

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

TEXT: "Jealousy is the Rage of a Man."—Proverbs, vi, 34.

Some subjects a religious teacher touches one thousand times, now coming on them from one direction, now from another. But here is a Bible theme that for some reason is left forgotten. This morning, asking your prayers and in the strength of God, I want to grapple it.

There is an old sin, haggard, furious, monstrous and diabolical, that has for ages walked and crawled the earth. It combines all that is obnoxious in the races, human, quadruped, ornithological, reptilian and insectile, horned, tusked, hooved, fanged, stinged; the jaws of basilisk, the tooth of an adder, the fangs of a crocodile, the crushing folds of an anaconda, the slowness of a scorpion, the tongue of a cobra, and the coil of the worm that never dies. It is in every community, in every church, in every legislative hall, in every monetary institution, in every drawing room, in every literary and professional circle. It whispers, it hisses, it lies, it debauches, it blaspheems, it damns. My text names it when it says: "Jealousy is the rage of a man."

It is the shadow of other people's success. It is the shiver in our pocket because it is not so fat as some one else's pocket book. It is the flutter in our robes because they are not as lustrous as some one else's robes. It is the earthquake under our house because it is not as many feet front and deep as our neighbor's house. It is the thunder of other people's popularity pouring the milk of our kindness. It is the discontent and our own detractions and bankruptcies and crimes and woes of the human race.

It is antediluvian as much as it is post-diluvian. It put a rough stick in the hands of the first boy that he might strike with. It said to him: "Now, Cain, when Abel is looking at the other way, crush in his skull, for his sacrifice has been accepted and yours rejected." And Cain picked up the stick as though just to talk with it. It is the wings of a serpent watching some bird in the tree top, or gazing at some waterfall, down came the blow of the first assassination, which has had its echo in all the fratricides, matricides, uxoricides, homicides, infanticides and regicides of all ages and all nations. This passion of jealousy so disturbed Caligula at the prominence of some of the men of his time that he cut a much admired curl from the brow of Cincinnatus and took it and proffered it to the neck of Torquatus, and he had Torquatus killed because of his purple robe, which attracted too much attention. After Columbus had placed America as a gem in the Spanish crown, jealousy set on the Spanish courtiers to depreciate his achievement, and aroused animosities till the great discoverer had his heart broken. Urged on by this bad passion, Dionysius flayed Plato because he was wiser than himself, and Philoxenus because his music was too popular. Jealousy made Korah lie about Moses, and Succoth depreciate Gideon.

Jealousy made the trouble between Jacob and Esau. That hurled Joseph into the pit. That struck the two great Roman emperors into Julius Caesar. That banished Aristides. That fired Antony against Cicero. Tiberius exiled an architect because of the fame he got for a beautiful porch, and slew a poet for his fine tragedy. That set the Jews in a rage against David. How graphically the Bible puts it when it says: "Saul eyed David." It seems to take possession of both eyes and makes them flash and burn like two port holes of hell. It is the eye of a dragon. When he looked at him as much as he could, he had a little upstart, how dare you attempt anything great? I will grind you under my heel. I will exterminate you, I will, you miserable homunculus. Crouch, crouch, sink into that rat hole. I will teach thee to crawl like some other song, instead of "Saul has slain his thousands but David his tens of thousands." When Voltaire heard that Frederick the Great was regretting him and putting his literary admiration on Lacotard d'Arman, the old infidel leaped out of his bed and danced the floor in a maniacal rage, and ordered his swiftest horses hooked up to carry him to the Prussian palace.

That despotic passion of jealousy led Napoleon the First to leave in his will a bequest of 5000 francs to the ruffian who shot at Wellington when the victor at Waterloo was passing through Paris. That stationed the grouty elder brother at the door of the homestead when the prodigal son returned, and threw a chill on the family reunion while that elder brother complained, saying: "Who ever heard of giving roast veal to such a profligate? Let that prodigal rise up and under the darkest clouds that ever shadowed the earth and amid the loudest thunder that ever shook the mountains, and amid the wildest flash of lightning that ever blinded the nations, hang up two pieces of rough lumber, back to back, in Salem, the kindest, purest, loveliest nature that heaven could delegate, and stopped not until there was no power left in hammer or brand or javelin to hurt the dead Son of God.

That passion of jealousy, livid, hungry, unbalanced, rages on, and now pierces the earth like a fiery diameter and encircles it like a fiery circumference. It wants both hemispheres. It wants the north and it would, if it could, capture the palace of God and dethrone Jehovah, and chain the Almighty in eternal exile, and after the demolition of the universe would cry: "Satisfied at last, here I am, satisfied." The same passion keeps all Europe perturbed. Nations jealous of Germany, of England, of Russia, and those jealous of each other, and all of the world.

In our land this passion of jealousy keeps all the political world a-boil. There are at least 500 people who are jealous of Governor Hill, and would like to be his successor; about 5000 who are jealous of Grover Cleveland and would like to believe him of the cares of office, and after the nomination of next summer have been made a whole pandemonium of defamation, scurrility, hatred, revenge, falsehood, profanity and misrepresentation will be turned into this land. The tariff about the raising or lowering or reformation of which many of them care nothing except as to its effect on votes, will be discussed from a thousand platforms, and the people of Louisiana will be told that the tariff will be arranged to suit American sugar, the people of Virginia will be told that the tariff will be arranged to suit American tobacco, and the people of Pennsylvania will be told that the tariff will be arranged to suit American iron, and the people of Ohio that the tariff will be arranged to suit American wool, while Massachusetts and Connecticut will be promised protection for manufactures and all the monetary interests, north, south, east and west, will be told that each neighborhood that the taxes and tariff will be fixed to suit them, irrespective of anybody else; and, the Presidential election over, all will settle down as it was before. If you think that all this discussion in public places is from any desire of the welfare of the dear people and not for political effect, you are grievously mistaken.

But let him or her get a little too high, and off goes the aspiring head by social or commercial decapitation. Remember that envy dwells more on small defects of character than on great forces, makes more of the fact that Dominian amused himself by transfixing flies with his penknife than of his great conquests; of the fact that Handel was a glutton than of the fact that he wrote the most imperishable oratorios; more of Coleridge's opium habit than of his writing "Christabel" and "The Ancient Mariner"; more of the fact that Addison drank too much than of the fact that he was the author of the "Spectator"; more of a man's follies than of his mighty energies; more of his defeats than of his victories.

Look at the sacred and heaven-descended science of healing, and then see Dr. Mackenzie, the English surgeon, who prolonged the life of the Crown Prince of Germany until he was Emperor, and I hope, may yet cure him, so that he may for many years govern that magnificent German nation, than which there is no grander. Yet so great are the medical jealousies that Dr. Mackenzie dare not the streets of Berlin. He is under military guard. The medical students of Germany can hardly keep their hands off of him. The old doctors of Germany are writhing with indignation. The fact is that in the case of Frederick's life Dr. Mackenzie saved an intelligent man on either side the ocean that did not fear for the result if the throne passed from wise and good old Emperor Wil I am to his inexperienced grandson. But when, under the medical treatment of Dr. Mackenzie, the Crown Prince Frederick took the throne, a wave of satisfaction and confidence rolled over Christendom. What shall the world do with the doctor who saved his life? "Oh," cried out the medical jealousies of Europe, "destroy him, of course, destroy him."

What a bitter attention jealousy we had in this country when President Garfield lay dying. There were faithful physicians that sacrificed their other practice and sacrificed their health for all time in fidelity to that dead body. Dr. Williams and Hamilton and Agnew went through anxieties and toils and fatigues such as none but God could appreciate. Nothing pleased many of the medical profession. The doctors in charge did nothing when they were called to see the case, knew better than those who agonized over it in the sick room for many weeks. I who never had anything worse than a run-around on my third year, which seemed to me at the time was worthy all the attention of the entire medical fraternity, had my own ideas as to what President ought to be treated. And in proportion as physicians and laymen were ignorant of the case they were sure the treatment was better. When the bullet dropped out of a different part of the body from that in which it was supposed to have been lodged, about 30,000 people shouted: "I told you so." There, I tell you, are some doctors who rather have the patient die under the treatment of their own schools than have them get well under some other path.

It is the clerical profession of jealousy I am sorry to say that in matters of jealousy is no better than other professions. There are now in all denominations a great many young clergymen who have a faculty for superior usefulness, but they are kept down and kept back and crippled by old ministers who look askance at these rising evangelists. They are snubbed. They are jostled. They are patronizingly advised. It is suggested that they had better know their own place. If here and there one has more nerve and brain and consecration and divine force, he goes past the seniors who want to keep the chief places; the young are advised in the words of Scripture: "Tarry at Jericho till their beads are green." They are charged with sensuality and immorality, and as at the presidential elections in country places the people have a barbecue—which is a roasted ox, round which the people dance with knives, cutting off a slice here, and pulling out a rib there, and then a drink of beer, and then having a high time—so most of the denominations of Christians keep on hand a barbecue in which some minister is roasted, while the church courts dance around with their sharp knives of attack and attack a finger, another a hand, another a foot, and it is hard to tell whether the ecclesiastical plaintiffs of this world or the demons of the nether world most enjoy it. Albert Barnes, that great man, has accomplished more good in the last 1000 years, was decreed to sit silent for a year in the pew of his own church while some one else occupied his pulpit, the pretended offense that he did not believe in a statement, but the real offense the fact that all the men who tried him put together would not equal one Albert Barnes.

Yes, amid all professions and business and trades, and in the midst of all circles, needs to be heard what God says in regard to envy and jealousy, which, though not exactly the same, are twins: "Envy is the rottenness of the bone." And every man who is envious and every man who is jealous is a man. My hearers, if this evil passion is in any of your souls, cry mightily unto God for its expulsion. That which has downed kings and emperors and apostles and reformed the world and has brought thousands of good men and women, is too mighty for you to contend against unaided. The evil has so many roots, of such infinite convolution, that nothing but the enginery of omnipotence can pull it out. Tradition says that when Moses lifted up his hand to pray it was all encrusted with manna, and no sooner do you pray than you are helped. Away with the accursed, stenchful, blackening, damning crime of jealousy. Allow it to stay and it will eat up and carry off all the religion you can pack into your soul for the next half century. It will do you more harm than it does any one it leads you to assault. It will delude you with the idea that you can build yourself up by pulling somebody else down. You will not only behead your soul but others than out of their misfortunes. Speak of everybody. Stab no man in the back. Be a honey bee rather than a spider; be a dove rather than a buzzard.

There is a world is large enough for you and all your work to do, and has given you a work to do. Go ahead and do it. Mind your own business. In all circles, in all businesses, in all professions there is room for straightforward success. Jealousy entertained will not only bedevil your soul but it will flatten your skull, beam your eye, put pinchedness of look about your nostril, give a bad curl to the lip, and expel from your face the divine image in which you were created. It will lead you to assault a woman abused, drive in on the defendant's side. Watch for excellences in others rather than than for defects, morning glories instead of nightshades. If some one is more beautiful than you, thank God that you have not so many perils of vanity to contend with. If some one has more wealth than you, thank God that you have not so great stewardship to answer for. If some one is higher up in society, thank God that those who are down need not fear a fall. If some one gets higher office in Church or State than you, thank God there are not so many to wish for the hastening on of your obsequies.

The Duke of Danzig, in luxurious apartments, was visited by a plain friend, and to keep his friends from jealousy the Duke said: "You can have all I have if you will stand twenty paces off, and let me shoot at you a hundred times." "No, no," said his friend

"Well," said the Duke, "to gain all my honors I faced on the battle field more than a thousand gunshots fired not more than ten paces off."

A minister of a small congregation complained to a minister of a large congregation about the sparseness of his attendants. "Ah," said the one of large audience, "my son, you said the one of large audience, 'my son, you had quite enough people for whom to be held accountable.' Substitute for jealousy an elevating emulation. Seeing others good, let us try to be better. Seeing others industrious, let us work more hours. Seeing others benevolent, let us resolve on giving larger percentage of our means for charity. May God put courage and cheer on our life for those who do brave and useful things. Life is short at the longest; let it all be filled up with helpfulness for others, work and sympathy for each other's misfortunes, and our arms be full of white mantles to cover up the mistakes and failures of others. If an evil report about some one come to us, let us put it to most favorable construction, as the Rhone enters Lake Leman food and comes out crystalline. Do not build so much on the transitory differences of this world, for soon it will make no differences to us whether we had \$10,000,000 or ten cents, and the ashes into which the tongue of the worm is dissolved are just like the ashes into which the tongue of the veriest stammerer went.

If you are assailed by jealousy make no answer. Take it as a compliment, for people are never jealous of a failure. Until your work done you are invulnerable. Remember now our Lord behaved under such exasperations. Did they not try to catch him in his word? Did they not call him the victim of intoxicants? Did they not misinterpret him from the winter of his first infantile cry to the last groan of his assassination? Yet he answered not a word! But so far from demolishing either his mission or his good name, after near nineteen centuries he outranks everything under the skies, and is second to none above them and the archangel makes salaam at his footstool. Christ's bloody antagonists thought they had finished him when they wrote over the cross his accusation in three languages, Hebrew and Greek and Latin, not realizing that they were by that act introducing him to all nations, since Hebrew is the holiest language, and Greek the wisest of tongues, and Latin the widest spoken.

You are not the first man who had his faults looked at through a microscope and his virtues through the wrong end of a telescope. After the chief butler and the baker engaged, and tradition says, all the butler had done was to allow a fly in the king's cup, and all the baker had done was to leave a gravel in the king's bread. The world is full of the kind of making a great ado about what you do wrong and forgetting to say anything about what you do right; but the same God will take care of you who provided for Merlin, the Christian martyr, when hidden from his pursuers in a hay mow in Paris, and a hen came and laid an egg close by him every morning, thus keeping him from starvation. Blessed are they that are persecuted, although persecution is a severe cataclasm. Ointment may smart the wound, but before it is healed a soft pillow to die on if when we leave the world we can feel that, though 1000 people may have wronged us, we have wronged no one; or, having made envious and jealous attack on others, we have repented of the sin and as far as possible made amends. Witness the good resolution of Timothy Poland in his quaint but exquisite hymn, entitled "Most Any Day," we might well unanimously adopt.

We'll keep all right and good within, Our work will then be free from sin, Our work will walk through thick and thin Straight on our way, Deal just with all, for prize we'll win Most any day.

When he made all things just right Shall call us hence to realms of light, Be it morn or noon or 'e'en or night, We will obey; We will prepare to make our light Most any day.

Our lamps we'll fill brim full of oil, That's good and pure, that would not spoil, And keep them burning all the while Bright as day.

Our work all done, we'll quit the soil Most any day.

Limburger Cheese in America. The New York Board of Health recently destroyed a long ton of bad limburger cheese, and the Sun declares that the occurrence shows the expertness of the officers of the Health Department. Any man who can distinguish between good and bad limburger cheese deserves commendation. It will interest lovers of the fragrant cheese to know that it is growing in public favor, and that America is taking the lead in its production. Indeed, little or none of it is now made in Limburg, the city where it was first manufactured.

Limburg is a town of Belgium, once the capital of the Territory of Limburg, which was after 1830 divided between Holland and Belgium. It is a ruined town, with a population of only 2000, although it was formerly a strongly fortified and gay place. Limburg cheese, one of its principal articles of manufacture, is now made in the neighboring town of Herve. This, however, is principally used for European consumption. America is to-day making as good limburger cheese as can be found in the world. Much of it is manufactured in Wisconsin, but Oneida and other counties in New York State produce limburger that is not to be sneezed at. Of course the people of the metropolis use more of it than the residents of any other city, but Philadelphia crowds us pretty close. The proprietor of one of the great cheese stores on Chambers street led the way down into the aromatic cellar of his big establishment and showed the reporter several hundred cubes of limburger cheese which a workman was wrapping up in brown paper. Each cheese weighed two pounds. "The tales they tell about how limburger cheese is made are matters of fiction," said he. "It is prepared like any other cheese, but the whey is not pressed out and its manufacture is after what we call the cold process. It is the whey in an advanced and aggressive state that gives limburger cheese its flavor. You will, perhaps be surprised to learn that about 70,000 cases of limburger cheese are made in this country every year. Every case contains on the average 125 pounds, and thus America's annual product amounts to 8,750,000 pounds." There is a new pamphlet out entitled "The National Bank Act." The National Bank act of the present day consists largely of skipping off to English territory with all the funds.—Life.

WITH THE COWBOYS.

INCIDENTS OF LIFE AMONG THE RANCHMEN.

A Cowboy's Bedding—A Mosquito Pest—Racing Days—Amusement Bystanders Afforded by Backing Broncos.

Theodore Roosevelt gives in the Century an account of a "Round Up" in the Cattle Country. We make the following two extracts.

"For bedding, each man has two or three pairs of blankets and a tarpaulin or small wagon sheet. Usually, two or three sleep together. Even in June the nights are generally cool and pleasant, and it is chilly in the early mornings; although this is not always so, and when the weather stays hot and mosquitoes are plenty, the hours of darkness, even in midsummer, seem painfully long. In the Bad Lands proper we are not often bothered very seriously by these winged pests; but in the low bottoms of the Big Missouri, and beside many of the reedy ponds and great sloughs out on the prairie, they are a perfect scourge. During the very hot nights, when they are especially active, the bed-clothes make a man feel absolutely smothered, and yet his only chance for sleep is to wrap himself tightly up, head and all; and even then some of the pests force their way in. At sunset I have seen the mosquitoes rise up like a dense cloud, and the hot, stifling night one long torture; the horses would neither lie down nor graze, traveling restlessly and fro till day-break, their bodies streaked and bloody, and the insects settling on them so as to make them all one color, a uniform gray; while the men, after a few hours' tossing about in the vain attempt to sleep, rose, built a fire of damp sage brush, and thus endured the misery as best they could until it was light enough to work.

"But if the weather is fine, a man will never sleep better nor more pleasantly than in the open air after a hard day's work on the round-up; nor will an ordinary shower or gust of wind disturb him in the least, for he simply draws the tarpaulin over his head and goes on sleeping. But now and then we have a windstorm that might better be called a whirlwind and has to be met very differently; and two or three days or nights of rain insure the wetting of the blankets, and, therefore, shivering discomfort of the would-be sleeper. For two or three hours all goes well; and it is rather soothing to listen to the steady patter of the great rain-drops on the canvas. But then it will be found that a corner has been left open through which the water can get in, or else the tarpaulin will begin to leak somewhere; or perhaps the water will have collected in a hollow underneath and have begun to soak through. Soon a little stream trickles in, and every effort to remedy matters merely results in a change for the worse. To move out of the way insures getting wet in a fresh spot; and the best course is to lie still and accept the evils that have come with what fortitude one can. Even thus, the first night a man can sleep pretty well; but if the rain continues, a second night, when the blankets are already damp, and when the water comes through more easily, is apt to be most unpleasant."

"While the head men are gathered in a little knot, planning out the work, the others are dispersed over the plain in every direction, racing, breaking rough horses, or larking with one another. If a man has an especially bad horse, he usually takes such an opportunity, when he has plenty of time, to ride him; and while saddling he is surrounded by a crowd of most unsympathetic associates, who greet with uproarious mirth any misadventure. A man on a bucking horse is always considered fair game, every squeal and jump of the bronco being hailed with cheers of delighted irony for the rider and shouts to 'stay with him.' The antics of a vicious bronco show infinite variety of detail, but are all modeled on one general plan. When the rope settles round his neck the fight begins, and it is only after much plunging and snorting that a twist is taken over his nose, or else a hackamore—a species of severe halter, usually made of plaited hair—slipped on his head. While being bridled he strikes viciously with his fore feet, and perhaps has to be blindfolded or thrown down; and to get the saddle on him is quite as difficult. When saddled, he may get rid of his exuberant spirits by bucking under the saddle, or may reserve all his energies for the rider. In the last case, the man, keeping tight hold with his left hand of the check-strap, so as to prevent the horse from getting his head down until he is fairly seated, swings himself quickly into the saddle. Up rises the bronco's back, into an arch; his head, the ears laid straight back, goes down between his fore feet, and, squealing savagely, he makes a succession of rapid, stiff-legged, jarring bounds. Sometimes he is a 'plunging' bucker, who runs forward all the time while bucking; or he may buck steadily in one place, or 'sunfish'—that is, bring first one shoulder down almost to the ground and then the other—or else he may change ends while in the air.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Best Time to Sow Beans.

In answer to a question as to the best mode and time of planting or sowing beans, the Country Gentleman says: "The soil should be well drained, or not liable to be water-soaked; moderately manure on a previous crop, or with fine manure well worked in; if made too rich, the growth may be too rank at the expense of the seeds. As the plants are easily injured by frost, the planting should be done after corn planting. They may be planted in hills or drills about twice or three times as thick as corn, the drills being two and a half or three feet apart. If in hills, a foot or a foot and a half, with four to six plants in the hill. Small kinds will require half a bushel to the acre; large sorts, with fewer seeds may need a bushel. Keep the crop clean and mellow by frequent flat cultivation. No crop is more quickly injured by neglect, or more benefited by clean and finished culture."

Advice to Young Men.

Not the richest men are the most influential men to-day in New York or in the United States. A man may be happy and yet not be rich. I think that as the world goes there is more happiness without wealth than with it. I do not believe there is ever a time which a rich man looks back to with more satisfaction than to the periods of struggle through which he has passed. I do not believe any man was ever happier than when, having married early, (and early marriages are usually virtuous marriages) and married for love, he and his companion went down into life together, and every day was a day of engineering to fit their means to their necessities, in their single, slenderly furnished room, where they conferred together how to put scrap with scrap and eke out pittance with pittance, and everything was calculated with pennies. How often, in later life, when people become rich, do the husband and wife look at each other and say: "After all, my dear, we shall never be happier than when we first started out together." Thank God, a man does not need to be very rich to be happy, only so that he has a treasure in himself. A loving heart, a genuine sympathy, a pure, unadulterated taste, a life that is not scorched by dissipation or wasted by untimely hours, a good, sound body and a clear conscience—these things ought to make a man happy. Where a man is without offense before God and men it ought not to be possible for the world to make him unhappy. But I cannot dwell on that.

To all those who through these written words I may reach, I would say in ending: If God calls you to a way of making wealth, make it; but remember, do not love money. If God calls you to make money, do not make haste to be rich; be willing to wait. If God calls you into the way of making wealth, do not undertake to make yourself rich by gambling, whether it be lawful gambling, customary gambling or other kinds of gambling. Gambling with cards or dice or stocks, is all one thing—it is getting money without an equivalent for it. Do not try to get rich quickly. There is no need of it. It is full of peril and disaster here, and is a damnation hereafter.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The Australian Aborigines.

The character of the Australian aboriginal, when studied, shows traits that his white oppressors might be proud to possess. His faithfulness is remarkable, and he has been known to stay with his sick master on the desert plains of interior Australia till death had taken them both, though his own safety might have been secured with ease. Their power of endurance is such that they have been known to travel over 125 miles in twenty-four hours, and be ready to move on if required. Their keen power of scent and observation is now appreciated by the police, and was to be the criminal whose track they are upon! Not a disturbed leaf nor an overturned stone will escape their keen eyes. Last November three desperate bush rangers escaped from the jail at Perth, Western Australia. They were familiar with the bush, and had hours' start, yet with the assistance of the "black trackers" the escapers were in the hands of the police within twenty-four hours. But the "black fellow" will not work; if any duty is required of him, and the idea is impressed upon him that it is only play, he is ready and willing to do it, no matter how arduous the task may be. He will ride horseback all day after cattle and stay awake all night to watch them, if he thinks it is fun, but let him find it is his work he is doing and he will take to the bush at short notice, nor will he return to the same master. He asks no pay; clothes he does not need; a bite to eat and his satisfaction is complete. It is the fashion of the Queensland ladies to have a little black boy for a pet. Tricked out in gaudy clothes the little fellows take the place of the pet poodle of European society. These boys are usually taken from the "Gins" by force, but as it is nobody's business the crime is never noticed.—San Francisco Alta.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Gentleness cannot be kicked into a cow. Be sure to give the wheat a firm, solid seed bed. The wheat likes it; dronh and chinch bugs hate it. Trim all broken branches of ornamental trees, and prune shrubs too. Thin them as needed, but avoid formality. A farmer with quantities of experience says: "Of all the kinds of cattle food I ever grew sweet fodder corn is the best."

The best authorities claim that cream should be kept at a temperature of about fifty degrees, or between this and sixty degrees. It is said that a tablespoonful of burned or powdered bone placed in a calf's mouth back of the grinders will cure scours. The following is recommended for lice on cattle: Mix one teaspoonful of ground coppers with the feed of each animal, once in each week or ten days, until the pests disappear. The chief use of commercial fertilizers, guano, phosphates, bone, potash, salts and special fertilizers prepared by formulae for different crops is to supply nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash. Skim-milk of a dairy is worth more to be fed to calves in winter than in summer, but it should be fed warm and sweet, and with a little oatmeal. Never destroy a calf's digestion with cold milk. If Emperor William did really die on the Thursday before the event was made public, the delay in announcing his demise was quite in accordance with the policy often followed at German courts. The king, Frederick William, whose death was made public on January 2, 1861, really died two days earlier, and in many cases such events have been kept secret for a much longer period.

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