

## A RAILROAD JOURNEY.

Mr. Robert Cary, bachelor, seated himself in the high-backed seat of the West Shore railway car, and tipping his silk hat over his eyes, fell into a delightful soliloquy. Yes, it was delightful, for he had been away about five years, and it made him feel very happy to think that he was so near home again. Five years before, Mr. Cary, then a comparatively young man, had gone West with the flood of people who were in search of gold. And among them all he was one of the most successful, having acquired an immense fortune.

Yes, he was rich, and he was happy, and as the train which bore him toward home sped along, he could scarcely contain his happiness to his heart, but it seemed to be brimming out of his very eyes, and his face was so smiling that two young girls who sat directly across the aisle giggled, and surmised that he was "on his way to his wedding."

But he was not. Oh, no! Robert Cary seldom thought of getting married, although he would have liked a wife, and a daughter, perhaps, to lavish his money upon. He tenderly loved his widowed mother and his beautiful sister Mollie, but he almost envied his younger brother Fred, who, they had written, had been married for a year, and had the cutest little girl, which looked like her Uncle Rob. That was three years ago, and the little girl must be quite a young lady by this time. He wondered if she could talk yet; a girl 3 years old ought to talk, and he shouldn't wonder if she could say "Uncle Robert." How he would like to see her! He had never seen the mother yet, and he wondered what she was like. But he would see them all before long, for they were to meet at mother's on her birthday, which occurred the day after to-morrow.

Thus ran the thoughts of Mr. Cary until the car stopped at a station with a jolt which sent his silk hat into the seat directly in front of him, and into the lap of a lady, who handed it back with a smile which fairly won the heart of the bachelor, who had not noticed before what a pretty little woman she was. He thanked her for restoring his hat, and was about to lean back in his seat again when he noticed a bundle of dry goods all curled up on the seat beside the pretty lady. It did look like a bundle of dry goods, but he soon discovered that it was alive, yes, a real live little girl, and oh, so pretty! She had the loveliest golden hair and the sweetest red lips he had ever seen. So thought Robert Cary, and he just wanted to take the little dear in his arms and kiss her. Of course he could not do that; but he did bend over the back of the seat and say:

"Poor little girl, how tired you are. Have you come far, madam?"

"Yes, sir, all the way from New York," the lady answered with another sweet smile, "and I know that Elsie is very tired. But we are now within a few miles of the end of our journey, and then we will be so happy. Elsie has talked about going to grandma's for ever so long. Poor dear, how tired she is!"

"And are you going home too, just as I am?" inquired Mr. Cary.

"Yes, at least, to my husband's home. I have not been there for over two years now, and they have not seen Elsie since she was a baby a few months old."

"How very glad they will be to see her and her mamma. I have not been home for five years."

"Oh, that is a long time; but I think a greeting is all the sweeter the longer we have been separated from our loved ones," said the lady.

"Yes, I have no doubt of it. At that rate I should feel very happy. And I do; I do not think I ever felt happier in my life."

By this time the little girl was wide awake, and rising in the seat she said:

"Has 'oo seen my papa?"

"No, my dear, I have not. I do not know him."

"Your papa is at grandma's dear, I have no doubt. You see, sir, my husband was obliged to visit Boston on business a few days ago, and as that city is near his home he decided to go there, leaving Elsie and me to travel alone."

"I see. And you are not afraid, you and little Elsie?"

"Oh, no, sir! I am quite used to travel, and really enjoy it."

"Me 'oo o'v' dare!" said little Elsie, reaching out her arms to the stranger.

Mr. Cary took her on his knee, kissing her pretty red lips.

"Me like 'oo," said the child.

"Do you? I like you, too, my dear," he replied.

"Oo look like my papa."

"Do I?"

"Yes," said the mother, "you do resemble my husband, but I am surprised that Elsie should notice it."

Just then, without a moment's warning, came a terrible crash. The car was thrown from the track, and Mr. Cary found himself lying some distance away, on a soft grass plot, stunned and greatly bewildered, but unhurt. He gathered himself together and looked around for his new acquaintances, but could see nothing of them. There were many people, some badly mangled, others only slightly injured, and some, like himself, unharmed. Those who were unconscious were being carried to near farm-houses, for the accident had occurred in a farming country, and there were several houses in the vicinity. Brushing the dirt from his fine broadcloth trousers, Mr. Cary looked around for his silk hat. He found it near by, the top crushed in, looking very forlorn indeed. Still, it was better than no hat, and so the bachelor smoothed it as much as possible and put it upon his head. He was about to offer his assistance to any who might be in need of it, when he heard a plaintive little cry:

"Mamma! Mamma!"

Looking around, he soon found poor little Elsie, who was lying held firmly between two huge beams, unable to release herself. With some difficulty Mr. Cary succeeded in removing the beams, and lifted the child in his arms.

"Where's my mamma," she wailed, clinging to her benefactor.

"I do not know, my dear," he answered. "We will find her."

"I've hurt my foot!" she cried, the tears rolling down her cheeks. "I want my mamma."

Taking off the little shoe, Mr. Cary found that the child's foot was badly bruised. Wrapping his handkerchief carefully around it, he carried her to a near farm-house and left her in the care of a kind, pleasant-faced woman, and then returned to the scene of the disaster in search of the mother. But she was not to be found. All search was in vain, and Mr. Cary returned to the farm-house in great perplexity.

"You may leave the child here until her relatives are found," said the woman, "and I will take the best of care of her."

But he preferred to take her to his own home, for Elsie clung to him, begging him to take her to "mamma."

And so, in a short time, when a train came along, Mr. Cary and his little charge went on board and were soon flying toward Canton.

In the meantime where was the child's mother? When the accident occurred she was thrown from the car and became unconscious. Upon recovering she found herself in a spotless white bed, with a kind, pleasant-looking lady bending over her.

"Where am I?" she asked feebly.

"You are safe," answered the lady, "but you must be quiet. You are badly shaken up, but I trust not seriously injured."

"No, I am not hurt, only bewildered. What has happened? Where is my child?"

"Child?"

"Yes, my little Elsie. Isn't she here?" she cried wildly.

"No, we have not seen her. We found you only about an hour ago; it is after noon now, and the accident happened about 10 o'clock this morning. Another train came along at noon and most of the passengers left on it."

"Where was I?" cried the mother burying her face in her hands.

"You had fallen into a clump of bushes near the track, and lay there unnoticed for some time, until my husband found you and brought you here."

"Oh, my child, my Elsie! Where is she?" cried the distressed mother. "Can you not find her?"

The woman tried to comfort her, saying that her husband would go in search of the child at once. He went, but no one knew where Elsie was, though an old man said that he had seen a tall, handsome gentleman carrying a green girl with golden hair into Farmer Green's house. Mrs. Green was interviewed, and told what she knew about it, saying that the gentleman and little girl had been at her house, and the former had been in search of the child's mother, but being unable to find her had departed on the noon train, taking the little girl with him. She did not know where they had gone, only that they had taken the east-bound train.

Elsie's mother was greatly distressed, and quite unable to resume her journey until the next morning, when she left, resolved to go directly to her husband's home at Canton, where she would find him, and they would search for Elsie. And they would find her, for God was too merciful to separate her from her darling, so she thought; and with an earnest prayer for help in her heart, she went to the little station, sad and perplexed, but full of hope.

Canton is a pretty town about twenty-five miles from the city of Boston, and in a neat little white house on the principal street lived the widow Cary and her daughter Mollie, a pretty girl of 18. It was the day before Mrs. Cary's birthday, when they were to have such a grand home gathering, and dainties of all kinds had been prepared. Mr. Fred Cary had already arrived, and was anxiously awaiting the arrival of his wife and child.

"I thought they would surely come today," he said. "They were to start yesterday, and should have been here last night."

"I guess they are safe, Fred; do not worry," said his mother, who was always hopeful.

"I hope so; has the train come yet?"

"No, but it is about time," was the answer.

Shortly after the omnibus from the train drove up to the gate.

"Why, there is a gentleman and little girl getting out," said Mollie. "Who can it be?"

Nobody knew until the door was opened and Robert Cary walked in with little Elsie in his arms.

"Robert!" cried Mrs. Cary, springing to her son's side. "Is it you, my boy?"

"Yes, mother, it is indeed, your long-lost boy. You did not expect me, did you?" he said, kissing her more than once.

Then he kissed Mollie, and was turning to his brother, when he noticed that Elsie was clasped in his arms.

"Papa, where has 'oo been?" cried the child.

"Why," cried Robert, in amazement, "is this your child?"

"It is indeed, my dear little Elsie, Rob. But where is my wife—do you know? Tell me!" he cried, his face white as death.

"I do not know," answered the brother then proceeding to relate the story of the accident.

I cannot describe the scene that followed. Filled with cruel anxiety, Fred Cary and his brother departed on the afternoon train in search of the lost one, while those at home prayed fervently for their success.

When Mrs. Cary entered the train which she supposed would bear her to her friends, she was quite unconscious that it was bound west instead of going east toward Canton. But presently the names of the stations began to sound familiar to her, and she asked the conductor:

"Are we not nearing Canton?"

"No, madam, we are going west," he answered. "Canton is east."

"What?" she cried.

"You are going directly from Canton, not toward it," was the answer, which carried dismay to the heart of the lady.

"Oh, dear, I was so bewildered and full of trouble that I took the wrong train."

When Mrs. Cary entered the train which she supposed would bear her to her friends, she was quite unconscious that it was bound west instead of going east toward Canton. But presently the names of the stations began to sound familiar to her, and she asked the conductor:

"Are we not nearing Canton?"

"No, madam, we are going west," he answered. "Canton is east."

"What?" she cried.

"You are going directly from Canton, not toward it," was the answer, which carried dismay to the heart of the lady.

"Oh, dear, I was so bewildered and full of trouble that I took the wrong train."

When Mrs. Cary entered the train which she supposed would bear her to her friends, she was quite unconscious that it was bound west instead of going east toward Canton. But presently the names of the stations began to sound familiar to her, and she asked the conductor:

"Are we not nearing Canton?"

"No, madam, we are going west," he answered. "Canton is east."

"What?" she cried.

"You are going directly from Canton, not toward it," was the answer, which carried dismay to the heart of the lady.

"Oh, dear, I was so bewildered and full of trouble that I took the wrong train."

"What shall I do?" she cried bursting into tears.

"Why, you can get off at the next station and go back," the conductor answered kindly.

And so it happened that Mrs. Cary was about fifty miles further from her destination than when she started. At the next station she was obliged to wait an hour before a train returned. She afterward declared that it was one of the most miserable hours of her life.

Fred Cary and his brother Robert went west as far as the station near where the accident had occurred, and upon making inquiries were informed that Mrs. Cary had left several hours before, saying that she was going direct to Canton. And so the brothers waited until another train came from the west, and then started back. It was the same train which Mrs. Cary had taken on her return, and she was in the car directly in front of the one in which her husband and his brother were seated, little dreaming that she was so near them.

When the train stopped at Canton the brothers alighted and hastened up the little street to their mother's house, hoping and expecting to find the lost one there. But they were again sadly disappointed—she had not yet arrived.

"Well, I am almost discouraged," said Fred, sorrowfully. "I don't know what to do."

"We will find her yet," said Robert.

"But how do we—we know she is alive?" wept Mollie.

"Hush, Mollie," said the mother, weeping also.

At that very moment the door was opened softly, and the little woman whom they all loved so well flitted in, and with a cry of joy fell into her husband's outstretched arms.

The next day was the birthday of Mother Cary, and of all the households in the land, I do not think there could have been one more full of happiness and thankfulness than this of which I have written.

"How queer it was," said Mrs. Fred Cary, "that the kind gentleman of whom Elsie and I thought so much was my own husband's brother!"

"And we never dreamed of it—strange, too!" said Robert. "If we only knew!"

"Yes, if we only had—but we didn't, so it is just as well," she replied.

"Ess, it's d'ust as well," said little Elsie. And so it was.

Returned Good for Evil.

Sitting in the rotunda of the Alexander hotel of this city yesterday, says a Louisville letter to the New York Sun, Proctor Knott told this story:

"It was the most remarkable scene I ever witnessed. It occurred during my early manhood, when I was attorney general of Missouri. Robert Stewart was then governor of that State. One day I was in his private office when he pardoned a steamboat man for some crime. What it was I have forgotten, but that does not matter. The man had been brought from the penitentiary to the governor's office. He was a large, powerful fellow, with the rough manners of his class.

"The governor looked at the steamboat man and seemed strangely affected. He scrutinized him long and closely. Finally he signed the document that restored him to liberty, but before he handed it to him he said: 'You will commit some other crime and be in the penitentiary again, I fear.' The man solemnly promised that he would not. The governor looked doubtful, mused a few moments, and said:

"You will go back on the river and be a mate again, I suppose?"

"The man replied that he would."

"Well, I want you to promise me one thing," resumed the governor. "I want you to pledge your word that when you are a mate again you will never take a billet of wood in your hand and drive a sick boy out of a bunk to help you load your boat on a stormy night. The steamboat man said he would not, and inquired what the governor meant by asking him such a question."

"The governor replied: 'Because some day that boy may become a governor, and you may want him to pardon you for a crime. One dark, stormy night, many years ago, you stopped your boat on the Mississippi river to take on a load of wood. There was a boy on board who was working his passage from New Orleans to St. Louis, but he was very sick of a fever and was lying in a bunk. You had plenty of men to do the work, but you went to that boy with a stick of wood in your hand and drove him with blows and curses into the wretched night and kept him toiling like a slave until the load was completed. I was that boy. Here is your pardon. Never again be guilty of such brutality.' And the man, covering and hiding his face, went out. As I never heard of him again I suppose he took care not to break the law."

The Pious Poll.

It was at a party given in the country at the house of a most pious family, says the Boston Courier. A worldly minded niece had come for a visit, and it was felt that something should be done to entertain her, even at the expense of the sober traditions of the family. The neighbors had, therefore, been gathered together in a house where cards or dancing would be considered sinful and the most innocent amusements frivolous. By the time supper was announced everybody was bored almost to death, and they fled into the dining-room with a grave and melancholy air, as if they were being led to execution. When they were within and ready to begin, the voice of the old family parrot was heard piping from some unseen corner:

"Let us pray."

An old man in North Carolina, who had lived all his life without even seeing a railroad, recently got on a train, and before he had traveled a mile he was thrown off and killed. Yet, on the other hand, according to a writer in "Scribner's," a man might travel 31,000,000 miles before being killed.

Tasty dress ornaments are enameled flowers in their natural colors, with diamond paved petals.

## WHERE THE PAGE WENT TO.

And Who Stole It After the Young Editor Wrote It.

The total depravity of inanimate things has been proved, defined, catalogued, and accepted. Nobody doubts that a tack on a bed-room carpet always stands on its head; that a chair in the dark always moves to a position where a bare shin cannot miss it; that a pin in a pretty young lady's belt always pokes its point away out at the moment she takes the reins to do the driving down the dark street; that, in short, there is a diabolism conceived and established for the special uses and amusements of things without souls. Things without souls! Horrible thought! Alas, there is no punishment in store for them.

Our venerable and loveable friend, Mr. Goodheart, in his present state of mind, would have been an unpardonable offender. Let us call him Mr. Goodheart. Mr. Goodheart earns his modest, placid, useful way with his pen. He writes for his bread and he eats that bread in well-earned peace and a noble content. Why should inanimate things conspire to vex such as he—he who loves all things because all things are but attributes of that great Whole which the wisest and the best of men have learned to love?

Mr. Goodheart, in his study the other day, had written an article for one of the public prints—an article covering five pages of manilla paper. When he had reached the end he began to read it over. Page one was all right, page two required a slight interlineation, and—where was page three? Every piece of paper on the desk was scanned and—where was page three?

"Strange!" said Mr. Goodheart, un-ruffled but perplexed.

He looked upon the floor, into the waste basket, under the rugs.

"Well, well," he said.

He searched behind the clock, under the chair-cushions, between, behind the paintings on the wall.

"I yunn," he remarked, and was a little irritated, just a little.

He sat down to think. He tried to think perfectly calmly. Had anybody been in the room? Yes; Mr. Goodheart had come in and softly kissed him, and gently stroked his silvery hair as was her wont before going from the house.

"Maud," said Mr. Goodheart to his daughter, "has mother gone out?"

"Yes, papa; to market," answered the young lady from the foot of the stairs.

Mr. Goodheart concluded that his wife must have taken page three with her. "Yet," he thought, "it is so unlike her to take anything from my desk!"

When Mrs. Goodheart returned she said she had taken nothing, and she was very, very sorry he had lost anything.

"It might have become entangled in the fringe of your shawl," said he.

"It might," she answered, "but I do not think it did. I am sure I should have noticed it and—"

"But my dear wife,"—when Mr. Goodheart speaks in that tone he is controlling himself—"you were the only person who came in here, and page three is gone."

There was a terrible logic behind these two clauses. One was a major premise, the other a minor. A syllogism seemed to complete itself with a conclusion that Mrs. Goodheart was the only person who could have taken page three.

"Have you looked in your pockets?" she asked, quietly, but hopefully. "You might have put it there."

"My darling wife," he answered—and the more the epithets of affection import, proved the more penetrating his eye became—"My darling wife, that is absurd. Of course I would not put it into my pocket."

She began to open his coat.

"I tell you it is ridiculous to suppose I would put it into my pocket."

But she took from his inner breast recess all the papers it contained.

"I suppose you will not be assured," said he, "unless I turn all my pockets wrong side out," which with terrible irony he proceeded to do, making the most extravagantly minute inspections. Then he sat down and placed the toe of his left boot behind his right calf and pulled at the heel until the boot came off.

"What are you doing, dear?" asked Mrs. Goodheart, partly frightened, partly saddened.

"I want to assure you," said he, while his eye gleamed, "I want to assure you, if it is possible to do so, that I did not, in a fit of abstraction, put page three into my sock, and as he began to roll down the top of that garment Mrs. Goodheart suddenly left the room.

Mr. Goodheart never swears—not out loud—but he does believe he would have gone to the window and pronounced a silent benediction upon the army of Flanders if that famous body had just then happened to march by.

It will be conceded by everybody who earns his bread by the sweat of his pen that Mr. Goodheart was in no humor to reproduce page three. Reproduction of one's own lost manuscripts is, at best, the most difficult, of all literary tasks. It is worse than drudgery; it is labor in which all the faculties must take part while none is in the least assisted by that greatest of all inspirations, interest. But page three had to be reproduced. Mr. Goodheart gnawed his pencil savagely, rumpled his hair, yanked his paper around, smashed an innocent little baby bug with his paper weight, and was altogether a most unlovely, unloving man as he tugged at his memory and grabbed at his reason and glared with his mind's eye at his work. Of course, when the new page three was completed, it was not satisfactory to him. The first one, he was sure, had said what it had to say in so much better form! But the new one had to do.

When it was done Mrs. Goodheart came softly into the study. Her eyes were red, but she came with a pleasant smile.

"Have you found the page?" she asked, smoothing down his hair.

"No; I have rewritten it, after a fashion. The article is spoilt, though. I might as well throw the blamed thing into the fire. It has ruined this day for me; and I meant to do so much, and felt so much like doing it."

Encouraging His Ambition.

"So, young man," said the painter as he dabbed a streak of sky on the canvas, "you want to be an artist, do you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you live on crackers and cheese on some days, and on nothing at other times?"

"I don't know; I never tried."

"Can you work from 6 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock at night, and never get tired and stop to rest?"

"I don't know. I—I must say it's doubtful."

"Could you refuse an offer to paint artistic signs for a brewery or cigarette firm, and go on fighting starvation at short range with the soft end of a brush?"

"Perhaps I might."

"Well, you think it over, and if you feel certain of it, come around and I'll see what you can do at painting."—[Merchant Traveller.

"There, there," she said soothingly; "perhaps it is all for the best."

"Humph?" You know that half-smothering sound a man makes when he wants to express something between incredulity and disgust. Mrs. Goodheart gathered up the pages—one, two, three, four, five.

"They are all right now," said she, and folding them, perceived there was writing on both sides of the last sheet.

"I thought you always wrote on only one side of the paper," she said.

"So I do."

"Oh! Then this is nothing useful on the back of this sheet?"

Mr. Goodheart looked. It was page three, the original page three. The explanation was very, very simple. This totally depraved sheet of paper had turned itself upside down and Mr. Goodheart had written page five on the back of page three. Mr. Goodheart saw it all, and said with an awful deliberation:

"Well, I—I will—be—"

"Tut, tut, tut," said Mrs. Goodheart, with that firmness which always calls a man back to himself. "You must not and you shall not swear."

In the street car, coming down town, Mr. Goodheart read the article twice—once with the original page three and once with the other.

"After all," said he to himself, "I think perhaps the rewritten page is the better of the two," and he drew his pencil and obliterated the original page three while over his mind there hovered a vague, shadowy suggestion—for he was optimistic now—that possibly there is great and good purpose in even the total depravity of inanimate things.—[Willis B. Hawkings.

Narrow Escape of a Wizard.

"I was once a professor of magic or the black art," remarked a middle-aged man to a friend. "It was a great many years ago, when I went to Texas. I was quite young and out of employment. A traveling sleight-of-hand performer called the Fakir of Siva engaged me to help him in his business. I assisted him in various ways, astonishing the natives with optical delusions, but my most important duty was to allow anybody to shoot at me with impunity."

"It was rather risky, wasn't it, allowing strangers to shoot at you?"

"Ordinarily there was no risk at all. The bullet, which looked and felt like lead, was made of a composition that burned up as soon as the powder reached it. But on one occasion I came very near losing my life."

"How did that happen?"

"We were at Weatherford. There were several large herds of cattle there en route for Kansas, and the town was filled with cowboys. When the performance opened in the second story of the town hall, the audience reminded me of a battlefield. Every cowboy was buckled to two revolvers, and some of them wore three. At last my time came. The Fakir of Siva introduced me to the audience."

"This gentleman," he said, "is the celebrated Professor Amundus, the great wizard, who is the only human being in the universe who is absolutely bullet-proof."

"I smiled a very superior sort of smile which I had studied for such occasions. The professor then produced a large and dangerous looking horse pistol, which he loaded carefully with a huge charge of powder. He next brought out a bullet almost as large as a pigeon's egg, which he passed from hand to hand. This was then dropped into the pistol and rammed home. The Fakir invited anyone in the audience to take a shot at me. The cowboys unanimously selected one of their own number by the name of Jim to be my executioner. Jim took the pistol, but expressed some dread that the law might hold him responsible for the consequences. He was asured both by the Fakir and Professor Amundus, which was my stage name, that he would be exonerated. Jim brought the pistol to bear on me, aimed, and fired. I smilingly held up the real lead bullet which I kept on hand for that purpose. I suppose Jim was surprised. Never in my life did I see such a stupidly perplexed face on a human being. Then he got mad, and slammed the charmed pistol down on the magic table, pulled out his own revolver, and saying 'Catch that, professor,' blazed away. I heard the bullet whizz past my head. The second bullet went through the window a few seconds after I did. There was more room on the outside than in the inside of that hall. Fortunately there was deep sand on the outside and I was not hurt."

"What became of the Fakir of Siva?"

"He crawled under the magic table and refused to come out until he saw a good chance, when, with a monkey-like motion he made for the window on all fours and he went like an arrow from a bow. We displayed more real science in getting out of the window than we did in the regular performance. We listened outside to the performance the cowboys were giving for their own amusement. It sounded as if a battle was raging. We did not go back inside. They yelled, fired off their pistis, shooting out the lights, and having a little fun. They yelled and disclaimed any intention of hurting us. They merely wanted to stir up the wizards. I have not been a wizard since."

FEEDING OATS UNTHRESHED.—If the high price of binder twine impresses upon farmers the advantages of feeding unthreshed oats, it will not be an unmixed evil. By feeding the oats unthreshed we may save both binding and threshing—equivalent to five cents per bushel; with actual gain in feeding value. The nutritive ratio of oat straw is about 1.80, while the nutritive ratio of a proper food for fattening cattle should be 1.10, for fattening sheep 1.9, and for work animals at labor or rest about 1.6. It is apparent that oat straw is deficient in the albuminoids, either for work or fattening animals. Two-thirds of the protein free compounds must be wasted when the straw is fed alone. The starvation of an animal fed straw alone is only a question of time. The grain of oats has a higher albuminoid ratio than is required for fattening or work animals. Hence, by feeding the straw and grain together, we have a better ration than if fed separate. If we run the unthreshed oats through a cutter, and moisten the cut stuff, the grain, chaff and straw will be masticated and digested together, so we have a better balanced ration, and one more easily digested. The quality of the feed is improved by cutting the crop while the straw has yet a slight green tinge, and before the grain has yet hardened.

PARTURAGE.—It is important that this be properly chosen, especially for growing colts. If this is on very rich land, or watery, the grass will be so rank for the growth of fine, strong bones, and firm enduring muscles. Colts grown up on such will be pretty sure to be wanting in spirit, slow of movement and deficient in wind, so much so that when in harness if put up to a moderately fast pace—which can only be done by a moderate application of the whip—they breathe painfully, sweat intolerably, and soon tire. The best pasture grounds for colts is such as is well drained, or naturally rather dry, and if it abounds with scattered rocks a foot or more in diameter, these are not objectionable, but small stones are, for the colts in running are liable to strike on them to the injury of their hoofs, while they avoid the larger ones and rub in their exercise. The grass on such lands is sweet and tender, highly relished by the colts, and very nutritious. Growing up on such, especially if limited to it, the feet and legs and bones of the whole body become extra strong, more like ivory than common bone grown on quite succulent pasture. For cattle the pasture need not be so select in quality, for they will do well on wet meadows where the water is generally a little below the surface of the soil, only occasionally overflowing for a few hours and then drying off well.

HEREDITARY DISEASES IN THE HORSE.—The council of the royal college of veterinary surgeons of England was desired by the royal agricultural society to give a list of the hereditary diseases in the horse, as a guide to be used by it and all other societies in rejecting their shows for prizes all such as were thus diseased. Circular letters were then sent out to 2,500 members of the college for reports on this subject. The answers were: roaring, whistling, sidebone, ringbone, navicular disease, curb, bone spavin, bog spavin, grease, shivering and catarrh. The council also decided that under certain circumstances all horses shall be rejected for breeding purposes that are affected with splint, sprain, contracted feet, weak feet, bursal enlargements, such as thoroughpins and wind-galls.

COUGH REMEDY FOR COWS.—If the cough arises from a cold, give flaxseed meal gruel in two-quart doses, three to six times a day. Just before calving the cough should be relieved as speedily as possible. To the gruel may be added a tablespoonful of the following mixture: Compound sirup of squills four ounces, powdered sal ammoniac (muriate) one ounce, laudanum two ounces, molasses half a pint. Dose, a tablespoonful in every portion of gruel.