

help it. You feel that way and let him have it. But the calf can't tell for the life of him why he has been struck, and he gives a sudden and unexpected "founce." He believes he will go and stay on the other side of the stable, but he doesn't announce this beforehand. He starts on the impulse of the moment, and you can't tell just when he arrives there. You ride along with him a little way. But the laws of gravitation are always about the same. Your legs, one on each side of the critter, keep up with the calf for about a second, but your body doesn't. You slide over the calf and your back kisses the floor. Your head is soaking in a pail of milk. When you get up you are mad—uncommonly so. Milk runs from your hair and imprecations out of your mouth, and you solemnly declare that you will teach that calf to drink or break his neck. The calf doesn't know of this resolve, and glares at you in a stupid fright across the stable. He was not aware that he was the cause of your downfall, and wonders ignorantly what is the matter. You don't try to explain it to him, but furiously catch him by the ears, look back over shoulders at the milk pail, and back up towards it, dragging the calf after you. The calf is out of wind, and you haven't a particle of grace left in your heart. You are astride the calf's neck, and jamming the fingers of one hand in the calf's mouth, you place the other on the back of his head, and shove his nose into the pail, fully resolved to strangle him if he don't drink. The calf holds perfectly still—ominously so—and there is silence for the space of half a minute, at the end of which time the blockhead, who hasn't drank a drop, suddenly makes a splurge, knocks the pail over, you are again reduced to a horizontal from a perpendicular, and when you arise the excitement is intense. You have been soaked with milk, "slobbered" on, and hurt. Not a drop of milk has gone down the brute's throat and there he stands glaring at you, ready to furnish you with another free ride whenever you want to go. With an affidavit you seize the empty pail, and hobble out of the pen, fully resolved to let the four-footed fool starve; and thus endeth the first lesson.

FEEDING CATTLE.

It has been claimed that the methods of breeding and feeding cattle have been so much improved of late years that the period of maturity has been hastened more than one-half. That is, a sheep or a pig which matured at three years, or a steer which was ready for slaughter at five years formerly, is now ready for the butcher at less than half these ages. Pigs are said to be ready for pork at nine months, wethers for mutton at twenty months, and a two year old steer is ready for the block at that age. It is to be feared that these claims are greater than can be justly allowed. No doubt, some animals by excessive forcing are made as fat and reach as heavy a weight in these premature ages as others used to do in twice the time, but it is a question if this forcing is profitable either to the feeder or the consumer. On the one hand, the animal is forced to consume as much food in two years as was formerly spread over four years, so that on the whole there is no gain but in time, while on the other hand the consumer has very immature or half-grown meat, which is devoid of flavour and nutritive quality, and the meat is over-loaded with fat, which is waste. Physiologically, it is a matter of doubt if the muscular growth of an animal can really be hastened by any process of feeding. Fat can be produced, no doubt, but fat is a diseased condition of the system, and an excessively fat animal would soon die under continued feeding. But if we examine the meat of one of these young, over-grown animals

it is found to be in very great disproportion to the fat. It is quite common, for instance, for the nine months old pigs which weigh 800 pounds to be turned wholly into the lard kettle because the few pounds of flesh under the fat is not saleable or useful as food. On the whole, it certainly does appear as if we had carried the forcing system of feeding to an unprofitable extreme. Every year the losses of swine by disorders clearly traceable to over feeding increases in number, and although we are told that the dread diseases have been overcome and have disappeared, yet the feeding season no sooner begins again when the hog cholera breaks out as plentiful as at any time before. It is a question if we can safely follow English precedents in this respect of forcing animals to prematurity. Certainly, if we are to suffer the pains and penalties, the diseases and losses among our live stock, which English farmers are complaining of, it is very clear that we cannot afford to do it, and had better make haste more slowly. —*New York Times*.

An exchange is clearly of the opinion that the weight of a horse is an important item in estimating his value for draft purposes. The fine-boned horse, with well-developed muscle, may do as much work as the heavier one for a short time, and is even better for road purposes. But in plowing, or other heavy, steady drawing, the light weight horse quickly wears out and becomes useless.

If your horse gets frightened at any unusual sight or noise, do not whip him, for if you do he will connect the whipping with the object that alarmed him, and be afraid of it ever after. If he merely shies at an object, give him time to examine it, which, with some encouraging words from the driver, will persuade him to pass it. You get frightened, too, sometimes, and would not like to be whipped for it.

The purchasers of horses for the French army always endeavour to obtain a first look at the animal when he is tranquil and in the stable; noting if the animal supports itself equally well on all its legs. The eye ought to be more dilated when in the stable than when exposed to full light. If the hollow over the eyes be profound and temples gray, old age is to be concluded. Wounds about the temples suggest attacks of staggers, and when the end of the nose presents circular scars, it may be concluded the horse has been twitched with a cord to insure his quietness while being shod.

BEAUTIFUL form, superlative action and a kind disposition are what constitute the value of family horses. It costs no more to raise a high-priced horse than it does a low-priced mongrel. The difference in their relative value is more than the cost of production. The more good qualities concentrated in one family the higher will raise the market price of the produce of that family. If we can succeed in breeding docility into our steeds, a good kind, fearless disposition, and the absence of all vices that horse-flesh is heir to, the family could ride after such a model disposition without risk of life or limb.

Bors in horses are not easily destroyed. Their attachment to the stomach is mechanical, and they will remain there until the season for their escape arrives. Prevention in this case is more practicable than cure. To prevent them, let the eggs from which they hatch, and which may be seen, as yellow nits on the hair of the legs and other parts of the body, be removed, so that the horse by biting the part cannot get them into the mouth to be hatched, and then descend into the stomach. One of these nits may be hatched in a short time by placing it in the palm of the hand and breathing constantly upon it.

CREAM.

A SMALL boy, who slid down a tree pretty fast, and blistered the skin of his hands, said: "I guess I don't yearn for a hotter climb than this."

TEACHER: "Why are you writing in such a big hand?" Tom: "Why you see, my grandmother is deaf, and I'm writing to her."—*Golden Days*.

"WELL, I declare!" exclaimed an editor, as he inspected the baby of an old newspaper friend. "If he isn't a marked copy of the old gentleman!"

THE Prince of Wales is colonel of sixteen different regiments. This is not a circumstance to Florida; there they have sixteen colonels to one regiment.

PROFESSOR (to class in mineralogy): "Can you recall a mineral occurring in the liquid form?" Philosophical student: "Milk; because it comes in quarts!"

"You are opposed to the use of slang, then Jennie?" he said. "Well, I should twitter!" she replied, and then he knew that he must not use slang any more in her presence.—*Somerville Journal*.

SAID an astronomer to a bright-eyed girl, when talking of rainbows "Did you ever see a lunar bow, Miss?" "I have seen a beau by moonlight, if that is what you mean," was the sly rejoinder. —*N. Y. Independent*.

"WHAT do you think of my mustache?" asked a young man of his girl. "Oh it reminds me of a Western frontier city," was the answer. "In what respect, pray?" "Because the survey is large enough, but the settlers are struggling."—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

What boots it to repeat
How time is skipping underneath our feet?
Unborn To-morrow and dead Yesterday—
Why fret about them if to-day be sweet?

—*Persian*.

A LITTLE girl of seven exhibited much disquiet at hearing of a new exploring expedition. When asked why she should care about it, she said: "If they discover any more countries, they'll add to the geography I have to study. There are countries enough in it now."

A CRITICAL old bachelor, who firmly believes that all women have something to say on all subjects, recently asked a female friend: "Well, madam, what do you hold on this question of female suffrage?" To him the lady responded, calmly: "Sir, I hold my tongue."

"Yes, I have left my last place," said Mary. "An' what did you lave for?" "The mistress was too hard-hearted. She had no more sensibilities than an ox." "An' did she abuse you, dearie?" "Indade she did that?" "An' what did she do?" "She put an allarm clock right in my room, an' in the mornings it made such a noise I could not sleep another wink."—*Exchange*.

THE delights of a musical block are thus described by "Bob" Burdette:

Hark, and oh hear, the piano is hanging—
(Sonnet and canticle, chant and glee),
The fellow upstairs his guitar is a-twangin',
The children are singing a jubilee,
Just over the way there's a banjo, I think,
With its "pink-a-punk punk, punk, pink, punk, pink:"
And down at the corner the man with the flute
Is rending the night with a tootle-too-toot.
And oom pah-pah, oom pah-pah, bra-s, bra-s, boom!
The brass band is practising in its room.

THE other day a darkey rushed into an Austin, Texas, express office, and asked excitedly: "Is dar any express package here for Major Jones?" "Have you got an order?" "No, sah." "You can't get anything out of this office without an order." The coloured gentleman went two miles and back on the double quick. Once more he stood before the desk, panting and blowing, and fanning himself with his hat. "Heah am de order, sah. Any package here for Major Jones?" "No."