

Violet's Lover

"I have thought so for some time, my dear," was the quiet reply. "Your engagement was folly; your marriage would be madness."

Then Violet went up to her mother and put one arm round her neck. "Mamma," she said, "you will save me all trouble?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Haye, "you may save it all to me."

And so Violet won a soul not noble enough to live for love.

CHAPTER XX.

A cruel day dawned for Felix Lonsdale—a day when the sun shone so brightly, and with such heat that the grass, flowers, and leaves withered beneath his fervent rays, when a golden haze seemed to lie over the land, and the brooks ran slowly over the pebbles—a day when the wind was still, and not the faintest whisper of a breeze wafted the leaves or blossoms—a cruel day. He remembered it all through his life, for the warm sunlight seemed suddenly to change into a fire that burned him; everything bright and fair appeared to wither before his eyes. It was a day which brought him a pain that never quite left him while life lasted.

He was in his office in the High Street—the office that had once borne such signs of prosperity—where the great iron safes had been filled with deeds, and huge bill-fies had been laid with documents—when the tables had been strewn with papers and letters—where busy clerks had passed the day, all too short for the work they had to do—where people were always going and coming with the air of having important business on hand.

It was all different now. One by one the clerks had gone. There was nothing to do. One by one the neighboring squares and farmers had withdrawn their business from the old office. Violet seldom went in to transact now that Felix had hope. He felt sure that in time this state of things must improve. When people began to think calmly they would know that his father was innocent of that which had been imputed to him.

Felix was seated in his office. It was too warm for business—no one came in. There were no messages, no interviews—he had nothing professional to do. The clerk was busy copying a deed, and Felix was making the most of his time by writing an essay upon the "Inequalities of British Law."

Suddenly the postman's knock was heard in the quiet street, where on that scorching day even the very houses seemed to sleep. The sound did not interest Felix; he expected no letter. Violet seldom sent him a little note; when she did so it was like the finest cordial to him—he worked the better for it—he was happier and brighter. Perhaps if she had known how happy those letters made him she would have written often.

Presently, to his surprise, came the sharp, sudden knock of the postman at his own door. The clerk quickly disappeared, and then returned and placed a letter in his hands—a lady's letter, with a faint odor of violets. He opened it and looked at the signature—"Martha Haye."

It was from Violet's mother. What could she have to say to him? It was an invitation, probably. He put aside his essay and began to read the note.

"My Dear Felix—That which I have to say will pain you, I know, but I cannot help it, it must be said. The engagement between you and my daughter must come to an end. The circumstances under which I gave my consent were quite different from those existing at present. Your prospects have quite altered. If you marry my daughter now you cannot keep her in anything like the position in which she lives even at present, and I am not willing to see her become a mere domestic drudge. Mr. Haye and myself, with the engagement to end at once, as under no circumstances could we consent to the marriage. Violet sends her love, and desires me to say that all this is written by her wish, and that she hopes always to be your friend. She is going away on a long visit to one of her relatives. Hoping you will see the necessity for this step, I am yours very sincerely, Martha Haye."

He read it through, at first with the feeling and conviction that it must be a practical joke, then with a deadly assurance that they were going to take Violet from him, the handsome man, a face grew deadly pale; a dazed, dim look came into his eyes; a great, fearless, voiceless sob rose to his lips; his sunlight seemed to change to a blood-red mist, and a sound like the roar of distant waters filled his ears. He sat with the letter open in his hand, dazed as a man who had received a terrible blow. How long he sat he never knew. It seemed to him that years of torture rolled over his head. He was literally stunned. He had borne all his sorrows with a brave, strong heart because he had a true hope—a beautiful warm love. To take that from him was to leave him with no ground to stand on.

Slowly thought and reason came back to him. He rose, and with the open letter in his hands, with a white hot look on his handsome, haggard young face, which might have touched a heart of stone. He took his hat from the stand, and the clerk looked after him with a terrified gaze, wondering what could have happened to him.

"There was bad news in the letter," he said; "but where has he gone with it open in his hand like that?"

More than one person whom Felix Lonsdale met asked themselves the same thing, more than one spoke to him; but he did not hear—he walked on, looking straight before him, his eyes fixed on vacancy, his white set face without change or expression until he reached The Limes. What he suffered as he passed the old landmarks, the trees, the stables, the lilac bushes at the gate, was known only to Heaven.

He went straight into the house, and Mrs. Haye herself was the first person that he met.

She was half frightened when her eyes fell upon his face; so unlike was it to any face she had ever seen, so changed by his great woe, she could hardly recognize it. She held out her hand to him with some commonplace words of welcome. He did not hear them.

"Come in here," he said; and, taking her by the hand, he led her into the nearest room. "Tell me," he asked, "did you write this?"

"There was nothing to be said but truth, yet in all her life Mrs. Haye had never been more frightened. She had to deal with a desperate man.

"Yes, I wrote it, Felix; it was wisest, kindest, best."

"I wrote it," she said, "it is willing that Violet knows about it?"

"I wrote it," with her express sanction," she replied.

"It is false! I would not believe you if you swore it! I will not believe it! Heaven is not so cruel."

"There is no cruelty in it," said Mrs. Haye; "it is what must be done."

"Must be done! Do you know that she is my life itself—that I have no life apart from her, no hope that does not begin and end with her? If you take her from me you leave me a dead body—she is my soul itself!"

He paused, for the passion of his words overcame him. How was he to tell this woman what Violet, his beautiful love, was to him? How weak and impotent words were! "I know that you are very fond of her," Mrs. Haye said, gently; "still it cannot be—it can not, indeed."

"Will you tell me why you have done this cruel deed? What is your motive?"

"Because you cannot afford to marry; you must not burden yourself with a wife."

"Surely I know best. I can work—I do work. I would work night and day with that one hope before me of making my darling my wife. How beautiful she is! How kind! How has come to us; she is willing to wait a few months, longer, and then to share my lot. It will be brighter in time; everything will come right for us yet. I have no fear."

"I am not willing, her father is not willing—we see no use, no sense in the best and brightest years of her life being wasted in waiting for a marriage that, when it comes, will be the worst thing that could happen to her. We are not willing; and I tell you frankly that Violet sees matters as we do. She wished me to say all this."

"Do you know what you are doing to me—what you are taking from me? Do you understand," he cried, hoarse as "that you are killing me?"

"I am sorry, of course—it is very hard, I know—but such a life as you offer Violet would kill her."

"I do not believe it!" he cried. "You changed to me when my position changed. You were willing enough to give me my darling when you thought that I was the son of a rich man. I shall be rich again in time. I have seen the chance in you; you have given my cold looks for kind ones—you have been barely civil where you have been warmly cordial. I understand it—your love, Mammon, wealth, rank, luxury, are more to you than the heart of an honest man. But my darling is not like you, and I will receive the statement you have made from no lips but hers."

"My daughter is not at home, and you will gain nothing from seeing her."

"But you cannot do as you propose; she is engaged to me—my promised wife—no man or woman living has the power to break such a bond. She could not break it herself."

"You will find you are mistaken there," said Mrs. Haye. And then Felix saw plainly that it was useless to say more to her—there was something of animosity in her tone. He left her, still holding the open letter in his hand.

"I am sorry for him," said Mrs. Haye, when describing the scene to her husband. "But what can we do? There is one thing I am really thankful for—he has not the least idea about Sir Owen. I am not nervous, but I do believe that if he suspected what has happened he would kill him."

As Felix left the house to return home, Jennie, a smart housemaid, who had often opened the door for him, and who thought him a noble-looking gentleman, ran after him.

"Do forgive me, sir," she said; "but you have always been so good to me, so sorry for you, sir, that I cannot sleep for thinking of it."

He tried to look indifferent, to smile, but he could not; his pride and self-control broke down at these pitying words.

"If I knew what you know, Jennie," he said.

"They have sent her away, sir, so that you should not see her and persuade her. They have kept it quite a secret where she is gone—no one knows—but I stole into her room, and saw her trunk addressed to North Alton, and I know that Mrs. Haye has cousin living at North Alton. She is gone there, sir, and nowhere else."

"Thank you, Jennie," he said; "you have proved yourself my friend. Jennie would not take the sovereign he offered her, and the sympathy he read in her face cheered him. It will be all right when I see Miss Haye," he said. "They have overpersuaded her. She loves me—and I trust her."

CHAPTER XXI.

Felix sent his clerk to Vale House with a note saying that the family were not to be alarmed if he did not return that evening, as he had some important business to transact in a town some miles distant, and Darcy Lonsdale, who was too ill then to feel an interest in anything, professional, feebly blessed him as he left.

"He works hard," said Kate, as she read the note; then she sighed, thinking how different matters would have been had Felix loved Evelyn instead of Violet.

The Hayes had stood aloof from them in their troubles; they had expressed but little sympathy, and Mrs. Lonsdale felt it keenly. Violet had not been to see them since Lester had been; and Kate sighed again as she thought of the difference between the two girls.

North Alton was quite forty miles from Lifford. Felix knew that the name of Mrs. Haye's cousin was Miss Western. He had often heard Violet laugh about her mother's cousin, who was an old maid. He said to himself that he would go to North Alton by the night train; then he could see Violet in the morning, and be at home again in the evening.

He little dreamed that people looked at him earnestly as he went to the station. His handsome young face bore the impress of unutterable sorrow, his eyes were dim and shadowed, with great, dark circles round them, his lips were pale and trembling. He had never thought of taking food—he had not even drunk a glass of water to cool his parched lips. So ill, so sorrow-stricken, so unlike his handsome, gallant, noble Felix of the day before was he that Mrs. Lonsdale would hardly have known him had she seen him; he looked like the ghost of himself.

When he stood before Violet she uttered a cry of sorrow and dismay. He had left the hotel to go to her aunt's house, and now he had just, dressed for work, she was leaving the little front garden.

One of Miss Western's maids was early walking. He waited until Violet had gone, and then he followed her. She gave a little cry, and stood silent and shame-stricken before him. He saw the sorrow, but not the shame, and he went on, mistaking her for a poor girl.

The dreadful livid pallor, the stone mask fell from his face as a snow-white veil in the warm light of the sun.

"My darling," he cried, "I knew it was false—I knew that you had not said it! Oh, thank heaven, thank heaven! I feel pale and breathless, against the trunk of an elm tree. I believe in you, my darling," he said, "I know what trouble you have sanctioned it; you could not hold my life in your hands. And yet why did you come here? Why did you not write to me? Speak to me, Violet, help me, my darling, I swear that I am going mad!"

She was frightened, scared, at the wild eyes, the hoarse voice, the face so full of pain. She dared not speak. "I did not know," she said, "I have chosen gold." And, wretched as she was, though she had given him up, and never meant to marry him, her whole heart was with him, and she said, "I have chosen gold."

"You are making yourself ill, Felix," she said.

"I'll be repeated—and his laugh was more terrible to her than any words. "How could you feel, Violet, had anyone tried to tear the living, beating heart, from your body? Oh, my darling, tell me it is not true! Say that it is false—that they persuaded you, urged you, wrote without your knowledge! Speak to me quickly, for I am going mad!"

"I have chosen gold," she said, "I have chosen gold; I have chosen gold, I swear that I am going mad!"

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but I love her better—I have chosen her instead of you." She was frightened out of her wits. "You will never feel this fear again, Violet," he said, "speaking cannot like himself than he had yet. "It is so absurd, yet perhaps it is natural to a sensitive mind like yours. I am sure now, but I have proved you mad. Does my face alarm you? You need only laugh at it, sweet. I have forgotten to eat and drink since your mother's letter came. The sun was shining brightly and warmly, but it seemed to change all at once into scorching fire-ball, and I went mad. Yet I did not lose my faith in you, Violet. I knew that you would never have spoken as your mother did, never have written as she did. I can forgive her; it is only natural that she should think so much of you. I am not good enough, but I love you so dearly that my great love stands in the place of great riches or great rank."

Still she uttered no word—she dared not tell him the truth.

"You are strangely silent, Violet," he said, "I have forgiven you."

"No," she replied; "but you have startled me. You look so ill, Felix, and so unlike your own self."

"No wonder, my darling," he returned. "I will not startle you again—I will remember how sensitive you are."

She looked up at him with a smile—so serene smile at men they lure to destruction.

"Felix," she said, "you should not love me so much, dear. You know what I have always told you about idols of clay."

"I cannot help it; my mission in life is to love you."

"I cannot ask you to come in and see me," she said, "Miss Western does not like gentlemen; she never receives visitors."

(No Continued.)

REARING CHICKENS.

How the Farmers Can Make Money With Their Hens.

Department of Agriculture, Commissioner's Branch.

There is every indication that there will be a great consumption of poultry in Canada this year. The demand for every class shows a striking increase during the last few years.

Mr. F. C. Hare, Chief of the Dominion Poultry Division, does not believe it possible for the farmers to raise, for less than five years, come, more utility-type chickens than can be sold with profit on the Canadian markets alone. Moreover, commission merchants in Great Britain can handle profitably at least \$1,000,000 worth of our poultry yearly.

It will pay almost every farmer to improve his flock before the coming season begins. The old fowls should be killed. There is a greatly increased profit from breeding from utility-type specimens rather than from common barn yard stock.

It is preferable to select the eggs for hatching from a breeding pen of the best ten or twelve hens and one cockerel, rather than from the larger number of eggs from the barnyard. As a general rule, the eggs that are incubated on the farm are the eggs from the poorer layers. A utility-type Plymouth rock cockerel should be placed at the head of the breeding pen. A great improvement will be noticed in a flock of farm fowls by crossing with the Plymouth rock.

The eggs for hatching should be kept in a cool place—40 to 60 degrees. The chickens should not be hatched later than the middle of June. May-hatched chickens are preferred. It is quite possible for almost every farmer to increase the number of chickens reared with little extra labor.

Sitting hens should not be allowed to hatch chickens in any place they choose about the farm buildings. They should be in one pen, set apart for this purpose. The nest boxes should be made without a floor, and placed around the sides of the pen. Two or three shovelfuls of earth should be thrown into each nest box, and a hollow space scooped out for the eggs; the earth should be covered sparingly with straw. A board is required in front of the nest to confine the hen at will. This nest will give outdoor conditions in an indoor pen. The sitting hens should be thoroughly dusted with sulphur to kill the vermin. All of them should be placed on the nests and fastened at the same time. The hens should be placed on the nests and fastened in when feeding. It is advisable to start several hens together. The fertile eggs can then be tested out on the ninth day and one or more of the hens reared.

There is a great loss in farm-reared chickens, caused by the mother hen having her liberty. The hen wanders through the wet grass, the chickens follow her, and she comes chilled and the weaker ones die. This loss can be prevented by confining the hens in a brood coop. It is more satisfactory to have a large brood coop that will be a shelter during inclement weather. A packing box of three or four feet, each dimension, is none too large. The cover of the box can be used for the floor. The box is reversed, open end on the ground, and an opening one foot high is made across one side of the box against the open end. Two one inch wide strips of board are nailed on the two ends of the box at the ground; the cover of the floor is reduced in size so that it will slide in on these cleats. This allows the floor to be removed for cleaning. The box should be covered with tar paper to make it water-tight and there should be a 10 by 14 inch pane of glass in the front. This glass should slide in cleats at the top and bottom, and the front opening at the ground there should be a grate 15 inches high covered with lath, two inches apart. It has been found that the hens will be fed and watered, the chickens run through the lath. This form of coop will house safely one hen and 20 chickens. The number of coops is thus reduced. The hen and chickens should be placed in a grass field. This will reduce the mortality due to the chickens being scared on infected ground around the farm buildings. Some cases have been reported to the poultry division of chickens and turkeys dying because of feeding on ground previously infected by diseased fowls. Yours very truly, W. A. Clements, publication clerk.

WOMAN'S DANGERS

THE LIVES OF ALL WOMEN BESET BY SECRET TROUBLES.

A Simple and Certain Method by Which the Ills of Girlhood and Womanhood May be Overcome.

Every woman's health depends upon her blood—its richness and its regularity. Sometimes it is hard to believe that nearly all common diseases spring from the blood, no matter how different they may seem. It is hard, for instance, to realize that rheumatism and indigestion are both the cause of bad blood, and both cured by good blood. But there can be no doubt in the case of the secret troubles of a woman's life, from fifteen to fifty. The blood is plainly the cause of all her irregularities in health. Thence comes the signs of secret illness: the headaches, backaches and sideaches; the pale cheeks and dull eyes; the falling appetite and irritable nerves; the hysteria and biliousness; the weakness and languor; the distress and despondency and all the weary wretched feelings that attack women in their times of ill-health. And the blood is to blame for it all. When the blood is pure, the woman is healthy. When the blood is impure, she is ill.

Every dose sends galloping through the veins pure, strong, rich red blood that strikes at the cause of the secret ill-health. The new blood restores regularity and braces all the special organs for their special tasks.

In this way Dr. Williams' Pink Pills banish the backaches and headaches, sharpen the appetite and the energy, soothe the nerves and bring back the rosy glow of health to faded cheeks. This is the special mission of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and there can be no successfully, Mrs. Geo. Danby, of Tilbury, Ont., has proved the truth of these statements, and says so for the benefit her experience may bring to other suffering women. Mrs. Danby says: "I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a blessing to suffering women. For a long time I was a great sufferer from the ailments that afflict so many of my sex. I was extremely nervous at all times, suffered a great deal with headaches and indigestion. In fact I was in a most miserable condition when I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. But after taking them a short time I began to improve, and through their further use I am altogether like a new woman. I am sure if more women would take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills they would be convinced of the great good they can do."

What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for Mrs. Danby they can do for every growing girl and ailing woman in Canada, if they are given a fair and reasonable use. But you must make sure you get the genuine pills, with the bird name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. To be had from all dealers in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE JAPANESE "GENRO."

Non-Partisan Wise Men Who Advise the Mikado.

There is something very fascinating and feudal, not to say patriarchal, in that small knot of Japanese statesmen known as the "Genro." They are, as it were, the very cream of talented and enlightened patriotism, the top straws in the basket of Japan, who in their abnegation of self, their freedom from passion and political bias, their faithful endeavors for the good of their country and their complete disinterestedness in one's mind the famous lines in which Lord Macaulay speaks of the good old days:

And all were for a party, The members of the "Genro" are men who have done the State some services in the army, navy or other public pursuit, who on admission among the elders, as they are called, completely separate themselves from all party excitement and strife; and when summoned by the Mikado to give him the benefit of their advice, do so dispassionately, and solely on the merits of the question before them.

Keep the Children Healthy.

If the children's digestive organs are all right. They will be hearty, rosy, happy and hungry. They will sleep well, and grow well. You can get your children right, and keep them right by the use of Dr. Williams' Own Tablets, which cure all stomach and bowel troubles, nervousness, irritation while teething, break up colds and fever, prevent croup and destroy worms. And you have a positive guarantee that there is no opiate or harmful drug in this medicine. Mrs. Joseph Herbert, Killarney, Ont., says—"I am glad to say that Baby's Own Tablets have done me a little one a great deal of good. I have also given some of the Tablets to friends who have found them equally satisfactory. All medicine dealers sell the Tablets or they will be sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

Novel Remedy for Insomnia.

It would seem that every cure under the sun had already been recommended for that dread of nervous weakness—insomnia. But here is still another—a simple little device in the form of a hop pillow, that has been tested with excellent results. Fresh hops and leaves are best, of course, but before this can be secured, in the spring, use the dried hops which should be sprayed with a little fresh alcohol before going to bed each night. Encase the hops in a thin muslin slip, and use the thin hop pillow instead of the fluffy feather pillow, or if it is used on the feather pillow, have the latter as flat as possible, and the head kept low, while breathing the soothing odor of the hops.

KEEP
Holstein Grades in the
George A. Martin.

A poor man cannot afford to keep a poor cow. Nothing will more surely keep a man poor than to keep a herd of cows which produce only enough to pay the bare cost of keeping. The aggregate yield from five cows, at an average of 3,000 pounds each, is only as much as that from two cows at 7,500 pounds each, while the cost of keeping the additional three cows uses up all the profit. To start right a farmer had better buy one good, well-bred Holstein-Friesian cow than invest the same money in a lot of mongrels. In the first place, he can, by breeding his cow to a pure-bred bull and raising all the better calves, in time possess a herd of choice pure-bred cows; but with a herd of scrubs bred to scrubs he will keep his nose on the grindstone to the end of the chapter, as too many dairy farmers are doing all over the country.

But many, if not most, of our dairy farmers have in their herds of "natives," some individuals of more than average merit. By breeding these to good, pure-bred Holstein-Friesian bulls and continuing to grade up the better calves in the same way, a herd of high grades may be established. If not as good as pure-bred cows, they will be far better than a miscellaneous lot of mongrels. Aside from a moderate service fee to begin with, it costs no more to raise a grade calf than a scrub. A valuable object lesson on this subject is given in Bulletin 469 of the Cornell Experiment Station. It contains in tabulated form the history of the milk secretion of the University herd of about twenty cows, largely composed of Holstein grades. It is remarked in the beginning, that "in building up the herd the aim has been to form one that would furnish an object lesson to those farmers who desire to improve their herds, but do not feel able to purchase pure bred stock entirely. Accordingly, the herd has been developed from the ordinary stock of the neighborhood by the use of pure bred bulls and a rigid selection of the best heifers. At the start the average yield of milk per cow was a little more than 3,000 pounds. The descendants of these same cows are now producing over 7,500 pounds of milk per cow. This increase of two and a half times is the result of judicious selection for sire and dam, together with careful feeding, and is a result which every farmer may obtain by following a similar course."

In fact, taking the Holsteins alone, the average yield of milk was over 9,000 pounds of milk per year. The greatest production for one lactation was by Ruby, three-fourths Holstein, who gave in 64 weeks