

If the bull be large of his kind, his produce will be apt to be somewhat coarse, and marked with defects that usually attend great disparity between sire and dam, and the dam will be more likely to experience trouble in parturition. As a general rule, the prejudice that exists in favour of large coarse bulls is founded on wrong impressions as to the principles of breeding, which indicate that males of moderate size, if level, solid and compact, and of good pedigree, are certain to produce better progeny than those of a size unusual to the breed. One of the greatest, yet very common mistakes made, is the breeding from grade or starred bulls, with the idea that because the animal is of good form, and shows off at a township or county show to more advantage than his thoroughbred sire, when judged by the eye alone, he is capable of getting good stock. This is what in many cases ruins the reputation of a breed, and results in discouraging superficial minded farmers from carrying on an improvement that, if once begun, would by the continual use of pure blood males result in bringing up the females in a herd to the highest standard of excellence attainable, short of perfect purity of blood. A grade bull, however well he may appear to the eye, has not the characteristics of the breed from which his sire sprang sufficiently stamped in his blood to enable them to be perpetuated in his descendants, which, in nine cases out of ten, are likely not only to be greatly inferior to himself, but to throw back strongly towards the deficiencies of the aboriginal race from which his dam came. Every cross-bred male should, without hesitation or failure, be castrated, and he will then prove far more valuable for the butcher than he would have done as a stock-getter. Thoroughbred males of a high quality are too valuable to be sacrificed until they are past their powers of procreation, but cross-bred males form the very best and most profitable stock available, either to make into beef at an early age, or use for working oxen, and then turn to beef when their best days are over, for if well fed, they will grow to a much greater size than either their sire or dam.

To Fatten Hogs Profitably

As soon as the grass starts in the spring, the hogs should be turned in, as they like it best when short and tender. They will subsist and grow well on grass alone, with a little salt occasionally. Some prefer to feed a little corn daily; it may not be good policy; they will be farther advanced for fattening, but will not fatten as well as if none is fed in summer, and with good pasture, water and shade, they will give satisfactory results. They will not fatten on grass, but it prepares them for fattening. Their systems are in a healthy state. They have no ulcerated livers and stomachs, as they will have if fed on corn through the hot weather.

Thus kept, they are prepared by the first of September to commence the fattening process, with sound teeth, good digestion, and vigorous health. They will after that time promptly pay for all the feed judiciously given. It may be, and doubtless is true, that a light feed of bran or provender might be fed with profit during the summer, but it is doubtful if corn in any quantity is beneficial. Feeding on corn alone during the summer, except it be to send them to a summer market, is bad policy; they become unhealthy, teeth sore, appetites cloyed, and they will not feed satisfactorily in the fall, and the comparative expense of the grass and corn feeding must be drawn as to which is the best policy. The cost of grass feeding, even with other light feed, is merely nominal, while a hog fed on corn, from the time it is weaned from the sow till butchered at 18 months old, can seldom pay expenses. The chief end of a hog is the weight and quality of his carcass. His value depends upon his being well fattened, and the object aimed at during his whole life is to prepare him for that event. If he fail in that his life is a failure. Corn is the proper food for fattening, but not for growth; and the fattening process is always, to some extent, a disease-producing process, and if too long continued is always so. But when the animal commences fattening in vigorous health, having lived for months on green vegetable and light food, his health will remain firm through any reasonable time required to become fat.—*Prairie Farmer*.

Never Mind the Horses; or a Few Ways in which to Bring Up a Colt.

Not long ago, a team of three-year-old colts started for market with a cord and a quarter of green cordwood, in the deep snow. Soon, the rear side animal stepped off the track, and plunged to the belly in deep snow.

"You're stuck," said I. "Never you fear, Captain. When it comes to a stick, that team is thar," was the somewhat surly rejoinder.

Crack went the whip on the young horse which lay in the snow like a log. A struggle, a desperate plunge, a few feet gained, and both horses are deep in the drift. "Dig 'em out," said I. Crack went the teamster's whip—another struggle. "That horse is on top of his mate." Another welt. "His leg is over the tongue." "Let him take it out," was the answer. A succession of blows—a torrent of oaths—a few desperate struggles—then a fearful effort the sixty cwt. is drawn through the drift. There stands that noble young team of three-year-old colts, trembling in every limb with nervous affright, the blood streaming from more than one cut, a shoe wrenched off, and a fore leg strained.

Never mind the horses—that's the way to put a colt through the snowdrift.

"Abe," said his friend Jack, as they rode their respective teams home from the plough one bright spring evening, "I'll bet this 'ere colt of mine to trot agin your'n for a mile." The bet was made, the harness taken off, and down the lane they go at a full trot. It is neck and neck, an even tie. It must be tried again, and so it is before the evening meal. The evening meal consists of dusty hay and musty oats, which wouldn't sell in the market. "Guess that colt of year'n has got the heaves," says Jack to his friend a few days after.

Never mind the horse—that's the way to train a colt.

A. went to the races with a fast horse, and getting on the spree, exhibited his colt's paces considerably on the course. On the way home he finds it necessary to finish up at a roadside tavern, and accordingly joins his friends, leaving his nag outside without a blanket, reeking with sweat, and the thermometer at zero. The veterinary surgeon says that colt has got inflammation of the lungs, and he'll never be the same horse again, but

Never mind the horse—that's the way to make a beast hardy.

"Neighbour, your horses' shoulders are mighty sore." "They are so," was the answer. "I can't make my collars fit, that's what's the matter." "Tell you what it is, Johnston," said the first speaker, "I guess you don't feed your horses over well for the work they do." "Well," said the owner of a pair of lean, hard-worked and galled young horses "the work's got to be done, and I ain't got no good hay nor no good oats. Fact is, I sold too much stuff last winter, and oats and hay is so plaguey high now, and I've got to meet a note next month; I can't afford to buy."

Starve and work them hard. Never mind your horses—that's the way to put in a crop.

A fine span of colts, valued at three hundred dollars, were taken to the field one blazing hot day in the latter part of August. Rain threatened, and a tremendous load of wheat was put on the waggon. On the road to the barn is a nasty place where it is always soft and springy. "Put some rails in that hole, Bill, or you won't get through." "Blow the rails! ain't got time; git us there." Down go the forewheels up to the hubs, and there the waggon stops. "Those colts never was stuck, and I guess they'll do it yet," was Bill's remark as he laid on the gad. The horses pull, first together, then one, then the other, till the off horse gives it up, and looking round at the load says as plain as a brute can speak that he can't draw it. "I'll teach you to baulk," says Bill, as he ples the poor horse with lash and oaths. "Guess I'll make you pull somehow." The thrashing won't do; now the horse says, I won't pull. Bill knocks him down with the butt end of the whip. The horse gets up scared and trembling. Bill