

THE HEARTHSTONE.

A Department for Home and Fireside, Edited by Mrs. S. C. O. Upton.

"The corner stone of the republic is the hearthstone."

Manhood. Lift up thy right hand to heaven! Eye! lift it high, thy strong right hand!

March onward in the van! Thou hast not need of blazoned badge or sword: The best gift thou receivest from thy Lord is this,—to be a MAN.—Selected.

Woman. She hath borne with man his crosses. She hath worn with man his chains: She hath suffered all his losses.

True Words. There is no middle ground between right and wrong but a battle ground.—Mrs. LATHROP.

The woman who can witness the struggle that is going on now between the home and the saloon, and not want to vote, must be a lineal descendent of Nero who fiddled while Rome was burning.—Mrs. WALLACE.

Mrs. Lide Meriwether says: "Women wear clothes that would give a Samson the backbone and send a Solomon to the idiot asylum. It is not to be wondered at that they do not combine the strength of the one with the wisdom of the other."

Mrs. Willard, being importuned to write a song for the children, wrote one the refrain of which is "Saloons, saloons must go." Thousands of children have marched to the music of the strain, and now, down in Atlanta, Ga., a parrot, who heard the children being drilled to sing it at the National W. C. T. U. convention, calls to the passers-by all day long: "Saloons, saloons must go." Sooner or later, they will go.

Who is Responsible?

On the afternoon of July 7, 1887, John H. Swift, aged 23, shot and killed his wife Katie Swift, aged 24, on Trumbull street, Hartford, Conn., as she was going from work to supper. The immediate cause of the shooting was the wife's refusal to live with her husband, because he was drunken and cruelly abusive. Swift had for several days been seeking for a good opportunity to shoot her, having announced his intention in the various saloons which he was in the habit of frequenting, but nobody paid any attention to his threats. Swift was tried during the following December, before Judge Sandford and a jury, in the superior court for Hartford county. He was found guilty of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be hanged April 5, 1889. Just before the sentence Swift made a statement, declaring that he had no recollection of the murder, and that it was all a blank to him. His counsel appealed the case to the supreme court of errors, but no error was found. Appeal was then taken to the present legislature, with petition for commutation of sentence to life imprisonment, on the ground that the prisoner was crazed by long indulgence in liquor, and therefore not responsible. The matter was referred to the judiciary committee, who, after extended hearings, reported a bill for the commutation of sentence to life imprisonment, on the ground that "excessive" indulgence in alcohol for two years had rendered Swift such a mental wreck that at the time of the murder he was not capable of the conditions of murder in the first degree, namely, intelligent, deliberate, malicious intent to kill. After a long debate the senate approved the bill by a vote of 14 to 8, and the house, after an exciting discussion, concurred by a close vote of 113 to 106. As the legislature is the supreme authority in the state, Swift's sentence is commuted to imprisonment for life.

Without entering upon a full discussion of the Swift case at this time, suffice to say that "the vigorous exercise of the law against murder" is not "the only way," nor indeed any way at all, to check the awful prevalence of crime in Connecticut. The way to stop an effect is to stop the cause. The state may hang every murderer within its borders within fifteen minutes after the crime is done, if it chooses to be thus summary, yet the awful record will grow. Why? Because the source of by far the larger share of these dreadful crimes is in the saloon, an institution which exists in the astounding number of 2,700 legalized places in Connecticut, protected and fostered by our laws and social practices, and constantly turning loose upon the public just such vile and irresponsible "mental wrecks" as John H. Swift.

And He Smiled. A young woman sent to a newspaper a poem entitled, "I Cannot Make Him Smile," and was very much displeased when the editor sent it back with a line saying that she would probably succeed if she showed him "the poem."

"I understand there is a company in New York that will furnish duces for coverts or for use at germania and conditions, when there is a shortage of men."

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

A BIT OF GOOD ADVICE ABOUT MIXED FARMING.

The Question of Poor or Rich Milk—The Degeneracy of Poultry—Asparagus Beds—Pot Plants—Household Matters.

Mixed Farming. By mixed farming we should understand that our operations are not confined to one product, but embrace all products that can be cultivated and raised with profit. Almost every product of the farm is subject to failure from various causes, drought, frost, blight, storms, etc. Every class of products has its peculiar enemies. The potato bug attacks the potato, cut worms the corn, lice the cabbage, weevil and fly the wheat, blight the pears, rot the grape, etc.; but they do not often occur the same season, and the farmer who cultivates a variety need not fear an entire failure. There are always some good crops. Experience and observation have taught that it is not safe to rely upon a limited class of products for a series of consecutive years. It may do well enough for a short time, but sooner or later it will fail. A very important consideration is, that mixed farming furnishes constant and regular work through the year. A farmer with a family of boys or a man hired by the year, should give them constant employment, and this can be done best by mixed farming. Mixed farming is best for the land, as it furnishes a proper rotation for maintaining fertility. One thing soon exhausts the soil of a particular element or elements. This policy confers the greatest amount of happiness. It gives additional thought and interest to the mind, enlarges the sphere of action and stimulates mental activity. By cultivating a variety of products, farming is made more interesting. The monotony of confinement to one thing is relieved. The mind naturally seeks something new and fresh. There is a disposition in many of our youth to leave the farm and go to the towns or on railroads. There is a kind of romance about railroading to many young men, and it is frequently taken out of them very suddenly when they get between the bumpers or under the wheels. Farmers should do all they can to prevent their boys from leaving the farm. Farmers' sons ought to have a chance to earn something for themselves. To be allowed to make little ventures in stock-raising to furnish pocket money and to keep them contented at home.

Poor and Rich Milk. Any one who has attended a dairy convention, or who carefully follows the dairy literature of the day, writes Prof. Henry, must have come to realize that milk testing is the leading question before our dairymen. The rank injustice of paying for milk or dividing money between patrons on the pounds-delivered basis has been tolerated only because it could not be avoided. When the system of paying for milk upon weight is new in a community, it works fairly well for a short time, but soon patrons learn to take advantage and the result is that as time goes on more and more milk is required to make a pound of butter or cheese. Of course there are always a few who water or skim; these are occasionally caught and fined or expelled, but the difficulty does not end here, for there are other ways of getting ahead. The greatest trouble has been through buying and breeding cows which produce the greatest number of pounds of milk without any regard whatever to the quality. Between the cows giving thin milk and the patrons who skim or water, dairymen producing good milk and factory men have a hard time of it. Factory men have come to realize that their best friends among the patrons are the poorest paid. Going from bad to worse, matters have come to a point where, unless some equitable system is adopted, we must expect the factory system to drag out a miserable existence, if it is not driven to the wall. Is it any wonder, then, that intelligent factory men have come to the conclusion that milk must be paid for on merit only?

About Poultry. In the majority of cases it is the early turkeys that are the most profitable. Get the breeding stock needed and feed them up to a good condition so as to start the hens to laying early. Early laying means early hatching. A drawer is a good place to keep eggs. A cool, dark place where they can be kept at an even temperature, and where they can be turned regularly and conveniently, will be found best. Clean straw makes one of the very best as well as cheapest materials that can be used for lining the nests. It should be changed often enough to keep clean. Better be a little early than a little late. With poultry intended for early market even a few days difference will often make considerable difference in the profits. It is the little things connected with the management of poultry that largely determine the amount of profit. It is the constant care in looking after the apparently little things that gives one a profit where another loses.

Asparagus Beds. To set an asparagus bed, says the Michigan Farmer, get plants one or two years old—about as good as another—set in trenches about a foot deep with plenty of manure in them mixed with soil. Set the plants about twenty inches apart diagonally in the trench and it would be better, perhaps, to make it two feet. Cover first with soil and then manure each autumn and in the spring space in not forking the ground too deep. During the summer fork the ground over enough to keep the weeds down. For a family of six persons 100 plants will be ample. Every farmer should have a bed of asparagus. The plants will not cost more than 50 or 75 cents. When once started and cared for, an asparagus bed will last for generations and it will afford a large amount of healthful food. The bed may be cut for use a little the second year after planting and the fourth year it may be fully cut.

INDIA'S PRECIOUS STONES.

Discovered Sometimes by Persons Utterly Ignorant of Their Value.

An old traveler who has been over half the world showed a New York reporter a handsome uncut ruby the other day. "This," he said, "is from India, and was given me by a friend who found it while out shooting." Precious stones, he said, were still numerous in certain districts in India, but the rajahs who own the property were very jealous of all strangers and resented intrusions on their territory by every means in their power. Nevertheless every now and then a fine specimen was found by some sportsman or wayfarer.

The traveler told a party of English officers, who went out shooting one day on one of these estates, but they managed to bag very little game. On their way back in the afternoon one of them came across a stone resembling a nodule, which he picked up and dashed upon a rock. The stone broke into a dozen pieces, and out dropped a brilliant pebble. This pebble, the young Englishman, who was a tourist, picked up, and after examining it, was about to throw it away again, but changed his mind and thrust it into his pocket, remarking: "I'll keep this thing as a memento of my visit to this beastly place, where a fellow can hardly find anything to shoot, you know."

When he arrived at Bombay this English tourist dropped into a jeweler's store to have his watch repaired. In taking it out he found the stone in the same pocket, and he threw it upon the counter and remarked to the jeweler: "Aw, here's a nice stone I came across; what'll you give me for it?" The head of the firm took up the stone, and as he examined it his eyes opened wider and wider. After humming and hawing for awhile he said: "I'll give you a hundred rupees for it." Had the jeweler offered the tourist a shilling for the stone the latter would simply have told him to take the stone and keep the shilling and be blown, as up to that moment he thought it was only a piece of crystal. But the offer of 100 rupees awoke his suspicions, and he quickly guessed that it was a real, fine diamond. Taking it from the jeweler's hand he exclaimed with a laugh: "I dare say you would give me 100 rupees, and perhaps a trifle more, but I am going to take it to England with me." On his arrival in London he sold the diamond for over £3,000.

A fakir walking along one of the wards in the same district also chanced to pick a fine diamond that had been washed out of the ground by a heavy shower and lay glistening and blazing in the sun. He tied it up in a rag and put it into his empty tobacco pouch, and continued on his way to town. Fakirs in India have little money as a rule, and this particular fakir had none at all, but he did have a strong craving for a quiet smoke. So he took himself to a parrot tobacco-stick and asked how much tobacco he would let him have for a pretty stone that showed green, and red, and blue lights. The dealer asked to see the stone, and immediately recognized it as a diamond of the first water.

"Uncle," he remarked to the fakir, "since you are a poor man I'll give you a whole hundred of tobacco," and he grasped a handful of tobacco and thrust it into the fakir's pouch. "My son," replied the fakir, "I have traveled a long distance and am very tired. This is a beautiful stone and you ought to give me at least three hundred of tobacco." After some further haggling the Parsee agreed and kept the stone, after exacting from the fakir a promise to keep quiet about the matter. The Parsee sent the stone to an associate in Bombay, where it was sold for £2,000.

Two Converts of Sam Jones.

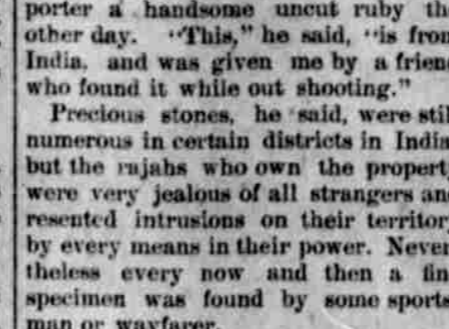
"Bill Arp" writes as follows on the Rev. Sam Jones: "He says that once he was preaching in a western town and had got wrought up in his feelings and was going along tender and pathetic in his appeal to sinners, when an old man got up and stretched forth his hand, and said: 'Brother Jones, Brother Jones, stop a minute—just a minute. I just want to shout a little and say, Bless God, I'm happy on the way. Yes, happy on the way.' And he sat down, shaking and sobbing with joy. 'Sam paused for the affecting scene to lend its influence to his preaching, and then said to the old man: 'Well, my brother, don't you feel now like you had lost that fifty odd years of your life that you spent in sin?' 'The old man rose up again and said: 'Well, no, Brother Jones, not exactly. I can't say that. I wasn't as happy as I am now, but I did have a power of fun.' 'On another occasion, while a revival was going on, Sam observed an old man in the congregation who seemed to be much affected, and going to him he asked if he felt that his sins were all forgiven. The old man rubbed his eyes with a red bandana, and murmured: 'Not all, Brother Jones, not all; but I think a majority of 'em.'"

A Feline Remark. A novel surgical operation was recently performed upon a lady living in Illinois by the transplanting of four ribs of a cat to form an artificial bridge for the lady's nose. She has never been of a suspicious disposition, but will probably be able hereafter to "smell a mice."—Hatcher.

How a Rabbit Climbs. The rabbit cannot climb the outside of a tree, but he can climb up the inside of a hollow tree, provided the tree is not too great in diameter. The thing is done by "humping" his back, and with his back against one side and his feet on the other side he works his way up.

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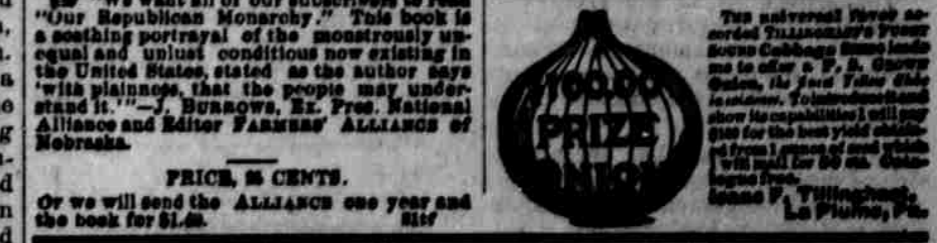
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