SUNDAY'S SERMON.

ONE OF DR. T. DEWITT TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "Mothers in Israel."

TEXT: "*The mother of Sisera looked out at a window.*"—Judges v. 28.

Spiked to the ground of Jael's tent lay the dead commander in chief of the Canaanitish host; General Sisera, not far from the river Kishon, which was only a dry bed of pebbles when in 1889, in Palestine, we crossed it, but the gullies and ravines which ran into it indicated the possibility of great freshets like the one at the time of the text. General Sisera had gone out with 900 iron chariots, but he was defeated, and, his chariot wheels interlocked with the wheels of other chariots, he could not retreat fast enough, and so he leaped to the ground an ran till, exhausted, he went into Jael's tent for safety. She had just been churning, and when he asked for water she gave him buttermilk, which in the east is considered a most refreshing drink. Very tired, and supposing he was safe, he went to sleep upon the floor, but Jael, who had resolved upon his death, took a tent pin, long and round and sharp, in one hand and a hammer in her other hand, and, putting the sharp end of the tent pin to the forehead of Sisera, with her other hand she lifted the hammer and brought it down on the head of the pin with a stout stroke, when Sisera struggled to rise, and she struck him again, and he struggled to rise, and the third time she struck him, and the commander in chief of the Canaanitish host lay dead.

Meanwhile in the distance Sisera's mother sits amid surroundings of wealth and pomp and scenes palatial waiting for his return. Every mother expects her son to be victorious, and this mother looked out at the window expecting to see him drive up in his chariot followed by wagons loaded with embroideries and also by regiments of men vanquished and enslaved. I see her now sitting at the window, in high expectation. She watches the farthest turn of the road. She looks for the flying dust of the swift hoofs. The first flash of the bit of the horse's bridle she will catch.

The ladies of her court stand round, and she tells them of what they shall have when her son comes up—chains of gold and carcanets of beauty and dresses of such wondrous fabric and splendor as the Bible only hints at, but leaves us to imagine. "He ought to be here by this time," says his mother. "That battle is surely over. I hope that freshet of the river Kishon has not impeded him. I hope those strange appearances we saw last night in the sky were not ominous, when the stars seemed to fight in their courses. No! No! He is so brave in battle I know he has won the day. He will soon be here." But alas for the disappointed mother! She will not see the glittering headgear of the horses at full gallop bringing her son home from victorious battle. As a solitary messenger arriving in hot haste rides up to the windows at which the mother of Sisera sits, he cries, "Your armies are defeated, and your son is dead." There is a scene of horror and anguish from which we turn away.

Now you see the full meaning of my short text, "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window." Well, my friends, we are all out in the battle of life; it is raging now, and the most of us have a mother watching and waiting for news of our victory or defeat. If she be not sitting at the window of earth, she is sitting at a window of heaven, and she is going to hear all about it.

By all the rules of war Sisera ought to have been triumphant. He had 900 iron chariots and a host of many thousands vaster than the armies of Israel. But God was on the other side, and the angry freshets of Kishon, and the hail, the lightning and the unmanageable warhorses, and the capsized chariots and the stellar panic in the sky discomfited Sisera. Josephus in his history describes the scene in the following words: "When they were come to a close fight there came down from heaven a great storm with a vast quantity of rain and hail, and the wind blew the rain in the face of the Canaanites and so darkened their eyes their arrows and slings were of no advantage to them, nor would the coldness of the air permit the soldiers to make use of their swords, while this storm did not so much incommode the Israelites because it came on their backs. They also took such courage upon the apprehension that God was assisting them that they fell upon the very midst of their enemies and slew a great number of them, so that some of them fell by the Israelites, some fell by their own horses which were put into disorder, and not a few were killed by their own chariots."

Hence, my hearers, the bad news brought to the mother of Sisera looking out at the window. And our mother, whether sitting at a window of earth or a window of heaven, will hear the news of our victory or defeat—not according to our talents or educational equipment or our opportunities, but according as to whether God is for us or against us.

"Where's mother?" is the question most frequently asked in many households. It is asked by the husband as well as the child coming in at nightfall, "Where's mother?" It is asked by the little ones when they get hurt and come in crying with the pain, "Where's mother?" It is asked by those who have seen some grand sight or heard some good news or received some beautiful gift, "Where's mother?" She sometimes feels wearied by the question, for they all ask and keep asking it all the time. She is not only the first to hear every case of perplexity, but she is the judge in every court of domestic appeal. That is what puts the premature wrinkles on so many maternal faces and powders white so many maternal foreheads. You see, it is a question that keeps on for all the years of childhood. It comes from the nursery, and from the evening stand where the boys and girls are learning their school lessons, and from the starting out in the morning, when the tippet or hat or slate or book or overshoe is lost, until at night, all out of breath, the youngsters come in and shout until you can hear them from cellar to garret and from front door to the back fence of the back yard, "Where's mother?" Indeed, a child's life is so full of that question that if he be taken away one of the things that the mother most misses and the silence that most oppresses her is the absence of that question, which she will never hear on earth again, except she hears it in a dream which sometimes restores the nursery just as it was, and then the voice comes back so natural, and so sweet, and so innocent, and so inquiring that the dream breaks at the words, "Where's mother?"

If that question were put to most of us this morning, we would have to say, if we spoke truthfully, like Sisera's mother, she is at the palace window. She has become a queen unto God forever, and she is pulling back the rich folds of the king's upholstery to look down at us. We are not told the particulars about the residence of Sisera's mother, but there is in the scene in the book of Judges so much about embroideries and needlework and ladies in waiting that we know her residence must have been princely and palatial. So we have no minute and particular description of the palace at whose window our glorified mother sits, but there is so much in the closing chapters of the good old book about crowns, and pearls big enough to make a gate out of one of them, new songs and marriage suppers, and harps, and white horses with kings in the stirrups, and golden candlesticks that we know the heavenly residence of our mother is superb, is unique, is colonnaded, is domed, is embowered, is fountained, is glorified beyond the power of pencil or pen or tongue to present, and in the window of that palace the mother sits watching for news from the battle. What a contrast between that celestial surrounding and her once earthly surroundings! What a work to bring up a family, in the old time way, with but little or no hired help, except perhaps for the washing day or for the swine slaughtering, commonly called "the killing day!"

There was then no reading of elaborate treatises on the best modes of rearing children, and then leaving it all to hired help, with one or two visits a day to the nursery to see if the principles announced are being carried out. The most of those old folks did the sewing, the washing, the mending, the darning, the patching, the millinery, the mantua making, the housekeeping, and in hurried harvest time helped spread the hay or tread down the load in the mow. They were at the same time caterers, tailors, doctors, chaplains and nurses for a whole household all together down with measles or scarlet fever or round the house with whooping coughs and croups and runround fingers and earaches and all the infantile distempers which at some time swoop upon every large household. Some of those mothers never got rested in this world. Instead of the self rocking cradles of our day, which, wound up, will go hour after hour for the solace of the young slumberer, it was weary foot on the rocker sometimes half the day or half the night—rock—rock—rock—rock. Instead of our drug stores filled with all the wonders of materia medica and called up through a telephone, with them the only apothecary short of four miles' ride was the garret, with its bunches of peppermint and pennyroyal and catnip and mustard and camomile flowers, which were expected to do everything. Just think of it! Fifty years of preparing breakfast, dinner and supper. The chief music they heard was that of spinning wheel and rocking chair. Fagged out, headachy and with ankles swollen. Those old fashioned mothers—if any persons ever fitted appropriately into a good, easy, comfortable heaven, they were the folks, and they got there, and they are rested. They wear no spectacles, for they have their third sight—as they lived long enough on earth to get their second sight—and they do not have to pant for breath after going up the the emerald stairs of the Eternal palace, at whose window they now sit waiting for news from the battle.

But if anyone keeps on asking the questions "Where's mother?" I answer, "She's in your present character." The probability is that your physical features suggest her. If there be seven children in a household at least six of them look like their mother, and the older you get the more you will look like her. But I speak now especially of your character and not of your looks. This is easily explained. During the first ten years of your life you were almost all the time with her, and your father you saw only mornings and nights. There are no years in any life so important for impression as the first ten. Then and there is the impression made for virtue or vice, for truth or falsehood, for bravery or cowardice, for religion or skepticism. Suddenly start out from behind a door and frighten the child, and you may shatter his nervous system for a lifetime. During the first ten years you can tell him enough spook stories to make him a coward till he dies. Act before him as though Friday were an unlucky day, and it were baleful to have thirteen at the table, or see the moon over the left shoulder, and he will never recover from the idiotic superstitions. You may give that girl before she is ten years old a fondness for dress that will make her a mere "dummy frame," or fashion plate, for forty years. Ezekiel xvi. 44, "As is the mother so is her daughter." Before one decade has passed you can decide whether that boy will be a Shylock or a George Peabody. Boys and girls are generally echoes of fathers and mothers. What an incoherent thing for a mother out of temper to punish a child for getting mad, or for a father who smokes to shut his boy up in a dark closet because he has found him with an old stump of a cigar in his mouth, or for that mother to rebuke her daughter for staring at herself too much in the looking glass when the mother has her own mirrors so arranged as to repeat her form from all sides! The great English poet's loose moral character was decided before he left the nursery, and his schoolmaster in the schoolroom overheard this conversation: "Byron, your mother is a fool," and he answered, "I know it." You can hear all through the heroic life of Senator Sam Houston the words of his mother when she in the war of 1812 put a musket in his hand and said: "There, my son, take this and never disgrace it, for remember I had rather all my sons should fill one honorable grave than that one of them should turn his back on an enemy. Go and remember, too, that while the door of my cottage is open to all brave men it is always shut against cowards." Agrippina, the mother of Nero, murderess, you are not surprised that her son was a murderer. Give that child an overdose of catechism, and make him recite verses of the Bible as a punishment, and make Sunday a bore, and he will become a stout antagonist of Christianity. Impress him with the kindness and the geniality and the loveliness of religion, and he will be its advocate and exemplar for all time and eternity.

A few days ago right before our express train on the Louisville and Nashville railroad the preceding train had gone down through a broken bridge, twelve cars falling 100 feet and then consumed. I saw that only one span of the bridge was down and all the other spans were standing. Plan a good moral for your sons and daughters, but have the first span of ten years defective, and through that they will crash down, though all the rest keep standing. O man, O woman, if you have preserved your integrity and are really Christian, you have first of all to thank God, and I think next you have to thank your mother. The most impressive thing at the inauguration of James A. Garfield as President of the United States was that after he had taken the oath of office he turned round and in the presence of the Supreme Court and the Senate of the United States kissed his old mother. If I had time to take statistics out of this audience, and I could ask what proportion of you who are Christians owe your salvation under God to maternal fidelity, I think about three-fourths of you would spring to your feet. "Ha! ha!" said the soldiers of the regiment to Charlie, one of their comrades, "What has made the change in you? You used to like sin as well as any of us." Pulling from his pocket his mother's letter, in which, after telling of some comforts she had sent him, she concluded, "We are all praying for you, Charlie, that you may be a Christain," he said, "Boys, that's the sentence."

The trouble with Sisera's mother was that, while sitting at the window of my text, watching for news of her son from the battlefield, she had the two bad qualities of being dissolute and being too fond of personal adornment. The Bible account says: "Her wise ladies answered her yea. She returned answer to herself: 'Have they not sped? Have they not divided the prey—to every man a damsel or two; to Sisera a prey of divers colors, a prey of divers colors of needlework, of divers colors of needlework on both sides?'" She makes no anxious utterance about the wounded in battle, about the bloodshed, about the dying, about the dead, about the principles involved in the battle going on, a battle so important that the stars and the freshets took part, and the clash of swords was answered by the thunder of the skies. What she thinks most of is the bright colors of the wardrobes to be captured and the needlework. "To Sisera a prey of divers colors, a prey of divers colors of needlework, of divers colors of needlework on both sides."

Now neither Sisera's mother nor any one else can say too much in eulogy of the needle. It has made more useful conquests than the sword. Pointed at one end and with an eye at the other, whether of bone or ivory, as in earliest time; or of bronze, as in Pliny's time; or of steel, as in modern time, whether laboriously fashioned as formerly by one hand, or as now, when 100 workmen in a factory are employed to make the different parts of one needle, it is an instrument divinely ordered for the comfort, for the life, for the health, for the adornment of the human race. The eye of the needle hath seen more domestic comfort and more gladdened poverty and more Christian service than any other eye. The modern sewing machine has in no wise abolished the needle, but rather enthroned it. Thank God for the needlework from the time when the Lord Almighty from the heavens ordered in regard to the embroidered door of the ancient tabernacle, "Thou shalt make a hanging for the door of the tent of blue and purple and scarlet and fine twined linen wrought with needlework," down to the womanly hands which this winter in this tabernacle are preaching for benevolent purposes their needlework. But there was nothing except vanity and worldliness and social splash in what Sisera's mother said about the needlework she expected her son would bring home from the battle. And I am not surprised to find that Sisera fought on the wrong side when his mother at the window of my text in that awful exigency had her chief thought on dry goods achievement and social display. God only knows how many homes have made shipwreck on the wardrobe. And that mother who sits at the window watching for vainglorious triumph of millinery and fine colors and domestic pageantry will, after a while, hear as bad news from her children out in the battle of life as Sisera's mother heard from the struggle at Esdraelon.

But if you still press the question, "Where's mother?" I will tell you where she is not, though once she was there. Some of you started with her likeness in your face and her principles in your soul. But you have cast her out. That was an awful thing for you to, but you have done it. That hard, grinding dissipated look you never got from her. If you had seen any one strike her you would have struck him down without much care whether the blow was just sufficient or fatal; but, my boy, you have struck her down—struck her innocence from your face and struck her principles from your soul. You struck her down! The tent pin that Jael drove three times into the skull of Sisera was not so cruel as the stab you have made more than three times through your mother's heart. But she is waiting yet, for mothers are slow to give up their boys—waiting at some window, it may be a window on earth or at some window in heaven. And others may cast you off. Your wife may seek divorce and have no patience with you. Your father may disinherit you and say, "Let him never again darken the door of our house." But there are two persons who do not give you up—God and mother.

How many disappointed mothers waiting at the window! Perhaps the panes of the window are not great glass plate, bevel edged and hovered over by exquisite lambrequin, but the window is made of small panes, I would say about six or eight of them, in summer wreathed with trailing vine and in winter pictured by the Raphaels of the forest, a real country window. The mother sits there knitting, or busy with her needle on homely repairs, when she looks up and sees coming across the bridge of the meadow brook a stranger, who dismounts in front of the window. He lifts and drops the heavy knocker of the farmhouse door. "Come in!" is the response. He gives his name and says, "I have come on a sad errand." "There is nothing the mattar with my son in the city, is there?" she asked. "Yes!" he says. "Your son got into an unfortunate encounter with a young man in a liquor saloon last night and is badly hurt. The fact is he cannot get well. I hate to tell you all. I am sorry to say he is dead." "Dead!" she cries as she totters back. "Oh, my son! my son! my son! Would God I had died for thee!" That is the ending of all her cares and anxieties and good counsels for that boy. That is her pay for her self sacrifices in his behalf. That is the bad news from the battle. So the tidings of derelict or Christian sons travel to the windows of earth or the windows of heaven at which mothers sit.

"But," says some one, "are you not mistaken about my glorified mother hearing of my evildoings since she went away?" Says some one else, "Are you not mistaken about my glorified mother hearing of my self sacrifice and moral bravery and struggle to do right?" No! Heaven and earth are in constant communication. There are trains running every five minutes—trains of immortals ascending and descending—spirits going from earth to heaven to live there. Sprits descending from heaven to earth to minister and help. They hear from us many times every day. Do they hear good news or bad news from the battle, this Sedan, this Thermopylæ, this Austerlitz, in which every one of us is fighting on the right side or the wrong side. O God, whose I am, and whom I am trying to serve, as a result of this sermon, roll over on all mothers a new sense of their responsibility, and upon all children, whether still in the nursery or out on the tremendous Esdraelon of middle life or old age, the fact that their victories or defeats sound clear out, clear up to the windows of sympathetic maternity. Oh, is not this the minute when the cloud of blessing filled with the exhaled tears of anxious mothers shall burst in showers of mercy on this audience?

There is one thought that is almost too tender for utterance. I almost fear to start it lest I have not enough control of my emotion to conclude it. As when we were children we so often came in from play or from a hurt or from some childish injustice practiced upon us, and as soon as the door was opened we cried, "Where's mother?" and she said, "Here I am," and we buried our weeping faces in her lap, so after awhile, when we get through with the pleasures and hurts of this life, we will, by the pardoning mercy of Christ, enter the heavenly home, and among the first questions, not the first, but among the first, will be the old question that we used to ask, the question that is being asked in thousands of places at this very moment—the question, "Where's mother?" And it will not take long for us to find her or for her to find us, for she will have been watching at the window for our coming, and with the other children of our household of earth we will again gather round her, and she will say: "Well, how did you get through the battle of life? I have often heard from others about you, but now I want to hear it from your own souls. Tell me all about it, my children!" And then we will tell her of all our earthly experiences, the holidays, the marriages, the birth hours, the burials, the heartbreaks, the losses, the gains, the victories, the defeats, and she will say: "Never mind, it is all over now. I see each one of you has a crown, which was given you at the gate as you came through. Now cast it at the feet of the Christ who saved you and saved me and saved us all. Thank God, we are never to part, and for all the ages of eternity you will never again have to ask, 'Where's mother?'"

A Dangerous Habit.

Too much cannot be said in regard to the danger of putting small articles in the mouth. A great many persons carelessly hold coins, pins and other articles in their mouths. They fail to realize that an ordinary coin which has been in circulation for a score of years and passed through thousands of hands is not only dirty, but may hold the germs of the foulest diseases.

Not many years ago the public was horror stricken by the death of a clergyman from a cork which was suddenly blown into his windpipe by a fit of coughing. He was holding it in his lips, as many people do, while pouring medicine from a bottle. Another incident is that of a man who was killed by a handful of tacks which he was holding in his mouth while he was putting down a carpet, and which were blown into his lungs by a sudden fit of laughter. Sneezing, coughing, laughing or any slight involuntary spasm of the throat may at any time cause similar accidents.

Courtship in Greenland.

Since the Danish missionaries have gained the confidence of the natives of Greenland marriages in the far North are celebrated by the representatives of the church.

The man calls on the missionary and says:

"I wish to take unto myself a wife."

"Whom?" asks the missionary.

The man gives her name.

The missionary then calls the young woman to him and says: "I think it is time that you marry."

"But," she replies, "I do not wish to marry."

"Very well," goes on the missionary, "I do not wish to force you. I shall easily find another wife for a good fellow."

The missionary then remains silent, as though he looked upon the incident as closed. But in a few minutes she whispers: "But if you wish it—"

"No," answers the pastor; "only if you wish it. I do not wish to overpersuade you."

Another sigh follows and the pastor expresses the regret that she cannot accept the man.

"Pastor," she then broke out. "I fear he is not worthy."

"But did he not kill the two whales last summer while the others killed none? Will you take him now?"

"Yes, yes; I will."

"God bless you both," answered the pastor, and joins the two in marriage. —[New York Tribune.

An interesting case has arisen in Minnesota involving the right of a State to fix by law the color of food products. The Legislature of that State not long ago enacted a statute providing that all oleomargarine and other substitutes for butter offered for sale in its markets should be colored in a certain shade of pink. One of the largest packing companies of the West in spite of this law, has been sending into Minnesota great quantities of oleomargarine of natural color, which is a light yellow, closely resembling that of genuine butter. The State Food and Dairy Commission brought suit against the firm, and the latter has appealed to the United States courts for an order to restrain the commission from interfering with its business. The petition alleges that the Minnesota law is null and void in that it conflicts with the fifth amendment to the Federal constitution. The company contends, moreover, that to color its oleomargarine would be injurious and destructive to its character. The product, it contends, is worth fourteen cents a pound when marketed under its natural color as a food product, but if sold for other purposes would be worth only about one or two cents a pound. Whether a State has the power to define the color under which manufactured food products shall be sold is a novel and interesting one.

Paris has the largest and most complete sewerage system in the world.

THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

Brother Gardner Enlightens the Club on the Essentials of Sacred History.

"If Brudder Comealong Jackson an' Brudder Standup Johnson am in de hall to-night I wish 'em to step dis way," said Brother Gardner when the routine business of the last meeting of the Limekiln Club had been disposed of.

The brothers named were present and after considerable hesitation they arose and advanced to the platform. It was seen that Comealong had lately lost three front teeth and that Standup had one eye closed and a battered nose.

"Gem'len," observed the president as he looked down on them with a very serious countenance, "by-law No. 742 of article 821 plainly reads dat members of dis club shall not ingage in religus or political argyments or discushuns. About ebery three months for de last five y'ars I have called speshual attenshun to dat by-law. On three different occashuns members hav bin expelled fur breakin' dat rule. In spite of all dat has bin said an' dun, howeber, de two members befo' me hev bin guilty not only of breakin' de rule, but of tryin' to break each other's heads. Brudder Jackson, what yo' got to say fur yo'self?"

"I said dat Eve had red ha'r, sah."

"Brudder Johnson, what yo' got to say?"

"I said she didn't hev."

"An dat precipitated a mortal combat?"

"Yes, sah."

"Befo' de mortal combat was precipitated, howeber, boaf of yo' called each other liars, and hoss thieves, an' robbers?"

The guilty pair bowed their heads in acknowledgment.

"Brudder Jackson, did yo' eber see Eve?"

"No, sah."

"Did yo', Brudder Johnson?"

"No, sah."

"Kin either one o' yo' pint me to any description given to color o' her ha'r?"

They mumblingly acknowledged their inability to do so.

"Now, yo' h'arken to me!" exclaimed the president, as he drew himself up and emphasized his words with extended arm. "De verdict am dat boaf of yo' be bounced out o' dis club fo'with right off widin a minit—an' dat under no sarcumstances will yo' be restored to membership! I'ze gwine to put a stop to dis sort of bizness if I hev to bounce ebery member o' de Limekiln Club an' run Paradise Hall all alone! De idea of two ole gray-headed niggers wastin' deir breaf ober de color of de ha'r of a woman who libed thousands of y'ars ago! Who knows whether he ha'r was red, black, white or pea gre—? Who keers? How you gwine to find out if yo' do keer?"

"Please, sah"—began Brother Jackson as he looked up.

"Silence!" thundered the president. "Nuffin yo' kin say will change my decishun! I want all members of dis club to thoroughly understand de posishun of affairs befo' we drop dis subjick. Dar was an Adam an at Eve. Dey resided in de Ga'den o Eden. Eve tempted Adam, an dey had to move. Dat's plenty; dat's all we want to know. We doan' keer 2 cents how tall dey war, how much dey weighed, or what was de size o deir feet.

"Dar was a flood. Noah built a ark an floated aroun' an was saved We choke off right dar. We doan keer whether he was married or sing —white or black—tall or short. W doan' keer whether it rained fo' days or only thirty-nine an' a half.

"Cain killed his brudder Abel wid club. It's none o' our bizness to a whether dot club was of oak or hick ory—whether de killin' took pla Sunday mornin' or Wednesday eve in'. We doan' keer whether it w outdoahs or in de house.

"Dan'l was cast into a den of lions mebbe six. Mebbe dem lions w hungry—mebbe not. Dey didn wan't no fuss wid Dan'l. Why d didn't am none o' our business. A we keer for am dat Dan'l got out a right.

"Jonah was swallered by a whs an' cast up agin. Was it whale or a big one? Was he black white? Was he waitin' dar to sw ler Jonah, or did he just happ 'long at de right minit? None o' o bizziness! All we keer fur is dat was cast out agin.

"Dis am whar I stand, gem'le an' whar I shall continer to stand, s such as can't stand wid me kin take walk! Brudders Jackson and Joh son, yo' kin make yo'selves skas Git out an' stay out! Yo' can't co yere no mo'! If, in gwine down alley together, one of you declar dat Job had chilblains 'stead of bil an' de odder calls him a liar an' g up a fight, it won't be nuffin' to club and nobody will interfere. will now blow out de lamps and pr nosticate homewards."—[Chic Times.

WISDOM.

He—I want to marry a woman I know knows more than I do.

She—Well, if she is wise she never let you know it.

A DUCK FARM.

THREE DENSELY POPULATED ACRES IN NEW JERSEY.

Raising Ducks and Geese for the New York Market—Feeding, Killing and Picking the Fowls.

Thus far the only "duck farm" of any size or importance in the vicinity of New York is that near Little Falls, N. J., on the Greenwood Lake Division of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad. The farm has been used for its present purpose just one year and a half. Its proprietor is a Bostonian, who acquired and practised the art of alternately increasing and diminishing the "quack" tribe at the Hub many years before he removed his base of operations to Jersey. In Boston, it seems, duck and goose flesh is even more in demand than in New York.

The "duck farm," as it is known in the little settlement of Little Falls, contains sixteen acres, three of which are kept densely populated with waddling, squawking, quacking birds nearly all the year round. The largest demands upon the rank and file of the birds are made during the season when they are most in vogue. This covers a period of five months, beginning in October and closing in February. Constant sales prevent the noisy army from ever increasing to a number much greater than 6,000 at one time, and, with the demand consequent upon the holiday season just ended, the present tally of birds at the farm is about 4,000. Still, even this number is sufficiently large to make itself distinctly heard within a radius of a quarter of a mile.

In fact, there is a tradition which says that the mill hands at Little Falls awake with the first matutinal warning from the ducks and geese, and seek slumber at the same time the birds do. One thing is certain—all distance among the inhabitants of Little Falls is computed from the "duck farm."

Here is consumed nearly all the cornmeal produced by the water-power mills of that section. Two carloads, or 150 bags, vanish each week down the insatiable maws of the farm's feathered denizens.

Of the three acres occupied by the fowls, two are set apart for the ducks, which are most in request in New York. These two acres are kept in a marsh-like state all the time for the greater enjoyment of the unconscious victims. Rough wooden sheds under which the birds may cuddle in wet weather are also placed about the fields, which, for the sake of convenience in catching the fowls, are divided into three sections with high wire nets. The birds are brought to Little Falls from the West, principally from Indiana. They come over the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad in large stock cars carrying several thousand fowls each. Only a small proportion of them dies on the road.

The birds are arranged in tiers, by which method the ducks and geese are kept separate. The railroad runs alongside the farm, and the fowls emerge from the cars, tier by tier, down a trough-like gangplank. They are then driven in squads into the quarters prepared for them at the farm through a sort of alleyway which runs along one side of the three-acre division. Here they are kept for weeks on a nourishing cornmeal diet, which makes them so fat that they can scarcely walk.

This provender also makes their flesh white and tender and vastly superior to the yellowish meat of the ordinary farmyard fowl. Ducks so treated are preferred by judges of poultry to the Southern variety, and even to canvasbacks and brants.

Most of the stock is shipped alive to New York and sold through commission merchants. A few hundreds every thousand are killed. This is done in a division of the packing-house on the premises. The operator forces open the bird's beak. Then he pops down its throat a long, sharp knife, which he moves about until the principal blood vessels are severed and the victim is nearly dead from strangulation. Then he knocks the bird's head against a post, and without more ado turns the carcass over to another operator, who proceeds at once to pluck the feathers from it. These are thrown into a box and command a ready sale.

The plucked birds are piled on a shelf, whence they are taken and packed in barrels for shipment—heads, necks and all. Thin layers of ice are sprinkled over each lot to insure their delivery in a marketable condition.—[New York World.

FORGOT EVEN HIS MOTHER.

Man's Memory Gone as the Result of an Operation.

George C. Hunter, of Oakland, has had his memory as completely as if he had never had a brain, says the San Francisco Examiner. He is alive and well, goes about just like any ordinary person, but can recall nothing of his past life. His mind is a blank. He does not remember his wife nor mother. Though he has forgotten how to read and write, and the [illegible] has fled into regions [illegible]