

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"WOMAN SACRIFICED" THE SUBJECT FOR LAST SUNDAY.

"To Bring Vashti, the Queen, Before the King with the Crown Royal; for She Was Fair to Look Upon"—Ezra, 1-11.

WE stand amid the palaces of Shushan. The pinnacles are aflame with the morning light. The columns rise festooned and wreathed, the wealth of empires flashing from the groves; the ceilings adorned with images of birds and beasts, and scenes of prowess and conquest. The walls are hung with shields, and emblazoned until it seems that the whole round of splendors is exhausted. Each arch is a mighty leap of architectural achievement. Golden stars, shining down on glowing arabesque. Hangings of embroidered work in which mingle the blueness of the sky, the greenness of the grass, and the whiteness of the sea-foam. Tapestries hung on silver rings, wedding together the pillars of marble. Pavilions reaching out in every direction. These for repose, filled with luxuriant couches, into which weary limbs sink until all fatigue is submerged. These for carousal, where kings drink down a kingdom at one swallow. Amazing spectacle: Light of silver dropping down over stairs of ivory on shields of gold. Floors of stained marble, sunset red and night black, and inlaid with gleaming pearls. Why, it seems as if a heavenly vision of amethyst and jacinth and topaz and chrysopeiras had descended and lighted upon Shushan. It seems as if a billow of celestial glory had dashed clear over heaven's battlefields upon the metropolis of Persia. In connection with this palace there is a garden where the mighty men of foreign lands are seated at a banquet. Under the spread of oak and hinden and acacia, the tables are arranged. The breath of honeysuckle and frankincense fills the air. Fountains leap up into the light, the spray struck through with rainbows falling in crystalline baptism upon flowering shrubs—then rolling down through channels of marble, and widening out here and there into pools swirling with the finny tribes of foreign aquariums, bordered with scarlet anemones, hypericums, and many colored ranunculus. Meats of rarest bird and beast smoking up amid wreaths of aromatics. The vases filled with apricots and almonds. The baskets filled up with apricots and dates and figs and oranges and pomegranates. Melons tastefully twined with leaves of acacia. The bright waters of Eulaeus filling the urns and sweating outside the rim in flashing beads amid the traceries. Wine from the royal vats of Isaphan and Shiraz, in bottles of tinged shell, and lily-shaped cups of silver, and flagons and tankards of solid gold. The music rises higher and the revelry breaks out into wilder transport, and the wine has flushed the cheek and touched the brain, and louder than all other voices are the hiccough of the febrile, the gabble of fools, and the song of the drunkards.

In another part of the palace, Queen Vashti is entertaining the princesses of Persia at a banquet. Drunken Ahasuerus says to his servants: "You go out and fetch Vashti from that banquet with the women, and bring her to this banquet with the men, and let me display her beauty." The servants immediately start to obey the king's command; but there was a rule in Oriental society that no woman might appear in public without having her face veiled. Yet here was a mandate that no one dare dispute, demanding that Vashti come in unveiled before the multitude. However, there was in Vashti's soul a principle more regal than Ahasuerus, more brilliant than the gold of Shushan, of more wealth than the realm of Persia, which commanded her to disobey this order of the king; and so all the righteousness and holiness and modesty of her nature rises up into one sublime refusal. She says: "I will not go into the banquet unveiled." Of course Ahasuerus was infuriated; and Vashti, robbed of her position and her estate, is driven forth in poverty and ruin to suffer the scorn of a nation, and yet to receive the applause of after generations who shall rise up to admire this martyr to kingly insolence. Well, the last vestige of that feast is gone; the last garland has faded; the last arch has fallen; the last tankard has been destroyed; and Shushan is a ruin; but as long as the world stands there will be multitudes of men and women, familiar with the Bible, who will come into this picture gallery of God, and admire the divine portrait of Vashti the queen, Vashti the veiled, Vashti the sacrifice, Vashti, the silent.

In the first place I want you to look upon Vashti the queen. A blue ribbon, rayed with white, drawn around her forehead, indicated her queenly position. It was no small honor to be queen in such a realm as that. Hark to the rustle of her robes! See the blaze of her jewels! And yet, my friends, it is not necessary to have palace and regal robes in order to be queenly. When I see a woman with strong faith in God, putting her foot upon all meanness and selfishness and godless display, going right forward to serve Christ, and the race by a grand and glorious service, I say: "That woman is a queen," and the ranks of heaven look over the battlements upon the coronation, and whether she come up from the shanty on the common or the mansion of the fashionable square, I greet her with the shout: "All hail! Queen Vashti." What glory was there on the brow of Mary of Scotland, or

Elizabeth of England, or Margaret of France, or Catherine of Russia, compared with the worth of some of our Christian mothers, many of them gone into glory?—or of that woman mentioned in the Scriptures, who put all her money in the Lord's treasury?—or of Jephthah's daughter, who made a demonstration of unselfish patriotism?—or of Abigail, who rescued the herds and flocks of her husband?—or of Ruth, who toiled under a tropical sun for poor, old, helpless Naomi!—or of Florence Nightingale, who went at midnight to stanch the battle-wounds of the Crimea?—or of Mrs. Adoniram Judson, who kindled the lights of salvation amid the darkness of Burmah?—or of Mrs. Hemans, who poured out her holy soul in words which will forever be associated with hunter's horn, and captive's chain, and bridal hour, and lute's throb, and curfew's knell at the dying day?—and scores and hundreds of women, unknown on earth, who have given water to the thirsty and bread to the hungry and medicine to the sick and smiles to the discouraged—their footsteps heard along dark lane and in government hospital and in almshouse corridor and by prison gate? There may be no royal robe—there may be no palatial surroundings. She does not need them; for all charitable men will unite with the crackling lips of fever-struck hospital and plague-blotched lazaretto in greeting her as she passes: "Hail! Hail! Queen of Vashti!"

Again: I want you to consider Vashti the veiled. Had she appeared before Ahasuerus and his court upon that day, with her face uncovered, she would have shocked all the delicacies of Oriental society, and the very men who in their intoxication demanded that she come, in their sober moments would have despised her. As some flowers seem to thrive best in the dark lane and in the shadow, and where the sun does not reach them, so God appoints to most womanly natures a retiring and unobtrusive spirit. God once in a while does call an Isabella to a throne, or a Miriam to strike the timbrel at the front of a host, or a Marie Antoinette to quell a French mob, or a Deborah to stand at the front of an armed battalion, crying out, "Up! Up! This is the day in which the Lord will deliver Sisera into thine hand." And when women are called to such outdoor work and to such heroic positions, God prepares them for it; and they have iron in their souls and lightning in their eye, and whirlwinds in their breath, and the borrowed strength of the Lord Omnipotent in their right arm. They walk through furnaces as though they were hedges of wild-flowers, and cross seas as though they were shimmering sapphire; and all the harpies of hell down to their dungeon at the stamp of her womanly indignation. But these are the exceptions. Generally, Dorcas would rather make a garment for the poor boy; Rebecca would rather fill the trough for the camels; Hannah would rather make a coat for Samuel; the Hebrew maid would rather give a prescription for Naaman's leprosy; the woman of Sarepta would rather gather a few sticks to cook a meal for famished Elijah; Phebe would rather carry a letter for the inspired apostle; mother Lois would rather educate Timothy in the Scriptures. When I see a woman going about her daily duty—with cheerful dignity presiding at the table, with kind and gentle, but firm discipline presiding in the nursery, going out into the world without any blast of trumpets, following in the footsteps of him who went about doing good—I say: "This is Vashti with a veil on." But when I see a woman of unblushing boldness, loud-voiced, with a tongue of infinite clatter-clatter, with arrogant look, passing through the streets with the step of a walking-beam, gayly arrayed in a very hurricane of millinery, I cry out: "Vashti has lost her veil!" When I see a woman of comely features, and of adroitness of intellect, and endowed with all that the schools can do for one, and of high social position, yet, moving in society with superciliousness and hauteur, as though she would have people know their place, and an undefined combination of giggle and strut and rhodomontade, endowed with allopathic quantities of talk, but only homeopathic infinitesimals of sense, the terror of dry-goods clerks and railroad conductors, discoverers of significant meaning in plain conversation, prodigies of badinage and innuendo—I say: "Look! look! Vashti has lost her veil!"

Again: I want you to consider Vashti the sacrifice. Who is this I see coming out of that palace gate of Shushan? It seems to me that I have seen her before. She comes homeless, houseless, friendless, trudging along with a broken heart. Who is she? It is Vashti the sacrifice. Oh, what a change from regal position to a wayfarer's crust. A little while ago, approved and sought for; now, none so poor as to acknowledge her acquaintance. Vashti the sacrifice! Ah! you and I have seen it many a time. Here is a home emplaced with beauty. All that refinement and books and wealth can do for that home has been done; but Ahasuerus, the husband and father, is taking hold on paths of sin. He is gradually going down. After awhile he will founder and struggle like a wild beast in the hunter's net—further away from God, further away from the right. Soon the bright apparel of the children will turn to rags; soon the household song will become the sobbing of a broken heart. The old story over again. Brutal Centaurs breaking up the marriage feast of Laphae. The house full of outrage and cruelty and abomination, while trudging forth from the palace gate are Vashti and her children. There are homes that are in danger of such a breaking up. Oh, Ahasuerus! that you should stand in a home, by a dissipated life destroying the peace and con-

fort of that home. God forbid that your children should ever have to wring their hands, and have people point their finger at them as they pass down the street and say, "There goes a drunkard's child." God forbid that the little feet should ever have to trudge the path of poverty and wretchedness! God forbid that any evil spirit born of the wine-cup or the brandy glass should come forth and uproot that garden, and with a lasting, blistering, all-consuming curse, shut forever the palace gate against Vashti and the children!

During the war I went to Hagerstown to look at the army, and I stood in the night on a hill-top and looked down upon them. I saw the camp-fires all through the valleys and all over the hills. It was a weird spectacle, those camp-fires, and I stood and watched them; and the soldiers who were gathered around them were, no doubt, talking of their homes and of the long march they had taken and of the battles they were to fight; but after awhile I saw those camp fires begin to lower; and they continued to lower until they were all gone out, and the army slept. It was imposing when I saw the camp-fires; it was imposing in the darkness when I thought of that great host asleep. Well, God looks down from heaven, and he sees the firesides of Christendom and the loves ones gathered around these firesides. These are the camp-fires where we warm ourselves at the close of the day, and talk over the battles of life we have fought and the battles that are yet to come. God grant that when at last these fires begin to go out and continue to lower until finally they are extinguished, and the ashes of consumed hopes strew the hearth of the old homestead, it may be because we have

Gone to sleep that last long sleep. From which none ever wake to weep. O, woman! does not this story of Vashti the queen, Vashti the veiled, Vashti the sacrifice, Vashti the silent, move your soul? My sermon converges into the one absorbing hope that none of you may be shut out of the palace gate of heaven. You can endure the hardships and the privations and the cruelties and the misfortunes of this life, if you can only gain admission there. Through the blood of the everlasting covenant, you go through these gates or never go at all. God forbid that you should at last be banished from the society of angels, and banished from the companionship of your glorified kindred, and banished forever. Through the rich grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, may you be enabled to imitate the example of Rachel and Hannah and Abigail and Deborah and Mary and Esther and Vashti, Amen.

Reading His Own Shame.
Brewer Jones, of New Hampshire, has a scrap book, ten inches thick, of clippings from prohibition papers, which he says is to show his grandchildren the crankiness of the present generation. "We have no doubt," says the Midland, "that his grandchildren will be more ashamed of their grandfather's business than amused at the folly of prohibitionists. Not many children to-day are boasting of their father selling slaves before the war. The time is coming when it will be considered as great a disgrace to have kept a saloon or brewery, as to have conducted an auction block for the sale of human beings."

The Full Account.
A prosperous liquor dealer was boasting to a group of men standing near his saloon of the amount of money he had made.
"I have made \$1,000 in the last three months," he said.
"You have made more than that," quietly remarked a listener.
"What is that?" was the quick response.
"You have made my two sons drunkards. You have made their mother a broken-hearted woman. You have made much more than I can reckon, but you'll get the full account some day!"

SOME PRETTY FASHIONS.
The newest petticoats are dreadfully expensive but lovely. They are made of ribbon and lace alternating in insertion strips.
Among the latest fashions from Paris is the true lovers' knot in lace and this appears on the front panel of many skirts made of canvas or glace silk.
All the new sleeves in England are made tight from wrist to shoulder with perhaps a frill at the elbow. This is a rigid rule and a swell English dressmaker will not be induced to make them large.
A blouse of Nile green satin has a drawn front of white and gold spangled net. The sleeves are new, tucked at the shoulder, and drooping to full puffs at the elbows, where they meet tight sleeves to the wrists.
The latest fashion in underwear—and an ugly one, by the way—is to make lingerie of grass lawn trimmed with white embroidered cambric and of white cambric trimmed with pink cambric frills decorated with lace.
A pretty English debutante recently wore at her coming out party a very pale blue satin, covered with trails of apple blossoms and sleeves of painted chiffon. Sprays were painted on the skirt and a bunch of the flowers adorned the left shoulder, harmonizing well with the wearer's youth and blonde hair.

All the workers at the committee headquarters of the Washington '96 convention met every evening at 10 o'clock for a special service of prayer. Spirituality is the key note of the Washington convention. The committee's significant motto is, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit saith the Lord."

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

MRS. A. L. SMITH, Gibson county, Indiana.—I have had considerable experience with the fault mentioned above. I have tried a number of remedies, but have found nothing so effective as changing them to new quarters, and watching them closely for a few days, getting each egg as it is laid. Several years ago I broke a fine lot of Black Langshans of this habit. This year I had a lot of White Javas that got the habit and I broke them in the same way. The cause is chiefly confinement in close runs. I had to shut up my fowls for several days in the house and that is where they learned the habit. I put them into a new run and gathered the eggs as fast as they were laid for a few days and the habit was soon broken up. When I have a hen that is sitting and brings off an egg every time she comes from the nest I cover up her sitting place and take her out and feed and water her every morning, giving her meat scraps if I have any. I do this for several mornings and after that I have no trouble. I practice taking off my hens, feeding them, and putting them back on the nest, covering the eggs with a warm cloth while the hens are off. I use incubators but usually have some hens sitting toward the end of the season. I had one egg eater this season, but soon broke her as above. Hens will not eat eggs if they have proper animal food. A morbid appetite is the cause. If I should find one that could not be broken by the treatment that I have mentioned I would take her off the eggs for a few days and put another hen on them (as I generally have supernumeraries) and give the egg eater a few china eggs to practice on. She would forget her old habit in a few days. One way that hens learn to eat eggs is by having too many hens laying in the same nest. Some of the eggs are broken, and in this way the habit is begun. Whole eggs or half egg shells thrown to them will teach them to break eggs; that was the way my Langshans learned the trick and my Javas learned it by being kept shut up where they were idle. Now when I feed egg shells I always crush them. I now have about 400 chicks. Of the older broods there will weigh eight pounds. The next brood are three weeks younger, and I have two other broods (incubator) at intervals of three weeks in age. The four broods consist of White Javas, White Cochins, White Langshans, and White Plymouth Rocks with a few half-breed Javas with the latter birds.

Ruben G. Porter, Emmet county, Michigan.—I have had some trouble with hens eating their eggs in the nests where they were laid, but none eating them when they were sitting on them. Make the nests in kegs and the hens cannot get at them and will soon stop the habit.

F. J. Marshall, Butler county, Ohio.—Yes, I have had some experience with the egg eaters. It is a pernicious habit and hard to break up if several get at it at the same time. The best way then is to make a nest slanting so that the egg will roll out of the reach and sight of the hen as soon as it is laid. Care should be taken that the construction of the nest is such that the eggs will not be broken as they roll away. Confined hens are most apt to contract this habit. I have also had hens that were sitting eat their eggs. They would bring off an egg with them every time they came off to eat and keep up the habit till the eggs were all gone. Such hens usually break an egg when getting on the nest and then take it out with them next time they go to feed. I never could remedy this to my satisfaction. Nests for sitters should not be deep at point of entrance as that condition is most likely to result in broken eggs. I think that if they did not get an egg broken at first they would not carry them off, but the smeared eggs make them worse. Whenever an egg has been broken and the other eggs smeared they should be at once washed in lukewarm water and the nests made dark, if possible.

Dehorning Calves.
Cattle ought not to have horns. We all believe that today. It is best to breed them off. There are as good animals of the beef breeds that are polled as that have horns. It is time that horns were bred off the milk breeds. Next best is to prevent the horn starting on the calf. It is not five minutes' time, nor one cent's expense, to do it. I have dehorned many and never failed or made a sore head. After using patented fluids and caustic potash, I now use common concentrated lye, such as the women use for breaking water and making soap. When the calf is less than ten days old is the right time. Simply wet the bump where you expect the horn and rub on as much powdered lye as will equal three grains of corn. Do not wet elsewhere. Let the calf alone thereafter. The scabs will come off and the hair will grow out as nicely as on a natural poll. I do not see that the fighting or butting habit is developed in these dehorned calves. A Jersey bull four years old would have killed my brother had he had horns. He got him down in the pasture and no one was near to help. A shepherd dog came to the rescue. I ask Dr.

Smead if it is possible to produce poils by dehorning in this way? It is against scientific teaching if I mistake not, yet I had a heifer, a thoroughbred Shorthorn as I thought, having raised her, that had been dehorned at calf-hood and breeding her to our St. Lambert bull, also dehorned when a calf, the result is a perfect poll. I am sure of these facts, yet they upset my theories of heredity somewhat.—Joseph E. Wing.

I can dehorn 100 calves for 10 cents. That sounds big, but it is true. I take the calf from three to five days old and use concentrated lye, a 10-cent box. I take a pair of shears, clip the hair over the nub about the size of a nickel, dampen, but not enough to run down the side of the head, put what will lay on point of knife on nub and rub a little with finger and the job is done. It will form a scab, which will come off itself. I have never had a miss yet. I think it very cruel to cut off the horns. I saw one cow faint away after cutting off her horns.—A. P. J. in National Stockman.

Oleo in France.
The French chamber of deputies has passed a very stringent measure by which it is made illegal for dealers in butter to keep oleo for sale, or vice versa; the fraudulent compositions are only to be sold at places especially designed by the municipality of each town. Moreover, all boxes, frkins, or other packages containing oleo, must bear the word "margarine" in large characters, and a full description must be given of the elements employed in making the composition. In the retail trade all oleo must be placed in bags, on the outside of which are to be found a description of the article with the name and address of the vendor. Full authority is given to the inspectors to enter butter factories and shops, and take specimens for analysis; in the event of the specimens being found pure the cost will be borne by the state. The penalties for an infraction of the new law will vary from six days' to three months' imprisonment, and a fine of \$20 to \$1,000, while in the event of the same person being convicted a second time within a year, the maximum fine will also be imposed. There will also be a heavy fine imposed on persons who place hindrance in the way of the inspectors.

Judicious Feeding of Cattle.
In an address, E. P. Lee said: "If we would be successful breeders of cattle, we should give to our cows an abundant supply of healthful food, proper shelter and exercise; then select the best bull we can afford to purchase, for crossing with them; and when this is accomplished, we have employed more or less imperfectly all the processes under which the domestic animals of the same species develop into breeds. Good food, or the lack of it, exercise in moderation or excess, shelter or exposure, and selection or carelessness in crossing, these make up the sum total of the influences which modify constantly, for better or for worse, our horses and cattle, hogs and sheep. The form, constitution, and temper of every domestic animal is, aside from the characteristics of the species, the effect of the interplay of these causes. Judicious feeding, careful treatment in shelter and exercise, and skillful selection for coupling, are the key notes to the breeder's art. If one of these be lacking, breeding is nearly a failure. If all are defective, the animals that result are well nigh worthless. We must be careful in regard to mating. The breeder should notice the defects of the female he wishes to breed, and couple her with a male as nearly perfect as possible; and especially strong in the point where she is weak, and by so doing for a few generations, we shall have arrived at nearly perfection."

Sheep.
The history of sheep husbandry dates back to almost as remote a period as that of man, and from that time to the present, has justly occupied a prominent position in the commerce of all civilized nations of the world, being a source of luxury, ornament and profit, and when John Randolph of Roanoke publicly proclaimed that he would at any time go a mile out of his way to kick a sheep, he virtually asserted that it would be a luxury to abuse his best friend. I do not propose in this brief essay to give the origin or history of the various families or kinds of sheep, but will view the subject as it exists in our country at the present time, as a branch of mixed husbandry. That a flock of sheep is a necessity on the farm I unhesitatingly assert. As laborers in the field they are industrious and thorough, feeding upon briars and many other species of vegetable vermin, consuming much of all kinds of forage, both in summer and winter, that is rejected by other stock and converting it into and distributing over the field a more valuable fertilizer than it would be in a crude state.—C. C. Morton.

Feeding Vetch Hay.
As a preliminary report for the purpose of answering some questions regarding the feeding of vetch hay, I present a brief summary of results of our experience in feeding this material. We have fed the vetch hay to fattening steers, and to cows giving milk, and in both cases the results have been very satisfactory. It was compared with clover hay in both instances. The steers made good gains when receiving vetch hay as the only dry food, except the grain. Two steers were fed 42 days on the vetch hay, and gained 3.07 pounds and 2.07 pounds respectively, per day. Those fed on clover hay gained 2.16 pounds and 2.56 pounds respectively.
The vetch when properly cured is relished by all kinds of stock. It must

not stand until too ripe before cutting. When fed to milch cows the flow of milk and per cent of butter fat was maintained throughout the test, which extended over a period of 45 days. As a cheap substitute for clover hay the vetch seems to answer the demand very satisfactorily. It is an annual, consequently must be sown every year. In this respect it can not be compared with clover. As a fertilizing crop, it is not so good as clover for it does not root as deeply, nor loosen the soil as completely as clover.—H. T. French, Oregon Experiment Station.

Egg Eating Hens.
I have had some hens eat their eggs where laid, but find that it almost always occurs in midwinter or early spring when the birds are short of grit. It generally commences by laying soft shelled eggs or laying off the roots at night, when they have an opportunity to roll the eggs around and peck at them. When the spring is fairly on and the laying season in full swing, I have never been bothered except by an occasional case, and if I can detect that hen off goes her head. My sitting hens never bother me by eating the eggs set under them, unless I happen to put in an egg that has a very soft shell and it gets broken in the nest, or in some case where the nest is made in such a manner that the hen has to drop into it from too great height, and thus accidentally break an egg. But those accidents I usually guard against after one experience. As to treatment, if it is an isolated case of egg eating and I can find the hen I chop her head off. But if in early spring or in the winter a mania seems to seize them for egg eating I scatter china nest eggs on the floor and in the nests, and keep all eggs picked up as fast as they are laid for a few days and find no difficulty in stopping the habit in this way.
Joseph Murphy,
Delta County, Michigan.

Medium Hogs for Market.—Drovers' Journal: Big corn means big hogs. Big hogs means lots of lard, big hams and big pork, which is now, and is liable to remain a heavy drug on the market. The January flurry in the prices of hogs and provisions made everybody feel bullish, and the consequence was farmers and feeders held their hogs long after they ought to have been shipped. While cellars and storehouses have been crowded with heavy, fat stuff that nobody seemed to want, packers say they cannot possibly supply the demand for bacon and cuts of pork made from light hogs at prices considerably above board of trade quotations. There is nothing like supplying the demand with what it wants, and holding already heavy hogs to simply store more cheap corn into them is folly. Better sell the hogs when they are at the most desirable weights and save the corn, which will come in handy.

Silos.—Prof. Georgeson at the Kansas Dairy association convention said: "I would like to indorse the question of silos. We have had fifty-six head of cattle, which we wintered last year, and they were wintered for six months on the corn that was raised on twenty acres or a little less; all put in the silo. They were fed an average of forty pounds of ensilage per day. We began feeding it the latter part of October and it lasted until the middle of May. They got nothing else except a little corn stalks fed in the daytime. It kept them in good condition. The Shorthorns and those cows which we did not care to feed for milk did not get a grain of anything else."

New York Milk.—Mr. Van Valkenburg, assistant commissioner of agriculture for New York, said to a reporter for The World, in relation to milk as the farmers send it in: "About four cans in one hundred show adulteration. They show an average of about 10 per cent of adulteration by watering or skimming. This represents only about sixteen quarts of water added to 4,000 quarts of milk. I claim that there are no two cities in the United States that are supplied with milk so nearly up to the standard made by the state legislature of New York as in New York and Brooklyn."

Fast-Walking Farm Horses.—Any good breed of trotting horses, or any horse which has thoroughbred blood in its veins, can by practice be made to walk fast. No common-bred animal can be made a fast walker. A fast walker is made by careful exercise in that gait and it is a delightful one for a traveler if his steed walks four or five miles an hour. It is also very important to the farmer to have a fast walking team; but it depends much on the rider or driver whether a horse ever attains this highly esteemed quality.—Farm and Home.

Danger in Holding Stock.—The farmer who "holds for a rise" does not always get it. He loses a double interest, for the farmer who has money in hand can save twice the legal interest by buying all his needed winter supplies in bulk and by paying cash for them. After stock is ready for market there is a probability that the added cost of feeding will offset any increase in value.

Air Space for Cows.—The department of animal industry considers that each cow should have at least 600 cubic feet of air space.
A diet of fruit and milk, it is said, will reduce flesh at the rate of five pounds a week.
It has been found impossible to build a lighthouse on Diamond Shoal, off Hatteras, but the government will put in a lighthouse at once, and she will be the strongest ever made.