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AMHERST GAZETTE.

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"Salus populi suprema est lex."

J. ALBERT BLACK, Editor and Publisher.

VOL. VIII--NO. 28. AMHERST, CUMBERLAND COUNTY, N.S., FRIDAY, OCT. 10, 1873. WHOLE NO.—392

SACKVILLE STEAM TANNERY
For Sale or Lease.

THE subscriber will sell the SACKVILLE STEAM TANNERY (formerly owned by J. Ayer & Son) or will Lease the same for term of years.

This Property, Buildings, and Machinery—has, during the past two years, been thoroughly repaired, improved, and enlarged, and is now in excellent working order, offering unusual facilities for the manufacture of Leather, and is put on the market only from inability (from pressure of other business) to give it the required attention.

There is at present in various stages of manufacture, $1,000 worth of Hides and Leather, 200 cords Bark, with fuel for engine, and other stock which may be sold to purchaser or lessee on favorable terms.

JOSEPH L. BLACK.

Sackville, August 15th, 1873. 8m

CUSTOM TAILORING
Gent's Furnishing Goods.

SUBSCRIBER begs to return his sincere thanks to his friends and the public generally for the liberal patronage extended to him in the past, and wishes to inform them that he has

Enlarged his Place of Business,

where he will be happy to wait on all his customers, as well as any new ones who may favor him with a call.

Just received: Coatings, Pantings and Vestings; Linen and Paper Collars and Cuffs; Neckties in great variety; Fancy and White Shirts; Braces and Under-clothing, &c. &c. &c.

A Good Stock of READY MADE CLOTHING always on hand.

R. R. GREENFIELD.

Amherst, N. S., May 15, 1873. 21tf

SUMMER STOCK
COMPLETED!

WE now beg to advise our customers of the completion of our stock for the season, which we have imported direct from Great Britain and purchased in the best markets in the Dominion.

It consists of a splendid assortment of

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,

A GOOD VARIETY OF

CLOTHING.

BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS, AND CAPS,

And our usual stock of

Groceries, Hardware, Earthenware, &c.

The whole comprising the largest stock we have ever offered, and a more complete assortment than is usually found in country stores.

PRICES LOW FOR CASH OR PRODUCE.

E. N. FULLERTON & CO.

Parrsboro' June 20, 1873.

HARNESS-MAKING.

HAVING opened the shop next door to Baptist Chapel, the subscriber offers his services to the people of Amherst and surrounding country, as manufacturer of Trunks, Carts, and Carriages.

Harnesses of every kind.

With several years experience in one of the leading Harness-making Establishments in Halifax, he feels confident of giving satisfaction in workmanship. Repairing promptly done. Charges moderate.

July 24 EBO FRASER.

BUCKLEY & CO'S MEAT MARKET.

HAVING taken a commodious shop opposite the Amherst Gazette Office and fitted it up for the purpose of

Fresh and Corned Meats

of the best quality to all who may favor us with their custom. Having permanently settled in Amherst, it will be our aim to give the highest satisfaction to our patrons, by always supplying the best articles obtainable, which we trust a lengthened experience in all departments of the trade will enable us to do.

Persons having Beef Cattle, Calves, Pigs, Sheep, Sheepskins or Calfskins to dispose of will find us ready.

BUCKLEY & CO.

7247

Looking Glasses and Pictures.

R. & J. WETMORE,

Carvers and Gilders, 124 Granville Str.,

HALIFAX,

HAVE lately received from London an assortment of British Plate Looking Glasses, comprising Mantels and Pier in Rosewood and gilt Frames, all sizes; Bracket Glasses in gilt frames; very handsome Ornaments, with Chess and Fruit Glasses in Mahogany, of all sizes. They have also, of their own manufacture, Chimney and Pier Glasses and Hanging Glasses of all descriptions, in gilt, Walnut, and Mahogany Frames; Gilt, Walnut, Rose and Gilt Beading, Oxford, Oval, and other Picture Frames of all kinds; English and German Chromos, Photographs and Engravings, and clean Pictures in great variety; Picture Mouldings, Looking Glass Plates, &c. 7287

TEA, RICE, &C.

50 HALF CHESTS Superior TEA;
25 bags RICE;
300 boxes LAYER RAISINS;
5 cases Pickles;
10 boxes Baby May Tobacco;
20 " P. V. Soap; 10 cases Cod Oil;
200 kgs. Bay Herring; 100 kgs do do;
100 bls Superfine FLOUR;
250 bls Cornmeal;
40 bls Mess Pork; 100 firkins Butter;
120 qtls Halibut;
2 bls Scotch Mixtures;
10 boxes Extra Lemons;
10 cases Muscatel and 4 lb tins;
5 bls Cream Tartar.

In store and for sale low for cash to close the late.

St. John, May 6. W. L. WHITING

Ships' Stores.

BEEF AND PORK, in bond, for Ships' Stores.—Also, a full stock of Groceries and Provisions kept constantly on hand. Orders promptly attended to.

M'GILL BROS.,
Y.M.C.A. Building,
Charlotte street.

St. John, July 30.

WELSH BROS'

Y. M. C. A. Building, CHARLOTTE STR., ST. JOHN, N. B.

JUST received: 40 cases Canned Peaches; 20 bbls. D. Apples; 100 boxes Raisins; 30,000 assorted Havana Cigars; 50 boxes assorted Fruit Syrups; 1 bbl. prime Sugar Cured Hams; 1 case Lambsfoot; 40 kegs Round Salmon, 1 and 2 lb. tins.

On hand: Fresh Canned Pineapples, Pears, Green Corn, Gumbo, Oysters, Lobsters, Salmon, Roast Chicken, Turkey and Mutton. Also, prime Toronto Cheese—for sale low for cash. Sep. 3

NOTICE.

Spring Hill & Parrsboro Coal and Railway Company. (Limited.)

NOTICE is hereby given that a Meeting of the Stockholders of the SPRING HILL & PARRSBORO COAL and RAILWAY COMPANY, (Limited, will be held at the office of the Board of Trade, Prince William Street, City of St. John, Province of New Brunswick, on THURSDAY, the twelfth day of October next, at eleven o'clock, for the purpose of establishing By-Laws, the Revenue, by rectors, and transacting any other business whatever that may be brought before the said meeting.

Dated at Halifax, Nova Scotia, this twenty-third day of September, A. D., 1873.

J. T. WYDE, GEO. HIBBARD, } Directors.
J. S. D. THOMPSON, Secretary. 9o 2

Nursery.

GRAFTED Apple Trees of the most choice variety, may be had from Tingley a well known Nursery in Albert County, N. B., by leaving orders with the subscriber.

J. L. PILLSBURY, Amherst, N. S.,
Agent for Cumberland.

COTTAGE PIANO.

FOR immediate sale: a second-hand COTTAGE PIANO. Terms liberal.

W. F. CUTTEN.

Poetry.

October.

BY GEO. W. LEWIS.

There comes a month in the weary year—
A month of leisure and healthful rest;
When the ripe leaves fall, and the air is clear;
October; the brown, the crisp, the blest.

My life has little enough of bliss;
I drag the days of toil slow,
Counting the time that shall lead to this—
The month that opens the hunter's heaven.

And oh! for the mornings crisp and white,
With the sweep of the hounds upon the track;
The bark roofed cabin, the [illegible] light,
The break of the deer and [illegible] pack.

Do you call this trifling? I tell you, friend,
A life in the forest is past all praise,
Give me a dozen such months on end—
You may take my balance of years and days.

For brick and mortar breed filth and crime,
And a pulse of evil that throbs and beats;
And men grow withered before their prime
With the curse paved in on the lanes and street.

And lungs are choked, and shoulders are bowed
In the smothering reek of mill and mine;
And Death stalks in on the struggling crowd,
But he shuns the shadow of oak and pine.

And of all to which the memory clings,
There is naught so sweet as the sunny spots
Where our shanties stood by the crystal springs,
The vanished hounds, and the lucky shots.

From The Author for October.

Selected Tale.

THE BROKEN RING.

BY BECKIE E. MORRIS.

"By Jove! It's broken? What would *me boaitix* say?"

"That you are a very careless boy," answered the chambermaid, who had entered unobserved through the half open door, and now stood by Mark Southwood's side, viewing with him, the fragments of a ring he had just broken by a tap with a little silver hammer he still held in his hand. As she spoke he looked up, surprised at her presence, and said:

"What, you here, Nellie?"

"Yes, I just entered with your letters. But this is [illegible] had you did it happen?" she answered, laying the letters on the table.

"I was testing these ores and had just a moment before taken it from my *portmonnaie*, I gave it a light tap by way of testing its soundness, when it snapped."

"Is there no way it can be mended, Mr. Southwood? It seems to have been a valuable ring, a plain gold band. Ah! an engagement ring, I presume." It was evident that the chambermaid was becoming interested in the wreck.

"Nothing of the sort! Merely a souvenir given by a doll in teens, I care nothing for the ring. Take it, Nellie, you are welcome to it."

Nellie put the fragments into her pocket, and the next morning when she came in to arrange Mark's room he noticed the ring on her finger. He asked to see it and she took it off. The jeweler's skill had repaired it firmly, and a delicate golden vine crept artistically over the places where the pieces had been united. It now presented a curious piece of workmanship. For the first time he noticed that the initials, N. R., which had been in the ring and still were there, were the same as Nellie's.

"You are quite fortunate," he said, returning it to her, "in having it so neatly repaired. Besides the initials are just right."

"Yes, just exactly," she answered carelessly as she hurried back to her work.

Nellie Reagan was a new servant in Mrs. Smith's household. But she was a faithful one, and had already become a favorite with the boarders, the most popular of whom was Mark Southwood, the village lawyer. But of course, after all she was nothing to them or any one else but Mrs. Smith's servant.

That same night, the first grand ball of the season was to be given by Mrs. Grey, in consequence of which Mark locked his office at 3, P. M., and return to his room to prink, (your pardonde, Lords of creation, but gentlemen *do* prink as well as ladies.) In the meantime Mrs. Smith had been surprised at receiving a note from the fashionable Mrs. Grey, asking her to send her servant Nellie Reagan to assist at the tables.

Mrs. Smith was only too glad to acquiesce, so Nellie found herself neatly attired, and busily engaged in passing ices, cakes, etc.

The evening had worn half away, when the dancing ceased and supper was announced. Mark Southwood, handsome, prepossessing and witty, had been the gayest of the gay Lothairos present. Offering Miss Lena Grey, the hostess's beautiful daughter, his arm, he led her to the table. The repast being over, he escorted her to the conservatory, and seated himself on a rustic settee by her side. He had seen Nellie during the evening, but did not deign to notice her, neither did he when she passed through the conservatory, on her way to the verandah. He was just saying: "Have you heard from Nora Rathburn recently, Miss Grey?"

"Yes," she replied, "and I presume you have. There was an engagement standing between Miss Rathburn and yourself when she left for Europe, I believe?"

"No, indeed! There was no such understanding; at least not on my part. I think of Miss Rathburn only as of some silly school girl, susceptible and inexperienced, who flitted across my path and whose memory vanished with her presence."

"Really, you surprise me, Mr. Southwood. I was almost confident that you were engaged to Norrie."

"Miss Grey, there is but one person living, whom I could ask to be my wife—and that is yourself."

"Then I am sorry for you, for my heart and hand have already been given to another." He stepped back, as if thunderstruck, but soon regained his composure, as she continued: "But I have something to tell you of Nora.—You know her rich uncle, with whom she and her father went to reside, was to make her his sole heir upon his decease."

"No, I did not know it," he answered as she paused a moment. He seemed to have overcome the agitation caused by her refusal, and was now animated with the subject under discussion. Without noticing his remark she proceeded:

"Her uncle died some months since, and left her heiress to a million pounds. You remember the Marquis of N——, who visited our village some four years ago?"

"Yes, I remember him well."

"He, it is rumored among the high circles of English life, is one of many rejected suitors."

"Indeed," he said, astonished.

"Even so, and Nora returns to us soon—'heart whole and fancy free'—as she stated in a letter written recently."

Now the conversation closed, and as the two left the apartment, a snow-white face passed the glass door, opening on the veranda.

As Mark entered the hall door, on his return home, Nellie Reagan quietly entered by the servants' passage, and afterwards, the house was as silent as the mid-night hours themselves. But Mark's was anything but a pleasant state of mind, as he tossed on his bed. "What a fool I have been!" he thought; "here is Nora Rathburn returning to America a wealthy heiress. I suppose she still has my ring, while I was fool enough to break hers and then throw it away. Well, I must manage some way to get the ring back, and then fabricate a story to suit." So concluding, he at last fell asleep.

The next morning, as Nellie did not appear as usual, he rang the bell. Mrs. Smith responded.

"Where is Nellie, this morning?"

"She left early, without a warning."

"The deuce she did?" he answered.

"Did you want to see her, particularly?"

"Yes. Do you know where she went?"

"No, I do not; I was sorry to part with her, but I could neither persuade her to remain nor learn what her intentions were. You have not lost anything?"

"No."

* * * * * *

A group of ladies and gentlemen, stood chatting on the platform of the depot in Woodburn, as the train rushed in. Nora Rathburn was expected, and eager friends were there to meet her; among their number was Mark Southwood.

As her father handed Nora from the cars, she was greeted with a profusion of kisses from the girls, and smiles from the gentlemen. As her old *devotee* stood in the back-ground hesitatingly, she apparently did not see him, and the merry crowd moved on, leaving him somewhat chagrined.

Nora had improved wonderfully, during her absence, and as her stay figure, so well set off by her elegant traveling suit, moved up the street, Mark regretted a thousand times that he had not been true to her.

The next day he called once farther, and meeting with a cordial recognition and reception, thought perhaps it was not too late yet, and obtained the old gentleman's permission to join press his suit. He had a nice little story ready for the occasion, when he called on his old love that evening.

He was seated in the elegant parlor of the "St. Charles" when he entered, a perfect queen in her royal appearance. A heavy silken train rustled on the floor at every step; and diamonds glistened on her bosom and throat as she advanced in the soft gaslight.

She stopped beneath the chandelier as he came forward with outstretched hands to meet her.

"Nora?"

"Mr. Southwood!" she answered, coolly bowing, but withholding her hand.

"My dear Nora, words cannot express my pleasure at seeing you home; but allow me to lead you to a seat?"

"Thank you, Mr. Southwood, but I prefer standing. Have you anything of importance to say?"

"Yes, I come to justify my silence—"

"Hush!" she said, placing her finger on her lips.

He stopped aghast, for on it glistened the very ring he had a short time previously broken and given Nellie. She smiled at his discomforture and proceeded:

"Don't speak of justifying yourself, Mr. Southwood. You doubtless do not recognize in me, Nellie, Mrs. Smith's chambermaid, and you must have forgotten the offer of marriage you made my friend Miss Grey, when you thought me in Europe. You must be insane to still think of the 'doll in her teens,' the 'silly school girl,' the memory of whom vanished with her presence.' Take back your trophy [illegible] from receiving further addresses from you," and she swept from the room, leaving him dumbfounded.

Two months later Nora Rathburn married the Marquis of N——, and Mark Southwood left Woodburn, never to return.

Miscellany.

Patience.

Patience is a virtue one often has great occasion to use; and whoever expects to get along comfortably through the world would do well to lay in early a large stock.—*Dr. Hooker.*

In the many different undertakings that men attempt to accomplish in this world, nothing is more necessary to insure prosperity and success than the rare virtue of patience. It plays as important a part as perseverance, and with a plenteous stock of it on hand, men can work wonders.

The man who would be victorious in the great battle of life must use it unsparingly. In fact, he can accomplish very little without it. If he enters the conflict with an abundant store of patience, the victory is half won in the beginning.

One cannot expect to do the work of an ordinary lifetime in an hour or a year. As the great oak springs from an insignificant acorn, so the greatest of human achievements originate in the most common things. The acorn sprouts and slowly pushes its small shoots upwards through the moist earth until they become broad branches high above the ground and able to withstand the strongest winds and most turbulent tempests that blow about, above and against them. Man builds his greatest works little by little. The most colossal fortunes and giant enterprises are won and completed little by little; their growth is slow at first, but sure and steady, like the stout arms and lofty branches of the oak—the patient result of time.

Patience should always be the inseparable companion of industry; the one is necessary to the other, and so long as these two great qualities of a worthy man's soul are linked together, his earthly prosperity is insured, and success in life is, with him, but a question of a few years.

Getting out of temper is a very foolish habit. It makes a man exceedingly uncomfortable in his own mind and it renders his presence disagreeable to others with whom he comes in contact. It grows upon him the more he humors it, like any other bad habit, and is as difficult to break off by an attempt at reformation.

Ill temper often prompts a man to do more mischief in a minute than he can repair in a lifetime of devotion to duty.

The more one accustoms himself to give way to transports of rage or moods of melancholy, the more wretched and miserable he becomes, and the harder he finds it to get along in his transactions with other people.

A man's greatest foe is himself. His greatest conquest is the subjugation of his own will, and his greatest triumph is that of being able to master his own soul.

The Ways of Writers.

James T. Fields, in his new lecture on "Fiction and its Eminent Authors," has the following concerning the habits of novel writers: Hawthorne waited for moods, and mounted his tower stairs for composition only when the fit was on him. Dusky processions constantly moved about him as he walked his piny hill-top, but his characters rarely spoke to him until he had locked his study door and shut out all ingress from the world of living-beings. Anthony Trollope, whose novels Hawthorne greatly delighted in, writes every day regularly, when he is engaged on a new story, a given number of manuscript pages before 12 o'clock, and smiles at the idea of waiting until he "feels like writing," as it is called. Thackeray was constantly studying character, and his observation was unceasing. His eyes were alert in the street, in the club, in society, everywhere. I remember one evening he whispered to me in a brilliant drawing-room: "How I envy you fellows who are not in my line and are not obliged to utilize professionally all the fine creatures for your next novel." Dickens was at one time so taken possession of by the characters of whom he was writing that they followed him everywhere, and would never let him be alone a moment. He told me that when he was writing the "Old Curiosity Shop" the creatures of his imagination so haunted him that they would neither allow him to sleep or eat in peace; that Little Nell was constantly at his elbow, no matter where he might happen to be, claiming his attention and demanding his sympathy, as if jealous when he spoke to any one else. When he was writing "Martin Chuzzlewit," Mrs. Gamp kept him in such paroxysms of laughter by whispering to him in the most inopportune places—some times even in church—that he was compelled to fight her off by main force when he did not want her company, and threaten to have nothing more to do with her, unless she could behave better and come only when she was called.

Adventures of a Dressing-Gown.

A lady was anxious to make her husband a present on the occasion of his birthday, and as it happened to fall in the winter, she thought a dressing-gown would be a most useful acquisition to his domestic comfort. She went and purchased a fine Persian pattern, well wadded. Not remembering the exact height of her husband, she thought it best to purchase it rather too long than too short, to make sure of its usefulness. The day was wet; the husband returned in the afternoon, and she presented him with the new article of comfort; and he fancied it, indeed, a great article of comfort after he had put off his wet garments. But it was about ten inches too long. "Oh, never mind," said the affectionate wife; "I can easily shorten it to suit you." They had a party in the evening, and were very merry; and every one admired the beautiful dressing-gown. After they had gone to bed, the wind and rain made such a noise that she couldn't sleep; her husband snored musically. She arose without disturbing him, took the dressing-gown, and commenced her work, cutting off about the length of ten inches to make it suit her husband's stature, and then went to bed again. In the morning she was up early to make some arrangements with her housekeeper, as several friends were expected to dinner that day. Scarcely had the lady left the room when her sister—a good-natured old lady who lived with them—stepped in on tip-toe, in order not to disturb the sleepers, took the dressing-gown, and cut it off about ten inches, as she knew it was too long the night before. An hour after the gentleman awoke, and was now anxious to surprise his wife. Ringing for a servant, he was told to take the dressing-gown to a tailor, and have it made shorter by ten inches. The good wife was detained longer than expected; and scarcely had the dressing-gown returned from the tailor's when she came into the room. Her husband had just risen, and proposed now to enjoy his comfort. But how surprised was his better half to see her husband in a fine Persian shooting-jacket instead of a comfortable dressing-gown.

An alliterative Illinois reporter fathers the following: 'Parson Palmer of Padola, is the proprietor of a pen of pigs. These pigs escaped and persecuted a peaceable neighbor named Piper. Piper persecuted them on his premises with a dog, and punished Palmer's boy. The parson paid his respect to Piper, prating of a perspective prosecution, and was in turn pounded to pulp by the precipitate Piper. The penitent man at present languishes in prison.'

It is the Bowling Green Democrat which tells this: "During an address by Mr.——in Allen County, a few days ago, a gentleman in the audience arose partly to his feet, and with pathetic tenderness remarked "Cuch!" He had been sitting on a wasp and the wasp had just noticed it."

"Now, John, suppose there's a load of hay on one side of a river, and a jackass on the other side, and no bridge, and the river is too wide to swim, how can the jackass get to the hay." "I give it up." "Well, that's just what the other jackass did."

An Irish editor says he can see no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.

The Household.

Milk as Medicine.

Considerable has lately been said in medical journals concerning the value of milk as a remedial agent in certain diseases. We notice an interesting article upon this subject that lately appeared in the London *Milk Journal*, in which is stated, on the authority of Dr. Benjamine Clark, that in the East Indies warm milk is used as a specific for diarrhœa. A pint every four hours will check the most violent diarrhœa, stomach ache, incipient cholera and dysentery. The milk should never be boiled, but only heated sufficiently to be agreeably warm, but not too hot to drink. Milk which has been boiled is unfit for use.

"It has never failed in curing me in six or twelve hours, and I have tried it, I should think, fifty times. I have also given it to a dying man who was subject to dysentery eight months, and it acted on him like a charm. In three weeks he became a hale, fat man, and now nothing that may hereafter occur will ever shake his faith in hot milk."

A writer also communicates to the *Medical Times* a statement of the value of milk in 26 cases of typhoid fever in every one of which its great value was apparent. It checks dysentery and nourishes and cools the body. People suffering from disease require food quite as much as those in good health, and much more so in certain diseases where there is rapid waste of the system, frequently all ordinary food in certain diseases is rejected by the stomach, and even loathed by the patient; but nature, ever beneficent, has furnished a food that in all diseases is beneficial—in some directly curative. Such a food is milk.

Dr. Alexander Yale, after having particular observation upon the points above mentioned, viz: its actions in checking diarrhœa, its nourishing properties, and its actions in cooling says: "We believe that milk nourishes in fever, promotes sleep, wards off delirium, and in fine, is the *sine qua non* in typhoid fever."

We have also lately tested the value of milk in scarlet fever, and learn that it is recommended by the medical faculty in all cases of this often distressing children's disease. Give all the milk the patient will take: even during the period of the greatest fever it keeps up the strength of the patient, acts well upon the stomach, and everyway is a blessed thing in this sickness. Parents, remember it, and do not fear to give it if your dear ones are afflicted with this disease.

How to Get Sleep.

How to get sleep is to many persons a serious matter. Nervous persons, who are troubled with wakefulness and excitability usually have a strong tendency of blood to the brain, with cold extremities.

The pressure of blood on the brain keeps it in a stimulated or wakeful state, and the pulsations in the head are often painful. Let such arise and chafe the body and extremities with a crash towel or rub smartly with the hands to promote circulation, and withdraw the excessive amount of blood from the brain, and they will fall asleep in a few minutes. A cold bath, or a sponge bath and rubbing, or a good run, or a rapid walk in the open air, or going up and down stairs a few times, just before retiring, will aid in equalizing circulation and promote sleep. These rules are simple, and easy of application in castle or cabin, and may minister to the comfort of thousands who would freely expend money for an anodyne to promote "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."—*Hearth and Home.*

Agricultural.

Fattening Animals Gradually.

Every farmer who makes the feeding of animals an important part of his business ought to know that their unremitting growth is the only true and successful way of treating them. This is the course which the most successful pork-raisers pursue in feeding their hogs regularly and fully, through winter and summer, till they are sufficiently fat in the autumn.

Many intelligent persons are accustomed to suppose that poor animals may, in a short time, be changed into fat ones by stuffing them with rich food. The more food they can make them take in a day or a week the quicker, they suppose, they will become fat and fit for market. But this is a false opinion, as experiments clearly show. The over-feeding is always wasteful; for after all the animals gain but little fat, and the owners begin to think that the fattening of them for markets is an unprofitable business.

An owner may withhold the proper quantity of food from his hogs and cattle, and even half starve them for months; and then may change his mode of treating them, and glut them with excessive food, and thus hope rapidly to put them into a fat condition; but the attempt will prove abortive, as the growth of the animals from the earliest period of their existence, and their increasing in fat and flesh must continue on without interruption till they are marketable. Careful observations prove that the profits of raising and fattening cattle and hogs are realized only when they are regularly fed from day to day with neither too scant nor too heavy feeding. Some object to this mode of treating their animals. They wish to finish the fattening process in two or three months, and think it is too expensive to continue it two or three years. This would be the case if their way of feeding was the correct one; but it is not, for heavy feeding is not requisite to keep up the continued growing condition of the animals.

We have in mind an observing farmer who carefully weighed all the animals he was fattening every week. To a fine steer he gave daily four quarts of barley meal, and he found the increase in its weight to be ten pounds per week. He then tried the experiment of giving it eight quarts per day, and he found the weekly increase of weight was less than when four quarts were given. Twelve quarts were now given daily, and at the end of the week there was no gain of flesh.

These facts teach all persons who feed domestic animals that there is such a thing as feeding their stock so largely or heavily that the profits will be less than if the stock were to receive smaller allowances. When a portion of the food passes away without having been digested it is a reliable indication that food is not consumed as profitably as should be.