THE FAMILY AT HOME

HYMN.

[Hymn written for the Reception in honor of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Reorganization of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union (the forty-second since its organization in 1851), Wednesday evening, May 31, 1893.]

Tune, "Dundee."

Our Father, while our hearts unlearn
The creeds that wrong thy name,
Still let our hallowed altars burn
With Faith's undying flame!

Not by the lightning-gleams of wrath
Our souls thy face shall see,
The star of Love must light the path
That leads to heaven and thee.

Help us to read our Master's will
Through every darkening stain
That clouds his sacred image still,
And see him once again,

The brother man, the pitying friend,
Who weeps for human woes,
Whose pleading words of pardon blend
With cries of raging foes.

If 'mid the gathering storms of doubt,
Our hearts grow faint and cold,
The strength we cannot live without
Thy love will not withhold.

Our prayers accept; our sins forgive;
Our youthful zeal renew:
Shape for us holier lives to live,
And nobler work to do!

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE FIERCEST BEAST OF PREY.

The white dawn o'er the sleeping forest rose,
And woke each beast and bird to feed or play,
To pass in Nature's temple of repose,
Their happy, harmless day.

When crashing onward through the thicket's dun,
And strong with dreadful arts to main and slay,
Took man the hunter, with his dogs and gun,
His devasting way.

Fear went before him with her visage wan,
And each beast owned his dread and ruthless sway;
All Nature's children fled the face of man,
The fiercest beast of prey.

—REGINALD GOURLAY in the November Century.

JOHN BELL'S THANKGSIVING.

BY M. E. KENNEY.

THANKSGIVING eve, was clear and cold. The streets were crowded with people hurrying along intent on doing their holiday shopping. The single market which the little town afforded, looked as though it had made ample provision for all the possible wants of the townspeople. Fat turkeys hung in long rows, with ducks, geese and chickens beside them; vegetables and fruit were piled up in tempting array, and the smiling proprietor was doing a flourishing business.

As the school children came to the market on their way home from school they stopped with a noisy buzz of admiration to look at a pig that was in the window, garlanded with wreaths and a lemon in his mouth, keeping guard over a heap of golden oranges.

"Come, come, children, I can't have you standing here. The people can't get in or out. Here, take these and be off with you. And the good-natured marketman tossed a double-handful of nuts into the midst of the children, and laughed at the scramble which ensued until his double chin fairly quiveredwith merriment.

The children shouted with delight as they snatched at the nuts, and in a few minutes they were all gathered up, and the merry troop went on their way again.

"Well, Tim, didn't you get any?" asked the man, as he saw that one of the youngest of the children, a pale, thinly clad little fellow, had been unsuccessful in the scramble, and was walking slowly with an air of disappointment.

"No, sir," answered Tim, thrusting his cold, blue hands into his pockets for warmth.

Mr. King looked at him compassionately for a moment. He was a kind-hearted man and had a little son about Tim's age, a rosy, comfortably clad boy, who had never known the want of anything that was necessary to his comfort and happiness.

Perhaps it was the thought of his little Willie that made him regard Tim more kindly.

"Come here, and I'll make up to you for not getting a nut. How would you like this?" and he put a big yellow orange into Tim's outstretched hands.

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed the boy, his face growing bright with delight.

"Have you got Thanksgiving turkey yet?" asked Mr. King.

"No, sir, I guess we ain't going to have none. They cost too much," said Tim, looking wistfully at the plump birds.

"I'll tell you where your turkey is," said Mr. King.

"Where?" asked Tim, eagerly.

"In the liquor store down at the corner. Your Thanksgiving dinner, warm clothes for you and your mother, and a good many other things besides are in that place. You can tell your father I said so, if you like, and he knows it's true."

"I'll go and tell him right away, and perhaps he will get them now," exclaimed Tim, and he started off on a run for home, clasping his orange with both hands.

"I am afraid that orange is all the Thanksgiving the poor chap is likely to get," thought Mr. King to himself as he looked after the child; then he turned back to his customers again.

Tim burst into the rickety, tumble-down building he called home with a face radiant with delight. "Oh, mother!" he exclaimed, rushing over to the corner where a thin, pale-faced woman lay on a pile of straw covered with an old blanket.

"Where's father?" he asked, eagerly.

The mother made a gesture of silence and pointed to a figure lying on the single bed which the place afforded. The heavy breathing showed that the man was wrapped in drunken slumber.

"Oh, I must wake him," exclaimed the boy.

"No, no, you mustn't disturb him," cried the mother, laying a detaining hand on the boy's arm.

"Why do you want to wake him, Tim?" she asked in surprise, for generally the boy stood in such fear of his father's anger that he would hesitate to enter the house till his father was either asleep or away.

"I want him to go and get our Thanksgiving dinner," answered Tim. "Mr. King told me where it was, and I'm sure father wouldn't be cross if I asked him to go and get it. There's a coat for me and clothes for you and lots of other things in the same place too," added the boy, gleefully.

"Where, Tim?" asked the mother, wondering what the child was thinking about.

"In the liquor store; Mr. King told me so. You needn't shake your head, mother, for it's true. Mr. King told me to tell father so, and he said he would know it was true."

It was so evident that the boy had literally believed Mr. King's words and thought that the Thanksgiving dinner depended only on the father's willingness to go and get it, that the mother found it hard to undeceive him and destroy his happiness.

"Tim," she said gently, stroking the dark head that lay beside her own, "don't you know what Mr. King meant? Here, let me put the covering over you, so that you wont be cold, and I will tell you all about it. Mr. King didn't mean that the dinner and all the other things were really there; he meant that the money which might have bought them was there. He meant that the money your father had spent for drink would have bought these things."

"Oh, mother, then there isn't any dinner for us after all?" and Tim's voice was tremulous with grief and disappointment. He bowed his head on his mother's shoulder and his tears flowed freely.

The mother said nothing for a few moments, though she put a loving arm about him and kissed him tenderly.

What could she say to comfort him? What could she say that would not reflect blame on the boy's father, and she shrank from that.

"Where did you get that orange?" she asked, presently, and Tim forgot his tears for a moment.

"Mr. King gave it to me. Isn't it a beauty," he said.

"We'll keep it for tomorrow and have it for our Thanksgiving, won't we mother? I will hide it here in the blanket where father will not see it."

"Now tell me what you learned at school today," said his mother, anxious to keep his thoughts from dwelling on his disappointment.

"Oh, the teacher was talking to us about Thanksgiving;" answered Tim, "She was telling us all about what we had to be thankful for. She said even the poorest of us had our homes and mothers and fathers to be thankful for. I am thankful for you, mother, but do you know," and Tim hesitated for a moment, "I can't help feeling sometimes as if it would be happier without father."

"Hush, Tim, you must never say that, nor even think it," answered his mother. Your father was one of the kindest and best of men before he began to drink, and some day he may be so again. We must love him—" but she paused in dismay, for the man whom they had believed to be lost in a drunken stupor, rose from the bed and rushed from the room.

John Bell went out into the gathering darkness, slamming the door behind him with such violence that the walls shook.

He had been wakened by Tim when he first entered the room, and although he had feigned slumber, he had heard every word that had been uttered. The child's innocent words had awakened his long slumbering conscience. Not only the Thanksgiving dinner, and the warm clothes over which the boy grieved so bitterly, but infinitely more beside, had gone into that liquor saloon.

Only five years ago, he had a neat, comfortable home, a wife and child for whom his pride and love knew no bounds, and the respect of all who knew him. How straight had been his downward course ever since the day when he first yielded to temptation! What was he now? A miserable drunkard, whom every one despised, with a shelter that was unworthy of the name of home, and a wife whom he had placed on a bed of suffering by a blow he had dealt her in his drunken passion.

He had lost the love of his child even, and small wonder! Conscience pointed her accusing finger at him, and he stumbled on through the darkness, trying to escape from himself.

He did not turn his steps toward that part of the town where the streets were brilliantly lighted and the people were hurrying to and fro with light hearts and laden baskets—he went to the river's edge, all unheeding the keen wind which was unbroken here by any obstruction, and threw himself prostrate on the wet rocks. What could he do better than to drown himself? He knew in his inmost heart that Tim's words were true, "we would be happier without father," and he resolved that they should have the one cause for thanksgiving which he could give them by freeing them from a drunken father and husband, who had dragged them down with him. There was no chance now for him to free himself from his enemy. He was bound hand and foot to the chariot wheels of the demon drink, and it would be well-nigh impossible for him to free himself from his bondage. Better to end it all by a plunge into the dark water which ran swiftly at his feet.

Then his good angel whispered in his ear, "No, be a man, not a coward. You have fallen low it is true, but by God's help you may rise again. Give your wife and child a better cause for thanksviving than they would have in your death. Resolve here and now that you will become a free man, that you will conquer your appetite and start a new life. Win back the love and respect that you have so justly forfeited. You can do it if you will, you can make a happy home again if you will but resolve to."

As he lay there a longing came over him to break his shackles and begin a new life. Could he do it? At least he could make the attempt.

He knelt for a moment, his whole heart going upward in the agonized cry, "God help me," and then he rose to his feet, determined to fight bravely against his enemy.

He turned his steps toward the house of his old employer, who had done all he could to restrain him from his downward course, and had promised to lend him a helping hand if he ever wished to reform.

The girl who came to the door showed her surprise in her face when John Bell asked to see her master. "I should think he would be ashamed to show his drunken face around here," was her inward comment as she went to summon her master.

Mr. Leslie wondered within himself why the man had come. Was it possible that he had determined to break away from his chains? With a prayer in his heart that this might be the case, he went to greet the man with an extended hand of welcome.

"Come in out of the cold, John. What can I do for you?" he asked, as he drew him into the warm sitting-room and gave him a seat.

"I have come to my senses at last," was the answer. "I have resolved to give up drink, and I have come to ask you a kindness. Will you take me back to work again?"

"With all my heart," was the cordial answer; and in the warm clasp of the hand that took his own John realized that he had one friend who would help him on the upward path.

He told Mr. Leslie of all that had passed that evening, and of his newborn desire to atone to his wife and child for the misery he had brought upon them.

"Will you sign a pledge, John?" asked Mr. Leslie.

"Yes, sir, I want to," he answered, eagerly, and with a trembling hand but a firm resolve, he signed his name.

Before he went away Mr. Leslie brought him a cup of hot coffee, which he hoped would take, in some measure, the place of the stimulant that the disordered stomach would naturally crave. Then, kneeling down beside the penitent man, he prayed earnestly that God would grant him strength to resist temptation.

When he rose to go Mr. Leslie opened his pocket-book.

"John, as a proof that I put full trust in your intention to reform, I am going to pay you for the first week in advance, that you may get some of the comforts which I know you need. Now I hope you and your family will have a happy Thanksgiving together, and that this may be the first of many happy days in store for you. May God strengthen you in your good resolves. Good-night."

An hour later John Bell entered the room where his wife lay, half dreading and half hoping for his return, with Tim curled up beside her fast asleep. His arms were full of his purchases, and the light of his new purpose shone in his face.

"Oh, Father, you did get the dinner, didn't you?" shouted Tim in an ecstacy of delight, as he opened his eyes. "Oh, I am so glad, so glad! We will have a real Thanksgiving after all, won't we, mother?"

And it was a real Thanksgiving. Tim's mother felt that she had good cause for thanksgiving when her husband told her that he had signed the pledge, and meant henceforth to live a new life.

It was a hard struggle for him. The downward path is always easier than the upward one, but he won the victory over his appetite, and retrieved the character he had lost.

And Tim dated all their happiness from that thanksgiving eve, though he never knew that his words had had a part in effecting the change which had taken place in his father, and made him as kind as he had formerly been unloving.

"It seems like Thanksgiving every day now," he said to his mother once, with a loving look at the father who had won his heart again—*New York Observer.*

Original in THE UNIVERSALIST.

"THE THINGS THAT ARE GOD'S."

John Hampton, a stalwart, refined-looking man of forty-five, sat at a reading table in his handsomely furnished law office.

"Doctor Brown is below, sir," announced Fred, the office boy.

"Very well," and rising, Mr. Hampton stopped to give his clerk some directions regarding business before donning his heavy overcoat and descending to the street.

Here he found the doctor's bay horse and cutter waiting his coming. The two men exchanged cordial greetings, then Mr. Hampton took his place by the doctor's side and they soon left the streets of the busy city behind them.

Mr. Hampton, who was a real estate agent, had agreed to go with the doctor to interview the lady who owned a piece of property which was in the market. They conversed easily on various subjects until the doctor said suddenly:

"By the way, Hampton, it is next week the temperance meetings are to commence at our church. Mitchell cannot be with us until the latter part of the week. We will depend on you for a short talk for how many evenings—two or three?"

John Hampton opened his blue eyes very wide. "Indeed, Doctor, I could not think of such a thing. Next week will be court week, and I shall be very busy. Too much business of my own to attempt anything else."

There was a momentary silence. Then Doctor Brown said, "Not too busy to be about the Master's business, my friend. I am sure our practice shows you the crying need of temperance work."

A slight shade of annoyance was perceptible in Mr. Hampton's voice as he replied: "I see the need of real manhood. I have no sympathy with the fanaticism which goes howling up and down the land, nor with the drunkard who inspires this fanaticism. My life is a very busy one. I find plenty to do in attending to my own business. If other men would do the same the would-be reformer would find nothing to do."

"You are right." Doctor Brown spoke heartily. "But, until we get our weak brother educated up to that, we must help bear his burdens. God's work must be done."

"Certainly it must," assented the lawyer. "I hold you and I are doing it best by attending to our own individual work—oh, here we are."

It was a substantial looking farmhouse before which they stopped. A bright-faced boy who was crossing the road from the barn came forward to take the horse.

"You may put him in the stable and feed him after he has cooled off," Mr. Hampton said, with the air of one at home.

"Yes, sir. Mrs. Gifford she's expectin' of you. Walk right in, sir."

"I dropped her a card telling her we would drive out today," Mr. Hampton explained as he led the way up the well beaten path. "Mrs. Gifford is a widow; a friend of my father's family, and one of the dearest old ladies in existence.

Before he could ring the bell the great hall door swung open, revealing the smiling face of the mistress of the house.

"Come right in, John," she cried cordially. 'Never mind the snow. You are welcome, Doctor Brown," she went on in response to Mr. Hampton's introduction. "Any friend of a Hampton is sure of a welcome here."

Mrs. Gifford was nearly seventy, a spry little woman on whose wrinkled cheek a dull pink still lingered. Her kindly eyes were black and sparkling, while the line of hair that showed beneath the border of her black lace cap was snowy white.

To Doctor Brown she was a charming picture from the past, and the cheery sitting room to which she led them was a fitting frame for the picture. In the old-fashioned fire-place a wood fire leaped and danced. The chimney corner was occupied by a curiously carved settle of time-darkened oak. On the floor was a bright rag carpet, and from the tiny-paned windows long curtains of white muslin were tied back.

When they were seated before the fire Mrs. Gifford slipped away, apparently to see about dinner. Upon her return business was broached. She was well versed in her own affairs, and, as the doctor knew just what he wanted, matters were soon settled.

"Come now to dinner," she said, rising. "What is that?" as the doctor spoke, "Trouble, did you say? It is no trouble, but a pleasure. I am only asking you to share the midday meal of a lonely woman."

They followed her into a large room that served both as dining room and kitchen. The cooking stove that occupied one corner was highly polished; even the cooking utensils shone brilliantly.

"This is Patty Flagg, my little maid, Doctor Brown," Mrs. Gifford said gravely, and the doctor found himself bowing to a freckle-faced girl, whose bright eyes and sunny smile alone redeemed from ugliness.

The table was spread with hand spun linen and fragile china of a century ago.

"It was owned by my great grandmother," Mrs. Gifford remarked as her guest admired the oriential richness of coloring, "and this silver cream jug and these spoons were also hers."

The dinner consisted of roast pork, vegetables and jellies, peach preserves, honey clear as the air of a pure day, mince pie and sugared doughnuts.

'It is not much like the luncheon I get down town, or at home either," Mr. Hampton said merrily. "The Gifford farm is a bit of heaven."

"No, no, John," shaking her head. 'It is only the place where Patty and I are trying to practice the commands of heaven."

It proved to be a place where it was easy to speak the thoughts of one's heart. Neither man could have told how it came about, but they were soon telling their hostess of the matter they had discussed during their drive.

"I am sure, auntie, you will agree with me," Mr. Hampton said, "for I remember how you used to emphasize that point, doing one's own work well."

Doctor Brown watched the serene old face thoughtfully. Could it be possible he was something of a fanatic? Did the two fine boys growing up in his own home make him over-zealous? Yet surely this work was the Lord's.

Mrs. Gifford's voice recalled his wandering thoughts. "You both think you are right; as for me, I'll have to test the matter. Patty, dear."

Without another word the child slipped from her chair,—they had all finished dinner,—and brought the family Bible to her mistress.

Mrs. Gifford opened the book, saying, "I never find any matter so weighty or so trifling but there is an answer here for it. Does not this cover the case you were discussing?"

And commencing at the thirteenth verse of the twelfth chapter of Mark she read the account of the question asked Christ by the Pharisees and Herodians, concerning the paying of tribute to Cæsar.

"There," she said, as if it were settled. "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's."

"That surely justifies my position," Mr. Hampton cried.

"Ah, John, have a care. Are you not trying to render unto Cæsar the things that are God's? Your time, your talents, your influence, surely these are his."

An awkward silence fell upon the little group around the table, a silence broken, at last, by Mr. Hampton.

He rose and stood by Mrs. Gifford. 'Perhaps you are right" the voice was a little unsteady. "At least I will pause long enough in this mad rush of business to decide to which I am paying allegiance, the Cæsar of the world or the Lord of hosts. I will let you know tomorrow about the meeting, Brown. Now we must start for the city, as I have an engagement in an hour."

Never again was John Hampton tempted by the world, the love of money, or the desire for fame, but the words of this old friend came back to him. And his life was spent in rendering unto God, not unto Cæser, "the things that are God's." ANNA JOHNSON.

HASTINGS, MICH.

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

An extraordinary circumstance that has been noticed with interest, and that always creates surprise when first learned, is the entire absence of foreign matter in the deeper part of the ocean's floor. Of all the vessels lost in midocean, of all the human beings that have been drowned, of all the marine animals that have perished, of all the clay, sand, and gravel let fall by dissolving icebergs, of all the various substances drifted from every shore by shifting currents—not a trace remains, but in their place water from 1,000 to 2,500 fathoms in depth covers the uniform deposits of thick, bluish, tenacious slime called globigerina ooze.

A bit of this under the powerful lens is a revelation of beauty not readily forgotten. The ooze is composed almost entirely of the daintiest, most delicately beautiful shells imaginable. At the depths greater than 2,500 fathoms the bottom of the sea consists mainly of products arising from exposure for almost incalculable periods to the chemical action of sea water and of volcanic matters.

Carbonate of lime, which, in the form of the shells of foraminifera, makes up so large a part of the globigerina ooze, is here almost entirely absent. Sea water is very nearly a universal solvent, and before any shell, large or small, reaches the bottom of these tremendous abysms, it is chemically eaten up, literally dissolved—a result which the enormous pressure of the water must materially hasten.

At 1,000 fathoms the weight of the water pressing on all sides of an object immersed to that depth is very nearly one ton to the square inch, or more than 100 times that sustained at the level; and at the greatest depths the pressure is so increased that it would seem nothing could withstand it; in fact, heavy metal cylinders let down with the sounding apparatus are sometimes, on being drawn up again to the surface, found bent and collapsed; strongly made glass vessels which the metal inclosed are shattered into fragments.—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

FARM GARDEN AND DAIRY.

Instructive Reading for Agriculturists.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE UNIVERSALIST."

AGRICULTURE.

The farmer of no other country lives better or so much enjoys life as does the American farmer who raises stock and a variety of crops. The great factor in cheap production with the tiller in the Argentine republic is the fact that he is content with conditions of life which no farmer of England or the United States would accept.

As every housewife knows, there are many other uses for ice on the farm than in the dairy. The time for filling the ice house comes when all the farm teams are idle, and when the time can be well spared. It will pay to draw it two or three miles, but it will pay better to make an ice pond of one's own. Do not store it near other buildings, for ice attracts lightning.

Green corn is easier to keep in the silo than clover, for clover is more nitrogenous and heats with so much greater violence upon exposure that it is hard to keep it. Fodder heats so moderately that the carbonic acid generated by the slow fermentation remains in the silo and helps to suppress it, as does smoke from a dull fire.

Potatoes should be well dried before storing, and should be kept so. It is said to be an excellent plan to put in a number of ventilators here and there before the tubers are stored. All moisture is thus given an opportunity to escape readily, and the potatoes do not sprout nor spoil.

The lumberman grinds his axe before he undertakes a large job. These long evenings allow the farmer much time to prepare himself; to study the leading principles and become familiar with the approved methods of practice which relate to his affairs. Discovery and invention have done wonderful things to make his work pleasant and his rewards abundant. Some of the agricultural colleges have prepared courses of home reading which are extremely valuable, and no farmer can afford to neglect the printed agricultural page. Grind the axe.

Scoff as we will, the reading farmers are the prosperous farmers, not because of their intelligence only, nor because they learn what is done by other men, but because of their ability for successful management which has come to them through the mental development and discipline which their reading has given them. Their intellectual powers are quickened and their business capacities enlarged.

An Ohio farmer says that he has continued proof of the value of cow peas as a preparation for potatoes in clayey loams. This year his peas were worth more as plant food for potatoes than was an average crop of wheat. He has 18 acres of peas growing to be turned under for next year's crop. They add plant food and mechanically improve the condition of the soil. His neighbors are following his lead, and all feel that they have made one more step forward.

CATTLE.

The vanishing of the ranches spoils the production of horns. As we improve our herds we grow fewer horns at home, too, and manufacturers must use substitutes or import them; but the absolute hornless age has not come so long as Mexico and South America raise the class of cattle they do—more horns than beef, as one writer says.

We can now finish off our cattle more cheaply than can our British neighbors, who must buy much of their feed from us. If our farmers could but appreciate the advantage they have in the world's markets, and continue vigorously their farming and stock raising, improving their herds, good cattle will pay them far better than grain growing.

There is a strong and growing demand for the best grades of cattle for the export trade, and our own reviving industries will demand more meat and better meat. The short supply is becoming more evident, and prices must advance. Feed up the strong, best grades to good condition, and the market will call for them.

We learn slowly. To develop an animal early and to its best requires a well balanced ration, regular feeding, a comfortable bed, good shelter in winter and conscientious care; and all this will the farmer find paying him and delighting him. He reaps an equal reward in dollars when his steer is two years old that his old time neighbor does when his is three.

The most gentle bull will at times develop a bad streak and take his owner unawares. The leading staff should be used on all aged bulls, and it should be strong and the nose ring secure. Take no chances. Never give the animal a chance to use his strength against yours, for sooner or later he will use it.

A considerable advance in hides is now followed by that in horns, and helps out the price in cattle. The limited supply of horns and an increasing demand for them for the making of combs, handles and novelties has more than doubled the value of them. Eager agents are now besieging the packing houses, buying them, and not at their own prices.

Combined weight and quality in beeves are not necessarily money makers in these days. There is a superiority in early matured beef which is meeting the demand of the butchers, and the consumer is more than ready to accept the change. The heavy steer is passing away.

There is ever a danger that the farmer will attempt to keep more cattle than can be well fed. Only he who has outside range of lands in excess of his needs for tillage should endeavor to raise all his calves. When it comes to feeding corn, a little oil meal will help to get the profit out of it.

About the weaning time of the spring calves there come to them the double hardships of colder weather and poorer fare. They should have a little skim milk all through the winter if it can be spared. Add to this a porridge of oatmeal, boiled in water, with a little linseed meal. Give also some clover hay, and they will come out all right and be ready to breed at 18 months.

SHEEP.

Under present conditions all profit begins and ends in excellence of the sheep. Care in selecting and breeding are important factors in improvement, and in no way can this improvement be procured at so low a cost. With good management good sheep can be made to return a profit, but in all cases the poorer sheep will prove a burden to the rest of the flock.

It will be better for the sheep and for the pasture if the flock is turned from one pasture into another every week or two; and it is the best of advice never to change suddenly from dry to green feeding, or from green to dry. At least during the spring and fall months should the practice of a little dry feeding be maintained.

Feed lambs for the best profit by beginning with them with great care, first using a small allowance and gradually increasing the ration until they can digest all their appetites crave. The point is to get them to eat the most grain possible in a limited time; this is sure to result in profitable mutton.

If turpentine is given to lambs for worms, let it be done after a 24 hours' fast, and when the first stomach is empty. It is not unlikely that the whole flock is affected if we find worms in one. The turpentine and linseed oil can be administered with milk, or the turpentine poured upon the salt allowed them; they will eat it readily.

The time is near when it will be impossible to sell at any paying price any animal merely having the name of sheep, but without quality, yet a good sheep is still the farmer's good friend, and he should not be abused, even though he is not on top just now. Consider the mutton; do not worry over the wool; enough else to worry about.

It is the income which each sheep will yield that determines the value of the flock, whether it be from wool or mutton. Under present conditions scrub sheep give no profit, whether they are kept for the one or the other. An unprofitable animal should not be kept nor fed one day longer.

Fight the hard times and the low price of wool and mutton by improving the quality and quantity of both the fleece and the carcass. Every clean pound added to either is just so much clear gain, as is every cent added to the price by improving the quality. Do not fool with sheep in which there is no outcome.

Sheep are low; so is feed; but while a sheep can be wintered at a considerable less cost than it could a few years ago, it yet remains true that the value of this feed is the same, whether fed to a good sheep or a poor one. It is impossible to figure out any economy in feeding a poor animal at any time.

The wool can be made to pay the cost of keeping, at least; then the lambs should be the profit. If the best profit is obtained therefore every ewe should bring a good, vigorous lamb. See that they are all bred, and to something worthy the occasion.

HORTICULTURE.

Babach, Warfield and Haverland strawberries have done well in nearly all regions this year. Among the older sorts Captain Jack, Sharpless and Cumberland are always to be depended upon. The Parker Earle is such a prolific bearer that the plants should be well fed, otherwise much of the fruit will be so small as to be unsatisfactory.

The Duchess of Oldenberg is a Russian apple, and has long been a favorite in the Eastern States; it has been lately tried in Colorado and neighboring States, and is there equally esteemed, and is reported as thriving remarkably well in that climate. Doubtless we shall find other apples from the Cossack country worth our trying.

Even the hardiest sorts of raspberries do better when covered in winter, by bending them down and throwing soil upon them, and no one will regret having taken the trouble to do it. Cut away all but about half a dozen canes, and top these to about three feet in length. If this is not already done, do it yet.

The farmer's table should not be without seasonable fruit a single day. Judicious planting will bring on a most desirable succession. Strawberries, currants, gooseberries, raspberries, blackberries, grapes, each have a place, and overlapping these come in the cherries, peaches, apples and pears. If any one should live like a king, it should be the man who grows his own living.

It is not possible for a tree to be as well off without pruning as with it. In digging and planting some of the roots are lost, and as there are not now so many rootlets at work, it is well to cut away some of the branches to make things square. Again, if the tree is unshapely, trim off the stragglers, to make a symmetrical growth. Sometimes there are too many branches to admit the air freely, or for development of fruit, or for the strength of the limbs; such conditions should suggest their own remedy.