QUITE A BLOW FOR THE LOAFER

An honest, industrious Gopher
One day, to his joy, found a loaf o'
Frant. This in my hole I will stow for
A rainy day. chuckled the Gopher.
It chanced that an indolent Loafer
Was watching, and cried he. "O, ho?" for
Thought he. "There's no show for the
Gopher—

That bread with a hoe'l will go for."

The Lonfer for sure came to wee, for the field at a pace far from slow, for The Gosher gave chase to the Lonfer. I give you my word this is so, for It may seem peculiar. I know, for A Lonfer to the for a lonf or A Gopher to go for a Lonfer.—Li

UST FOR FUN

Fou are my friend, for you have smiled with Though all the world was deaf and dark to My help and hope in fair and stormy weather:

And long the night, and bleak the winds and biling.

I live you for the joys you've whiled with I know full well that you would hark to me, and set my path with lamps of Love's gether.

You are my friend, for you have smiled with And shared with you its every gracious weather; and shared with you its every gracious I like you for the joys you've whiled with me. You're brought good cheer when earth was cold to me.

And made me feel your warm heart foudly beating.

I like you for the joys you're whiled with me.

I love you for the griefs we've wept together.

Nivon Waterman.

Cheyne was wise in her generation.

Ah! Heaven. How sweet it was:

The girl caught her breath as she

"It is perfectly lovely. But-"

She stopped abruptly and averted her

"But not of any great value, ch?"

"You say that because I am a mil-

donaire's daughter, and can buy what

"Thank you for that speech" he said

carnestly. "Then you accept my offer-

"Willingly," she answered. "My only

regret is that I can give you nothing

in return; at least, nothing that you

Maurice took the white fingers in his

own and compelled her to meet his

"Nothing that you really want," she

"And if I really wanted-some

He tightened his hold on her fingers

and bent lower till his breath fanned

her cheek. What an emotional little

was! Quite different from

her? Ah, there

voice, which he recog

Nice little thing, but

it's her money bags he's

well! we've all got to marry

-for love or lucre; but it's

ore. The voices passed out of

n his case with a vengeance!

ot. Stunned and dazed, Dave-

h dropped the hand he held, and

twain faced each other speechless.

This, then, was the end. Davenegh

se and his face was almost as white

as that of the girl beside him as, with-

out speaking he drew Violet's trembl-

ing fingers through his arm and led her

At the entrance they stopped, as if

by mutual conf at, and Davenegh with-

drew his arm. For a moment he le

his deep eyes rest on the girl's stricken

face, and there was love, remorse and

bitter shame in their depths. Then,

having uttered no word, he hurrled

of a burning, blinding pain. He had

insulted her beyond all hope of pardon,

For the next fortnight Lady Cheyne

was at her wits' end what to do with

her charge. Day by day the girl grey

pale flower whose strength was grad

ually being sapped at the roots; yes

in spite of notes, letters and frantic

letters, Maurice Davenegh made no

sign, and finally it was ascertained that

he had left town, destination unknown It was in vain that Lady Cheyns

fumed and fretted; there was nothin

for it but to leave town also and try if

se sea breezes would bring the colorack to Violet's cheeks. It was a nui

on, now; yer purse-quick!

back to the ballroom.

but a trip to away, with ashen lips and a heart full

in the way was grieved her beyond all forgivennes

and—he loved her!

ething

event

er in circles

ne's taste. Neither

ad danced with him

on of their in-

at low over them

his bandsome feat-

ing in a witty, in

venegh's hooked

of the Honorable

gaze. Was the time ripe? Should be

I choose; but one doern't always value

He laughed. She turned swiftly.

Oh, that she need ever awake!

"And it is for me?"

pretty?"

worth."

would care for."

ry his fate tonight?

"Nothing?"

half whispered.

.

to be candid, was not seldom.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

By BARRY SHIEL.

"Well, there's only one course left | that, if this man loved and wooed, how

open to me now, my dear fellow, and terribly irresistible he would be! that is to 'marry money.' I've staved off the evil day as fong as possible, but congratulating himself on the prog-I'm cornered at last. So you will prob- ress he seemed to be making. She ably hear the engagement of Maurice would be an easy conquest, he told Algernon Davenegh to a certain helr- himself; even now she could hardly ess whom we know of announced at an meet his gaze without drooping her

The speaker yawned, leaned back in she was, to be sure! It seemed alhis seat with a complacent air, and most a shame to deceive her. watched the smoke curling fantastically ceilingward from the business end

"The dickens it will!" exclaimed the Honorable Claude, looking up in sur- charge, never broached the subject of in his arms, "And who, if I may ask, is the er-fortunate lady?" "Miss Violet Hunstan."

Old Chicago Hunstan's daughter? Manrice, my boy, you're in

"I'm sure I hope so," drawled the rice Davenegh's bill at the florist's other, languidly. "But there's nothing grew by almost daily items. really settled yet. As a matter of fact, friends, of course, congratulated and we were only introduced three days chaffed him, each in accordance with ago. She's quite a child, you know, his particular temperament; but one and probably hasn't made up her mind. and all envied him. He was in for a good thing, they said; with scarcely

But I have!" "You seem beastly cocksure about it," remarked his friend, laughing. "But you won't have the field to yourself dream, remember. A girl with twenty thousand a year gets plenty of offers these days. Not but what you'd stand as good a chance as most, mind you; especially if the lady happens to be satisfied with a tolerable amount of good looks and the bearer of an ancient

"Thanks awfully for the compliment," drawled Davenegh. "Claude, my boy, you shall be best man at my wedding.

"Right! But, I say, you mustn't lose any time, old man. If I were you, I'd push the business; plie on the presents, see her every day and pre-

tend to be in deadly earnest-" "There won't be any pretense about that," interrupted Davenegh, with a "The lady has, to be exact, nineteen thousand, five hundred pounds a thing according to its intrinsic a year, and I have-let me see nowthree or four moderate racers waiting sale, a cantankerous uncle with a passion for longevity, a bag of debts and clothes I stand in

"Not to speak of fairly decent conversational powers, nice eyes and a

well-bred air-Davenegh picked up a bulky volume from the table and poised it threatening'v. The Honorable Claude laughed and, straightening his long

legs, rose to depart.
"Well, anyhow," he said, "I wish you luck, old man. Go in and win You couldn't do better and the girl might do worse. Well ta-ta! See you

again in a few days." As the door closed behind his friend, Maurice Davenegh pulled himself up slow from the d

> hat was that face. and for ed that the Her words. you love me? ersistently ok in her violet h a strange new

The tramp raised his saick threac-eningly, and his grip on the girl's slender wrist tightened to an intensity that was painful. Violet Hunstan-for it was she- was

trembling violently. In the middle of the road lay her bicycle, and she was covered with dust from head to foot. She gave a frantic look up and down the long road, but there was not a solltary being in sight.

"D'ye hear me? I ain't got no time to waste. Wot? Yer won't! Ho! we'll see!"

Gripping her arms the ruffian forced her back against the bank, thrust one black hand over her mouth, and with the other began fumbling with her dress. The poor girl felt her senses going. She ceased to struggle, a queer haze came before her eyes and thenthen something big and dark loomed up there was the sound of a heavy blow, followed immediately by something between a curse and a groan, and then -darkness!

"What a lucky thing you happened to be passing! I should never have orgiven myself otherwise."

Meanwhile the man beside her was "Thank Heaven I was in time!" answered Davenegh, as he laid the unconscious girl on the sofa in Lady Cheyne's boudoir at the hotel. 'Ah!' At that moment Violet opened her eyes. What an unsophisticated miss eyes, and as Maurice bent over the couch, Lady Cheyne discreetly withdrew. The girl looked up at him with He took his leave at last, but that a startled expression; then, with a visit was only the first of many. Lady shiver, closed her eyes again. Nothing daunted, however, the man stooped She never mentioned his name to her down and gathered the shrinking form

marriage; but always kept a seaf at "My darling," he cried, "can you ever the opera and a place in her carriage forgive me? Dearest, if you only knew for the young man whenever he might how I have suffered! If you only knew choose to avail himself of them, which,

The girl looked up wonderingly, wist-Thus the weeks sped on, and Maufully, and then she knew! Those dark, deep eyes above her told their own story.

Lady Cheyne's house in Mayfair was reopened again, and society only knew that Sir Maurice Davenegh had been out of town for a month and that his a thought for the fair, young victim rich uncle was dead.

Of that tragic interval-the time bewho was dreaming her first love ween-they knew nothing. They never dreamed that he had left London because he had fallen in love with the girl he had vowed to marry for her money, and that but for the plundering propensities of a certain individual of the tramp fraternity, he would probalooked at the star of brilliants lying bly never have seen her again.

in its velvet case, and her eyes spark-These secrets are the joint property lcd. They were "sitting out" in the of Lady Chevne, who is discreet, and conservatory; within the dancing was the wife of Sir Maurice Davenegh who is, as she firmly believes, the happiest "For you," he said. "You think it is woman in the world.-New York Weekly.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A communication received by a London firm read: "I beg to inform you that Mr. --- passed away yesterday at the request of his widow."

"Buttercups and daisies follow rallroads the world over," said an engincer, "In India, in Central Asia, in Brazil, the parallel rails run continally between meadows white and yellow with home flowers."

An instructor at Vassar College has an old and interesting collection of photographs-the photographs of the bables of young women who are college graduates. The bables in this collection are strong and beautiful. They

The first verse of the Fifty-first Psalm is called the "neck verse," for the reason that in former times a man condemned to death sometimes had a chance to save his life by proving that he could read, and this verse was used as a test.

There are only three national holidays in Japan. January I is one of them, and the birthday of the reigning emperor, November 3 is another. But February 11 is the greatest of the three dates, for it is the anniversary of the coronation of the first Emperor. Jim

New Yorkers are in the habit of thinking of everything west of Bufreal West. A Philadelphia man who had been to Salt Lake City made a falo as Western, but not so out in the casual acquaintance on a street corner there. After some talk the Philadelphian said he was an Easterner The other replied: "I'm from the East, too. My home is to Oklahoma.

The Japanese Cavalry.

A correspondent of the London Times writing from Gen. Nogi's head quarters says: From discussion of the training and organization of the Japanese cavalry, it is interesting to turn to their performances during the war. It has been assumed that the cavalry has done nothing because it has not raided the Russian communi cations, or otherwise emulated the proceedings of Mishchenke and Rennenkampf. But in merely preserving its existence in face of greatly preponderating numbers the Japan ese cavalry has performed no mean feat. Far from being content with merely holding their own, however they have patrolled and reconnoitred he enemy's country and daring and spirit on many occasions. The results have not been great, because the numbers employed were necessarily small, and such damage as was done has been carefully concealed by the Russians.

A Little Parable. Hatred and Selfishness fell in love ith each other because they saw that hely deeds were allke evil.

So they sought Beelzebub and asked im to marry them. "I will do It," he said, "but it must e on one condition." What is the condition?"

"That the two of you, then legally nade one, shall take a new name. "It is agreed," they said.

So they were wedded with much 'Now what is our new name?" the

THE PULPIT. AN ELCQUENT SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. W. J. THOMPSON.

Subject: Warp and Woof.

Brooklyn, N. Y .- Sunday Simpson M. E. Church celebrated its sixty-first an-niversary. The subject of Pastor W. J. Thompson's morning sermon was "Faith and Love in the Warp, Pastors and Members in the Woof." The text was from I. Thessalonians it3. Mr. Thompson said:

The warp consists of the threads The woof consists of the threads crosswise, and prompted by the weaver's fancy, may very with each shot of the shuttle. The warp of Simpson Church is that

pastors and members, by inexorable necessity and purposeful design changes and evermore must change. design Faith is a prominent thread in the warp. Co scious of our spiritual growth we reach out after God if God is not found out by searching. The futility of the quest adds welcome to Jesus who reveals the

sought-for God as the Father. We hold forth Jesus the authoritative revealer of Ged and our relation to Him us the light of the world.

Absorbed in His talks and walks, we are caught up in His life, and by that life conformed to his likeness. Thus Jesus saves men by His life. Also by His death. The obstructions to the tunnel-boring under Manhattan and the rivers, overcome by the engineers' sacrifice, measure their devotion

to their idea!-rapid transit. Christ's sacrifice of His life revealed. His complete love for His ideal, the salvation of man, and makes that salvation complete. We preach Christ saviour of men who receive Hlm. Philosophers reason men into discipleship. Without violence to reason, and invoking it only so far as it is a part of conscience, we command men every where to repent and believe. Repent by ceasing to do evil; believe by the trustful appropriation of the Christ life and death. Our forerunners in this are John the Baptist, Peter and flaming evangels on to Whitfield and Moody. Our justification is the witness of sins forgiven, and lives bring-ing forth the fruits of righteousness.

Fear is in the warp. It is ours by generous hereditary legacy, and compasses things, brasts, men and devils. When fear is uppermost it dwarfs. Neither moral nor religious giants are

Fear is the beginning and not the end of morality. Godly fear. Petroeligions have their devila.

It may be needful for the beginnings and salutary with certain temperaments, but fear is only the beginning

voted father in giving good things. The devotee of many gods may

craft addresses my ambition with "You can be an artisan equal to me and I will aid you." He has my heart's best love. The absolutely perfect God addresses my loftlest ambition with "Be ye perfect as I am perfect and My proffered grace, all-sufficient, is yours for the asking." It follows my heart's supreme love wells up to God. The most prominant thread in the warp is, Love God with all your heart, mind, out and strength. God the Pather of all-then geog

nerchandise a commodity in things and not in men. Accordingly, in the beginning of this era it was predestined a William Lloyd Garrison should toll the death knell of slavery. Bud-dhistic love is individualistic and does dhistic love is individualistic and does no mighty deeds; Christian love is social and does. It inculcates love to the neighbor and unites to the true religion the loftiest morals and inspires the mightiest deeds of man for man. Thomas Hobbes set the English-thicking world agog with, "Self-love is the only love; we tolerate, but cannot love another." This synie would view the Samariten's accor of the wounded man not to mitigate his sufferings, but himself to exhilarate in power possessed. Adam Smith has aboven with their lives that sympathy is an integral part of our nature. Sympathy, to feel with another, is a prerequisite of love. The tragic stimu-

not die from sheer pity. To-day we observe Passion Week thetic profile of Jesus and melt our

reputable sociologist shows how syn which through these sixty-one years made possible the life of the animate has remained unchanged and is unchangeable. The woof, comprising the highest form of life the offspring world and the progress of man. In the highest form of life the offspring is fewest and weakest. Pity absent, and such would perish. God pitying perishing man brought redemption Jesus magnified sympathy. It melta the heart to love. There is false sympathy. A sect, the Jainists, so pity venomous insects as not to kill them. The Doukhooder nosuraly pity the putting engine. Sentimentalists so pity the perpetrators of horrible murder as to foll justice; parents their disobedient child as to spare the rod and spoil. False philanthropists feed the lazy and pauperize those who ought not to

ent because they do not work, must sympathize aright. The woman who cares for the orphan; the nurse who ceases not ber vigils in the epidemic; the neighbor in a hard place; the friend with his can't get my cap off."-Cleveland spoken word to lighten the In their leneimess, and the men with of poverty—only poverty of ideas.—the poor in their needs. When the Chicago Daily News. out in love to enemies and up in love mine." "Yes, sir, we do. How long to God, and firroughout envieth not. have you had your me.
Thus this most blessed faculty of the this morning."—Life.

doo, that the less one eats the longer edge of the good does not overcome | mouth full)-Sure! But what's the use of living that way?-Judge.

'Prayin' for a Thanksgivin' turkey." "Reckon he'll get it?" "Well, it's roosts!"-Atlanta Constitution.

little fellows manage to do some scandaloss overcharging."-Washing-

Citiman-Yea don't have many visftors out here, do you? Subbubs-O! yes; coming and going nearly every day. Citiman-Mostly women, I sup-

Philadelphia Press. The Pharisee's law was: "Be holy, afternoon, Ethel? Ethel—No, she's as the Lord your God is holy." Jesus joined the "Count-Ten-Before-You-

Speak League," but she looked fierce, Painter-"What model are you gong to get to pose for your statue of Fallen Greatness? Sculptor-Have not decided yet whether it'll be a life

hoss,-Detroit Free Press. "Mr. Binx out?" asked the caller. 'Yes," answered the junior partner. "When will he be back?" know. Binx doesn't know. Nobody knows. He went out on his new auto-

"Do you think the Panama Canal

Publisher-The trouble with you i that you don't spend enough time over your work. This last novel of yours seems unfinished. Author-But you wanted it in a hurry. Publisher-True. But you might have spent a couple of days more on it .-Town and Country.

in convincing our friends that my the point just now," answered Senstor Sorghum. "The first thing is to convince them that you've really got

Shepherd-What are all volunteers doing out today? Volunteer-They're all out scouting. Shepherd-And what are you doing? Volunteer-I'm scouting, too. Shepherd-And what is scouting, please? Volunteer-Weel, to tell the truth, I dinna ken, but we're a' on the scout together!-

"Why don't you put a stop to the mad career of these railways? asked the man who is always indignant. "My dear sir," answered Senator Sorghum 'I haven't thought of it. But there is no sense in a man standing on the track and defying the locor when he might just as well be in a parlor car looking at the scenery."-Washington Star.

"I believe," said Mrs. Oldcastle, that what a boy is depends largely upon his environment." "I know it." replied her hostess as she carelessly knew what it was to have a well day until the doctors found out that it was his environment, and cut it out."-Chicago Record Herald,

Naggoby-When a man and his wife



To Cure Halter Pulling. Buckle or tie a long halter strap around the horse's foreleg just above the knee, pass the strap through one ring of the bridle and tie the other end to hitching post. After a time they may with safety be hitched in the ordi

More About Alfalfa. There has been so much said about the difficulty of starting an alfalfa field that after my experience this season I feel it my duty to tell about it for the benefit of those who hesitate to try this crop. After studying the question for four or five years. I came to the following conclusion: First, sow without a nursing crop; second, sow at same time you would oats in the spring; third, use plenty of seed. I tried it on land that I was not acquainted with, but consider that I have a sure thing of it now. I sowed about one-half acre April 20, using twenty pound of seed that tested 85 percent fertile; cut the first time June 20 and cut again August 15, and today, August 19, the ground is green as can be again. This ground slopes slightly to east and north: had been used for garden truck, was as weedy as land could be, and was rather wet. We have had a very wet season, but no water stood on it. It has had a fierce fight, but has seemed to have the best of the game from the start, having had a good color and growing fast. It was beginning to blossom at second cutting. August 17 I put the first fertilizer on it as follows: Two hundred pounds wood ashes, unleached; 180 pounds 2-8-10 commercial fertilizer .-O. J. B., in Rural New Yorker,

Weak Bone. One of the common troubles in hog raising in the corn belt is that of breaking down. Weak legs are due to improper feeding. The pigs will do pretty well while with the sow provided they do not get too much corn. and they will develop very well on good pasture, but when confined to a corn diet they can't develop good, strong bone. Milk and grass contain

bone making material, but corn does not. Bone meal, soft coat, wood ashes alfalfa hay or grasses, and such feeds as contain plenty of bone building elements, will balance the corn diet. Go easy on corn except when putting on the finishing touches of market hogs. Just because it is an easy feed to throw out does not make it a proper Turn your bogs and pics out on a

good pasture and keep them on grass till fall. Don't feed swill. They will spend too much time squealing at the gate, Give them good water.

Those hogs will look large boned and gaunt all summer. You may be ashamed to show them to anybody, but stick to grass and water. In the fall, when corn is fit, feed it; or, better still, start them on old gradually and then watch these Blab sided porkers fill in the chinks. And they will do it so rapidly and so cheaply you will be surprised. There's no sense in feeding corn all summer-if you have pasture.

For Barb Wire Cuts. When a horse has been injured on wire the first thing to do is to stop the flow of blood; this may as a rule be done by bandaging it up tight. It may also frequently be best to apply powdered alum or common saleratus, both of which will generally be found effec tive. In a few hours considerable swelling will set in; this should be re duced either by applying cold water frequently or, what is really better, apply pure kerosene oil not only to the wound but also to the swollen parts. No bandage should be kept on where kerosene is used as it will then cause the hair to fall off temporarily and as soon as it is safe to do so, the sore should be carefully washed with soft water and castile soap. ought to be repeated daily until the sore heals. One of the best healing medicines for horseflesh that I have ever used can be put up at any drug store, as follows: One-half pint of alcohol; one-half pint spirits of turpentine; one ounce of pure glycerine mix all together in a large bottle and shake well before using. Apply only with a feather at morning and night The sore should never be bandaged By daily washing it will in this way heal up very rapidly. I can personally testify to the effectiveness of this simple remedy as we have made use of it in numerous cases with the best where every other remedy we tried failed to heal up the sore on the horse.-Lewis Olsen in the Epitomist

According to the winter care given them will the pigs, colts and calves be worth the raising or not. According to the care received will they be worth much or little in the spring. How often we see runty, stunted calves and colts starving out the first and best years of their lives in a barnlot or barren pasture! Some are sure to die before spring and those that live through the winter will not be worth half what they should have been; and no amount of care and feed can ever make up to them for thes first starved years. If your colts and caives are round and plump in the fall it will cost you far less to winter them through and they will be one fourth larger and much more valuable gin the winter thin in flesh and with coats that stand the wrong way. If the colt, calf, plg or lamb is worth rais ing at all, it is worth raising well Some people have the mistaken notice that even if farm onimals are stunted the first year or two, they will likely "come out and make a air sized animal in time." Young stock should be thrifty; they should be kept growing. Care should be taken that their growth is never checked at any thrifty in the stock of the is never checked at any time.

needs but not enough to be left over and wasted, and see that each animal gets the feed intended for it. They should be fed and yarded by themselves where you can give them a little extra care and supervision. Clean up the lots and put things in order. It not too late to attend to these things, go out now and see what needs doing most. See about shelter, bedding, mangers, racks and feed boxes. Don't forget the wind breaks. Few

ferms have a wind break of any sort

and poor neglected stock stands shiv-

ering in the wind on almost every

of the proper kind and of the right

amount. Give them sufficient for their

farm; not only cold, but hungry as well.-Epitomist. Crop Rotation. The State Experiment Station, lo-

cated at the University of Illinois, is onducting a Series of investigations in regard to the comparative value of different crop rotations. Pirce dif-ferent systems are being investigated. First, the continuous cropping with corn; second, a two-year rotation with corn and oats; and, third, a three-year rotation with corn, oats and clover. The results of the experiments show that the largest crop of corn can be raised in the three-year rotation, and that when limestone and steamed bonemeal are applied, the yield greatly increased.

Where these systems have be it followed for a number of years the latest yields obtained (1904) were 46 bushels per acre with the continuous corn system; 49 bushels of corn after oats in the two-year rotation, and 75 bushels or corn after clover in the three-year

On other fields, on the same kind of soil, where these three systems have been followed for twenty-eight years, the largest corn yields were 22 els per acre where corn has been grown continuously, 36 bushels of corn after oats in the two-year rotation; and 59 bushels of corn after clover in the three-year rotation:

The yields of the fields thus cropped for twenty-eight years have failen below the yields of the fields cropped for only ten years, as follows: Eighteen bushels decrease (40 to 25) where corn is grown continuously; 13 bushels decrease (49 to 36) where corn follows oats in the two-year rotation; and 16 bushels (75 to 50) where corn follows clover in the three year rota-

Where ground limestone and steam ed bonemeal are being applied in the three year rotation, the yield for 1904 being 96 bushels of corn per acre.

To see one field of corn which yields mly 22 bushels and another which yields 96, growing side by side, on the same kind of soil, and from the same kind of seed, and both receiving the same kind of cultivation is an object lesson not soon to be forgotten.

Fat and a Persistent Milker. W. R. S., North Bennington, Vt.: 1

am sixty years old and have dealt in horses all the days of my life. want you to tell me just how to fee and take care of a three and a half vear old cow: I know little about cows: and I raised this one for the fun of seeing it grow up. The sire is a Durham, the mother a Devon. She is a good sized red cow, always fat. She came in last year on September 10, and had no trouble; she gave lots of milk. I tried to dry her off six weeks ago, as she is coming fresh soon, but I could not entirely. commenced making bag about September 16. Now she has got quite a bag full. She has got a poor pasture She has had all summer two quarts of bran, wheat and corn twice a day until September 1. Then I stopped Now I give her a pumpkin at night and one quart of coarse bran, a pint of ground cats and a gill of cilmes very wet in the morning. I thought this would keep her bowels in better shape. She is fat. The front quarters of her bag are full; the hind ones not so full. I am keeping her in the barn nights. If you will let me know what to do when she comes in and after l will be very much obliged.

I have carefully looked over your letter and manner of feeding and care of this cow and I have no better advice to give you than to keep on as you are doing. This cow for her preeding is a remarkable milk producing cow. If you have any trouble going back in milk flow after she

As she has been milking up so near o calving I would not advise you now to try to dry her up, but continue to milk her right along. After the cult s born, slowly increase her feed, but let it be largely wheat middlings and wheat bran, with some oats added. Corn in a cow with an inherent tenlency to lay on flesh is not called for Should she go beyond a certain limit liminish rapidly and she will sim ply become a beef cow, or a cow that either will not come in heat, or if she oes will not get in calf. As you are milking her right along you have little to fear from milk fever (partulent apoplexy).-C. D. Smead, V. S., replyng to above letter in Tribune

Birds seldom make mistakes in heir weather forecasts. Arctic sea-pirds and all sorts of web-footed and birds and all sorts of web-footed and wading strangers have been and are now arriving upon our shores, fully a month or more before their time. If we are not going to have a "good old English winter," then all the signs and portents of bird-life will be be-lied.—Sporting and Dramatic News.

the product of fear. What pygmies worriment, fear of disaster, makes. What pygmies Intimidation from eclipses and comets cience shows to be baseless. The fear of beasts, which vanishes before the prowess of the hunter. Fear of physical man departing with war. Fear to speak one's convictions and advocating neasures he disbelieves, thus counting for less than nothing, and deserving expatriation from a democracy— these are all unwholesome fears. The sooner banished the better Moral fear. Wordsworth calls duty the "Stern Daughter of the Voice of God." She is a task mistress over us. God." She is a task mistress over us. Our superior therefore we fear. Her commands, like a chrysallis, metamorphoses into the pleasures of duty. Fear sat at meat in a Pharisee's house. of the law drives the criminal to our

Garrison, the great moral champion, the centennial of whose birth this day is, when dragged through the streets of Boston by a mob, said "his soul was

nius argued feur made the gods. Some ours who goeth about as a devouring The Old and New Testaments have 518 references to fear.

The almightiness of Johovah makes

us tremble. But He draws near to us in the flesh as we become one with Him. His power is for us. Fear from to the King of Terrors is abolished. All power is for our good and we can no longer fear. Fear gives place to love and sinks to the nether side of the warp in remembrance of terrors of the law are replaced by the grace of the gospel. Fear is the beginning of wisdom, its end is love. In our necessitated helplessness in infancy and youth we depended upon our fathers. That dependence met, brought forth as the foremost filial feeling, love. Ad men have this tuand to them Jesus reveals God as the Father who excels the most de-

sober until he is intoxicated at the feast of Dionysius and be righteous throughout all. To the same devotee wisdom is a virtue if he is a states-man and courage if he is a soldier. There are different virtues for different times and different people. Jesus re-realed Diety as one God and Father, therefore virtue is one and love is the fulfilling of all virtue. To offend in one point of love is to be guilty of alk because righteousness is a unit. The acknowledged master in my

raphy, national boundaries, is a matte of the head and not of the heart and

brance of a young man radiant with hopes that are stifled; the long-for Messiah, Son of God, founder of a religion, whose life was all for human weal, crucified in the populous capital of His nation as a malefactor, and the tragedy of Calvary becomes pathetic in the extreme. If the Oberammergau play is so heartrending, the loved disciples of Jesus must have had an exerience in pathos rarely felt by mortal. It is a wonder some of them did

and the forty days of Lent. Art, Mt-erature and sermons picture the pahearts. The courageous man of Calvary is less viewed, and wisely so. We need to be infused with the pas-sion of Jesus to give us the heart to feel. The melted heart first.

Darwin ruled sympathy out of order in this world of struggle. A recent Mrs. Callahan—Motke! Motke! Work
up; ut's tolme t' take y' insomnia mid-

who grants a loan to a deserving man weighted heart and gladden the recording angel-these are all Illustrations of sympathizing aright. The highest form is the poor sympathizing with the rich highest and lowest feel as one, sympathy has its perfect work. The heart thus sympathetic will go down in pity, heart is pure. We preach "Love one another with a pure heart, fervently." Love, the most prominent thread warp, is more than "mere morality." Knowlthe increas to its doing. The imperaand warmed. It's not the act, but the and warmed. It's not the act, but the motive that giver quality. The love of God to us in arist Jesus drawing as into fellowship with the Infinite heart imparts the highest quality to our

We have earned advanced university degrees in this accomplishment. Instance civil wars and religious inquisttions. There is an Orientalism in scane Thugism, whose votaries worship the Star. sword as the Greek his Icon. Killing is worship wherein they do the will of their goddess. Ascelicism could have a patent office all its own for instruments of flagellation occurred to scourge monks into hatred of this beautiful world. Count the number of those you hate. We naturally love friends and hate enemies. Christ we learn to hate aright

were others whom the Master branded ward legal acts. The best citizens are moved without fear. William Lloyd as "generation of vipers, straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel; with out whited sepulchres, and full of dead men's bones within." Not the Pharlsees, b't their sins, Jesus hated. The cross was God's immeasurable hatred of sin. Faul delivered the most drastic philippies against sin, the de-stroyer of spul. To describe sin as the giory of the imperfect is than criminal. We ought to hate sin

with all passion, Work is a projeinent thread in the warp. Love, hate, fear are emotional.
John Wesley, in his experience of
saving faith, says the heart was
strangely warmed. The Sermon on the Moutir is a message to the heart. The Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Tonurse our feelings for themselves is irreligious. They must issue in acts. Hunger leads us to eat, not for the titillation of the nalate, but to restore lost tissue and complete the body. The blessing of hungering and thirsting after rightousness is in leading to the activity Feelings evidencing in action is what

True character is within. But "no "Let your man liveth to himself." "Let your light shine" is the command to objectify that character. To be seen, it must be in good works, and those best seen are to men's bodily needs. Elec mosynary provisions must always characterize Christians,

Why He Studied the Bible. The Rev. Russell Bigelow Pope, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who recently died in his sixtleth year, acmplished that which seems almost to be beyond belief. He read the Bible through 150 times, thirty-eight times in one year, and once in one day. He made his own concordance, and could give almost any chapter and verse in any part of the Bible at call. For forty rears he read the Greek Testament through carefully once a quarter. His reason for this close and accurate arching of the Scriptures is given by Dr. Pope in the Christian Advocate, as follows: "Once upon a time I called at a drug store and asked for a certain edicine. The clerk went to the back f the store and laid his hand on the unmarked vial. 'How do you know that this is the medicine I inquired for? He replied, I know my store, and then I made up my mind that I would know the entire Word like that,'

Balanced Rock in Colorado.



ell at Waterloo. Lady Clare-Ah? Which platform?-Punch. "It does seem odd the only one of my man friends who became estranged from me through my marriage-is my husband."-Life. "Our office boy dropped into poetry Yeslerday." "How was that?" "The literary editor kicked him into the waste basket."-Cleveland Leader. "Ma!" "What is it?" "Is the stuff in that bottle may rum?" "Mercy, no! It's mucilage," "I guess that's why I

Mr. Blinks-One of my -ancestors

Scribbles-Wright's new book, "Life in the Slums" failed to make a hit, I hear. Dribbles-Yes. He had no idea "Do you deal in second-hand auto-

mobiles? If you do, I want to sell you have you had your machine?" "Since Landlady-Are you aware, Mr. Ski-

one lives? Mr. Skidoo (with his "What's de of deacon doing'?"

cordin' ter how high de turkey "So you still think that every man has his price?" "Yeş," answered Senator Sorghum. "And a lot of the

pose. Subbubs-Yes; servant glels. Mr. Gollywhat-Er-did your sister may anything after I called yesterday

insurance president or a political

metile."-Washington Star. "Well," said Nuritch, showing Kandor through his new house, "what do you think of the furnishin's?" "They show a great deal of taste," replied Kandor. "Ah, think so?" it's all bad."-Philadelphia Press.

will be a good thing?" "I don't know," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "There is so much prejudice against graft that good things are getting scarcer every year."-Washington

"I think," said the man who is politically ambitious, "that I will succeed money is not tainted." "That isn't

the money."- Washington Star. Punch.

toyed with her jewel box. "I was my cousin Ebenezer's boy.