

AGRICULTURAL.

TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

ALL MILK IS NOT ALIKE. The Wisconsin Dairy Commissioner declared that the sooner dairymen pull out of the old rut into which they fell many years ago, that rut being nothing more or less than the lubrication that "all milk is alike, pound for pound," the sooner will the dairy business be put on a firmer and better paying basis in that region.

SETTING FRUIT TREES. For setting and handling fruit trees the following directions, from an experienced fruit grower, have been successfully followed. As soon as ground will work, dig deep, dig shallow, dig thoroughly, dig evenly, set stake where each tree is wanted. Dig holes twice as deep as the tree, fill with surface soil to the proper size, cover roots, then put in proper size, round up with dry dirt, water, fill, covering up with dry dirt, and if mulched or cultivated your trees will do well.

LEANS TO GRAFT. Every farmer should himself understand grafting, and be able practically to do it. The art is simple and easily learned. It may not always pay the farmer to do all the large jobs of grafting that he has to do, since his own time may be worth more at something else. But it is the little jobs, the setting of half a dozen grafts now worth sending for a professional grafter to do, that thus are neglected from year to year, simply because no one but hand qualified to do the work.

SOFT-SHELLED EGGS. The shells of eggs consist mainly of lime, and the lime must come from food, that is, from material eaten and digested. Grain alone does not and cannot furnish all the lime required for the shells of 100 eggs which a hen should lay in a season, and lime is not stored up in the system as fat is, consequently when hens confined in the winter cannot get mineral food and are not furnished with such food as broken or burned bones, a good many of the eggs are soft-shelled, and as these are really broken, the hens learn to eat them. An excellent way is to procure fresh bones with the meat on them from a butcher and break them up fine enough to be swallowed, and the fragments are digested easily.

TO PRESERVE THE HEALTH OF HORSES. The best treatment of disease is to prevent it by judicious attention to keep the animals in health and avoid injuries which may result in disorder of the joints. The food should be given in moderation and regularly, and never when the horse is weary from hard work, and water should be given directly after feeding, but always a few minutes before allowing time for it to be absorbed.

A WORD FOR DUCKS. It is now the season of the year when the value of a good flock of ducks should be impressed upon the farmer. Most people think that ducks are fearful eaters and that they cannot exist without water. A farmer who has tried the experiment of raising a flock, and allowed it to destroy all the water on the farm, is convinced that he has made a great mistake, and when fall comes kills all his duck, and no amount of persuasion can induce him to have any more ducks upon his place.

Patience must be the rule on a farm. All improvements take time. But there is one form of patience that is not to be recommended; that is, patient waiting for something to happen. According to Professor Henry, of the Wisconsin Station, milk made from ensilage is much more churnable than milk made from dry fodder; less butter fat goes out in the buttermilk.

Many farmers let fruit and vegetables go to waste because of the absurd idea that it is cheaper to buy them dried or canned in winter than to preserve them at home while they are plenty and right at hand.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

SUBJECT FOR SUNDAY, MAY 19.

"The Last Supper." Mark 14: 12-20. Golden Text, Luke 22: 10. Explanatory Notes:

12. "The first day of unleavened bread, when they killed the passover." The last day on earth in a mortal body had come; this night He would keep the passover with His disciples, and on the morrow be crucified—Christ our passover, sacrifice for all (1 Cor. v. 7)—and He went forward calmly, unwaveringly, knowing every step of the way beforehand. It was over fourteen hundred years since the first passover was kept that night in Egypt, when by the blood of a lamb the first born of Israel were saved from death and the nation brought forth from their bondage by the outstretched arm of Jehovah, and now the Lamb of God to whom every sinner comes, and who is slain, was about to die for the world, whose blood saves from eternal death all to whom it is applied, and who shall yet accomplish for Israel a greater deliverance than that from Egypt. We cannot think of His committing a single sin since first He went up to Jerusalem with Joseph and Mary at the age of 12, when He uttered His first recorded words: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" (John 8: 29). He had no sin, but in all things pleased the Father, and soon we shall hear Him say to His Father: "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do." (John 17: 4). He had no sin, but He will give us to do, let us cheerfully and persistently renounce our own will in all things and keep saying to Him: "Lord, where wilt Thou, what wilt Thou?"

13. "The Master said, where is the guest-chamber which I shall eat the passover with My disciples?" What a privilege to prepare a room for Jesus, the precious Jesus, he did all that he could, he gave a furnished and prepared room. Jesus gave Himself, His all, for us, unless we cheerfully place all we are and have at His service it is a proof that we do not love or appreciate His love for us.

14. "The Master said, where is the guest-chamber which I shall eat the passover with My disciples?" What a privilege to prepare a room for Jesus, the precious Jesus, he did all that he could, he gave a furnished and prepared room. Jesus gave Himself, His all, for us, unless we cheerfully place all we are and have at His service it is a proof that we do not love or appreciate His love for us.

15. "The Master said, where is the guest-chamber which I shall eat the passover with My disciples?" What a privilege to prepare a room for Jesus, the precious Jesus, he did all that he could, he gave a furnished and prepared room. Jesus gave Himself, His all, for us, unless we cheerfully place all we are and have at His service it is a proof that we do not love or appreciate His love for us.

16. "The Master said, where is the guest-chamber which I shall eat the passover with My disciples?" What a privilege to prepare a room for Jesus, the precious Jesus, he did all that he could, he gave a furnished and prepared room. Jesus gave Himself, His all, for us, unless we cheerfully place all we are and have at His service it is a proof that we do not love or appreciate His love for us.

17. "The Master said, where is the guest-chamber which I shall eat the passover with My disciples?" What a privilege to prepare a room for Jesus, the precious Jesus, he did all that he could, he gave a furnished and prepared room. Jesus gave Himself, His all, for us, unless we cheerfully place all we are and have at His service it is a proof that we do not love or appreciate His love for us.

18. "The Master said, where is the guest-chamber which I shall eat the passover with My disciples?" What a privilege to prepare a room for Jesus, the precious Jesus, he did all that he could, he gave a furnished and prepared room. Jesus gave Himself, His all, for us, unless we cheerfully place all we are and have at His service it is a proof that we do not love or appreciate His love for us.

19. "The Master said, where is the guest-chamber which I shall eat the passover with My disciples?" What a privilege to prepare a room for Jesus, the precious Jesus, he did all that he could, he gave a furnished and prepared room. Jesus gave Himself, His all, for us, unless we cheerfully place all we are and have at His service it is a proof that we do not love or appreciate His love for us.

TEMPERANCE.

WHISKEY SPIGERS GRANT AND GROSSLY.

Whisky spigders grant and grossly, Weave their webs from sea to sea; They grow fat and men grow needy, Shall our robbers rulers be?

"Sweep the webs away!" the nation In its wrath and wisdom cries, Say the folks, with indignation: "No! but educate the flies!"

We do both, twin wings, who sunder, Let the schools fill out their sphere; Let the Church sound seven thunders, But the webs must disappear.

Up! the Webs are full of slaughter, Sweep away the spider's lair; Up! the Church sound seven thunders, Make the vexed earth clean and fair. —Rev. Joseph Cook.

TRAFFIC WITH NATIVE RACES. Archibald Farrar, in a recent sermon delivered to an immense congregation in Westchester, Alaska, said: "It is estimated that, in 1885, the European races and America, we, the Christians of the world, poured ten millions of gallons of ardent spirits into Africa, through the Congo and the Niger, and the traffic which carries them causes untold agony and ruin to the miserable natives, which they swallow with useless trinkets and cheat with spurious goods. Shall I not punish for such things? saith the Lord. Shall not My soul be avenged on such a nation as this?"

LIFE INSURANCE AND LAGER-BEER. Rev. Father Henry, of Wisconsin, President of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, in an address in Philadelphia said: "Now the statement I am about to make will be new to a great many in this large assembly. I come from the State of Wisconsin. I live in the suburbs of the great city of Milwaukee, where the best lager-beer is brewed in America. They tell us that this lager-beer is especially good for a man's health, that it contains no impurities, and is the most nutritious and invigorating liquid. Now, the Northern Life Insurance Company of Milwaukee, which was established in Milwaukee about thirty years ago, all of whose directors are, I think, wealthy men in the city of Milwaukee, and the State of Wisconsin, having their headquarters in this city, and their business, they have watched its growth and its influence on the consumers and well-conclusion of the Northwestern Life Insurance Company's policy. Knowing all about the healthfulness of lager-beer, it has concluded that it can no longer grant a life insurance policy to a lager-beer drinker, but to do this it has to employ a large number of men to inspect the health of the applicants. Why, because they say: 'Our statistics show that our business has been injured by the shortened lives of men who drink lager-beer. In my opinion there is no stronger argument that this is the case than the fact that the men who have been rejected for strength and length of days.'

THE BELIEF IN THE FACILITY OF THAT "CENTRED" IS THE principal mistake of the compensation sophists. A man of strong will power, who has contracted the stimulant habit late in life, may keep his appetite in check, and under favorable circumstances, though any unforeseen vexation may tempt him to "draw his misery" in the letter of his temple, and at all events, his fight against the power of such temptations will make his life a ceaseless plod against the stream of inverted instincts. Younger and more cautious persons, on the other hand, will sooner or later surrender themselves to the current of that stream. Their power of resistance decreases as the insidious appetite grows, and before long the "good familiar spirit" of the "harmless stimulant" assumes the sway of a relentless despot.—Voice.

THE WORK OF A CIDER DRUNKARD. The horrible parable in Westfield, Mass., the other day, which was followed by the suicide of the murderer, was the work of a cider drunkard. The crime was the work of the most brutal on record, as the father of the murderer, who had been the son, and the only difference between them grew out of the latter's dissolute habits. It is a curious fact that the hard-drinker and is peculiarly morose, stubborn and vindictive.—New York Tribune.

RELIGIOUS READING.

THE THINKING CAMEL'S HILL.

I hear the thinking camel's hill Beneath the shade of Elah's mount, And men and beast at Jacob's well, Bow down to taste the sacred fount.

Samaria's daughter too doth share The draught that earthly thirst can quell; But who is that who stoops to her? What voice is that at Jacob's well? "He! ask of me, and I will give; From my own life, the life's supply; I am the fount! drink, drink and live; No more to thirst, no more to die!"

Strange, mystic words, but words of heaven, And they who drink today, are then, To them shall never I be given, Their souls shall never they again! —Poet, J. C. Upham.

NEVER LOWER YOUR PRINCIPLES TO THE WORLD'S STANDARD. Never let an unscrupulous publisher or any other unscrupulous man or combination of men, by any means, compromise your principles for the sake of a few dollars. It is a man's duty to stand for his principles, and if he is to be a man, he must be true to them. If he is to be a man, he must be true to them. If he is to be a man, he must be true to them.

THE SOLDIER'S GREATEST COMPLIMENT. One day, foggy, muddy, dark, a British soldier was standing with a group of his comrades in London waiting for an opportunity to cross over. These were the days when London streets on such a day, with their mud and mud, and mud, were a sight to see. The British soldier, who was standing with a group of his comrades in London waiting for an opportunity to cross over. These were the days when London streets on such a day, with their mud and mud, and mud, were a sight to see.

THE SOLDIER'S GREATEST COMPLIMENT. One day, foggy, muddy, dark, a British soldier was standing with a group of his comrades in London waiting for an opportunity to cross over. These were the days when London streets on such a day, with their mud and mud, and mud, were a sight to see. The British soldier, who was standing with a group of his comrades in London waiting for an opportunity to cross over. These were the days when London streets on such a day, with their mud and mud, and mud, were a sight to see.

THE SOLDIER'S GREATEST COMPLIMENT. One day, foggy, muddy, dark, a British soldier was standing with a group of his comrades in London waiting for an opportunity to cross over. These were the days when London streets on such a day, with their mud and mud, and mud, were a sight to see. The British soldier, who was standing with a group of his comrades in London waiting for an opportunity to cross over. These were the days when London streets on such a day, with their mud and mud, and mud, were a sight to see.

THE SOLDIER'S GREATEST COMPLIMENT. One day, foggy, muddy, dark, a British soldier was standing with a group of his comrades in London waiting for an opportunity to cross over. These were the days when London streets on such a day, with their mud and mud, and mud, were a sight to see. The British soldier, who was standing with a group of his comrades in London waiting for an opportunity to cross over. These were the days when London streets on such a day, with their mud and mud, and mud, were a sight to see.

RELIGIOUS READING.

THE THINKING CAMEL'S HILL.

I hear the thinking camel's hill Beneath the shade of Elah's mount, And men and beast at Jacob's well, Bow down to taste the sacred fount.

Samaria's daughter too doth share The draught that earthly thirst can quell; But who is that who stoops to her? What voice is that at Jacob's well? "He! ask of me, and I will give; From my own life, the life's supply; I am the fount! drink, drink and live; No more to thirst, no more to die!"

Strange, mystic words, but words of heaven, And they who drink today, are then, To them shall never I be given, Their souls shall never they again! —Poet, J. C. Upham.

NEVER LOWER YOUR PRINCIPLES TO THE WORLD'S STANDARD. Never let an unscrupulous publisher or any other unscrupulous man or combination of men, by any means, compromise your principles for the sake of a few dollars. It is a man's duty to stand for his principles, and if he is to be a man, he must be true to them. If he is to be a man, he must be true to them. If he is to be a man, he must be true to them.

THE SOLDIER'S GREATEST COMPLIMENT. One day, foggy, muddy, dark, a British soldier was standing with a group of his comrades in London waiting for an opportunity to cross over. These were the days when London streets on such a day, with their mud and mud, and mud, were a sight to see. The British soldier, who was standing with a group of his comrades in London waiting for an opportunity to cross over. These were the days when London streets on such a day, with their mud and mud, and mud, were a sight to see.

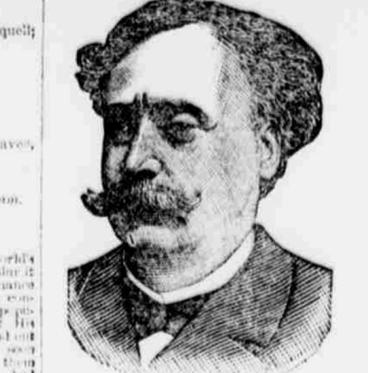
THE SOLDIER'S GREATEST COMPLIMENT. One day, foggy, muddy, dark, a British soldier was standing with a group of his comrades in London waiting for an opportunity to cross over. These were the days when London streets on such a day, with their mud and mud, and mud, were a sight to see. The British soldier, who was standing with a group of his comrades in London waiting for an opportunity to cross over. These were the days when London streets on such a day, with their mud and mud, and mud, were a sight to see.

THE SOLDIER'S GREATEST COMPLIMENT. One day, foggy, muddy, dark, a British soldier was standing with a group of his comrades in London waiting for an opportunity to cross over. These were the days when London streets on such a day, with their mud and mud, and mud, were a sight to see. The British soldier, who was standing with a group of his comrades in London waiting for an opportunity to cross over. These were the days when London streets on such a day, with their mud and mud, and mud, were a sight to see.

THE SOLDIER'S GREATEST COMPLIMENT. One day, foggy, muddy, dark, a British soldier was standing with a group of his comrades in London waiting for an opportunity to cross over. These were the days when London streets on such a day, with their mud and mud, and mud, were a sight to see. The British soldier, who was standing with a group of his comrades in London waiting for an opportunity to cross over. These were the days when London streets on such a day, with their mud and mud, and mud, were a sight to see.

Alexandre Dumas, fils.

Alexandre Dumas, fils, the renowned French novelist and play-writer, who is well known in the United States, is the son of the late M. Alexandre Davy Dumas, novelist and dramatic writer. Alexandre Dumas, fils, was born in



Paris, July 28, 1821, and obtained his education in the College Bourbon, where he distinguished himself. At an early age he was introduced into the society of literary men, actors and actresses, and was conspicuous for his wit and procreancy. At the age of seventeen he composed a collection of poems, "Les Poésies de Jeunesse," a work of small literary value and merit. Subsequently he traveled with his father in Spain and in Africa, and on his return wrote "Les Aventures de Quatre Femmes et d'un Perroquet," published in 1841. He had early the sense that he could not excel as a poet, and he succeeded first as a dramatic writer, by his objective instincts and a microscopic power of delineation and magnifying the worst side of society in his dramas. Abandoning the imaginative romances of his father, he sought by verisimilitude to make good his deficiency in dramatic construction. His works treat mostly of the epiphanic aspects of French life. He may be said to belong to the sensuous school of French literature. His principal work of fiction, "La Dame aux Camélias," became one of the best known productions of the day. A dramatic version was played in 1852, after having been introduced by M. Leon Fleury, and reproduced in Verdi's opera, "La Traviata," created a still greater sensation. M. Dumas, who has written many dramatic pieces, is considered by the public the greatest living dramatist of the demi-monde.

A Great Wag.



Not Very Reassuring.



Visitor to Coal Mine.—"Seems to me that rope's giving way fast. How often do you change it?" Miner.—"Every six weeks; an' if we're lucky enough to get to the top it'll be changed to-morrow."—Fitzgerald's Blather.

Gum chewing is the prevailing mania in Albin, Nebraska. The disgusting habit has become so general that parents and preachers inveigh against it, but to no effect. During services in church last Sunday the dominie delicately insinuated that the congregation looked like a corral of munching cattle, so industriously did the jaws wag. While the preacher was rounding an eloquent peroration on the beauties of the echoless shore, a mighty yell rent the rafters. It came from the paralyzed jaw of a Mr. Cato who had been suddenly smitten with lead colic, caused by chewing adulterated gum. Cato was taken home and the congregation dismissed. Next day a ton of second-hand gum was plucked from the pews and dumped into the raging river.