

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

"What Frightened Isabella," a Juvenile Sketch—"Mother Goose's Dinner Party" an Amusing Story for the Juniors—A Conversation Without Words.

The Land Beyond the Blue.
Written for the Family Herald and Weekly Star.

Fair land beyond the blue,
Where the flowers unending grow,
Where the tree of life is blooming in
beauty all untold,
There are pastures green and smiling
where the quiet waters flow,
And the saints in white are walking on
the streets of shining gold,
By faith thy shores arise to view,
Fair land beyond the blue!
Calm land beyond the blue.

Where the sound of strife is still,
Where no storms of grief or terror can
the peaceful joys molest,
And the melody of music from the many
harp-strings thrill!

"There the weary hands are folded,
and the weary feet have rest,
We dream of these when falls the dew,
Calm land beyond the blue!

Dear land beyond the blue,
Where our loved and lost ones dwell!
Though we miss them, oh, we miss them
for a little while,
Yet to earth we would not call them, for
we know that all is well,
And when there, too, we have gathered
we shall see and share their smile,
When shall we meet those hearts so
true
Dear land beyond the blue!

Home-land beyond the blue,
We are only strangers here;
Pilgrims, onward still we journey to that
home which waits afar,
Sometimes, when our footsteps falter
and the way seems lone and drear,
"Hail sweet echoes of the music float
from out the gates afar,
'Tis thus our hearts find strength
anew,
Home-land beyond the blue!

What Frightened Isabella.

Dorothy has a beautiful doll named Isabella, with the pinkest cheeks, the brownest eyes, the curliest hair, and best of all, with two little strings hanging from her back, which will make her speak if they are pulled. She can say only two words, "Mamma" and "Papa," one for each string, but that is enough to give a great deal of amusement to Dorothy and her little friends. Isabella is dressed in baby clothes, so Dorothy plays that she is not old enough to say any other words yet.

Isabella says "Pa-pa" quite slowly, with a funny little jerk in the middle of the word, but she says "Mamma" very fast, and as if she really wanted her mamma very much. When she says that, Dorothy always feels like taking her in her arms to comfort her, it sounds so much like a real child's cry.

One day Dorothy put Isabella to sleep, and laid her in the doll's cradle, which just fits her, and then she herself went out of doors to play with the two little girls who live next door.

Dorothy's mamma was sitting downstairs, when she heard some one calling, "Mamma! Mamma! Mamma!" over and over, very loudly and very fast. It did not seem like Dorothy's voice, but it sounded so frightened that mamma thought something dreadful must have happened to Dorothy, to make her call in that way. What could it be?

She ran up-stairs as fast as she could to the play room, from which the cries came, and opened the door. She could not see any one in the room, and for a moment everything was quiet; then suddenly she heard again, from the corner where Isabella lay in her cradle, "Mamma! Mamma!" It was no one but Isabella, calling as fast as she could, as if she could not get along without her mamma another minute!

Dorothy's mamma did not know what to make of it—she could not think how Isabella could talk all by herself, with no one anywhere near her. But as mamma went closer to the cradle she suddenly saw what was the matter with Isabella, and then she went to the window and called Dorothy, whom she saw playing in the yard, to come and see.

When Dorothy and her playmates came running up-stairs, mamma told them to come into the room very quietly, and what do you think they saw? On his back behind the cradle was Dorothy's Maltese kitten, Pussy-Willow, having such a fine time in kicking and biting at a little string which hung through the side of the cradle!

It was Isabella's "mamma" string, and every time Pussy pulled it Isabella cried "Mamma!" as if she were very much frightened, and Pussy-Willow seemed to think that that was part of the fun.

The little girls all laughed heartily, but Dorothy could not bear it very long, the cries were so pitiful, so she caught Isabella up and hugged her, and Pussy-Willow scampered off to find something else to play with.—Ruth Tangier Smith in Youth's Companion.

Mother Goose's Dinner Party.

It was the 12th of February. Twenty-five guests had been invited. "Tom Tucker," "Jack" and "Jill," and the rest of the guests came in squads and platoons.

There were three "Boy blues," and three "Miss Muffets," and the "maids of the kitchen."

The "Queen of Hearts," decorated with fifty blood-red hearts made a sensation. And "Boy Blue" became at once her devoted slave, and when "Bobby Shaftoe" arrived the "Queen" paid more attention to him, and poor "Boy Blue" felt very badly.

"Bird" in a whisper that he was her lover forever more.

"Little Red Riding Hood" did not like to hear this, for she thought "Bobby" belonged to her. But just then "Johnny Green" came in and made everybody laugh trying to ring his little silver bell and at the same time keep his large pussy cat swinging.

"Mistress Mary" was quite contrary as usual, especially when "George Porgie" tried to kiss her, but then he kissed all the girls, and strange to say, none of them cried; they rather seemed to like it.

"Jack Horner" with his Christmas pie, which was a real mince pie, was a great favorite, and many a time would be seen in a corner with a pretty girl to pull out a plum.

"Nancy Etticote" with her golden curls and pretty white gown was the belle of the evening.

"Simple Simon" was bright enough to know her, but she thought "Tom" the "Piper's Son" was more attractive as he let her taste of his chocolate pig as he played on his pipe for them to dance.

"Peter Pumpkin-Eater" was so late with his wife, whom he drew in a pumpkin shell, that there was little time to introduce them, and they all marched to supper singing to the tune of "Mistress Mary's bells."

It was a real "Mother Goose" supper with "white bread and butter," "hot cross buns," pink slices of ham, a large plate of tarts, candied plums, and a pall of water.

"Curly Locks" could not bring strawberries and cream, so they had strawberry ice cream with pat-a-cakes that the "Baker Man" made.

At a signal from "Mother Goose" "Boy Blue" blew his horn, and everybody went upstairs. Curtains were drawn across the doorway leading into the library.

The curtains parted, and there was a big nest with a monstrous goose sitting upon it, then "Mother Goose" made a little speech which made them all laugh. The goose put her bill into the nest and pulled out a little golden egg. The nest must have been full, for there was an egg for every one of the children.

When they went home they all said that there was nothing quite so nice as a "Mother Goose" party.

Conversation Without Words.

The traveler in a foreign land is not necessarily helpless because he does not know the language. Nor was a correspondent of the Chicago Record, who admits that when he entered Italy his nine words of French and fifteen words of German were of no great use to him. He says:

In Genoa I went into a photographer's shop and selected a dozen photographs.

I pointed at the photographs and looked at him inquiringly, which meant, "How much?"

He nodded his head and wrote "14" on a slip of paper.

I nodded, signifying, "I will take them."

He walked over to a calendar hanging on the wall and pointed to 29; then he walked back and picked up the photographs and shook his head, which clearly meant that he could not allow me to take the ones I had selected, but would have others printed by the 29th.

Thereupon I pointed to 25 on the calendar, and said "Roma," which meant that I should depart for Rome on that date.

He nodded and then pointed to 30 and asked, "Eh?" which meant, "Shall you be in Rome until the 30th?"

I nodded violently.

"Hotel?" he asked.

I wrote my Rome address on a slip of paper.

In making change he held out one lira.

"Poste," he explained.

Then I departed. Ordinarily a shopper selecting a dozen photographs to be printed to order and forwarded to him at the next town would spend ten minutes or more in making inquiries and giving directions. Our total of conversation was just five words.

New Use for Blotting.

The use of blotting-paper for cleaning machinery is a new idea, but it has been tried in the German workshops, and found to answer well, says the Engineering and Mining Journal.

Tow, woolsen refuse, sponge cloths and jute waste are the materials usually employed for the cleaning of machines and parts of engines which are soiled by dust and lubricating substances. The better varieties of cotton waste are very good for scouring purposes, but the cheaper grades are charged with dust, and in using them a sponge cloth, specially manufactured for the purpose, has to be resorted to.

In employing blotting paper for scouring purposes the use of cotton waste is decreased, and the sponge cloths are entirely dispensed with. On an average the German workman received under the former system two hundred and fifty grams of cotton waste, one new sponge cloth, and one or two renovated ones every week. Now he is supplied with one hundred and fifty grams of cotton waste and about eight or ten sheets of blotting paper, at a cost of two and a half cents, or one-third the cost of the cotton waste.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

JOY UNBOUNDED, LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

The Great Divine Discourses to a Multitude—His Theme, "New Springs of Joy," Is Graphically Portrayed—"Thou Hast Given Me a South Land."

The city of Debir was the Boston of antiquity—a great place for brain and books. Caleb wanted it, and he offered his daughter Achsah as a prize to any one who would capture that city. It was a strange thing for Caleb to do; and yet the man that could take the city would have, at any rate, two elements of manhood—bravery and patriotism. With Caleb's daughter as a prize to fight for, Gen. Othniel rode into the battle. The gates of Debir were thundered into the dust, and the city of books lay at the feet of the conquerors. The work done, Othniel comes back to claim his bride. Having conquered the city, it is no great job for him to conquer the girl's heart; for however faint-hearted a woman herself may be, she always loves courage in a man. I never saw an exception to that. The wedding festivity having gone by Othniel and Achsah are about to go to their new home. However loudly the cymbals may clash and the laughter ring, parents are always sad when a fondly cherished daughter goes off to stay; and Achsah, the daughter of Caleb, knows that now is the time to ask almost anything she wants of her father. It seems that Caleb, the good old man, had given as a wedding present to his daughter a piece of land that was mountainous, and sloping southward toward the deserts of Arabia, swept with some very hot winds. It was called "a south land." But Achsah wanted an addition of property; she wants a piece of land that is well watered and fertile. Now it is no wonder that Caleb, standing amid the bridal party, his eyes so full of tears because she was going away that he could hardly see her at all, gives her more than she asks. She said to him, "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water." And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs.

What a suggestive passage! The fact is, that as Caleb, the father, gave Achsah, the daughter, a south land, so God gives to us his world. I am very thankful he has given it to us. But I am like Achsah in the fact that I want a larger portion. Trees and flowers and grass and blue skies are very well in their places; but he who has nothing but this world for a portion has no portion at all. It is a mountainous land, sloping off toward the desert of sorrow, swept by fiery siroccos; it is "a south land," a poor portion for any man that tries to put his trust in it. What has been your experience? What has been the experience of every man, of every woman that has tried this world for a portion? Queen Elizabeth, amidst the surroundings of pomp, is unhappy because the painter sketches too minutely the wrinkles on her face, and she indignantly cries out: "You must strike off my likeness without any shadows!" Hogarth, at the very height of his artistic triumph, is stung almost to death with chagrin because the painting he had dedicated to the king does not seem to be acceptable, for George II. cried out: "Who is this, Hogarth? Take his trumpety out of my presence!" Brinsley Sheridan thrilled the earth with his eloquence, but had for his last words, "I am absolutely undone." Walter Scott, fumbling around the inkstand, trying to write, says to his daughter: "Oh, take me back to my room; there is no rest for Sir Walter but in the grave." Stephen Girard, the wealthiest man in his day, or, at any rate, only second in wealth, says: "I live the life of a galley slave; when I rise in the morning my one effort is to work so hard that I can sleep when it gets to be night." Charles Lamb, applauded of all the world, in the very midst of his literary triumph says: "Do you remember, Bridget, when we used to laugh from the shilling gallery at the play? There are now no good plays to laugh at from the boxes." But why go so far as that?

Pick me out ten successful worldlings—without any religion, and you know what I mean by successful worldlings—pick me out ten successful worldlings, and you cannot find more than one that looks happy. Care drags him across the bridge; care drags him back. Take your stand at 2 o'clock at the corner of Nassau and Wall streets, or at the corner of Canal street and Broadway, and see the agonized physiognomies. Your bankers, your insurance men, your importers, your wholesalers, and your retailers, as a class—as a class, are they happy? No. Care dogs their steps; and, making no appeal to God for help or comfort, they are tossed every whither. How has it been with you, my hearer? Are you more contented in the house of fourteen rooms than you were in the two rooms you had in a house when you started? Have you not had more care and worry since you won that \$50,000 than you did before? Some of the poorest men I have ever known have been those of great fortune. A man of small means may be put in great business straits, but the ghastliest of all embarrassments is that of the man who has large estates. The men who commit suicide because of monetary losses are those who cannot bear the burden of any more, because they have only a hundred thousand left.

On Bowling Green, New York, there is a house where Talleyrand used to go. He was a favored man. All the world knew him, and he had wealth almost unlimited; yet at the close of his life he says: "Behold, eighty-three years have passed without any

practical result, save fatigue of body and fatigue of mind, great discouragement for the future and great disgust for the past." Oh, my friends, this is "a south land," and it slopes off toward deserts of sorrows; and the prayer which Achsah made to her father Caleb we make this day to our Father God: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave them the upper springs and the nether springs."

Blessed be God! We have more advantage given us than we can really appreciate. We have spiritual blessings offered to us in this world which I shall call the nether springs, and glories in the world to come which I shall call the upper springs.

Where shall I find words enough threaded with light to set forth the pleasure of religion? David, unable to describe it in words, played it on a harp. Mrs. Hemans, not finding enough power in prose, sings that praise in canto. Christopher Wren, unable to describe it in language, sprung it into the arches of St. Paul's. John Bunyan, unable to present it in ordinary phraseology, takes all the fascination of allegory. Handel, with ordinary music unable to reach the height of the theme, rounds it up in an oratorio. Oh, there is no life on earth so happy as a really Christian life. I do not mean a sham Christian life, but a real Christian life. Where there is a thorn there is a whole garland of roses. Where there is one groan there are three doxologies. Where there is one day of cloud there is a whole season of sunshine. Take the humblest Christian man that you know—angels of God canopy him with their white wings; the lightnings of heaven are his armed allies; the Lord is his Shepherd, picking out for him green pastures by still waters; if he walk forth, heaven is his bodyguard; if he sit down to food, his plain table blooms into the king's banquet. Men say: "Look at that old fellow with the worn-out coat." The angels of God cry: "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let him come in!" Fastidious people cry: "Get off my front steps; the doorkeepers of heaven cry: 'Come, you blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom.' When He comes to die, though he may be carried out in a pine box to the potter's field, to that potter's field the chariots of Christ will come down and the cavalcade will crowd all the boulevards of heaven.

I bless Christ for the present satisfaction of religion. It makes a man all right with reference to the past; it makes a man all right with reference to the future. Oh, these nether springs of comfort! They are perennial. The foundation of God standeth sure having this seal, "The Lord knoweth them that are His." "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but My kindness shall not depart from thee; neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, who hath mercy upon them." Oh, cluster of diamonds set in burnished gold! Oh, nether springs of comfort bursting through all the valleys of trial and tribulation! When you see, you of the world, what satisfaction there is on earth in religion, do you not thirst thirsted after the water springs? It is no stagnant pond, scummed over with malaria, but springs of water leaping from the Rock of Ages! Take up one cup of that spring water, and across the top of the chalice will float the delicate shadows of the heavenly wall, the yellow jasper, the green of emerald, the blue of sardonyx, the fire of jacinth.

I wish I could make you understand the joy religion is to some of us. It makes a man happy while he lives, and glad when he dies. With two feet upon a chair and bursting with drops, I heard an old man in the poor-house cry out: "Bless the Lord, oh, my soul!" I looked around and said: "What has this man got to thank God for?" It makes the lame man leap like the hart, the dumb sing. They say that the old Puritan religion is a juiceless and joyless religion; but I remember reading Dr. Goodwin, the celebrated Puritan, who in his last moments said: "Is this dying? Why, my bow abides in strength! I am swallowed up in God." "Her ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Oh, you who have been trying to satisfy yourselves with the "south land" of this world, do you not feel that you would, this morning, like to have access to the nether springs of spiritual comfort? Would you not like to have Jesus Christ bend over your cradle and bless your table and heal your wounds, and strew flowers of consolation all up and down the graves of your dead?

"Tis religion that can give Sweetest pleasures while we live; 'Tis religion can supply Sweetest comfort when we die.

But I have something better to tell you, suggested by my text. It seems that old Father Caleb on the wedding day of his daughter wanted to make her just as happy as possible. Though Othniel was taking her away, and his heart was almost broken because she was going, yet he gives her a "south land"; not only that, but the upper springs. O God, my Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast given me a "south land" in this world, and the nether spring of spiritual comfort in this world; but, more than all, I thank Thee for the upper springs in heaven.

It is very fortunate we cannot see heaven until we get into it. Oh, Christian man, if you could see what a place it is, we would never get you back again to the office or store or shop, and the duties you ought to perform would go neglected. I am glad I shall not see that world until I enter it. Suppose we were allowed to go on an excursion into that good land with the idea of returning. When we got there and heard the song and looked at their raptured faces, and mingled

in the supernal society, we would cry out: "Let us stay! We are coming here anyhow. Why take the trouble of going back again to that old world? We are here now; let us stay." And it would take angelic violence to put us out of that world if we once got there. But as people who cannot afford to pay for an entertainment sometimes come around it and look through the door ajar, or through the openings in the fence, so we come and look through the crevices in that good land which God has provided for us. We can just catch a glimpse of it. We come near enough to hear the rumbling of the eternal orchestra, though not near enough to know who blows the cornet or who fingers the harp. My soul spreads out both wings and claps them in triumph at the thought of those upper springs. One of them breaks forth from beneath the throne; another breaks forth from beneath the altar of the temple; another at the door of "the house of many mansions." Upper springs of gladness! Upper springs of light! Upper springs of love! It is no fancy of mine. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water." Oh, Savior divine, roll in upon our souls one of those anticipated raptures! Pour around the roots of the parched tongue one drop of that liquid life! Toss before our vision those fountains of God, rainbowed with eternal victory. Hear it. They are never sick there; not so much as a headache or twinge rheumatic, or thrust neuralgic. The inhabitant never says: "I am sick." They are never tired there. Flight to farthest world is only the play of a holiday. They never sin there. It is as easy for them to be holy as it is for us to sin. They never die there. You might go through all the outskirts of the great city and find not one place where the ground was broken for a grave. The eyesight of the redeemed is never blurred with tears. There is health in every cheek. There is spring in every foot. There is joy in every heart. There is hosanna on every lip. Now they must pity us as they look over and down and see us, and say: "Poor things, away down in that world." And when some Christian is hurried into a fatal accident, they cry: "Good! He is coming!" And when we stand around the couch of some loved one (whose strength is going away) and we shake our heads forebodingly, they cry: "I am glad he is worse; he has been down there long enough. There, he is dead! Come home! Come home!" Oh, if we could only get our ideas about that future world untwisted our thought of transfer from here to there would be as pleasant to us as it was to a little child that was dying. She said: "Papa, when will I go home?" And he said: "To-day, Florence." "To-day?" So soon? I am so glad!

I wish I could stimulate you with these thoughts, oh, Christian man, to the highest possible exhilaration. The day of your deliverance is coming, is coming. It is rolling on with the shining wheels of the day and the jet wheels of the night. Every thump of the heart is only a hammer stroke striking off another chain of clay. Better scour the deck and coil the rope, the harbor is only six miles away. Jesus will come down in the "Narrows" to meet you. Now is your salvation nearer than when you were believed.

Unforgiven man, unparoled man, will you not make a choice between these two portions—between the "south land" of this world, which slopes to the desert, and this glorious land which thy Father offers thee, running with eternal water courses? Why let your tongue be consumed with thirst when there are the nether springs and the upper springs, comfort here, and glory hereafter?

Let me tell you, my dear brother, that the silliest and wickedest thing a man ever does is to reject Jesus Christ. The loss of the soul is a mistake that cannot be corrected. It is a downfall that knows no alleviation; it is a ruin that is remediless; it is a sickness that has no medicament; it is a grave into which a man goes but never comes out. Therefore, putting my hand on your shoulder as a brother puts his hand on the shoulder of a brother, I say this day, be manly, and surrender your heart to Christ. You have been long enough serving the world; now begin to serve the Lord who bought you. You have tried long enough to carry these burdens; let Jesus Christ put His shoulder under your burden. Do I hear any one in the audience say, "I mean to attend to that after awhile; it is not just the time?" It is the time, for the simple reason that you are sure of no other; and God sends you here this morning, and He sent me here to comfort you with this message; and you must hear now that Christ died to save your soul, and that if you want to be saved you may be saved. "Whosoever will, let him come." You will never find any more convenient season than this. Some of you have been waiting ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty and sixty years. On some of you the snow has fallen. I see it on your brow, and yet you have not attended to those duties which belong to the very spring-time of life. It is September with you now, it is October with you, it is December with you. I am no alarmist. I simply know this: If a man does not repent in this world he never repents at all, and that now is the day of salvation. Oh, put off this matter no longer. Do not turn your back on Jesus Christ who comes to save you, lest you should lose your soul.

A ring around the moon indicates bad weather, which will last as many days as there are stars inclosed in the circle.

Co-operative Creameries in Ireland.

The New Zealand Dairyman says: Students of agricultural co-operation have, in the present wave of that movement which is passing over Ireland, a most interesting study. The way in which co-operative butter factories have extended is in strong contrast to the complete apathy displayed by the English dairy farmer in the same direction. From a one-time prosperous agricultural country the "Unhappy Isle" had dwindled down in rural population to such an extent that it seemed as if they would ultimately be a mere handful of people, barely enough to tend cattle for John Bull to eat. With the departure of so many of her best agriculturists to America and these colonies the quality of her produce became woefully poor; in fact, things were drifting into such straits that it was problematical what the end would be. Some thoughtful Irishmen came to the rescue, however, and, binding themselves together, preached co-operation—co-operation in every branch of the farmer's business. Success did not attend their efforts at first, and it was not until fifty meetings had been held that an attempt was made by the farmers to test the new doctrine. Once co-operation had proved itself, however, it rapidly spread; in fact so much so that whereas in 1890 there was only one co-operative factory, the number had increased to 136 at the beginning of last year.

The principal body at work is the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, which was formed in 1894, and, being quite non-political in its objects, men of all shades of opinion are on its committee. They have sensibly laid aside their differences in order to aid their unfortunate countrymen. The society employs about a dozen organizers and experts, who are kept constantly at work lecturing, organizing and instructing. As the Hon. H. Plunkett, writing on the subject in the Mark Lane Express Almanac, says: "They preach the doctrine of self-help and show the farmers how they can practically help themselves, and the manly spirit of the people has welcomed it in a wholesome reaction from the other doctrine which lays all their sins of impecuniosity upon the government."

Numerically the most important of the societies are the co-operative creameries. The establishment of these has led to an enormous improvement in the quality of Irish butter, and the suppliers have, as a result, obtained fully 30 per cent more profit from their cows than formerly. Then, of course, the profits of the undertaking have been also secured to the members, who utilize their societies in many ways, such, for instance, as the wholesale purchase of feeding stuffs, fertilizers and implements; also for the combined sale of cattle, pigs, poultry and eggs. A few of them are establishing credit societies and libraries as adjuncts. Then a number of the creameries formed a federation in 1893 to enable them, to more effectually control the markets in their own interests and to establish a national brand of Irish creamery butter.

Top Dressing Rye to Plow Under.

The plan of top dressing rye with manure is a good one, providing the manure can be spread. The rye will be benefited by the manure as a mulch as well as by its fertilizing properties. There will still be considerable virtue left in the manure for the corn crop that is to follow. The amount of the same will be in proportion to the rainfall and to the condition of the manure when it was applied. The more rain and the finer the manure when applied the more will its enriching properties be worked down into the soil. But spreading the manure on the rye, and when it grows up in the spring plowing under both manure and rye the influence on the corn would be very beneficial. The aim in applying manure in our climate should be to make it act as a mulch as well as a fertilizer.—Farm, Stock and Home.

Beauty as Well as Profit.—I think many people fail to obtain pleasure in cultivating their gardens because they regard their plants only from a business standpoint, and do not appreciate them as objects of beauty. As long as it costs but little, let us cultivate the love for the beautiful, or the aesthetic side of our nature. While perhaps the most of us must work our farms and gardens for the pecuniary profit, yet we may often, when planting for profit, so plan that it will be ornamental in appearance. We shall get more enjoyment from our work, and our life will be better for having cultivated a taste for the beautiful and attractive in nature.—Michigan Farmer.

Dry Apple Seeds.—These should be packed in sand, set out to get the rains and frost, and be planted early in the spring. If kept dry until spring they are likely to fail to sprout. When raising my own apple roots the seeds were always drilled in in the fall. Now it is customary with nurserymen to buy their stocks from those who make the raising of seedlings a specialty. They can be bought so cheaply that I would not bother myself raising them.—Sam'l Miller in Rural World.

Sugar Beet Seed for Illinois Farmers.—The Agricultural Experiment Station, University of Illinois, Urbana, Ill., proposes to furnish seed of sugar beet together with instructions for growing, free of charge so long as the supply lasts, to residents of the state who desire to become acquainted with the nature of the crop, and who will return samples of beets to us for analysis, samples to be taken according to directions and sent to the experiment station, all charges prepaid.—University Press Notice.

Cows do not like noise or delay.