DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SACRAMENT SUNDAY AT THE TABERNACLE.

The Lowly Surroundings of the Advent and the Signs in the Heavens—Details of Christ's Separate Walks from Bethlehem to Calvary.

The March of Christ.

The services on Sacrament Sunday at the Brooklyn Tabernacle were very solemn and impressive. Dr. Talmage's discourse was on "The March of Christ Through the Centuries," and his text Thomas the Revelation xix. 12: "On his head were many crowns."

May your ears be alert and your thoughts concentrated, and all the powers of your soul aroused, while I speak to you of "the march of Christ through the centuries." You say, "Give us, then, a good start, in rooms of vermilion and on floor of mosaic, and amid corridors of porphyry, and under canopies dyed in all the splendors of the setting sun." You can have no such starting place. At the time our Chieftain was born there were castles on the beach of Galilee, and palaces at Jerusalem, and imperial bathrooms at Jericho, and obelisks at Cairo, and the Pantheon at Rome, with its Corinthian portico and its sixteen granite columns, and the Pantheon at Athens, with its glistening coronet of temples; and there were mountains of fine architecture in many parts of the world. But no one of them were to be the starting place of the Chieftain I celebrate.

A cow's stall, a winter month, an atmosphere in which are the moan of camels, and the bleating of sheep, and the barking of dogs, and the rough banter of hostlers. He took his first journey before he could walk. Armed desperadoes with hands of blood were ready to snatch him down into butchery. Rev. William H. Thompson, the veteran and beloved missionary, whom I saw this last month in Denver, in his eighty-sixth year, has described, in his volume entitled "The Land and the Book," Bethlehem as he saw it. Winter before last I walked up and down the gray hills of Jura limestone on which the village now rests.

The fact that King David had been born there had not during ages elevated the village into any special attention. The other fact that it was the birthplace of our Chieftain did not keep the place in after years from special dishonor, for Hadrian built there the Grove of Adonis and for one hundred and eighty years the religion there observed was the most abhorrent debauchery the world has ever seen. Our Chieftain was considered dangerous from the start. The world had put suspicious eyes upon him because at the time of his birth, the astrologers had seen stellar commotions, a world out of its place and shooting down toward a caravansary. Star divination was a science. As late as the eighteenth century it had its votaries. At the court of Catharine de Medici it was honored. Kepler, one of the wisest philosophers that the world ever saw, declared it was a true science.

As late as the reign of Charles II., Lilly, an astrologer, was called before the House of Commons in England to give his opinion as to future events. For ages the bright appearance of Mars meant war; of Jupiter, meant power; of the Pleiades, meant storms at sea. And as history moves in circles, I do not know but that after awhile it may be found that as the moon lifts the tides of the sea and the sun affects the growth or blasting of crops, other worlds besides those two worlds may have something to do with the destiny of individuals and nations in this world.

I do not wonder that the commotions in the heavens excited the wise men on the night our Chieftain was born. As he came from another world and after thirty-three years was again to exchange worlds, it does not seem strange to me that astronomy should have felt the effect of his coming. And instead of being unbelieving about the one star that stooped, I wonder that all the worlds in the heavens did not that Christmas night make some special demonstration. Why should they leave to one world or meteor the bearing of the news of the humanization of Christ? Where was Mars that it did not indicate the mighty wars that were to come between righteousness and inequity? Where was Jupiter that night that it did not celebrate omnipotence incarnated? Where were the Pleiades that night that they did not announce the storms of persecution that would assail our Chieftain?

In watching this march of Christ through the centuries, we must not walk before him or beside him, for that would not be reverential or worshipful. So we walk behind him. We follow him while not yet in his teens, up a Jerusalem terrace, to a building six hundred feet long and six hundred feet wide, and under the hovering splendor of gateways, and by a pillar crowned with capital chiseled into the shape of flowers and leaves, and along by walls of bevelled masonry and near a marble screen until a group of white-haired philosophers and theologians gather around him, and then the boy bewilders and confounds and overwhelms these scholarly septuagenarians with questions they cannot answer, and under his quick whys and wherefores and hows and whens they pull their white beards with embarrassment, and rub their wrinkled foreheads in confusion, and putting their staff hard down on the marble floor as they arise to go, they must feel like chiding the boldness that allows twelve years of age to ask seventy-five years of age such puzzlers.

Out of this building we follow him into the Quarantania, the mountain of temptation, its side to this day black with robbers' dens. Look! Up the side of this mountain come all the forces of perdition to effect our Chieftain's capture. But although weakened by forty days and forty nights of abstinence, he hurls all pandemonium down the rocks, suggestive of how he can hurl into helplessness all our temptations.

And now we climb right after him up the tough sides of the "Mount of Beatitudes," and on the highest pulpit of rocks, the valley of Hatin before him; the Lake of Galilee to the right of him; the Mediterranean Sea to the left of him, and he preaches a sermon that yet will transform the world with its applied sentiment. Now we follow our Chieftain on Lake Galilee. We must keep to the beach, for our feet are not shod with the supernatural, and we remember what poor work Peter made of it when he tried to walk the water.

Christ our leader is on the top of the tossing waves, and it is about half-past three in the morning, and it is the darkest time just before daybreak. But by the flashes of lightning we see him putting his feet on the crest of the wave, stepping from crest to crest, walking the white surf, solid as though it were frozen snow. The sailors think a ghost is striding the tempest, but he cheers them into placidity, showing himself to be a great Christ for sailors. And he walks the Atlantic and Pacific and Mediterranean and Adriatic now, and if exhausted and affrighted voyagers will listen for his voice at half past three o'clock in the morning on any sea, indeed at any hour, they will hear his voice of compassion and encouragement.

We continue to follow our Chieftain, and here is a blind man by the wayside. It is not from cataract of the eye or from ophthalmia, the eye extinguisher of the East, but he was born blind. "Be opened!" he cries, and first there is a smarting of the eyelids, and then a twilight, and then a midnoon, and then a shout. "I see! I see!" Tell it to all the blind, and they at least can appreciate it. And here is the widow's dead son, and here is the expired damsel, and here is Lazarus! "Live!" our Chieftain cries, and they live. Tell it through all the bereft households; tell it among the graves.

And here around him gather the deaf, and the dumb, and the sick, and at his word they turn on their couches and blush from awful pallor of helpless illness to rubicund health, and the swollen foot of the dropsical sufferer becomes fleet as a roe on the mountains. The music of the grove and household wakens the deaf ear, and lunatic and maniac return into bright intelligence, and the leper's breath becomes as sweet as the breath of a child, and the flesh as roseate. Tell it to all the sick, through all the homes, through all the hospitals. Tell it at twelve o'clock at night; tell it at two o'clock in the morning; tell it at half-past three, and in the last watch of the night, that Jesus walks the tempest.

Still we follow our Chieftain until the government that gave Him no protection insists that He pay tax, and, too poor to raise the requisite two dollars and seventy-five cents, He orders Peter to catch a fish that has in its mouth a Roman state, which is a bright coin (and you know that fish naturally bite at anything bright), but it was a miracle that Peter should have caught it at the first haul.

Now we follow our Chieftain until, for the paltry sum of fifteen dollars, Judas sells Him to His pursuers. Tell it to all the betrayed! If for ten thousand dollars, or for five hundred dollars, or for one hundred dollars your interests were sold out, consider for how much cheaper a sum the Lord of earth and heaven was surrendered to humiliation and death. But here, while following him on a spring night between 11 and 12 o'clock, we see the flash of torches and lanterns, and we hear the cry of a mob of nihilists. They are breaking in on the quietude of Gethsemane with clubs—like a mob with sticks chasing a mad dog.

It is a herd of Jerusalem "roughs" led on by Judas to arrest Christ and punish Him for being the loveliest and best being that ever lived. But rioters are liable to assail the wrong man. How were they to be sure which one was Jesus? "I will kiss him," says Judas, "and by that signal you will know on whom to lay your hands of arrest." So the kiss which throughout the human race and for all time God intended as the most sacred demonstration of affection, for Paul writes to the Romans and the Corinthians and the Thessalonians concerning the "holy kiss," and Peter celebrates the kiss of charity, and with that conjunction of lips Laban met Jacob, and Joseph met his brethren, and Aaron met Moses, and Samuel met Saul, and Jonathan met David, and Orpah departed from Naomi, and Paul separated from his friends at Ephesus, and the father in the parable greeted the returning prodigal, and when the millennium shall come we are told righteousness and peace will kiss each other, and all the world is invited to greet Christ as inspiration cries out, "Kiss the Son lest he be angry and ye perish from the way"—that most sacred demonstration of reunion and affection was desecrated as the filthy lips of Judas touched the pure cheek of Christ, and the horrid smack of that kiss has its echo in the treachery and debasement and hypocrisy of all ages.

As, in December, 1889, I walked on the way from Bethany, and at the foot of Mount Olivet, a half mile from the wall of Jerusalem, through the Garden of Gethsemane, and under the eight venerable olive trees now standing, their pomological ancestors having been witnesses of the occurrences spoken of, the scene of horror and of crime came back to me until I shuddered with the historical reminiscence.

In further following our great Chieftain's march through the centuries, I find myself in a crowd in front of Herod's palace in Jerusalem, and on a movable platform placed upon a tesselated pavement Pontius Pilate sits. And as once a year a condemned criminal is pardoned, Pilate lets the people choose whether it shall be an assassin or our Chieftain, and they all cry out for the liberation of the assassin, thus declaring they prefer a murderer to the salvation of the world. Pilate took a basin of water in front of these people and tried to wash off the blood of this murder from his hands, but he could not. They are still blitted, and I see them looming up through all the ages, eight fingers and two thumbs, standing outred with the carnage.

Still following our Chieftain, I ascend the hill which Gen. Gordon, the great English explorer and arbiter, first made a clay model of. It is hard climbing for our Chieftain, for he has not only two heavy timbers to carry on his back, the upright and horizontal pieces of the cross, but he is suffering from exhaustion caused by lack of food, mountain chills, desert heats, whippings with elmwood rods, and years of maltreatment.

It took our party, in 1889, only fifteen minutes to climb to the top of the hill and reach that limestone rock in yonder wall, which I rolled down from the apex of Mount Calvary. But I think our Chieftain must have taken a long time for the ascent, for he had all earth and all heaven and all hell on his back as he climbed from base to summit, and there endured what William Cowper and John Milton and Charles Wesley and Isaac Watts and James Montgomery and all the other sacred poets have attempted to put in verse; and Angelo and Raphael and Titian and Leonardo da Vinci and all the great Italian and German and Spanish and French artists have attempted to paint; and Bossuet and Massillon and George Whitefield and Thomas Chalmers have attempted to preach.

Something of its overwhelming awfulness you may estimate from the fact that the sun which shines in the heavens could not endure it; the sun which unflinchingly looked upon the deluge that drowned the world, which, without blinking, looked upon the ruins of earthquakes which swallowed Lisbon and Caracas, and has looked unblanched on the battlefields of Arbela, Blenheim, Megiddo and Esdraelon, and all the scenes of carnage that have ever smoked and drenched the earth with human gore—that sun could not look upon the scene. The sun dropped over its face a veil of cloud. It withdrew. It hid itself. It said to the midnight, "I resign to thee this spectacle upon which I have no strength to gaze: thou art blind, oh, midnight! and for that reason I commit to thee this tragedy!" Then the nighthawk and the bat flew by, and the jackal howled in the ravines.

Now we follow our Chieftain as they carry his limp and lacerated form amid the flowers and trees of a garden, the gladioluses, the oleanders, the lilies, the geraniums, the mandrakes, down five or six steps to an aisle of granite where he sleeps. But only a little while he sleeps there, for there is an earthquake in all that region, leaving the rocks to this day in their aslant and ruptured state declarative of the fact that something extraordinary there happened. And we see our Chieftain arouse from his brief slumber and wrestle down the ruffian Death who would keep him imprisoned in that cavern and put both heels on the monster, and coming forth with a cry that will not cease to be echoed until on the great resurrection day the door of the last sepulcher shall be unhinged and flung clanging into the debris of demolished cemeteries.

Now we follow our Chieftain to the shoulder of Mount Olivet, and without wings he rises, the disciples clutching for his robes too late to reach them, and across the great gulfs of space with one bound he gains that world which for thirty-three years had been denied his companionship, and all heaven lifted a shout of welcome as he entered, and of coronation as up to the mediatorial throne he mounted. It was the greatest day heaven had ever seen. They had him back again from tears, from wounds, from ills, from a world that never appreciated him to a world in which he was the chief delight. In all the libretto of celestial music it was hard to find an anthem enough conjubilant to celebrate the joy saintly seraphic, archangelic, deific.

But still we follow our Chieftain in his march through the centuries, for invisibly he still walks the earth, and by the eye of faith we still follow him. You can tell where he walks by the churches and hospitals and reformatory institutions and houses of mercy that spring up along the way. I hear his tread in the sickroom and in the abodes of bereavement. He marches on and the nations are gathering around him. The islands of the sea are hearing his voice. The continents are feeling his power. America will be his. Europe will be his. Asia will be his. Africa will be his. Australia will be his. New Zealand will be his. All the earth will be his! Do you realize that until now it was impossible for the world to be converted? Not until very recently has the world been found. The Bible talks about "the ends of the earth" and the "uttermost parts of the world" as being saved, but not until now have the "ends of the earth" been discovered, and not until now have the "uttermost parts of the world" been revealed.

The navigator did his work, the explorer did his work, the scientist did his work, and now for the first time since the world has been created has the world been known, measured off, and geographized, the lost, hidden and unknown tract has been mapped out, and now the work of evangelization will be begun with an earnestness and velocity as yet unimagined. The steamships are ready, the lightning express trains are ready, the printing presses are ready, the telegraph and telephone are ready, millions of Christians are ready and now see Christ marching on through the centuries. Marching on! Marching on!

One by one governments will fall into line and constitutions and literatures will adore his name. More honored and worshiped is He in this year of 1891 than at any time since the year one, and the day hastens when all nations will join in one procession "following the Lamb whithersoever he goeth." Marching on! Marching on!

This dear old world whose back has been scourged, whose eyes have been blinded, whose heart has been wrung will yet rival heaven. The planet's torn robe of pain and crime and dementia will come off and the white and spotless and glittering robe of holiness and happiness will come on. The last wound will have stung for the last time, the grief will have wiped its last tear, the last criminal will have repented of his last crime, and our world that has been a straggler among worlds, a lost star, a wayward planet, a rebellious globe a misareant satellite, will hear the voice that uttered childish plaint in Bethlehem and agonized prayer in Gethsemane and dying groan on Golgotha, and as this voice cries "Come," our world will return from its wandering never again to stray. Marching on, marching on!

It may be after our world, which is thought to have about fifteen hundred million people, shall have on its decks twice its present population, namely, three thousand million souls, and all redeemed, and it will be after this world shall be so damazed by conflagration that no human foot can tread its surface and no human being can breathe its air, but most certainly the day will come when heaven will be finished, and the last of the twelve gates of the eternal city shall have clanged shut, never to open except for the admission of some celestial embassage returning from some other world, and Christ may strike His scarred but healed hand in emphasis on the arm of the amethystine throne and say in substance: "All my ransomed ones are gathered. The work is done. I have finished my march through ten centuries."

Faithful.

One does not look for the whole truth upon a tombstone, but there are exceptions to all rules. The Times-Star quotes the following unique and touching epitaph:

Ann E.,
Wife of Jeremiah Walters.
Died Nov. 16, 1868, aged 68 years 5 months.
She was a true and faithful wife to each of
the following persons:
Enoch Francis,
John Sherman,
William Hassen,
J. Walters.

Preserved Grasshoppers.

There is a vast bed of pure rock salt in the Colorado desert, and the Southern Pacific Railway, in laying their tracks to the salt mines, crossed a point where for 3,000 feet they were obliged to make a fill and ballast the track with beautiful lumps of pure salt crystals. Millions of grasshoppers and legions of giant centipedes fell into this salt when it was in a liquid state, and now, after having reposed there for thousands of years, are found perfectly preserved.

REAL RURAL READING

WILL BE FOUND IN THIS DEPARTMENT.

The Barnyard, an Indispensable Division of the Average Farm—The Post Puller—General Farm Notes—The Dairy, Poultry-Yard and Household.

The Barnyard.

THERE is not a more indispensable division of the average farm than the barnyard, and yet all will agree that there is hardly a spot on those farms which suffers more from neglect than it does. Fully one-third of the year the stock seldom go beyond this enclosure, and very often find no shelter except what is afforded by the straw stack and the sides of buildings. It may be impracticable to make a barnyard what it should be without roofing it, nevertheless it can be greatly improved.

The barnyard should not be a basin to collect the water which falls upon the outbuildings. Unless the water from these buildings is needed for filling cisterns, it should be carried away in drains. Such drains are very important in a level location for drying the ground about the premises, and into these the water from the roofs should be conducted. These are much better than open drains because they do not become obstructed. In this way the barnyard will be kept from drawing water into it which falls beyond its boundary.

The watering trough is usually located in one corner of the barnyard, and during the winter the mud will become so deep around it that stock cannot have access to it without difficulty, unless this is prevented by the use of stone and gravel. The best way is to pave the ground with small boulders. These should be from four to six inches in length, and should be placed on their ends and very closely together. After this a layer of smaller stones should be spread over it, and above this a coat of gravel. If gravel is not available a few loads of surface clay will make a substitute. Perhaps it would be advisable to construct a passage of the same material from the stable door to the trough, but make it higher than the surrounding level. It is a luxury to be able to lead a horse from his stall to water in all kinds of weather without getting one's boots muddy.

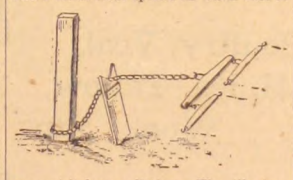
The barnyard should be surrounded by a wind-break of evergreens on the side toward the prevailing winds. Such a protection is more necessary for open regions, but there is scarcely a yard where stock must stand during the day that will not be much more comfortable if such a break is provided. Less than a dozen Norway spruces will effect this purpose, if planted in the right place, and they will be ornamental as well as useful.

The fences around the barnyard should be built of posts and planks, and should not be less than four and one half feet in height, and a greater height would be still better. This requires large posts, which should be deeply set. If the fence is made high in this way a barb wire can be stretched above the top plank with safety, and this will prevent the animals from gnawing it and also check their propensity to push over it. This will prevent rubbing against the fence, which in time is sure to push it from a perpendicular line.

A lump of rock salt should be kept in a trough in the barnyard, unless the animals are freely salted in their stables.

Pulling Old Posts Made Easy.

Hook a log chain around the post, near the ground; draw it over the top of an oak plank with a notch sawed in it, and a stout cleat spiked on each side to



prevent it from splitting. The illustration explains it all. Hitch your team on and you will never forget the "Short Cuts" post puller. This can also be used to pull underbrush, etc.—[Practical Farmer.

General Farm Topics.

KEEP the chickens dry.

KEEP your farm tools clean.

HE who lies in a small way will cheat in a large one.

THE best cultivator gets the most out of a poor soil.

THE largest profit usually comes from what you do yourself.

CULTIVATE no more land than you can attend to thoroughly.

HAVE a tool house and keep your tools in it when they are not in use.

NEVER worry over trouble. The trouble itself is misery enough, when it comes.

IT is cheaper to educate the child than to maintain the future man as a cirminal or a pauper.

THE butter and milk product, from all breeds of cows may be increased by judicious feeding.

EVERY farmer should take good care of the young swine now on hand and provide for a liberal increase the coming year.

A PRACTICAL cattleman is as necessary to succeed in breeding as a practical grocer is to conducting his line of business.

IT is estimated that it requires fifteen million cows to supply the demand for milk and its products in the United States.

TO OBTAIN the best results from work you must have wisdom, system, and method. The wise man systematically plans his work and methodically executes it.

"PROVIDENCE makes nothing to go to waste." Whenever there is a temporary excess or lack of needed products, things were soon evened up by short crops or increased yields.

THE American Analyst says that there are $2,000,500,000 invested in the dairy business in this country. The amount is almost double the money invested in banking and commercial industries.

IT is a commendable idea to give to the boys an interest in the colts, and in this way get them to spend their spare time in looking after the welfare of all the horses on the farm instead of trying to loaf at the corner grocery.

THE dairy farmer should always reckon the value of the manure produced upon the profit side of his account. Well fed dairy cows will yield a manure rich in fertilizing elements, and this should be employed in the production of such crop as will, with liberal fertilizing, give large money returns.

IT is not to be expected that the milk of the native cow will be as rich as that of the Jersey, but her yield can be made greater, and with more profit by allowing her generous rations. The breed is important, and should perhaps, in most cases, rank first, but the feed is a good second.

IN the exchange of commodities a man must have something in hand to get something he needs with. Money is generally acceptable to all classes in this exchange. To get the money the man must produce something or have something. When he has that he can usually find some one ready to give him money for it.

STRAWBERRIES, a comparatively easy product of the soil, are, in their season, considered a luxury, and yet how few farmers' families are in the full enjoyment of them. If there is one blessing which the farmer's family should enjoy above all others it is the full and perfect enjoyment of all possible products of the soil.

GIVE horses water before feeding. In France some worthless horses were killed for dissection on purpose to determine the effect of giving water immediately after eating, and some of the grain was found undigested in the intestines, twenty feet beyond the stomach, and it had caused inflammation of the mucous membrane.

THERE is much in inheritance. Generations of improved blood lines, in which the milk or fattening trait has been the point in view, can but count to the credit of pedigree cattle, as a rule. On the other hand, neglected common cattle whose breeding has been at random cannot be depended upon for prepotency. Consequently a sire of the future cattle should be a thoroughbred, eligible to registry.

THE welfare, the health, the temperament, to say nothing of the happiness of the horse, are largely dependent on surroundings. He needs no bric-a-brac to amuse or entertain him, he cares nothing for ornamentation. But he does appreciate comfort and comfort does him good. And what does him good will in the end be for the good of his master.

INFERIOR products, injudicious marketing, the tendency to rush from one line of production to another, are all important factors in fixing the price of farm products. The man who goes into hogs or another line when prices are up and drops out when they are low, is to be pitied, for he is always overweighted, running a race in which he is bound to be the loser.

NO ONE should accept the absurd idea that a farmer needs no education to make a good farmer. I know that some people look down on farmers as being an over-worked, illiterate and dishonorable class of men. This is largely due to misrepresentation and misunderstanding. A well-to-do farmer says the way to avoid this is to educate ourselves so universally and scientifically that public opinion will be compelled to acknowledge our worth.

THE colt will learn more easily when 6 months old than when a year old. It can also be controlled more easily. Hence it is wise to handle the colt early. Its early training should not stop with breaking the halter. It should be handled until any part of its limbs can be rubbed; until it is accustomed to the bridle, and until it will drive as well as lead. To teach it all this and to keep it from forgetting what it has learned is a little trouble, but if the colt is of good stock the trouble is well paid for.

THE DAIRY.

For Milkmen.

Milkmen may increase their profits by the sale of lime water. Fifty cents worth of lime will make a product that will sell for at least $5. "But," says somebody, "what is it good for?" A knowledge of its usefulness is not widespread. It ought to be, and milkmen are the ones who should naturally disseminate it. The use of lime water will have a tendency to increase the value of milk. How often we hear it said, "I like milk, in fact I am very fond of it, but I can't use it. It doesn't agree with me. It rises on my stomach or sours there so I taste it," or "Milk distresses me after I have taken it." Such persons should mix with the milk a tablespoonful of lime water to each glass of the lacteal fluid and they will have no more trouble, while they may indulge their full desires for the delicious food. It will sell at 10c per quart readily, to make it requires but a moment, it is as easily bottled as milk, and will keep indefinitely. In four quarts of pure, soft water place a piece of unslaked stone lime the size of a small hen's egg. Cover the liquid to keep out dust and let it stand for twelve hours. Then draw off the clear, sparkling water after skimming from its surface any scum that has risen and fill neat half-pint and quart bottles, corking them immediately. The lime in the bottom of the large vessel should not be disturbed. Such bottles cost but little by the gross and may be collected and filled the second or third time.—[Farm and Home.

Some Figures to Think About.

Last year the country exported 9,000,000 pounds of butter and we received 17½c per pound for it and then had to pay the freight and all other expenses out of that. Denmark sent 200,000,000 pounds to the same markets and was paid 26½c per pound for it. We used 300,000 pounds of butter for soap greese in this country because it was too poor to be eaten. New York State alone used up $800,000 worth of hay in feeding cows to warm barnyards during the daytime. As much more good hay was as good as wasted in feeding dry cows that should have been making 30c butter. The loss of alternate freezing and thawing, drying and soaking of cows in the winter time to make them hardy and strong cannot be estimated. Now is it not about time that this foolishness of our grandfathers was stopped and that we accept the new gospel and follow dairying with common sense. The new principles and advanced thoughts in dairying are to be accepted and practiced by all, and that is what they were studied out for. The dairyman must dairy it the year round and stop going into winter quarters to eat up what was made in the summer.—[Col. F. D. Curtis, Before the New York Dairyman's Association.

THE POULTRY YARD.

Poultry Profits.

Give a hen proper care and a good market for her products and the possibilities of her increased usefulness will be marvelously surprising to those who have scarcely credited her with earning her food and shelter. In a flock selected and cared for so as to produce 160 eggs per year, one-half of these during the cold season, setting the average winter price at 20 cents and summer price at 12½ cents, the income ought to be about $2 per hen per year. To secure winter eggs hens must be carefully sheltered, which reliable authority states can be done at an expense of $1 per hen. The interest on this will be about 6 cents per hen for the first year. If we are generous and allow $1 per year for feed, interest on shelter, wear and tear and risk, we still have $1 per year net profit per hen. This certainly ought to satisfy any one for the necessary trouble of looking after a flock of fifty to 100, and addition of this amount to the annual income would add many comforts to the home and ought not to be neglected.

Egg Laying Type.

And now we have the egg-laying type of hens. We have had a full discussion of the milk and type of cows, the trotting and draft type of horses and different types of other animals. The long and short of the whole thing is that an animal taking after a given type is supposed to be better adapted for the purpose which that type is supposed to represent. J. D. Tompkins, a well-known breeder of Silver Wyandots, tells in the *Fanciers' Journal* what he thinks should be the shape of the ideal laying hen. He says to avoid long necks and legs, for they are not as good for laying or for the table as those having shorter necks and legs. The ideal hen should have a broad, deep, round body of moderate length, but should not be too chunky. The thoroughbred poultry industry is beginning to receive a good deal of merited attention and in a few years American poultry will be sought for the same as are American trotting horses. If breeders will select a type and stick to it, they will greatly improve the breed and get a class of birds that will bring $10 to $25 where they now sell for $2 a mongrel thoroughbred of unknown breedin

Feed for Eggs.

An egg is largely nitrogenous. The white is albumen, the yolk contains phosphoric acid and mineral substance and the shell is composed mostly of lime. The hen is a small animal. Eggs are not a miraculous dispensation, as they come from the food a hen gets and converts into egg, the same as any animal converts its food into products. Corn alone is not a suitable food for the production of eggs, as it does not possess enough of the constituents to make eggs. Hens fed on such food will get fat. Hens, like every other animal, must have coarse food to distend the stomach and bowels and for this purpose cut clover hay and cabbage are largely fed by many. These also contain material to make eggs. Skimmilk is also just the thing for an egg food. To get eggs, feed hens to produce eggs.—[Col. F. D. Curtis, Kirby Homestead, N. Y.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

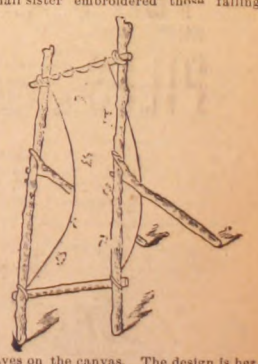
Ironing Collars and Shirts.

We suppose that clothes have been properly washed and starched—which is not always true, we are sorry to note. Take one article at a time and lay it on a clean white ironing board. See that your hands are immaculate and your irons clean; rub the latter on brown paper and a bit of beeswax, then on a clean rag. If your polisher is at the right heat it will only take a few firm rubs up and down on each side to make you feel proud of your collars and cuffs.

The shirt-bosoms are drawn out smoothly on a bosom board, after ironing the sleeves and tail, also the neck and wristbands. Now grasp the neck with your left hand and slide, as it were, your iron up the middle, sending all the wrinkles to the sides instead of to the top or bottom. Press firmly, curve around the neckband so that it will stand, put a pin in to preserve its shape, fold and your work is done. Don't be discouraged by your first failure; the results are worth the trials, and you will soon find yourself able to accomplish satisfactory success. You will find that your husband, father or brother will soon stop taking part of each week's wash to John Chinaman or the steam laundry and will take pride in their linen, as white as snow and as stiff as ivory—the result of your handiwork.—[M.

A Home-Made Rustic Chair.

"What a pretty chair!" exclaimed a visitor, as she noticed on Mrs. M——'s veranda a rustic seat that had been fashioned with considerable skill. "Is it not?" said her hostess, "and I am very proud of it, for my little boy of 11 made the frame quite alone, and his small sister embroidered those falling



leaves on the canvas. The design is her own, and she copied the leaves from nature, so the whole thing looks quite 'woodsy' as the children expressed it. They made it for my birthday and I never saw it until it was finished."

"We made three before we got one right," added the boy who stood by, well pleased to have his work admired. "The prettiest sticks are apt to be decayed and it was not until I cut down some young, strong saplings that I made a seat strong enough to bear any one's weight."—[Farm and Home.

Household Hints.

HALF a lemon dipped in salt will do all the work of oxalic acid in cleaning copper boilers, brass teakettles and other copper or brass utensils.