ARROGANCE VS. HUMILITY

The Noted Brooklyn Divine Discourses on the Pharisee and Publican.

The Prayers of the Two in the Temple Contrasted—A Goodly Sorrow for Sin is Repentance—Dr. Talmage's Sermon.

Rev. Dr. Talmage selected as his subject last Sunday a picture of contrast, "Arrogance and Humility," the text being Luke xviii, 13: "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

No mountain ever had a more brilliant coronet than Mount Moriah. The glories of the ancient temple blazed there. The mountain top was not originally large enough to hold the temple, and so a wall 600 feet high was erected, and the mountain was built out into that wall. It was at that point that Satan met Christ and tried to persuade him to cast himself down the 600 feet. The nine gates of the temple flashed the light of silver and gold and Corinthian brass, which Corinthian brass was mere precious stones melted and mixed and crystallized. The temple itself was not so very large a structure, but the courts and the adjuncts of the architecture made it half a mile in circumference.

We stand and look off upon that wondrous structure. What's the matter? What strange appearance in the temple? Is it fire? Why, it seems as if it were a mansion all kindled into flame. What's the matter? Why, it's the hour of morning sacrifice, and the smoke on the altar rises and bursts out of the crevices and out of the door and wreathes the mountain top with folds of smoke, through which glitter precious stones gathered and burnished by royal munificence.

I see two men mounting the steps of the building. They go side by side; they are very unlike; no sympathy between them—the one the pharisee, proud, arrogant, pompous, he goes up the steps of the building. He seems by his manner to say: "Clear the track! Never before came up these steps such goodness and consecration."

Beside him was the publican, bowed down seemingly with a load on his heart. They reach the inclosure for worship in the midst of the temple. The pharisee goes close up to the gate of the holy of the holies. He feels he is worthy to stand there. He says practically: "I am so holy I want to go into the holy of holies. O Lord, I am a very good man. I'm a remarkably good man. Why, two days in the week I eat absolutely nothing. I'm so good. I'm very generous in my conduct toward the poor. I have no sympathy with the common rabble; especially have I none with this poor, miserable, commonplace, wretched publican who happened to come up the stairs beside me."

The publican went clear to the other side of the inclosure, as far away from the gate of the holy of holies as he could get, for he felt unworthy to stand near the sacred place. And the Bible says he stood afar off. Standing on the opposite side of this inclosure he bows his head, and as orientals when they have any trouble beat their breasts, so he begins to pound his breast as he cries, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

Oh, was there ever a greater contrast? The incense that wafted that morning from the priests censer was not so sweet as the publican's prayer floating into the opening Heavens, while the prayer of the pharisee died on his contemptuous lips and rolled down into his arrogant heart. Worshiping there they join each other and go side by side down the steps, the pharisee cross, wretched, acrid, saturnine; the publican with his face shining with the very joys of Heaven, for "I tell you that this man went down to his house justified rather than the other."

Now, I put this publican's prayer under analysis, and I discover in the first place that he was persuaded of his sinfulness. He was an honest man, he was a taxgatherer, he was an officer of the government. The publicans were taxgatherers, and Cicero says they were the adornment of the state. Of course they were somewhat unpopular, because people then did not like to pay their taxes any better than people now like to pay their taxes, and there were many who disliked them. Still, I suppose this publican, this taxgatherer, was an honerable man. He had an office of trust. There were many hard things said about him, and yet, standing there in that inclosure of the temple amid the demonstrations of God's holiness and power, he cries out from the very depths of his stricken soul, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" By what process shall I prove that I am a sinner? By what process shall I prove that you are a sinner? Shall I ask you to weigh your motives, to scan your actions, to estimate your behavior? I will do nothing of the kind. I will draw my judgment rather from the plan of the work that God has achieved for your salvation.

You go down in a storm to the beach, and you see wreckers put on their rough jackets and launch the lifeboat and then shoot the rockets to show that help is coming out into the breakers, and you immediately cry: "A shipwreck!" And when I see the Lord Jesus Christ putting aside robe and crown and launch out on the tossing sea of human suffering and satanic hate, going out into the thundering surge of death, I cry: "A shipwreck!"

I know that our souls are dreadfully lost by the work that God has done to save them. Are you a sinner? Suppose you had a commercial agent in Charleston or San Francisco or Chicago, and you were paying him promptly his salary, and you found out, after awhile, that notwithstanding he had drawn the salary he had given nine-tenths of all the time to some other commercial establishment. Why, your indignation would know no bounds. And yet that is just the way we have treated the Lord.

He sent us out into this world to serve Him. He has taken good care of us—He has clothed us, He has sheltered us, and He has surrounded us with 10,000 benefactions, and yet many of us have given nine-tenths of our lives to the service of the world, the flesh and the devil. Why, my friend, the Bible is full of confession, and I do not find anybody is pardoned until he has confessed.

What did David say? "I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord." What did Isaiah say? "Woe is me, because I am a man of unclean lips." What did Ezra say? "Our iniquities are increased over our head, and our trespass is grown up into heaven." And among the millions before the throne of God to-night not one got there until he confessed. The coast of eternal sorrow is strewn with the wreck of those who, not taking the warning, drove with the cargo of immortal hope into the white tangled foam of the breakers.

> Repent! the voice celestial cries,
> Nor longer dare delay;
> The wretch that scorns the mandate dies
> And meets the fiery day.

But I analyze the publican's prayer a step further, and I find that he expected no relief except through God's mercy. Why did he not say, I am an honorable man. When I get $10 taxes, I pay them over to the government. I give full permission to anybody to audit my accounts. I appeal to thy justice, O God! He made no such plea. He threw himself flat on God's mercy.

Have you any idea that a man by breaking off the scales of the leprosy can change the disease? Have you any idea that you can by changing your life change your heart, that you can purchase your way to Heaven? Come, try it. Come, bring all the bread you ever gave to the hungry, all the medicine you ever gave to the sick, all the kind words you have ever uttered, all the kind deeds that have ever distinguished you. Add them all up into the tremendous aggregate of good words and works, and then you will see Paul sharpen his knife as he cuts that spirit of self satisfaction, as he cries, "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified."

Well, say a thousand men in this audience, if I am not to get anything in the way of peace from God in good works, how am I to be saved? By mercy. Here I stand to tell the story—mercy, mercy, long suffering mercy, sovereign mercy, infinite mercy, omnipotent mercy, everlasting mercy. Why, it seems in the Bible as if all language were exhausted, as if it were stretched until broke, as if all expression were struck dead at the feet of prophet and apostle and evangelist when it tries to describe God's mercy.

Oh, says some one, that is only adding to my crime if I come and confess before God and seek his mercy. No, no! The murderer has come, and while he was washing the blood of his victim from his hands looked into the face of God and cried for mercy, and his soul has been white in God's pardoning love! And the soul that has wandered off in the streets and down to the very gates of hell has come back to her father's house, throwing her arms around his neck, and been saved by the mercy that saved Mary Magdalen.

But, says some one, you are throwing open that door of mercy too wide. No, I will throw it open wider. I will take the responsibility of saying that if all this audience, instead of being gathered in a semi-circle, were placed side by side in one long line they could all march right through that wide open gate of mercy. "Whosoever," "whosoever." Oh, this mercy of God. There is no line long enough to fathom it; there is no ladder long enough to scale it; there is no arithmetic facile enough to calculate it; no angel's wing can fly across it.

Heavenly harpers, aided by choirs with feet like the sun, can not compass that harmony of mercy, mercy. It sounds in the rumbling of the celestial gate. I hear it in the chiming of the celestial towers. I see it flashing in the uplifted and downcast coronets of the saved. I hear it in the thundering tread of the bannered host round about the throne, and then it comes from the harps and crowns and thrones and processions to sit down, unexpressed, on a throne overtopping all Heaven—the throne of mercy.

How I was affected when some one told me in regard to that accident on Long Island sound, when one poor woman came and got her hand on a raft as she tried to save herself, but those who were on the raft thought there was no room for her, and one man came and most cruelly beat and bruised her hands until she fell off. Oh, I bless God that this lifeboat of the gospel has room enough for the sixteen hundred millions of the race—room for one, room for all, and yet there is room.

I push this analysis of the publican's prayer a step further and find that he did not expect any money except by pleading for it. He did not fold his hands together as some do, saying: "If I'm to be saved, I'll be saved; I I'm to be lost, I'll be lost, and there is nothing for me to do." He knew what was worth having was worth asking for; hence this earnest cry of the text: "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!"

It was an earnest prayer, and it is characteristic of all Bible prayers that they were answered. The blind man, "Lord, that I may receive my sight;" the leper, "Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make me clean;" sinking Peter, "Lord, save me;" the publican, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" But if you come up with the tip of your finger and tap at the gate of mercy it will not open. You have got to have the earnestness of the warrior, who, defeated and pursued, dismounts from his lathered steed and with gauntleted fists pounds at the palace gate.

You have got to have the earnestness of the man who at midnight in the fourth story has a sense of suffocation with the house in flames, goes to the window and shouts to the fireman, "Help!" Oh, unforgiving soul, if you were in full earnest I might have to command silence in the auditory, for your prayers would drown the voice of the speaker and we have to pause in the great service! It is because you do not realize your sin before God that you are not this moment crying mercy, mercy, mercy.

This prayer of the publican was also an humble prayer. The pharisee looked up, the publican looked down. You can not be saved as a metaphysician; you can not be saved as a scholar; you can not be saved as an artist; you can not be saved as an official. If you are ever saved at all, it will be as a sinner.

Another characteristic of the prayer of the publican was, it had a ring of confidence. It was not a cry of despair. He knew he was going to get what he asked for. He wanted mercy. He asked for it, expecting it. And do you tell me, O man, that God has provided this salvation and is not going to let you have it?

If a man builds a bridge across a river, will he not let people go over it? If a physician gives a prescription to a sick man, will he not let him take it? If an architect puts up a building, will he not let people in it? If God provides salvation, will he not let you have it? Oh, if there be a pharisee here, a man who says: I am all right. My past life has been right. I don't want the pardon of the Gospel, for I have no sin to pardon, let me say that while that man is in that mood there is no peace for him, there is no pardon, no salvation, and the probability is that he will go down and spend eternity withe the lost pharisees of the text.

But if there be here one who says, I want to be better; I want to quit my sins; my life has been a very imperfect life; how many things have I said that I should not have said; how many things I have done I should not have done; I want to change my life; I want to begin now; let me say to such a soul, God is waiting, God is ready, and you are near the kingdom, or rather you have entered it, for no man says, I am determined to serve God and surrender the sins of my life; here, now, I consecrate myself to the Lord Jesus Christ who died to redeem me—no man from the depth of his soul says that he is already a Christian.

My uncle, Rev. Samuel K. Talmage, of Augusta, Ga., was passing along the streets of Augusta one day, and he saw a man, a black man, step from the sidewalk out into the street, take his hat off and bow very lowly. My uncle was not a man who demanded obsequiousness, and he said, "What do you do that for?" "Oh," says the man, "massa, the other night I was going along the street, and I had a burden on my shoulder, and I was sick, and I was hungry, and I came to the door of your church, and you were preaching about 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!' and I stood there at the door long enough to hear you say that if a man could utter that prayer from the depths of his soul God would pardon him and finally take him to Heaven. Then I put my burden on my shoulder, and I started home. I got to my home, and I sat down, and said, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner?' but it got darker and darker, and then, massa, I got down on my knees, and I said, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!' and the burden got heavier, and it got darker and darker. I knew not what to do. Then I got down on my face, and I cried, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!' and away off I saw a light coming, and it came nearer and nearer and nearer until all was bright in my heart, and I arose. I am happy now—the burden is all gone—and I said to myself if ever I met you in the street I would get clear off the sidewalk, and I would bow down and take my hat off before you. I feel that I owe more to you than to any other man. That is the reason I bow before you."

Oh, are there not many now who can utter this prayer, the prayer of the black man, the prayer of the publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" While I halt in the sermon, will you not all utter it? I do not say audibly, but utter it down in the depths of your souls' consciousness. Yes, the sigh goes all through the galleries, it goes all through the pews, it goes all through these aisles, sigh after sigh—God be merciful to me, a sinner!

Have you all uttered it? No, there is one soul that has not uttered it—too proud to utter it, to hard to utter it. O Holy Spirit, descend upon that one heart! Yes, he begins to breathe it now. No bowing of the head yet, but the prayer is beginning—it is born. God be me merciful to me, a sinner. Have all uttered it? Then I utter it myself, for no one in all the house needs it more than my own soul—God be merciful to me, a sinner!

If Two Worlds Should Meet.

Our world is spinning through space at a speed of over one thousand miles per minute. Should it come in collision with a globe of equal size going at the same rate of speed, what would be the result? The very best thinkers of the age tell us that heat enough would be generated by the shock to transform both of the colliding bodies into gigantic balls of vapor many times their present circumferences. Some have thought that in case the center of the earth is composed of solid and colder matter than is the generally accepted belief this might not be the case, but after searching all the leading authorities I must admit that I can not find a more appropriate "finis" than the following, which is from an eminent scientist: "Should such an unheard of event occur the heat generated would be sufficient to melt, boil and completely vaporize a mass of ice fully seven hundred times the bulk of both the colliding worlds—in other words, an ice plant one hundred and fifty thousand miles in diameter!"—St. Louis Republic.

—The conversation turned on the number thirteen, the spilling of salt, knives and forks placed crosswise, and other kinds of superstitions. "You need not laugh at similar beliefs," gravely remarked Tranquilletti. "An uncle of mine at the age of seventy-seven committed the imprudence of going to a dinner at which the guests numbered thirteen." "And he died that very evening?" "No, but exactly thirteen years afterwards."—Gazetta Piedmontese.

—Treetop—In the big stores I was in, they seemed to expect me to stand on my head. Hayrick—Did they ask you? Treetop—Not exactly; but every time I tried to get in the elevator, the boy shut the door and said: "Other side up, please."—Brooklyn Life.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Beef and Potato.—Broil thin slices of beef. Slice raw potato in thin parings, dip in batter of flour and milk, and fry in deep lard. Serve around the meat.—Good Housekeeping.

—To Stew Mushrooms. — Sprinkle them with a little salt, and put them in a stewpan with black and red pepper until quite tender, then add a small lump of butter and two tablespoonfuls of cream.—N. Y. Observer.

—A Fruit Salad Dessert.—One pineapple grated, two large oranges, cut finely, one cocoanut, grated. Mix well and sweeten to taste. Let stand an hour or two before serving. Then add two bananas, sliced thinly, and serve.—House Keeper.

—Strawberries with Whipped Cream. —Stem ripe, fresh strawberries, place a layer in the bottom of a large glass dish; sprinkle with sugar; put another layer of berries and sugar. Whip a pint of thick cream with the whites of two eggs and a teacup of sugar; put over the strawberries and set on ice for half an hour.—Harper's Bazar.

—Cake Filling.—An economical filling for cake may be made with apples; cook them until they become soft, then beat the yolk of one egg and add it with one cupful of sugar to the apple; add also the juice and grated rind of one lemon. Cook these ingredients about five minutes and spread between the layers of cake while warm.—Prairie Farmer.

—Fine Pudding Sauce.—A large cupful of the best fresh butter; the same of powdered loaf sugar. Put them together into a pan, and beat them to a light, thick cream. Then mix a wineglassful of boiling water; the same of best brandy, with the juice of a lemon or orange, and a half of a nutmeg grated. Mix these ingredients, gradually, with the beaten butter and sugar, and transfer to a sauce-boat.—Home Queen.

—The housewives in Florida have found a new use for oranges. They scrub the floors with them. Go into almost any town in the orange-growing districts and you will see the women using the luscious fruit exactly as our housekeepers use soap. They cut the oranges in halves and rub the flat exposed pulp on the floor. The acid in the oranges doubtless does the cleansing, but at any rate the boards are as white as snow after the application. It is thought that lemons would be better than oranges for this purpose because of the additional acidity.

—Hot Sweetbread Croquettes.—Chop fine a cold, cooked sweetbread and mix with it half its volume of chopped tongue and again of cold, cooked mushrooms, add sauce, season, add bread crumbs to consistency to form croquettes. Divide it into parts the size of a little egg, roll in good table bread crumbs on the board or a napkin and with the hand form into croquettes the size of a pear. Roll again in bread crumbs, fry a light brown in boiling lard or oil, and put in each stem end a bouquet of parsley to imitate the stem end of the fruit.—Boston Globe.

—Chops.—There is no more delicate dish than one of lamb-rib chops, nicely broiled, and served hot for breakfast. Loin chops are liked as well by some. Mutton chops are best cooked as follows: Trim off most of the fat, put some drippings and butter in a frying pan, set it over the fire, and when hot lay in the chops, which have been rubbed with salt and pepper. Watch them carefully, and as soon as brown on one side, turn them. When nicely browned on both sides, pour half a teacupful of boiling water into the pan, cover it closely, set it on the back of the stove and let it simmer for half an hour. In this way the chops are tender, brown and juicy. These are nice served with tomato sauce.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

TABLE-CUTLERY.

Some Things to Be Considered in the Care of It.

Table-cutlery, as the designation was formerly understood, included all the knives and forks, nut-picks, etc. To-day, among well-to-do people, all the forks, except that which belongs to the carving-set, are either sterling silver or silver-plated. It is astonishing how the table appliances have multiplied in this luxurious age. For the fish course there are sterling-silver knives and forks of special shapes, and a broad silver knife and fork for serving the fish. Oyster-forks of another shape are considered indispensable when raw oysters are served. Knives and forks of medium size are used for entrees, the forks being silver and the knives having silver, silver-plated or steel blades. For the meat course the forks are silver and the blades of the knives steel. The dessert knives and forks are silver-plated; the butter-knives that are placed by the little bread-and-butter plates are silver. So it will be seen that the cutlery of to-day does not mean for fine tables what it did formerly. It will be necessary to consider the combinations of materials that enter into the make-up of the cutlery of to-day before the care of it can be treated intelligently. Common knives and forks are made with flat tangs, to which pieces of wood or bone are joined for the handle. In fine knives the tang is made round and is pressed into a round groove made in the handle. Sometimes this is fastened with a rivet, sometimes with a spring, and again with some cement.—Ladies' Home Journal.

College Yells.

Tuff Muggs—Gee! Here comes de cop, an' it's too late to run.

Baryl House—Hol' on; I'll fix 'im By gosh! Hog wash! Some slosh! Ham fat! Ding dat! Raw! Hoo! Rah!

And the innocent policeman merely murmured:

"Them is about the toughest looking students I ever see," and he passed on. —Minneapolis Journal.

Style and Poverty.

Augustus—Let's take a promenade.

Cholly—Cawn't do it, me boy. I've got to make these patent leathers lawst till its warm enough to wear russets. —Good News.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

LIVE STOCK.

Improved Breeds of Stock for the General Farmer.

The question is often asked by the ordinary farmer if it will pay him to invest in a pure-bred sire to improve the common stock on his farm. The answer is very short. Yes. If bought at a reasonable price, not only will the stock upon the farm be improved by the importation of pure-bred stock, but the most marked improvement will be in its owner. The introduction of pure-bred stock on the farm not only works wonders in the improvement of the common stock thereon, but it regenerates and enthuses its owner with higher motives and aims than merely peddling out his farm by raising grain and selling it at hardly living prices, thus impoverishing his soil by continued cropping until there is scarcely a living and a tax receipt to show for the year's work. That improved stock and systematic farming goes hand in hand does not admit of a doubt. I ask the readers of this article to look around them in their own neighborhood and see if the farmers that are dealing exclusively in scrub stock do not also deal in the same kind of crops, and does it not invariably follow that the man that has got the vim and the determination to raise nothing but the best is the man that patronizes the pure-bred stock interest, rotates his crops and farms with his brains as well as with muscle? It is not to be expected that every farmer can go into the breeding of pedigreed live stock and make a success, for that requires considerable capital and a great deal of study, but he can improve his stock and do it cheaply, and get better returns for feed consumed.

With the introduction of pure-bred stock on the farm, together with improved methods and advanced ideas in the art of farming, an agricultural and live-stock paper is an indispensable article with this class of farmers, and in the selection of his paper he is as particular as to the kind as he is in the selection of his stock, always patronizing those that keep abreast of the times, furnishing such news as will tend to lifting him up to the higher attainments in the art of farming; one that is constantly warning him against the idea of the old rut that has depleted our soil, and made slaves of our forefathers. The live stock and agricultural papers of our land have worked wonders in elevating the farmers and in bringing about a system of farming that is calculated to make farming a pleasure as well as a profitable business. The agricultural press has and is doing a grand work, but its work, in the future will be far more perceptible than in the past, in convincing the farmers that entertain old-fogy ideas in regard to improved stock and improved methods of farming.

We are launched in a boat called Progression, in a progressive age, and all that do not get aboard that vessel will be left when the tide of low prices for farm products overtakes them.—W. E. Neal, in Texas Live Stock Journal.

ADVANTAGES OF FARM LIFE.

Statistics Brought to Bear in Favor of Rural Life.

One of the great advantages of farm life is its healthfulness. Statistics show that the farmer's life is the most healthy. "Forty per cent. of farmers reach the age of 70 years, against 35 per cent. among merchants, 33 among soldiers, 29 among lawyers and 29 among physicians. Out of 100 farmers, 10.6 per cent. die every year."

There is less of that worry that shortens life than in almost any other occupation. True enough, the farmer has to work hard, and his business is at the mercy of the destructive elements, the ravages of insects and the manipulations of professional gamblers who abnormalize markets; but take the merchant, the banker, the teacher, the minister, or any other class, and it will be found that the rank and file work hard, and have their world of cares also. There are a few in all the callings who work but little and still draw big pay, but these are exceptions and should not be taken as standards.

A very large per cent of all merchants fail. The fact is that in the face of the statistics of this country it takes nerve to embark in the mercantile business, if a man goes in wide awake.

The papers show that a large number of banks in several states have failed. A banker told the writer that he had a notion of quitting the business on account of the uneasiness caused by the fear of a sudden collapse. The school teacher and the minister have thousands of annoyances unknown to farm life.

What is causing more uneasiness in this country than anything else is the mad scramble for money. There is too much sham in business. Too many people are posing as well-to-do while they are even on the brink of financial ruin. The inordinate desire for money causes many people to overreach. They get in debt. They become the servants of the money lender, and happiness flies away. The nation, all the states, and a large proportion of the people of this country are in debt. No wonder there is so much restlessness.

The farmers who own their farms and pay as they go are the most independent people on earth, and, as a rule, that class are not so restless.

If the rising generation of farm boys could see things as they really are, they might be willing to start in on a small scale and extend their borders as they are able.

The boy should not expect to start in life as "well fixed" as his father is, after working for a life time.

Farm life has more sunshine, balmy breezes, good health, bird songs, luscious fruits, pure water and air, wholesome food, than any other, and if the farmer is out of debt and has a clear conscience, he has less anxiety than people of any other calling.—Journal of Agriculture.

TRY TIMOTHY.

No Reason Why It Should Not Succeed on Southern Soil.

While we do not consider timothy near so valuable as some other hay grasses, yet some of our farmers who possess suitable lands will find it profitable. Timothy has been but little tested on our southern soils, and little is known of it. It is the most popular hay with city people everywhere, and commands the highest market price. It is noticeable for the quantity of stem in proportion to the leaf, and therefore there is little waste of hay in baling, shipping and handling generally. This is one of its main virtues as marketable hay. The hay cures easily, and weighs heavily according to bulk, and thus it becomes a favorite with the grower. It can be marketed and furnishes fair hay (to all appearance) after the seed are all ripe on the stalk.

Most of the timothy hay sold in the south is said to be devoid of the seed. The growers gather the seed, which is a profitable crop, and sell the stems for hay at a fancy price to the southern people. Everybody knows timothy when they see it, and not every other hay grass, and hence the purchaser knows exactly what he is getting.

In the north it is the general custom to sow timothy with small grain. It thrives well on almost any rich land; it succeeds well on rather moist lands where most other cultivated grasses fail. It yields from six to ten bushels of seed per acre; requires rich soil, and it would be foily to sow it on any other. It is said to exhaust the land. One or two pecks only are required of the seed to sow an acre. It can be mowed twice, but the second growth yields comparatively little hay, and the quality is not very good. The second crop is not always reliable, as too close cutting, or very dry weather, may destroy the plant; as it has a bulbous root, drought, frost and close grazing will easily destroy it. It is not difficult to get a stand.

Southern farmers who have rich, moist lands, and who are prepared to bale the hay, are advised to give timothy a trial. From what we can gather, we think one bushel of seed will be sufficient to sow three acres. We read of farmers in the north who only sow one bushel of seed to eight or ten acres, but this scant seeding is probably false economy.—Cor. Home and Farm.

HERE AND THERE.

—Any saving of time is a saving of expense. It costs more to haul a load to a distant field, sometimes, than it does to spread the manure and harrow it into the soil.

—There is no economy in continually dosing hogs to keep them healthy; good sanitary arrangements, with good water and feed, are more necessary as well as more economical.

—It is only the thoroughbred cow that gives over fifty dollars a year profit. But few cows afford a profit when the dairyman pays no attention to the breeding of his animals.

—Keep the sprayer at work in the destruction of insects. Paris green is fatal to all insects that eat it. The object should be to get the solution where insects can not avoid it when they attack plants or fruits.

—One of the most important matters in the summer is that of providing plenty of fresh water for the stock. It will not do to compel cows to drink from pools that stand in the fields, as the water must be pure if the milk is to be free from odors and impurities.

—If lime is broadcasted liberally over the poultry yards, or grounds occupied by poultry, it will serve as an excellent preventive of roup and gapes, and when dusted freely in the poultry house at least once a week it will drive lice away.

—There is a little time in early summer when even the best farmers are apt to get rushed, because the weeds grow so fast. Rather than let them get ahead of you it will pay you to hire extra help for awhile. The crops will be enough better to pay the expense.

—Lambs may be fed in small pens, which will permit them to get at the food without allowing the sheep to enter. A mess of ground oats, given twice a day, is the best food for promoting rapid growth of lambs, and they should also be kept dry at night.

—There is a class of farmers that raise cows to sell to the dairymen, and they could make their business more profitable by using pure-bred males. A cow that is known to be sired by a Holstein or Jersey bull will command a high price compared with a cow whose breeding on both sides is unknown.

—The best way to regulate the quality of the milk is through the body of the cow, for then she will not be restricted in food, and will give a larger yield of milk. To get the solids into the milk feed on rich food, of a varied kind, in addition to that secured on the pasture. Above all give her an abundance of water.

—Cotton-seed hulls, reduced to ashes, should contain 600 pounds of potash to each ton of ashes, but a ton of hulls will produce only 3 pounds of ashes. In every 100 pounds of the hulls, used as food, are 7.25 pounds moisture, 1.54 pounds fat, 3.75 pounds crude protein, 41.75 pounds non-nitrogenous extractive matter and 42.83 pounds crude fiber.

—To make a nice little run for a brood of chicks take two boards, one a foot wide and the other six inches, set on edge two feet eight inches apart, and fasten them together by nailing four laths from edge to edge. Now tack yard-wide muslin on top, leave one end open to put against the front of coop, and make a door for the other end, and there you have it.

—Plaster is a special fertilizer for clover on some soils, about two bushels being sufficient for one acre. It should have been applied early in the season, but where the clover does not seem to thrive the application of plaster now will prove beneficial. It is cheap, and will not injure any kind of plants. It is excellent also for pease and beans, and good results have been obtained from it when used in the hills for corn.