

INSECT ANNOYANCES.

HOW AND WHY GOD SENDS THE SMALL TROUBLES OF LIFE.

They Are All Necessary to Spiritual Health and Growth, Says Rev. Dr. Talmage—A Sermon of Comfort For Everyday Experience.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15.—Dr. Talmage today chose for his discourse a theme that will appeal to most people—viz, the petty annoyances of life. His text was, "The Lord thy God will send the hornet," Deuteronomy vii, 20.

It seems as if the insectile world were determined to extirpate the human race. It bombards the grainfields and the orchards and the vineyards. The Colorado beetle, the Nebraska grasshopper, the New Jersey locust, the universal potato bug seem to carry on the work which was begun ages ago when the insects buzzed out of Noah's ark as the door was opened.

In my text, the hornet flies out on its mission. It is a species of wasp, swift in its motion and violent in its sting. Its touch is torture to man or beast. We have all seen the cattle run bellowing under the cut of its lancet. In boyhood we used to stand cautiously looking at the globular nest hung from the tree branch, and while we were looking at the wonderful covering we were struck with something that sent us shrieking away. The hornet goes in swarms. It has captives over hundreds, and 20 of them alighting on one man will produce death.

Wasps, Flies and Hornets.
The Persians attempted to conquer a Christian city, but the elephants and the beasts on which the Persians rode were assaulted by the hornet, so that the whole army was broken up and the besieged city was rescued. This burning and noxious insect stung out the Hittites and the Canaanites from their country. What gleaming sword and chariot of war could not accomplish was done by the puncture of an insect. The Lord sent the hornet.

My friends, when we are assaulted by great behemoths of trouble we become chivalric, and we assault them. We get on the high mettled steed of our courage, and we make a cavalry charge at them, and if God be with us we come out stronger and better than when we went in. But, alas! for these insectile annoyances of life, these foes too small to shoot, these things without any avoirdupois weight, the gnats, and the midges, and the flies, and the wasps, and the hornets! In other words, it is the small stinging annoyances of our life which drive us out and use us up. In the best conditioned life, for some grand and glorious purpose, God has sent the hornet.

I remark, in the first place, that these small stinging annoyances may come in the shape of a nervous organization. People who are prostrated under typhoid fevers or with broken bones get plenty of sympathy, but who pines anybody that is nervous? The doctors say, and the family say, and everybody says, "Oh, she's only a little nervous, that's all!" The sound of a heavy foot, the harsh clearing of a throat, a discord in music, a want of harmony between the shawl and the glove on the same person, a curt answer, a passing slight, the wind from the east, any one of 10,000 annoyances opens the door for the hornet. The fact is that the vast majority of the people in this country are overworked, and their nerves are the first to give out. A great multitude are under the strain of Leyden, who, when he was told by his physician that if he did not stop working while he was in such poor physical health he would die, responded, "Doctor, whether I live or die, the wheel must keep going round." These sensitive persons of whom I speak have a feeling sensitiveness. The flies love to light on anything raw, and these people are like the Canaanites spoken of in the text or in the context—they have a very thin covering and are vulnerable at all points. "And the Lord sent the hornet."

In Human Guise.
Again, the small insect annoyances may come to us in the shape of friends and acquaintances who are always saying disagreeable things. There are some people you cannot be with for half an hour but you feel cheered and comforted. Then there are other people you cannot be with for five minutes before you feel miserable. They do not mean to disturb you, but they sting you to the bone. They gather up all the yarn which the gossips spin, and retail it. They gather up all the adverse criticisms about your person, about your business, about your home, about your church, and they make your ear the funnel into which they pour it. They laugh heartily when they tell you, as though it were a good joke, and you laugh, too—outside. These people are brought to our attention in the Bible, in the book of Ruth. Naomi went forth beautiful and with the finest of worldly prospects, and into another land; but, after awhile, she came back widowed and sick and poor. What did her friends do when she came to the city? They all went out, and, instead of giving her common sense consolation, what did they do? Read the book of Ruth and find out. They threw up their hands and said, "Is this Naomi?" as much as to say, "How awful bad you do look!" When I entered the ministry, I looked very pale for years, and every year, for four or five years, a hundred times a year, I was asked if I had not the consumption, and, passing through the room I would sometimes hear people sigh and say, "A-ah, not long for this world!" I resolved in those times that I never, in any conversation, would say anything depressing, and by the help of God I have kept the resolution. These people of whom I speak reap and bind in the great harvest field of discouragement. Some day you meet them with a hilarious "good morning," and they come buzzing at you with some depressing information. "The Lord sent the hornet."

Paralyzed by Fire.
Nothing but the furnace will ever burn out of us the clinker and the slag. I have formed this theory in regard to small annoyances and vexations. It takes just so much trouble to fit us for usefulness and for heaven. The only question is whether we shall take it in the bulk or pulverized and granulated. Here is one man who takes it in the bulk. His back is broken, or his eye-

world who like to say disagreeable things and write disagreeable things, I come almost in my weaker moments to believe what a man said to me in Philadelphia one Monday morning. I went to get the horse at the livery stable, and the hostler, a plain man, said to me, "Mr. Talmage, I saw that you preached to the young men yesterday." I said, "Yes." He said, "No use, no use; man's a failure."

Domestic Irritations.
The small insect annoyances of life sometimes come in the shape of local physical trouble, which does not amount to a positive prostration, but which bothers you when you want to feel the best. Perhaps it is a sick headache which has been the plague of your life, and you appoint some occasion of mirth or of a special usefulness, and when the clock strikes the hour you cannot make your appearance. Perhaps the trouble is between the ear and the forehead, in the shape of a neuralgic twinge. Nobody can see it or sympathize with it, but just at the time when you want your intellect clearest, and your disposition brightest, you feel a sharp, keen, disconcerting thrust. "The Lord sent the hornet."

Perhaps these small insect annoyances will come in the shape of a domestic irritation. The parlor and the kitchen do not always harmonize. To get good service and to keep it is one of the greatest questions of the country. Sometimes it may be the arrogance and inconsiderateness of employers, but whatever be the fact we all admit there are these insect annoyances winging their way out from the culinary department. If the grace of God be not in the heart of the housekeeper, she cannot maintain her equilibrium. The men come home at night and hear the story of these annoyances, and say, "Oh, these home troubles are very little things!" They are small, small as wasps, but they sting. Martha's nerves were all unstrung when she rushed in asking Christ to scold Mary, and there are tens of thousands of women who are dying, stung to death by these pestiferous domestic annoyances. "The Lord sent the hornet."

These small insect disturbances may also come in the shape of business irritations. There are men here who went through 1857 and the 24th of September, 1869, without losing their balance, who are every day unharmed by little annoyances—a clerk's ill manners, or a blot of ink on a bill of lading, or the extravagance of a partner who overdraws his account, or the underselling by a business rival, or the whispering of store confidences in the street, or the making of some little bad debt which was against your judgment, just to please somebody else.

Yellow Jackets.
It is not the panics that kill the merchants. Panics come only once in 10 or 20 years. It is the constant din of these everyday annoyances which is sending so many of our best merchants into nervous dyspepsia and paralysis and the grave. When our national commerce fell flat on its face, these men stood up and felt almost defiant, but their life is going away now under the swarm of these pestiferous annoyances. "The Lord sent the hornet."

I have noticed in the history of some that their annoyances are multiplying and that they have a hundred where they used to have ten. The naturalist tells us that a wasp sometimes has a family of 20,000 wasps, and it does seem as if every annoyance of your life brooded a million. By the help of God I want to show you the other side. The hornet is of no use? Oh, yes! The naturalists tell us they are very important in the world's economy; they kill spiders, and they clear the atmosphere, and I really believe God sends the annoyances of our life upon us to kill the spiders of the soul and to clear the atmosphere of our skies.

These annoyances are sent on us, I think, to wake us up from our lethargy. There is nothing that makes a man so lively as a nest of "yellow jackets," and I think that these annoyances are intended to persuade us of the fact that this is not a world for us to stop in. If we had a bed of everything that was attractive and soft and easy, what would we want of heaven? We think that the hollow tree sends the hornet, or we may think that the devil sends the hornet. I want to correct your opinion. "The Lord sent the hornet."

Then I think these annoyances come on us to culture our patience. In the gymnasium you find upright parallel bars—upright bars, with holes over each other for pegs to be put in. Then the gymnast takes a peg in each hand, and he begins to climb, one inch at a time, or two inches, and getting his strength cultured reaches after awhile the ceiling. And it seems to me that these annoyances in life are a moral gymnasium, each worriment a peg with which we are to climb higher and higher in Christian attainment. We all love to see patience, but it cannot be cultured in fair weather. Patience is a child of the storm. If you had everything desirable, and there was nothing more to get, what would you want with patience? The only time to culture it is when you are lied about and sick and half dead.

"Oh," you say, "if I only had the circumstances of some well to do man I would be patient too." You might as well say, "If it were not for this water, I would swim," or, "I could shoot this gun if it were not for the charge." When you stand chin deep in annoyances is the time for you to swim out toward the great headlands of Christian attainment, so as to know Christ and the power of his resurrection and to have fellowship with his sufferings.

Purified by Fire.
Nothing but the furnace will ever burn out of us the clinker and the slag. I have formed this theory in regard to small annoyances and vexations. It takes just so much trouble to fit us for usefulness and for heaven. The only question is whether we shall take it in the bulk or pulverized and granulated. Here is one man who takes it in the bulk. His back is broken, or his eye-

sight put out, or some other awful calamity befalls him, while the vast majority of people take the thing piecemeal. Which way would you rather have it? Of course in piecemeal. Better have five aching teeth than one broken jaw; better ten fly blisters than an amputation; better 20 squalls than one cyclone. There may be a difference of opinion as to allopathy and homeopathy, but in this matter of trouble I like homeopathic doses—small pellets of annoyance rather than some knockdown dose of calamity. Instead of the thunderbolt gives us the hornet. If you have a bank, you would a great deal rather that 50 men would come in with checks less than \$100 than to have two depositors come in the same day each wanting his \$10,000. In this latter case you cough and look down to the floor, and you look up at the ceiling before you look into the safe. Now, my friends, would you not rather have these small drafts of annoyance on your bank of faith than some all staggering demand upon your endurance? But remember that little as well as great annoyances equally require you to trust in Christ for succor and for deliverance from impatience and irritability. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is staid on thee." In the village of Hamelin, tradition says, there was an invasion of rats, and these small creatures almost devoured the town and threatened the lives of the population, and the story is that a piper came out one day and played a very sweet tune, and all the vermin followed him—followed him to the banks of the Weser. Then he blew a blast, and then they dropped in and disappeared forever. Of course this is a fable, but I wish I could, on the sweet flute of the gospel, draw forth all the nibbling and burrowing annoyances of your life and play them down into the depths forever.

How many touches did Mr. Church give to his picture of "Cotopaxi" or his "Heart of the Andes"? I suppose about 50,000 touches. I hear the canvas saying: "Why do you keep me trembling with that pencil so long? Why don't you put it on in one dash?" "No," says Mr. Church, "I know how to make a painting. It will take 50,000 of these touches." And I want you, my friends, to understand that it is these 10,000 annoyances which under God are making up the picture of your life to be hung at last in the galleries of heaven, fit for angels to look at. God knows how to make a picture.

Little Strokes.
I go into a sculptor's studio and see him chipping a statue. He has a chisel in one hand and a mallet in the other, and he gives a very gentle stroke—click, click, click. I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue! I can't do that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after awhile the features come out, and everybody that enters the studio is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal nature. It is click, click, click! I wonder why some great preparation does not come and with one stroke prepare you for heaven. Ah, no! God says that is not the way. And so he keeps on by strokes of little vexations until at last you shall be a glad spectacle for angels and for men.

You know that a large fortune may be spent in small change, and a vast amount of moral character may go away in small depletions. It is the little troubles of life that are having more effect upon you than great ones. A swarm of locusts will kill a grainfield sooner than the incursion of three or four cattle. You say, "Since I lost my child, since I lost my property, I have been a different man." But you do not recognize the architecture of little annoyances that are bowing, digging, cutting, shaping, splitting and interjoining your moral qualities. Bats may sink a ship. One Lucifer match may send destruction through a block of storehouses. Catherine de' Medici got her death from smelling a poisonous rose. Columbus, by stopping and asking for a piece of bread and a drink of water at a Franciscan convent, was led to the discovery of a new world. And there is an intimate connection between trifles and immensities, between nothings and everything.

Now, be careful to let none of those annoyances go through your soul unarranged. Compel them to administer to your spiritual wealth. The scratch of a sixpenny nail sometimes produces lock-jaw, and the clip of a most infinitesimal annoyance may damage you forever. Do not let any annoyance or perplexity come across your soul without its making you better.

Our government does not think it belittling to put a tax on small articles. The individual taxes do not amount to much, but in the aggregate to millions and millions of dollars. And I would have you, O Christian man, put a high tariff on every annoyance and vexation that comes through your soul. This might not amount to much in single cases, but in the aggregate it would be a great revenue of spiritual strength and satisfaction. A bee can suck honey even out of a nettle, and if you have the grace of God in your heart you can get sweetness out of that which would otherwise irritate and annoy.

A returned missionary told me that a company of adventurers rowing up the Ganges were stung to death by flies that infest that region at certain seasons. I have seen the earth strewn with the carcasses of men slain by insect annoyances. The only way to get prepared for the great troubles of life is to conquer these small troubles. What would you say of a soldier who refused to load his gun or to go into the conflict because it was only a skirmish, saying: "I am not going to expend my ammunition on a skirmish. Wait until there comes a general engagement, and then you will see how courageous I am and what battling I will do." The general would say to such a man, "If you are not faithful in a skirmish, you would be

nothing in a general engagement." And I have to tell you, O Christian men, if you cannot apply the principles of Christ's religion on a small scale, you will never be able to apply them on a large scale.

Good Will to All.
If I had my way with you, I would have you possess all possible worldly prosperity. I would have you own a garden—a river flowing through it, geraniums and shrubs on the sides and the grass and flowers as beautiful as though the rainbow had fallen. I would have you a house, a splendid mansion, and the bed should be covered with up-holstery dipped in the setting sun. I would have every hall in your house set with statues and statuettes, and then I would have the four quarters of the globe pour in all their luxuries on your table, and you should have forks of silver and knives of gold, inlaid with diamonds and emeralds. Then you should each one of you have the finest horses and your pick of the equipages of the world. Then I would have you live 150 years, and you should not have a pain or ache until the last breath.

"Not each one of us?" you say. Yes. Each one of you. "Not to your enemies?" Yes. The only difference I would make with them would be that I would put a little extra gilt on their walls and a little extra embroidery on their shippers. But, you say, "Why does not God give us all these things?" Ah, I bethink myself, he is wiser. It would make fools and sluggards of us if we had our way. No man puts his best picture in the parlor or vestibule of his house. God meant this world to be only the vestibule of heaven—that great gallery of the universe toward which we are aspiring. We must not have it too good in this world, or we would want no heaven.

Polyarp was condemned to be burned to death. The stake was planted. He was fastened to it. The fagots were placed around him, the fires kindled, but history tells us that the flames bent outward like the canvas of a ship in a stout breeze, so that the flames, instead of destroying Polyarp, were only a wall between him and his enemies. They had actually to destroy him with the potters. The flames would not touch him. Well, my hearer, I want you to understand that by God's grace the flames of trial, instead of consuming your soul, are only going to be a wall of defense and a canopy of blessing. God is going to fulfill to you the blessing and the promise, as he did to Polyarp, "When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned." Now you do not understand. You shall know hereafter. In heaven you will bless God even for the hornet.

The Italian Renaissance.
Florence, the Athens of Italy, had banished the Medici family, after having put them in power, and had just burned Savonarola at the stake, after having regarded him as an idol and a prophet. The city was governed by a grand council. Trade was prosperous; certain families had immense riches. One Rucellai spent 1,000,000 francs upon his wedding, while a merchant named Luca Pitti commenced the erection of a palace which, it is true, he was unable to finish, but which has, nevertheless, made its founder famous. Brunelleschi drew the plans for it, but this Pitti has received all the credit. His edifice is the most perfect specimen of Tuscan architecture extant. It became the palace of the Medici and is today one of the finest museums in the world, and the only one of which it can be said that it contains many masterpieces and not one poor picture.

Wealth and a love of art were not the only features which distinguished the inhabitants of this center of the Italian renaissance. They did not confine themselves to the building of palaces, the construction of monuments and the encouragement generally of science and art. They professed, also, the worship of woman and the adoration of beauty. Every rich man, if he were not the happy possessor of a lovely wife, indulged in the luxury of a pretty mistress. The customs of the period threw no obstacles in the way of keeping a mistress, although they were more in favor of certain unions, legitimate but ill assorted, which contributed to society the seductive elements of wit and beauty. A Rucellai, and you will obtain a sufficiently exact idea of what was said and done in these houses filled with works of art and handsome women.—Nineteenth Century.

Tea and Medicine.
Advertising seems nowadays to require as much training and finesse as the diplomatic service. The old time method of giving away crockery, framed pictures and literature with a pound of tea is now considered a crude and unconvincing way of inducing the attention of would be purchasers. Now it has become the happy privilege of a tea merchant to retain on his staff the services of a medical practitioner and give to every customer a coupon entitling him or her to free advice and a bottle of medicine.

The medical profession, while realizing the resource and genius of this method of securing customers, has declared that the tea merchant is trespassing on its preserves, therefore has appealed to its own council to check this ebullition of inventive genius and order the tradesman to desist from mixing his tea with his medicine.—London Letter in Chicago Times-Herald.

Orator Plunket.
"No one," says the Saturday Review, "who has not heard David Plunket speak can have any idea of the oratory of the house of commons. His speaking, when he is in the vein, is what oratory should be, something between poetry and prose, with a function and purpose of its own. His voice is very sweet and has sometimes a passionate, pleading ring, that stirs one like fine music, and he chooses his words, too, with the ease and tact of a literary artist."

FOUND IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

The Investigations of a Government Ornithologist Well Rewarded.

"I have returned from a visit to the Dismal swamp," said Dr. A. K. Fisher, ornithologist of the department of agriculture. "It is a strange region, full of oddities that are not to be found elsewhere. The purpose of my expedition was to investigate the fauna of the locality, and of rare mammals and birds I secured quite a number. Snakes are abundant and are alleged by the natives to be venomous, but all that I saw were harmless. When I picked up a good sized one from a log and held him by the neck, the negro who was paddling for me shuddered so that he nearly upset the boat.

"I found about 50 species of birds breeding in the swamp. One of them was Swainson's warbler, which is very rare. I trapped several species of small mice—rice mice, field mice, golden mice and lemming mice. The lemming mouse is hard to catch, because it will not take any sort of bait. The only way to capture it is to set a trap in its runway. I set my traps in dry places out of water. Among other things I got two rare shrews.

"There are plenty of cattle in the swamp—small, dark and very wild. They are the progeny of animals that have strayed from domesticated herds. Hunters stalk and shoot them like deer. Bears are numerous. In the autumn they feed greedily on the fruit of the sour gum. Wildcats, opossums and racoons are not scarce, while squirrels are remarkably abundant. The squirrels have discovered an easy way to get a living by going along the shores of Lake Drummond and picking up the nuts and berries which have fallen into the water and drifted in windrows. They trot along the logs and fish them out with their paws. Deer are common, but hard to get. In the fall hunters run them into the lake and catch them with dogs.

"There is fine fishing in Lake Drummond, which contains plenty of perch, black bass, two kinds of pickerel, three species of sunfish and other panfish. There is no dry ground in the swamp, and one sinks at every step to his knees in mud. The cane which forms brakes all through the swamp is abundant. Together with a varied undergrowth, it is tangled with vines that run up into the trees, so that half a mile an hour is a good rate of progress. One must carry a knife to cut the vines, walking being further impeded by the cat brier, whose thorns catch in the clothing and hold on like hooks.

"The boats used in the Dismal swamp are all dugouts, made from cypress logs, 12 feet long and very narrow. To shape such a craft properly is a nice piece of work. The novice who steps into one of these boats is apt to go out on the other side, but the native stands up and paddles with security. The water is darker than amber and excellent to drink. It is said to be a sure cure for malaria. There are no malarial diseases in the swamp. The swamp is full of magnolias from the size of bushes to trees 60 feet high. When I was there, they were full of flowers. The cypress trees are cut for shingles. The best trees for the purpose are those which fell from 25 to 50 years ago and are now covered with moss. The negroes wade in and cut off the moss and rotten bark. Then they cut up the log into shingles on the spot. The next best tree is one that is newly fallen, and the third quality is the tree that has to be felled."—Washington Star.

Coal Vessel Loading Machines.

Machines for transferring coal from cars to vessels more rapidly than can be done by any of the old processes are now receiving a great deal of attention at Lake Erie ports, and three new machines are soon to be put in operation at Cleveland. One of these is for the Erie Coal Transfer company and is on the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio dock. This will probably be completed within a week or two. The loaded car is run into a large cylinder, where it is securely fastened, and the cylinder is then rolled up an inclined plane, stopping in the right position to let the coal fall out of the car by gravity. The machine that is being built on the Cleveland and Pittsburgh dock consists of a cradle, in which the loaded car is placed and then swung on a trunnion, tipping the car sufficiently to pour out its contents. The coal falls through six hoppers into six buckets, which are then conveyed to the hold of the vessel.

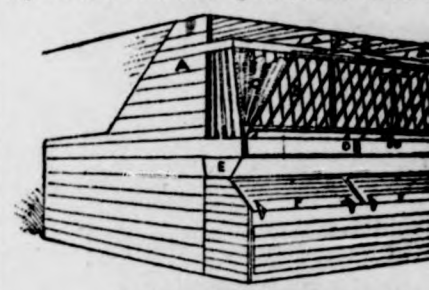
A third machine, differing from the other two, is to be built on the Cuddy-Mullen dock. The machine emptying into six hoppers is made by the Brown Hoisting and Conveying Machine company, and it is said that the company have orders to build similar machines at Toledo, Huron and Ashtabula. At the latter place there is one of the McMyler machines, which was built last year. All of these machines are for unloading cars which have no hoppers in their bottoms.—Iron Age.

Interested Friends.
Let me especially warn the reader, particularly the newly married reader, against the type of friend from the country who, so soon as he learns you have set up a horse in London, suddenly discovers an interest in your fortunes which, like certain rivers, has run underground farther than you can remember. They write and tell you they are thinking of coming to town and would like to spend a few days with you. They leave their London address vague. It has the look of a blank which you are expected to fill up. You shrewdly surmise that, so to say, they meditate paying a visit to Euston and spending a fortnight with you on the way. But if you are wise and subtle and strong you cut this acquaintance ruthlessly as you lop a branch. Cut it away and cast it into the oven of oblivion. Don't fear to hurt it. These people care as little for you as you for them. All they want is board and lodging, and if you give it to them you may be an amateur hotel keeper all your days.—"Prose Fancies," Le Gallienne.

A HANDY FEED RACK.

A Novel and Convenient Device Invented and Described by Ohio Farmer.

A denotes stall partitions. B is a rack for hay and is hung on hinges at the bottom, so that by taking hold of the rope G and pulling it out of the notch in the board H, the front part of the rack may be let down at right angles upon the lowered part, and then by pull-



A CONVENIENT FEED RACK.

ing the rope G it can easily be raised to the position shown in the cut. At each end of the rack there is a piece of strong canvas, which serves to keep the hay in the rack and also holds the front part of the rack when let down.

E is a feedbox 18 inches wide at the bottom. This box runs the entire length of the rack.

D denotes supports for the rack and should overhang the front edge of the feed box about two inches. The back part of the rack should be nearly perpendicular and set to the extreme front of the supports, so the horse will not get hay seed in his eyes and mane. The space between the bottom of the rack and the top of the feedbox should be about 8 or 10 inches, so that the grain may be fed through this space from the front. I is a pulley wheel through which the rope G passes. The grain-boxes F are built under the feedbox E; they take up very little room and are handy to get at. This device gives perfect satisfaction in all respects when properly constructed.

Recipe For Orange Wine.

Take 1 part orange juice, well strained; 1 part water; 3 pounds sugar per gallon. Any kind of sugar will do, and the darker the sugar the richer will be the color of the wine. For each 10 gallons keep a gallon of the same for refilling the cask during fermentation. Lay casks on the side, fill full and leave bung open. Do not let it be exposed to too much cold. Fill up the casks every day from the quantity kept out, as the scum is thrown off, and watch closely until the wine passes the stage of alcoholic fermentation. This will usually require from 10 to 20 days and can easily be determined by its ceasing to rise and the cessation of brisk fermentation. When it arrives at this stage, place the bung in loosely. Watch closely for a few days, and as active fermentation ceases put the bung in fast. Let it stand two months and then rack off carefully into clean casks. If perfectly clear, seal and let it stand six months when it may be bottled. If not clear, it may be racked off a second time, two months after the first time, and sealed six months before bottling. Be sure your casks are full, for contact with the air will cause the wine to pass into acetic fermentation.

The foregoing recipe is furnished by a correspondent of The American Carbonator.

Place to Keep Honey.

When honey is removed from the hive, never place it down cellar. That is the worst thing you could do, because there is always more or less moisture in a cellar. At first thought one might be inclined to think this a useless statement, as it has been repeated in various forms a great many times, but it is far from useless. In fact, writes a correspondent of The American Bee Journal, it is very important. The truth of the matter is that there are a great many who have not learned that it is just as important to take proper care of the honey and put it on the market in first class condition as it is to use the best and most economical means of securing it. One of the essentials of proper care is keeping the honey in a very dry and warm place. Especially is this true of comb honey or extracted honey in open cans. Honey taints very easily.

A Three Horse Evener.

A New York correspondent of Rural New Yorker thinks the three horse evener here sketched ahead of all the others he has seen.

On the short end is a wheel or pulley around which runs a chain about 2 feet long, with a hook in each end into



THREE HORSE EVENER, WITH PULLEYS.

which the tugs are hooked. As one horse falls behind or steps ahead of the others, the chains play around the pulleys so that each horse must do his share. The pulleys should be fastened on with a strip of band iron, as wide as the diameter of the pulley.

News and Notes.

A profitable job is that of growing "out of season crops."

New hay is scarce and much of it is of poor quality.

The acreage of potatoes this year is about eight per cent above that of last year, and present conditions are generally favorable.

The condition of sweet potatoes is considerably below that of last year. The seed division of the agricultural department will be abolished on Oct. 1.

Visit at least one good agricultural fair this season.

An overdose of electricity will kill plants as well as man. The electric current has consequently been employed to destroy weeds along railroad tracks. It is claimed that these electrical weed killers are very effective.

Nebraska will produce this year the largest yield of grain in its history.