



suffering in domestic animals is a hindrance to well being.

Weeds and Good Farming.

Occasionally a farmer is heard to ask how the weeds can be killed, but he does not realize that if by some rapid process they could all be dispatched new legions would fill their places at once if the conditions which they enjoy remain. What farmers need to comprehend is that without some radical mistake in the management of their land the daisies would never have gained such a foothold. All plants, including weeds, settle and thrive where the competition for life is such that they can enter into it and prosper. A good stand of grass leaves no room nor any hope for weeds. It is not in well tilled fields that Canada thistles flourish, but in neglected pastures and by the roadsides. In the contest with the best agricultural practice they cannot prevail. The remedy for weeds is to keep the land busy with a good crop on it, and this means that the farmers must give persistent and connected thought to his business. If the daisies crowd out the grass, it is because the meadow has been neglected and the grass has begun to fail, and wherever there is a vacancy by the failure of the grass every enterprising weed finds a rightful opportunity to establish itself. If the farmer asks, therefore, what will kill the daisies, there is one answer: better farming.

Mistakes in Marketing.

"It is a mistake to market your fruit in flour or meal bags when you can get clean ones; better use the clean sacks for oats or wheat, and put fruit in good clean baskets, boxes or barrels. It is a mistake to try to put a quart of berries into a pint-and-a-half basket, or a half bushel of peaches or pears into twelve-quart basket; they shrink in getting them out. It is a mistake to put all the samples in the bottom of the basket; most people take them out before they use them; besides, the large ones on top have a crushing effect, if not upon them at least upon your honesty as a fruit-grower. It is a mistake to send soft fruit to a distant market. It is a mistake to send fruit to a commission man whose honesty you know nothing about. It is a mistake to expect prompt payments from every commission man you send to. It is a mistake to send off fruits to be sold on commission, if you can get a fair price for them near home."

Loading Corn Folder Made Easy.
The accompanying illustration, taken from Farm and Home, shows how folder may be loaded without much exertion.



RIG FOR HANDLING HEAVY BUNDLES.
Place an ordinary rack on a low-wheeled wagon or sled. To the rear of the rack hinge an apron of sufficient length so that when one end is on the ground the slope will not exceed 25 degrees. Fasten a pulley, a, to the front end of the rack at the middle. Back the wagon or sled close to the shock. Turn down the apron. Make a loop on one end of a strong rope and place this over the shock, b. Run the other end through the pulley on the front of the rack, then back to a stake or iron pin, c, driven into the ground. Start up the team slowly and the shock will be pulled on to the rack.

Poultry Notes.
Non-setting breeds lay white eggs. The hen pays for herself in a short time.

Large eggs indicate that the hens are too fat.

During hot weather water your fowls three times a day.

Beware of overfeeding; it is a variety of feed and shell producing materials that give the best results.

Give the hens proper care, but this does not imply that you must be continually fussing with them.

There is little or no difficulty in raising young ducks or goslings if they can be kept dry until well feathered.

Geese are very hardy, are easily raised, require less care and expensive food than any other breed of fowls.

Bantams make nice pets, but they should be kept in separate yards, as they are very annoying to larger fowls.

A sandy soil is the very best for poultry. Where this is impossible the yards or runs should be cleaned at least once a month.

If the drinking fountains are scalded out each week there will be no slime in the vessels, and the water will not carry disease.

When the comb of a hen is large and bright colored, showing it to be full of blood, it shows her to be in a good, healthy condition.

Horticultural Hints.
Diseases are contagious among plants, and should be watched and properly treated.

Canada papers report a large hang of fruit in the orchards, particularly apples; prospects are for a good crop.

The small trees should be cultivated, especially during dry weather. In fact, all cultivated crops will be benefited by shallow cultivation during dry spells.

Small-fruit growing is not straining to the land's fertility; in no other crop will so much satisfaction, gratified taste and good health be secured at so small a cost.

The striped cucumber bug can be driven away by dusting the vines with a mixture of one part of flour to four parts insect powder. Ashes, plaster, lime, etc., are good to prevent its attacks.

Kindness Is Useful.

I now know the other thought that I

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE PREACHER TALKS OF HUMAN KINDNESS.

It Is a Means of Defense as Well as of Usefulness—Enemies May Be Conquered with a Soft Tongue—Sympathy Is Potent with Sinners.

Help of a Kind Word.

In these days, when satire and retort and bitterness fill the air the gospel card of this sermon will do good to all who read and practice it. The text is Proverbs xxv, 13. "A soft tongue breaketh the bone."

When Solomon said this, he drove a whole volume into one phrase. You, of course, will not be so silly as to take the words of the text in a literal sense. They simply mean to set forth the fact that there is a tremendous power in a kind word. Although it may seem to be very insignificant, its force is indescribable and inimitable. Pungent and all conquering utterance, "A soft tongue breaketh the bone."

If I had time, I would show you kindness as a means of defense, as a means of usefulness, kindness as a means of domestic harmony, kindness as best employed by governments for the taming and taming of criminals and kindness as best adapted for the settling and adjusting of international quarrel, but I shall call your attention only to two of these thoughts.

As first, I speak to you of kindness as a means of defense. Almost every man, in the course of his life, is set upon and assaulted. Your natives are misrepresenting you or your religious or political principles, bombarded, what to do under such circumstances is the question.

The first instance of the natural heart says, "Strike back. Give as much as he sent. Trip him into the ditch which he dug for your feet. Gash him with as severe a wound as that which he inflicted on your soul. Shot for shot. Sarcasm for sarcasm. An eye for an eye. A tooth for a tooth." But the better spirit in the man's soul rises up and says, "You ought to consider that matter." You look up in the face of Christ and say, "My Master, how ought I to act under these difficult circumstances?" And Christ instantly answers, "Blow them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you." Then the old nature rises up again and says, "You had better not forgive him until first you have chastised him. You will never get him in so tight a corner again. You will never have such an opportunity of inflicting the right kind of punishment upon him again. First chastise him and then let him go." "No," says the better nature, "bush, thou foul heart. Try the soft tongue that breaketh the bone." Have you ever in all your life known acerbity and acrimonious dispute to settle a quarrel? Did they not always make matters worse and worse and worse? About fifty-five years ago there was a great quarrel in the Presbyterian family. Ministers of Christ were thought orthodox in proportion as they had measured lances with other clergymen of the same denomination. The most outrageous personalities were abroad. As, in the autumn, a hunter comes home with a string of game, partridges and wild ducks, slung over his shoulder, so there were many ministers who came back from the ecclesiastical courts with long strings of doctors of divinity whom they had shot with their own rifle. The division became wider, the animosity greater, until after awhile some good men resolved upon another tack. They began to explain away the difficulties, they began to forgive each other's faults, and lo! the great church quarrel was settled, and the new school Presbyterian church became one. The different parts of the Presbyterian order, divided by a hammer, a little hammer, a Christian hammer that the Scripture calls "a soft tongue."

The Applause of Conscience.

You have a dispute with your neighbor. You say to him, "I despise you." He replies, "I can't bear the sight of you." You say to him, "Never enter my house again." He says, "If you come on my door sill, I'll kick you off." You say to him, "I'll put you down." He says to you: "You are mistaken. I'll put you down." And so the contest rages, and year after year you act the unchristian part, and he acts the unchristian part.

After awhile the better spirit seizes you, and one little deed saved him for this life, and saved him for the life that is to come. He was afterward attorney general of the United States; but, higher than all, he became the consecrated disciple of Jesus Christ.

Kind words are so cheap it is a wonder we do not use them oftener. There are tens of thousands of people in these cities who are dying for the lack of one kind word.

There is a business man who has fought against trouble until he is perfectly exhausted. He has been thinking about forgery, about robbery, about suicide. Go to that business man. Tell him that he is a soul that has been swamped in sin. A virtuous man, tell him that, though his sins are as scarlet, they shall be as snow; though they are red like crimson, they shall be as wool. That man is dying forever for the lack of one kind word. There used to be a soul at a great many of the pianos all through the country a song that has almost died out. I wish somebody would start it again in our social circles. And if Christ was so kind to us, surely we can afford to be kind to each other.

A Very Singular Fish.

"The strangest fish story I ever heard was an experience I had myself," said Judge Scudder, of Atlanta, as he settled himself back in his big armchair, while a reflective look passed over his open countenance.

"It was in the summer of 1882, I think that an Easterner and myself started out on the warpath for fish. Salmon creek afforded fine fishing for salmon, trout and salmon trout as well.

"We had good sport—fine luck, in fact—for two days, and on the third day I chose a very wild spot and seated myself on a large rock overhanging the creek. I fished with a line and rod, using the same old-fashioned sort of worm I did as a boy. There was no

fish there for a long time, but the young man

was not all for another that Sir Matthew Hale took off his robe and put on the garb of a miller. And so Christ took off his robe of royalty and put on the attire of our humanity, and in that disguise he won our eternal portion. Now are we the sons of God—*John* heirs. We went off from home sure enough, but we got back in time to receive our eternal inheritance. And if Christ was so kind to us, surely we can afford to be kind to each other.

Kind words never die, never die, Cherished and blessed.

Sympathy's Loving Grace.

Oh, that we might in our families and in our churches try the force of kindness! You can never drive men, women or children into the kingdom of God.

A March northeaster will bring out more honeysuckles than frostiness and scolding will ever bring out Christian grace. I wish that in all our religious work we might be saturated with the spirit of kindness. Missing that, we miss a great deal of usefulness. There is no need of coming out before men and thundering to them the law unless at the same time you preach to them the gospel. The world is

"These young people want it just as they are. The old people sometimes think they have a monopoly of the rheumatisms, and the rheumatism, and the headaches, and the physical disorders of the world; but I tell you there are no worse heartaches than are felt by some of these young people. Do you know that much of the work is done by the young? Raphael died at 37. Michael at 31. Gustavus Adolphus died at 38. Innocent III, came to his mightiest influence at 37. Cortes conquered Mexico at 30. Don John won Lepanto at 25. Grattis was attorney general at 24, and I have noticed amid all classes of men that one of the severest battles and the toughest work come before 30. Therefore we must have our sermons and our exhortations in prayer meeting all sympathetic with the young. And so with these people further on in life. What do these doctors and lawyers and merchants and mechanics care about abstractions of religion? What they want is help to bear the physical ills of patients, the brawhawling of legal opponents, the unkindness of customers, who have plenty of fault finding for every imperfection of handiwork, but no praise for twenty excellencies. What does that brain racking, hand Miserere man care?"

Augustin's "Anthropology." You

right as well to a man who has the pliurisy and put on his side a plaster made out of Dr. Parr's "Treatise on Medical Jurisprudence."

"In all our sermons there must be help for every one somewhere. You go into an apothecary shop. We see others being waited on. We do not complain because we do not immediately get the medicine

desire to present, and that is kindness as a means of usefulness. In all communities you find skeptical men. Through early education, or through the maltreatment of professed Christian people, or through trying curiously about the future world, there are a great many people who become skeptical in religious things. How shall we capture these for God? Sharp argument and sarcastic retort never won a single soul from skepticism to the Christian religion. While powerful books on the evidences of Christianity have their mission in confirming Christian people in the faith they have already adopted, we have noticed that when skeptical people are brought into the kingdom of Christ it is through the charm of some great soul, and not by argument at all. Men are not saved through the head; they are saved through the heart. A storm comes out of hiding place. It says, "Now we'll just rouse up all this sea," and it makes a great bluster, but it does not succeed.

Part of the sea is roused up—perhaps one-half of it or one-fourth of it. After awhile the calm moon, placid and beautiful, looks down, and the ocean begins to rise. It comes up to high water mark. It embraces the great headlands. It submerges the beach of all the continents. It is the heart throb of one world against the heart throb of another world. And I have to tell you that while all your storms may rouse up the passion of an immortal nature, nothing less than the attractive power of Christian kindness can ever raise the deathless spirit to happiness and to God. I have more faith in the prayer of a child 5 years old in the way of bringing an infant back to Christ and to heaven than I have in all the hissing thunderbolts of ecclesiastical controversy. You cannot overcome men with religious argumentation. If you come at a skeptical man with an argument on behalf of the Christian religion, you put the man on his mettle. He says: "I see that man has a carbine. I'll use my carbine. I'll answer his argument with my argument." But if you come to that man, persuading him that you desire his happiness on earth and his eternal welfare in the world to come, he cannot answer it.

A Glorious Sentiment.

What I have said is just as true in the reclamation of the openly vicious. Did you ever know a drunkard to be saved through the caricature of a drunkard? Your mimicry of the staggering step, and the thick tongue, and the disgusting hiccup, only worse maddens his brain. But if you come to him in kindness and sympathy, if you show him that you appreciate the awful grip of a depraved appetite, if you persuade him of the fact that thousands who had the grapping hooks of evil inclination clutched in their soul as firmly as they now are in his have been rescued, then a ray of light will flash across his vision, and it will seem as if a supernatural hand were steady his staggering gait. A good many years ago there lay in the streets of Richmond a man dead drunk, his face exposed to the blustering noonday sun. A Christian woman passed along, looked at him and said, "Poor fellow!" She took her handkerchief and spread it over his face and passed on. The man roused himself up from his debauch and began to look at the handkerchief, and lo! on it was the name of a highly respectable Christian woman of the city of Richmond. He went to her, he thanked her for her kindness, and that one little deed saved him for this life, and saved him for the life that is to come. He was afterward attorney general of the United States; but, higher than all, he became the consecrated disciple of Jesus Christ.

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we do not use them oftener. There are tens of thousands of people in these cities who are dying for the lack of one kind word.

These other men have received ten pieces of gold in bribery and I have received only five."

"Who are you? Where do you come from?" said Judge on the bench. The response was: "I am from Westminster Hall. My name is Matthew Hale, lord chief justice of the king's bench. Off that place, that villain!" And so the justice was balked, and so the young man got his inheritance.

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"Hold! We are not all agreed on this verdict. These other men have received ten pieces of gold in bribery and I have received only five."

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William Smith, of Sodom, in Crawford County, was bitten on the left hand by what is known in that community as a "personworm." Within half an hour he complained of nausea and went to bed. A few hours later he was dead, by which time his hand, arm and side had swollen greatly and had turned a brownish color.

The worm resembles a tobacco worm, although much larger, with horns and beak, and a specimen has been sent to the State health authorities for classification. It was puffed exclusively upon the leaves of the persimmon tree, hence its name.

The village of Richland has had a sensational eloquent, John Coffey, a contractor, since the death of his wife, one year ago, has been greatly troubled by the charms of Miss Mary Hobbs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Hobbs, well-to-do farmers. Coffey is 45 years old, with four children. Miss Hobbs is but 17. Coffey's suit has been dismounted by the girls, who have all run away with him. He has no difficulty whatever in keeping his word, for by the time the class was graded the young negro had proved himself so superior a student that he was among the leaders of the first section, while Smith was an insignificant unit in the third. The joke was, that he was good to keep, and the whole college laughed over it—except Smith, who, naturally, did not see much fun in the situation. But his father wrote no more letters to the faculty, at any rate.—Boston Journal.

They Bounced Him.

Sothen was once playing "Lord Dunmore" in a small town, where regular playgoers plumed themselves on their imperturbable demeanor in the theater.

A joker who lived in that town had just returned from New York, and gravely put in circulation a hint that it was extremely unfashionable to laugh at comedians.

The hint "took." Sothen played the first act in a frigid atmosphere. He could not understand it, but he called the company together before the second act, and implored them to "pitch in and wake 'em up." They did their utmost, but without perceptible result.

Utterly beaten, the great laughmaker dived into the dressing-room.

Presently the manager of the house joined him.

"Shake, Ned, old boy!" he exclaimed.

"You're doin' great. Got 'em sure."

"Never seen more delighted ordience."

"What?" the dazed response. "Delighted be blowed! They haven't cracked a smile."

"Laughed, sir," replied the manager.

"I should hope not. There was one man that snickered, and was bounced him out before he knew what ailed him."

A Subterranean City.

The "City of the Salt Mines" is situated several hundred feet below the surface at Wielicza, Galicia. This wonderful subterranean city has a population of over 1,000 men, women and children, scores of whom have never seen the light of day or the earth's surface.

This remarkable city has its town hall, a theater and its assembly room, as well as a beautiful church, decorated with statues, all being fashioned from pure crystallized rock salt.

It has well graded streets and spacious squares, all well lighted with electricity. There are isolated cases in this underground city, where not a single individual in three or four successive generations has ever seen the sun or has any idea of how people live on the outside of the earth.

Their rock salt houses are said to be perfect sanitarians, and the average longevity of the denizens of the "City of the Salt Mines" is said to exceed that of the surface in

habitants of Galicia.

At the last term of court at South Bend