Agricultural.

FARM, FIELD, GARDEN.

TO WIDE AWAKE READERS WHO HAVE COUNTRY HOMES.

Pomologist Van Deman's Advice to the Owners of Worn Out Farms and Worthless Tracts of Land—The Commercial Value of the Chestnut Tree Noted.

In Pomologist Van Deman's last annual report to the secretary of agriculture he calls attention to the growing importance of nut culture in general and that of the chestnut in particular. He says: Among the native nuts there are perhaps none of more importance than the chestnut. It grows naturally over a large part of the United States, beginning with Kentucky and Ohio, reaching northeast to the boundary and eastward to the Atlantic ocean. The wild nut is exceedingly rich in flavor and very sweet. In these respects it is superior to the European or the Asiatic strains. Moreover our native chestnut seems to thrive much better than the foreign varieties, but in the size of nuts the latter have the advantage. A number of varieties of our American species have been brought to notice, and are now propagated by grafting and budding, showing signs of a decided improvement as compared with the ordinary kinds found in the forests.

There are in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky, Eastern Tennessee and the mountain regions of the Carolinas and northern Georgia, and all that part of our country lying northward of the states named (except in northern New York and a part of the New England states, where the climate is not suitable), large tracts of lands now yielding small returns which might be profitable if planted with chestnuts. Many old worn out fields which are practically worthless in their present condition might be thus turned to good account. The timber would be commercially valuable, but the nuts would bring much larger returns to the owner. Once started and cultivated for a few years, until they begin to shade the ground, the trees would require very little further attention except to thin them out. As an article of food the chestnut is very valuable, but at present the prices are very high. Even the common nuts from ungrafted trees would repay the use of the land, but it would be much better to plant only grafted trees of the choicer varieties.

Perhaps the most valuable variety yet introduced is the Paragon, about the origin of which little appears to be known. The leaves differ slightly from those of our native species, and some growers think this variety may have some foreign stock in it. It was first brought to notice by H. M. Engle, of Pennsylvania. On his grounds the Paragon has proven thrifty, bearing abundantly and at an early age nuts quite large, averaging in some instance an ounce in weight. A variety named Dupont has been received from Delaware and is a pure native seedling without doubt. The original tree, near Dover, Del., is said to have borne from thirty to forty dollars worth of nuts annually for years past. The nut is almost as large as the Paragon and fully equal to it in flavor.

Importance of Testing Cows.

A very striking instance of the difference in cows, where to an ordinary observer they would appear to have about the same value as dairy animals, was given by Director Collier, of the New York agricultural experiment station, in his address before the Holstein Friesian association, at its fifth annual meeting. As related by the doctor two cows, both beautiful animals and recently in milk, were tested for dairy results at the Geneva station.

At auction it is believed one would not have brought $5 more than the other. These cows stood side by side in their stalls, receiving the same good care and the same food in the same quantities; but one gave, in a week's trial, 53.4 per cent. more milk and 44.8 per cent. more butter than did the other. Upon a second trial, with a change of ration, the one gave 63.6 per cent. more milk and 72.1 per cent. more butter than the other, and upon a third trial one gave 73.9 per cent. more milk and 66.7 per cent. more butter than did the other.

Upon a fourth trial the one gave 71.8 per cent. more milk and 94 per cent. more butter, and finally, upon the fifth and last trial, the one gave 64.3 per cent. more milk and 74.5 per cent. more butter. The average of the five tests shows that one gave 66.2 per cent. more milk and 69.4 per cent. more butter than did the other.

With such a well attested case of disparity between animals where it would scarcely be suspected, dairymen and farmers cannot be too careful in testing the individuals of their herds.

Uses for a Ten-Foot Rod.

Among the things which are found convenient in every farmer's workshop is a ten-foot pole, made thus: A piece of wood, 1½ inches square and 10 feet long, is nicely smoothed with the plane and then marked as follows: One side has a mark every three feet to indicate yards, another side is marked every two feet, the third side is marked every foot, while the fourth side has feet, inches and half inches, the pocket rule furnishing the smaller subdivisions of an inch. This measure will be found useful in many places. For instance, when a small building is being started stakes are set in the ground at each corner. The proper angle of the sills may be found by measuring 8 feet on one and 6 feet on the other. Bring them together until the ten-foot pole just reaches both marks, and a right angle is the result. Again, the proper length for a post to support a low roof is quickly measured with such a pole. If a corn crib is being built, 6 feet wide at the bottom, 7 at the top and 9 feet high, the proper length of the various scantling is readily measured off. Many other uses will be suggested when this simple implement is at hand.—American Agriculturist.

HORSESHOEING.

Resolutions Adopted at a Recent Convention of English Veterinary Surgeons.

1. The foot should have only so much horn removed from it at each shoeing as is necessary for the proper fitting of the shoe and no more.

2. The frog should take a bearing on the ground, but no other part of the frog should be weakened to give this healthy action.

3. Shoes cannot be too tight if they give sufficient wear.

4. The width of a shoe need be no more than is necessary to cover the bearing surface.

5. Nails are the most secure and simple fastening for horseshoes, and a properly driven nail never does any harm.

6. The most important requisite in horseshoeing is the adoption of a correct system, not the use of any special form of shoe.

7. All shoes should have a level bearing on the foot extending from the toe to the heel.

8. The ground surface of a shoe should follow the form of the ground surface of an unshod foot which has traveled on a level road.

9. No better form of shoe exists than a narrow one made rather thicker at the quarters than at the heel and toe.

10. The recent proposal to affix shoes to feet (without nails) by broad projections into the hoof and by pressure round the wall is impracticable and injurious.

11. No advantage follows the retention of shoes on a foot for more than four weeks, as the growth of the horn in that time produces a disproportionate hoof. If in this time a shoe is not worn out it should be removed.

Keeping Milk Sweet.

The length of time which milk can be kept in a condition of freshness as when just drawn from the cow is a very limited one at the longest, depending as it does on the general temperature, and especially on that of the place where the milk is stored. In sultry summer days, with electrical disturbances, milk will often sour in a few hours in a comparatively cool place. Even in cold, freezing weather its change from sweetness to sour and bitter is only a question of a few days, and its freshness as new milk is very much sooner lost. There is scarcely anything more susceptible to the influence of mould, foul odors and unfavorable temperatures and conditions than milk, and one person is about as competent to determine the length of its keeping qualities by actual experiment as another. Nothing can be safely put into milk to preserve it. The best method of keeping it sweet in a fluid state is to treat it in the same way that fruits are canned. In this way it may be preserved sweet for a long time, but it will lose the freshness of newly drawn milk. When treated in this manner it should be put up in glass bottles and be stored in a dark, cool room.

On this subject Hoard's Dairyman advises when handling milk for long keeping to pour it from one vessel to another, or by other means of agitation cool it down to about 55 or 60 degs. before putting it into ice water. The more the milk is agitated while cooling up to the point of safety from churning it the less liable is the butter fat to separate, and as a consequence the better it will be in transportation to the cheese factory or a customer.

Drying Fruit.

At a meeting of California horticulturists, where the subject of drying fruits was discussed, the members generally expressed themselves as against much doctoring of the fruit, though a judicious use of sulphur was considered beneficial and an aid to the sale of the product. In bleaching the plan is to put the fruit over the fumes of the sulphur directly after cutting, to allow the air no time to blacken it, and leave it in the sulphur from twenty to thirty minutes. If a man expects to make a success of drying fruits he must visit the localities from which the article has been successfully marketed and study the systems employed, said one member. All the speakers advocated the selection of fair fruit for drying, and careful grading and attractive packing.

Fastening Foundation.

The following questions were asked in The American Bee Journal:

1. How do you fasten foundation starters in brood frames? 2. How do you fasten them in sections? The editor replied: 1. If the top bar of the frames is triangular cut in the upper edge of a pile of the foundation with a sharp knife about an inch from the top edge, and from one end to the other about two inches apart. Then take a sheet and bend each alternate piece thus cut forward, and bend back the other alternate pieces; then these will fit over the thin edge of the V top bar. Press into the wood with a knife, chisel or any suitable tool. 2. Use a Parker foundation fastener.

Chicken Chacks.

Charcoal in some form and lime should always be kept convenient where the fowls can help themselves.

Wheat contains a larger per cent. of albumen than any other grain, and for this reason is one of the best to feed hens to promote laying. It should not be made an exclusive food, however.

An observant poultryman says that young turkeys invariably choose the dandelion before all other green food.

Felch tells that green ducklings, celery and, milk and barley fattened, are fast becoming a substitute for the wild duck and game supply of the country, which are on the fast decline.

Cold and damp are fatal to young turkeys.

Of the varieties of game fowls the duck winged is one of the most beautiful.

Weed your flocks of all superfluous roosters and hens that lay only every other day.

Save all the poultry droppings and add to the cre?" column of your account.

The Passion for Knowing.

Knowledge is valuable as a lever to lift men and women to a higher plane of being, but it is not in itself the be-all and the end-all of existence. The passion for knowing is superior to the knowledge itself, but both together are not sufficient to insure the welfare of a nation. There must also be the desire, the effort, and the wisdom so to use the knowledge as to improve and exalt the character, and so to cultivate the whole nature of those we teach as to make them not only better scholars, but better and nobler men and women.—New York Ledger.

Height of Luminous Clouds.

A series of experiments have been conducted in Germany during the past year with the object of determining the height of luminous clouds, and a large number of photographic impressions have been secured. From these a valuable fund of information on cloud phenomena has been gained. The result of comparing the various results obtained at different observatories goes to show that these clouds have the extraordinary altitude of fifty-one and one-half miles above the sea level.—New York Telegram.

You can borrow all the trouble you want without collateral.

"Well, I must go now," said Chollie. "What's your hurry?" asked Ethel. "It is five minutes of 12, and my motto in life is, 'Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.'"

Biggsy—"What's the matter with Beasley?"

Wiggsy—"He used to eat a bowl of eggs for breakfast every morning, and the consequence is he walks bow-legged; see?"

"My father gave me and my brothers some good advice when we started out in the world."

"What did he say?"

"Be not too fond of Es, endeavor to be Ys, and you'll never be set down as Js."

"A Chinaman must have hard work making love," he said suddenly.

"Why?" she asked.

"Well, he can never refer to his sweetheart's eyes as 'beautiful orbs,' and it wouldn't sound nice to call them 'radiant almonds,' because almonds do not radiate."

"He most lives who thinks the most,
Acts the noblest, feels the best,
And he whose heart beats quickest
Lives the longest, lives in one hour
More than in years do some whose
Fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins."

These lines describe that condition of perfect health which all men and women *wish* to enjoy. To be able to think clearly, to incline to do noble acts, to live long and joyously, we must be free from the domination of disease. By taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery we may, by purifying the blood, escape consumption, general debility, and weakness, and *all* blood and skin diseases, and verify the truth of poetry as well as fact. It is *guaranteed* to cure in all cases of diseases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be refunded.

Miscellaneous.

BIG PASSIM.

I stood today in a schoolhouse old,
Where my young steps were light and free,
Through summer's heat and winter's cold,
And all my life was yet to be.
There were bashful girls and boardless youth,
And dog eared books all scattered about;
And the master's likeness, drawn with truth,
On a slate with the corners broken out.

I stood, and all those careless days
O'er my worn heart came drifting back;
The songful ease, the lightsome ways
Which in all after years we lack.
Oh, the curly locks and the laughing girls,
The innocent idyls without alloy!
Oh, the angel in pantalets and curls,
Beloved by me—and that other boy!

Ah, the way she balanced between us twain
Comes back with harrowing force to me!
For the true proportions of bliss, 'tis plain,
Are never wrought out by the "rule of three!"
Well, we know of nuts by the empty shell;
And never the bed of a brook so dry
But the smoothness of its stones will tell
Of the stream that used to go rushing by.

I take my place among those that were,
Content to feel I have had my hour;
The buds are rosy and sweet and fair,
But the fruit comes only after the flower.
Romance and history aye repeat,
And love and youth sustain no loss;
For another girl sits in that angel's seat,
And two other boys throw billets across!
—Clara Marcelle Greene in Journal of Education.

THE CHEMIST'S STORY.

I am a chemist. I am the occupant of this responsible and important position in the medical college of P——.

It was about 1 o'clock on a stormy evening that I bade good night to my student, Tom Richards, at the door of my laboratory, at the south end of the college buildings.

Tom was very anxious to know what would keep me up after 12 o'clock, so I told him I was about to commence analyzing the stomach of a Mrs. Johnson, whose husband lay in P—— jail, just across the road from the college, on suspicion that he was the murderer.

As Tom was passing out of the college yard through the gate, his head turned, and bidding me good night, he brushed against a man standing with his back to the college and his face to the prison. The street lamp showed me that the man was in police uniform.

Re-entering my laboratory I took down a glass jar from the shelf and sat down behind my sink to examine it. An hour had passed since the departure of young Richards. I had labored hard to discover traces of the poison in all this, but had been unsuccessful. Joe Johnson, the suspected man, had been a student of mine a few years before. I thought him a good hearted, intelligent fellow, only a little wild, and really began to hope that he might prove innocent, when, among the macerated food, I came upon a small, infinitesimal white grain. By careful manipulation and the use of my magnifying glass I managed to get this upon a piece of smoked glass and examined it.

I was then certain I had discovered arsenic, but to make assurance doubly sure I determined to apply a well known test for that poison.

"Yes," I exclaimed, as I saw the fatal blazon, "Joe Johnson is the murderer of his wife! With the evidence of that mark to back me no power can save him."

"Do you really think so?" said a calm voice behind me.

I turned quickly and discovered a tall, lank policeman, having red, watery eyes, standing at my office door and staring in. His body looked as if it had been rolled out long before his hands like a molasses candy stick. He had no expression at all in his face, and his policeman's hat was so large that it threatened to settle down on his shoulders. His uniform reassured me and I addressed him with some impatience.

"My friend, I suppose I am wanted to attend an inquest, or what is your purpose?"

I was police surgeon as well as coroner.

"Don't bother, professor; the man ain't dead yet, but they say he will be before morning."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Brain disorder, I mean something wrong here."

I touched my forehead, and so did he as he said: "Ay, as I thought I'd drop in and tell you if you were going to the station to-morrow to take a look and see if it is post mortem or not. Besides I wanted to see where I could always find you in case of need."

I bowed, and attributed his visit to a feeling of curiosity. He sat on the sink, and while his eyes wandered about like one who felt himself called upon to say something, he said:

"Professor, there has been an accident this afternoon—terrible, too."

"What was it?"

"Nitro glycerine explosion up in the iron mills—a hundred fellow mortals busted."

"Sad!"

"Affecting, very." Here he rubbed his mouth with the back of his hand. "Professor, what is that nitro glycerine?"

"It's a very dangerous article," I answered, happy to display my knowledge. "It has nearly twice the destructiveness of gunpowder, but, unlike it, does not explode on the application of heat. A red hot coal dropped into it will not explode it. It will freeze. It is yellow and greasy."

"You don't mean to say so," said the officer, interrupting me in disagreeable tones in the middle of a choice extract from one of my lectures. "Why, but you haven't told me how it goes off. If the fire won't burst it, what in—(hem)—will?"

I told him if it were pressed, or anything fell on it, it would explode.

"Place it under the crusher of a cider mill, strike it with a hammer, let a weight fall on it from a height"——

"Yes," said the man, "and that rouses its volcaner, does it?"

"I suppose, professor, that ere can would make a mighty big noise if allowed to explode here all at once?"

"It would blow the entire building to atoms," said I, resuming the analysis of Mrs. Johnson's stomach.

"No?" I heard the policeman remark in deliberate Yankee tones, "you don't say so?"

The next moment I lay on my back, a gag in my mouth, terribly frightened and sick at heart. Over me stood the policeman and the first thing that functionary did was—looking me straight in the face—to take off his nose. He then rid himself of his eyebrows, hair and cap, and became a determined looking fellow, with the eyes of a fiend and the nose of a Roman.

"So you think," said the metamorphosed, in the tones of a gentleman, "that nothing can save Joe Johnson from the rope? Poor fellow! It does look like it! But my dear professor, Joe Johnson is fortunate enough to have in me a devoted friend as well as brother. I have undertaken to save him, and he shall be saved. In order to accomplish this end it will be necessary to remove from the face of the earth not only the stomach of his miserable wife yonder, but also, my dear professor—I am sorry to be obliged to say it, for I believe you were my brother's teacher and friend—yourself as well." I saw that he was in deadly earnest.

"Your death must apparently result from accident—at least so it must seem to the authorities. My brother is in jail and they will not suspect him, and they certainly will not suspect me."

What terrible deed was in this brain hatching—was he going to murder me? Was it myself who was to hang, instead of Johnson?

No; yes. He placed the line pulley like over an arm of a hanging chandelier. This was altogether too slight a support even for one of my tender frame. It was not to be hanging, then. Under the weight on the floor he placed a can of nitro-glycerine; I recognized the yellow string; it was a fuse, and it would burn in sixty minutes. It would run across the marble slab; there was no hope of igniting any substance that would warn my friends.

"Do you begin to see through it?" asked Joe Johnson's brother.

I believe I cursed him with my eyes. I could only breathe through my nostrils, and great veins were swelling and growing big in my forehead. Drawing a match from his pocket he lighted and applied it to the fuse; that little tyrant that gave a man an hour to live, to kill him at the end of it—that little irresponsible terror that, less merciful than Providence, told a man the second he was to die, if fright and horror spared him to himself. Slowly the flames crept snake like around the twine.

"In one hour," said the prisoner's brother, "you will be in heaven or hell. I will watch with you for half an hour, and the other half you will spend alone."

He sat down some minutes in a chair watching the flame. Then he arose and took a piece of porcelain, with the murderer's name thereon, from the table, and shook his head gloomily.

"I am chemist enough to know it is arsenic," he said. "Yes, those bright, metallic eyes, a betrayal of the guilty! Science, thou wouldst kill my brother—thou shalt save him. Let me see in whose hands thou art the most powerful."

The half hour wore slowly away. Oh, heavens! What agony did I suffer! Not for myself, but for my child. The fuse burned on—on. The half hour is up. The brother of the murderer rises to go. Joy.

"Commit your soul to God's keeping," he said. "You hold the evidence of my brother's guilt—nothing can save you now."

With that he turned to take his hat from off the table covered with the crimson cloth beneath which hid my priceless boy. Something attracted his attention. He held out his hands and reached forward. I thought he had discovered my boy. No; he was lifting something in either hand—the wires of the electric battery. In another instant my boy had leaped from under the table, and was turning the crank fast and furiously.

The murderer's brother was in the power of my boy. He could not drop the wires; he was helpless. How my boy cried for help! The old college rang with his voice. The prisoner's brother added his voice to my boy's in his agony. In an instant a great length burned away. It would just last five minutes and no more.

"Father!" shouted my boy. "if no assistance comes this villain must die with us, I dare not free him. Help! help! help!"

Alas! I could not answer him.

Thank God! But some one else did. The fuse is burned up. The rope is on fire—the nitro glycerine! The door opens; Tom Richards, on a midnight visit to the sick, has heard the cry; he comprehends all; seizes the can in his hand, the weight descends indeed, but not on the death dealing oil. No: down it goes through the office floor—down, down, like an evil spirit, to give back a dull metallic echo from the stones of the cellar beneath.

We are saved.

Joe Johnson, the prisoner, was hanged, but his brother remains unpunished by the law, for he stabbed himself with a knife and thus escaped the hangman's rope.—H. H. in Atlanta Constitution.

The First Horse Trotting.

The first public horse race in America was trotted in 1818 in New York. It had been asserted that there was not a horse in the country which could trot a mile in three minutes. Maj. William Jones, of Long Island, and Col. Bond, of Maryland, sustained the opposition and brought out the horse Boston Blue, which won the race. His time is given as just three minutes. Previous to this, however—in June, 1806—the horse Yankee is reported to have trotted at Hartford, N. Y., in 2:39 on a short track, and Boston Horse is credited with having made a mile at Philadelphia in 1810 in 2:48½.—Detroit Free Press.

A Philosophical Youngster.

Recently a little Lewiston 5-year-old who had been sick was taken for a drive around the lake by his papa. The boy is of as philosophical a turn as Mrs. Alcott's "Demi." "Papa," said he, "who made this lake?" "Why, God, my son." "Didn't he have more than one man to help him," was the young hopeful's next query.—Lewiston Journal.

The politician is like a restless sleeper: first he lies on one side, then t'other.

An undeserved reputation is extremely hard to live up to.

There is nobody or nothing in this world that is so often crossed in love as the front door mat.

As the printer wended his way to her abode he remarked that he was going to press.

The glass that is filled to the brim at night will fill the hat to the brim in the morning.

If delays are dangerous the legal profession contains the pluckiest men in the world.

It is not a bit easier for some people to borrow trouble than it is for others to give it.

The notion that love is blind arose from the fact that lovers get along just as well in the dark.

"The heated term is upon us," said the week's washing as the lady of the house began to iron them.

What was used as a sand-bag by a New York ex-groceryman who followed the sand-bagging trade was found on examination to be filled with sugar.

"Did your wife listen to your excuse for staying out so late last night?"

"Oh, yes, she listened to me, then—"

"Then what?"

"I listened to her."

All men are everlastingly grinding some axe or another, but among them all it's fearfully singular few ever got hold of the axe used for splitting the kindling wood.

"I found this man wandering around the streets in a dazed condition, and I ran him in."

So spoke the officer to the sergeant.

"Where do you belong?" asked that functionary of the prisoner; "have you any home?"

"I had once," was the miserable reply, "but I have no longer; it is all broken up. My wife has been house cleaning for two weeks."

The story goes that an English officer in India, while walking near a jungle, was seized by a tiger. The soldier was smoking a cigarette at the time, and, with rare presence of mind, blew the smoke into the beast's nostrils. It dropped him and fled. We can believe a cigarette and cigarette smoker capable of anything, but in this case it was probably the lye in the ashes of the cigarette that did the business.

Jenks—Singular that the peaceful, mild eyed seal should cause so much trouble between Uncle Sam and John Bull.

Jinks—Peaceful nothing! Mild eyed, fiddlesticks! Mars was nowhere compared to a seal as an element of war. First, civil war in my family about sealskin sacques; now, a threatened war between two nations. Glad when the last seal is dead.

Religious.

A RARE OLD VOLUME.

A COPY OF JOHN WYCLIFFE'S WONDERFUL "NEWE TESTAMENTE."

The Book Is Fully 500 Years Old and Is in the Possession of a Gentleman Living at Brighton, England—A Magnificent Specimen of Penmanship.

A writer in The Churchman says that through the courtesy of Mr. Henry Willett, of Brighton, England, he has had the privilege of inspecting a very rare volume, viz., a MS. copy of "The Newe Testamente" as translated into English by John Wycliffe. The volume is probably 500 years old. Its intrinsic value is much increased by the national and historical circumstances which gave rise to its existence. John Wycliffe, the "morning star of the reformation," hesitated not at persecution. His life was a succession of martyrdoms, with death only omitted.

"The Newe Testamente" itself is an enduring monument of the patient industry and artistic skill of the clever penman who executed it; and it is a source both of wonder and admiration to think that there must have been sent forth hundreds of similar manuscript copies of not only "The Newe Testamente," but of the whole Bible!

If "The Newe Testamente" in Mr. Willett's possession is a fair sample of these works, and doubtless it is, writing at the period must have been elevated into a fine art. The book is about demy octavo in size, some 8 inches by 5 inches. It contains some 200 or 250 leaves of vellum, and these are of such uniform thinness as to be easily mistaken for ordinary paper. The title page of the book is wanting. The contents do not run throughout in the same order as the modern New Testament, though commencing with the gospels and ending with the Apocalypse. This latter is entitled the "Apocalips of Joon," and the Acts as "Ye Dedis of Apostalis." The divisions of the text throughout the work are simply indicated by colored initial letters, and the verses are not numbered, the writing being continuous. After the Apocalypse follow some helps to religion, such as the first lines of the ten commandments and the seven virtues. These again are succeeded by a table of lessons for Sundays, Wednesdays and saints' days throughout the year—an exceedingly beautiful specimen of arrangement and of black letter writing.

The pages of the Testament itself are divided into two columns, each containing about forty lines. These lines are throughout equidistant, and the letters are so admirably shaped and so uniform in size that at a first glance they might be regarded as ordinary printing. The writing was evidently systematically done, and one gets a clew to this from the fact that preceding the matter in the book is a page lightly but accurately ruled, ready to be written upon. The division between the two columns in each page is about a quarter of an inch in width, and this appears to have been made to afford space for the display of the beautiful initial letters which, drawn in violet ink, with red ink ornamentations, run through the work. And wonderful specimens of penmanship these initial letters are; each, in fact, is a work of art. There would seem to be but few errors in the transcription. In the seventh chapter of the Apocalypse two omissions appear at the side of the page. Possibly the transcriber, nearing the close of his work, was a little tired. If so, his previous labors should secure for him absolution!

Barbarism in New Mexico.

Under the heading "Barbarism in New Mexico" the last number but one of The Spirits of Missions (Protestant Episcopal magazine) publishes the following: "Though there are now about 100,000 Americans in New Mexico and Arizona, yet the Mexicans form the bulk of the population in the former very extensive territory. They live for the most part in small adobe houses, and they are very ignorant and superstitious. A missionary laboring among them says: 'The people in this place are industrious, but they are living in darkness and superstition. They believe in witches. They believe that people turn into cats, and may become men and women again at pleasure. The paganism in this land of Christian liberty would astonish eastern people. We call it home missionary work. It is as foreign as though the Pacific ocean separated us from the United States. The present condition of these people is the result of 200 years of darkness. Could you see the blood streaming from the wounds of these "penitentes," and many other acts of barbarism, your hearts would be touched.'"

A Magnificent Denver Church.

Harper's Weekly for June 14 contains a description, with illustrations, of Trinity Methodist Episcopal church, of Denver, Colo. This church, says The Weekly, represents in actual valuation more than $250,000, and is one of the most magnificently appointed churches in America. Attached to the church is an elegant parsonage, the cost of which, including lots and furnishings, amounted to $30,000. The organ is the greatest organ in America, constructed at a cost of $30,000. The description further says that the church occupies four lots on the northeast corner of Eighteenth street and Broadway, which were purchased at a cost of $75,000. The stained glass windows are very artistic and effective, as is also the fresco."

Distribution of Foreign Missionaries.

The distribution of foreign missionaries in the chief missionary fields is reported to be as follows: China has one ordained missionary to each 733,000 of population; Siam, one to each 600,000; Corea, one to each 500,000; India, one to each 350,000; Africa, one to each 300,000; Japan, one to each 215,000; Burmah, one to each 200,000. Nearly all the missionaries in Africa are around the coast. In Central Africa and the Soudan there is as yet only one missionary to each 5,000,000 people.

CHRISTIANITY IN CANTON.

Daily Preaching by Native and Foreign Evangelists.

In Canton, China, with its 1,500,000 inhabitants, there are fifteen Christian chapels where missionaries and the native ministers preach the gospel, not on Sunday only, but daily, and from two to four hours each day, to audiences varying from fifty to several hundreds. After the sermon Chinese evangelists continue the service. Free conversations and discussions follow; rooms are at hand for private conferences and Christian books and tracts are kept in readiness and disposed of in large numbers.

The preaching halls are thronged during the hottest months—July, August and September—and from noon till 3 o'clock, the hottest part of the day. Tens of thousands of visitors to the city have heard the gospel in these chapels and halls, and have carried it hundreds of miles into the interior.

The missionary encounters these in the most remote places on his inland tours, and sometimes listens with surprise while they repeat the substance of the discourse which they have heard. The dialect used by most of the missionaries in preaching is the Punti, or pure Cantonese, by which they have access to twenty millions of people.

Christianity in India.

As India is engrossing at the present time so much of the attention of the Christian church, fighters relating to its people and their religion may be useful. In March, 1886, the population of British India, including the protectorates and feudatories, was reckoned by the government at 269,000,000. It is calculated that there are about 2,000,000 of Christians in India, counting Roman Catholics, Protestants and adherents of what are known as the eastern churches. To the Roman Catholic church about 1,000,000 adherents are assigned; to the Syrian, Armenian and Greek churches about 300,000; to the Church of England, 300,000; to the Presbyterian churches, 20,000, and to other Protestant communions, 188,000. There are still 106,000,000 men and 111,000,000 women who can neither read nor write. The different languages spoken are 109.

Receipts of the American Board.

The donations to the American board for the month of May are $914.80 smaller than the same month last year. The legacies are larger by $6,805.87. The increase in nine months in donations is $30,562.64, and in legacies $92,978.09. The total receipts for nine months are $454,298.84. The total appointments of missionaries and assistant missionaries since Nov. 1 are fifty-six—twenty-one men, thirty-five women. Of the men five are graduates of Yale, four of Chicago, three of Oberlin, two of Hartford, one of Andover, one Presbyterian, one Methodist, one physician, two unordained, one taking theology under private instructor. Micronesia, which has been so crippled in its force by deaths and removals, it is stated, is to be reinforced by eleven missionaries.

Cardinal Lavigerie.

Cardinal Lavigerie, says The Catholic Review, is living long enough to see the seeds that he planted above ground and blooming. His cathedral is built and consecrated, its chapter of canons been appointed, its seminary open and he has presided over the first council of Carthage. His see, under his wonderful management, is developing into new and vigorous life and will surely do much for the salvation of the dark continent. An exchange compares his activity with that of St. Augustine, for he has done the work of a score of men in promoting the anti-slavery crusade, and yet has never permitted the work of his diocese to cease for an instant. Years of labor have broken his body but not the spirit, and he will always be one of the most imposing figures of this century.

The Hindoo Religion Undermined.

Sir Alfred Croft, the British director of public instruction at Bengal, India, after referring to the undermining of Hindooism by English education, remarks: "As to the old religion I have derived the impression that no foundation is left; that educated Hindoo society, in its traditional observance of ordinary moral laws, is in fact 'working without sanctions.' The vague form of theism to which, at the best, the popular religion has been reduced in the minds of educated Hindoos is altogether too thin and colorless to supply the emotional force, without which theological propositions are powerless to influence conduct."

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

There are 334 Congregational churches in Connecticut, with a total membership of 12,840. The average salary of the settled pastors is $1,200.

It is stated that there are 459 Sunday schools in Chicago, with an attendance of 124,250 scholars. The Methodists lead with 96 schools and 23,493 scholars.

Dr. Charles Ray Palmer has been elected by the Congregational general conference of Connecticut as delegate to the International Council to be held in London next year.

According to the action of the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, the lay members are next fall to vote on the question whether women shall be eligible as lay delegates to the electoral and general conferences of the church.

The joint committee of the Methodist New Connection and the Methodist Free Churches of England has issued a report, which declares in substance that the union of the two bodies is not only desirable but practicable. The report will be presented to the annual assembly of each of the bodies. It is thought that it will result in their union.

Notwithstanding the decision of the supreme court of Wisconsin that the reading of the Bible in the public schools of that state is unconstitutional, the school board at Egerton has continued to use the Bible in its opening exercises. The result has been the issue of a mandamus commanding the board to cause the teachers to cease the practice.

MY LITTLE NEIGHBOR.

She stood at the open window,
A picture sweet and fair;
My neighbor's little daughter,
A lassie with nut brown hair.
A bonnie, winsome lassie,
With a face like a blossom sweet
She stood at the open window
Watching the busy street.

Homesick and sad and lonely,
At the close of the summer day,
I stood at my open window
On the other side of the way.
And I saw the little maiden,
So near me and yet so far;
In her innocent, childish beauty,
As pure as the angels are.

And a smile of radiant beauty,
As she saw me, flashed over her face
Like a ray of golden sunshine
That lights up some darkened place.
No more was I sad and lonely,
And gone where the shadows gray,
For that smile of friendly greeting
Had banished the gloom away.

Oh, bonnie little maiden,
If wish of mine could bring
Earth's choicest, richest blessings
To thee, on fortune's wing,
How free from care or sorrow
Thy happy life would be,
My neighbor's little daughter.
The lassie who smiled at me.
—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Statues in London.

Near one of the entrances of the most beautiful park in London there are four eyesores that were once, no doubt, pretty groups of statuary. It is years since I noticed them first, but even then they were hardly recognizable as ever having been ornamental. And there they stand yet, blotched, battered, scabbed scarecrows, such as one could not match in any town in the world. Half the statues in London look like the victims of erysipelas. In some the disease is more advanced than in others. Queen Anne's was the most distressing case. The figure of that sovereign lady in St. Paul's churchyard was minus its nose when I saw it first, and remained in that state for about ten years. And goodness knows, a nose is a useful member in England, in winter especially.—Max O'Rell.

Curiosities of the Patent Office.

The records of the patent office show some most remarkable devices. Among the instances of this lately quoted is an automatic bath tub, which starts the hot and cold water at a given time in the morning, maintains exactly the right temperature by a thermostatic arrangement, rings a bell when the bath is ready, and two minutes later suddenly drops the sleeper's pillow and turns him out. On the principle that prevention is better than cure another genius has devised an "illuminated cat." This animal is built of pasteboard and made luminous with phosphorous, and her steady glare through the livelong night fills the souls of the rats and mice with dismay. —New York Commercial Advertiser.

My love was like a lily fair,
Low drooping in the sultry air,
My heart was rent with grief and care,
I loved her well.

But lo! the wonder grows and grows;
My love's now like a blooming rose,
How bright her face with beauty glows,
I dare not tell.

The wandering bee would stop to sip
The nectar of her perfect lip,
'Twas Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription wrought the spell.

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9. Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo	25
10. Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach	25
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