

In Pastures Green

The blood still courses in our veins that tamed
The waste to fruitfulness at His command,
And ye all feel as I have felt to-day—
Born of this soil and kneaded of its clay.

Nov. 25.—Is there such a thing as an official score-card for marking up the points of a cow? If there is I should like to see one. I want to know just how many marks are given for powers of digestion. This week the red cow did something that almost lifts her out of the cow class and places her with the ostrich and boa-constrictor. The other day after the cows had been turned out to water she was somehow left untied. True to her predatory instincts, as soon as she discovered her freedom she started to nose around for something she could steal and had the luck to find a tub full of corn in the ear, from which the hens were being fed. She promptly began to wrap herself around it and before being interrupted in her feast she had eaten over a bushel. Now, *The Farmer's Advocate* has never published any "First Aid to the Gluttonous," and I didn't know what to do. When I asked for advice people told me sad stories of the death of cows from over-feeding. Some had been killed by eating tailings after a threshing, others by bloating after eating clover, others by a surfeit of chop feed. It was all very disheartening for a fresh cow that gives eight quarts of milk rich in butter-fat at each milking is a valuable asset in these days when the bank act is being revised so as to allow farmers to raise money on their cattle. I couldn't call up the veterinarian for we have no telephone, and with the roads in their present condition I did not feel like driving three miles to consult one. Still I was not so much worried as I might have been. The look in her eye was reassuring. She looked more like the cat that had eaten the canary than anything else. She wore an air of unmistakable satisfaction and when she began to eat some clover hay that was in her manger as dessert to her banquet I felt that she might pull through. Her previous raids on the swill-barrel,