REAL RURAL READING

WILL BE FOUND IN THIS DEPARTMENT.

Farmers Should Make Money—Value of Ensilage as Fodder—A Hint to House Builders—How Cows and Calves Should be Fed—The Poultry Yard, Household, Etc.

Reducing Farm Expenses.

FARMERS have always been more noted for their carefulness about small expenses than for prodigality. Their business is one so full of detail that if the little things are not looked after, even the largest crops and best prices will not save from loss. It is the lack of the close attention to details that farming requires that has caused the failure of schemes of bonanza farming. What is done by hired help, not under personal supervision of the employer's eye, is apt to do only eye service. It is as true practically as when first uttered, that the hireling fleeth because he is a hireling. The workman in any occupation who always makes his employer's interest his own is invaluable. Yet if he would but regard it rightly that interest is identical with his. The keen competition for intelligent, reliable help insures it what it can earn, for if one employer will not pay for faithful service, another will.

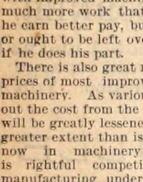
It is therefore not likely that farm wages will soon, if ever, materially decline. The demand for young men in city employments has for many years taken the most active and enterprising—more than it will, we believe, in the near future. Business life in cities is precarious. Few merchants can go through life without a failure at its middle or at the close. The fact is becoming recognized that equal executive ability on the farm will, on the average, produce as much wealth and more comfort than it can in average business and commercial city enterprises. Except in the item of farm help, and possibly also in that, the cost of getting farm work done has declined, the aggregate expense is greater, but it is or may be offset by still larger results. One man with improved machinery can do so much more work that not only does he earn better pay, but something is or ought to be left over for the farmer if he does his part.

There is also great reduction in the prices of most improved agricultural machinery. As various patents run out the cost from the manufacturers will be greatly lessened. This is to a greater extent than is thought true now in machinery where there is rightful competition of firms manufacturing under different patents. Any one now can buy reapers, mowers, drills and cultivators 20 to 30 per cent. cheaper than was charged for them a decade ago.

The greatest reduction of farm expenses, however, must be relative by increasing amount and value of its products. Rich and well-drained land produces so much more than that in poor condition as to give the farmer who owns the best farm a great advantage. He and his hired help may work no harder, and possibly not so many hours, but they accomplish more, and thereby produce at less cost. This is the only practical way to make farming pay. The man who does not improve his farm, and waits for a high price to help out his poor farming, will learn when the good prices come that he has so little to sell that it does not profit him much. On the other hand, if he conducts his business so as to produce large crops these can usually be sold at some profit in any condition of the market. —American Cultivator.

How to Fasten Brush Scythe to Snath.

Here is the most substantial way of fastening a sythe to the snath I have ever seen or tried, says a Practical Farmer correspondent. The patent devices always give way when cutting brush or striking stumps and rails in the fence corners.



I took a piece of an old square, cut it about five inches long, drilled four holes, fastened it to the snath with three strong screws, and to the scythe with the old-fashioned heel ring. Drive the stump of an old nail behind the shank of scythe, and the trouble is ended. I can cut off bushes as large as the snath and the scythe is always there. You can get the scythe adjusted or hung to suit yourself before putting in the screws to fasten the plate.

The Value of Ensilage.

The Maryland agricultural experiment station reports the best method of preserving forage and the comparative value of the same plant, harvested and stored in different ways, form part of the general problem of forage and feeding. The system of silos and ensilage, is no longer an experiment. Practical farmers and dairymen in all parts of the country have demonstrated the direct profit and the incidental advantages of preserving a portion of their forage crops in the form of ensilage, so as to give their animals, of all kinds, a fair proportion of succulent food, throughout the year. Ensilage is found as profitable for supplementing pasturage in times of drought, as for giving stock "a green bite" in the winter. Indian corn is the favorite crop of ensilage, the most productive, the easiest to raise, and, all considered, the best. But clovers, the cow-pea and the soja bean, make a more nutritious article of ensilage, and may be advantageously mixed with corn, in the silo. Other plants and waste products, some unpalatable in other forms, make fairly good ensilage.

Ensilage is no better food for stock than good roots, but in nine case out of ten, ensilage can be produced and handled easier and cheaper than roots, and is just as good for stock-food. A good many points regarding silos and ensilage remain unknown or uncertain. Consequently ensilage of different plants is yearly made at the Station, managed in different ways, fed to different classes of stock, in various combinations, and the observations made are duly recorded.

LIVE STOCK.

Age Tests.

A heifer has no rings on her horns until the is 2 years of age, and one is added each year thereafter. You can therefore tell the age of a cow with tolerable accuracy by counting the rings on her horns and adding two to the number. The bull has no rings, as a rule, until he is 5 years old, so to tell his age after that period, add five to the number of rings. The better way to tell the age is by the teeth, which is of course the only way with polled cattle. What are called the milk teeth gradually disappear in front. At the end of three years the second pair of permanent teeth are well grown, at four years the third pair, and at five the fourth and last pair have appeared, and at this time the central pair are of full size. At seven years a dark line, caused by the wearing of the teeth, appears on all of them, and on the central pair a circular mark. At eight years this circular mark appears on all of them, and at nine years the central pair begins to shrink, and the third at eleven. After this period the age can only be determined by the degree of shrinkage generally. At fifteen the teeth are nearly all gone.

Horse Breeding.

The special demand for certain classes of horses is or ought to be well known by everybody, but judging from the fact that so many scrubs are yet bred is evidence enough, says the Rural and Stockman, that this demand is either not known or not appreciated. There is a demand for good horses of all breeds. The market is not overstocked in any direction whatever. The heavy draft horses are always in demand; the Hambletonian sells readily enough; the Morgan is always in demand; the Coacher is not imported or bred largely enough to satisfy the demand for that class of horses. What then shall we breed? From what we have said the proper answer would seem to be: "Breed anything but the scrubs." There are horses at work in Chicago that cost only from ten to forty dollars: and they do the work at which they are put. Some of them are not very old horses either. But they are scrubs to begin with and perhaps having been bred from defective sires or dams have been good for nothing from the beginning. They are not the kind of horses that the public in general want. Looking over our weekly horse sales it is not difficult to see what kind of horses we ought to breed if we want to make anything from horse breeding. Horses are like all other kinds of stock in the matter of profit, they must be the best to be profitable.

THE DAIRY.

Feeding of Cows and Calves.

Experiments at the Iowa Station gave the following facts or indications: Quality of milk so far as measured by its percentage of fat was changed by feed to a much greater degree than was quantity. Two-thirds of the increase in average gross yield of butter fat was due to improved quality of the milk, and only one-third to increased milk-flow.

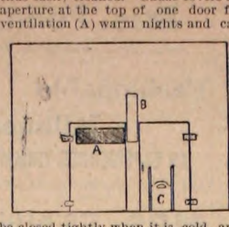
Corn is not a perfect milk ration. Substitution of bran and oilmeal result in increase of quantity and quality of milk. A ration of skim-milk and ground flaxseed compares favorably with a new ration for young calves. The larger gain came from the whole milk but a part of it was partly due to the individuality of the calves and good results and a thrifty growth were made on skim-milk and ground flaxseed. The skim-milk calves were interrupted less in growth by weaning than the whole milk calves. A saving in value of butter fat alone of $1.11 per month on each calf was effected by substituting ground flaxseed.

The cost of producing a pound of gain estimating new milk at 87½ cents per 100 pounds and skim-milk at 15 cents per 100, gain 1 cent per pound, hay $5 per ton, and flaxseed meal 3½ cents per pound, was 7.6 cents for the fresh milk ration and 5 cents for the skim-milk ration.

THE POULTRY-YARD.

A Plan for Winter Eggs.

A secret of winter egg production is warm quarters for the fowls, writes A. R. Stuyvesant, in Farm and Home. A friend who always has quantities of eggs when they bring 35 cents to 40 cents per dozen, has a novel place for his hens' bed room. It is in the side of a haymow, which keeps the birds warm all winter. To take advantage of such accommodations the space must be built in the side of the hay before the hay is put in. Built the size of a cord of wood, 4x4 and 8 feet long, it will nicely quarter twenty to twenty-five hens. The room for fowls should join the mow on the south or west, and the sleeping compartments open from it under the hay as shown. This will keep off all severe winds and dangerous drafts. The cut represents the side of the room next the hay. The two doors thrown open expose the entire roosting room, which is thus easily cleaned. Gauze covers an aperture at the top of one door for ventilation (A) warm nights and can



be closed tightly when it is cold and windy. The main ventilator extends nearly to the floor inside and above the doors without (B). If one desires to have the hens lay beneath the roosts in prepared boxes, the little slide door (C) may be left open days and the dark quarters will please the fowls for this purpose.

Treatment for Lice.

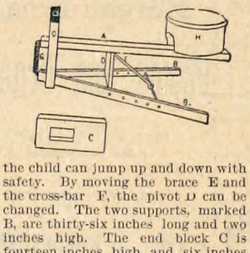
The best fumigation known to us is as follows: Take a small furnace, or stove, or iron kettle, into which place a pound or two of crude roll sulphur, broken up. Close the doors and windows (during the absence of the fowls in the forenoon) and set the contents of the vessel on fire in the center of the floor. Shut the house up tight and leave it to smoke a couple of hours. Then open all the windows and doors for thorough ventilation.

If a poultry house is infested with red mites or red spider lice, we suggest the use of kerosene, as it is said that kills them at once. As their haunts are the cracks and crevices of the roosting-poles, the sides of the buildings, nest boxes, etc., they are easily destroyed. Where they are numerous, go over the whole inside of the building with hot whitewash, using it quite freely, so as to fill every crack and crevice. Clean out and whitewash the nest boxes, clean up the floor and put in fresh sand.—Kansas Farmer.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A Baby Jumper.

A jumper for the baby to amuse itself with can be knocked together with a few sticks, as shown in the cut. A is a strong board two inches wide and forty inches long, supported on the board D, which is six inches high and acts as a pivot. The lever A runs through a hole in the end board C and is connected by a strong spring to the bottom supports, so that



the child can jump up and down with safety. By moving the brace E and the cross-bar F, the pivot D can be changed. The two supports, marked B, are thirty-six inches long and two inches high. The end block C is fourteen inches high and six inches wide, the hole in it for A being six inches from the bottom, five inches high and two and one-half inches wide.—Farm and Home.

Useful Knowledge.

TO PURIFY water, hang a small bag of charcoal in it.

FOR toothache, try oil of sassafras, and apply it frequently, if necessary.

VINEGAR bottles may be cleaned with crushed egg-shells in a little water.

IF the color has been taken out of silks by fruit stains, ammonia will usually restore the color.

TO BRIGHTEN carpets, wipe them with warm water in which has been poured a few drops of ammonia.

A GOOD liniment for inflammation, rheumatism, swellings, etc., is olive oil well saturated with camphor.

A GOOD cement is melted alum, but it must never be used when water and heat are to come in contact with it.

WHEN onions are being cooked, the strong, disagreeable odor may be lessened by placing vinegar on the stove.

TO PURIFY the air in a newly-painted room, put several tubs of water in it, and it will absorb much of the odor.

TO CLEAR a stove of clinkers, put a handful of salt into it during a hot fire. When cold, remove the clinkers with a cold chisel.

FINE shavings from soft pine wood make a pleasant pillow. They have special curative virtues for coughs and lung troubles.—Good Housekeeping.

THE KITCHEN.

Practical Recipes.

ORANGE FLOAT.—One quart water, the juice and pulp of two lemons, one coffeecup sugar. When boiling hot, add four tablespoons cornstarch. Let boil fifteen minutes, stirring all the time. When cold, pour it over four or five oranges that have been sliced into a glass dish, and over the top spread the beaten whites of three eggs, sweetened and flavored with vanilla.

CRUMBED HADDOCK.—Remove the skin and bones from cold-boiled haddock and boil with a small onion; pick the fish into flakes and mix with each pint of fish one teaspoonful of salt, a half-teaspoonful of pepper and a teacupful of bread crumbs, fill a buttered dish with the mixture, moisten with a little water in which the fish was boiled, and bake twenty minutes.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

LET THE PEOPLE PRAISE THE NAME OF THE LORD.

Dr. Talmage's Sunday Sermon—He Calls the Attention of His Hearers to the Bountiful Harvests of 1891—It Was a Thanksgiving Discourse.

Tabernacle Pulpit.

Dr. Talmage's sermon had a distinctly Thanksgiving character. His text was taken from Psalm cxlvii, 10, 12, and 13, "Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things and flying fowl: both young men, and maidens; old men, and children, let them praise the name of the Lord."

What a scene it was when, at the call of the President and Governors, this nation assembled to chant the praises of God. But the day was too short to celebrate the divine goodness of such a year. So I add to that day this Sabbath morning service, and with the fruits and harvests of the earth all still glorifying the pulpit and the galleries ask you to continue the rehearsal of the divine goodness.

Although nature is out of joint, yet even in its disruption I am surprised to find the almost universal happiness of the animal creation. The whole earth is filled with animal delight—joy feasting and scaled and horned and hoofed. The bee hums it, the frog croaks it, the squirrel chatters it, the quail whistles it, the lark carols it, the whale spouts it. The small, the rhinoceros, the grizzly bear, the toad, the wasp, the spider, the shellfish have their homely delights—joy as great to them as our joy is to us. Goat climbing the rocks, snake crawling through the jungle, buffalo plunging across the prairie, crocodile basking in tropical sun, seal puffing on the ice, ostrich striding across the desert are so many bundles of joy; they do not go moping or melancholy; they are not only half supplied; God says they are filled with good.

Winter is not allowed to come until the ants have granaried their harvest and the squirrels have filled their cellar with nuts. God shows the hungry ichneuman where it may find the crocodile's eggs; and in arctic climes there are animals that God so lavishly clothes that they can afford to walk through snowstorms in the finest sable and ermine and chinchilla, and no sooner is one set of furs worn out than God gives them a new one. He helps the spider in its architecture of its gossamer bridge and takes care of the color of the butterfly's wing and tinges the cochineal and helps the moth out of the chrysalis.

The animal creation also has its army and navy. The most insignificant has its means of defense—the wasp its sting, the reptile its tooth; the bear its paw; the dog its muzzle; the elephant its tusk; the fish its scale; the bird its swift wing; the reindeer its antlers; the roe its fleet foot. We are repelled at the thought of sting and tusk and hoof, but God's goodness provides them for the defense of the animal's rights.

Yea, God in the Bible announces his care for these orders of creation. He says that he has heaved up fortifications for their defense—Psalm civ, 18, "The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats; and the rocks for the conies." He watches the bird's nest—Psalm civ, 17, "As for the stork, the fir trees are her house." He sees that the cattle have enough grass—Psalm civ, 14, "He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle" He sees to it that the cows and sheep and horses have enough to drink—Psalm civ, 10, 11: "He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills; they give drink to every beast of the field. The wild asses quench their thirst."

Amid the thunders that God uttered the rights of cattle, and said that they should have a Sabbath. "Thou shalt not do any work, thou nor thy cattle." He declared with infinite emphasis that the ox on the thrashing floor should have the privilege of eating some of the grain as he trod it out, and muzzling was forbidden.

If young birds were taken from the nest for food, the despoiler's life depended on the mother going free. God would not let the mother bird suffer in one day the loss of her young and her own liberty. And He who regarded in olden time the conduct of man toward the brutes, to-day looks down from Heaven and is interested in every minnow that swims the stream, and every rook that cleaves the air, and every lamb that bleats or neighs or lows in the pasture.

Why did God make all these and why make them so happy? How account for all this singing and dancing and frisking amid the irrational creation? Why this Heaven for the animalcule in a dewdrop! Why for the condor a throne on Chimborazo? Why the glitter of the phosphorus in the ship's wake on the sea, which is said to be only the frolic of millions of insects? Why the perpetual chanting of so many voices from the irrational creation in earth and air and ocean—beasts, and all cattle, creeping things and flying fowl, permitted to join in the praise that goes up from seraph and archangel? Only one solution, one explanation, one answer—God is good. "The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord."

I take a step higher, and notice the adaptation of the world to the comfort and happiness of man. The sixth day of creation had arrived. The palace of the world was made, but there was no king to live in it. Leviathan ruled the deep, the eagle the air, the lion the field, but where was the scepter which should rule all? A new style of being was created. Heaven and earth were represented in his nature. His body from the earth beneath; his soul from the Heaven above. The one reminding him of his origin, the other speaking of his destiny—himself the connecting link between the animal creation and angelic intelligence. In him a strange commingling of the temporal and eternal, the finite and the infinite, dust and glory. The earth for his floor and Heaven for his roof; God for his father; eternity for his home.

The Christian anatomist, gazing upon the conformation of the human body, exclaims: "Fearfully and wonderfully made." No embroidery so elaborate, no gauze so delicate, no color so exquisite, no mechanism so graceful, no handiwork so divine. So quietly and mysteriously does the human body perform its functions that it was not until five thousand years after the creation of the race that the circulation of the blood was discovered, and though anatomists of all countries and ages have been so long exploring this castle of life they have only begun to understand it.

Volumes have been written of the hand. Wondrous instrument! With it we give friendly recognition, and grasp the sword, and climb the rock, and write and carve and build. It constructed the pyramids and hoisted the Parthenon. It made the harp and then struck out of all the world's minstrelsy. In it the white marble of Pentelicon Mines dreamed itself away into immortal sculpture. It reins in the swift engine, it holds the steamer to its path in the sea, it snatches the fire from Heaven, it feels the pulse of the sick child with its delicate touch, and makes the nations quake with its stupendous achievements.

What power brought down the forests, and made the marshes blossom, and burdened the earth with all the cities that thunder on with enterprise and power? Four fingers and a thumb. A hundred million dollars would not purchase for you a machine as exquisite and wonderful as your own hand. Mighty hand! In its bones and muscles and joints I learn that God is good.

Behold the eye, which, in its photographic gallery, in an instant catches the mountain and the sea. This perpetual telegraphing of the nerves, these joints, that are the only hinges that do not wear out; these bones and muscles of the body, with 14,000 different adaptations; these 100,000 glands; these 200,000,000 pores; this mysterious heart, contracting 4,000 times every hour; this chemical process of digestion; this laboratory, beyond the understanding of the most skillful philosopher; this furnace, whose heat is kept up from cradle to grave; this factory of life, whose wheels and spindles and bands are God directed. If we could realize the wonders of our physical organization we would be hypochondriacs, fearing every moment that some part of the machine would break down. But there are men here who have lived through seventy years, and not a nerve has ceased to thrill, or a muscle to contract, or a lung to breathe, or a hand to manipulate.

I take a step higher and look at man's mental condition. Behold the benevolence of God in powers of perception, for the faculty of transporting this outside world into your own mind—gathering into your brain the majesty of the storm and the splendors of the day dawn, and lifting into your mind the ocean as easily as you might put a glass of water to your lips.

Watch the law of association or the mysterious linking together of all you ever thought or knew or felt, and then giving you the power to take hold of the clew line and draw through your mind the long train with indescribable velocity—one thought starting up a hundred, and this again a thousand—as the chirp of one bird sometimes wakes a whole forest of voices, or the thrum of one string will rouse an orchestra.

Watch your memory—that sheaf binder that goes forth to gather the harvest of the past and bring it into the present. Your power and velocity of thought—thought of the swift wing and the lightning foot; thought that outspeeds the star, and circles through the heavens, and weighs the planets, and poising amid wheeling constellations, comes down to count the blossoms in a tuft of mignonette; then starts again to try the fathoming of the bottomless and the scaling of the unsurmountable, to be swallowed up in the incomprehensible, and lost in God!

In reason and understanding, man is alone. The ox surpasses him in strength, the antelope in speed, the hound in keenness of nostril, the eagle in far reaching sight, the rabbit in quickness of hearing, the honey bee in delicacy of tongue, the spider in fineness of touch Man's power, therefore, consisteth not in what he can lift, or how fast he can run, or how strong a wrestler he can throw—for he respects the ox, the ostrich and the hyena are his superior—but by his reason he comes forth to rule all through his ingenious contrivance to outrun, outlift, outwrestle, outsee, outhear, outdo.

At his all conquering decree the forest that had stood for ages steps aside to let him build his cabin and cultivate his farm. The sea which raved and foamed under the race has become a crystal pathway for commerce to march on The thundercloud that slept lazily above the mountain is made to come down and carry mail bags. Man, dissatified with his slowness of advancement, shouted to the water and the fire: "Come and lift!" "Come and draw!" "Come and help!" And they answered, "Ay, ay, we come!" And they joined hands—the fire and the water—and the shuttles fly, and the rail train rattles on, and the steamship comes coughing, panting, flaming across the deep.

He elevates the telescope to the heavens and, as easily as through the stethoscope the physician hears the movement of the lung, the astronomer catches the pulsation of distant systems of worlds throbbing with life. He takes the microscope and discovers that there are hundreds of thousands of animalcules living, moving, working, dying within a circle that could be covered with the point of a pin—animals to which a raindrop would be an ocean, a rose leaf a hemisphere and the flash of a firefly lasting enough to give them light to several generations.

I take a step higher and look at man's moral nature. Made in the image of God. Vast capacity for enjoyment; capable at first of eternal joy, and though now disordered, still through the recuperative forces of heavenly grace able to mount up to more than its original felicity; faculties that may blossom and bear fruit inexhaustibly. Immortality written upon every capacity; a soul destined to reign in unlimited spheres of activity long after the world has put on ashes, and the solar system shall have snapped its axle, and the stars that in their courses fought against Sisera shall have been slain and buried amid the tolling thunders of the last day.

You see that God has adapted everything to our comfort and advantage. Pleasant things for the palate, music for the ear, beauty for the eye, aroma for the nostril, kindred for our affections, poetry for our taste, religion for our soul. We are put in a garden and told that from all the trees we may eat, except here and there one. He gives the sun to shine on us, and the waters to refresh us, and food to strengthen us; and the herbs yield medicine when we are sick, and the forests lumber when we would build a house or cross the water in a ship.

The rocks are transported for our foundation, and metals unturned for our currency, and wild beasts must give us covering, and the mountains must be tunneled to let us pass, and the fish of the sea come up in our net, and the birds of the air drop at the flash of our guns, and the cattle on a thousand hills come down to give us meat. For us the peach orchards bend down their fruit and the vineyards their purple clusters. To feed and refresh our intellect ten thousand wonders in nature and providence—wonders of mind and body, wonders of earth and air and deep analogies and antitheses; all colors and sounds; lyrics in the air; idyls in the field; conflagrations in the sunset; robes of mist on the mountains; and the "Grand March" of God in the storm.

But for the soul still higher adaptation—a fountain in which it may wash; a ladder by which it may climb; a song of endless triumph that it may sing; a crown of unfading light that it may wear. Christ came to save it—came with a cross on His back; came with spikes in His feet; came when no one else would come to do a work no one else would do. See how suited to man's condition is what God has done for him! Man is a sinner: here is pardon. He has lost God's image: Christ retraces it. He is helpless: Almighty grace is proffered. He is a lost wanderer; Jesus brings him home. He is blind; and at the touch of Him Who cured Bartimeus eternal glories stream into his soul. Jesus, I sing Thy grace! Cure of worst disease! Hammer to smite off heaviest chain! Light for thickest darkness! Grace divine! Devils scoff at it and men reject it but Heaven celebrates it!

I wish you good cheer for the National health. Pestilence, that in other years has come to drive out its thousand hearses to Greenwood and Laurel Hill, has not visited our nation. It is a glorious thing to be well. How strange that we should keep on our health when one breath from a marsh, or the sting of an insect, or the sleeping of a foot, or the falling of a tree branch might fatally assault our life! Regularly the lungs work, and their motion seems to be a spirit within us panting after its immortality. One sight fails not, though the air is so full of objects which by one touch could break out the soul's window. What ship, after a year's tossing on the sea, could come in with so little damage as ourselves, though we arrive after a year's voyage to-day?

I wish you good cheer for the National harvest. Reaping machines never swathed thicker rye, and corn husker peg never ripped out fuller ear, and mow poles never bent down under sweeter hay, and windmill's hopper never shook out larger wheat. Long trains of white covered wagons have brought the wealth down to the great thoroughfares. The garners are full, the storehouses are overcrowded, the canals are blocked with freights pressing down to the markets. The cars rumble all through the darkness and whistle up the flagman at dead of night to let the western harvests come down to feed the mouths of the great cities. A race of kings has taken possession of this land—King Cotton, King Corn, King Wheat, King Rice, King Grass, King Coal.

I wish you good cheer for civil and religious liberty. No official spy watches our entrance here, nor does an armed soldier interfere with the honest utterance of truth. We stand here to-day with our arms free to work and our tongues free to speak. This Bible—it is all unsealed. This pulpit—here is no chain about it. There is no snapping of musketry in the streets. Blessed be God that to-day we are free men, with the prospect and determination of always being free. No established religion—Jew and Gentile, Arminian and Calvinist, Trinitarian and Unitarian, Protestant and Roman Catholic on the same footing.

If persecution should come against the most unpopular of all the sects, I believe that all other denominations would band together and arm themselves, and hearts would be stout, and blood would be free, and the right of men to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences would be contested at the point of the bayonet and with blood flowing up to the bits of the horses' bridles.

For mercies temporal and spiritual let consecrated lives be offered. Wherever God's light shines and God's rain descends, and God's mercy broods, let the thanksgiving arise!

The Razor-Back Hog.

To the traveler through Texas one of the strangest and most peculiar features of landscape is the razor-back hog. He is of Swiss cottage style of architecture. His physical outline is angular to a degree unknown outside of a text-book on the science of geometry. The country razor-back prowls around in the woods and lives on acorns, pecan nuts and roots; when he can spare time he climbs under his owner's fence and assists in harvesting the corn crop. In this respect he is neighborly to a fault, and, when his duty to his owner's crop will allow, he will readily turn out and assist the neighbors, even working at night rather than see his crop spoil for want of a hand to gather it. Crossing the razor-back with the blue-blooded stock makes but little improvement. The only effective way to improve him is to cross him with a railway train. He then becomes an imported Berkshire, or Poland China hog, and if he does not knock the train off the track, the railroad pays for him at the rate of $1 a pound, for which they are allowed the mournful privilege of shoveling the remains off the track. The ham of the country razor-back is more juicy than the hind leg of an iron fire-dog, but not so fat as a pine knot.—*Western Ploughman.*

It Stopped at Cabbage.

A Detroit colored man had occasion to ask the advice of a patrolman as to how he should treat some boys who called him names as he passed a certain corner.

"I wouldn't mind em," was the reply.

"Jist what I reckoned on," said the complainant. "I had my mind made up to treat 'em wid proud disdain. But dar's a naybur o' mine who frows clubs at my dog an' cusses my chill'en. Would you also come de proud disdain over him?"

"Yes, I think so."

"An' dar's a white man libin' round de co'ner who say I stole his ax. I reckon dat proud disdain will fix him if I keep it up long enough?"

"It certainly will."

"Wall, den it am settled dat I doan' talk back in none o' dese cases, but dar am one fing I want understood right heah an' now. De nex' time I am injoyin' an' ebenin' siesta on de doorsteps and a six-pound cabbage hits me on de middle west-button dar won't be no proud disdain to be had in any grocery fur a mile aroun'! I'ze gwine to riz up an' yell fur revenge an' shout for blood, an' de cussifer who interfered wid me am gwine to be rendered unconscious fur forty-eight days!"

SCIENCE is a big thing. It makes sugar from coal tar. It can do everything except make maple sugar from Vermont.