OUR FARM DEPARTMENT.

The Colt's First Lessons.

If we tie a young horse up with a broad leather strap around his neck, so that when he pulls violently back it will restrain him effectually without hurting him, he will often not pull a a second time; but if we tie him up with a chain that cuts his neck he will generally pull at it again and again and not unfrequently untill he kills himself. If we fix a bundle of straw behind a kicking horse, he will often not kick long at it; but if he cuts his legs at each kick against the splinters of a carriage, he will probably kick as long as he has a leg left to kick with. If we carefully take off a young horse's bridle, so that the bit comes out of his mouth without hurting him, he will soon quietly help to take it out of his mouth; but if by taking off a bridle we awkardly twist the bit so as to seriously hurt his tongue or jaws, he will for months or years afterward pull violently on it whenever he finds the slightest hitch about it. The horse has again and again been put into the collar, and finds no harm comes of it, gets at last to suspect none, and takes it easy under all circumstances; but if he gets seriously beaten or hurt in any of his early lessons he is always ready to expect some great calamity in connection with a tightly pressing collar, and will stick up to receive any amount of punishmeut in the most unexpected and unaccountable manner, while each beating that he receives will cause the habit to be more confirmed, and the sticking up to be more frequent and more obstinate.—[The Horseman.

The Best Way With Clover.

Our experience with clover ensilage has been a varied one. Part of the time our efforts in the way of ensiloing this crop have been successful, and some seasons we have only partially succeeded, while once in a while miserable failures resulted. An exact understanding of the reason why there should be so much more uncertainty in preservation of clover by means of the silo than is experienced with corn preserves in the same way, has not yet been reached, but it is quite probable that the trouble with clover arises from the fact that it is much more difficult to exclude the air from a silo filled with long tangled clover than it is a silo filled with corn cut up in inch lengths. It was thought that this trouble might be overcome by the use of weights on the top of clover, and I am inclined to believe that this precaution was all that saved our clover ensilage this last season from spoiling entirely. As it was, there was a foot on the top and two or three inches of ensilage on all sides that was moldy and useless for feeding purposes. All the rest was well preserved and relished by the sheep to which it was fed.

Another idea gained from our experience seems to be that the greener the clover is when it is put in the silo, the more perfect is the preservation. But we are headed off from going very far in this direction by the fact that the quality of the silage resulting from the storage of very green clover is not at all satisfactory. It will be sour and of a very disagreeable odor, and quite likely to create havoc with the milk. It is quite evident that one of the reasons why the green clover keeps best in the silo is, that the stems of the plant being immature, containing close to 90 lbs of water in each 100 lbs of the material, the green grass wilts and settles much more closely together than will clover allowed to stand until it has attained its maximum of feeding value.

I have no doubt of the efficiency of the silo for preserving clover that is first run through a cutting machine before going into the silo, the same way that will render the silo of doubtful utility in the case of clover. We do not have to put the clover through a feed cutter to get it eaten up clean by stock and be obliged to cut it merely for the purpose of having it keep in the silo would, to say the least, be very doubtful economy.

To those who contemplate filling a silo with clover the present season I would suggest that the clover be allowed to stand until it is in the best condition for curing into hay, then cut and haul it to the silo as rapidly as possible. Do not let it wilt any more than can be helped. After the silo is full put a foot of chaffed straw or other coarse material on for a covering; green swale grass is good for this purpose if it can be obtained. Cover the straw with boards or plank and then weight heavily with stone or boxes and bags filled with earth. Be careful that the boards are not placed so near the wall that they will rub in settling down and see that there is sufficient weight along the sides and corners to cause ensilage to settle as compactly there as it does elsewhere.—Leslie H. Adams, Wisconsin Experiment Station.

The needfull note of early peas is no exhausted with the early season. The short period they require for maturing makes them valuable for late planting after other crops. Feed them well.

To make timber for posts and stakes most durable cut it when in full leaf and remove the bark while the leaves shrivel.

Care in the Shock.

In harvesting the first crop of alfalfa especially there is sometimes trouble on account of rain during June, but if properly attended to will be ready for cutting about June 1. Harm from the rains may be largely avoided by cutting it early in the day and putting it in the shock in the afternoon. Rain falling on the hay when yet green does but little damage, but after partially drying, a shower of heavy dew will bleach and turn the hay to a yellow color and makes it unsalable, although the strength may not have been taken out. I prefer to cut enough large enough to make a good sized rick before attempting to haul it, thus avoiding any annoyance from being caught in a shower and thus spoiling the hay. The stack should be well covered with straw, prairie hay or, better still, canvas.

As alfalfa is very full of sap it, is much more difficult to dry than timothy, red top or millet, and if left to dry as it falls from the machine, it is liable to take so long that it will be rained on or harmed from the dew This will cause a large part of the leaves to fall off in handling, and they are the part first eaten by stock. I have learned that to make bright desirable hay the better way is to rake and shock it while green. It is inclined to lie loosely and a few days of bright sun will sufficiently dry the stack and we can save it in all its purity and strength. After the first crop is harvested, each succeeding crop will be ready to harvest in 30 to 35 days, providing it is kept sufficiently watered, and, after the last crop for the season is removed, a fine growth of pasture can be had before freezing weather.—C. A. Brown, Finney county, Kan.

The growing of alfalfa seed is getting to be quite an industry in some parts of the West, especially Colorado The hay is often neglected ofter being cut and allowed to lie in the row until the huller can be got ready to take care of it It should be carefully stacked after drying and capped with straw to protect it from rains and poor weather In this way alfalfa may stay out all winter and if he stacks are put closely together in a way to protect one side from the wind the huller may be set at work between two of the stacks and move along to the next two when through with them. In this way the wind is always in favor of the workers and the hulling isn't unpleasant work.

While getting some work done at the blacksmith shop a few days ago, I saw the smith using a new thing for a chisel. Under inquiry I found that it was a common three-cornered file with the temper drawn. To use it, place it, upon the anvil, lay on your iron strike it with the hammer and it works better than the most approved chisel.

About the Boys.

What if boys born on the farm do grow restless, dissatisfied, discontented Not all the boys born on the farm can find profitable employment there. What if they burn to enter the lists in those fiercer struggles for achievement, for greatness, for fame, in manufacturies, in commerce, in law, in medicine, in the pulpit, in stetemanship? They were fortunate in being born on the farm, in being trained to industry, to endurance, to sacrifice. They have received good physical organisms and laid the foundation of character fitted to battle with the impediments to progress. Where would this country have been now had no farmer's boys left the farm for other positions in the great battle of life, of reform, of progress? Had Jefferson remained on the farm who would have written our Declaration of independence, the justification of our rebellion form the tyranny of the mother country? Had Horace Greeley remained upon the bleak, sterile New England farm upon which he was born, who would have founded the New York Tribune and made possible the Republican party, organized to prevent the further spread of human slavery? Had Abraham Lincoln remained a "rail splitter," who would have struggled so hard and so powerfully to save the union, with slavery, and, finding that impossible, to save it without slavery? And so we might go on and wherever man has won his brightest laurels made the greatest progress there you will find the natives of the rural districts in the majority. If farmers' boys have left the farm they have given a good account of themselves in other pursuits.

An Old Scar.

A farmer near Zena, Oregon, was engaged in cutting cordwood on his place. He chopped down an oak tree of about three feet in diameter at the butt and, after sawing it in the proper lengths, proceeded to split it in the usual manner. In the section about five feet from the ground he struck his ax into what he supposed was a bunch of knots, but as the chips immediately crumbling he made closer examination and discovered the right side of a pair of deer horns embedded into the very heart of the oak tree. There are evidences that it had five prongs, and from the growth "rings" of the tree had been in that position for at least a century and a half. The tree is thought to be at least 300 years old.

OUR WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

Fashion.

White, strewn with tiny sprays of pink roses and forget-me-nots, inclosed in a lace-like brocade, is the most effective combination for waistcoats.

You must sit in the middle of your saddle, with the body in an upright, but unaffected position, bending neither, forward, backward, nor to either side.

A late novelty in shoes for dress purposes is a lace Balmoral made of patent calf or seal leather, with a snake head tip. This is made over an English flat foot last.

Spotted parasols imitate a woolen fabric, and have a curious shaggy spot. Pongee parasols and umbrellas are also shown, nor has the Japanese shape disappeared.

Gold and silver mounted card and letter cases are now made in sets of three sizes. They are made in a variety of fancy leather and usually come in a plush or leather case.

The trimmings still show jet more than ever. It seems to be decided that jet, with an admixture of delicate lines of gold, shall be a summer garniture throughout the season.

Most of the princess dresses have all the seams corded the full length of the skirt, with cords covered with the same material; or again, the seams are covered with narrow passementerie.

Perfumed gloves are a novelty on sale at some of the shops. They are usually the Suede mousquetaire, and they are so treated with orris root that their fragrance is practically imperishable.

Sprays of flowers, either carried in the hand or in the place of a boquet or attached to the side of the dress and hanging downward seems to be absolutely indispensable as a part of the toilet.

The gayest of all effects is seen in the brocaded material of which some parasols and coaching umbrellas are made, and which introduce so many different colors in the pattern that they can be carried with any dress.

The turned down collar, called "the 1830," is the latest collar to be worn with the tailor dress. Reversed cuffs are also worn, but they are rather troublesome and conspicuous, and the usual plain cuff with links is preferred.

The bridal veil originated in the custom of performing the nuptial ceremony under a square piece of cloth held over the bride and groom to conceal the blushes of the latter. At the marriage of a widow it was dispensed with.

New bodices for home gowns have a drapery across the bust made by cutting the fronts three inches longer and gathering this fullness in at the arm sizes, and again at the center. Round fronts are worn with pointed backs vice versa.

The sleeves are still worn large, and are to have more than ever the long, tight cuffs, and these latter are to be richly embroidered and jeweled. It is said that gloves, with gauntlets are coming in, owning to the tightness of these new sleeves.

One of the latest things in the way of feminine headgear is the chapeau "Rachel." It is of black open straw, knot of blue mousseline de soie in front. The crown is encircled with the same material and ornamented with a pair of black wings.

A new design in gauze is the "forked lightning," which is now being made up prettily over black and pink. A dress of this had a front worked in net with jet; the design, large bows and small flowers with pendant fringes, the effect is most graceful.

Fronts are still lapped to the left many forming a point at the bust and another one at the waist line. Double-breasted bodices having a point and tapered darts are becoming to a large figure. The back may be in a point or narrow coat shape.

In fashionable Parisian hairdressing of the moment the distinctive feature is the solitaire curl, which leaves the wavy front hair and is brought low down on the forehead or is worn at the left temple. The rest of the bang is drawn closely back to meet the small coil into which the long hair is twisted.

The new sailor hats are a card; there is nothing else to say of them. The crown is so low that it is a mockery: it is compensated for the brim, which is wider than usual. They are to be worn very much tilted forward, and the preference is for mixed straw of various colors.

The newly imported ornaments of French jet for dresses, bonnets and wraps are of exceeding elegance, and show deep pendant pieces with large spearhead drops attached to a belt, which brings all of the hanging pieces to a line five inches below the waist, garnishing the front of the skirt with superb effect.

Round necks are preferred to the V or square shaped. The simplest challis or gingham frocks may be worn with guimpe, or if high-necked they may be shirred, laid in tiny plaits or shirred around the neck or across the front to imitate a round or square yoke. Sleeves are the high-topped coat-shape or of the shirt style gathered at the top and the [illegible]

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Dr. Talmage's subject was "Astray, but Recovered," and his text Isaiah liii. 6: "All we like sheep have gone astray * * *and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."

Within ninety years at the longest all who hear or read this sermon will be in eternity. During the next fifty years you will nearly all be gone. The next ten years will cut a wide swath among the people. The year 1891 will to some be the finality. Such considerations make this occasion absorbing and momentous. The first half of my text is an indictment: "All we like sheep have gone astray." Some one says: "Can't you drop out the first word? That is too general; that sweeps too great a circle." My text takes us all in. It starts behind the pulpit sweeps the circuit of the room and comes back to the point where it start- when it says: "All we, like sheep, have gone astray." I can very easily understand why Martin Luther threw up his hands after he had found the Bible and cried out: "O! my sins, my sins," and why the publican according to the custom of this day in the east, when they have any great grief, began to beat himself and cry as he smote upon his breast: "God be merciful to me a sinner."

A famous English orator stood on the stage impersonating, and thunders of applause came down from the galleries, and many thought it the proudest moment of all his life: but there was a man asleep just in front of him, and the fact that that man was indifferent and somnolent spoiled all the occasion for him, and he cried "Wake up, wake up!" So one little annoyance in life has been more pervading to your mind than all the brilliant congratulations and successes. Poor pasturage for your soul you found in this world. The world has cheated you, the world has belied you, the world has misinterpreted you, the world has persecuted you. It never comforted you. O! this world is a good rack from which a horse may pick his hay; it is a good trough from which the swine may crunch their mess, but it gives but little food to a soul blood-bought immortal. What is a soul? It is a hope high as the throne of God. What is a man? You say: "It is only a man." It is only a man going overboard in sin. It is only a man going overboard in business life. What is a man? The battle-ground of three worlds, with his hands taking hold of destinies of light or darkness. A man. No line can measure him. No limit can bound him. The archangels before the throne cannot outlive him. The stars shall die, but he shall watch their extinguishment. The world will burn, but he will gaze on the conflagration. Endless ages will march on, he will watch the procession. A man! The masterpiece of God Almighty. Yet you say: "It is only a man." Can a nature like that be fed on husks of the wilderness?

Substantial comfort will not grow
On nature's barren soil;
All we can boast till Christ we know
Is vanity and toil.

Some of you have got astray by looking for better pasturage; others are being scared of the dogs. The hound gets over into the pasture field. The poor things fly in every direction. In a few moments they are torn of the hedges and they are splashed of the ditch, and the lost sheep never gets home unless the farmer goes after it. There is nothing so thoroughly lost as a lost sheep

Standing amid the foundering of your earthly fortunes, how could you get along without a God to comfort you, and a God to deliver you, and a God to save you? You tell me you have been through enough business trouble almost to kill you. I know it. I cannot understand how the boat could live one hour in that chopped sea. But I do not know by what process you got astray; some in one way and some in another, and if you could really see the position some of you occupy before God this morning your soul would burst into agony of tears and you would pelt the heavens with the cry: "God have mercy!" Sinai's batteries have been unlimbered above your soul, and at times you have heard it thunder, "The wages of sin is death," "All have sinned and come far short of the glory of God." "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for they have all sinned." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

But the last part of my text opens a door wide enough to let us all out and to let all heaven in. Sound it on the organ with all the stops out. Thrum it on the harp with all the strings atune. With all the melody possible let the heavens sound it to the earth tell it to the heavens. "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." I am glad that the prophet did not stop to explain whom he meant by Him." Him of the manger, Him of the bloody sweat, Him of the resurrection throne, Him of the crucifixion agony. "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all."

If this meeting should be thrown open and the people who are here could give their testimony, what thrilling experiences we should hear on all sides! There is a man in the gallery who would say: "I had brilliant surroundings, I had the best education that one of the best collegate institutions of this country could give, and I observed all the moralities of life, and I thought I was all right before God as I am all right before men; but the Holy Spirit came to me one day and said, 'You are a sinner;' While I had escaped the sins against the law of the land I really committed the worst sin a man ever commits—the driving back of the Son of God from my heart's affections. And I saw that my hands were red with the blood of the Son of God, and I began to pray and peace came to my heart; and I know by experience that what you say this morning is true. "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all."

Yonder is a man who would say: I was the worst drunkard in New York, I went from bad to worse; I destroyed myself, I destroyed my home; my children cowered when I entered the house when they put up their lips to be kissed I struck them; when my wife protested against the maltreatment, I kicked her into the street. I know all the bruises and all the terrors of a drunkard's woe. I went on further and further from God until one day I got a letter saying:

"My dear husband; I have tried everything, and prayed earnestly and fervently for your reformation, but it seems of no avail. Since our little Henry died, with the exception of those few happy week when you remained sober, my life has been one of sorrow. Many of the nights I have sat by the window, with my face bathed in tears, watching for your coming. I am broken hearted. I am sick. Mother and father have been here frequently and begged me to come home, but my love to you and my hope for them. That hope seems now beyond realization, and I have returned to them. It is hard and I battled long before doing it. May God bless and preserve you, and take from you that accursed appetite, and hasten the day when we shall be again living happily together. This will be my daily prayer knowing that He has said: 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." From your loving wife. 'MARY.'

"And so I wandered on and on," says that man, 'until one night I passed a Methodist meeting house, and I said to myself, 'I will go in and see what they are doing,' and I got to the door and shey were singing:

All may come, whoever will,
This Man receives poor sinners still.

'And I dropped right there where I was and I said, 'God have mercy,' and he had mercy on me. My home is restored, my wife sings all day long during work, my children come out a long way to greet me home, and my household is a little heaven. I will tell you what did all this for me. It was the truth that this day you proclaim: 'On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all."

O! my brother, without stopping to look as to whether your hand trembled or not, without stopping to look whether your hand is bloated with sin or not, put it in my hand, let me give you one warm, brotherly Christian grip, and invite you right up to the heart to the compassion, to the sympathy, to the pardon of Him on whom the Lord had laid the iniquity of us all. Throw away your sins. Carry them no longer. I proclaim emancipation this morning to all who are bound, pardon for all sin, and eternal life for all the dead.

Some one comes here this morning and I stand aside. He comes up these steps. He comes to this place. I must stand aside. Taking that place He spreads abroad His hands, and they were nailed. You see his feet, they were bruised. He pulls aside the robe and shows you his wounded heart. I say, "Art thou weary?" "Yes," He says "weary with the world's woe." I say, "Whence comest thou?" He says, "I come from Calvary." I say "Who comes with thee?" He says 'No one; I have trodden the wine press alone!' I say "Why comest thou here?" "O!" He says, "I came here to carry all the sins and sorrows of the people." And he kneels and he says: "Put on my shoulders all the sorrows and sins." And conscious of my own sins first I take them and put them on the shoulders of the Son of God. I say, "Canst thou bear any more, O Christ?" He says "Yea, more." And I gather up the sins of all those who serve at the altars—the officers of the church of Jesus Christ; I gather up all their sins and put them on Christ's shoulders, and I say, "Canst thou bear any more?" He says, "Yea more." Then I gather up all the sins of a hundred people in this house and I put them on the shoulders of Christ and I say, "Canst thou bear more?" He says, "Yea more." And I gather up all the sins of this assembly and I put them on the shoulders of the Son of God, and I say Canst thou bear them?" "Yea," He says, "more!"

But He is departing. Clear the way for Him, the Son of God. Open the door and let him pass out. He is carrying our sins and bearing them away. We shall never see them again. He throws them down into the abyss and you hear the long reverberating echo of their fall. "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all. Will you let him take away your sins today or will you say, "I will take care of them myself, I will fight my own battles, I will risk eternity on my own account?" A clergyman said in his pulpit one Sabbath: "Before next Saturday night one of this audience will have passed out of life." A gentleman said to another seated next to him: "I don't believe it I mean to watch, and if it doesn't come true by next Saturday night I shall tell that clergyman his falsehood." The man seated next to him said: "Perhaps it will be yourself. 'O! no" the other replied "I shall live to be an old man.' That night he breathed his last.

Today the Savior calls. All may come. God never pushes a man off. God never destroys anybody. The man jumps off. It is suicide—soul suicide—if the man perishes, for the invitation is' "Whosoever will, let him come." Whosoever, whosoever! In this day of merciful visitation, while many are coming into the kingdom of God, join the procession heavenward.

Seated among us during a service was a man who came in and said: "I don't know that there is any God.' That was on Friday night. I said: "We will kneel down and find out whether there is any God." And in the second seat from the pulpit we knelt. He said: "I have found Him. There is a pardoning God. I feel him here." He knelt in the darkness of sin. He arose two minutes afterward in the liberty of the Gospel. And another from the very midst of the meeting, during the week, rushed out of the front door of the Tabernacle, saying: "I am a lost man.' "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." "Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation." "It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after that—the judgement!"

Concise.

A teacher in a suburban school, not long ago, gave her pupils twelve minutes in which to write an "abstract." A shoe was the subject selected by her, and the boys were to write in the first person. No limit as to the number of lines or words was given them.

Most of the boys wrote—and erased, during the whole time allotted, but the teacher noticed one fellow who sat idle until the time was within two minutes of expiring. As the scholars filed out, she said to him, "Brown, did you finish your abstract?"

"Yes, ma'am," he answered.

Curious to see what he could have written in so short a time, she looked over the papers, and found this:

"I am a worn-out shoe; my coffin is the ash-barrel; my grave, the dump."

She says that almost as firmly impressed on her memory as this remarkable composition, as the expression of amazement on the boy's face the next morning when he saw the "100" mark on his paper.—Youth's Companion.

Madam Gossip Says.

Bishop Bowman, of St, Louis, denounces progressive euchre as "progressive damnation."

The latest figures on the debts of the prince of Wales place the aggregate at $1,700,000.

Walt Whitman is inclined to think that the four greatest men that this country has produced have been Washington, Lincoln, Grant and Emerson.

Lawyer Wm. N. Cromwell, of New York, received $260,000 as assignee in settling the business of Decker, Howell & Co., an unprecedented fee for eight weeks' work.

Senator Cullmon has leased the house in Washington owned by ex-Secretary Bayard, which since the latter's departure from the capital has remained unoccupied.

Prof. Nathan P. Seymour, who has been connected with Adelbert college, Cleveland, for fifty years, removes to New Haven this summer to make his home with his son, Prof. Thomas Day Seymour.

A phamphlet, attributed to one of the friends of Prince Bismark, has caused a sensation in Berlin. It deals with the probability of a war close at hand and the inevitable return to power of the great chancellor.

The grave of Brigham Young is covered by a plain and inconspicuous slab of granite. It lies in an unclosed city lot in Salt Lake city, surrounded by a low, iron fence. A few of the prophet's wives lie buried near by.

Annie Louise Carey, among the greatest of contraltos, is a large blonde woman, in whose handsome countenance beams the benevolence of her heart. Domestic affairs and charity work now engage the greater share of her daily time and attention.

Dashaway—I went up in the country the other day to see a girl I have always been in love with.

Cleverton—And found her greatly changed, I suppose?

Dashaway—No; that was the most remarkable part of it. She was just the same. She still said "No."—Life.

"Doctor, I came to see about my brother."

"What is the matter with him?"

"One of his legs is shorter than the other and he limps. Now, what would you do in a case of that kind?"

"I am afraid I should limp, too."—Rochester Times.