The St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

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HUMAN TROUBLES.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Consolations of Religion.

They Are Sufficient to Support the Christian Amid Scenes of Trial and Disaster—God's Hand in Them All.

The following discourse by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage on "The Consolations of Religion" was delivered before his Washington congregation, being based on the text:

And the Lord brought an east wind upon the land all that day and all that night.—Exodus x, 13.

The reference here is not to a cyclone, but to the long-continued blowing of the wind from an unhealthful quarter. The north wind is bracing, the south wind is relaxing, but the east wind is irritating and full of threat. Eighteen times does the Bible speak against the east wind. Moses describes the thin ears blasted by the east wind. The psalmist describes the breaking of the ships of Tarshish by the east wind. The locusts that plagued Egypt were borne in on the east wind. The gourd that sheltered Jonah was shattered by the east wind; and in all the 6,000 summers, autumns, winters and springs of the world's existence the worst wind that ever blew is the east wind. Now, if God would only give us a climate of perpetual nor'wester, how genial and kind and placid and industrious Christians we would all be! But it takes almighty grace to be what we ought to be under the east wind. Under the chilling and wet wing of the east wind the most of the world's villianies, fraunds, outrages, suicides and murders have been hatched out. I think if you should keep a meteorological history of the days of the year, and put right beside it the criminal record of the country, you would find that those were the best days for public morals which were under the north or west wind, and that those were the worst days for public morals which were under the east wind. The points of the compass have more to do with the world's morals and the church's piety than you have yet suspected. Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, eminent for learning and for consecration, when asked by one of his students at Princeton whether he always had full assurance of faith, replied: "Yes, except when the wind blows from the east." Dr. Francia, dictator of Paraguay, when the wind was from the east, made oppressive enactments for the people; but when the weather changed, repented him of the cruelties, repealed the enactments, and was in good humor with all the world.

Before I overtake the main thought of my subject I want to tell Christian people they ought to be observant of climatic changes. Be on your guard when the wind blows from the east. There are certain styles of temptation that you can not endure under certain styles of weather. When the wind blows from the east, if you are of a nervous temperament, go not among exasperating people, try not to settle bad debts, do not try to settle old disputes, do not talk with a bigot on religion, do not go among those people who delight in saying irritating things, do not try to collect funds for a charitable institution, do not try to answer an insulting letter. If these things must be done, do them when the wind is from the north, or the south, or the west, but not when the wind is from the east.

You say that men and women ought not to be so sensitive and nervous. I admit it, but I am not talking about what the world ought to be; I am talking about what the world is. While there are persons whose disposition does not seem to be affected by changes in the atmosphere, nine out of ten are mightily played upon by such influences. O Christian man! under such circumstances do not write hard things against yourself, do not get worried about your fluctuating experience. You are to remember that the barometer in your soul is only answering the barometer of the weather. Instead of sitting down and becoming discouraged and saying, "I am not a Christian because I don't feel exhilarant," get up and look out of the window and see the weather vane pointing in the wrong quarter, and then say: "Get thee behind me, Satan, thou prince of the power of the air; get out of my house! get out of my heart, thou demon of darkness horsed on the east wind. Away!" However good and great you may be in the Christian life, your soul will never be independent of physical condition. I feel I am uttering a most practical, useful truth here, one that may give relief to a great many Christians who are worried and despondent at times.

Dr. Rush, a monarch in medicine, after curing hundreds of cases of mental depression, himself fell sick and lost his religious hope, and he would not believe his pastor when the pastor told him that his spiritual depression was only a consequence of physical depression. Andrew Fuller, Thomas Scott, William Cowper, Thomas Boston, David Brainerd, Philip Melancthon were mighty men for God, but all of them illustrations of the fact that a man's soul is not independent of his physical health. An eminent physician gave as his opinion that no man ever died a greatly triumphant death whose disease was below the diaphragm. Stackhouse, the learned Christian commentator, says he does not think Saul was insane when David played the harp before him, but it was a hypochondria coming from inflammation of the liver. Oh, how many good people have been mistaken in regard to their religious hope, not taking these things into consideration! The dean of Carlisle, one of the best men that ever lived, and one of the most useful, sat down and wrote: "Though I have endeavored to discharge my duty as well as I could, yet sadness and melancholy of heart stick close by and increase upon me. I tell nobody, but I am very much sunk indeed, and I wish I could have the relief of weeping as I used to. My days are exceedingly dark and distressing. In a word, Almighty God seems to hide His face, and I intrust the secret hardly to any earthly being. I know not what will become of me. There is doubtless a good deal of affection mingled with this, but it is not all so. I bless God, however, that I never lose sight of the cross, and though I should die without seeing any personal interest in the Redeemer's merits, I hope that I shall be found at His feet. I [illegible] thank you for a word at your [illegible]. My door is bolted at the time I am writing this, for I am full of tears."

What was the matter with the dean of Carlisle? Had he got to be a worse man? No. The physician said that the state of his pulse would not warrant his living a minute. Oh, if the east wind affects the spleen, and affects the lungs, and affects the liver, it will affect your immortal soul. Appealing to God for help, brace yourself against these withering blasts and destroying influences, lest that which the psalmist said broke the ships of Tarshish, shipwreck you.

But notice in my text that the Lord controls the east wind: "The Lord brought the east wind." He brings it for especial purpose; the east wind is just as important as the north wind, or the south wind, or the west wind, but not so pleasant. Trial must come. The text does not say you will escape the cutting blast. Whoever did escape it? Especially who that accomplished anything for church or state ever escaped it? I was in the pulpit of John Wesley, in London, a pulpit where he stood one day and said: "I have been charged with all the crimes in the catalogue except one—that of drunkenness," and a woman arose in the audience and said: "John, you were drunk last night." So John Wesley passed under the flail. I saw in a foreign journal a report of one of George Whitefield's sermons—a sermon preached a hundred and twenty or thirty years ago. It seemed that the reporter stood to take the sermon, and his chief idea was to caricature it; and these are some of the reportorial interlinings of the sermon of George Whitefield. After calling him by a nickname indicative of a physical defect in the eye, it goes on to say: "Here the preacher clasps his chin on the pulpit cushion. Here he elevates his voice. Here he lowers his voice. Holds his arms extended. Bawls aloud. Stands trembling. Makes a frightful face. Turns up the whites of his eyes. Clasps his hands behind him. Clasps his arms around him and hugs himself. Roars aloud. Hollas. Jumps. Cries. Changes from crying. Hollas and jumps again." Well, my brother, if that good man went through all that process, in your occupation, in your profession, in your store, in your shop, at the bar, in the sick room, in the editorial chair, somewhere, you will have to go through a similar process; you can not escape it.

Keats wrote his famous poem, and the hard criticism of the poem killed him—literally killed him. Tasso wrote his poem entitled "Jerusalem Delivered," and it had such a cold reception it turned him into a raving maniac. Stillingfleet was slain by his literary enemies. The frown of Henry VIII. slew Cardinal Wolsey. The duke of Wellington refused to have the fence around his house, which had been destroyed by a mob, rebuilt, because he wanted the fence to remain as it was, a reminder of the mutability and uncertainty of the popular favor.

And you will have trial of some sort. You have had it already. Why need I prophesy? I might better mention an historical fact in your history. You are a merchant. What a time you had with that old business partner! How hard it was to get rid of him! Before you bought him out, or he ruined both of you, what magnitude of annoyance! Then, after you had paid him down a certain sum of money to have him go out, and to promise he would not open a store of the same kind of business in your street, did he not open the very same kind of business as near to you as possible, and take all your customers as far as he could take them? And then, knowing all your frailties and weaknesses, after being in your business firm for so many years, is he not now spending his time in making a commentary on what you furnished as a text? You are a physician, and in your sickness, or in your absence, you get a neighboring doctor to take your place in the sick room, and he ingratiates himself into the favor of that family, so that you forever lose their patronage. Or, you take a patient through the serious stages of a fever, and some day the impatient father or husband of the sick one rushes out and gets another medical practitioner, who comes in just in time to get the credit of the cure. Or, you are a lawyer, and you come in contact with a trickster in your profession, and in your absence, and contrary to agreement, he moves a nonsuit or the dismissal of the case; or the judge on the bench, remembering an old political grudge, rules against you every time he gets a chance, and says, with a snarl: "If you don't like my decision, take an exception." Or, you are a farmer, and the curculio stings the fruit, or the weevil gets into the wheat, or the drought stunts the corn, or the long-continued rains give you no opportunity for gathering the harvest. Your best cow gets the hollowhorn, your best horse gets foundered. A French proverb said that trouble comes in on horseback and goes away on foot. So trouble dashed in on you suddenly, but oh, how long it was in getting away! Came on horseback, goes away on foot. Rapid in coming, slow in going. That is the history of nearly all your troubles. Again and again and again, you have experienced the power of the east wind. It may be blowing from that direction now.

My friends, God intended these troubles and trials for some particular purpose. They do not come at random. Here is the promise: "He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind." In the tower of London the swords and the guns of other ages are burnished and arranged into huge passion-flowers, and sunflowers, and bridal oaks, and you wonder how anything so hard as steel can be put into such floral shapes. I have to tell you that the hardest, sharpest, most cutting, most piercing sorrows of this life may be made to bloom and blossom and put on bridal festivity. The Bible says they shall be mitigated, they shall be assuaged, they shall be graduated. God is not going to allow you to be overthrown. A Christian woman, very much despondent, was holding her child in her arms, and the pastor, trying to console the woman in her spiritual depression, said: "There, you will let your child drop." "Oh, no," she said. "I couldn't let the child drop." He said: "You will let the child drop." "Why," she said, "if I should drop the child here, it would dash his life out!" "Well now," said the Christian minister, "don't you think God is as good as you are? Won't God, your Father, take as good care of you, His child, as you take care of your child? God won't let you drop."

I suppose God lets the east wind blow just hard enough to drive us into the harbor of God's protection. We all feel we can manage our own affairs. We have helm and compass and chart and quadrant. Give us plenty of sea room and we sail on and sail on; but after awhile there comes a Caribbean whirlwind up the coast, and we are helpless in the gale, and we cry out for harbor. All our calculations upset, we say with the poet:

Change and decay on all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

The south wind of mild providence makes us throw off the cloak of Christian character and we catch cold, but the sharp east wind of trouble makes us wrap around us the warm promises. The best thing that ever happens to us is trouble. That is a hard thing, perhaps, to say, but I repeat it, for God announces it again and again, the best thing that happens to us is trouble.

When the French army went down into Egypt under Napoleon, an engineer, in digging for a fortress, came across a tablet which has been called the Rosetta stone. There were inscriptions in three or four languages on that Rosetta stone. Scholars studying out the alphabet of hieroglyphics from that stone were enabled to read ancient inscriptions on monuments and on tombstones. Well, many of the handwritings of God in our life are indecipherable hieroglyphics; we can not understand them until we take up the Rosetta stone of divine inspiration, and the explanation all comes out, and the mysteries all vanish, and what was before beyond our understanding now is plain in its meaning, as we read: "All things work together for good to those who love God." So we decipher the hieroglyphics. Oh! my friends! have you ever calculated what trouble did for David? It made him the sacred minstrel for all ages. What did trouble do for Joseph? Made him the keeper of the corn-crib of Egypt. What did it do for Paul? Made him the great apostle to the Gentiles. What did it do for Samuel Rutherford? Made his invalidism more illustrious than robust health. What did it do for Richard Baxter? Gave him capacity to write of the "Saint's Everlasting Rest." What did it do for John Bunyan? Showed him the shinging gates of the city. What has it done for you? Since the loss of that child your spirit has been purer. Since the loss of that property, you have found out that earthly investments are insecure. Since you lost your health, you feel as never before a rapt anticipation of eternal release. Trouble has humbled you, has enlarged you, has multiplied your resources, has equipped you, has loosened your grasp from this world and tightened your grip on the next. Oh! bless God for the east wind. It has driven you into the harbor of God's sympathy.

Nothing like trouble to show us that this world is an insufficient portion. Hogarth was about done with life, and he wanted to paint the end of all things. He put on canvas a shattered bottle, a cracked bell, an unstrung harp, a sign-board of a tavern called "The World's End" falling down, a shipwreck, the horses of Phoebus lying dead in the clouds, the moon in her last quarter, and the world on fire. "One thing more," said Hogarth, and my picture is done." Then he added the broken palette of a painter. Then he died. But trouble, with hand mightier and more skillfull than Hogarth's, pictures the falling, failing, moldering, dying world. And we want something permanent to lay hold of, and we grasp with both hands after God, and say: "The Lord is my light, the Lord is my love, the Lord is my fortress, the Lord is my sacrifice, the Lord, the Lord is my God."

Bless God for your trials. Oh, my Christian friend! keep your spirits up the power of Christ's Gospel. Do not surrender. Do you not know that when you give up, others will give up! You have courage, and others will have courage. The Romans went into the battle, and by some accident there was an inclination of the standard. The standard upright meant forward march; the inclination of the standard meant surrender. Through the negligence of the man who carried the standard, and the inclination of it, the army surrendered. Oh! let us keep the standard up, whether it be blown down by the east wind, or the north wind, or the south wind. No inclination to surrender. Forward into the conflict.

There is near Bombay a tree that they call the "sorrowing tree," the peculiarity of which is it never puts forth any bloom in the daytime, but in the night puts out all its bloom and all its redolence. And I have to tell you that though Christian character puts forth its sweetest blossoms in the darkness of sickness, the darkness of financial distress, the darkness of bereavement, the darkness of death, "weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Across the harsh discords of this world rolls the music of the skies—music that breaks from the lips, music that breaks from the harps and rustles from the palms, music like falling water over rocks, music like wandering winds among leaves, music like carrolling birds among forests, music like ocean billows storming the Atlantic beach: "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." I see a great Christian fleet approaching that harbor. Some of the ships come in with sails rent and bulwarks knocked way, but still afloat. Nearer and nearer the shining shore. Nearer and nearer eternal anchorage. Haul away, my lads, haul away. Some of the ships had a mighty tonnage, and others were shallops easily lifted of the wind and wave. Some were men-of-war and armed of the thunders of Christian battle, and others were unpretending tugs taking others through the "Narrows," and others were coasters that never ventured out into the deep seas of Christian experience; but they are all coming nearer the wharf — brigantine, galleon, line-of-battle ship, longboat, pinnace, war-frigate—and as they come into the harbor I find that they are driven by the long, loud, terrific blast of the east wind. It is through much tribulation that you are to enter into the kingdom of God.

You have blessed God for the north wind, and blessed Him for the south wind, and blessed Him for the west wind; can you not in the light of this subject bless Him for the east wind?

RUSHING THINGS.

Nothing Gained in Housework by Constant Hurrying.

"I think there was never a maxim that was so often quoted to me when I was a child as the one treating on the unwisdom of too much hurry," said a woman who had passed through more vicissitudes than most of the sisterhood are ever expected to endure.

"'The more haste, the less speed,' was a household phrase with us, and by its careful and insistent observance I have saved myself a great deal of wear and tear and made life much easier, I hope, for my family.

"There are people in the world who never seem to feel that they are accomplishing much when they go quietly and unostentatiously about their business. Such a thing as working without bustle and rush would be distasteful to them. They do not seem to feel that the house is clean unless windows and doors are flung open and everyting is piled promiscuously out of the rooms in order to give them a chance to raise a great dust and flourish brooms, brushes and scrubbing-cloths and splash water and toss things around generally. In addition to this, half a dozen things must be undertaken in one day, and unless everybody is worked to death, there is no end of fretting and annoyance, if indeed, the difficulty does not assume a much more serious form than this.

"There ought to be a school in which housekeepers could be instructed in the art of working quietly and without ado. There is neither good sense, economy nor dispatch in rushing things in such a way. Nine times out of ten the great quantity of work laid out is only partly finished; the house is the scene of the wildest confusion; meals are irregular; children are cross; the entire family exposed to dampness and drafts; and the wife and mother, disgusted and dissatisfied, is anything but an amiable person. How much better it would be to take up the task by sections, and put the house in order a room at a time, and thus without all of the tiresome stirring up that many householders are subjected to.

"Of course, it depends somewhat on the community in which one lives. There is a neighborhood not many days' journey from the great metropolis where a woman would be scandalized if she did not have a general house-cleaning time. One sensible little woman who lives there and never appears to clean house, simply because she never turns her entire equipment out of the windows, is always spoken of with some sort of mental reservation. The busybodies and Mrs. Grundys of the town often remark: 'Oh, yes, everything looks nice where people can see it, but I have my opinion of a woman who never has a regular house-cleaning time. Mrs. X—— has lived in this community for four years, and she has never yet had what would be called a thorough house-cleaning.'

"But, all the same, her house is immaculate from cellar to attic. The family is never disturbed by cyclonic periods of cleaning and earthquakes of pitching things out of the windows. She has fewer attacks of nervous prostration than some of her neighbors, and her husband and children have better tempers, fewer colds and more regular meals. She has learned, in all of its completeness, the beauty of the saying, 'more haste, less speed,' and ingrained it into her daily life so that her household is without confusion, and she is spared the reaction that comes from seasons of concentrated effort, and the misery that springs from rushing things."—N. Y. Ledger.

CARE OF THE BABY.

Suggestions and Hints for the Young Mothers.

A baby's hair seldom grows very much during the first year of its life. It just gets long enough to be pretty; but if it should get lanky and thin, with long points or tails of hair in the neck, they may just be tipped, and the hair will be all the stronger.

Babies often have their delicate skins much irritated by the hard edges of diligently starched frocks and pelisses, and if there is one thing more calculated to make them fretful than another it is the starched hem round the neck and the starched rough seam where the sleeve is sewn into the armhole. All this is quite avoided by dressing them in fine white serge, delaine, or silk frocks that are very easily washed when soiled, but are always innocent of starch. They are not more costly than muslin in the long run; but they should always be washed at home in warm, soft water and ironed damp with a warm but not hot iron, and well aired afterward.

Those who have charge of babies cannot be too particular about the airing of clothes. The seeds of rheumatism are often sown by inattention to this very simple matter. And it is not only the clean clothes that must be aired, but whatever is taken off a cild at night with the intention of putting it on again in the morning. All these things must be dried from the moisture produced by perspiration during the day, and, after being hung on a horse near the fire, they should be hung one over the other on a hook where the air can get at them, not folded up and laid in a dense little packet.—N. Y. Mercury.

Time Will Tell.

Parvynoo was no name for him, but his quids covered a multitude of shortcomings, and he was not wholly unaware of the fact. "I should never ha' got inter this club," he whispered to the friend he was giving lunch to as he gazed round admiringly, "but for the fact that I played such a d—d bad hand at whist, and they're ten-pound p'ints 'ere!"

And the friend who was dying to teach him solo, felt encouraged and smiled.—Pink 'Un.

From His Point of View.

"I don't see the use of puttin' Mamie in short pants," said Mamie's brother scornfully the third day after she had first appeared in her new bloomers.

"Willie!" exclaimed Mamie, sharply.

"Well, I don't," retorted Willie. "Now you've got 'em you can't climb a tree, an' you know you can't, so what's the use of puttin' up a bluff that you're a boy?"—Chicago Post.

Irish Peat Fabrics.

Irish peat rugs, which made their first appearance in London quite recently are gaining approval in many quarters. Not only rugs, but dresses and men's suits can be made out of this peat, which is nothing more or less than Irish bog mixed with a little jute.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

BICYCLE MAN TO STAY.

Complex Age Will Not Allow the Wheel to Remain as It Is.

The practical side of any popular movement usually settles its permanency. Nothing can float without ballast, for even the clouds fill with moisture and sink to earth again. The most ephemeral life has, then, its anchor somewhere to steady and control what is apparently a passing vision, otherwise all ephemera would be lifeless, and hence useless. Without applying this law of nature to the singular modern development of a wheel, it is nevertheless true that such a piece of mechanism, independent of itself, has become a tremendous factor in the sum of society. For, curiously as it may seem, not only has a new industry arisen, but with it a new employment for our consideration. It is a question of labor which forms the ballast for what was intended originally as a mere pleasure. When wheeling became a fashion another avenue opened for wage-earners. The manufacture of bicycles has ceased now to be tentative. It is an established industry, and as every year will develop the utility of that machine it bids fair to take rank with the other inventions requiring great workshops for their manufacture. But this is not all. So far the manufacture of the almost universal bicycle has been wholly a business enterprise confined to a few makers, and, presumably, the "best" wheel has no rival, but there will be several "best" wheels in all the markets, and many more competitors in the field to add to the strength of this century end discovery. For the bicycle in its present form is a discovery, as much so as a proprietary medicine or the uses of electricity. Given, then, this unique means of self-transportation, there arises a crowd of necessities to minister to the comfort of the mere elegance of the use of the rider, and these various appurtenances must in turn be manufactured. Not merely is a special dress required, but [illegible] of [illegible] which the well-appointed bicyclist cannot do without. All this gives work to a large number of people. The enormous profit in the manufacture of the bicycle need not be dwelt on in this connection, but rather what it can do in the world after it is sold and delivered. That it makes work, there is no doubt. For the thousands of riders who are obliged to "groom" their own pneumatic steeds there are hundreds who now employ a man to take care of the expensive wheel—clean it, oil it carefully, and see that it is in perfect order against the next ride. The riding academies and the boarding, or rather the lodging, of these machines are "extras" for the bicyclist to consider. In many houses a room is set apart for the "stabling" of the family wheels, while occupants of town flats add to their inconveniences by admitting these precious roadsters to the tiny hall or parlor for safe keeping. Every good rider takes pride in his appearance, and the time has passed when any sort of a garb or any sort of a wheel would do for a country excursion. The more the world gets on its wheel, the more critical it becomes, with the result that ultimately a great deal of pleasant labor must be paid for. With the rich, there will be the new domestic, a cross between machinist and footman, who shall take charge of the roomful of cycles, and be able to follow the timid beginners on trial trips, and from this branch of service may spring a general "outdoor man," who will be on hand to receive the muddy, dusty "steed" after a long run and look to its housing till the next time it is required. As one thing leads to another, it is natural to suppose that this complex age will not allow so simple a thing as the bicycle to remain unattended by luxuries. The bicycle man is destined to be among the foremost.—Boston Record.

HOW GOLD IS DEPOSITED.

An Australian's Experiments Which May Be of Importance.

An exhibition of the greatest interest to mineralogists and practical miners in relation to the much-argued question as to how gold was originally deposited in auriferous quartz will shortly be seen at the Imperial institute. Mr. J. C. F. Johnson, of Adelaide, who has given great attention to the subject, has lately brought to this country a number of specimens of previously non-gold-bearing stones, in which he has artificially introduced gold interstices and on the face in such a manner as to defy detection, even by skilled experts. Some of these specimens were shown privately to several distinguished geologists, who expressed great surprise at the remarkable character of the exhibition.

The discovery some years ago that gold could be induced to deposit from its mineral salt to the metallic state on any suitable base, such as iron sulphide, led Mr. Johnson to experiment with various salts of gold, and he has obtained some extraordinary results. He has, for example, found it practicable to produce most natural-looking specimens of auriferous quart from stone which previously, when assayed, contained no trace of gold. Moreover, the gold, which penetrates the stone in a thorough manner, assumes some of the more usual natural forms.

In one specimen shown the gold not only appears on the surface, but penetrates each of the laminations, as was proved by breaking. One needs hardly point out the importance of the experiments in relation to the gold-mining industry; for, having found how the much-desired metal may have been deposited in its matrix, the knowledge should help to suggest how it may be economically extracted therefrom.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

His Vacation.

Fond Father—If that boy of mine has any particular bent I can't find it out.

Friend—What experiments have you made to discover it?

"Very thorough ones. I gave him a toy printing press, a steam engine, a box of paints, a chest of tools, and a lot of other things, carefully selected to find out whether his tastes were literary, mechanical, artistic, commercial or what, and I know no more than I did before."

"What did he do with them?"

"Smashed them all up."

"Ah! I see. He is to be a railway porter—to knock about trunks."—N. Y. Mercury.

Be Somebody.

"Oh, everything goes against me! I've played the game out."

"Tut, tut, old man! Cheer up. Borrow some money and be somebody!"—Truth.

TRAWLING FOR CODFISH.

Fishermen Frequently Make Great Hauls on the Banks of Newfoundland.

In the herring fishery everything is done with the seine. In fishing for cod, halibut and hake hand lines are used to a limited extent, but most of the captures are made by trawls. All the craft are schooner rigged and but few of them carry forctopmasts. This gives them a slovenly appearance aloft, but they do away with the spar, because the craft rolls less in a sea when at anchor. There are no fine lines about the hulls. The object is room and stability, and, while they are good sea boats, they are not fast sailers. The owners of the craft find trawls, small boats, salt and provisions, and two trips a year are the average for the craft which salts her fish on board.

Out of the fleet a few take ice and return to market with fresh fish every two or three weeks, but the majority catch and salt down. The crew go on shares. When the craft returns the owners figure up the expense of the outfit and add to it half the value of the catch. What is left is divided pro rata among the crew. If the catch has been good each one of the 16 or 18 men will have made about $40 per month, but it is quite as likely that he won't have made a dollar a day, though he has had free board all the time, and good board, at that. Fishing on the banks at any time of the year is hard and disagreeable work.

Codfish are very erratic in their movements. A schooner may have fish around her for 30 days, one day being as good as another, or she may sail and drift for three or four days before getting a bite. If luck is with her, down goes the anchor, and the trawlers begin work. A trawl may be described as a rope many hundred feet long, to which, at intervals of [illegible] inches, fishhooks are attached by lines about two feet long, [illegible] and care for. The rope is weighted to sink to within a few feet of the bottom and is then buoyed. The trawl is generally set late in the afternoon and overhauled in the morning.

If luck is with the fishermen 500 cod may be taken from a trawl. They are a voracious fish and in seizing the bait firmly hook themselves. It often happens that the 3,000 hooks may be overhauled without securing more than 50 fish, but again the catch may be 2,500. The boats of the trawlers look something like an ordinary river skiff, but are very buoyant and easily handled. A schooner with 16 men aboard puts out four trawls and eight men. The rest are left aboard to work the craft and attend to the fish as they come in.—Lewiston Journal.

LADS UNDER ARMS IN CUBA.

The Poor Lads Have the Bearing of Soldiers.

A favorite disposition of the army by its enemies is to speak of it as composed of boys, but that shows ignorance of war. It is never safe to despise boys in any capacity least of all in armies.

On the battlefield of Shiloh it was remarked of the dead when they were gathered for burial—it was true of the boys in blue and gray alike—that hardly one in three was a bearded man. The boys, in the true sense of the word, were in the great majority. The Spanish lads under arms in Cuba are sturdy, swarthy fellows, well fitted and equipped for the field, and many of them with kindly, friendly, humorous faces, and they trudge along, well clothed and shod, with brown blankets rolled tightly and tied at the corners, swung over their shoulders; bags on their backs that seem lighter than knapsacks and equally serviceable, and their rifles and cartridges loading them heavily, but not more so than the Germans or French on a march. The boys of whom I speak were fairly drilled and, though just landed, had evidently been set up and put through their steps. They had the swing for a long tramp. As a rule the boys with the rifles were much younger than the officers, many of whom were stout.

The Spanish army is not one to be despised, and, however it may suffer from the ambuscades for which the tropical vegetation affords such eminent facilities, will make itself respected when it meets foes it cannot see. The boys cannot march as fast as raiders can ride and will suffer from the overwhelming rains and the deplorable roads and sicken and die in thousands, but owing to the better understanding of sanitary precautions, the loss from exposure will not be great as in former years. The marching to the front of the young men of Spain was a mournful spectacle. There are dark-eyed mothers, sisters and sweethearts thinking of them far away, who will wait and hope and pray for them and their safe return until the closing scenes, when the roll of the unreturning is unrolled. I wish to speak with respect of the Spanish boys—poor fellows—the sons of poor parents—who never make the wars they fight—and I have seen the great armies of Germany, France and America and many of the troops of Italy and England.—Murat Halstead, in Review of Reviews.

Insurance Against Twins.

What worse domestic calamity can befall a poor man's home than the advent of twins, unless it be triplets. That, at least, is the idea upon which the projectors of the Provident Bounty association, organized recently, propose to bank the prospects of the concern. As a financial document it is unique.

It bears some respectable names, and subscriptions to the capital stock of £10,000 are invited, with the most tempting inducements.

"It is notorious," say these projectors, "that many people marry in the hope of improving their fortune; but frequently disappointment comes with the advent of an unexpectedly large family. This association provides to some extent for that contingency by at once giving a substantial sum in the case of the birth of twins."—Pearson's Weekly.

Brains and Obesity.

Most intellectual ladies are said to be stout. Take for instance the celebrated painter, Rosa Bonheur; the novelist, Charlotte M. Yonge; the Empress Frederick, of Germany; Mme. Materna, the interpreter of Wagnerian operas; the dowager empress of China, and that empress of Abyssinia, Taitou by name, to whose sagacious counsels and commanding intellect are attributed all the successes recently achieved by her husband, Emperor Menelek, against the power of the Italian army.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

Let the Dear Girl Hunt Hens Rather Than a Husband.

Much has been said and written on "keeping the boys on the farm," and many pleas have been made urging farmers to give their boys an interest in some kind of stock or crop, and thus make their labor of some pecuniary value to themselves. Every boy likes to have a little money that he may call his own, and that he can spend as he likes. But how is it in regard to the girls? Have you ever seen anything written in regard to "keeping the girls on the farm?" Or are they of so little account that the only thought is to get them married off as quickly as

A HENHOUSE FOR THE DAUGHTER.

possible, so that some other fellow can support them, and so save that item of expense? I say to farmers, give your girls a chance, and they will beat the boys all "hollow," not only in the thoroughness of their work, but in their enthusiasm for results, and in the results themselves.

But you ask: Shall I set my daughter to [illegible] or [illegible] the [illegible] by [illegible] the two-year-old colt, or the [illegible], or [illegible] and caring for the hogs? No, my dear sir; while I have no doubt she would be successful if she undertook to do any of these things, and would surprise you by the results obtained, still it is not necessary for her to engage in any such masculine labor.

Again you ask: What, then, would you have her do? Let me whisper in your ear, the one little word, poultry. Now don't shrug your shoulders and exclaim: "Bosh!" for if you knew it there is more profit in the "hen business," for the amount invested, than in any other stock. And who is more fitted to attend to such "stock" than the daughters of the family? Just try it, if you have one or more daughters that have nothing to do, and are just eating their heads off; invest $150 in poultry, and a house to put it in (the interest on this will be but nine dollars a year); or perhaps you already have some building that, with a few dollars expended for repairs, would answer. Let her keep strict account of all eggs used in the family, sold, or used for setting, all young chickens raised, either for home consumption or market, figuring the value of droppings as worth 25 cents for each mature

A CHEAP AND SIMPLE HENHOUSE.

fowl for the year. Also keep a strict account of all feed used, whether bought or raised on the farm. If you are not surprised at the result, then I would consider you beyond all hope of redemption, and be willing you should jog along in the "good old way," letting the hens spend the winters in idleness, and the girls hunting husbands.

The cuts show pictures of a convenient henhouse, which will accommodate 100 hens, and at the same time is not expensive. It may be constructed of matched boards, or of unmatched, and lined with tarred paper, the smell of which is not offensive, and tends to keep away vermin. If your daughter is not well posted on the "hen business," get for her some good book on poultry. Give her what help you can by advice, etc., and then let her go ahead. By the time she is ready to buy her wedding outfit, she will have the money to pay for it, and thus save you the expense.—Rural New Yorker.

Pests of the Poultry Yard.

This is the season for lice, and it is only the well-kept coops and yards that are free from the vermin. Lice will drive the sitting hens off the nest, will force others to lay on the ground outside, will cause the chicks to droop and die without apparent disease affecting them, will invite disease by debilitating the fowls, and will cause loss where profit should be the result. Do not wait for lice to come, but keep the pests away. Frequent whitewashing of the coops, the rubbing of kerosene oil on the roosts, the sprinkling of tobacco refuse over the nests, and the liberal use of Persian insect powder well dusted into every crack and crevice as well as over the floor, the nests, and everywhere else, will be the only safeguard.

When to Use Soft Food.

One meal of soft food is sufficient, and it should be given early in the morning, warm. No meals are necessary at noon, as it is better to allow the hens to be hungry so as to compel them to scratch than to keep their crops full, in which case they become very fat. At night scatter the grains so that the hens will have [illegible] scratching for them. Should any be left over they will be found by the hens the next morning. Soft food may consist of anything that can be fed in that condition. It is the meal to which all the extra foods are added. It should never be very soft, but of a consistency to allow it to be crumbled.—Prairie Farmer.

What Subirrigation Means.

Subirrigation is understood to mean any system whereby water is applied to the subsoil of field, garden or orchard for the purpose of furnishing the crops growing upon the surface with the proper amount of water for their growth and perfection. This is generally done by means of lines of disjointed tile pipes, laid about 20 feet in depth so as to be beyond the reach of a plow or other means of cultivation. Other plans have been tried and all have been failures so far as reported to this office.—C. W. Irish, Chief Irrigation Inquiry, U. S. Dept. of Agr.

SWEET CORN FODDER.

It Has Been Fed with Excellent Results Down in Maine.

Mr. Walker McKeen, secretary of Maine state board of agriculture, says: "Previous to having a silo we fed quite large quantities of sweet corn fodder cured, with excellent results. The best way to manage this after it is cut is to shock carefully and allow it to dry thoroughly, then dray to the barn and pack, preferably in a bay, in alternate layers with oats, wheat or barley straw. Make each layer not more than one foot thick. The straw takes up the moisture, prevents molding, and is made better for feed by contact with the corn fodder. We never packed corn with ears on in this way, but see no reason why it would not work equally well, the only objection we can think of would be the danger from mice. If well packed, however, and fed from every day with plenty of cats about the premises we should not fear much damage from this source. If you do not care to try this plan stand as closely as you can in some sheltered place, being sure to have it placed in such a manner that it will remain standing. When feeding if you have a large proportion of corn you will probably get better results by cutting or shredding before feeding. If you have but a small proportion you will have no trouble in feeding it by using a small amount each day along with other fodders. Animals will do well on this fodder. One of the finest and largest herds I know of kept for selling milk in a city is fed largely in winter on this dried corn with ears on, their owner using a large cutter, and two-horse power, cutting a week's feed ahead and allowing it to heat slightly. For our own use, however, we should prefer the silo, as there will be a saving of labor and succulent food."

PRETTY ROOF WINDOWS.

[illegible] Tells the Whole Story of Their Construction.

The chambers of many old fashioned houses are dark and stuffy. They need light and air, which can be secured by letting windows into the roof. Double-roofed dormer windows are not particularly attractive, are quite expensive to build, and frequently leak. Besides

they do not give the proper amount of room inside that is needed. A much better plan for roof windows is shown in the accompanying illustration, which tells its own story of construction. Here we have graceful lines and the maximum of room inside, the ceiling of the room finishing flush right out into the addition. In front of the window, if desired, can be constructed a window box for flowers, as shown. In this case a gutter must be placed above the window to catch the drip. The rafters for such a dormer window can be cut from seven-eighths-inch boards, these being perfectly strong to support the weight of the dormer roof, which is, of course, very light. Cut from boards it is very easy to get the curved roof. Such windows can be added to a roof very cheaply and will give the greatest satisfaction, as the writer knows by experience.—Orange Judd Farmer.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

To plow manure deep is to lose a good part of the possible benefit.

Very few animals are as dainty or as choice in their food as sheep.

The health of the animal affects the quality and quantity of the wool.

The first gait to teach the young colt is a good, strong smart walk.

Feed the lambs as soon as they are able to eat, and keep them growing.

Mixed husbandry in gardening and fruit growing is essential to success.

A little boiled linseed meal given in the milk will be found good for colts.

In selecting and breeding horses look for three things, size, action and [illegible].

Both the fertility and moisture [illegible] by growing crops is taken up [illegible] weeds.

It does not pay to keep all [illegible] and all sizes of hogs in the [illegible] and on the same feed.

A careless hand will often cause more loss than he is worth. Pay a fair price and secure good help.

Under present conditions it [illegible] pay to raise mongrel cattle, [illegible] cost as much as good grades and [illegible] less.—Farmers' Review.

Hogs on Grass and Clover.

Swine growing can best be made satisfactory by the use of grass and clover fields. This kind of food is for growth and development, which are essential to good size and vitality. Therefore, the ground devoted to grass and clover for this purpose is as profitable as any of the farm. The hog must be grown before he is ready to fatten, and when so grown he is ready to receive the more concentrated foods of corn, linseed meal, etc., for a quick finish for market. It cannot be too strongly urged that the clover field is a large element of profit in the swine economy. On corn diet alone, from start to finish, a 150-pound hog can't be grown in a year, just for the same reason that cider can't be made out of turnips. The muscle-forming element is not in corn sufficiently to do it. The experiment has been made over and over.—Rural World.

Reseeding Clover Meadows.

The Ohio Experiment station is now planning some experiments in attempting to get a stand of clover on fields sown last spring, but which failed to make a perfect stand, owing to the drought. The bare spots in these fields will first be gone over with a sharp spike harrow, or with a disk harrow; crimson clover and common clover will then be sown side by side, and lightly covered in with smoothing harrow. A light seeding of oats as a nurse crop may be added on part of the field, for comparison, but we expect the best results from seeding the clover alone. Last season's experience demonstrated that the nurse crop may prove a robber instead of a nurse, by taking all the water from the soil and leaving none for the clover.