"CHILDREN'S RIGHTS."

A Vacation Sermon Prepared by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

Some of the Evils in the Modern Rearing of Children—The Rising Generation Sacrificed on the Altar of Worldliness.

The following discourse was, among others, prepared by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage for delivery during his vacation tour in the west. The subject is "Children's Rights," and the text:

My father, if thou hadst opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do unto me according to that which hath proceeded out of thy mouth.—Judges xi., 36.

Jephthah was a freebooter. Early turned out from a home, where he ought to have been cared for, he consorted with rough men, and went forth to earn his living as best he could. In those times it was considered right for a man to go out on independent military expeditions. Jephthah was a good man according to the light of his dark age, but through a wandering and predatory life he became reckless and precipitate. The grace of God changes a man's heart, but never reverses his natural temperament.

The Israelites wanted the Ammonites driven out of their country, so they sent a delegation to Jephthah, asking him to become commander-in-chief of all the forces. He might have said: "You drove me out when you had no use for me, and now you are in trouble you want me back;" but he did not say that. He takes command of the army, sends messengers to the Ammonites to tell them to vacate the country, and, getting no favorable response, marshals his troops for battle.

Before going out to the war, Jephthah makes a very solemn vow that if the Lord will give him the victory, then, on his return home, whatsoever first comes out of his doorway he will offer in sacrifice as a burnt-offering. The battle opens. It was no skirmishing on the edges of danger, no unlimbering of batteries two miles away, but the hurling of men on the point of swords and spears until the ground could no more drink the blood, and the horses reared to leap over the piles of bodies of the slain. In those old times opposing forces would fight until their swords were broken, and then each one would throttle his man until they both fell, teeth to teeth, grip to grip, death-stare to death-stare, until the plain was one tumbled mass of corpses, from which the last trace of manhood had been dashed out.

Jephthah wins the day. Twenty cities lay captured at his feet. Sound the victory all through the mountains of Gilead. Let the trumpeters call up the survivors. Homeward to your wives and children. Homeward with your glittering treasures. Homeward to have the applause of an admiring nation. Build triumphal arches. Swing out flags all over Mizpeh. Open all your doors to receive the captured treasures. Through every hall spread the banquet. Pile up the viands. Fill high the tankards. The nation is redeemed, the invaders are routed, and the national honor is vindicated.

Huzza for Jephthah the conqueror! Jephthah seated on a prancing steed, advances amid acclaiming multitudes, but his eye is not on the excited populace. Remembering that he had made a solemn vow that, returning from victorious battle, whatsoever first came out of the doorway of his home, that should be sacrificed as a burnt-offering, he has his anxious look upon the door. I wonder what spotless lamb, what brace of doves will be thrown upon the fires of the burnt offering. Oh horrors! Paleness of death blanches his cheek. Despair seizes his heart. His daughter, his only child, rushes out of the doorway to throw herself in her father's arms and shower upon him more kisses than there were wounds on his breast or dents in his shield. All the triumphal splendor vanishes. Holding back this child from his heaving breast, and pushing the locks back from the fair brow, and looking into the eyes of inextinguishable affection, with choked utterance he says, "Would God I lay stark on the bloody plain. My daughter, my only child, joy of my home, life of my life, thou art the sacrifice!"

The whole matter was explained to her. This was no whining, hollow-hearted girl into whose eyes the father looked. All the glory of sword and shield vanished in the presence of the valor of that girl. There may have been a tremor of the lip as a rose-leaf trembles in the sough of the south winds; there may have been the starting of a tear like a rain-drop shook from the anther of a water-lily; but with a self-sacrifice that man may not reach, and only woman's heart can compass, she surrenders herself to fire and to death. "My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do unto me whatsoever hath proceeded from thy mouth."

She bows to the knife, and the blood, which so often at the father's voice had rushed to the crimson cheek, smokes in the fires of the burnt offering. No one can tell us her name. There is no need that we know her name. The garlands that Mizpeh has twisted for Jephthah, the warrior, had gone into the dust; but all ages are twisting this girl's chaplet. It is well that her name came not to us, for no one can wear it. They may take the name of Deborah, or Abigail, or Miriam, but no one in all the ages can have the title of this daughter of sacrifice.

Of course this offering was not pleasant to the Lord; but before you hurt your denunciations at Jephthah's cruelty, remember that in olden times, when vows were made, men thought they must execute them, perform them, whether they were wicked or good. There were two wrong things about Jephthah's vow. First, he ought never to have made it. Next, having made it, it were better broken than kept. But do not take on pretentious airs and say: "I could not have done as Jephthah did." If to-day you were standing on the banks of the Ganges and you had been born in India, you might have been throwing your children to the crocodiles. It is not because we are naturally any better, but because we have more Gospel light.

Now, I make very practical use of this question when I tell you that the sacrifice of Jephtha's daughter was a type of the physical, mental and spiritual sacrifice of ten thousand children in this day. There are parents all unwittingly bringing to bear upon their children a class of influences which will as certainly ruin them as knife and torch destroyed Jephthah's daughter. While I speak, the whole nation, without emotion and without shame, looks upon the stupendous sacrifice.

In the first place, I remark that much of the system of education in our day is a system of sacrifice. When children spend six or seven hours a day in school and then must spend two or three hours in preparation for school the next day, will you tell me how much time they will have for sunshine and fresh air and the obtaining of that exuberance which is necessary for the duties of coming life?

In connection with this I mention what I might call the cramming system of the common schools and many of the academies; children of delicate brain compeled to tasks that might appall a mature intellect; children going down to school with a strap of books half as high as themselves. The fact is, in some of the cities parents do not allow their children to graduate, for the simple reason, they say: "We can not afford to allow our children's health to be destroyed in order that they may gather the honors of an institution." Tens of thousand of children educated into imbecility; so connected with many such literary establishments there ought to be establishments for the wrecked. It is push, and crowd, and cram, and stuff, and jam, until the child's intellect is bewildered, and the memory is wrecked and the health is gone. There are children turned out from the schools who once were full of romping and laughter, and had cheeks crimson with health, who are now turned out in the afternoon pale-faced, irritated, asthmatic, old before their time. It is one of the saddest sights on earth, an old-mannish boy or an old-womanish girl.

You may flatter your pride by forcing your children to know more than any other children, but you are making a sacrifice of that child, if by the additions to its intelligence you are making a subtraction from the future. The child will go away from such maltreatment with no exuberance to fight the battle of life. Such children may get along very well while you take care of them, but when you are old or dead, alas! for them, if, through the wrong system of education which you adopted, they have no swarthiness or force of character to take care of themselves. Be careful how you make the child's head ache or its heart flutter. I hear a great deal about black men's rights, and Chinamen's rights, and Indians' rights, and women's rights. Would God that somebody would rise to plead for children's rights. The Carthaginians used to sacrifice their children by putting them into the arms of an idol which thrust forth its hand. The child was put into the arms of the idol, and no sooner touched the arms than it dropped into the fire. But it was the art of the mothers to keep the children smiling and laughing until the moment they died. There may be a fascination and a hilarity about the styles of education of which I am speaking; but it is only laughter at the moment of sacrifice. Would God there were only one Jephthah's daughter.

Again there are many parents who are sacrificing their children with wrong systems of discipline—too great rigor or too great leniency. There are children in families who rule the household. They come to the authority. The high chair in which the infant sits is the throne, and the rattle is the scepter, and the other children make up the parliament where father and mother have no vote! Such children come up to be miscreants.

There must be harmony between the father's government and the mother's government. The father will be tempted to too great rigor. The mother will be tempted to too great leniency. Her tenderness will overcome her. Her voice is a little softer, her hand seems better fit to pull out a thorn and soothe a pang. Children wanting anything from the mother, cry for it. They hope to dissolve her will with tears. But the mother must not interfere, must not coax off, must not beg for the child when the hour comes for the assertion of parental supremacy and the subjugation of a child's temper. There comes in the history of every child an hour when it is tested whether the parents shall rule or the child rule. That is the crucial hour. If the child triumphs in that hour, then he will some day make you crouch. It is a horrible scene. I have witnessed it: A mother come to old age, shivering with terror in the presence of a son who cursed her gray hairs and mocked her wrinkled face, and begrudged her the crust she munched with her toothless gums!

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.

But, on the other hand, too great rigor must be avoided. It is a sad thing when domestic government becomes cold military despotism. Trappers on the prairie fight fire with fire, but you can not successfully fight your child's bad temper with your own bad temper. We must not be too minute in our inspection. We can not expect our children to be perfect. We must not see everything. Since we have two or three faults of our own, we ought not to be too rough when we discover that our children have as many. If tradition be true, when we were children we were not all little Samuels, and our parents were not fearful lest they could not raise us because of our premature goodness.

You can not scold or pound your children into nobility or character. The bloom of a child's heart can never be seen under a cold drizzle. Above all, avoid fretting and scolding in the household. Better than ten years of fretting at your children is one good, round, old-fashioned application of the slipper. That minister of the Gospel of whom we read in the newspapers that he whipped his child to death because he would not say his prayers, will never come to canonization. The arithmetics can not calculate how many thousands of children have been ruined forever either through too great rigor or too great leniency. The Heavens and the earth are filled with the groan of the sacrificed. In this important matter, seek Divine direction. O father, O mother. Some one asked the mother of Lord Chief-Justice Mansfield if she was not proud to have three such eminent sons, and all of them so good. "No," she said, "it is nothing to be proud of, but something for which to be very grateful."

Again, there are many who are sacrificing their children to a spirit of worldliness. Someone asked a mother whose children had turned out very well, what was the secret by which she prepared them for usefulness and for the Christian life, and she said: "This was the secret: When in the morning I washed the children I prayed that they might be washed in the fountain of a Saviour's mercy, When I put on their garments I prayed that they might be arrayed in the robe of a Saviour's righteousness. When I gave them food I prayed that they might be fed with manna from Heaven. When I started them on the road to school I prayed that their path might be as the shining light, brighter and brighter to the perfect day. When I put them to sleep I prayed that they might be enfolded in the Saviour's arms." "Oh," you say, "that was very old-fashioned." It was quite old-fashioned. But do you suppose that a child under such nurture as that ever turned out bad?

Further on, thousands and tens of thousands of the daughters of America are sacrificed to worldliness. They are taught to be in sympathy with all the artificialities of society. They are inducted into all the hollowness of what is called fashionable life. They are taught to believe that history is dry, but that fifty-cent stories of adventurous love are delicious. With capacity that might have rivaled a Florence Nightingale in Heavenly ministries, or made the father's house glad with filial and sisterly demeanor, their life is a waste, their beauty a curse, their eternity a demolition.

In the siege of Charleston, during the civil war, a lieutenant of the army stood on the floor beside the daughter of the ex-governor of the state of South Carolina. They were taking the vows of marriage. A bombshell struck the roof, dropped into the group, and nine were wounded and slain; among the wounded to death, the bride, while the bridegroom knelt on the carpet trying stanch the wounds, the bride demanded that the ceremony be completed, that she might take the vows before her departure, and when the minister said: "Wilt thou be faithful unto death?" with her dying lips she said, "I will," and in two hours she had departed. That was the accidental slaughter and the sacrifice of the body, but at thousands of marriage altars slain for time and slain for eternity. It is not a marriage, it is a massacre.

When the city missionary passing along the park in New York saw a ragged lad and heard him swearing, he said to him: "My son, stop swearing! You ought to go to the house of God to-day. You ought to be good; you ought to be a Christian." The lad looked in his face and said: "Ah, it is easy for you to talk, well clothed as you are, and well fed; but we chaps hain't got no chance." Who lifts them to the altar for baptism? Who goes forth to snatch them up from crime and death and woe? Who to-day will go forth and bring them into schools and churches? No. Heap them up, great piles of rags and wretchedness and filth. Put underneath them the fires of sacrifice, stir up the blaze, put on more fagots, and while we sit in the churches with folded arms and indifferent, crime and disease and death will go on with the agonizing sacrifice.

During the early French revolution, at Bourges there was a company of boys who used to train every day as young soldiers; and they carried a flag, and they had on the flag this inscription: "Tremble tryants, tremble, we are growing up." Mightily suggestive! This generation is passing off, and a mightier generation is coming on. Will they be the foes of tyranny, the foes of sin and the foes of death, or will they be the foes of God? They are coming up!

I congratulate all parents who are doing their best to keep their children away from the altar of sacrifice. Your prayers are going to be answered. Your children may wander away from God, but they will come back again. A voice comes from the throne to-day, encouraging you: "I will be a God to thee, and to thy seed after thee." And though when you lay your head in death there may be some wanderer of the family far away from God, and you may be twenty years in Heaven before salvation shall come to his heart, he will be brought into the kingdom and before the throne of God you will rejoice that you were faithful. Come at last, although so long postponed his coming. Come at last!

I congratulate all those who are toiling for the outcast and the wandering. Your work will soon be over, but the influence you are setting in motion will never stop. Long after you have been garnered for the skies your prayers, your teachings and your Christian influence will go on and help to people Heaven with bright inhabitants.

Which would you rather see—which scene would you rather mingle in in the last day—being able to say: "I added house to house, and land to land, and manufactory to manufactory; I owned half the city; whatever my eyes saw I had, whatever I wanted I got;" or, on that day to have Christ look you full in the face and say: "I was hungry, and ye fed me; I was naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me; inasmuch as ye did it to the least of My brethren, ye did it to me?"

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Gold Cake.—Yolks of eight eggs, one cupful of sugar, three-quarters cupful of butter, one-half cupful sweet milk, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, flavor with lemon or vanilla.—N. Y. Observer.

—Graham Gems.—One tablespoonful sugar, one tablespoonful butter creamed together, one well-beaten egg added to cream, one cup flour, one teaspoonful soda in flour, one and one-half cups buttermilk. Graham flour to make a stiff batter.—Detroit Free Press.

—Boiled Custard.—Yolks of four eggs, one pint of sweet milk, one cupful of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of flour. Mix eggs, sugar and flour together, then add the milk. Cook in a double boiler, or a tin pail set in boiling water, till it is of the thickness of cream; stir constantly while cooking, and when done set in cold water, and stir till partly cold to prevent curdling. Flavor with lemon when cold.—N. Y. Observer.

—Boiled Beef.—Lard, cover with water, simmer two and one-half hours. Strain, cool and skim one quart of pot liquor, adding two each of carrots, turnips, small onions, parboiled beets, two cupfuls of cut string beans. Boil three-quarters of an hour, add two parboiled potatoes, and serve in piles about the meat, seasoning to taste, and adding a little butter. Make strained sauce of vegetable pot liquor, thickened with braided flour.—Good Housekeeping.

—Cherry Pie.—Stone the cherries. Line a deep pie plate with a good crust, strew a little flour over the bottom and some butter in bits ,then a thick layer of the cherries with a teacupful of sugar. Add a sprinkling of cracker dust, cover with a crust gashed for the escape of steam and bake in a moderately hot oven. Too rapid baking makes the juice boil out. When done beat the whites of two eggs stiff, add two tablespoonfuls sugar and a few drops of flavoring, spread it on the crust, and set in the oven to brown.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Chocolate Cream.—Soak half a box of gelatine in half a pint of cold water for two hours. Put one quart of milk in the double boiler and place on the fire. Shave two ounces of chocolate, and put it in a small pan with four tablespoonfuls of sugar and two of boiling water. Stir over a hot fire until smooth and glossy, and then stir into the hot milk. Beat the yolks of five eggs with half a cupful of sugar. Add to the gelatine, and stir the mixture into the hot milk. Cook three minutes longer, stirring all the while. On taking from the fire add two teaspoonfuls of vanilla and half a saltspoonful of salt. Strain and pour into molds that have been rinsed in cold water; set away to harden, and serve with sugar and cream.—Boston Budget.

—Rice Custard.—Soak a cup of rice in cold water one hour; pour off the water and add two cups rich milk; then cook one hour. When cooked add a little salt. Dip small custard cups into cold water and fill them with the rice and set away until cold. When ready to serve turn the rice balls on a flat dish and put a little currant jelly on top of each. For the custard, put one pint of milk into a double boiler; mix one tablespoonful of cornstarch with half a cup of cold milk; when the milk begins to boil stir in the cornstarch and cold milk and cook ten minutes. Meanwhile, beat four eggs with half a cup of sugar. After pouring the boiling mixture over the eggs and sugar cook the custard five minutes, stirring it all the time. Remove from the fire and add a little salt and a teaspoonful lemon extract; let the custard cool; pour over the rice balls and serve.—Ohio Farmer.

HISTORIC HOT SPELLS.

New York Had 153 Cases of Sunstroke in One Day in 1772.

In 1303 the Rhine, Loire and Seine ran dry.

It seemed as if New York was on fire in 1853. During the week 214 people were killed in that city by sunstroke.

In France in 1718 many shops had to close. The theaters did not open their doors for three months. Not a drop of water fell during six months. In 1773 the thermometer rose to 118 degrees.

In several of the French provinces during the summer of 1705 meat could be prepared for the table merely by exposing it to the sun. Not a soul dare venture out between noon and 4 p. m.

In 1809 Spain was visited by a sweltering temperature that is described as fearful. Madrid and other cities were deserted and the streets silent. Laborers died in the fields, and the vines were scorched and blasted as if by a simoon.

The year 1772 was a fearful one in New York. One hundred and fifty-five cases of sunstroke occurred on July 4, of which 72 proved fatal.

In 1778 the heat of Bologne was so great that hundreds of people were stifled. In Juiy, 1793, the heat again became intolerable. Vegetables were burned up and fruit dried on the trees. The furniture and woodwork in dwelling houses cracked and split.

A disastrous hot wave swept through Europe in June, 1851. The thermometer in Hyde Park, London, indicated from 90 degrees to 94 degrees in the shade. In the Champs de Mars, Paris, during a review, soldiers by the score fell victims to sunstroke, and at Aldershot men dropped dead while at drill.

In 1881 it is said the heat throughout the United States was the greatest on record, the thermometer in many places registering 105 degrees in the shade. In England the mercury ranged from 90 degrees to 101 degrees, and in Asia 93 degrees. In London it was the hottest season known in twenty-two years. The director of the Paris observatory declared there was no record of such intense heat.—Pearson's Weekly.

Couldn't Buy It.

Guest—What a magnificent residence that is opposite.

Mr. Pompous—Grand! A veritable palace! I have been trying to but that place for years.

Guest—They won't sell, eh?

Infant Terrible—Yes, but they want cash.—Nood News.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

IN PARTNERSHIP WITH NATURE.

That is the Position of Every Farmer in the Land.

As the science of agriculture becomes more perfectly understood, it is disclosed more and more forcibly that nature stands ready and more than willing to aid everyone who will but take advantage of its resources. It is not generally realized that the poorest farm that exists in the land to-day has fertility enough locked up within its soil, the key being at the command of anyone who will apply for it, to produce the finest crops that grow in its latitude, and that there is a wonderful store of fertility in the air that sweeps over it, some part of which nature is ready to bring to earth and store in the roots of plants if only the proper conditions for its transmutation of fertility is provided.

Now, nature is a pretty good partner to take into the business of farming, for it is very much at home in the business, has unlimited capital at its command and attends strictly to business. If the active partner in such a firm does his part, the business couldn't help being successful. But a great many people do not realize the extent to which nature is able to aid the tiller of the soil, and, without further placing the matter in a fanciful light, let us see just what stores of plant fertility man is able to secure by natural agencies—fertility that otherwise would remain of almost no use to man.

As has been intimated, the poorest soil that lies out of doors has in it an enormous amount of fertily, but it is unavoidable fertility in its present form; but exposed to the sunlight and the air, or, in other words, to the action of nature's agencies, these elements will become available as plant food and man can reap the advantage of them. But a man must do his share—he must plow and cultivate and work his soil, so as to bring this latent fertility where the air and sunlight can act upon it. In a word, he must practice good tillage. He must drain his land if it is not naturally drained, and he must keep his hoes, his cultivators and his harrows bright with continual stirring of the soil.

Soil that is sodden with water lets no air in to carry on the chemical changes that will make unavailable plant food available, and when the water has finaly dried out the soil is left so solidly packed together that air can not then enter.

In securing this change of inert chemical elements into soluble plant food, man can thus well afford to go into partnership with nature. But this is not the limit of the direct assistance which it is able to afford him.

There are certain plants—clover is a good example of them—which have the power of taking plant food from the air and storing it up in their roots, which, decaying year after year, wonderfully increase the richness of the land. It is presumable that a knowledge of this ability of clover and kindred plants to thus aid in increasing the fertility of land, while affording in its own growth one of the best of all crops for the growth of animals and for the production of milk, is not possessed by the average farmer, or possessed at best only in a vague way, or we should see a far greater production of this splendid fertilizing and growth-producing clover. It is able to be made the salvation of the farmer of small means, furnishing, as it does, a means of enriching the land when commercial and home-made fertilizers may be of necessity limited. Clover and a most thorough cultivation of the soil are the means that will enlist nature's active participation in the enriching of even worn-out souls, and wise indeed is the man who makes use of this most valuable assistance.—Cor. Home and Farm.

SALT FOR LAMBS.

A Demand of Nature that Must be Met by the Flockmaster.

The wide and destructive prevalence of parasitism in the United States of late years makes more necessary than ever the constant use of salt for sheep, especially lambs. Many good flockmasters seem to think, if they go out and salt the flock once a week—often, we regret to say, on Sunday—that their duty has been fulfilled. Would a breakfast of properly-salted food once a week satisfy them? Do they forego the customary pinch of salt on even a single dish for a single meal during the week? No—every mouthful of food must be seasoned. It is a demand of nature and it should be met.

Of course, we can not satisfy this craving with the dumb animals as completely as we can for ourselves, but the nearest approach should be made to it. Sheep grazing on the sea coast, where the vegetation is impregnated with salt, where the salt is sometimes seen to glisten on the grass and weeds—deposited there by evaporation from salt-laden spray—are almost entirely exempt from parasitism. Every mouthful of their feed has salt in it. The parasites are constantly repeled: they get no foothold. But if the sheep receive salt only once a week, or even, two or three times, between the saltings the stomachs will be filled several times with feed in which there is no trace of this most useful insecticide. There may be salt enough taken into the blood for the animal's health from the weekly or semi-weekly salting, but the great point is that between times the door is left open for the invasion of the deadly parasites.

Every observant flockmaster has noticed that, even in winter, the sheep that have constant access to a box of salt will take a lick of it several times a day. In winter there are no parasites lurking in their feed, but in summer there are likely to be thousands of them. How much more necessary, then, that they should be enabled to resort to the needed condiment and insecticide in the season of the parasites than in the winter. Lambs up to the age of fifteen months or two years are much more susceptible to the attacks of internal parasites than the older sheep, because of the softness and juiciness of their tissue.

In our later practice with sheep, we had a roofed salt-trough in every field during the summer. The trough was made V shaped, from twelve to fourteen feet long, of boards six inches wide. The supports on which it stood were two pieces of plank one and a half or two inches thick, with a notch sawed in each of the porper slope to receive the trough. The supports projected a few inches beyond the trough on each side, and two uprights were nailed to them, bearing a top a V-shaped board as a support for the roof. This roof was simply a trough turned bottom-side up, but wider than the lower one to make projecting eaves and shed the rain. Let the upper trough or roof be about nine inches above the lower one; this will afford room for the animals to insert their heads. Place the trough lengthways of the most frequent course of storms, to prevent the rain from being blown into it as much as possible.

Now as to the use of copperas. Some of the best shepherds oppose the constant use of this, as tending to blacken and rot the animal's teeth, and to create an artificial appetite for a stimulant. Granting the worst that can be fairly argued against the drug, we consider it of such over-riding importance, to prevent parasites from getting a lodgement in the vitals of lambs, that we did not hesitate to use it in low lands.

It is like the whisky, the curry and the pepper which the Anglo-Saxon race find useful in hot countries—a necessary evil. Let it be finely powdered and mixed in the salt, one part to ten, or even stronger than that in wet seasons.—The Sheep Breeder.

A COMMON MISTAKE.

Farmers Who Acquire More Land Than They Can Care For.

For a farmer who owns a good home to suppose that when he has made and saved some money, what he most needs is more land to pay taxes on.

This mistake is exaggerated when, in obedience to this conviction, he buys more than he can pay for and must go in debt for a considerable part of it. In a majority of such cases the poor wife ought to be granted a divorce with the custody of the children, for this debt means toil and trouble, vexation and privation for her, and for the unfunate children labor—labor early and late—with but little recreation, little schooling, no privileges except the liberty to labor under compulsion until young humanity rebels and another victim or two "takes in the town."

The wife thought perhaps she would get some new furniture or furnishing for her house, a carpet for her sitting room, a neat dress and bonnet for herself and a nice suit of clothes for each of the boys and suitable dresses for the girls. With what pride a fond mother would contemplate her entire family in presentable attire at the country church. How it would recompense her for her days and nights of weary toil to see home comforts gathering around, and her children happy and hopeful. But that is not the way it works. The farmer wants more land so he can not be fenced up, and is full of promises for the good time coming when he has this more land paid for. But before that time arrives the mammon of avarice thus encouraged takes full possession, and still more land is necessary for peace of mind, and the fate of the family is sealed.

The wife denied even hope for the future wears out and is laid aside. The boys having grown up shake the dirt that has cost them so much from their feet and emigrate. Then the farmer having grown prematurely old and fatuous can hug his title deeds to his withered heart and peter out a life he has neither means, mind nor ability to enjoy. If he had been content with a sufficient farm and had improved and adorned it, made his home a place which all the family should delight to inhabit; if he had surrounded it with plenty and surrounded it with beauty, there might have been presented the pleasing spectacle of a happy family united around a common hearthstone, each after having spent a good life, cheerfully answering the summons to a life that is better, having some treasure at least where moths nor rust corrupt nor thieves break through and steal.—Farm and Ranch.

HERE AND THERE.

—Turn the hogs into the orchard to eat the fallen fruit and the worms they contain. This is double-edged economy.

—Hogs in the great markets are not bringing as high prices as a few months back, but every farmer should raise hogs all the same.

—The lister, sub-soil plow and land roller, next to actual irrigation, can do more when properly used to prevent loss from drought than all other things combined. Their use should be more general.

—Farmers who carefully stack their grain and then let the world go on turning round once in every twenty-four hours, as usual, will not have to take 50 cents a bushel for wheat or 20 cents per bushel for oats.

—The National Stockman and Farmer says some Yankee has invented a self-cleaning hen-house. This will fill a long-felt want. A hen-house with a self-cleaning attachment would certainly sell in these parts.

—There is only a certain amount of butter fat in a given amount of cream, and the man who offers a compound to increase the butter fat is a fraud.

—The extension of rice culture bids fair to add another excellent article to our list of feed stuffs. Experiments already made in Louisiana show that low-grade rice is not only a good but a cheap food.

—Colman's Rural World says it is cheaper to raise five hogs that will weigh 200 pounds each than to grow two of 500 pounds each. And the pork from the smaller hog is greatly to be preferred in almost any market.