THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY

SERMON.

Text: "Ch, that one would give me drink is by the gate."-2 Samuel, xxiii., 15.

War, always distressing, is especially ruinons in harvest time. When the crops are all ready for the sickle, to have them trodden down by cava'ry horses and heavy supply trains gullying the fields, is enough to make any man's heart sick. When the last great war broke out in Europe, and France and Germany were coming into horrid collision, I the acress their go'den harvests, and saw the tents pitched, and the trenches dug in the very intest of the ripe fields, the long southe of battle sharpening to mow diwn harvests of men great enrows of the dead. It was at this season of harvest that the army of the Philistings came down upon Bethlebem. Hark to the stanes of their voices, the neighing of their chargers, the blare of their trumpets, and the

clash of their shields! Let David and his men fall back! The toris has sometimes loses the day. ant David knew where to hide. He at been brought up in that country. Boys are inquisitive, and they know all about theregion where they were forn and brought If you should go back to the old bome and you could, with your eyes shut, find your way to the meadow, or the orchard, or the hill back of the house, with which you familiar thirty or forty years ago. haved knew the cave of Adullam. Perhaps, in his boxhood days; he had played "hideand we with his comrades all about the old, cave; and though others might not have known it, David did. Travelers say there is only one way of get ting into that cave and that is by a very narrow path; but David was stout, and steady-headed, and steady nervel; and so, with his three brave staff officers, he goes along that path, finds his way into the cave, sits down, looks around the roof and the dark passages of the mountain, feels very weary with the forced march; and water he must have, or die. I do not know but there may have been drops trickling down the side of the cavern, or that there may lave been some water in coat-skin slung to his girdle; but that was not what he wanted. He wanted a deep, full, cold drink, such as a man gets de out of an old well with moss-covered bucket. David remembered that very near that cave of Adu'lam there was such a well as that, a well to which he used to go in boyland-the we'l of Bethfeliem; and he almost imagines that he can hear the liquid plash of that well, and his purched tongue moves through his hot lips as he says: "Oh, that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Pethlehem, which is by the gate!" It was no sooner said than done. The three hrave staff-officers bounded to their feet and tart. Brave soldiers will take even a hint from their commander. But between them and the well lay a host of the Philistines; and what could three men do with a great army? . Yet where there is a will there is a way, and, with their swords s'ashing this way and that, Philistines are amazed at the sceming fool-

drink of the well of Bethlehem, which is by A text is of no use to me unless I can find Christ in it; and unless I can bring a Gospel out of these words, that will arouse and comort and bless, I shall wish I had never seen them; for your time would be wasted, and against my soul the dark record would be made that this day I stool before a great audience of sinning, suffering, and dying men, and told them of no rescue. By the cross of the Son of God, by the throne of the eternal udgment, that shall not be! May the Lord Jesus he'p me to tell you the truth to-day! You know that earrier pigeons have some mes letters tied under the wings and they fly hundreds of miles one hundred miles in an hour carrying a message. So I have thought I would like to have it now. Oh, neavenly Dove! bring under thy wing to day, to my soul and to the souls of this people, some message of light, and love, and

make up their minds exactly what it means,

They drop the bucket. They bring

them "ery the Philistines. "Clip them with

your swords! Sta's them with your spears!

Sup tho e three men!" Too late! They are

cone around the bil. The hot rocks are

plasted with the overflowing water from

three men go along the dangerous path, and

with checks flushed with the excitement, and

al, out of breath in their haste they fling their

swords, red with the skirmish, to the side of

he cave, and cry out to David: "There,

aptain of the host, is what you wanted; a

aul, and then start for the cave,

he vessel at it is carried up the cliffs.

three men have come to the well.

water. They pour it in the

It is not an unusual thing to see people gather around a well in summer-time. ausbandman puts down his cradle at the well curb. The builder puts down his trowel The traveler puts down his pack. Then one draws the water for all the rest, himself taking the very last. The cup is passed around, and the fires of thirst are put out; the traveler starts on his journey and the workman takes up his burden

My friends, we come to day around the Gospel well. We put down our pack of burdens and our implements of toil. One man must draw the water for those who have gathered around the well, I will try and draw the water to day; and if, after I have soured out from this living fountain for your toul, I just taste of it myself, you will not begrudge me a "drink from the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is liv the gate,' This Gospel well, like the well spoken of in the text, is a well of Bethlehem. David had known hundreds of wells of water, but he wanted to drink from that particular one, and he thought nothing cou'd s'ake his thirst like that. And unless your soul and mine can get access to the Fountain open for sin and incleanness we must die. That fountain is the well of Bethlebem. It was dug in the night. It was dug by the light of a lantern the star that hang down over the manger. It was dug not at the gate of Carsu's palaces, not in the park of a Jerusalem bargain maker. It was dug in a barn. The camel's lifted their weary heads to listen as the work went on. The shepherds, unable to sleep, because the heavens were filled withlands of music, came down to see the opening of the well. The angels of God, at the first gush of the living water, dipped their chalices joy into it, and drank to the health of Buth and heaven, as they cried: "Glery to God in the highest, and on earth peace. brought through the pipes of the city to the very nostrils of the horses or cattle; but this well in the Bethlehem barn was not so much for the teasts that perish as for our race, thirst-smittlen, desert-traveled and a moonstruck. Oh, my soul, weary with sin, stoop down and drink to day out of that Bethlehem

"As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so my soul panteth after thee, O You would get a better understanding of this amidst the Adirondacks in summer-time. Here comes a swift footed deer. The hounds are close on the track; it has and talk, and talk, and talk, but miserable leaped chasms and scaled chiffs; it is fagged comforters are they all. They can not pour its tongue is lolling from its foaming not bring a single draught of water from though. Faster the deer, faster the dogs, the well of Bethlehem, which is by until it plunges into Schroon Lake and the the gate. But, glory le to Jesus hounds can follow it no farther, and it puts Christ, there is comfort at the gate! down its head and mouth until the nostril is There is life in the well at the gate. If you clean submerged in the cool wave, and I un give me time, I will draw up a promise for derstand it: "As the heart panteth for the every man, woman and child in this house, water brook, so panteth my soul after thee, Ay, I will do it in two minutes. I will lay O God." Oh, bring me water from that we li hold the rope of the old-well. What is your the Salbath-school, bring me some of weary of life-ailments after ailments." I that hving water. Old man, who will draw up a promise: "The inhabitants fifty years ago didst find the well, will never say 'I am sick." What is your bring me some of that water. Stranger in a trouble! "Oh, it is loss of friends-bereavestrange land, who used to hear sung in the ment," you say, I will draw you up a Highlands of Scotland, to the tune of "Bon- promise, fresh and cool, out of the well. me Doon," "The Star, the Star of Bethlehem," bring me some of that water. Whosoever drinketh of that water shall never thirst.

Again, this Gosp I well, like the one spoken of in the text, is a captured well. David re- have a widowed soul, and my children cry for membered the time when that good water of Bethichein was in the possession of his ances- fatherless children 1 will preserve them tors. His father drank there, his mother drank there. He remembered how the water break through the armed ranks of your sortasted when he was a boy, and came up there rows to-day, and bring to your p rehed bips from play. We never forget the old well we "a drink of the waters of the well of Bethleused to drink out of when we were boys orgirls. there was something in it that blessed the irs and refreshed the brow better than any thing we have four I since. As we think of that dear old well, the memories of the past flow into each other like crystalline drops, that the hands that used to hold the rope,

curb are still now. We never get over these reminiscences. George P. Morris, the song writer of this country, said to me that his song. "Woodman spare that tree," was sung in a great concert hall, and the memories of early life were so wrought upon the audience by that song that, after the singing was done, an aged man arose in the audience, overwhelmed with emotion, and said: "Sir. will you please to tell me whether the woodman really spared the tree?" We never forget the tree under which we played. We never forof the water of the well of Bethlehem, which | get the fountain at which we drank. Alas or the man who has no early memories. David thought of that well, that boyhood

well, and he wanted a drink of it, but he renembered that the Philistines had captured it. When these three men tried to come up to the well in behalf of David, they saw swords gleaning around about it. And this is true of this Good well. The Philistines have at times cap'ured it. When we come to take a full, old-fas'uone l drin't of pardon and comfort, do not their swords of indignation and sarcasm flash! Why, the skeptles tell us that we cannot come to that fountain! They say the water is not fit to drink any-"If you are really thirsty now, there is the well of philosophy, there is the well of art, there is the well of science." They try to substitute, instead of our hoyhood faith, a modern mixture. They say a great many beautiful things about the soul, they try to feel our immorhunger on rose leaves, and mix a mint julep of worldly stimulants, when nothing will satisfy us but 'a drink of the

water of the well of Bethlehem, which is at the gate." They try to starve us on husks, when the Father's banquet is ready, and the best ring is taken from the casket, and the sweetest harp is struck for the music, and the swiftest foot is already lifted They patronize beaven and abolish hell, and try to measure eternity with their hour-glass, and the throne of the great God with their yard-stick! I abhor it. I tell you the old Gospel well is a captured well. I pray God that there may be somewhere in the elect host three annointed men, with courage enough to go in the strength of the omnipotent God, with the glittering swords truth, to hew the way back again to that old well. I think the tide is turning, and that the old Gospel is to take its place again in the family, and in the university, and in the legislative hall. Men have tried worldly philosophies, and have found out that they do not give any comfort, and that they drop an arctic midnight upon the death-pillow. They fail when there is a dead child in the house; and when the soul tomes to leap into the fathomless ocean of sternity, they give to the man not so much as a broken spar to cling to. Depend upon it, that well will come into our possession again, though it has been captured. It there be not three anointed men in the Lord's host with enough consecration to do the work, then the sword; will leap from Jehovah's buckler, and the eternal three will descend-God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost-conquering for our dving race the way back again to the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate." be for us, who can be against us?' "If God spared not his own Son, but feeely gave him up for us all, how shall be not with him also freely give us all things?" "For I am persuaded that neither height, nor depth, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, shall take from

in my text, is a well at the gate. The traveler stops the camel to day, and gets down and dips out of the valley of the East, some very beautiful, clear, bright water, and that is out of the very well that David longed Do you know that that well was at the gate, so that nobody could go into Bethlehem without going right past it? And so it is with this Gospel well—it is at the gate. It is, in the first place, at the gate of purifica-We cannot wash away our sins unless with that water. I take the responsibility saving that there is no man, woman, or has escaped sinful defilement. it is outrageous and ungallant for me to make such a charge? Do you "I have never stolen-I have never blasphemed—I have never committed unchastity-I have never been guilty of murder?" I reply, you have committed a sin worse than blasphemy, worse than unchastity, worse than theft, worse than mur-We have all committed it. have by our sins re-crucified the Lord, and that is deicide. And if there be any who dare to plead "not guilty" to the indictment, then the hosts of heaven will be empaneled as a jury to ren ler a unautmous verdict against us; guilty one, guilty all. With what a s'ashing stroke that one passage cuts us away from all our pretensions. "There is none that doeth good—no, not one." "Oh," says some one, "all we want, all the race wants, is development," Now I want to tell you that the race develops without the Gospel into a Sodom, a Five Points, a great Salt Lake City. It always develops downward, and never upward, except as the grace of God lays hold of it. What, then, is to become of our sou without Christ! Banishment. Disaster. But I bless my Lord Jesus Christ that there is a well at the gate of purification. For great sin, great pardon. For eighty years of transgression, an eternity of forgiveness. For crime deep as hell, an atonement high as heaven; that where sin abounded, so grace may much: more abound; that as sin reigned unto death. even so may grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ, our Lord. Angel of the Covenant, dip thy wing in this living fountain to-day, and wave it over this solemn assemblage, that our souls may be washed in "the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate.' Further, I remark that this well of the

Gospel is at the gate of comfort. Do you know where David was when he uttered the words of the text! He was in the cave of Adullam. That 's where some of you are now. Has the world always gone smoothly with you! Has it never pursued you slander! Is your health always Have your fortunes perished? Are your children all alive and well! Is there no dead lamb in the fold-Are you ignorant of the way to the cemetery Have you never heard the bell toll when it seemed as if every stake of the iron clapper beat your heart! Are the skies as bright when you look into them as they used to I when other eyes, now closed, used to look into them! Is there some trunk or drawer in your house that you go to only on anniversary days, when there comes beating against your soul the surf of a great ocean of agony? It is the cave of Adullam! The cave of Adallam! Is there some David here law to the effect that every unmacried kinds being cod, carp, shad, whitefish whose fatherly heart wayward Absolom has broken? Is there some Abraham here who is lonely because Sarah is dead in the family plot of Machpelah! After thirty or forty years of companionship, how hard it was for them to part! Why not have two seats in the Lord's chariot, so that both the old folks might have gone up at once! My age I mother, in her last moment, said to my father: "Father, woulan't it be nice if we could both go together?" No, no, no. We must part. And there are wounded hearers here to day. The world cannot comfort you. What can it bring you! Nothing Nothing The salve They cannot, with their bungling surgery Zopper the Naamathite, and Bildad the

mend the broken bones Shuhite, and Eliphaz the Temanite, come in. its eyes are rolling in death; light into the cave of Adullain. They can be seen only in her bath, from the luxu Little child, who has learned of Jesus in trouble? "Ch," you say, "I am so sick, so am the resurrection and the life; he that islieveth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." What is your trouble! You say it Oh that one would give me drink of the wa is the infirmities of old age. I will draw you ter of the well of Bethlehem which is by the up a promise: "Down to old age I am with thee, to hoary hairs will I carry thee." What is your trouble! "Oh," you say, "I

hem, which is by the gate." Again, the Gospel well is at the gate of heaven. I have not heard yet one single intelligent account of the future world from anybody who does not believe in the Bible. an glinted, and all the more as we remember I do not want to go to the skeptic's heaven, to They throw such a fog about the subject that

bread." I bring up this promise: "Leave thy

the poorest room in your house for the finest heaven that Huxley, or Stuart Mill, or Darwin ever dreamed of. Their heaven has no Christ in it: and a heaven without Christ, though you could sweep the whole universe into it, would be a bell. Oh. they till us there are no songs there; there are no coronations in heaven-that is all imagination. They tell us we will do there about what we do here, only on a larger scale-geometrize with clearer intellect, and with alpenstock go clambering up over the icebergs in an eternal vacation. Rather than that, I turn to my Bible, and I find John's picture of that good land-that heaven which was your lullaby in infancy-that heaven which our children in the Sabbath school will sing about this afternoon-that heaven which has

a "well at the gate." After you have been on a long journey, and you come in all bedusted and tired, to your home, the first thing you want is rereshing ablution, and I am glad to know that after we get through the pilgrimage of this world-the hard, dusty pilgrimage-we will find a well gate. In that one wash, away will go our sins and sorrows. I do not care whether cherub, or seraph, or my own departed friends in that blessed land place to my lips the cup, the touch of that cup will be life, will be heaven! I was read ing of how the ancients sought for the fountain of perpetual youth. They thought if they could only find and drink out of that well, the old would be ome young again, the sick would be cured, and everybody would have eternal juvenescence. Or course, they could not find it. Eureka! I have found it! The water of the well of Bethlehem, which s by the gate.

I think we had better make a bargain with those who leave us, going out of this world from time to time, as to where we will meet them. Travelers parting appoint a place of meeting. They say, "we will meet at Rome, or we will meet at Stockholm, or Vienna, or Jerusalem, or Bethle-Now, when we come to stand by the death-pillow of those who are leaving us for the far land, do not let us weep as though we would never see them again, but let us, there standing, appoint a place where we will meet. Where shall it be? Shall it be on the banks of the river! No. The banks are too long. Shall it be in the temple? No: no. There is such a host there-ten thousand times ten thousand. Where shall we meet the loved ones: Let us make an appointment to meet at the well by the gate. Oh, heaven! Sweet heaven! Dear heaven! Heaven, where our good friends are! Heaven, where Jesus is! Heaven! Heaven!

But while I stand here there comes a revul

sion of feeling when Hook into your eyes and know there are souls here dying of thirst, notwithstanding the well at the gate. Be tween them and the well of heaven there is a great army of sin; and though Christ is ready to clear a way to that well for them. they will not have his love or intercession. But I am glad to know that you may come vet. The well is here—the well of heaven. Come: I do not care how feeble you are. Let me take hold of your arm, and steady you up to the well curb. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come." I would rather win one soul to Christ this morning than wear the crownof the world's dominion. Do not let any man go away and say I did not invite him, Oh, if you could only just look at my Lord once; if you could just see him full in the face; ald only do as that woman d whom I read about at the beginning of the services-just come up behind him and touch his feet-methinks you would live. In Northern New Jersey, one winter, three little children wandered off from home in a snow storm. Night came on. Father and mother said. "Where are the children:" They could not be found. They started out in haste, and the news ran to the neighbors, and before morning it was said that there were hundreds of men hunting the mountains for those three children, found them not. After a while a man imagined there was a place that had not been looked at and he went and saw the three children. He examined their bodies. He found that the older boy had taken off his coat and wrapped it around the younger one, the baby, and then taken off his vest and put it around the other one; and there they all died, he probably the first, for he had no coat or vest. Oh, it was a touching scene when that was brought to light! I was on the ground little while after, and it brought the whole scene to my mind, and I thought to myself of a more melting scene than that: when Jesus, our elder brother, took off the rob of his royalty and laid aside the last garment of earthly comfort, that he might wrap our poor souls from the blast. Oh, the eight, and the depth, and the length, and

## the breadth of the love of Christ! Penalties for Remaining Unmarried.

A Spartan law forbade marriage until men and women arrived at their full strength, and there was an Athenian regulation that men should not marry until they were thirty-five. The Athenians at the same time favored married men, giving them the preference when vacancies occurred in official life. The Romans did the same. They would help a married man so far that if he had not reached the age limit assigned for the position as many of the years were dispensed with as he had children. These favors did not altogether succeed as a marriage bait. The young men of the empire had at one time, in fact, to be forced as well bribed into marriage, the censors going going so far as to insist on all the bachelors pledging themselves on oatl, to marry within a given time. Penalties were in addition laid on celibacy, and these and other disabilities on the single men were not removed until the time of Constantine. Taxes on bachelors have been imposed by many nations, including our own; but no more remarkable law on the subject was ever passed than that by the local authorities of Eastham, Massachusetts, in 1695. In that year these functionaries passed a man should kill six blackbirds or three crows yearly while he remained single, and that as a penalty for disobeying the order he should not get morried, and no one should marry him until he had destroyed the number of birds he was in A Caspian Lilly.

A stil more pleasant afternoon I spent rock nor whirlpool besets the approach to this coy beauty, but as the siren can rious heat of which she draws not a few of her charms, one might well be led to prefer both Seylia and Charyblis to the peril of the brink to which this fascina tor lures unsuspecting travelers at Chyul pan. Yet the danger is much more apparent than real. The Nympha Capica has broken up no households and precipitated no fatr cidal wars; the worst that can be said against her is that she has planted a deep and never to be satis fied longing in the heart of botan cal Europe. Men of science, tender in their admiration of her beauty, and wishing to see it flourish e sewhere, have carried he virtues to foreign parts in vain. This tall, hly-like flower, with its overflowing bulb of tender piak, bearing its seeds in a punctured gourd, and bathed far up itslender stem by a continual flow of wellnigh boiling water, mysteriously renewed-th's queen of desert, unpopulous Chyulpan, scattering her perfume over land and sea, is the unique product of unique conditions, and can no more be and the hearts that beat against the well- | philosopher's heaven. I would not exchange transplanted than the Casp an itself.

# FISH CULTURE.

THE UNITED STATES.

Cod, Mass., to the New York Times says: It is generally understood that the United States was the first of any country to begin the artificial propagation of codfish. To the Government Fish Commission is due the important undertaking. The United States Government has something like a dozen or more stations, but that at Wood's Holl, on Cape Cod, is considered the most important of them all. It was the individual States, not the National Government, that first began the work, and Massachusetts took the lead, and it was not until 1871 that the General Government yielded to the idea of fish culture, and in that year the United States Commission of Fisheries was established by act of Congress. The Government has creeted at much expense large and commodious quarters at Wood's

ries that have fish commissions of their own, and it has been proved that there is now one kind of fish the farmer may have fresh all the year round, except in spawning seasons. That fish is the German carp, and was introduced first into this country in large quantities by the commission after the clo c of the Berlin Fish Exposition. At that great show the United States took first prize, a costly cup, presented to Prof. Baird by the Emperor of Germany. When the com mission begun active operations in this line it had no boat of its own, not ever one of the cathoats which are now se common; but soon a little sailing sloop was hired, and as the work increased a small steamer was chartered, and then another was borrowed from the Navy Department. At the present time the commission has four steamers and a

number of schooners of its own. The schooner Grampus, which is ofte seen coming into this harbor under ful sail, is a handsome and fast sailing craft She was designed by a veteran fisherman of Gloucester, Capt. Collins. He thought a mackerel schooner could be built combining the flectness of the American boats and the stanchress of the English craft, and after visiting foreign countrie with careful research and diligent study. returned home. The result of his visi was the immediate construction of the Grampus, of 80 tons burden. She ha run ahead of anything yet encountered but has had very little experience i rough weather. Her draught is 11 fee -three feet more than that of the ordi

On the Gampus is a tank, reached b an opening in the deck. Into this w become fertilized. After they are de

The commission here has sent fish to the Gulf of Mexico and to almost every part of the Atlantic coast, the chie salmon, and macketel. As a genera The aim is to save the eggs and protec them. A single cod will usually la-1,009,000 eggs; from a single cad weigh ing 10 pounds 9,000,000 eggs have been taken. In the natural process of fertili-

they try to put on your wounds will not stick. In visiting the baunts of the far-famed) . Cod at first is nothing but a shapeless | my remedy FREE to any of your readers who Nymph of the Caspian, writes Edmund | helpless bag of gelatinous matter, and i Noble in the Atlantic Monthly. Neither; is six weeks before it is big enough to T. A. SLOCUM, M. D., 181 Pearl St., N. Y. protect itself and evade the attack of enemies. When hatched it is only one eighth of an inda long, and as the cod i the favorite dish of all other kinds o sea tish, but very few of them come to maturity-possibly one of a hundrer

manufacture of paper.

tions-A Fish for Farmers -Young Codfish. Aletter from Wood's Holl, on Cape There are now 37 States and Territo-

put the fish taken by the crew in scine from the Georges or wherever the spawn ing bounds are. If the eggs contained on the female fish are ripe, they ar stripped by the attendants; the righ time for such work is when the eggs car be readily squeezed out. This period lasts about a week, and, naturally, con siderable skill is required to know just when to perform this operation. The eggs are caught in a basin, the milt of the male is poured over them and the veloped enough they are put into glass jars, which in turn are put into hatching boxes; these jars have cloths over the mouths to strain the water and keep the fish in, for the jars are united. Here the fish grow and thrive in the water con stantly changing by means of syphons Whenever the fish are large enough they are put into the ocean where er desired This was done not long ago, when the Grampus, on a trip between this port and Gloucester, deposited in the waters ove 15,000,000 of young codfish. Fish, like birds, always return to their birthp'ace It would hardly be fair to put them in the waters here, for Vineyard Sound fishing would be enormous and fishermer elsewhere would not be justly treated.

In artificial propagation there is practeally no loss front of 1,000,00 950,000 are probably saved. If you can furnish to the water as many fish from one cod as nature can from 10,000 i would not take many fish to make a biimpression on the fish supply. It is the same thing with the lobster There ar not to-day 5 per cent, of the lobster that there were 30 years ago, and th

commission proposes to make up this. At the head uniters here considerable study and re-earch is made. Experiences naturalists are at their de-ks in th laboratory dissecting the dead or study ing the habits of the living fish. Th commission here gives employment to 5 to 75 men, not including the sailors,

The stems and waste of tobacco are said to be as good as linen rags in the

## Chinese Farmers and Chinese Progress.

ARTIFICIAL PROPAGATION BY

Some Account of the Work Done at the Most Important Sta-

soon grow to majestic dimensions. Of the seven million five hundred thousand dollars of exports to China in the last fiscal year, nearly five million dollars worth was of distinctively agricultural products, and of their manufacture. Of the remainder, the largest share was mineral oil. The Chinese Commission in the United States this year is charged especially with the promotion of banks. telegraph and telephone lines, behind which loom: up the extension of canals, the introduction of railroads, of agricultural machinery, and of such of our products as China needs, and she needs of many. Her home products, aside from tea, are wheat, millet, garden vegetables, rice, poor appies, peaches, grapes, etc. The food of China is mostly vegetable: and fish -the extensive sea coast, rivers and canals supplying the latter. Beef is almost unknewn, except in the foreign settlements, and berries are rare; muttor is plentiful; pork, poultry and eggs are abundant. Domestic animals, except dogs a, re not common. Horses are scarce, mules are numerous, cattle in small numbers, but flocks and herds are unknown-The national habit is opposed to change, and so the nation of three hundred million souls goes on, in "the good old way." The United States broke the spell of centuries in Japan. It may yet do the same for China. We go for trade and progress, other nations for trade and conquest and colonies, and the Chinese | leaders are beginning to understand

A moderni ed agriculture, and the general introduction of railroad and wagon service would rejuvenate the decaying "Flowery Land," which is a bald misnomer for a land destitute of flowers and shrubs, treeless, and with a dull herbage that contrasts strongly with the culture that has made the American continent to "blossom like the rose," and to be rich in various products that its enterprise bears to all parts of the civilized world .- American Agriculturist.

Onions for Sleeplessness.

People troubled with insomnia should try an onion. Take one of the big Por tuguese onions that are now so abundant on the fruit stands. Slice it and put one of the slices in a saucer of vinegar, salt and pepper. Then gently lay it in be tween two thinly cut pieces of buttered bread or a couple of fresh soda or graham crackers. It is a very palatable sandwich. Two of these are not too much at a late lunch. Onions are very healthy and tooth some, but people don't care to indulge in them because of the hurculean flavor that lingers on the breath. But if a nervous person after eating one at night finds that it brings him needed sleep he'll not mind the cause of complaint his friends may have. Come to consider, one onion is a good deal, especially when it weighs two pounds, and the two-pounders are not so scarce as one might imagine. The average size is half a pound. These big Portuguese and Spanish bulbs are hardly fit for cooking. The Bermudas are the one's for that, but in the line of sindwiches the Portuguese onion discounts all the others, soothes the rebellious nerves and conjures sweetest dreams. New York Times.

Sheep Dairying A Holland paper states that the production of sheep butter and milk is becoming quite an industry in that country. It says that in the eastern part of the province of Drenthe (Netherlands) many Friesian milch sheep are kept, principally by small farmers and day laborers. Of late butter has been male from the milk of these sheep, which is said to be always of a whiter color than that made from cow's milk, is of good flavor, but has a sweeter taste. This butter is not sold on the market as yet, but if a little good butter color is mixed with it, it will be preferred, and that quite soor, to much of the butter made from cow's milk by the dairymen of

A well has been discovered in Mobile, Ala., which sprouts forth sparkling water heavily charged with carbonic seid gas. When the water is sweetened with syrup it is said to make a delectable beverage not unlike soda water.

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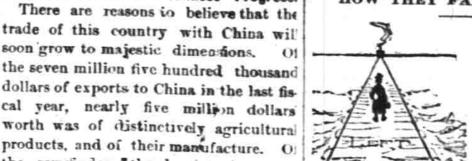
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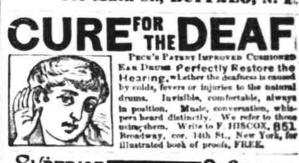
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