



a game of chess. It is not a dance in lighted hall, to quick music. It is not the froth of an ale pitcher. It is not the softness of a wine cup. It is not a banquet, with intoxication and roistering. It is the first step on a ladder that mounts into the skies, or the first step on a road that plunges into a horrible abyss. "How old art thou?" Toward what destiny are you tending, and how fast are you getting on toward it?

The Measure of Life.

Again, I remark that there are many who estimate their life on earth by their sorrows and misfortunes. Through a great many of your lives the plowshare hath gone very deep, turning up a terrific furrow. You have been betrayed and misrepresented and set upon and slapped of impudence and pounded of misfortune. The brightest life must have its shadows and the smoothest path its thorns. On the happiest brood the hawk pounces. No escape from trouble of some kind. While glorious John Milton was losing his eyesight he heard that Salmasius was glad of it. While Sheridan's comedy was being enacted in Drury Lane Theater, London, his enemy sat growling at it in the stage box. While Bishop Cooper was surrounded by the favor of learned men, his wife took his lexicon manuscript, the result of a long life of anxiety and toil, and threw it into the fire. Misfortune, trial, vexation for almost every one. Pope, applauded of all the world, has a stoop in the shoulder that annoys him so much that he has a tunnel dug so that he may go unperturbed from garden to grove and from grove to garden. Cano, the famous Spanish artist, is disgusted with the crucifix that the priest holds before him because it is such a poor specimen of sculpture. And so, sometimes through taste and sometimes through learned menace and sometimes through physical distresses—aye, in 10,000 ways—troubles come to harass and annoy.

And yet it is unfair to measure a man's life by his misfortunes, because there is one stalk of nightshade there are fifty marigolds and dahlias; where there is one cloud thunder charged there are hundreds that stray across the heavens, the glory of land and sky keep in their bosom. Because death came and took your child away, did you immediately forget all the five years, or the ten years, or the fifteen years, in which she came every night for a kiss, all the tones of your heart pealing forth at the sound of her voice or the soft touch of her hand? Because in some financial Emroclydon your fortune went into the breakers, did you forget all those years in which the luxuries and extravagances of life showered on your pathway? Alas, that is an unwise man, an ungrateful man, an unfair man, an unphilosophic man, and most of all, an un-Christian man, who measures his life on earth by groans and tears and dyspeptic fit and abuse and scorn and terror and neuralgia thrust.

Wasted Years.

Again, I remark that there are many people who estimate their life on earth by the amount of money they have accumulated. They say, "The year 1896, or 1870, or 1898, was wasted." Why? "Made no money." Now, it is all cant and insincerity to talk against money, as though it had no value. It may represent refinement and education and 10,000 blessed surroundings. It is the spreading of the table that feeds the children's hunger. It is the lighting of the furnace that keeps you warm. It is the making of the bed on which you rest from care and anxiety. It is the carrying of you out at last to decent sepulcher and the putting of the slab on which is chiseled the story of your Christian hope. It is simply hypocrisy, this tirade in pulpit and lecture hall against money.

But while all this is so, he who uses money or thinks of money as anything but a means to an end will find out his mistake when the glittering treasures slip out of his nervous grasp and he goes out of this world without a shilling of money or a certificate of stock. He might better have been the Christian porter that opened his gate, or the begrimed workman who last night heaved the coal into his cellar. Bonds and mortgages and leases have their use, but they make a poor yardstick with which to measure life. "They that boast themselves in their wealth and trust in the multitude of their riches, none of them can, by any means, redeem his brother or give to God a ransom for him that he should not see corruption."

But I remark, there are many—I wish there were more—who estimate their life by their moral and spiritual development. It is not sinful egotism for a Christian man to say, "I am purer than I used to be. I am more consecrated to Christ than I used to be. I have got over a great many of the bad habits in which I used to indulge. I am a great deal better man than I used to be." There is no sinful egotism in that. It is not base egotism for a soldier to say, "I know more about military tactics than I used to before I took a musket in my hand and learned to 'present arms,' and when I was a pest to the drill officer." It is not base egotism for a sailor to say, "I know better how to clew down the mizzen topsail than I used to before I had ever seen a ship." And there is no sinful egotism when a Christian man, fighting the battles of the Lord, or, if you will have it, voyaging toward a haven of eternal rest, says, "I know more about spiritual tactics and about voyaging toward heaven than I used to."

Why, there are those in this presence who have measured lances with many a foe and unhurried it! There are Christian men here who have become warlike by hammering at the forge of calamity. They stand on an entirely different plane of character from that which they once occupied. They are measuring their life on earth by golden gated Sabbaths, by pentecostal prayer meetings, by communion tables, by baptismal fonts, by halleluiahs in the temple. They have stood on Sinai and heard it thunder. They have stood on Pisgah and looked over into the promised land. They have stood on Calvary and seen the cross bleed. They can, like Paul the apostle, write on their heavenly troubles "light" and "but for a moment." The darkest night their soul is irradiated, as was the night over Bethlehem, by the faces of those who have come to proclaim glory and good cheer. They are only waiting for the gate to open and the chains to fall off and the glory to begin.

Joy of Being Good.
I cannot again, there is no more and I

THE FARM AND HOME

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

Favorable Showing of the Southern Corn Crop—Value of Artificial Lakes on the Farm—Plan for Digging a Good Well—Notes.

The Southern Farm Magazine, of Baltimore, has compiled from official reports the total production of corn by States in the South in 1898, showing a gain, as compared with 1897, of over 114,000,000 bushels. In the South the average price for corn runs from 40 cents to 50 cents or more, as estimated by the United States Agricultural Department. On the basis of 40 cents, this means an increase of nearly \$50,000,000 in the corn crop of the South, as compared with last year.

Compared with 1897, most of the Southern States show a small gain in acreage, running from 1 per cent, in Georgia to 8 per cent, in Texas, though Maryland, Tennessee and Kentucky show a decreased acreage of from 2 to 5 per cent. The gain in the average yield per acre was very marked in nearly all Southern States except in Georgia, in which there was a decline in the average of two bushels per acre. The total crop by States, as compiled by the Southern Farm Magazine from advance government reports, and as compared with 1897, was as follows:

States.	1897. (Bushels.)	1898. (Bushels.)
Kentucky.....	64,488,000	85,177,000
West Virginia....	17,901,000	20,328,000
Tennessee.....	63,673,000	73,526,000
Arkansas.....	33,581,000	33,709,000
Texas.....	72,175,000	105,461,000
Louisiana.....	21,570,000	27,718,000
Mississippi.....	33,549,000	39,931,000
Alabama.....	30,324,000	39,681,000
Florida.....	3,811,000	4,377,000
Georgia.....	32,173,000	28,580,000
South Carolina....	35,298,000	17,000,000
North Carolina....	31,324,000	34,170,000
Virginia.....	31,552,000	38,593,000
Maryland.....	20,354,000	16,406,000
Totals.....	469,887,000	583,127,000

The total corn crop of the United States for 1898 was 1,926,000,000 bushels, against 1,962,000,000 bushels in 1897, a gain of only 24,000,000 bushels, whereas the gain in the South alone was 114,000,000 bushels. Omitting the South, the figures would show a large decrease for the rest of the country. This is a very gratifying exhibit as a partial offset to the low price of cotton this year, but before the South congratulates itself too heartily upon these figures as evidence of the growth of the idea of the diversification of crops it should remember that the Central Southern States have in this big corn crop just a little more than caught up with the corn crop of 1897, allowing nothing for the fact that in the meantime the population has doubled.

Artificial Lakes on Farms.

We have noticed in some parts of Illinois a number of small artificial lakes constructed in the pastures where the soil is suitable. Recently we saw not less than half a dozen of these on a single large farm. So far as we could see, they supplied the only water available for the stock, and the latter not only drank the water, but bathed in it. There was no outlet, and the supply was gathered mostly from the rains. The result of such conditions is that the water becomes stagnant and foul. Water weeds and water life multiply rapidly, and the possibilities of disease are greatly increased. It would be better to build fewer artificial ponds, and have them more sanitary in construction.

The desideratum is to produce a pond in which there will be a current of water. In such farms as we refer to it will be found impossible to produce such ponds without going outside of the natural resources of the pasture. In many townships there are no brooks that run throughout the year. The dependence in such cases must be placed in a windmill, and this is the reason why fewer and better ponds should be constructed. A windmill will not give much of a stream, it is true, but it will be enough to prevent the water from becoming entirely stagnant.

It will take some study to make the water run through the whole pond, but this can be accomplished by placing obstructions in the way or the current, continually deflecting it. Where there are low swales it will not require much of a lift to get the water to the top of the ground. This will increase the amount of water that can be pumped. If gravel and sand be near and plentiful, it might be advisable to use some of it for the bottom and sides, as that would probably have some influence on keeping down the growth of slime in the ponds. It would be also well to suggest that the hogs be not allowed to divide the possession of this pond with the other stock. The hogs seem to do more than any other animals to keep such places in an unwholesome state.—Haymaker.

Digging a Well.

I submit the following plan for digging a good well. Dig six feet deep in the usual manner and wall with stone, laying them in mortar made of hydraulic cement and sand. Continue the excavation six feet further, making this one thirty-two inches in diameter. Put on a coat of this cement about one inch thick and connect it with the stone wall. Leave the lower three feet un-cemented. Excavate three feet more and then cement to within three feet of the bottom as before, and continue until the water is reached. If this work is properly done, a first-class well will be the result. The water will be as free from drainage as the driven well, angle worm filter, if you please. Objection may be raised that a well of this kind cannot be put down through quicksand or other loose digging. Some fourteen years ago a pioneer friend had no well on account of the absence of stone

for waiting. I proposed the above plan except the upper six feet of wall was made of grout. At fifteen feet fine sand was struck, and the excavator, who was a miner, said that it was unsafe to go further. I suggested a whitewash made of cement, which was applied and held the sand securely until each three feet was finished, and so on forty feet deep to water. Here was genuine quicksand. A tube was made of 2x4 sharpened on the inside lower end, and lowered four feet into the water, and the well has been apparently inexhaustible ever since. It was made twelve years ago, and several have been put down since, one over fifty feet and have been perfectly successful. I examined the first well about a year ago, and as far as I could discern it was in as good condition as when first made.—American Agriculturist.

How to Clean a New Churn.

Never should a churn be employed for making butter until it has been soaked several days. Furthermore, it is perfectly tight when the soaking occurs, the bolts ought to be loosened more or less, so as to prevent it from warping and getting out of shape, says Ohio Farmer. Some manufacturers stencil this instruction right on the churn. Despite this, however, many of the butter-makers who neglect the precaution. What are the results? Generally the butter is not good, it having for the first few churnings a decidedly woody taste.

Many are the ways recommended for soaking a new churn, but far will one go to find anything that equals water for absorbing most flavors, and especially if it is used in the following manner: Have it clear and cold for the first twenty-four hours, but change it two or three times; next, churn for an hour with a solution of some weak alkali (powdered lye or lime), then rinse well boiling hot water, and if convenient soak for twenty-four hours longer with clean flavored buttermilk or sour skimmed milk, repeating this should it seem necessary. This process over, wash the churn as usual—that is, by first rinsing it with cold water, then churning for ten minutes with that which is boiling hot, and if steam is available screaming the implement sufficiently to make it warm enough to dry itself. Thus it is that almost any new churn may be rendered absolutely clean and sweet.

lice on Poultry.

In a letter from our veteran friend James J. H. Gregory, of Marblehead he avows his belief that insufficient feeding is the reason why poultry become troubled with lice. In his many years' experience with fowls he has never but once had occasion to use any of the popular vermin destroyers. This is good testimony to the doctrine that lice never breed except where there have recently been lice to breed from. In other words, the notion of spontaneous generation is a humbug. It is undoubtedly true, also, that lice will not live on fat poultry. But there are times, as when hens of the brooding varieties are determined to sit, and then the steadiness with which the hen will keep to her nest will make her fit in flesh, no matter how well fed she may be. Mr. Gregory probably remembers the story of the anxious mother whose son had run away. "Dear John come home. You know that a rolling stone gathers no moss." The son wrote back: "Dear mother, I don't want any moss. You must remember that a sitting hen never gets fat." So there is use sometimes for remedies for lice as they cannot always be prevented by good feeding.—American Cultivator.

Root Drowning.

"It is difficult to get people to understand," says Meehan's Monthly, "that trees can die from root drowning. A Boston correspondent refers to two large horsechestnuts which were moved last spring with the greatest skill, but they died. In the fall an examination was made, and the holes found to be full of water within one foot of the surface of the ground. The holes were really flower pots, without the necessary holes in the bottom to allow the water to escape. There can be no better lesson in gardening than to be continually remembering why it is necessary to have a hole in a flower pot."

Poultry Pointers.

Never give fowls medicines in metallic vessels. Chemical combinations might be injurious.

Ducks and geese should never be kept with chickens. They are sure to breed disease in the flock.

The earlier hens shed their old coats the sooner they will begin to make a winter egg record.

The Poultry Messenger advises putting away some second growth clover for feeding hens in winter.

Freedom from lice and plenty of range will make the growing chicks "hump" themselves these days.

The sooner you are rid of the old stock, except those intended for next season's breeders, the better.

A writer declares that while old fowls can stand corn meal and bran, they never should be fed to chicks.

Be careful how the new grain is fed. It is liable to produce cases of what you will probably call cholera.

Pure-bred fowls first, last and all the time. The breed does not matter so much, provided you are satisfied with it.

Give as much of a variety as possible. Young chicks soon tire of the best of feed if confined to it for any length of time.

Hens that are permitted to range all summer will not lay as many eggs as those in reasonable confinement and properly fed.

That soft feed that stands over from morning till night is not just the thing for the next feed. It won't hurt the hens, however.

AN OLD-FASHIONED REMEDY.

One Old Boy Who Was Cured by a Stick of Peppermint Candy.

They were two old boys with scanty silver locks, and they had many other things in common, memories and a host of chestnutty old stories, from which they brushed the mold whenever they met.

Their jokes also had an ancient flavor, but they never wearied of telling them. While there were a few things they acknowledged as superior to the inventions of the olden time, for the most part they bewailed the decadence of the world and human nature.

Then one of them became ill. And nothing pleased him—not even the best doctor in the country when he came to see him. He wanted old fashioned remedies that had not been heard of in two generations, and lamented the good old practice of phlebotomy and other passed-away specifics of materia medica.

When he was at his lowest his old chum called, bringing a small, mysterious looking package, which the sick man put under his pillow.

"Where did you find it?" he asked feebly.

"In a little old-fashioned place on a back street, where some nice people have a little shop. It's the very same we used to buy when we were boys. I felt that it would cure you as soon's as I ever saw it."

"I've got stacks of things I don't want," said the sick man, "but nothing that'll set me up like this," and he greedily mumbled something between his lips, not forgetting to say: "Have a bite, too. Maybe you need it as much as I do."

"I got some for myself," said the old chum, "and it took me right back to when I was a boy and—"

Here the nurse sent him away, but from that hour the sick man revived, and in a few days was up and about.

"I'd like to know what that old chum brought him," the doctor said to the nurse.

"Nothing but some pink and white sticks of old-fashioned peppermint candy—they couldn't have helped him any," responded the nurse, looking affably over her glasses. Ah, she was too young to know.—Chicago Times-Herald.



Mrs. Mannington Caffyn ("Iota") has settled at Southsea, England, where she is busy on a fresh work of fiction.

The widow of Captain Mayne Reid has in the press a novel entitled "George Markham," which will be published at once in London.

The Macmillans will soon issue "The Philippine Islands and Their People," a book by Professor Dean C. Worcester of the University of Michigan. It has been written from personal observation.

George Meredith has written a new novel of modern journalism, but withholds it from publication because of its use of the personality of men now living, whom it will not do to set forth in print just as they are.

Some further adventures of the heroes of "Slaves of the Lamp" are being prepared by Rudyard Kipling. This story originally appeared in Cosmopolis, and in the continuation Mr. Kipling deals with life at an English public school.

The new novel upon which Marie Corelli was engaged when the death of her step-brother interrupted her work a short time ago, is to be a longer and more serious book than any which she has yet written. In it she has taken up questions connected with the inner workings of the Catholic Church at Rome. She has just completed contracts for its simultaneous publication in England and America.

Jean Ingelow, when a child, used to write poems on the inside of her bedroom shutters. Her mother discovered these accidentally, and some of the efforts were printed. The poet and her brothers and sisters conducted a little magazine, the type being set by their schoolmates on a private printing machine. A peculiarity of Miss Ingelow's life was that she never entered a theater. It is claimed that she could remember events from the time she was 17 months old.

According to the New York Tribune, Bret Harte's story, "Tennessee's Partner," is said to have been suggested to the author by the touching and beautiful friendship which binds together two old men who have lived more than forty years in the mountains on the route into the Yosemite. They have a little gold mine, an orchard and a garden. One of the two has not seen San Francisco since 1855. With all their hermitage, however, the two old men read a great deal, and know what is going on in the outside world.

Undue Consideration. A physician was aroused about midnight by repeated gentle tappings at his door, and, on getting up, found an Irishman living in the neighborhood who solicited his immediate attendance for his sick wife.

"Have you been here long?" asked the doctor.

"Indeed, an' it's a half-hour O'fve been tryin' to arouse you," was the reply.

"But why in the world didn't you ring the night bell?"

"Fack, an' O' did think av it, but O' was afraid it might disturb you."

A charitable girl never gives her rivals a game away.