes until next year. Considering the neglect given blackberry and raspberry canes in late summer they pay well in comparison with other crops. If fruit growers will cultivate the canes and clean the ground well of weeds and grass as soon as the berry harvest is over, and apply fertilizer on the land, the effect of the good treatment will be apparent the following year. Weeds and grass rob the canes, and when it is considered that with the canes producing crops for several years in succession, and weeds and grass taking possession between the rows, the land becomes exhausted, the crops fall off and the canes die out.

Fodder shredders have been found equal to cutters in preparing ensilage for the silo. According to the experience of those who have used shredders for the purpose mentioned the ensilage is finer and a larger quantity can be packed in the silo. It also keeps well and is more highly relished by stock.

Horn flies do considerable damage to cattle in some sections. The superintendent of the Ontario experiment station gives the following as a remedy, not only for horn fly, but for exterminating vermin: Mix thoroughly four teaspoonfuls of carbolic acid and one gallon of fish oil. Apply once a week, rubbing the mixture on with a soft rag.

It is estimated that the number of cows in the United States used for producing milk from which butter is made reaches 11,000,000, and that the average amount of butter per cow is 125 pounds for one year, making a total of 1,374,000,000 pounds of butter. Estimating at 125 pounds per cow shows that the average if "breed and feed" are made to enter more largely into dairying. There are cows used solely for supplying cheese factories, and also milk for immediate consumption, the item of butter only being taken to point out the enormous value of cows on the farms and their usefulness to farmers.

Goslings and ducklings frequently show signs of lameness when nearly grown, and are also afflicted with vertigo. The cause is due to feeding largely of grain. During warm weather they will thrive better if allowed nothing but grass. All equatic birds require bulky substances, and will not thrive on a diet of concentrated food.

Unfermented wine is being made quite largely in the grape region of New York. The usual practice is to heat the grape juice to the sterilizing point, and then to seal it while hot, just as we do canned fruit. The bottles should be kept lying on their sides in a dark place. It is asserted that some unscrupulous makers have used salicylic acid instead of sterilization to prevent fermentation, but the pure "unfermented wine" contains no preservative. The salicylic acid would be regarded in the eyes of the law as an adulterant.

The period of maturity for early garden truck can be hastened 10 or 12 days by inclosing the garden track with a wire fence on which is stretched cheesecloth or any other cheap muslin or cambric. It has been found by repeated experiments of skillful growers that this precaution keeps off intrusive and damaging winds and raises the temperature within the inclosure fully 12 degrees over that of the open, and this has the effect quite naturally of forcing growth. We have an idea that black cambric for this purpose would be even more effective than the white muslin.

San Jose scale is getting to be pretty general, if all reports are to be taken as true. Professor James W. Toumey, of the Agricultural Experiment Station at Tucson, Ari., has given out this formula for destroying the pest upon deciduous trees: Rosin, 20 pounds; caustic soda (70 per cent. strength), 5 pounds; fish oil, 3 pints; water sufficient to make 100 gallons. This preparation is to applied with a sprayer a number of times during the summer.

Track and Turf.

The 3-year-old colt Onward Silver, by Onward, out of a sister to Kentucky Union, 2.07 1-4, has trotted a mile in 2.20 1-4, and a half in 1.09.

Hans McGregor, 2.11 1-4, who threw out a curb and went lame at Hartford, will be laid up until the Buffalo Grand Circuit meeting.

Robert Patchen, the sensationally-fast green gelding in the Wilson Bros.' string, is lame. He was to have started in the M. & M.

Duchess O'Neil, 2.12 1-2, the hobbled daughter of Bonnie McGregor, is in training again and has paced a half in 1.03 1-2 in her work.

The California 3-year-old pacing colt Klatawah, 2.06 1-4, by Steinway, is far and away the most sensational pacer of his age ever seen.

Mal Quintin, of Bethlehem, Pa., has sold the chestnut stallion Shellnut, 2.28 3-4 by Nutmeg, 2.16, to H. C. Duvernick, California, Mo.

It was Ed. Bithers green mare Prudence, by Bonnie McGregor, who made Miss Beatrice step in 2.13 1-4, in the 2.30 trot at Providence.

The Village Farm pacing filly Lady of the Manor, 2.11 1-4, by Mambrino King, can step a half within a fraction of a second of one minute.

Lena N., holder of the world's pacing record for mares, 2.04 1-4, was sired by Sidney, dam untraced. She had a mark of 2.12 3-4 last season.

Millard F. Saunders, formerly lessee of the track privileges at Belmont, is training at Glenville, O. He has Derby Lass and others for Gus Wagner.

James Hanley, Providence, R. I., has purchased the fast bay gelding Norvet, 2.21 1-4, by Norval, for $600. The horse is in Barney Demarest's stable.

Our great strength lays in our passions and our great weakness lays there, too.

What we ardently wish we soon believe.

When we begin the day with praise we will not be so apt to end it with worry and fret.

We always know what a man is when we know what his faith says God is.

SERMONS OF THE DAY

"Sectarianism" is the Subject — The Church of God Divided Into a Great Number of Denominations—The Causes of Bigotry—Evils of Intolerance.

TEXT: "Then said they unto him, Say, now Shibboleth, and he said Sibboleth; for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him and slew him at the passages of Jordan."—Judges xii., 6.

Do you notice the difference of pronunciation between shibboleth and sibboleth? A very small and unimportant difference, you say. And yet, that difference was the difference between life and death for a great many people. The Lord's people, Gilead and Ephraim, got into a great fight, and Ephraim was worsted, and on the retreat came to the fords of the river Jordan to cross. Order was given that all Ephraimites coming there be slain. But how could it be found out who were Ephraimites? They were detected by their pronunciation. Shibboleth was a word that stood for river. The Ephraimites had a brogue of their own, and when they tried to say "shibboleth" always left out the sound of the "h." When it was asked that they say shibboleth they said sibboleth, and were slain. "Then said they unto him, say now shibboleth; and he said sibboleth, for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him and slew him at the passages of Jordan." A very small difference, you say, between Gilead and Ephraim, and yet how much intolerance about that small difference? The Lord's tribes in our time—by which I mean the different denominations of Christians—sometimes magnify a very small difference, and the only difference between scores of denominations to-day is the difference between shibboleth and sibboleth.

The Church of God is divided into a great number of denominations. Time would fail me to tell of the Calvinists, and the Arminians, and the Sabbatarians, and the Baptarians, and the Dunkers, and the Shakers, and the Quakers, and the Methodists, and the Baptists, and the Episcopalians, and the Lutherans, and the Congregationalists, and the Presbyterians, and the Spiritualists, and a score of other denominations of religionists, some of them founded by very good men, some of them founded by very egotistic men, some of them founded by very bad men. But I demand for myself liberty of conscience, I must give that same liberty to every other man, remembering that he no more differs from me than I differ from him. I advocate the largest liberty in all religious belief and form of worship. In art, in politics, in morals, and in religion, let there be no gag law, no moving of the previous question, no persecution, no intolerance.

You know that the air and the water keep pure by constant circulation, and I think there is a tendency in religious discussion to purification and moral health. Between the fourth and the sixteenth centuries the church proposed to make people think aright by prohibiting discussion, and by strong censorship of the press, and rack, and gibbet, and hot lead down the throat, tried to make people orthodox; but it was discovered that you cannot change a man's belief by twisting off his head, nor make a man see differently by putting an awl through his eyes. There is something in a man's conscience which will hurl off the mountain that you threw upon it, and no amount of fuel put down into the flame will make red wings on which the martyr will mount to glory.

In that time of which I speak, between the fourth and sixteenth centuries, people went from the house of God into the most appalling iniquity, and high along by consecrated altars there were tides of drunkenness and licentiousness such as the world never heard of, and the very sewers of perdition broke loose and flooded the church. After awhile the printing press was freed, and it broke the shackles of the human mind. Then there came a large number of bad books, and where there was one man hostile to the Christian religion, there were twenty men ready to advocate it; so I have not any nervousness in regard to this battle going on between Truth and Error. The Truth will conquer just as certainly as that God is stronger than the Devil. Let Error run if you only let Truth run along with it. Urged on by skeptic's shout and transcendentalist's spur, let it run. God's angels of wrath are in hot pursuit, and quicker than eagle's beak clutches out a hawk's heart, God's vengeance will tear it to pieces.

I propose to speak to you of sectarianism—its origin, its evils, and its cures. There are those who would make us think that this monster with horns and hoofs, is religion. I shall chase it to its hiding place, and drag it out of the caverns of darkness, and rip off its hide. But I want to make a distinction between bigotry and the lawful fondness for peculiar religious beliefs and forms of worship. I have no admiration for a nothingarian.

In a world of such tremendous vicissitude and temptation, and with a soul that must after awhile stand before a throne of insufferable brightness, in a day when the rocking of the mountains and the flaming of the heavens and the upheaval of the seas shall be among the least of the excitements, to give account for every thought, word, action, preference, and dislike—that man is mad who has no religious preference. But our early education, our physical temperament, our mental constitution, will very much decide our form of worship.

A style of psalmody that may please me may displease you. Some would like to have a minister in gown and bands and surplice, and others prefer to have a minister in plain citizen's apparel. Some are most impressed when a little child is presented at the altar and sprinkled of the waters of a holy benediction "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," and others are more impressed when the penitent comes up out of the river, his garments dripping with the waters of a baptism which signifies the washing away of sin. Let either have his own way. One man likes no noise in prayer, not a word, not a whisper. Another man, just as good, prefers by gesticulation and exclamation to express his devotional aspirations. One is just as good as the other. "Every man fully persuaded in his own mind."

George Whitefield was going over a Quaker rather roughly for some of his religious sentiments, and the Quaker said: "George, I am as thou art: I am for bringing all men to the hope of the Gospel; therefore, if thou wilt not quarrel with me about my broad brim, I will not quarrel with thee about thy black gown. George, give me thy hand."

In tracing out the religion of sectarianism or bigotry I find that a great deal of it comes from wrong education in the home circle. There are parents who do not think it wrong to caricature and jeer the peculiar forms of religion in the world, and denounce other sects and other denominations. I could mention the names of prominent ministers of the Gospel who spent their whole lives bombarding other denominations and who lived to see their children preach the Gospel in those very denominations. But it is often the case that bigotry starts in a household, and that the subject of it never recovers. There are tens of thousands of bigots ten years old.

Bigotry is often the child of ignorance. You seldom find a man with large intellect who is a bigot. It is the man who thinks he knows a great deal, but does not. That man is almost always a bigot. The whole tendency of education and civilization is to bring a man out of that kind of state of mind and heart.

So I have set before you what I consider to be the causes of bigotry. I have set before you the origin of this great evil. What are some of the baneful effects?

First of all, it cripples investigation. You are wrong, and I am right, and that ends it. No taste for exploration, no spirit of investigation. From the glorious realm of God's truth, over which an archangel might fly from eternity to eternity and not reach the limit, the man shuts himself out and dies, a blind mole under a corn-shock.

While each denomination of Christians is to present all the truths of the Bible, it seem to me that God has given to each denomination an especial mission to give particular emphasis to some one doctrine; and so the Calvinistic churches must present the sovereignty of God, and the Arminian churches must present man's free agency, and the Episcopal churches must present the importance of order and solemn ceremony, and the Baptist churches must present the necessity of ordinances, and the Congregational churches must present the responsibility of the individual member, and the Methodist churches must show what holy enthusiasm, hearty congregational singing can accomplish. While each denomination of Christians must set forth all the doctrines of the Bible, I feel it is especially incumbent upon each denomination to put particular emphasis on some one doctrine.

Another great damage done by the sectarianism and bigotry of the church is that it disgusts people with the Christian religion. Again bigotry and sectarianism do great damage in the fact that they hinder the triumph of the Gospel. Oh, how much wasted ammunition! How many men of splendid intellect have given their whole life to controversial disputes when, if they had given their life to something practical, they might have been vastly useful! Suppose, while I speak, there were a common enemy coming up the bay, and all the forts around the harbor began to fire into each other—you would cry out "National suicide! Why don't those forts blaze away in one direction, and that against the common enemy?"

Besides that, if you want to build up any denomination, you will never build it up by trying to pull some other down. Intolerance never put anything down. How much has intolerance accomplished, for instance, against the Methodist Church? For long years her ministry were forbidden the pulpits of Great Britain. Why was it that so many of them preached in the fields? Simply because they could not get in the churches. And the name of the church was given in derision and as a sarcasm. The critics of the church said, "They have no order, they have no method in their worship;" and the critics, therefore, in irony, called them "Methodists