A Leaf Torn from a Diary.



HERE was a lull in the strife. The battie had waged all day, and the weary and wounded lay down with the dead and dying to snatch if haply they

June 28, 1863.

One gets used to almost every thing in war savoring of hardship, and recklessness, I was going to say, though that may not be the best term to uso. But, for some reason. I found my nerves

last night, and could not sleep.

The pain in my temples, the parched condition of my throat, and the incessant mosning of a comrade near me, together with the memory of an incident of the morning, made me sick with a nervous dread. For once in my life I felt that I was

a coward. The moon was just peeping through the trees, and I went over to the wounded man to see what I could do for him. "Water! water!" he murmured, as I bent

down to speak to him.
"Yes," I said; "I will get you some."
And I started for the river, a half-mile

I had thought it impossible to make the trip for myself alone; but to know that another depended on my efforts lent me

strength of will and limb. I stooped and filled his canteen with the cool waters of the Chickahominy, took a draught myself and started to return. Twas then the incident of the morning

flashed before me again with a vividness that startled me.
Again I saw Teddy McKelvie, a mere lad, staggering toward me, his boyish face

white as death. And again I seemed to say: "What is it, Teddy; wounded?" Then, too, came his answer: "No; but Oi've a presintimint—a warnin' of dyin'. Oi don't care so much for myself, sor; it's me pore old mother!" and he seemed stricken o the heart at the thought.

Then I had said, soothingly: "You are suffering from nervousness, Ted; perhaps & wasn't a presentiment after all. You paven't looked well since the peninsular "All that may be, sor," he had made re-

ply; "but Of me to be kilt to-day. Of'll niver ee the blissid mother-face agin !" And then I remembered that Cantain icton had "pooh-poohed" and called him a "chicken-hearted fellow."

McKelvie's lip quivered into silence, and he turned away, tears dimming his pleasant, Then I rebuked Acton by saying: "Cap-

tain, you should not have spoken to a mere boy like that, especially on the day of And the Captain, instead of becoming

angry, as I half expected him to, looked called out after him: "Here, McKelvie, I didn't mean to speak harshly or to censure. Forgive me, Ted; I may die myself to-Who knows!"

McKelvie came back and wrung the Caprain's hand in silence.

"You've no idea how bad you're hurt imes, sor, till the healin's applied," said Ted to me afterwards. Then he handed me a package and added: "Plaze send it to me pore old mother if I don't see you agin.
Of fixed it up after the presintimint an' its
all ready for the mailin'. The warnin' is just as sure as if the banshee had walled over me, an' Oi'me goin' to-day !"

In a few minutes after we fell into line and all through the heated day of strife and death I had not seen him again. But in the midst of battle I could see his white, pained face, and fancy I heard the cry of the dreaded banshee.

No wonder, then, that the morning's incident still came back with force.

Ah! what was that! Could it be possible that that was a mosn from some suffering soldier! No. my inner conscio me it was not; and the wild half moan. half shrick, chilled my fevered pulses un-tal I began to feel cowardly, soldier though

Stumbling along, however, over logs and dead bodies alike, I reached the wounded man who was waiting for me and calling

Lifting his head I gave him a cooling drink, and was rewarded by a fervent "God bless you" as I laid him down again and placed the canteen where be could easily

Again that strange sound came to my ears. "Some one's been calling like that for quite awhile over there," said the comrade at my side, as he raised himself up partially



and painfully, pointing toward a clumpof bushes a little to the right and a few rods

searching by moonlight for-Teddy McKel vie. I was certain of it before I had gone half way round the bushes. Presently I came to the foot of a shattered

tree and the soft moonlight fell over two up turned faces I never shall forget.

Rigid in death lay "our Teddy!" One arm was gone and from a ghastly wound in his head the blood had flowed until his goldon curis were matted toge His face, not marred by battle, still bore

that look of intense anguish which had haunted me all day. Verily! Teddy was right, and I doubted not that it was the banshee's mournful cry

Two faces! Yes; the other, white and calm in the soft light, was that of Captain | American people.

They had fallen side by side and the

And the Captain a words of the morning

ness: "I may die to-day myself, wis-

Kneeling by McKelvie's side I took a curl from among its blood-stained fellows, said a prayer for "the pore old mother," and went back to the wounded commude. He took my hand and asked faintly:

"Found them, did year?"
"Yes," I answered; "they are resting "As I shall shortly be," he said, quietly, seeming to catch my meaning at once. "But it isn't any difference in my case.

I've no loved ones to leave that care understand me, comrade, none who care!"
"Yes," I answered, and I sat down and
smoothed the damp hair back from his cold

"Ol so well. But she threw me over for a richer fellow; and I joined the army and came South, to die in the woods on the Chickshominy.

A shiver passed over his frame and his trembling hand sought mine. "But I love her still—I don't mind telling

you, comrade—and with my last breath I'll whisper: 'God bless her;' for she loved me once; yes, once."
His voice sounded like a faint sob, and his

fingers relaxed. I bent low to catch the next word.

"She won't care; but then-God bless Maggie; God—biese—M—"
I lay down beside my dead companion The pain, the nervousness, the sleeness had fled, and I sank into pe



I SHALL NEVER PORGET.

among those that never would waken to the clash of arms, nor answer at roll-call until the great day.

I sent the package together with the golden curl, soft and silky as a baby's, to he bereaved mother. And I wrote to her of the faithfulness of

her soldier boy, and said "he died bravely and sleeps in an honored grave." But when I bent over the pale, pain-drawn face by the half-emptied canteen I felt the hot tears trickle down my sun-

"None who would care!" Poor fellow! In his pocket, side by side tiful girl-doubtless Maggie-and we buried

it with him. There is nothing perhaps more calculated to bring out all the reckless daring of a man than a battle; but there certainly is nothing which brings all his sympathetic humanity to the surface quicker than the

cenes on the field after it is all over. But, it is nine o'clock. The firing has be gun again on the right. Lee and Jackson are bearing down upon us, our division is needed to support the extreme right, and away we go; but not all. There'll be fewer of us at roll-call to-morrow; but such is war. MANDA L. CROCKER.

"That is a funny-looking old man," said a conductor on a Pennsylvania avenue streetcar in Washington one rainy morning recently, as a gentleman stepped off the platform and raised his umbrella. "I could emember that square face, sharp eyes, heavy spectacles, and especially those bowed-out legs, among a thousand passen-gers. He ain't dressed much, but he looks

ike a somebody, sure. "No wonder you notice him," same a passenger, a stout, sleek, richly-dressed gentleman who stood on the platform smoking a cigar. "I remember him very well. He could be my regiment. We went "No wonder you notice him," said a pas was Colonel of my regiment. We went from Newburgh, N. Y., and jeined the Army of the Potemac. I was slender then

and he was stout.

"We were in many battles, and, although he wore shoulder-straps and I carried a musket, he got closer to the enemy than I did. He was a leader. Bullets were afraid to touch him for fear of being flattened They took me fast enough, though. I got seven of them. He was in more battles han I was, and he was always in the front his regiment; but never was touche Anybody would remember that man if they once knew him."

"Who is he?" inquired the conductor.

"He is a Colonel, a veteran, who went
West after the war to grow up with the country. He grew up, too. He grew to be taller than high corn on the prairies. He was elected to Congress, and then he was sent to the United States Senate. That is ex-Senstor Van Wyck, of Nebraska. He's a good man, too, I know."

Miss Tabitha Hatton, who was the first lady ever admitted to the bar as a legal practitioner in North Carolina, was an sunt of Frank Hatton, of Iowa and elsewhere. It is said that she left a large part of her es-tate to her "beloved nephew, Frank," upon condition that he "will take and provide for as long as they shall live (and give decent burial at death) five pet cats, viz: Mouser, Tabby, Felicia, Amber and Roxy." The ex-Postmaster-General has never given to history what disposition he finally made of those purrers confided to his care. When his biography is written, it will not be complete without the history of the kittens which came to him together with the co-lossal fortune which lies at the root and foundation of his tremendous business suc-

A Compliment to General Sickles It is not generally known, but it is a fact. hat the Spanish Government once upon a time bestowed upon General Daniel E. Sickles the decoration of Chevalier of the order of Isabella la Catholica. He is, therelore, a Baronet and fully entitled to the title of "Sir." But, come to think of it, he was entitled to that title merely as plain Dan Sickles, of New York. He wears a rosette of the Legion of Honor of France in his buttonhole. But the empty leg of his trousers shows that he is also a member of the order of the Legion of Honor of America, for he was in the thickest of the fight at Gettysburg. He needs no foreign decora-tions to elevate him in the estimation of the

His friends say that Charlie Brown is go

THE NATION'S CURSE.

Dr. Talmage on the Evils of Intemperance.

The Rain and Death Caused By Street Drink-It Leads to Less of Good Name. Self-Respect and Ultimate

Wreck. In a recent sermon at Helens, Mont Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage discoursed on

"Drunkenness the Nation's Curse." His

text was: "Whoslew all these?" 2 Kings, 10. The eloquent speaker said: I see a long row of baskets coming toward the palace of King John. I am comewhat inquisitive to find out what is in the baskets. I look in and find the gory heads of seven princes. As the backste arrive at the gate of the palace the heads are thrown into two heaps, one on either side of the gate. In the morning the King comes out and he looks upon the bleeding. ghastly heads of the massacred princes. Looking on either side the gate he cried out, with a ringing emphasis: "Who slew all these?"

We have, my friends, lived to see nore fearful massacre. There is no use of my taking your time in trying to give statistics about the devastation and ruin and death which strong drink has wrought in this country. Statistics do not seem to mean any thing. We are so hardened under these statistics that the fact that fiftythousand more men are slain, or fifty thousand less men are slain, seems to make no positive impression on the public mind. Buf fice it to say that intemperance has slain an innumerable company of princes-the children of God's royal family: and at the gate of every neighborhood there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the household there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the legislative hall there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the university there are two heaps of the slain; and at the gate of this Nation there are two heaps of the slain. When I look upon the desolation, I am almost frantic with the scene, while I cry out: "Who slew all these?" I can answer that question in balf a minute. The ministers of Christ who have given no warning the courts of law that have offered the licensure, the women who give strong drink on New Year's day, the fathers and mothers who have rum on the sideboard. the hundreds of thousands of Christian men and women in the land who are stolid in their indifference on this subject—they slew all these!

I propose in this discourse to tell you what I think are the sorrows and the doom of the drunkard, so that you to whom I speak may not come to the torment.

Some one says: "You had better let those subjects alone." Why, my brethren, we would be glad to let them alone if they would let us alone, but when I have in my pocket now four requests saying. "Pray for my busband, pray for my son, pray for my brother, pray for my friend, who is the captive of strong drink," I reply, we are ready to let the question alone it stands blocking up the way to Heaven and keeping multitudes away from Christ and Heaven I dare not be silent, lest the Lord require their blood at my hands.

I think the subject has been kept back very much by the merriment people make over those slain by strong drink. I used to be very merry over these things, having a keen sense of the ludicrous. There was something very grotesque in the gait of a drunkard. It is not so now, for I saw in one of the streets of Philadelphia a sight that changed the whole subject to me. There was a young man being led home. He was very much intoxicated— be was raving with intoxication. Two young men were leading him along. The boys booted in the street, men laughed. omen sneered; but I happened to be very near the door where he went in-it was the door of his father's house. I saw him go up stairs. I heard him shouting. booting and blaspheming. He had lost his hat and the merriment increased with the mob until he came up to the door, and, as the door was opened, his mother came out. When I heard her cry, that took all the comedy away from the scene. Since that time when I see a man walking through the street reeling the comedy is all gone and it is a tragedy of tears and groans and beart-breaks. Never make any fun around me about the grotesquesees of a drunkard. Alas for his bos The first suffering of the drunkard is in the loss of his good name. God has so arranged it that no man ever loses his good name excent through his own act. All the batred of men and all the assaults of devils can not destroy a man's name. If he really maintains his integrity. If a man is industrious and pure and Christian God looks after him. Although he may be bombarded for twenty or thirty years his integrity is never lost and his good same is never sacrificed. No force on earth or in hell can capture such a Gibraltar. But when it is said of such a man. "He drinks," and it can be proved, then what employer wants him for workman! What store wants him for a clerk? What church wants him for a member? Who will trust him? What dving man would appoint him his executor? He may have been forty years in building up his reputation-it goes down. Letters of recommendation, the backing up of business firms, a brilliant ancestry can not save The world shies off. Why? It is whispered all through the commu "He drinks; he drinks." That nity, blasts him. When a man loses his reputation for sobriety he might as well be at the bottom of the sea. There are men here who have their good name as their only capital. You are now achieving your own livelihood, under God, by your own right arm. Now look out that there is no doubt of your sobriety. Do not cre-ate any suspicion by going in and out of immoral places, or by any odor of your breath, or by any glare of your eye, or by any unnatural flush of your cheek. You can not afford to do it, for your good name is your only capital, and when that is blasted with the reputation of taking

strong drink, all is gone. Another loss which the inebriate suffer is that of self-respect. Just as soon as a man wakes up and finds that he is the captive of strong drink he feels demeaned. I do not care how careless he acts. He may say: "I don't care;" he does care. He can not look a pure man in the eye unless it is with positive force of resolution. Three-fourths of his nature is detroyed; his self-respect gone; he says things he would not otherwise say; he

loes things he would not otherwise do. When a man is nine-tenths gone with strong drink the first thing he wants to do is to persuade you that he can stop any time he wants to. He can not. The Philstines have bound him hand and foot. and shorn his locks, put out his eyes and

He loves himself. If he could stop he from the punch bowl of an earthly bear would. He knows his course is bringing ruin upon his family. He loves them. He would stop if he could. He can not. Perhaps he could three months or a year ago; not now. Just ask him to stop for a month. He can not; he knows he can not so he does not try. I had a friend who for fifteen years was going down under this evil habit. He had large means. He had given thousands of dollars to Bible societies and reformatory institutions of all sorts. He was very genial and very generous and very lovable, and whenever he talked about this evil habit he would say: "I can stop any time." But he kept going on, going on, down, down, down. His family would say: "I wish you would stop." "Why." he would reply, "I can stop any time I want to." After a while he had delirium tremene; he had it twice; and yet after that he said: "I could stop if I wanted to." He is dead now. What killed him? Rum! Rum! And yet among his last utterances was: "I can stop at any time." He did not stop it, because he could not stop it. O. there is a point in inebriation beyond which, if a man goes, he can not stop! One of these victims said to a Christian

man: "Bir, if I were told that I couldn't get a drink until to-morrow night unless I had all my fingers cut off I would say. bring the hatchet and cut them off now." I have a dear friend in Philadelphia whose nephew came to him one day, and when he was exhorted about his evil habit, said: "Uncle, I can't give it up. If there stood a cannon and it was loaded, and a glass of wine sat on the mouth of that cannon and I knew that you would fire it off just as I came up and took the glass, I would start, for I must have it." O, it is a sad thing for a man to wake up in this life and feel he is a captive. He says: "I could have got rid of this once, but I can't now. I might have lived an honorable life and died a Christian death; but there is no hope for me now; there is no escape for mr. Dead, but not buried. I am a walking corpse. I am an apparition of what I once was. I am a caged immortal, beating against the cage until there is blood on the wires and blood upon my soul, yet not able to get out. Destroyed, without I go further and say that the inebriate

suffers from the loss of his usefulness. Do you not recognize the fact that many of those who are now captives of strong drink only a little while ago were foremost in the churches and in reformatory institutions? Do you not know that some times they knelt in the family circle? Do you not know that they prayed in public and some of them carried around the holy wine on sacramental days? O, yes, they stood in the very front rank, but they gradually fell away. And now what do you suppose is the feeling of such a man as that when he thinks of his dishonored vows and the dishonored sacramentwhen be thinks of what he might have been and of what he is now? Do such men laugh and seem very merry? Ah, there is, down in the depths of their soul, a very heavy weight. Do not wonder that they sometimes see strange things and act very roughly in the household. You would not blame them at all if you knew what they suffer. Do not tell such as that there is no future punishment.

Do not tell him there is no such place as hell. He knows there is. He is there now. I go on and say that the inebriate suffers from the loss of physical strength. The older men in the congregation may remember that some years ago Dr. Sewell went through this country and electrified the people with his lectures, in which he showed the effect of alcohol on the human stomach. He had seven or eight diagrams by which he showed the devastation of strong drink upon the physical system. There were thousands of people who turned back from that ulcerous sketch swearing eternal abstinence from every thing that could intoxicate.

God only knows what the drunkard suffers. Pain fies on every nerve, and travels every muscle, and gnaws every bone, and burns with every flame, and stings with every poison, and pulls at him with every torture. What fiends stand by his midnight pillow! What growns tear his ear! What horrors thrill through his soul! Talk of the rack talk of the inquisition, talk of the funeral pyre, talk of the crushing Juggernaut—he feels them aft at once. Have you ever been in the ward of the hospital where these inebriates are dying, the stench of their wounds driving book their attendants, their voices sounding through the night? The keeper comes up and sava. "Hush, now. be still. Stop making all this noise!" But it is effectual only for a moment, for as soon as the keeper is gone, they begin again: "O, God! O, God! Help! help! Rum! Give me rum! Help! Take them off me! Take them off me!

Take them off me! O God!" And they shriek, and they rave, and they pluck out their hair by handfuls, and they bite their nails into the quick and then they groan, and they shriek, and they blaspheme, and they ask the keepers to kill them. 'Stab me! Smother me! Strangle me! Take the devils off me!" O it is no fancy sketch. That thing is going on in hospitals, aye, it is going on in some of the finest residences of every neighborhood on this continent. went on last night while you slept, and tell you further that this is, going to be the death that some of you will die. I

know it. I see it coming. Q is there any thing that will so destroy man for this life and damn him for the life that is to come? I hate that strong drink. With all the concentrated energies of my soul, I hate it. Do you tell me that a man can be happy when he knows that he is breaking his wife's heart and clothing his children with rage? Why, there are on the streets of our city to-day little children barefooted, uncombel and unkempt; want on every patch of their faded dress and on every wrinkle of their prematurely old countenances, who would have been in churches to-day, and as well clad as you are, but for the fact that rum destroyed their parents and drove them into the grave. O, rum! thou foe of Got, thou despoller of homes, thou recruiting officer of the pit. I abbor thee!

But my subject takes a deeper tone, and that is that the inebriate suffers from the loss of the soul. The Bible intimates that in the future world, if we are unforgiven here, our bad passions and appetites, unrestrained, will go along with us and make our torment there. So that I suppose when an inebriate wakes up in this lost world he will feel an infinite thirst clawing on him. Now, down in the world. although he may have been very poor, he could beg or he could steal five conts with which to get that which would slake his thirst for a little while; but in eternity where is the rum to come from? Dives could not get one drop of water. From what chalice of eternal fires will the hot lips of the drunkard drain his draught? No one to brew it. No one to mix it. No one to pour it. No one to fetch it. Millione

Dives cried for water. The inebriate cries for rum. O, the deep, exhausting, exasperating, everlasting thirst of the drunkard in hell! Why, if a flend came up to the earth for some informal work in a grog shop and should go back taking on its wing just one drop of that for which the inebriate in the lost world longs what excitement it would make there. Put that one drop from off the fiend's wing on the tip of the tongue of the destroyed ate; let the liquid brightness just touch it, let the drop be very small, if it only let that drop just touch the lost inebriate in the lost world and he would spring to his foot and cry: "That is rum! aha! that is rum!" and it would wake up the echoe of the dammed: "Give me rum! Give me rum! Give me rum!" In the future world I do not believe that it wi'l be the absence of God that will make the drunkard's sorrow; I do not believe that it will be the absence of light; I do not believe that it will be the absence of holiness; I think it will be the absence of strong drink. O! "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup. for at the last it biteth like a serpent and it stingeth like an ad-

But I want in conclusion to say one thing personal, for I do not like a sermon sweeten. that has no personalities in it. Perhaps this has not had that fault already. I want to say to those who are the victims of strong drink that, while I declare there was a point beyond which a man could not stop, I want to tell you that while a Lord God, by His grace, can help him to stop at any time. Years ago I was in a room in New York where there were many men who had been reclaimed from drunkenness. I heard their testimony and for the first time in my life there flashed out a truth I never understood. They said: "We were victims of strong drink. We tried to give it up, but always failed; but somehow since we gave our hearts to Christ, He has taken care of ua." I believe that the time will soon come. when the grace of God will show its power here not only to save man's soul, but his body, and reconstruct, purify, ele vate and redeem it. I verily believe that although you feel grappling at the roots of your tongues an almost omnipotent thirst, if you will this moment give your heart to God He will help you by His grace to conquer. Try it. It is your last

I have I coked off upon the desolation Sitting under my ministry there are people in awful peril from strong drink, and, judging from ordinary circumstances, here is not one chance in five thou sand that they will get clear of it. see men in this congregation whom I must make the remark if they do not change their course, within ten years they will, as to their bodies, lie down in a drunkard's grave; and as to their souls, lie down in a drunkard's perdition. I know that it is an awful thing to sav. but I can not help it. On beware! You have not yet been captured. Beware! As you open the door of your wine upon you: Beware! And when you pour the beverage into the glass, in the for the top, in white letters, let there be spelled out to your soul, ' Beware!" When the books of judgment are open, and ten million drunkards come up to get their oom, I want you to bear witness that I to-day, in the fear of God, and in the love for your soul, told you with all affection and with all kindness to beware of that which has already exerted its influence apon your family, blowing out some of its lights-a premonition of the blackness of darkness forever. O, if you could only hear this mement. Intemperance. with drunkard's bones, drumming on the head of the wine cask the dead march of immortal souls, methinks the very glance of a cup would make you shudder, and the color of the liquor would make you think of the blood of the soul, and the foam on the top of the cup would remind you of the fro h on the maniac's lips, and bus solves sid ment em dop b'mow nov kneel down and pray God that, rather than your children should become ca tives of this evil habit, you would like to carry them out some bright spring day to the cemetery, and put them away to the last sleep until at the call of the south wind the flowers would come up all over the grave—sweet prophecies of the resurrection. God has a balm for such a wound but what flower of erm ort over grow en the blasted heath of a drunkard's sepul-

TAXATION IN EGYPT.

How the Subjects of the Khedive Are Kept

in Abject Poverty. It is no wonder they remain poor They have been taxed for ages to such an extent that they could barely live. Ismail Pasha, the last Khedive, would I am told, often collect taxes twice a year, coming down upon the farmers for a second sum after he had demanded the regular amount. If they were not able to supply it the tax gatherers sold their stock at auction and he had a right to make such as he pleased work for him for nothing. At present there are about 5,000,000 acres of land under cultivation in Egypt, and there is an agricultural population of more than 4.000.000 This gives less than one and one-fifth acres per person, and the taxes amount to from \$4 to \$9 an acre, and this is only one form of Egyptian taxation. Just outside of Cairo there is a Government office, through which every piece of produce brought into the city for sale must pass, and every article is taxed. The farmer who brings a donkey load of grass to the city for sale must pay a percentage on its value before he can go in with it. It is the same with a chicken or a pigeon. a basket of vegetables, or any thing that the farmer raises. Then there is a tax upon date trees amounting to \$200,000 a year, upon salt of more than \$1,000,000, upon tobacco and slaughter houses, and in fact upon every thing under the Egyptian sun. The donkey boy here pays a tax, the storekeeper is taxed, and there is, in addition to this, a general tariff of about 8 per cent. on all imports. There are taxes on sheep and goats, which are paid whether the animals are sold or not. There are taxes on wells, taxes on fisheries, and taxes paid for lands which Egypt once owned but which she gave up with specially in the boy's coulder coulder and the Captair a words of the morning are making him grind in the mill of a coming tenor, and already signs his great horror. He can not stop. I will painful distinctive are making him grind in the mill of a coming tenor, and already signs his great horror. He can not stop. I will prove it. He knows that his course is a wonder that they exist at all.—F. certain to start up.—St. Louis Republic, and to keep the soil into a good tilth and to keep that the Egyptian people are poor. It down the green growth that is nearly is a wonder that they exist at all.—F. certain to start up.—St. Louis Republic, and the soil into a good tilth and to keep that the Egyptian people are poor. It down the green growth that is nearly is a wonder that they exist at all.—F. certain to start up.—St. Louis Republic, and the soil into a good tilth and to keep that the Egyptian people are poor. It down the green growth that is nearly is a wonder that they exist at all.—F. certain to start up.—St. Louis Republic, and the soil into a good tilth and to keep that the loss of the soil into a good tilth and to keep that the coming tenor, and already signs his great horror. He can not stop. I will be coming tenor, and already signs his great horror. He can not stop. I will be coming tenor, and already signs his great horror. He can not stop. I will be coming tenor, and already signs his great horror. He can not stop. I will be coming tenor, and already signs his great horror. He can not stop. I will be coming tenor, and already signs his great horror. He can not stop. I will be coming tenor, and already signs his great horror. He can not stop. I will be coming tenor, and already signs his great horror. He can not stop. I will be coming tenor, and already signs his great horror. He can not stop. I will be coming tenor, and the coming tenor, and the coming

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

-When fruit is scarce, see that a good supply of rhubarb is canned for winter use.

-Pears with little flavor of their own are greatly improved by the addition of preserved lemon peel or preerved ginger.

-When you buy a new broom, select dozen of the smoothest and largest splints, pull them out, and lay them away to use in testing cake when it is aked. - Demorest.

-It is a waste of time to attempt to preserve eggs unless they are known to be strictly fresh. An egg that is over a few days old will not keep if packed in warm weather.

-Always keep one horse for the women to drive, says the New England Farmer, and get them to do as many errands as possible - good for the errands and good for the women.

-A little soda stirred in tomatoes that have a sharp or acid taste will cause the removal of it. Also stirred in pie-plant, gooseberries, etc., while cooking, less sugar will be required to -The way to prevent soft shell eggs

is to feed food rich in lime. The grains are deficient in that mineral. If you feed too much grain you give too much starch, and soon the hens will be overman can not stop in his own strength the fat. They can not lay unless provided with material for eggs. Fat is useless on a laying hen. Her business is to convert the proper materials-meat, milk and clover-into eggs.

-The farmer who does not know the taste of cream, has got to learn that it is far more to be prized than honey in the honey comb. So don't put all the cream in the churn, to be made into butter to be packed away, to be sold next winter when it has, in all probability, become "just a little strong;" but enjoy the delicious flavor of it now while it is in its prime.-Rural New Yorker.

-Raspberry Blanc Mange: Stew fresh raspberries, strain off the juice, and sweeten to taste. When it boils stir in corn-starch, wet with cold water in the proportion of two heaping tablespoonfuls to one pint of juice; stir until cooked, and pour into a wet mold. Serve with sugar and cream. A little current juice combined with the raspberry is fine, and either strawberries or cherries may be used in the same way.-Christian Union.

ABOUT FALL FEEDING.

The Proper Way of Plowing and Pro-

When any considerable acreage is to preparation of the land are important tems of work both for the men and teams. Usually the sooner the work is done after harvest the better, as the hot dry weather we generally have increases the work the longer it is delaved. In addition to lessening the labor of plowing, the weeds and stubble, if turned under early, will have better opportunity to rot, and r time can be had for the preparation the seed-bed.

At the outset see that the harness i properly fitted to the horses' shoulders. so that galled shoulders will be avoided. This is important as it is much easier to keep the shoulders well than to cure after they once get sore. Wash the shoulders at noon and at night; this, with keeping the collars clean, is next in importance to having the harness well fitted. Take the harness off at noon so that the horses can get all the benefit possible out of

their noon rest. Have two shares with each plow, and keep them sharp; this will not only lessen the work on the team, but better work can be done. If only plowing is to be done, take pains to plow deep and thoroughly; turn under all the weeds and trash as thoroughly as possible. They will rot more quickly. and be more out of the way when harrowing and preparing the land for

The shape of the plow, as well as the way it is handled, has much to do with the way the ground is plowed. In breaking stubble, as well as with sod. it is necessary to turn the surface as completely under as possible. If there is much trash, a good rolling coulter, and, sometimes, a good chain will be of considerable help.

The size of the lands and the way it should be plowed depend upon the kind of soil and the way it lays. Low flat land, that will need more or less drainage and especially if it is not under-drained so that surface drainage must be depended upon-should, as a rule, be plowed in reasonably small lands and the furrows run out clear to such points as will drain of surface water as rapidly as possible. Rolling land should be plowed so that the hard rains will not wash the land. The best plan of determining this is to look over the ground carefully and determine in advance which is the best course to adopt. In this way there is less chance of making a mistake. If the water is allowed to stand on either wheat or grass, or if the furrows are not properly run out, considerable damage may be done to either the crop or the land.

When it can be done without too much interference with the work it will be best to keep the harrowing close up to the plowing. Better and more thorough work can be done in this way than letting it lay and then harrowing all at once.

If the soil is very dry and hard the roller and drag can often so used to advantage, doing better work than with the harrow. Sufficient wor should se done after plowing to bring