TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"STARTING FOR HOME" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

Golden Text: "I Will Arise and Go to My Father and Will Say to Him Pather I Have Sinned Against



HERE IS NOTHing like hunger to take the energy out of a man. A hungry man can toil neither with pen nor hand nor foot. There has been many an army defeated, not so much for lack of ammunition as for lack of It was that fact that took the

are out of this young man of the text. Storm and exposure will wear out any man's life in time, but hunger makes guick work. The most awful cry ever eard on earth is the cry for bread. A traveler tells us that in Asia Minor here are trees which bear fruit looking very much like the long bean of our time. It is called the carob. Once in a while the people, reduced to destitution, would eat these carobs, but generally the carobs, the beans spoken of ere in the text, were thrown only to the swine, and they crunched them with great avidity. But this young man of my text could not even get them without stealing them. So one day, amid the swine troughs, he begins to soliloquize. He says: "These are no clothes for a rich man's son to wear; this is no kind of business for a Jew to be engaged in, feeding swine; I'll go home; I'll go home; I will arise and go to my father." I know there are a great many people who try to throw a fascination, a romance, a halo about sin; but notwithstanding all that Lord Byroa and George Sand have said in regard to it, it is a mean, low, conemptible business, and putting food and fodder into the troughs of a herd of iniquities that root and wallow in the soul of man is a very poor business for men and women intended to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, and when this young man resolved to go home it was a very wise thing for him to do, and the only question is, whether we will follow him. Satan promises large wages if we will serve him: but he clothes his victims with rags, and he pinches them with hunger, and when they start out to do better he sets after them all the bloodhounds of hell. Satan comes to us to-day and he promises all luxuries and emoluments if we will only serve him. Liar, down with thee to the pit! "The wages of sin is death." Oh! the young man of the text was wise when he uttered the resolution, "I will arise and go to my father." In the time of Mary, the persecutor, a persecutor came to a Christian woman who had hidden in her house for the Lord's sake one of Christ's servants, and the persecutor said: "Where is that heretic?" The Christian woman said: "You open that trunk and you will see the heretic." The persecutor opened the trunk, and on the top of the linen of the trunk he To have a thankless child. saw a glass. He said: "There is no That is Shakespeare. "A heretic here." "Ah!" she said, "you

look in the glass and you will see the

As I take up the mirror of God's

heretic.

Word to-day, I would that, instead of seeing the prodigal of the text, we might see ourselves-our want, our wandering, our sin, our lost condition, so that we might be as wise as this young man was and say, "I will arise and go to my father." The resolution of this text was formed in a disgust at his present circumstances. If this young man had been by his employer set to culturing flowers, or training vines over an arbor, or keeping an account of the pork market, or overseeing other laborers, he would not have thought of going home. If he had had his pockets full of money, if he had been able to say, "I have a thousand dollars now of my own, what's the use of my going back to apologize to the old man? why, he would put me on the limits; he would not have going on around the old place such conduct as I have been engaged in; I won't go home; there is no reason why I should go home; I have plenty of money, plenty of pleasant surroundings; why should I go home?" Ah! it was his pauperism, it was his beggary. He had to go home, Some man comes and says to me: "Why do you talk about the ruined state of human soul? Why don't you speak about the progress of the nineteenth century, and talk of something more exhilarating?" It is for this reason: A man never wants the Gospel until e realizes he is in a famine-struck state. Suppose I should come to you in your home, and you are in good, sound, robust health, and I should begin to talk about medicines, and about ow much better this medicine is than that, and some other medicine than me other medicine, and talk about this physician and that physician. After awhile you would get tired, and you would say: "I don't want to hear about medicines. Why do you talk to me of aysiciana? I never have a doctor. But suppose I come into your house and I find you severely sick, and I know the medicines that will cure you, and I know the physician that is skillful ugh to meet your case. You say: Bring on that medicine, bring on that an. I am terribly sick, and I cant help." if I come to you and you feel you are all right in body, and all ight in mind, and all right in roul, have need of nothing, but suppose have persuaded you that the leprosy of sin is upon you, the worst of all chness. Oh! then you say, "Bring me that balm of the Gospel, bring me that divine medicament, bring me Jeaus

audience, "how do you know that we are in a ruined condition by sin?" Well, I can prove it in two ways, and you may have your choice. I can prove it either by the statements of men or by the statement of God. Which shall it be? You say, "Let us have the state-ment of God." Well, he says in one place, "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." He says in another place, "What is a man that he should be clean? and he which is born of woman, that he should be righteous?" He says in another place. There is none that doeth good-no, not one." He says in another place, "As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all had sinned." "Well," you say, "I am willing to acknowledge that, but why should I take the particular rescue that you propose?" This is the reason: "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." This is the reason: "There is one name given under heaven among men whereby they may be saved." Then there are a thousand voices here ready to say: "Well, I am ready to accept this help of the Gospel; I would like to have this divine cure; how shall I go to work?" Let me say that a mere whim, an undefined longing amounts to nothing. You must have a stout, a tremendous resolution like this young man of the text when he said, "I will arise and go to my father." "Oh," says some man, "how do I know my father wants me? how do I know, if I go back, I would be received?" "Oh," says some man, "you don't know where I have been; you don't know how far I have wandered: you wouldn't talk that way to me if you knew all the iniquities I have committed." What is that flutter among the angels of God? What is that horseman running with quick dispatch? It is news, it is news! Christ has found the Nor angels can their joy contain,

But kindle with new fire. The sinner lost is found, they sing, And strike the sounding lyre.

When Napoleon talked of going into Italy, they said, "You can't get there. If you knew what the Alps were you wouldn't talk about it or think about it. You can't get your ammunition wagons over the Alps." Then Napoleon rose in his stirrups, and, waving his hand toward the mountains, he said, "There shall be no Alps!" That wonderful pass was laid out which has been the wonderment of all the years since -the wonderment of all engineers. And you tell me there are such mountains of sin between your soul and God, there is no mercy. Then I see Christ waving his hand toward the mountains. I hear him say, "I will come over the mountains of thy sin and the hills of thine iniquity." There shall be no Pyrenees; there shall be no Alps.

Again: I notice that this resolution of the young man of my text was founded in sorrow at his misbehavior. It was not mere physical plight. It was grief that he had so maltreated his father. It is a sad thing after a father has done everything for a child to have that child ungrateful.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,

That is Shakespeare. "A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother." That is the Bible. Well, my friends, have not some of us been cruel prodigals? Have we not maltreated our Father? And such a Father! Three times a day has he fed thee. He has poured sunlight into thy day and at night kindled up all the street-lamps of heaven. With what varieties of apparel he hath clothed thee for the seasons. Whose eye watches thee? Whose hand defends thee? Whose heart sympathizes with thee? Who gave you your children? Who is guarding your loved ones departed? Such a father! So loving, so kind. If he had been a stranger; if he had forsaken us; if he had flagellated us; if he had pounded us and turned us out of doors on the commons, it would not have been so wonderfulour treatement of him; but he is a Father, so loving, so kind, and yet how many of us for our wanderings have never apologized! If we say anything that hurts our friend's feelings, if we do anything that hurts feelings of those in whom we are interested, how quickly we apologize! We can scarcely wait until we get pen and paper to write a letter of apology. How easy it is for any one who is intelligent, right-hearted, to write an apology, or make an apology! We apologize for wrongs done to our fellows, but some of us perhaps have committed ten thousand times ten thousand wrongs against God and never apologized.

I remark still further, that this resolution of the text was founded in a feeling of home-sickness. I do not know how long this young man, how many months, how many years he had been away from his father's house, but there is something about the reading of my text that makes me think he was homesick. Some of you know what that feeling is. Far away from home sometimes, surrounded by everything bright and pleasant-plenty of friends-you have said: "I would give the world to be home to-night." Well, this young man was homesick for his father's ouse. I have no doubt when he thought of his father's house he said: "Now, perhaps father may not be living." We read nothing in this story-this parable founded on every-day life-we read nothing about the mother. It says nothing about going home to her. I think she was dead. I think she had died of a broken heart at his wanderluge, or, perhaps he had gone into dissipation from the fact that he could not remember a loving and sympathetic mother. A man never gets over having lost his mother. Nothing said about her, but he is homesick for his father's house. He thought he would just like "But," says some one in the to go and walk around the old place,

He thought he would just like to go and FARM AND GARDEN. see if things were as they used to be Many a man after having been off long while has gone home and knocked at the door, and a stranger has come. It is the old homestead, but a stranger comes to the door. He finds out that father is gone, and mother is gone, and brothers and sisters all gone. I think this young man of the text said to himself, "Perhaps father may be dead." Still, he starts to find out. He is homesick. Are there any here to-day homesick for God, homesick for heaven? A sailor, after having been long on the sea, returned to his father's house, and his mother tried to persuade him not to go away again. She said, "Now, you had better stay at home. Don't go away. We don't want you to go. You will have it a great deal better here." But it made him angry. The night before he went away again to sea, he heard his mother praying in the next room, and that made him more angry. He went far out on the sea, and a storm came up and he was ordered to very perilous duty, and he ran up the ratlines, and amid the shrouds of the ship he heard the voice that he had heard in the next room. He tried to whistle it off, he tried to rally his courage; but he could not silence the voice he had heard in the next room, and there in the storml and darkness he said, "O Lord! what a wretch I have been? What a wretch I am! Help me just now, Lord God." And I thought in this assemblage to-day there may be some who may have the memory of a father's petition, or a mother's prayer pressing mightily upon the soul, and that this hour they may make the same resolution I find in my text, saying: "I will arise and go to my father."

A lad at Liverpool went out to bathe; went out into the sea, went out too far, got beyond his depth and he floated far away. A ship bound for Dublin came along and took him on board. Sailors are generally very generous fellows, and one gave him a cap, and another gave him a jacket, and another gave him shoes. A gentleman passing along on the beach at Liverpool found the lad's clothes and took them home, and the father was heartbroken, the mother was heartbroken, at the loss of their child. They had heard nothing from him day after day, and they ordered the usual mourning for the sad event. But the lad took ship from Dublin and arrived in Liverpool the very day the mourning arrived. He knocked at the door, the father was overjoyed and the mother was overjoyed at the return of their lost son. Oh, my friends, have you waded out too deep? Have you waded down into sin? Have you waded from the shore? Will you come back? When you come back will you come in the rags of your sin, or will you come robed in the Savior's righteousness? I believe the latter. Go home to your God to-day. He is waiting for you. Go home!

But I remark the characteristic of this resolution was, it was immediately put into execution. The context says "he arose and came to his father." The trouble in nine hundred and ninetynine times out of a thousand is that our resolutions amount to nothing, because we make them for some distant time. II I re year, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve to become a Christian tomorrow, that amounts to nothing at all If I resolve at the service this day to become a Christian, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve after I go home to-day to yield my heart to God, that amounts to nothing at all. The only kind of resolution that amounts to anything is the resolution that is immediately put into execution. There is a man who had the typhoid fever, he said: "Oh! if I could get over this terrible disease; if this fever should depart; if I could be restored to health, would all the rest of my life serve God." The fever departed. He got well enough to walk around the block. He got well enough to go over to business. He is well to-day-as well as he ever was. Where is the broken vow?

Not Far Out of the Way.

A young woman from out of town went to a tea among the literary set last week, says the Washington Post. was introduced to a whole roomful of people, and afterwards she went about trying to call everybody by his right name. She remembered an amazng number of names, but when she came to one distinguished looking man she paused in despair. "I know everybody else's name, she said, "but when I try to remember yours I am completely at sea." "Then you're not far wrong," said the distinguished looking man, "my name is Atwater."

FASHION NOTES.

A superb costume was recently ordered for one of the coming White House receptions at Washington. The about which the fashionable world has been quite enthusiastic. It is in ivory white with roses shading from pink to dark maroon. The dress is lavishly draped with Valenciennes lace and is made with V shaped neck filled in with embroidered tulie; the sleeves are puffu of silk and lace, and are finished at the elbaws with lace ru' ès. The inner edge of the hem of the skirt has thick ruching made of white, pink and maroon silk, pinked out at the edges and plaited together, the white ruffle being next to the skirt.

An evening cloak is made of rich brocade. It has a deep yoke and high rolling collar of embroidered velvet: from the lower edge of the yoke fall tassel fringes of fine jet. These are at least half a yard in depth. The sleeves are very large puffs from shoulders to elbaws, with fitted cuffs edged with sable. The garment falls to the feet and is fluished down the front and around the hem with fur; the collar in fur-lined and may be worn standing or turned back upon the yoke.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soll and Yields Thereof-Horticulture, Viticulture and Fiori-

(From Farmers' Review Special Re-



Up HE Round Farmers' Institute, of the Michigan series, opened at Grand Rapids, Feb. 11, with a full attendance, largely composed of delegates from the various county institutes and other societies, and contin-

ued until Friday night, February 14. The exercises of the main section were divided between fruit, stock, and general farming, one day being devoted to each. In addition there was held a women's section, upon each afternoon, and a mechanic's section was open each evening, at which topics relating to mechanical engineering were discussed.

During the noon intermissions the exhibit room was thronged. Here, in addition to a large assortment of spraying machinery, orchard and garden tools and seeds, was a complete working dairy, where 1,000 pounds of milk was each day separated and made into butter. The dairy operations were under the immediate charge of G. H. True of the Agricultural college.

The leading papers presented at the institute were by gentlemen who had attended the county institutes. About one-half of them were from the Agricultural college, and the others included some of the most successful farmers and fruit growers of the state. The discussions were led by local speakers largely.

The first topic upon the program of the third day of the Michigan Round Up was on "Water in the Soil," by A. C. Glidden, of Paw Paw. He has a theory that the water in the lower depths of the soil becomes vaporized and in that form rises to the surface, where at night it is condensed by the soil, which is generally several degrees colder than that of the lower depths.

This idea was disputed by R. M. Kellogg, of Ionia, who ascribed the upward movement of the water in the soil to capillary action and the adhesion of the water to the surface of the particles, in this way passing from a moist particle to one that is drier.

Prof. F. S. Kedzie then talked upon "Commercial Fertilizers: Is Their Use Profitable for the General Farmer?" After explaining the nature of the three elements-nitrogen, potash and phosphoric acid-that are likely to be needed by plants, he showed the amounts and values of these elements in stable manure, and the average commercial fertilizer. The manure is rich in nitrogen and contains but comparatively little phosphoric acid, while the reverse is true with commercial fertilizers. The value of one ton of stable manure, based upon its analysis and the commercial valuation of nitrogen, potash and phosphoric acid, is about one dollar and twenty-five cents, while the value of the average commercial fertilizer, estimated in the same way, is about twenty-five dollars. While they might be profitable for the fruit grower and market gardener, the speaker was of the opinion that commercial fertilizers could not be profitably used upon the general farm. To substantiate this view he showed by a chart the amount of fertilizers used in various counties in the state in 1883 and 1893 as given in the census. Except in Kalamazoo county, where they are largely used by celery growers, the amount of commercial fertilizers used was from two to four times as large in 1883 as in 1893, which indicates that they have not been found profitable for ordinary farm

Secretary I. H. Butterfield, of the State Board of Agriculture, spoke upon "The Present Standing of Ensilage as a Food for the Various Kinds of Stock." He spoke in general upon the advantages of the silo and the merits of the different forms. The value of ensilage for different kinds of stock was then considered and the amount that could be fed to advantage. The paper was discussed by H. J. Martin, of Vermontville.

The first paper of the afternoon was by I. U. Cowdrey, of Ithaca, upon "Growing Potatoes." He preferred a light, sandy loam, although a welldrained clay loam would answer. After plowing deep and thoroughly pulverizing he planted about the first of May. Caution was given about leaving the seed uncovered after it is dropped, for material is the new warp dyed silk any length of time. Within a week he goes over the field with a smoothing harrow, and after that uses a weeder. The cultivation is kept up at frequent intervals as long as possible without disturbing the tops. He uses a onehorse digger and picks into boxes that hold one bushet. The Freeman is his favorite variety for home use, as it is of excellent quality, but when some other sort will produce 200 bushels per acre it only yields 100 bushels. He advised planting at the full of the moon, because you can see to work longer at night to plant, but had no faith in moon theories."

> Budding Apple Trees. I notice in the issue of February 19, on page 119, an inquiry as to budding apple trees. Take a small branch of an apple tree and cut the bark crossways, a little above the bud, then cut downward back of the bud about threequarters of an inch and cut it off. Shape it pointed like a writing pen. Care should be taken so the edges are cut the bark of the branch, where the | tion.

bud is to be placed, crossways, and also lengthways, just a trifle above the crosscut and enough under said cut, so as to be able to shove said bud under the bark, which has to be loosened from the wood carefully so as not to injure or tear it. Then push the bud under the bark, and cover with wax so no air can get at the bark.

For the wax, take three parts beeswax, two parts rosin and one part tallow. Put all in a kettle and boil till all is melted. Then pour the wax into a pail of cold water, where it will curdle. Then rub your hands with a little lard or oil, so as to keep the wax from sticking to your hands, and take it out of the water, and work it like dough or putty, so as to take the water out. This wax will not crack in frost nor

run in heat. The best time for budding trees is from March 15 to May 1, according to weather. If an early spring start about March 15, and keep on. If a late spring, the way the weather will allow.-W. E. Thiemann, in Farmers' Review.

Selling Horses too Cheaply.

A gentleman told us last week of large draft horse (weight 1,700 pounds), which was sold for about \$30. It was at an auction and the animal was disposed of under the impression that he would have to be sold for what he would bring. The animal was said to be all right and only six years of age. The report seems incredible, and we can but believe that we have not heard all of the story. It does not seem possible that a horse of this kind would be parted with for any such figure, unless there was some good cause for it. This is just the kind of horse of all others that is in demand now and probably always will be. He is a kind with which the market is not glutted. When buyers from the great teaming companies are traveling through the country paying \$180 each for heavy horses of pure blood a man should hesitate be fore he lets go of a really good horse for almost nothing.

The Coming Apple Crop.

The apple crop of the past year has proved a valuable one for the apple growers, as well as for the merchants. We are informed that the men that bought apples last fall and stored them in cold storage at a cost of 30 cents per barrel have made from 50 cents to \$1 per barrel. The question now arises. what is to be the apple crop for the coming year? We wish as many of our readers as are engaged in raising apples would examine their trees and see if the fruit buds are strong and well developed. This would show whether or not the growth after last July was enough to ripen the fruit and develop the buds for the coming crop. We hope there will be a general response.

Will the Plum Return?-We remember with a feeling of sorrow mingled with pleasure the plum orchards of our youth, before the black-knot had made its appearance. Every little hamlet in the eastern and middle states had its plum orchards. There were many varieties and all seemed to thrive. It was a delicious sight in the morning to see the great purple ones glistening with dew. The little black ones on the big trees, and the green gages on their smaller trees were a constant delight. Will those days and those orchards return? With the better-understood habits of the black-knot and with the assistance of the spray pump, we hope that our children will see what we have seen in our youth-the plum trees in all orchards laden with the most delicious of fruit.

Churn Often .- Churn once in two cr three days in summer and once in three or four days in winter. Use any good churn that is easily washed. In winter warm the cream before churning to sixty-five degrees by setting the can of cream in a deep dish-pan of hot water (not boiling), stirring the cream with the paddle; secure the right temperature by holding a dairy thermometer in the cream. Color the butter in winter if it needs it, by putting carrot juice in the cream at time of churning. Cotton seed oil and aratto butter coloring is more convenient, but customers are liable to detect a flavor in butter so colored that does not belong to pure butter, which they will not do when carrots are used .- Ex.

Tuberculosis in Illinois,-The question whether or not there be tuberculosis in Illinois seems to have arisen. One party claims that the disease is widespread, and the other party seems to desire to prove that there is practically no tuberculosis. Both sides pretend to found their opinions on the reports of the state veterinarian. The fact is, there is a good deal of the disease in some localities, where herds have been slaughtered, a large per cent of them being found affected. On the other hand, taking the state as a whole. there is comparatively little, when compared to areas of like size in the

Free Seeds.-We hear a great deal about free seeds from the department of agriculture, but we have yet to find a farmer that has any interest in the matter. Most of the horticultural societies condemn the expenditure as a useless waste of the people's money. The seeds being distributed do not advance the interests of agriculture in the least, so far as anyone can see. The money could be far better spent, if it must be spont, in sending skilled horticulturists to foreign lands to investigate both their productions and the methods there employed,

The Carnation.-That the carnation is a popular favorite can not be questioned. Societies exist with no other object but the development and improvement of this beautiful flower. The American Carnation society recently held its annual convention in New York City. This shows the line of modern progress, a continual dividsmoothly cut with a sharp knife. Then | ing up of the great work of investiga-

Growing Beets. (From the Farmers' Review.)

Chas. C. Cornett, Jefferson County, Indiana.—Beets grow well on any good garden soil, and the richer the better. The land should be plowed deeply, and if it be subsoiled, so much the better. This puts the soil in good condition for the drill. Drill in the seed in rows as early in the season as possible. Stablemanure is our general fertilizer here. and we cultivate as we do almost any other farm crop that is drilled in.

We are unable to give the name of the writer of the following: Beets: should have a deep, rich, sandy loam, with clay subsoil. The land should be plowed in the fall and harrowed in thespring. For winter beets, we sow the first of June, about nine pounds of seed to the acre. We fertilize with barnyard manure. We plant in rows and occasionally cultivate between the rows. The rows are two and one-half feet apart, and the plants are thinned to six inches apart in the rows. Weharvest in October, digging with a spade and then cutting off the tops. The greatest obstacle in raising the crop is harvesting them, it being a good deal of work to dig them with the spade. We utilize the crop here by feeding it tocattle. Beets should be thinned when young and kept free from weeds. Soak the seed for twenty-four hours in lukewarm water before planting.

C. B. Steward, Jasper County, Indiana .- Beets should be planted on deeploam, with gravel subsoil, or on land that is well drained. The land should be well manured in the fall and deeply plowed at that time, but not harrowed down. The harrowing should be donein the spring. When the crop is to be used for the fall market the seed should be put in about the 15th day of May, but where the beets are to be used for feeding purposes, June first is early enough. In planting, drill in the seeds about three inches apart, and thin as the plants grow. We use no fertilizer where the land is moderately rich. Incultivating, we use a garden horse plow, and a small harrow at first. As totime of harvesting, that will depend somewhat on the stock to which the beets are to be fed. If they are to go to the sheep we do not harvest till late in the fall, and then we plow them out. The greatest trouble with growing beets is to get them started and then keep them free from weeds. We raise our beets only for feeding to stock. The variety we raise is the large dark red,

and we consider it good. P. J. Barry, Polk County, Wisconsin. -Beets do well on a light, sandy loam, well manured. Plow in the spring early, dress with good stable manure and plow again. We sow the seed the first of May. We cultivate with a ger-den plow. We are not troubled with drouth so far as this crop is concerned. We pull the crop by the first of October. lay them in windrows for eight to ten. days, and then put them in the root house, in boxes covered with sand very dry. We have good crops here, but they are not planted in large quantities.

T. W. Stanford, Kandiyohi County, Minnesota.-Beets do well here on a clay loam, with clay subsoil. I have tried no other soil. I plow deep in the fall and harrow in the spring. I plant the seed from the first to the 10th of May, or as soon as the soil will work well. I have had no experience sowing more than enough for family use. For fertilizer I use well-rotted barn-yard manure. In cultivating I use one horseon a cultivator that runs about one inch deep, and cultivate all of my garden vegetables at the same time. Thereare no drouths here that injure the beet crop, but there is a small bug here that injures them when it is very dry. As I only raise beets in a small way, in harvesting I pull them with my left hand and cut off the tops with a knife held in my right hand. Our greatest obstacle here is the depredations of insects. while the beet plants are quite small. In selling my beets, what I have to sell, I put them in sacks and take them to a market, which, however, is limited.

N. Richardson, Morrison County, Minnesota.-Beets to do best should be on a clay subsoil, the top soil to be a mixture of sand and clay. The land will be good for beets if it has been first seeded to clover and timothy, and used for a pasture for two years at least. Then let sheep run on the pasture in place of cattle. Turn over the sed and pulverize well before planting in the spring. Plant the seed in the spring as soon as danger from frost is over. We do not use fertilizer on beets here, but use old pasture. We put the seeds in rows eighteen inches apart and from four to six inches apart in the rows. They are not affected by drouth if planted in proper soil, such as mentioned above, but on sandy land without a clay subseil drouth affects them badly. Old land that has become exhausted and is very weedy is totally unfit to grow beets on. We harvest about October first, and use the crop to feed

Raise Some Celery. Every farmer that has the proper soil should raise a small patch of celery for the use of his family. It would not be advisable for a great many farmers to go into raising it for market because it requires special conditions to make it a commercial success. If you are not accustomed to raise it, study the matter up. The family will fully appreciate the delicacy this rull.

Variation in Bon Davis.-The Hen Davis apple varies in appearance and in salability according to the locality in which it is grown. This fruit when produced in Wisconsin and lows is not so desirable on the market as when grown in southern Missourt, Illinoia. and Indiana. It seems to require a longer season and more heat to grow it to perfection than some other varie-

tilve the hens some oil meal cake er even whole flarwed. It will help then to pass in safety the season when green food in scarce. We believe the lives of a good many hens are saved in this wav