William Sinn Is Punished for a Lapse from Goodness.



HE noblest study of mankind is man." What boy who has sarned to write by copy-book isn't fa-miliar with that venerable assertion, made more than a hundred years ago by the English poet, in whose famous

house at Twickenham now lives Henry Labouchere, the famous editor. It ought to be true, perhaps, that the "Noblest Study of Boyhood is Boys," and perhaps it is true. Certainly no two boys on Manhat-tan Island had more varied experiences in one brief day than did John Goode and William Sinn yesterday.

There isn't a worse boy from High Bridge to the Battery than this same John Goode. His name, which is spelled just like that of a high official in the Department of Justice under President Cloveland, about whom every good boy's father can no doubt tell him, is not pronounced as though intended as a tribute to his moral worth. He is not a good boy, even nominally. He proposed be-fore breakfast yesterday to William Sinn, who had never done a really wicked thing in his life, that they establish a Truancy Trust.

"I am aware, William," said he, "that the operation of trusts has been confined heretofore to the affairs of grown men. But every boy who is not a chump knows he's going to be a man some day, and the sooner he learns all about trusts and syndicates the sooner he can read the paper intelligently and prepare himself to take part in the misgovernment of our devoted country. School is over now, no doubt, but in time of vacation we should prepare for the session. This is my scheme:

"You are to be secretary and janitoc and I will be president and treasurer of the Truant's Trust or Association for the Mutual Benefit of Schoolboys Who Play Hookey.'

"Not another word," cried William Sinn. "I will not. Oh, I will never aid in such a sinful enterprise! Oh, John! poor, misguided John! Did you never hear that it is wrong to play hookey?"

John, being a wild, untutored lad, was strongly tempted to welt William one in the jaw, as he put it in his heathenish language, but dailied with him yet awhile.

"Willfam," said he, gently, "I am going to be a good, good boy all this livelong day. I wish to test the truth of what you have so often told me about the pleasures of rightcousness. Do you, in turn, be wicked, just as wicked as you can, for this day only, and show me by practice as well as precept how wretched are those who trespass against

William's spirit revolted against the proposal. He could not conceive of himself as a wicked boy. Finally he consented to yield to his sense of duty, for was it not his duty to show John once for all that "the way of the transgressor is hard!" He brushed his hand hastily across his eyes, and grasping John's horny fist, said: "I will go you just once!" This shows the influence of the beto talk wicked slang.

"John," said William-the wicked William-"I have read so often of fiends in human form,' I think I should like to be a fiend in human form' "-but John, shocked at the proposal, had already run away to his breakfast, leaving William alone with his wickedness. Then he, too, went away to breakfast, ate up the musan his mother had buttered for his younger brother, wiped the spout of the sirup-jug on his napkin, threw the silver on the floor and put red pepper in the mutton bash before it was taken out to the servants' table. John, in the meanwhile, had plastered the fences of their two yards with this announcement, in

Notice to Boys! NOTICE TO BOYS:
The Nere Approach of The
Swimmin an Drownin Cson
An of the Green Apl an
Colick Cson renders
It nessery for Boys to Band together for Mutual Proteckshun! Come and Band at 5:3) p. m.!

William started out incontinently after breakfast on a career of wickedness unparalieled in the annals of Sunday-school libraries. John watched him with sorrowful eyes, fished him out of the cistern into which he had failen while trying to drown the cat; took him straight to the jeweler's when he tried to rob a robin's nest and fell out of the tree and broke his watch; picked



SHE SEIZED HIM BY THE COLLAR.

gowder out of his neck and face when he laid a mine into the hen-house with intent to violently break up in business a hen of too sedentary a disposition, and in other ways followed William about like a guardian angel. By the time four o'clock came John was compelled to acknowledge that William had succeeded in being very thoroughly and very disagreeably wicked. He even tore John's clothes, tried to poke peas into his ears and called him a "doughface." This last came very near bringing John's Day of Goodness to a sudden close. But he resisted temptation like a little man.

When 5:30 o'clock came the other boys came, and John explained: "Fellers, robo likes bein' drowned wile in swimmin', shot wile stealin' watermelons - which I greeve to say some bad boys do steel-(here he looked hard at William, who grinned derisively)—or doubled up with gripes after takin' and partakin' of young apis. My father (the boys looked surprised he generally said 'pop') belongs to a Mu-tual Accident Association down cown. Whenever a member gets kild or drowned or run over by a street-car or goared by a savage bull, the other members all have to chip in and make it pleasant for him wile he's laid up, and for his fambly if he's laid

ize a Juvenile Mutual Assoap! and the drownd wile swimmin' risks. | ness."-N. Y. Sus.

TALE OF TWO BAD BOYS. Then, perhaps, we can pursue our customary summer avocation—accordin' to wat I rede in the comick weeklies—with more ese an' freedum of mind if not of body."

There was a loud murmur of approval Just then Miss Frisbie Quoghe, an old lady whom John on his wicked days had often 'deviled" very nearly to the verge of frenzy, walked suspiciously along the oppo-site side of the street, keeping a wary eye on the assemblage of lads. John's good heart moved him to run and pick up the specs she had in her agitation dropped on the sidewalk. With this virtuous object in view, he made a quick lunge from the crowd, and with beaming eyes, darted across the road towards Miss Frisble. With a shrick of alarm, divining some evil. she turned to run, when he, already by her side, picked up the spectacles and was just about, as he restored them to her trembling fingers, to beg her pardon for all the trouble he had given her. But in the meantime Miss Frisbie had replaced her glasses on her nose, recognized her tormentor of oft and many a time and before he could get the words of love and pardon from his breathless lips, had seized him by the collar and begun screaming shrilly for the

At the sound of that dread word all the boys ran away except wicked (pro tem.) William Sinn. He crossed over to exult in



miliation, and reached the scene just as a policeman hove in sight. John saw that his doom was sealed. He made no remonstrance and uttered no entreaty. He heard the six o'clock whistles blow, and a thought struck him. His day of tentative goodness was over. "Please, ma'am," said he, in his modest, most insinuating tones, "if I must be dragged away to a dungeon, grant-me first just five minutes of grace!" The ancient maiden lady's heart was not touched, but she shought John Goode's request reasonable. She relaxed her hold on his collar, and before the policeman could get in reach of them, before a word could be said, a prayer uttered or a shrick shricked, he had fallen on the jeering "fiend in human form" at his side and licked, thumped, cuffed and walloped William until his own mother would have known him only to lick him again, and the fiendish jeer had faded forever from his once proper features.

Discerning boys who read the "World of Young Folks" will have no difficulty in ginnings of evil. No sooner hat William extracting from this true story two morals. made up his mind to be bad-though for a The first is that William should have ceased good purpose—than he began unconsciously at six o'clock sharp to be a bad boy. The econd is that "you may break, you may shatter, the vase if you will, but the scent of the roses will hang round it still." It was the pernicious recollection of his pristine and theretofore wickedness which thwarted in its first flush and, as it were, nipped in the bud poor John Goode's first effort at real goodness !- N. Y. World.

PETE WAS RESIGNED.

He Was Willing to Help the Hangman Make a Good Job.



HERE was only one man waiting execution at Fort Smith when I visited the post, and he was only one of the ordinary run of white men in the Indian Territory. The hangman rather wanted to show him off, and so we paid a visit to the guard house. Upon entering it the executioner said:

"Pete, here is a decent white man come to see you. Do your purtiest, now, to entertain him. You've got two more days to live, and I hope you'll try and work into decent society as much as possible."

"I'm sure I'm glad to see him," re-sponded Pete, as he came forward and shook hands.

"That's good. A born gentleman couldn't have said them words better. If I could only keep you six weeks, Pete, you wouldn't know yourself, and you'd do me proud. But I can't. I've got to hang you day after to-morrow." "Well, I'm ready."

"That's good, and just what I expected of you. I've used you white, and I naturally expect the same in return. If there's any one thing that riles me above another it's to have a man go back on me at the last end. Did you see me hang Cherokee Jack, Pete?"

"I made a bungle of it, because he kicked at the last. Wny, sir (turning to me), he held up until the very last hour, deluding me with promises, and then went dead back on me. Think of his refusing to be hung after every thing was ship-shape and regu-

"I'm not going to kick," observed Peter. 'Good for you! Some of the boys are betting that you will, but I'll give odds that you won't. When a man knows he's got to be hung, what's the use? People have got a mistaken notion about hanging. It

don't hurt a bit. How you feelin', Peter?" "Resigned." "That's right. You hadn't orter killed your old woman, but being you did, and being as you must pull hemp for it, the best way is to feel resigned. You come mighty nigh being a gentleman, Pete, and as I said before, I'm sorry I can't keep you and watch your mental improvement. You'd improve fifty per cent. in six weeks. Want to ask the gent any questions, Petel"
"N-o, I guess not. Will he be here to see

"He'd like to ever so much. But he can't. He's got to go on to Van Buren."

"Can I do any thing for you?" I asked. "No, thank you." "Well, Pete, we must be going," briskly

remarked the executioner. "Would nke to stay longer, but time presses. I'll come in to-morrow and cut your hair and rehearse a bit. I made such a poor job last time that I want to do extra fine on you. If you'd stick to what you say I'll do the purtiest job ever seen at this post." "I want every thing to go off all right,"

esponded the condemned.
"Of course—why shouldn't you! It's for your interest, too. Well, so long, old boy. FOR OUR GOOD.

Dr. Talmage on the Uses of Reverses and Sorrow.

Why Adversity is Necessary-The False Attractions of the World-Consolation of Prayer in the Time of Trouble-Beauties of Heaven.

recent sermon at Brooklyn by alluding their Tabernacle and which had twice been burned and then took for his from their eyes," Revelations vii. 17. reins soon enough.

Riding across a Western prairie, wild any shelter there came a sudden shower, and while the rain was falling in torrents the sun was shining as brightly as I ever saw it shine; and I thought what a beautiful spectacle this is! So God's sweet and golden sunlight. You remember that bottle which David labeled as tears, and Mary's tears, and Paul's tears, and Christ's tears, and the sowing of tears. God mixes them. God rounds them. God shows them where to fall. God exhales them. A census is taken of them, and there is a record as to the moment when they are born, and as to the place of their graves. Tears of bad men are not kept. Alexander, in his sorrow, had the hair clipped from his horses and mules and made a great ado about his catch hold of God only. grief; but in all the vases of Heaven there is not one of Alexander's tears. I speak of the tears of the good. Alas! me! they are falling all the time. In summer you sometimes hear the growling thunder, and you see there is a storm miles away, but you know from the drift of clouds that it will not come anywhere near you. So, though it may where he is staying, asking for lenbe all bright around about us, there is a lience, and the answer he gets is: "If shower of trouble somewhere all the time. Tears! Tears!

What is the use of them, anyhow? Why not substitute laughter? Why not make this a world where all the people are well, and eternal strangers to pain and aches. What is the use of an Eastern storm when we might have a perpetual nor'wester? Why, when a family is put together, not have them all stay, or if they must be transplanted. to make other homes, then have them all live, the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no chase each other without fatiguing toil?

you of the uses of trouble. First. It is gets there in time to have five minutes Heaven for me. You and I would be trouble.

No man wants to go out of this world, or out of any house, until he has a better house. To cure this wish to stay here, God must somehow create a disgust for our surroundings. How shall he do it? He can not afford to deface His horizon. or to tear off a fiery panel from the sunset, or to subtract an anther from the water lily, or to banish the pungent aroma from the mignonette, or to drag the robes of the morning in mire. You can not expect a Christopher Wren to mar his own St. Paul's Cathedral, or a Michael Angelo to dash out his own "Last Judgment," or a Handel to discord his "Israel in Egypt;" and you can not expect God to spoil the architecture and music of his own world. How then are we to be made willing to leave? Here is where trouble comes in. After a man has had a good deal of trouble, he says: "Well, I am ready to go. If there is a around us, and we laugh when they house somewhere whose roof doesn't laugh, and we romp when they romp, leak. I would like to live there. If and we sing when they sing; but when there is an atmosphere somewhere that | we have trouble we like plenty of old does not distress the lungs, I would like folks around. Why? They know how to breathe it. If there is a society somewhere where there is no tittle-tattle, I would like to live there. If there is a home circle somewhere where I can find through it all. my lost friends, I would like to go there."

He used to read the first part of the Bible chiefly, now he reads the last part of the Bible chiefly. Why has he changed Genesis for Revelation? Ah! he used to be anxious chiefly to know how this world was made, and all about its geological construction. Now he is chiefly anxious to know how the next world was made, and how it looks, and who lives there, and how they dress.

The thought of that blessed place comes over me mightily and I declare that if this house were a great ship, and you all were passengers on board it, and one hand could launch that ship into the glories of Heaven, I should be tempted to take the responsibility and launch you all into glory with one stroke, holding on to the side of the boat until I could get in myself. And yet there are people here to whom this world is brighter than Heaven. Well, dear souls, I do not blame you. It is natural. But after a while you will be ready to go. It was not until Job had been worn out with bereavements and carbuncles and | ing in the dance. a pest of a wife that he wanted to see God. It was not until the prodigal got tired of living among the hogs that he I have fed you to-day with the bread of wanted to go to his father's house. It consolation. Let the table now be is the ministry of trouble to make this cleared and let us set on the chalice of

Again, it is the use of trouble to make us feel our complete dependence upon God. King Alphonso said that if he had been present at the creation he could not know what God will do when some men die. Men think they can do any thing until God shows them they can do big. God comes and takes us down.

We never feel our dependence upon delayed tears. ciation to cover the watermelon, the green guarantee a first-class job or quit the busing and the drownd wile swimmin ranks. "N. Y. Sus."—N. Y. Sus.

God until we get trouble. I was riding with my little child along the road, and ures have come upon us, there may be and ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

she asked if she might drive. I said, the mark of some earthly grief, and "Certainly." I handed over the reins while those tears are glittering in the to her, and I had to admire the glee light of the Jasper sea, God will wipe with which she drove. But after a them away. How well He can do that. while we met a team and we had to Jesus had enough trial to make Him turn out. The road was narrow, and it sympathetic with all trials. The shortwas sheer down on both sides. She handed the reins over to me and said: "I think you had better take charge of either hand, the scar on the arch of the horse." So we are all children; and either foot, the row of scars along the on this road of life we like to drive. It gives one such an appearance of superiority and power. It looks big. But the one to silence all earthly trouble, Rev. T. De Witt Talmage prefaced a after awhile we meet some obstacle, and wipe out all stains of earthly grief. we have to turn out, and the road to the tribulations through which his is narrow, and it is sheer down on the step of the dew. It will not be a congregation had passed in building both sides; and then we are willing tyrant bidding you to hush up crythat God should take the reins and ing. It will be a Father who will drive. Ah! my friends, we get upset so take you on His left arm, His face text: "God shall wipe away all tears often because we do not hand over the gleaning into yours, while with the

Can you tell me when you hear a man pray whether he has ever had any your eyes. I have noticed when the flowers up to the hub of the carriage trouble? I can. The cadence, the children get hurt, and their mother is wheel, and while a long distance from phraseology indicate it. Why do women away from home, they always come to pray better than men? Because they have had more trouble. Before a man | have noticed that when the children get has had any trouble his prayers are hurt and their mother is at home they poetic and he begins away up among go right past me and to her. I am of the sun, moon and stars, and gives the the tears of the Bible are not midnight Lord a great deal of astronomical in- into Heaven out of the wounds of this storm, but rain on pansied prairies in formation that must be highly gratify- life, it will not stop to look for Paul, or ing. He then comes on down gradually Moses, or David or John. These did over beautiful tablelands to "forever and ever, amen, amen." But after a man has had trouble prayer is with him "Where is Jesus?" Dear Lord, what a harvest of joy that is to spring from the a taking hold of the arm of God and magnificent thing to die if thou shalt crying out for help. I have heard earnest thus wipe away the tears. Methink it prayers on two or three occasions that I will take us some time to get used to remember.

us feel our dependence on God. We do nettle; the orchestra without one not know our own weakness or God's snapped string; the river of gladness strength until the last plank breaks. It without one torn bank; the solferinos is contemptible in us when there is and the saffron of sunrise and sunset nothing else to take hold of that we

I tell you what some of you business men make me think of. A young man goes off from home to earn his fortune. He goes with his mother's consent and benediction. She has large wealth, but he wants to make his own fortune. He goes far away, falls sick, gets out of money. He sends for the hotelkeeper you don't pay up Saturday night you'll be removed to the hospital." The young man sends to a comrade in the same building. No help. He writes to a banker who was a friend to his deceased father. No relief. He writes to an old night comes and he is moved to the hospital.

Getting there, he is frenzied with grief: and he borrows a sheet of paper and a postage stamp, and he sits down. and he writes home saying: "Dear mother, I am sick unto death. Come." It deaths? Why not have the harvests is ten minutes of ten when she gets the letter. At ten o'clock the train starts. Hear me, then, while I discourse to She is five minutes from the depot. She the design of trouble to keep this world to spare. She wonders why a train that this world would be a good enough does all this mean? Why didn't you send for me? You sent to everbody but willing to take a lease of this life for a me. You knew I could and would help hundred million years if there were no you. Is this the reward I get for my kindness to you always?" She bundles him up, takes him home, and gets him

> well very soon. Now, some of you treat God just as that young man treated his mother. When you get into a financial perplexity you call on the banker, you call on the broker, you call on your creditors, you call on your lawyer for legal counsel, you call upon every body and when you can not get any help then you go to God. You say, "O Lord, I come to Thee.

> Help me now out of my perplexity." Again, it is the use of trouble to capacitate us for the office of symyathy. The priests under the old dispensation were set apart by having water sprinkled on their hands, feet and head and by the sprinkling of tears people are now set apart to the office of sympathy. When we are in prosperity we like to have a great many young people to talk. Take an aged mother, seventy years of age, and she is almost omnipotent in comfort. Why? She has been

> O, man, praise God if you have in your memory the picture of an honest sympathetic, kind, self-sacrificing, Christ-like mother. O, it takes these people who have had trouble to comfort others in trouble. Where did Paul get the ink with which to write his comforting epistle? Where did David get the ink to write his comforting Psalms? Where did John get the ink to write his comforting Revelation? They got it out of their own tears. When a man has gone through the curriculum and has taken a course of dungeons and imprisonments and shipwrecks he is qualified for the work of sympathy.

When I began to preach my sermon on the subject of trouble were all poetic and in semi-blank verse, but God knocked the blank verse out of me long ago and I have found out that I can not comfort people except as I myself have been troubled. God make me the son of consolation to the people. I would rather be the means of soothing one perturbed spirit to-day than to play a tune that would set all the sons of mirth reel-You know on a well spread table the

food becomes more delicate at the last. world worth less and Heaven worth Heaven. Let the king's cup bearers come in. Good morning, Heaven! "O," says some critic in the audience, "the Bible contralicts itself. It intimates again and again, that there are to be no tears in Heaven, and if there be no have made a better world than this. tears in Heaven how is it possible that What a pity he was not present! I do God will wipe any away?" I answer. have you never seen a child crying one moment and laughing the next; and while she was laughing you saw the nothing at all. We lay our great plans tears still on her face? And perhaps and we like to execute them. It looks you have stopped her in the very midst of her resumed glee and wiped off those

est verse in the Bible tells the story: turist. "Jesus wept." The sear on the back of line of the hair, will keep all Heaven thinking. O, that great weeper is just

Gentle: Why, His step is softer than soft tips of the fingers of the right hand, He shall wipe away all tears from me for comfort and sympathy; but I no account. So when the soul comes up very well once, but now the soul shall rush past crying: "Where is Jesus?" Heaven; the fruits of God without one It is trouble, my friends, that makes speck; the fresh pastures without one swallowed up in the eternal day that beams from God's countenance! Why should I wish to linger in the wild, When Thou art waiting, Father, to receive Thy

Sure, if we could get any appreciation of what God has in reserve for us, it would make us so homesick we would be unfit for our every day work.

versity, put in my hands a meteoric value, as they quickly decay when stone, a stone thrown off from some other world to this. How suggestive it was to me. And I have to tell you the best representations we have of Heaven are only areolites flung off from that world which rolls on, bearing the multitudes of the redeemed. We analyze these areolytes and find them crystalschoolmate, but gets no help. Saturday lizations of tears. No wonder, flung off from Heaven. "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Have you any appreciation of the good and glorious times your friends are having in Heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian death from what it is here. It is the difference between embarkation and coming into port. Every thing depends upon which side of the river you stand when you hear of a Christian's from being too attractive. Something can go thirty miles an hour can not go river you mourn that they go. If you death. If you stand on this side of the must be done to make us willing to quit sixty miles an hour. She rushes into stand on the other side of the river you existence. If it were not for trouble the hospital. She says: "My son, what rejoice that they come. O, the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubilee in Heaven-between requiem here and triumphal march there-parting here and reunion there. Together! Have you thought of it! They are together.

I never appreciated that thought so much as when we laid away in her last slumber my sister Sarah. Standing there in the village cemetery. I looked around and said: "There is father, there is mother, there is grandfather, there is grandmother, there are whole circles of kindred;" and I thought to myself, "Together in the grave-together in glory." I am so impressed with the thought that I do not think it is any fanaticism when some one is going from this world to the next if you make them the bearer of dispatches to your friends who are gone, saying: "Give my love to my parents, give my love to my children, give my love to my old comrades who are in glory, and tell them I am trying to fight the good fight of faith, and I will join them after awhile." I believe the message will be delivered; and I believe it will increase the gladness of those who are before the throne. Together are they, all their tears gone. No trouble getting good society for them. All kings, queens, princesses.

In 1751 there was a bill offered in the English Parliament proposing to change the almanac so that March I would come immediately after February 18. But O, what a glorious change in the calander when all the years of your earthly existence are swallowed up in the eternal year of God. My friends, take this good cheer home

with you. These tears of bereavement that course your cheeks, and of persecution, and of trial, are not always to be there. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use, on the way to such a consummation-what is the use fretting about any thing? what an exhibaration it ought to be in God, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the few days that shall Britons went out to battle. The Saxons were all armed. The Britons had no arms at all; and yet history tells us the Britons got the victory. Why? They went into battle shouting three times "Hallelujah!" and at the third shout of "Hallelujah" their enemies fled panic-

struck; and so the Britons got the vic-And, my friends, if we could only appreciate the glories that are to come. we would be so filled with enthusiasm that no power on earth or hell could stand before us; and at our first shout the opposing forces would begin to tremble, and at our second shout they would begin to fall back, and at our third shout they would be routed forever. There is no power on earth or in is built up. The heap is made in an hell that could stand before three such open place where it can be kept moist volleys of hallelujah.

your heart. Rejoice at the thought of large enough to contain hundreds of what your departed friends have got rid of, and that you have a prospect of sc making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears, and exult at average yield of the crops is two and a the thought that soon it is to be ended. half times as much as that of American

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

-It is noticeable that the season gets somewhat of its complexion from the farmer-the good farmer has few bad seasons, and the poor farmer has few good seasons. - American Agricul-

-Nothing on a farm is more valuable than well-cured hay, and it should be fed to stock instead of being sold. The price usually obtained for hay in the market is less than its real feeding

-Graham Cake: One cup of brown sugar, one cup of sour cream, two eggs, two cups of graham flour, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt and cinnamon if liked. If the cream is not sour use less soda. Do not stir too stiff. - Detroit Free Press. -Colts should have the run of a yard

or, better, a small field for exercise each day, although kept in warm quarters at night. A colt bandled and fed in this way will make a satisfactory growth and remain in perfect health. -Country Gentleman.

-Cutting down thistles that are just bursting into bloom is labor thrown away. The same work a month previous would have accomplished much toward preventing a growth next year. Now they are sown broadcast. A cut in time saves more than nine in work of this kind.

-Do not wait until the ground shall have been frozen over before putting rough shoes on the horses, as they may be injured should the ground become slippery. Blankets should be procured now, and the stalls put in order for winter use by covering all cracks and crevices.

-Potato vines contain a large amount of potash, and a good way is to leave them evenly on the ground and plow them in. If dug by hand then bury the tops as you dig. This is cheaper and easier than to draw them in, compost them and draw them out again, Prof. Leonard, formerly of Iowa uni- all of which adds nothing to their buried.

-Baked Veal Cutlet: Remove all skin from the edge, wash and wipe dry. sprinkle with salt and pepper, place a sheet of white paper in the bottom of a shallow baking tin, butter it well, lay the meat on it, place bits of butter on top of the meat and very thin slices of onion, place in a moderate oven, baste frequently with butter, bake until a nice brown; remove from the pan, place on a hot platter, pour over it a little tomato sauce and garnish with sliced lemon.-Philadelphia Press.

## THE CUMPOST HEAP.

Its Usefulness Demonstrated by Facts as Well as Figures. The art of making composts is one to be well studied. Perhaps its usefulness is now lost sight of in the pressure

of other matters, which never occurred to the old farmers, who practiced it assiduously. But the value of it should not be ignored. As food is digested by certain processes, so plant food may be by skillful fermentation in a compost heap. There are digestive agents. such as lime particularly, which may be used to make plant food soluble and available for complete assimilation by a crop. Lime is the best material for this purpose, and as yeast starts fermentation in a mass of carbonaceous and nitrogenous matter, so lime starts this action in a mass of organic material, which, without it, would remain crude and undigested and unfit for the use of plants. Many years ago "nitre beds," as they were called, were made for the purpose of procuring saltpetre (nitrate of potash) for the manufacture of gunpowder, the great natural nitre beds of South America not having then become known. These nitre beds were nothing less or more than well-

A quantity of earth rich in organic

matter was mixed with manure, and fresh quicklime was mingled through the mass as evenly as possible, so as to exercise its corrosive action most completely. An active fermentation ensued. The organic matter was decomposed, and as the heat expelled the moisture from it urine was added to prevent dry rot and furnish additional moisture and nitrogenous matter for the ferment to act upon. Whether or not the nitrogen of the atmosphere, separated from its accompanying oxygen, was acted upon chemically during the fermentation, has not been satisfactorily determined, but it was supposed at the time that this action did occur in the mass through what is now known as the "nitric ferment." The result was to produce a large amount of nitrates, which were leached from Christian work! See you the pinnacles the decomposed mass and made into against the sky? It is the cry of our saltpeter-the most valuable nitrogenous salt known.

made compost heaps.

Available nitrogen is now worth in remain for us. The Saxons and the the market, in the form of fertilizers, no less than seventeen cents per pound. If it can be made by composting the necessary substances on the farm with the fresh lime a large saving of money will result. The most available substances are peat or swamp muck: earth rich in organic matter, such as the soil of an old barnyard or that taken from under old farm buildings; the wash from drains; the household wastes: scourings of ditches; black soil from woods, and a small proportion of coarse manure and liquid from the stables. These are built up into flat square heaps and fresh air-slacked lime is evenly scattered over them as the heap by the rains, and is left to ferment for I put this balsam on the wounds of three months. Such compost heaps,