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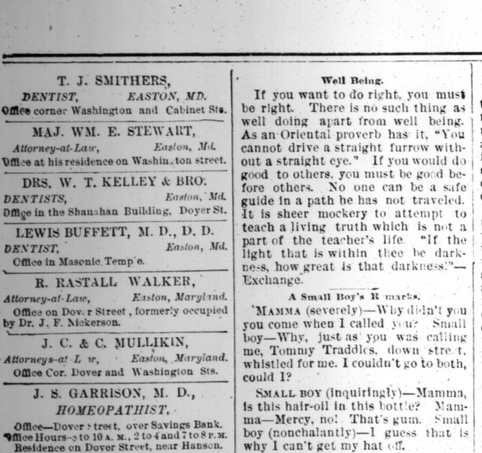
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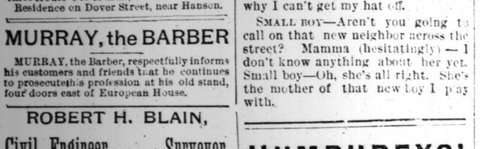
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Well Being.

If you want to do right, you must be right. There is no such thing as well doing apart from well being. As an Oriental proverb has it, "You cannot drive a straight furrow without a straight eye." If you would do good to others, you must be good before others. No one can be a safe guide in a path he has not traveled. It is sheer mockery to attempt to teach a living truth which is not a part of the teacher's life "If the light that is within thee be darkness, how great is that darkness."—Exchange.

A Small Boy's Remarks.

MAMMA (severely)—Why didn't you come when I called you? Small boy—Why, just as you was calling me, Tommy Traddles, down street, whistled for me. I couldn't go to both, could I?

SMALL BOY (inquiringly)—Mamma, is this hair-oil in this bottle? Mamma—Mercy, no! That's gum. Small boy (nonchalantly)—I guess that is why I can't get my hat off.

SMALL BOY—Aren't you going to call on that new neighbor across the street? Mamma (hesitatingly)—I don't know anything about her yet. Small boy—Oh, she's all right. She's the mother of that new boy I pay with.

The Poor German Novel.

While the number of second and third rate novels yearly in reasonable that deserve to be labeled as are as undoubtedly on the wane. The pitiable state of the German book market is partly answerable for this result, since it has driven some of the ablest contemporary novelists, such as Sudermann, Gerhardt, Hauptmann, and Voss, to turn aside from their original and obvious vocation in order to write indifferent dramas, because these prove to be more remunerative than first-class novels. Veteran standard authors like Freytag, Dahn, and Spielhagen, who have been before the public for three or more decenniums, seem to labor under the delusion that whatever they now write must necessarily be worth reading, and that a writer who once has achieved fame has nothing further to do in order to keep it up but to go on producing with clock-work regularity a certain number of volumes per annum, whether or not these books are distinguished by any of those qualities which made the reputation of their earlier works.

In Their Own Language.

A personage almost as widely known in the ecclesiastical world as his most reverend master was the late Archbishop of Canterbury's coachman. He served Dr. Tait also before his elevation to the Archiepiscopate, while as yet he occupied the see of London. Scores of stories have been told of the peculiarities of this individual, and the following, among others, was often related with the keenest relish by his grace. One day when, as the Bishop of London, his lordship was returning from some meeting in the city, the carriage became blocked with some cabs, and the coachman freely indulged in an oft habit by swearing lustily at the various drivers. The Bishop heard him, thrust his head out of the window, and sternly remonstrated. "Dear your pardon, my lord," was the smart reply of the unabashed Jehu, "but I heard you tell them 'ere gents as was ordained last Sunday that if you don't speak to people in their own natural tongue you will never get 'em to understand you."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER—Have you a small hand bellows for blowing the fire? Dealer—Something like that, madam? Young housekeeper—Yes; that will do. If you will fill it with wind and put a cork in the end I'll take it with me.—Life.

Aluminum.

Aluminum is now to be used for engraving in place of stone or steel. It is claimed that besides the advantage of light, an aluminum plate will furnish 5,000 impressions, against 100 to 150 from a steel one.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN, ETC.		
FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat.	$	@ $ 4 85
High Grade Extra		4 35
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	74	74
CORN—No. 2 White	50	50
OATS—Southern & Penn.	37	38
RYE—No. 2	52	53
HAY—Choice Timothy	16 00	@ 16 50
STRAW—Rye in car lots	5 00	5 50
Wheat Blades	3 00	3 50
Oat Blades	2 00	2 00
CANNED GOODS.		
TOMATOES—Std. No. 3	$	@ $ 75
No. 2		65
PEAS—Standards	1 00	1 10
Seconds		90
CORN—Dry Pack		85
Moist		75
HIDES.		
CITY STEERS	$ 7	@ 8
City Cows	4	4
Southern No. 2		4
POTATOES & VEGETABLES.		
POTATOES—Burbanks	$ 45	@ 50
ONIONS	75	80
PROVISIONS.		
HOGS PRODUCTS—Abbls	$	@ $
Clear ribs lots		11
Hams		11
Mess Pork, per bar		11
LARD—Choice, in tcs		8
Best refined		8
BUTTER.		
BUTTER—Fine Creamery	23	@ 25
Under fine		21
Gold		20
CHEESE.		
CHEESE—N. Y. Factory	$ 12	@ 13
N. Y. dlets		13
Small Cheese		13
EGGS.		
EGGS—State	$ 13	15
North Carolina	14	16
LIVE POULTRY.		
CHICKENS—Hens	$ 11	@ $ 12
Ducks, per lb		9
TOBACCO.		
TOBACCO—Md. Infer's	$ 1 50	@ $ 2 50
Sound common	3 00	4 00
Medium	4 00	7 00
Fancy	10 00	12 00
FIVE STOCK.		
CATTLE—Best Pebves	$ 4 25	@ $ 4 50
Good to Fair	3 75	4 00
SHEEP		6 00
Hogs	7 00	
FURS AND SKINS.		
MUSKRAT	$ 12	@ $ 21
Raccoon	40	45
Red Fox		70

NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 10	@ $ 4 30
WHEAT—No. 2 Red		76
Western	48	50
CORN—No. 2	41	42
OATS—No. 2	25	30
BUTTER—Creamery	17	25
EGGS—State	17	19
CHEESE—State	8	10
PHILADELPHIA.		
FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 60	@ $ 4 80
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	75	76
CORN—No. 2	45	46
OATS—No. 2	30	31
BUTTER—Choice	20	24
EGGS—Penna. R	17	18

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Tax Collector's Conversion."

TEXT: "This day is salvation come to this house."—Luke xix., 9.

Zacchæus was a politician and a taxgatherer. He had an honest calling, but the opportunity for "stealings" was so large the temptation was too much for him. The Bible says he "was a sinner"—that is, in the public sense. How many fine men have been ruined by official position! It is an awful thing for any man to seek office under government unless his principles of integrity are deeply fixed. Many a man upright in an insignificant position has made shipwreck in a great one. As far as I can tell, in the city of Jericho this Zacchæus belonged to what might be called the "ring." They had things their own way, successfully avoiding exposure, if by no other way perhaps by hiring somebody to break in and steal the vouchers. Nevertheless in the main the people were down on Zacchæus, so he got up into a sycamore tree that swung its arm clear over the road. Jesus advanced and the wild excitement of the surging crowd. The most honorable and popular men of the city are looking on and trying to gain His attention. Jesus, instead of regarding them, looks up at the little man in the tree and says: "Zacchæus, come down. I am going home with you." Everybody was discussing to think that Christ would go home with so dishonorable a man.

I see Christ entering the front door of the house of Zacchæus. The King of heaven and earth sits down, and as He looks around on the place and the family He pronounces the benediction of the text, "This day is salvation come to this house."

Zacchæus had mounted the sycamore tree out of mere boy curiosity. He wanted to see how this stranger looked—the color of His eyes, the length of His hair, the contour of His features, the height of His stature, the form down. said Christ.

And so many people in this day get up into the trees of curiosity or speculation to see Christ. They ask a thousand queer questions about His nature, about God's sovereignty and the eternal decrees. They speculate and criticise and hang onto the outside limb of a great sycamore, but they never get down to business and get saved. We cannot be saved as philosophers, but as little children. You cannot go to heaven by way of Athens, but by way of Bethlehem.

Why be perplexed about the way sin came into the world when the great question is how we shall get sin driven out of our hearts. How many spend their time in curiosity and fruitless speculation! They take the rose of Sharon or the lily of the valley, pull out the anther, scatter the corolla and say, "Is that the best you can do for religion? Is that the whole of it?" No flower is beautiful after you have torn it all to pieces. The path to heaven is so plain that a fool need not make any mistake about it, and yet many stop and wonder and criticise and scoff toward the Bible while, like the blind lunatic I would step until I could kill all the grizzly bears on the premises and thrill you through and through with what word is "home"? There are also houses of suffering represented in which there are neither pictures nor wardrobe nor bureau—only one room, and a plank cot, or a hunk in a corner. Yet it is the place where your loved ones dwell, and your whole nature tingles with satisfaction when you think of it. I shall be there. Though the world may scoff at us and pursue us, and all the day we be tossed about, at evening we sail into the harbor of home. Though there be no rest for us in the busy world, and we go trading about, hearts hardens that well nigh crush us, there is a refuge, and it hath an easy chair in which we may sit, and a lounge where we may lie, and a serenity of peace in which we may repose, and that refuge is home. The English soldiers, sitting on the walls around Sevastopol, one night heard a company of musicians singing "Home, Sweet Home," and it is said that the whole army broke out into sobs and wailing, so great was their homesickness. God pity the poor, miserable wretch who has no home!

Now, suppose Christ should come into your house. First the wife and the mother would feel His presence. Religion almost always begins there. It is easier for women to become Christians than for us men. They do not fight so against God. If woman tempted man originally away from holiness, now she tempts him back. She may not make any fuss about it, but somehow everybody in the house knows that there is a change in the wife and mother. She chides the children more gently. Her face sometimes lights up with an unearthly glow. She goes into some unoccupied room for a little while, and the husband goes not after her, nor asks why she was there. He knows without asking that she has been praying. The husband notices that her face is brighter than on the day when, years ago, they stood at the marriage altar, and he knows that Jesus has been putting upon her brow a wreath sweeter than the orange blossoms. She puts the children to bed, not satisfied with the formal prayer that they once offered, but she lingers now and tells them of Jesus who blessed little children and of the good place where they all hope to be at last. And then she kisses them good night with something that the child feels to be a heavenly benediction—something that shall hold onto the boy after he has become a man forty or fifty years of age, for there is something in a good, loving, Christian mother's kiss that fifty years cannot wipe off the cheek.

Now the husband is distressed and annoyed and almost vexed. If she would only speak to him he would "low her up." He does not like to say anything about it, but he knows that she has a hope that he has not and a peace that he has not. He knows that, dying as he now is, he cannot go to the same place. He cannot stand it any longer. Some Sunday night, as they sit in the church side by side, the floods of his soul break forth. He wants to pray, but does not know how. He hides his face lest some of his worldly friends see him, but God's spirit arouses him, melts him, overwhelms him. And they go home, husband and wife, in silence, until they get to their room, when he cries out, "Oh, pray for me!" And they kneel down. They cannot speak. The word will not come. But God does not want any words. He looks down and answers sob and groan and outgushing tenderness. That night they do not sleep any for talking of all the years wasted and of that Saviour who ceased not to call. Before morning they have laid their plans for a new life. Morning comes. Father and mother descend from the bedroom. The children do not know what is the matter. They never saw father with a Bible in his hand before. He says, "Come children; I want you all to sit down while we read and pray." The children look at each other and are almost disposed to laugh, but they see their parents are in deep earnest. It is a short chapter that the father reads. He is a good reader at other times, but now he does not get on much. He sees so much to linger on. His voice trembles. Everything is so strangely new to him. They kneel—that is, the father and mother do, but the children come down one by one. They do not know that they must. It is some time before they all get down. The sentences are broken. The phrases are a little ungrammatical.

The prayer begins abruptly and ends abruptly; but, as far as I can understand what they mean, it is about this: "O Saviour, help us! We do not know how to pray. Teach us. We cannot live any longer in the way we have been living. We start to-day for heaven. Help us to take these children along with us. Forgive us for all the past. Strengthen us for all the future, and when the journey is over take us where Jesus is and where the little babe is that we lost. Amen!" It ended very abruptly, but the angels came out and leaned so far over to listen they would have fallen off the battlement but for a stroke of their wings and cried: "Hark, hark! Behold, he prays!"

That night there is a rap at the bedroom door. "Who is there?" cries the father. It is the oldest child. "What is the matter? Are you sick?" "No; I want to be saved." Only a little while, and all the children are brought into the kingdom of God. And there is great joy in the house. Years pass on. The telegraph goes click, click! What is the news flying over the country? "Come home. Father is dying." The children all gather. Some come in the last train. Some, too late for the train, take a carriage across the country. They stand around the dying bed of the father. The oldest son upholds the mother and says: "Don't cry, mother. I will take care of you." The parting blessing is given. No long admonition, for he has, through years, been saying to his children all he had to say to them. It is a plain "good-by" and the remark, "I know you will all be kind to your mother," and all is over.

Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load, the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say
How blest the righteous when he dies.

A whole family saved forever! If the deluge come, they are all in the ark—father, mother, sons, daughters. Together on earth, together in heaven. What makes it so? Explain it. Zacchæus one day took Jesus home with him. That is all. Salvation came to that house.

What sound is it I hear to-night? It is Jesus knocking at the door of your house.

Behold a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks—has knocked it o'er.

If you gazed out of your window and saw me going up your front steps, you would not wait, but go yourself to open the door. Will you keep Jesus standing on the outside, He looks with all the dews of the night? Today is salvation come to thy house. The great want of your house is not a new carpet or costlier pictures or richer furniture. It is Jesus!

Up to forty years men work for themselves, after that for their children. Now, what do you propose to leave them? Nothing but dollars? Ass, what an inheritance! It is more likely to be a curse than a blessing. Your own common sense and observation tell you that money, without the divine blessing, is a curse. You must soon leave your children. Your shoulders are not so strong as they were, and you know that they will soon have to carry their own burdens. Your eyesight is not so clear as once. They will soon have to look out their own way. Your arm is not so mighty as once. They will soon have to fight their own battles.

The first question you will be asked in heaven will be, "Have you brought your children?" Will you be able to answer, "Here am I and the children whom Thou hast given me"? Or will you be ashamed before the "cloud of witnesses" that compass you about? Will you be ashamed before the Lord Almighty? Your son does just as you do. He tries to walk like you and to talk like you. The daughter imitates the mother. Alas, if father and mother miss Jesus the children will! Oh, let Jesus come into your house! Do not bolt the hall door, or the parlor door, or the kitchen door, or the room door against Him. Above all, do not bolt your heart.

Build your altar to-night. Take the family Bible spring on the parlor table, call together as many of your family as may be awakened about a chapter, and then if you can think of nothing else besides the Lord's Prayer, say that. But will to Heaven all that began in your household! Then, when you lay your head on your pillow, feeling that, whether you wake up in this world or the next, all is well, in that great, ponderous book of the judgment, where are recorded all the important events of the earth, you will read at last the statement that this was the day when salvation came into your house. Oh, Zacchæus, come down, come down! Jesus is passing by!

Successful Appeal.

The peculiar brightness of Boston children is established anew by a story printed in the Journal. It concerns a girl twelve years old, whose father told her just before the Fourth of July that he could not afford to buy any fireworks, but that she and Willie would have to watch the other children.

The small brother seemed quite resigned to the inevitable, and on the morning of the Fourth marched across the street to see the other boys fire their torpedoes.

The little girl was not so easily satisfied. At first she could not believe but that it was a joke, and hunted all over the house for bundles which might suggest firecrackers. At breakfast, however, when nothing was said about fireworks, she became convinced that her father had really meant what he said, and that she and Willie were to have no firecrackers, nor even a bundle of torpedoes. All at once she covered her face, burst into tears, and said:

"O papa, what do you suppose Samuel Adams and George Washington and John Adams and John Hancock would say if they were alive?"

That was too much for the fond father who came home two hours afterward loaded down with firecrackers, torpedoes, pinwheels, Roman candles and what not.

Easier than Arithmetic.

It is easier to remember things usually if you know what they mean. A little boy could never remember even about how long a cubit is until his father told him the word was cubitus in Latin, which means an elbow, and that the measure called cubit was the distance from a man's elbow to the end of his middle finger.

"And how much is a fathom?" asked the little boy.

"Oh, fathom comes from the two two words, 'fat,' which means in the Aryan language, to extend, and 'hom,' a man. A fathom is the length of a man extended; that is, when his arms are stretched out on each side from the shoulders, from tip to tip of his fingers.

"The foot is an English word, and means just the length of the foot of a full-grown man."

Authors.

The methods and tastes of professional authors in this matter are quite as varied as is the character of their several contributions to literature. For example: The novelists, Charles Reade and Victor Hugo, preferred immense sheets of paper and the coarsest of pens; while, on the other hand, both William Black and R. D. Blackmore cover dainty sheets of note paper with their almost microscopic chirography. Charlotte Bronte wrote in the minutest of characters in a diminutive notebook, and Douglas Jerrold jotted down his witty inspirations on narrow, ribbon-like strips of blue paper.

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AGRICULTURAL.

TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

WEEDS ON TURNIP LAND.

If the land that has been prepared for turnips has become covered with weeds use the cultivator. After the next rain more young weeds will show, which may be destroyed. By killing the young weeds before the turnip seed is planted there will be less risk of having the turnips overrun with weeds at the start. Every weed seed that germinates and is then killed lessens the number of weeds remaining in the soil, and also reduces the number for next year.—New York World.

BEES AND FRUIT.

Because honey bees sting, people who don't like them and are disliked by them often accuse them of sundry misdoings. Among these it is claimed that bees will sometimes injure ripe fruit. To determine whether this accusation is deserved or not an experiment was tried. A quantity of damaged fruit was placed on a table in the open air, and many bees from neighboring hives were quickly attracted to it. After they had gotten fairly to work upon it the damaged fruit was removed and sound fruit put in its place. In a few minutes the bees had all abandoned the table. Most of the damage charged to bees is done by birds, ants, wasps and hornets, but the honey bee is not able to injure sound fruit.—Courier-Journal.

COLOR OF HORSES.

"A great deal of importance is attached by expert horse buyers to the color of horses, particularly with regard to their legs," said a Western stockman. "The best horses I have ever known had their feet and legs marked with white. It is proverbial that sorrel and chestnut horses with white upon their legs are good material, while horses of the same color without a dash of white are often found to be unsafe animals. Many people think that the parti-colored horses belonging to circuses are selected for their oddity, but they are really chosen on account of their gentleness and docility. It is said that a black horse cannot stand the heat, and white horses have been pronounced as unsuited to cold. The physiognomy of horses is also much regarded. If he is full and broad between the eyes, he is supposed to have superior sense and to be easily trained, but if he has a sharp, narrow face, be careful how much you trust him."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

COLORING BUTTER.

There is no deceit or dishonesty in coloring butter, any more than in dyeing silks or woolen cloths to suit the fancy or taste of the purchaser. If people like yellow butter, and they seem to do so, it is a perfectly proper act to supply them with the "painted" butter, as it is sometimes called. It is a mistake to think that the butter of a Jersey cow is always of the high color believed to be a special attribute of those cows. The butter can be colored grass is the standard color of the best quality, but most of the Jersey butter is colored, even in the summer. A really good cow, however, will yield yellow butter in the winter, when fed on clover hay and corn meal, while corn fodder and bran or oats will give a lighter shade. The best dairymen color their butter, and that at the Chicago test was colored, but it seems a farce that the color of the butter made was counted as ten points in the scale of excellence, when it was artificial. The true test should have been butter uncolored, and this would have been really a test of the animals. The Guernsey cow usually made the best colored butter at Chicago.—New York Times.

SHEEP AND WEEDS.

My attention was first called to the fact of sheep eating weeds in preference to grass, writes D. A. Kent, when I was a lad in charge of a flock of sheep. There were a thousand of them and I was keeping them on the virgin prairie. This pasturage was almost limitless and abounded in the choicest of prairie grass. Yet the sheep would travel over the prairie selecting certain weeds, most prominent of which was the "white-topped milk weed." I have seen our sheep eat the seed pods of the honey locust. I have also seen them peel the bark from the alder bush and young apple trees. They seem to hunger for something bitter. Whether this is due to a badseate condition of the stomach or whether it is the natural habit of the animal might be a question. The horse has a hunger for the bitter bark of trees, especially the aspen or the willow, and every horse should have poles of these trees lying before him, especially in the winter time. The fact that these animals show a relish for plants containing a bitter principle proves that they eat them by choice and not through the force of starvation.—Rural Life.

WHY MILKING MACHINES FAIL.

The difficulty in the way of milking machines is not one of mechanics but of nature. Milk-giving is a natural function, and it requires stimulation through the nervous system. An unmilked cow will dry up. A cow milked by a calf has a shorter period of milk-giving than one milked by hand. At a certain age the calf becomes too obstreperous to coax the lacteal flow and the cow doesn't fully respond. There is a wide difference also in milkers—some getting more milk and more butter fat in the same quantity than others.

Successful milking depends upon a manipulation which is pleasing to the cow—one which creates sympathy. It must cause a reflex action, the milk being secreted during the operation and the extent of the secretion being governed by the feelings of the cow. No machine can influence the emotional nature as can an intelligent handling by a sympathetic living being. The emotions are not controlled by the laws of mechanics. Friendship, love, sympathy are not mechanical productions. A cow milked by machinery does not receive that sympathetic stimulus of nerves that is necessary to the best results. This has so far been a bar to all machine work, and perhaps always will be.

But the dairyman need not be unhappy because of this fact. If milking were a merely mechanical operation, milking machines would be as plentiful as sausage grinders and dairying would be revolutionized. Revolutionizing means that those now in the business would be turned under and ground to death. It would be carried on by large establishments and the small farmer can't compete with them any more than he can with the big packing houses in curing meat. The small farmer has now the advantage in dairying. He can milk the cows his small farm will support. Could the large farmer milk all the cows his large farm would support, he would have an advantage over the small farmer. A successful machine might be a public benefit through cheapening production and lowering prices for the consumer, but it would certainly throw the present army of small dairymen out of work.—Orange Judd Farmer.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Celery plants will not stand drought.

Wax beans may be planted even as late as this month, and will give a supply, if frost does not appear too early in the fall.

Cut back the young raspberry canes when they are three feet high and they will have stronger branches than if cut back when full grown.

It is claimed that a strong decoction of smartweed applied once or twice a day to the cattle will keep off flies. The decoction of walnut leaves is another preventive.

For the squash vine borer there is no certain remedy, but for the squash bug use Scotch snuff three parts and insect powder one part, well mixed, and dust the mixture on and around the vines.

The advice of a practical dairyman is to milk a cow with her first and second calves until, at least, within two months of when she is expected to calve; this is the surest and best way of making a persistent milker.

Here is a well tried fly remedy: Mix three quarts of train oil, one quart crude petroleum and one ounce carbolic acid. Apply to the animal with a sponge. An application once in five days will give very satisfactory results.

One dairyman has reached the conclusion that no self-respecting cow will pay more for her feed and care than it is worth. Her milk is her capital, and if you get it you must pay for it, and you get what you pay for and no more.

If short of pasturage or fodder or both, sow some rye or oats for fall feed. If an open winter a good field of rye will furnish much feed all winter. If not desired for a grain crop it may be turned under in the spring and corn planted.

Many farmers in the drouth-stricken regions are cutting the ruined corn with their harvesters. This is expected to make better feed than ordinary wild hay. The bundles should be well cured in the shock, then stacked in narrow ricks near the feeding place.

Summer or winter we should not try to carry cattle through on a single ration; the addition of meal or oil cake will not only soon pay for itself, but will cause the regular food to show better results. Grass only, even in the flesh of summer pasture, does not give the best results.

When the ground becomes very dry the roots of beets and turnips are apt to split with the sudden start they will make with the first good rain. The preventative is cultivation to keep the soil crumbly and as a mulch, thus preventing evaporation of the moisture that may remain in the soil.

A duck raiser says that Pekin ducks are profitable, both as market fowls and egg producers. They lay from 100 to 150 eggs each year, and by good feeding can be made to weigh five pounds when ten weeks old. A good grass run is one of the things needful in order to grow them with profit.

Knowing, as we do the slight cost of raising guineas, we are constantly surprised that so few of them are found on our farms. They are a lapful for the farm better than for the small poultry keeper, as they need a wide range. If this is sufficient, they will gather almost all their own food in the fields and meadows.

No doubt that one reason corn is so much used for feeding poultry and stock is that it is such a handy food, but a writer suggests that if you would lay in a good supply of other things and put them at the start where they would be equally handy, you would soon get in the habit of using them to advantage and profit.

Irregularity in feeding interferes with the secretion of milk in dairy cows; with fattening stock it interferes with digestion, and consequently with the laying on of fat; it makes horses become balky and temperamental and out themselves and their stable doors. Does the master never get restless when dinner is not just on time?

The skim milk from one cow is estimated to be worth $20 a year. So far as its actual proportion of nutritious matter is concerned it is more valuable than cream, because it contains the protein and mineral matter. Its value on the farm depends on the use to which it is applied. It should furnish sustenance for two pigs in a year if used in connection with clover and grain.

Welled at Ten Years.

Everywhere in the East, and especially in Hindustan and Nepaul, marriages are made at a very early age. Parents contract for the wedding of their children while they are yet but little boys and girls, and neither the boy nor the girl has any voice in the matter. They are simply coupled with all the ceremony and extravagant display that the parents on both sides can afford, and then the poor little things go back to their homes, to be nursed and petted and trained until they are old enough to have a home of their own. Thus this little King of Nepaul, the eighth royal Ghorka who had come to the throne, was married when he was ten years old to a baby Princess half his age, chosen for him from one of the royal families of Northern India. Nor did it ever occur to the Prime Minister, or the priests, or the astrologers, or the match-makers, that either the bridegroom or the bride had anything whatever to do with the business.

But the wedding was "perfectly splendid." A picturesque concourse of Asiatic guests, with a sprinkling of European strangers, was gathered in the pavilions and rotundas of the palace; and there was profuse distribution of pretty souvenirs and gifts among them. Every one received something—a nosegay of rare Eastern flowers emblematic of happiness and joy, a miniature phial of attar of roses, a little silver flask of delicate perfume, a dainty scarf or handkerchief sprinkled with rose water, a carious fan, a fantastic toy of ivory, a lacquer box. And then came the little King—alone of course, for an Oriental bride must not be exposed to the public gaze—borne on a silver litter curtained in orange and purple satin, embroidered with gold, and hung with massive bullion fringe. Seated on a great cushion of cloth of gold piled with shawls of Cashmere and Canton, he was borne around the rotunda, a luminous vision of flashing jewels, and a musical murmur of tiny bells, from his plumed helmet to his slippers.

And when he had made his royal salaam, or salutation, to the guests and departed, the tamasha began—that is, the grand show and the glorious fun; the nautch maidens, or dancing girls, the musicians and jugglers, the glass-eaters and sword-swallowers, the Nutt gypsies, who are wonderful gymnasts and acrobats, and the Bhootiyan wrestlers from the mountains.—St. Nicholas.

Testing the Quality of an Umbrella.

"The best way to test the value of an umbrella," observed a young man, "is to use it for a walking stick on a plank sidewalk. If the umbrella is not worth carrying home, it will not catch between the planks. If it is fairly good, it will only catch occasionally and break where it can be mended. If it is extra good, it will snap in three places and the jagged ends will stick through the cover."—Kansas City Times.

A heavy dew is the precursor of rain because it shows that the atmosphere is saturated with moisture.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE MASON SPIDER.

The Wonderful Nest This Intelligent Creature Constructs.

The mason spider, a native of the tropics and found in large numbers in the West Indies, uses a wonderful intelligence in building its nest. This nest is formed of very hard clay, colored deeply with brown oxide of iron. It is constructed in the form of a tube, about one inch in diameter and six or seven long. Their first labor is to line it, which they do with a uniform tapestry of orange-colored web, of a texture rather thicker than fine paper. This lining is useful for two important purposes; it prevents the walls of the house from falling down, and also, by being connected with the door, it enables the spider to know what is going on above, for the entire web vibrates when one part is touched. The nest is supplied with an ingeniously contrived door. It is composed of twelve or more layers of web, similar to that with which the inner part of the nest is lined; these are laid very closely one over the other, and managed so that the inner layers are the broadest, the others gradually diminishing in size, except near the hinge, which is about an inch longer; and as all the layers are united there, and prolonged into the tube, it is necessarily the firmest and strongest portion of the entire structure. The materials are so elastic, that the hinge shuts as if it had a spring, and of its own accord. Should the door be entirely taken away, another will soon be put in its place. These spiders hunt their prey at night, and devour them in their nests, which are generally found scattered all over with the fragments of their repasts. A pair of spiders, with thirty or forty young ones, often live together in one nest such as we have described.