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THE WOOD GIANT.

From Alton Bay to Sandwich Dome,
From Mad to Saco River,
For patriarchs of the primal wood
We sought with vain endeavor.

And then we said: "The giants old
Are lost beyond retrieval,
The pigmy growth the axe has spared
Is not the wood primeval.

Look where we will o'er vale and hill
How idle are our searches,
For broad-girthed maples, wide-limbed oaks,
Centennial pines and birches!

Their tortured limbs the axe and saw
Have changed to beams and trestles;
They rest in walls, they float on seas,
They rot in sunken vessels.

Th's shorn and wasted mountain land
Of underbrush and bowlder—
Who thinks to see its full grown tree
Must live a century older."

At last to us a woodland path,
To open sunset leading,
Revealed the Anakim of pines
Our wildest wish exceeding.

Alone, the level sun before,
Below, the lake's green islands,
Beyond, in misty distance dim,
The rugged Northern Highlands.

Dark Titan on his Sunset Hill
Of time and change defiant!
How dwarfed the common woodland seemed,
Before the old-time giant.

What marvel that in simpler days
Of the world's early childhood
Men crowned with garlands, gifts and praise
Such monarchs of the wild-wood?

That Tyrian maids with flower and song
Danced through the hill groves' spaces,
And hoary-bearded Druids found
In woods their holy places?

With somewhat of that Pagan awe
With Christian reverence blending,
We saw our pine tree's mighty arms
Above our heads extending.

We heard his needles' mystic runo,
Now rising, and now dying,
As erst Dodona's priestess heard
The oak leaves prophesying.

Was it the half unconscious moan
Of one apart and matchless,
The weariness of unheard power,
The loneliness of greatness?

O dawns and sunsets, lend to him
Your beauty and your wonder,
Blithe sparrow sing thy summer song
His solemn shadow under!

Play lightly on his slender keys,
O wind of summer, waking
For hills like these, the sound of seas
On far off beaches breaking!

And let the eagle and the crow
Rest on his stid green branches,
When winds shake down his winter snow
In silver avalanches.

The brave are braver for their cheer,
The strongest need assurance,
The sigh of longing makes not less
The lesson of endurance.

—*J. G. Whittier, in N. Y. Independent.*

OUR BIG SALMON.

A Happy Consummation Brought About by Its Capture.

It was no ordinary salmon; not one of us can speak of it even now but with bated breath and a tendency to retell this story. Several of our friends think it time to go the moment that grand fish thrusts its nose into the conversation. Lord Duffer even departed in a huff yesterday afternoon because we persisted in a final gossip upon the subject; but he is devoid of all sense of either romance or sport, without which incongruous ingredients our salmon can not be dished up for conversational purposes; or perhaps—as I pause the others accept the hypothesis with many-voiced acclamations—he was in love with Ethel himself! She who ought to know best denies this, but her good nature in sheltering rejected lovers from ridicule is proverbial in the family.

It is perhaps the most perfect hour of the year, viz., six o'clock on a July evening, and especially perfect because we are just going to have tea, an event which attains exceptional importance owing to the fact that luncheon at the stifling hour of one was a farce. We have been out since early morning, a state of things which has obtained ever since our arrival in Wales ten days ago, and are grouped in picturesque attitude, such as girls naturally adopt when in momentary expectation of the return of the gentlemen, round the head of a rocky pool some miles up the river.

This spot has, after an exhaustive examination of the entire neighborhood, been pronounced by the family the beau ideal of romantic perfection. The murmur of the fall soothes our ears; Captain Croft calls such music a "ceaseless din," but men of his stamp have no business outside London; in fact his adverse verdict alone would be enough to decide us in having afternoon tea here. It is pleasant to lie on the rocks staring down into the glittering blackness of the deep pool, while the pressence of the heavy salmon which lives at its lower end, and occasionally startles us with a loud splash, is fraught with ceaseless excitement.

Dick and Captain Croft have often tried him with everything, from a "Jack Scott" to a "Silver Doctor," without getting the ghost of an offer from his majesty. They will soon return, surly, after the bootless fatigue of long wading, and, if we know anything of a fisherman's nature, try him yet again.

Meantime, we light a fire of dry sticks and arrange everything in a way calculated to cheer the eyes of disappointed anglers.

We are disgusted to see Captain Croft returning first, and more still to see Ethel with him, for Dick has long been her slave, and we did hope to find that he and Ethel would be together and that something would occur to prevent his threatened departure to-morrow morning. If this afternoon turns out blank, we give up hope, for Dick is due in India in October, and will not get another chance with Ethel.

This morning Captain Croft killed two sewin, and Ethel was the only one of us civil enough to congratulate him. Dick appeared at lunch with an empty creel, bronzed and tired, but as usual, cheerful. This cheerfulness of his, added to a curious habit—very curious, even unique, considering his sex—of thinking of every one else before himself have helped to make us worship Dick as an elder brother.

"I wish *some* of you *would* be a shade less sisterly," I heard him mutter the other night when Ethel said with a guileless smile: "We all look upon you quite as a brother, you know, Dick."

Captain Croft and Ethel, whom we received with dignified stiffness, throw out strong hints upon the subject of tea, but we request them not to be greedy, which is uncivil, and declare that the kettle is not boiling, which is untrue. Possibly we rather astonish Captain Croft with our rudeness, but we are sure about Dick, and our enemy has often enough disavowed all surprise at the vagaries of our sex.

While the angler, finding us too difficult for conversation, turns over the leaves of his fly-book meditatively, Ethel reclines among the sea of brake-fern which envelops our camp. I observe her from behind a book, and reflected for the thousandth time that the multitude of her conquests is not to be wondered at. Who can withstand such blue eyes and soft curly hair and the dimples which come and go as she speaks? Again, her voice is like the warble of a nightingale, and—but sister Ethel is a theme which, from its exceeding attractiveness, I must label "dangerous."

As Dick comes in sight, clambering over the rocks with his long rod over his shoulder, I fancy I detect an added light in her eyes, but she only remarks casually: "Now you girls have got your hero back again, perhaps you will give us some tea."

"Fish?" says Dick: "not a fin. Might as well throw a fly on dry ground as on this gin-clear water."

He sits down, and we recover our spirits and temper a little. But he is not himself, for being really anxious about him and Ethel, I observe him closely and note the elaboration of effort in his mirth.

"I wish he was not so humble-minded. Probably he will not even ask her," so run my thoughts.

After our painstaking preparations tea is not to be dismissed in a moment. Our contemplative enjoyment of it, however, is broken in upon by a loud shout from fourteen-year-old Bella. "Look, the salmon!" and she points to the curving eddies which mark the spot where the big fish has risen.

"By gum," says Dick, jumping up in haste, "it's a regular sockdolager. "Take my rod, Croft, and try for it."

"No, no, it's your turn. I had the last."

But good-natured Dick thrusts the rod into his friend's hand and drags off his own hat to examine the flies in it.

Our loud-tongued entreaties are to him as the idle wind; but a gentle, low-voiced request from Ethel veers him round in a moment. He takes the rod and glides cautiously down to the water's edge, crouched behind rocks, and with beating hearts we watch every movement of Dick's fingers.

"I shall show him a big dark fly first"—his words scarcely reach us through the noise of the fall—"I should never land such a 'whopper' on a small hook."

He seems an age affixing that fly and then wetting it. As he lengthens his line out a yard or more each cast, and the black wings and silver body float nearer and nearer to the spot where the great fish rose, our excitement reaches almost to bursting point, and little Bella has to be held down by force.

There, it must have been right over his nose that time! I almost wonder that Dick has the courage to go on working his fly at all. But no ripple breaks the surface. His majesty gazes unmoved upon the black and silver. Two or three more throws and Dick reels up his line.

"Try him with a small 'Jock Scott' now," Captain Croft, caught by the prevailing excitement, speaks in a solemn whisper.

"All right. Throw me one over."

Again the wetting process has to be gone through and again seems more endless than before.

At last the brilliant-hued "Jock Scott" is almost over the big fish. Dick balances himself carefully for the next cast. The rod curves back, swings forward, and the fly, delivered straight and freely, drops gently on to the water a couple of yards above the salmon. Hardly has the line sunk an inch below the surface before there is a heaving boil and swirl of water as the great fish bounds to the surface. There is not one of us girls who would not at this juncture have thrown the rod down with a shriek.

In a moment Jack has struck. His rod is a hoop; the line flashes through the water; the whirling reel makes music in our ears.

"Down to the bottom of the pool, and drive him back if he makes for the rapid." We obey Dick like children, except Ethel, who stands beside him and views the struggle, so to say, from the grand stand.

The first rush is straight toward the dangerous rapid, but a strenuous splashing from us drives the fish back in time.

"By Jove! that was a near shave though," and Dick wipes his forehead hastily.

Both Dick and Captain Croft afterward declared that they had never seen a fish show such sport as this one did.

One grand rush after another seems to leave him as fresh as ever. He is across the pool, down the pool, under the white water at the top, and almost under Dick's feet—all in a moment. Again and again he hurls himself into the air and his great silvery side almost dazzles our eyes with its glitter.

Little Bella positively cries with excitement, and one or two of us would fain do likewise.

I have that strange feeling anglers have often described to me, which makes the burning reality of the moment blot out past and future. The fate of the universe seems to hang on this one fish; if he is once landed, I feel that the struggle of life will be over.

For thirty-eight minutes does that fish keep us palpitating round that pool, then he begins to tire. His rushes are shorter and shorter. Dick is getting him in hand.

One last effort for freedom, however, he makes in spite of a shower of stones from us, and the strain put upon him by sixteen feet of greenheart, that gallant fish struggles into the head of the rapid.

Dick comes running down the bank, losing line even then, for the current of the narrows is furious.

Through the neck at the bottom of the pool flashes the salmon like lightning. The sight of bowlders and broken water renews his courage. Dick's course down stream is arrested by a big rock; his line is run out to the last yard. This prince of fishes will escape after all! Dick looks upon the swirling water and sets his teeth. There is a last chance, but a risky one.

"Don't, Dick; you would be drowned to a certainty," we shout in chorus. Ethel implores him with tears in her eyes not to risk it. He looks gratefully at her, but shakes his head. It flashes across me that if the expression of her face at this moment does not give him heart to ask her a certain interesting question on the way home, why, he doesn't deserve her.

Nothing short of cart ropes would stop Dick now his blood is up; he steps into the hurrying water and is taken off his legs in a moment and washed against a rock; now he regains his footing and staggers on a yard or two, now loses it once more.

"No fish in the world is worth such dangerous work as this. What a reckless chap it is," thus Captain Croft anxiously.

While making a short detour round the rocks we lose sight of the angler for a moment: then, rushing breathlessly down to the water again, find him lying upon the bank, much shaken, bruised and exhausted, but holding on to his rod doggedly.

"The fish is sulking in the lower pool," he explains, emptying the water from his pockets. "When I've had a rest you must come and rouse him up with stones."

This respite is brief. That game fish is soon careering round the second pool, but the effort is a final one. Very soon he is lying in the shallow water, almost passive.

We have no gaff with us, and Captain Croft's big landing net would not even hint at inclosing such a leviathan as this.

Dick leads the fish steadily shoreward until it is almost aground; then Captain Croft, warily circling around it, scoops it up in both arms, and, behold, the great salmon is glittering among the ling and heather!

A loud cheer arises from the whole party, and little Bella, in a paroxysm of triumph, kneels beside the silver monster and kisses its slippery side.

"Thirty pounds at least," we cry.

"No, twenty-five, perhaps," say the gentlemen. "And a grand fish in perfect condition."

The excitement of the sport has completely driven all thoughts of Dick's coming departure from my mind, but they now return with force. "He *shall* have a chance," I declare to myself, and ponder a little while the others are steeped in fish-worship.

"Dick," I exclaim, authoritatively, "you must go home at once, instead of loitering about here, dripping like a Newfoundland dog. Ethel and I will walk back with you."

Catching Dick's eye, I see that he understands me. "Come along," he says.

Ethel takes my arm on the side remote from Dick. She is remarkably silent, and shows a tendency to blush about nothing, fearing possibly that her anxiety about Dick's dangerous escapade just now may have betrayed her. Dick, feeling that he is now, as he would himself phrase it, "in for it," maintains a no less impenetrable dumbness. Never have two such leaden companions fallen to my lot before or since.

It is a relief that the beauty of the winding moorland path, stretching away behing us, compels me to stop and take out my sketch-book.

"I'll stay with you," says Ethel, nervously.

"What, and leave poor old Dick to jog home alone?"

"Eh?" says Dick, looking at me with comical terror. "Don't let me drag her with me if she wants to stay."

"Nonsense; go away, Ethel. I can't have you fidgeting about me while I am drawing."

Their assiduous good nature in preparing my water-color box and block for action knows no bounds; neither fulsome hints nor cross requests will induce them to depart. At length, when I am busy with my first wash, and refuse with sulky steadfastness to answer any more questions, or to offer any further pretext for their moving hand or foot on my behalf, they stroll shyly off together, Ethel's eyes on the ground, Dick's on the distant horizon.

Craning round upon my camp-stool, I watch them down the long slope of brake-fern and heather, straining my eyes as they grow indistinct after crossing the stream, and finally disappear, to leave me none the wiser for all my gazing.

Anxiety prevents my sitting still for ten minutes together. My sketch is a curiosity—a phenomenal specimen of the kind of daub producible by the convulsive dashes of a hand totally unassisted by a mind, which is too agitated to do its duty.

My eyes yearn to pierce the small knoll behind which the twain have disappeared. Are those two heads any nearer to each other than when I saw them last?

For years we have looked upon Dick as a brother; to-morrow night, when he has departed, many tears will be shed which he will know nothing of. His going to India, too, is a mere freak, a decision reversible, I really believe, by a single word from Ethel. Again, Dick is his own master, unhampered by that lack of gold which quenches the hopes of so many young fellows. Well, I have done my best, and, now they have had a clear hour with their fate in their own hands, may as well collect my paraphernalia and follow them.

As I pace homeward and gaze over the swelling hills, the sun setting "beyond their utmost purple rim," saddens me. Solitude and the gloom of eventide, melancholy as a long-drawn sigh of nature, settle upon my soul; by the time I have reached the last bridge to be crossed, the castles I have built concerning Dick and Ethel have crumbled one by one.

Suddenly I stumble upon them among the rocks, and my hopes rush to the surface once more; the glow of happiness upon these two faces admits of but one explanation.

"You old brick," begins Dick, clasping my two hands with a fervor which I trust he will never repeat. "If it hadn't been for you, I should never have done it!"

"And Lucy," adds Ethel in a thrilling voice, with her arms round my neck, "you're a dear old thing; if it hadn't been for the salmon and Dick's going in after it, he never would have——"

"Done this," interpolates Dick, kissing her again and again, with a cool indifference to my presence which bathes her face in crimson. "But we haven't the courage to go in without you," he adds, when he has quite done his whispers in her ear.

"You'll have to, though, Master Dick," I reply, dashing onward and into the midst of the astonished group in the inn parlor.

"It's twenty pounds ten ounces," shouts Bella, by way of greeting.

"Come outside, girls," I exclaim breathlessly, "and I'll show you something worth a hundred salmon."

As we emerge from the door the soft twilight shows us the prettiest picture we have ever looked upon; and the happiness which underlies the shyness of the one face and the sparkle and triumph of the other wakes an answering chord in our hearts as we murmur: "Welcome, brother."—*London Society.*

—The British colonies include the richest and largest forests in the world, extending over millions of square acres. In India alone about 60,000 square miles are afforested, and the forests of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and Cape Colony are second to none in size and the variety and value of their productions. But there is no knowledge of forestry and no school of the art in France and Germany. Consequently the acreage under timber there and in Great Britain itself is small and constantly decreasing. Of the 20,000,000 square acres of Scotland, only about 700,000 to 800,000 acres are woodland.

—Teacher: "Define 'snoring.'" Small boy: "Letting off sleep."

TEMPERANCE.

KEEP THE HOME PURE.

A Son's Disgrace and a Mother's Remorse—"But for the Wine on Your Table I Should Never Have Been Here!"

I was a guest once at a beautiful home in one of the Eastern States. Nothing that wealth and taste could provide was wanting to beautify and adorn it. The father was a man of business, and immersed in its cares; the mother was a refined and cultured lady, who moved in the first circles of society. They had two children, one a young girl of some fifteen years of age, and the other a young man of more than eighteen years, who was attending the college in the town, and whom his fond parents designed for the profession of the law.

The home was a hospitable one, and its hospitality had been conducted on the old-fashioned lines of what was called polite society. No entertainments were more elegant, no table more daintily supplied, and none had costlier wines than were to be found in this home of a foremost business man. The latter were used to no excess in the private life of the family, and were dispensed with refined hospitality to the family guests. Father and mother, daughter and son, drank of them with their guests, and so far as could be seen, drank of them sparingly and prudently. Once or twice the young man had been noticed to fill his glass more than once, but neither father nor mother dreamed that excess would ever mark his conduct. He was brought up to use wine as a gentleman, and would never so far forget himself as to allow it to master his self-control. So thought father and mother, if ever the matter became a subject of thought.

But who can answer for the consequences when once the subtle spirit of drink and the warm blood of youth are mingled. The facts unseen by all were that the wine-cup had already fatal charms for the youth. Often, when no eye saw him, did he quaff the extra glass or take the half empty bottle to his chamber. And often, when father and mother thought him with his student companions busy at work, was he to be found with companions, not at work, but playing the exciting game and drinking the still more exciting draught.

I had risen early, and was reading in the pleasant little library, when an anxious, hurried step was heard in the dining-room, and through the half-open door I caught the quick tones of a woman's voice, saying:

"Where's Tom? His bed was not touched last night. Where can he be?"

It was Mrs. A.'s voice. To it replied the slower, more careless words of the husband:

"Do not be anxious, dear; Tom's all right; he has likely gone home with one of his friends. He will turn up presently."

We sat down to breakfast, but the whole atmosphere was disquieted. I could not see the listening ear and the glancing eye of that stately mother as each step sounded near, or a form passed the window. But no Tom came.

Breakfast had just ended when the servant brought in a note and handed it to Mr. A. He quickly opened it, turned as quickly pale, and then, with a hurried, anxious look at his wife, left the room followed by the frightened mother.

A half hour later I learned it all. Tom had been arrested the night before and taken to the lock-up, and the note was from the kindly keeper, who wished to spare the respected family the disgrace of a public trial. I shall never forget the face of that mother. Pride, shame and love chased each other over it in varying light and shade, but love conquered and lighted it up with a sad, pitying, merciful glow. It was settled that she should go to the lock-up and that I should accompany her.

We alighted at the forbidding door, we entered the still more forbidding passage-way, and were conducted to Tom's cell. With a cry of unutterable love and mingled bitterness the mother flung her arms about the neck of the boy whom she had nurtured so delicately, and wept hot tears of shame and pity.

"Oh Tom, my son, my son, how could you disgrace me so?" she uttered between her sobs. The answer came, slowly, bitterly, almost defiantly, cutting into the conscience of that mother with the sharp, remorseless edge of retribution.

"Mother, oh my mother, why did you teach me to drink? But for the wine on your own table, curse it! I should never have been here. It crept into my blood, fastened upon my will and chained me fast. What I did last night I know not. I was mad drunk. Oh, if you had kept it from me years ago."

That mother's face is before me now. Pale as death, agonized beyond possibility of description, every line of reproach for the wayward boy turned into a deepening furrow of self-reproach. She spoke but once: "Forgive me, my boy—I see it all now, and may God forgive me."

Tom was taken home. The disgrace was not suffered to become an open one. That night a lengthy and solemn conference took place between the proud mother and the wealthy father. And the next day no vestige of strong drink was to be found in the princely home. The evil spirit was cast out, but, alas! not before it had well nigh possessed the only son of those who had so thoughtlessly harbored it. I have visited that home since. Wealth and refinement mark all its appointments, as of old, hospitality reigns as royally, but the lesson of chastening is to be read in the absence of all that can intoxicate, and in the tender care and constant prayer that the Heavenly Parent may repair the error well nigh irrevocably wrought by the loving earthly parents. Yes, dear reader, keep it out of the house. Have no deceitful ally within, working hand in hand with the brazen confederate without. Keep it out of your kitchen, away from your table, make the family circle secure.

It may be that some member of your family will fall a victim to the terrible power of the drink appetite, but what a pitiable and almost unendurable thought it would be to haunt you forever, if conscience accused you of making it easy for the first step to be taken. If the lightning must strike your home, don't, for pity's sake, prepare the rod which draws the destroying bolt upon you.

Cider, beer, wine, may sound and seem harmless, but all these contain the subtle spirit of destruction, the fatal alcohol. They are the easy steps, the alphabet: once allow them to be learned, and you can not stop the goings forth and forward toward destruction. Make your homes pure. It is the cradle of youth, the refuge of middle life, the asylum of the aged. Whatever may be the temptation and the dangers without, give no place for them within. Keep the drink out of the homes.—*Prof. L. E. Foster, M. P.*

A BISHOP'S VOICE.

Remarks of Bishop Spalding at the Recent Catholic Temperance Convention at Peoria, Ill.

The annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of the State of Illinois was recently held at Peoria. Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria Diocese, was chosen President of the Union for the ensuing year. After the business of the convention was finished a public meeting was held and Bishop Spalding delivered an eloquent address on Temperance, from which we make the following extracts:

The Temperance cause is one which to all question commends itself to all who have the welfare and progress of mankind at heart. The bases of all human happiness are virtue and right conduct. To be governed by that moral law of which we are all conscious is the best. Whatever tends to make men more earnest in their conduct and more able to practice what they preach is good. Since this is a general principle it follows that sobriety—temperance in whatever we may use—is right in itself. The Temperance question is one of the absolute necessities of society.

Gladstone has said that intemperance has brought more wretchedness, sorrow and ruin upon mankind than war, famine and pestilence combined. And I am convinced of this. There is no evil to be compared in its dread and fatal power with the evil of drunkenness. Between sober and sober, human beings are alike. This is questioned, but if I decide on one day in a year of cholera, everybody talks about it, and people become alarmed thousands of miles away. If fifty or sixty people are killed in a railroad accident the newspapers fill them with the news. We need something startling to attract our attention. It is so with intemperance. It is a cancer, an ulcer in many a home-hold—paving the way to a thousands. It works its way silently. If you could gather in one place the drunkards of a city or State, and could depict the history of these blighted lives, public opinion would stand aghast. A kind of moral paralysis would take possession of all. We overlook it because it does not come on us like a pestilence, in an hour, but by slow and stealthy advances.

Intemperance, very few evenings, these who hate Temperance who do succeed in shutting their eyes to the enormity of the evil. There is no evil when to me is so repulsive, that affects me in so unpleasant a way. There are other vices that may be worse, but kindred. But to me the most painful of all is drunkenness. It brought about by drunkenness. It seems more than any other vice to get control of a man. Of course there are some reformed drunkards, but as a rule they do not. Hundred thousands and reform by tens. Its power is almost as fatal as the force of death. It has been said to the great evil. It weakens the will more than all the other vices. The most God-like thing in a man is his free will, which places him above other creatures. The tendency of all wrong-doing is to weaken the will, and drunkenness has that effect more than anything else.

My action is that men do not love liquor for its pleasant taste, but for the effect it produces and the direct effect is to deaden consciousness. It makes man for the time forget his labor, his troubles, the cares of life, and therein is the great charm of using accelerate stimulants. But as the habit grows upon many it brings about the lessening of will power, and induces intellectual and physical decay. It is unworthy of man to seek this unnatural unconsciousness. It is a cowardly refuge from the realities of life, and results in the destruction of the man.

I have a supreme belief in the good of life as it is given to us on earth. It is a God-like privilege to be able to think, to love, to work, to consider, to see and enjoy the beauties and advantages of nature. It is a crime in any man to lessen the perfect goodness of his life, which I think drunkenness does. That is why I hate it. Life is sweeter, fonder and freer to me as a total abstainer than as a moderate drinker; so I say if you want to get the most out of life, if you want to sympathize with your fellow men, to feel the true force of your being, abstain from alcoholic stimulants. I am convinced that even the most delicately constituted man is liable to endure more as an abstainer than a moderate drinker.

It is a grave mistake to imagine that drunkenness has grown more general in our age than in past ages. In this country, I am convinced that in this country and in Europe sobriety is on the increase. Drunkenness was even approved of one hundred years ago. It was thought once to be a gentleman-like vice. Public opinion did not condemn it. Heaven, what progress is this then! And this progress has been brought about by the force of public opinion. It is one of the glories of this country that it has so many Temperance societies. They are doing the work of educating public opinion on this question, of teaching the people to realize the awful results of intemperance. In the United States we have more true liberty than is enjoyed by people in other lands. With this social and religious liberty it becomes all important to educate men, to teach them to control themselves. Here the people are free in all, and since they govern, it becomes a matter of supreme importance that the people should be wise, sober and have self-control. One reason why I advocate total abstinence is because I believe it is the most philanthropic work of the age. In this country drink prevents poor men out of a hundred from leaving their children in a better condition than that with which they started. Whisky, alcohol and beer are the great invincible enemies of women. They take self-respect from the children, fill the home with the words of anger, discontent and wretchedness, when they might be full of happiness, light and cheer.

We can not neglect taking sides on this question. It is of more importance than any political question. It is associated with all we love and cherish and glory in.

Concluding, the speaker argued that Temperance is the poor man's cause, because he is at great disadvantage in the struggle. It is not only his cause—it is the cause of the soul—the cause of the Eternal God.

TEMPERANCE STATISTICS.

A Good Many Hundreds of Millions of Dollars Annually.

When we are inquiring as to the actual loss to the country through its drinking usages, there are still further reductions to be made, particularly in the item we have found described as direct cost. So much of this item as represents the amount paid for taxes, together with the profits of the business, remains in the country, and goes to employ industry and to stipulate production and trade. But, on the supposition that alcoholic drinks on the whole do just as much harm as good, the whole body of the material products that enter into their manufacture is a dead loss. Tens of millions of bushels of grain annually, thousands of carloads of wood and coal, millions of feet of lumber, quantities of brick, lime, metals and other materials used in building and repairs have all gone into the production of drinks, and, on the supposition now before us, nothing has come out. These materials have been lost, precisely as if they had perished by fire or flood. The same is true of the annual use of the capital invested. The same is also true of all the labor employed in transforming these materials into beverages, and in transporting and vending the beverages. All these materials, labor and capital were capable of being used for human comfort. At the point where this capability ceased, at their proper valuation at that point, they went out of existence as values, and nothing came into existence in return for them. The men were paid for their labor, to be sure, but if they had not been earning their living in this way, they would have been earning it in some other way. We have seen above that it would have been fallacious to add this cost to the retail cost, because it is a part of that cost; but that does not prevent its being genuine and utter loss. We have no means of determining closely its amount, but we know that it is measured by hundreds of millions of dollars. The ease of the cost at retail differs from that of the fall for damages, in that the items of the latter are all of the nature of loss. In the matter of positive evils caused by intemperance, there is no part that is of the nature of an addition to the wealth of the country. The amount of financial loss thus caused we can not estimate with accuracy; for purposes of close measurement, the statistics now before the public are worthless. But they show that, in the two departments, the absolute loss to the country through the use of alcoholic beverages amounts, not merely to some hundreds of millions of dollars, but to a good many hundreds of millions annually.—*North American Review.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—The garden should not be neglected in the rush of other work.

—A little borax in the water for washing flannels and knit garments is far preferable to soap.—*Chicago Journal.*

—The value of a horse in his old age depends to a great extent upon the treatment it receives while young.

—The dwarf varieties of peas are the best to sow for a succession in the summer, as the taller kinds are slow in maturing and filling out the pods.—*Troy Times.*

—Vinegar Pie. Three spoonfuls of vinegar, two spoonfuls of flour, heaped some, two thirds cup of water or a little more, one cup of sugar, a few raisins, a little butter. Flavor if you like.—*Farm and Fireside.*

—Mirrors should be cleaned with soft paper instead of cloth. This advice is not new, but may nevertheless prove useful, seeing that cloth is still often used, with its usual accompaniment of lint and trouble.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Soda Biscuit. Sift into one quart of flour two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, half teaspoonful of salt, add to it four tablespoonfuls of thick cream or if you have not cream, one tablespoonful of lard and the same of butter, cup and a half of sweet milk, dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in the milk, work well together, roll into biscuit with the hands. Do not let them rise when in the baking tin, bake in a quick oven.

—Nice Grill for Chops. Two ounces cold boiled ham, one pint flour, one teaspoonful sugar, one-half teaspoonful salt, one and one-half teaspoonfuls baking powder, one egg, little more than one half pint milk. Sift together flour, sugar, salt and powder, add ham free from lumps, diluted with beaten egg and milk, mix into smooth batter. Have gridiron well heated, make cakes large, bake nicely brown, serve with maple syrup.—*The Housekeeper.*

—To starch and glaze collars, etc., melt a lump of borax in half a wineglass of hot water, mix it in cold starch, have the things dry before starching them, then starch well once only. Place the collars and cuffs singly in a towel with a fold of it between each row, roll up each separately, have a box iron ready and iron at once very quickly. The heater should be red hot, and, if kept moving quickly, will not scorch. Each article as finished to be placed close to the fire.—*Boston Globe.*

THE USE OF SCRAPS.

Some Leaks in American Household Economy.

A French woman will prepare a good dinner from the remains of yesterday's meal, that the average American housewife would use as a plain hash or a side-dish for breakfast. Christine Terhune Herrick says that the cause of waste is due not so much to the extravagance of the housewife as to the ignorance. She says: "The destructive utilization of scraps is a subject that well repays the thoughtful study of any housewife, and even the least original cook can often 'evolve from their inner consciousness' an appetizing dish from cold fragments that at first sight appear utterly unpromising. In this matter, however, the mistress must generally depend upon her own brains. Few hirelings have the keen interest in their employers' welfare that would urge them to save a couple of pennies here and five or six there. Fewer still, with the best intentions in the world, know how to do it, or appreciate that it is in the minor economies that true saving consists. What difference does it make if those scraps of cold bacon left from breakfast are summarily disposed of in the swill barrel, or if that bit of corn beef, too small to appear upon the table again, is bestowed upon the first basket-beggar who presents himself? And if these escape that fate from the extra conscientiousness of the housekeeper, they are too often converted into the unspeakable hash. Hear how one careful housewife disposed of similar remnants. To the corn beef and bacon, minced fine, she added half as much cold mashed potato, one raw egg, a little chopped onion and parsley, and with croquettes made of these rolled in flour and fried in non-drippings, provided an appetizing dish that was quite sufficient, when accompanied by stewed potatoes and bread and butter, to make a lunch for three people. Another dainty dish, which appeared upon a friend's table, was formed from even less promising materials. Her dinner the day before had been a stuffed chicken boiled with rice. Examination of the pantry revealed the carcass of the fowl, with one leg attached to it, and a couple of spoonfuls of the cold rice. Nothing daunted, however, the valiant housekeeper advanced to the charge, and, with the aid of a small, sharp knife, removed more meat from the bones than one would at first have believed possible. This was cut—not chopped—in small pieces and set aside with the rice and half of the dressing, while the bones, the rest of the stuffing and a little minced onion were put over the fire in two cups of cold water. When a slow, steady simmer of a couple of hours had reduced this one-half, it was cooled, strained, skimmed and slightly thickened with browned flour, then returned to the fire with the fragments of meat, rice, etc., brought to a boil, poured over crustless squares of fried bread laid on a hot platter, and garnished with parsley. The result was a savory salmi, whose scrappy origin no one would have suspected."—*Christian Union.*

Measurement of Hay.

The following are the rules usually given for this purpose, and applied with judgment will give approximately correct results: To find the number of tons in a mow multiply together the length, height and width in yards and divide by fifteen, if the hay be well packed. If the mow be shallow, and the hay recently placed therein, divide by eighteen, and by any number from fifteen to eighteen, according as the hay is well packed. The product will be the amount of hay in tons. To find the number of tons of hay in a square or long stack, multiply the length of the base in yards by the width in yards, and that by half the height in yards, and divide by fifteen. To find the amount of hay in a load without weighing it, multiply together the length, width and height in yards and divide the product by twenty, or a less number in proportion as the load may be closely packed or settled. These rules are for well-dried timothy, or hay chiefly composed of timothy, and may answer for ordinary purposes where weighing is impracticable. A reasonably close estimate of the amount of hay in windrows is sometimes made by multiplying together the length, breadth and height in yards and dividing by twenty-five.—*Detroit Post.*

IMPROVE THE FARM.

Large Tracts of Land Not as Profitable as Properly Conducted Small Farms.

Farmers want more land. They seem possessed with an idea that to have their boundary lines extended as many acres as possible. They seem to think that the advice given to the old lady to her husband in Edward Eggleston's story of the Hoosier schoolmaster, when he was about to die, and after they had gotten to "Hagerstown" to "get a plenty while you're at it, be good enough to be impressed upon, and so they not only get as much as they can when first buying a farm, often making a cash payment which would have paid for a small but large enough farm, then run into debt for two or three times more land than was at first needed. Then, after years of pinching economy, and they have now ceased to paying for their first purchase and have gotten a little cash ahead, instead of using their means to improve their farm, and make things more like home like, put up better more convenient and comfortable buildings, put money, pictures, books, pianos, good stoves, washing machines, etc., into their houses, live simply, go and live more land. Of course this is not always true, and the tendency is not the strong thing that was at least a few years ago. Yet there is much room for improvement in this direction.

As a rule our farms are too large. There are some models one under which the extensive farming pays, as it apparently may be advanced, a support of large farms. To run farms of five hundred or one thousand acres successfully and profitably requires a capital so large that but few farmers can command it. It also calls for an executive ability rarely met with in any class of life.

The idea that any tract can farm land and is giving away, even in regard to the small farms, and the time is coming when it will be found and admitted that to successfully manage a thousand acre farm on an intensive system will be quite as much to be titled for his work by natural endowments and long and exhaustive preparation.

Problems connected with agriculture are among the most serious and momentous of the age. The source of the world for food and clothing are every increasing. These must be supplied by the farmers, and in adequate quantities, or there is suffering. To meet this demand the farmer must be recompensed so that he can live comfortably and happily, so that he may mingle and improve his intellectual conditions, so that he may keep up with the onward march of civilization. But while he is to be thus recompensed his profits must be given to the world at such prices as will enable mankind to live.

To accomplish these ends will require a more care full systemized farming than we have been wont to employ. It will admit of no waste, and call for the good of all our resources.

We as a people have been spreading over this continent at such a rate that there seems to be but comparatively little land left for occupation. But we are spread too thin. If the aggregate of people of the United States were occupying less than half the area they are now, and the agricultural and manufacturing resources properly developed, they would be better off and the country would be richer. The income from our farms could easily be doubled, and in doing that their value would be largely increased. While farmers are desiring and adding more acres to their farms, they are not using what they already have and have been fencing and paying taxes on for years. It is hardly possible to go onto a farm, where the land is at all broken, without adding more or less land to the idea where might be made one profitable as any on the farm with a little extra work. If a slough runs through a field, it is allowed to have its winding, tortuous course, occupy a strip of land from one to three rods wide in the richest part of the field, on which nothing but rank weeds and briers can grow. Such a strip of land is unsightly, it is a nursery ground for the propagation of noxious weeds, it affords a harbor for noxious insects and varmin, and it takes just as much to have it as any part of the field, is broad as high, and the savage does not answer the purpose of a water way as well as it might be made to. The course of the run should be made as nearly straight as possible so that a team can drive along side of it, if the fall is not too great, the run can be made broad and shallow so a team can work over it. Then if it is seeded with redtop or blue grass, all washing will be prevented. The slough then will serve as a drain much better than when its course is as winding, and choked up with weeds, and need not occupy more than four or five rods of land.

Besides these there may be some, on many farms, patches of brushy grubs, worthless for any purpose, but simply encumbering the ground.

Would it not be well, instead of buying more land, to fit and improve and make available that on which interest and taxes are being paid?

Even if an more land is to be bought an effort should be made to make the farm as paying as possible by having it all in use. Now after the summer's work is over put the men and teams at work on such improvements. It will pay if the farm is still to be cultivated, and it will pay if it is to be sold.—*Cooper's Farm Wood.*

ENSILAGE.

How It Can Be Made and Kept Sweet and Fresh.

Great hopes were entertained a few years ago that the introduction of green fodder in "silos," so as to keep fresh during the winter months would revolutionize the whole business of carrying for stock. Ensilage promised to make the feeding of cattle in cold regions as inexpensive as in climates where there is no winter. In other words it was to do for cattle feed what the canning of provisions, vegetables and fruit did for the food of man. The method employed was to pack the fodder very closely, so that the air would not get to it, for it was found that the fuel spoiled and tainted the milk, butter and cheese made from the cows that fed on it. Mr. George Ryan has written a book showing how ensilage can be made and kept sweet and fresh. Under his system it is not packed close, and the fermentation is permitted to go on. The mass is heated up to 120 degrees, which kills the bacteria, and then the fodder is as good and wholesome as if fed fresh in summer time. This is a matter of the greatest moment to all regions of the earth where the winter seasons are long and severe, for with sweet ensilage cattle can be fed and kept in northern regions as cheaply as on the plains of Texas. This will revolutionize stock-raising and largely increase the value of northern agricultural lands.—*Demorest's Monthly.*