

[Essay read by W. H. Wilkinson, graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College, at a meeting of the Veterinary Medical Society.]

And while this operation may appear as an act of cruelty, it is a remarkable fact that the criticism on the practice comes almost wholly from persons who have had no practical experience in the management and feeding of cattle; while its exponents are the men who know full well that more cruelty is directly traceable to the wearing of horns by cattle than can be charged against their owner by his act of depriving them of their useless weapons.

We propose for a moment or two to analyze the facts of the case and see what has given rise to this popular misconception and unjust condemnation or dehorning cattle. Also to call your attention for a little to some of the reasons in favor of the system, and to justify the conclusion that it is a positive benefit to the cattle themselves, to say nothing of the vast amount of comfort to the stock raiser in handling dehorned cattle, against horned ones. It

Any one who has watched a herd of dehorned cattle enjoying the coolness of a pool of water, in refuge from the flies, must have been struck with the contrast of former conditions, when one or two would occupy the pool, to the exclusion of the rest, while now twenty may enjoy themselves in quietness.

I have tried numerous ways in holding them, and the best way I have found yet is to put the halter on them and a lead-rope about fifteen feet long, and then lead them out to a stout post where it stands alone, then put a strap around their neck and the post and buckle it up tight. Then I use the dehorning clipper, which is much better than the saw, I think, as I have used them both, for the saw does not cut them off near so quickly. I take the horn next to the post first, also taking time to get the clipper well down on the head so it will take a rim of hair. When ready, shut down quickly, and off comes the horn, and thus reduces the pain to a mere trifle. So whatever pain there may be attached to it, it will be in the after-condition rather than in the operation itself. I do not like to dehorn under a year and a-half old, as they might grow again, and also at this age they find the full value of their horns.

Instances might be multiplied without number to show the difference in comfort to the cattle themselves, but enough has been said to suggest to your own minds many such illustrations. Hoping to have suggested to your minds more than I have stated, I submit the whole to your judgment, claiming a decision in favor of dehorning of cattle.



"There, if you will just stop and take breath, I will at once relieve you anxiety. I have no proof that he has an iron heart, but I can prove that I have not been flirting, and as she spoke she held up a delicate white hand on which something unmistakably glistened,—and, furthermore, as we have never had any secrets between us, I need not blush to tell you that before the May buds have opened, this little circlet will—"

It was someone else's turn to blush now; but her anxiety for her friend was not lessened.

Well, but I think where there's a will there is a way ; and as for accomplishments, I think they are just as necessary to the farmer's wife as to the merchant's. But we will not quarrel about it, for I shall want to invite you out in strawberry time, when I hope to be able to give you some of the best strawberry cream from my own dairy. But I must be going now. I have some more calls to make for the same purpose that brought me here. I am going to have a small party to-morrow evening. My father will be there, cowhides and all, so prepare to be on your feet and hands."

Mabel Thornton had been spending the winter with relatives in a distant city, and upon her return, a spirit of rebellion rose within her when she realized her friend was about to be torn from her by a rough, brawny farmer. She mentally resolved to dislike him and to be very cool and dignified; in fact, to show him in every possible way the difference between him and his future bride.

The next day she was restless, and quite early in the afternoon found her on her way to Mr. Hammond's, with an excuse to help Hellie.

The last arrangements had scarcely been made, and everything pronounced ready, when he was announced. Nellie, radiant with happiness, one hand extended toward him, the other holding Mabel's arm, said at the same time: "Herbert, this is my dearest friend, Mabel Thornton. Mr. Warrington—"

The door closed, and Mabel was alone with that terrible farmer. A very few minutes sufficed to drift into conversation with Herbert Warrington. Interesting and amusing, she soon found him to be well-versed in the topics of the day, and while a lively conversation was going on between them, she was rapidly taking notes.

Nearly half an hour had elapsed;—so deeply interested were they in some paintings they were discussing, they did not notice Nellie's entrance till she stood beside them, beaming with satisfaction that her two friends were getting along so well together.

It was evidently a favorite, for his soul seemed to be in the song, and Mabel, watching him closely, thought his dark eyes took a far-away look, as though he were wandering in fancy by the orchards and brooks of his own country home; but to himself it was the vision of the fair and happy bride he was so soon to take to the cot beside the stream.

Mabel had suddenly come to the conclusion that Nellie might be happy after all, but she could not help wondering how he would look in cowhides and denim.

For fully a minute after Herbert Warrington's song waned, an unbroken silence reigned, the audience seeming scarcely to breathe. Nellie, whose wills came always at her command, requested two of the young ladies to play a duet, but no one seemed inclined to break the echo of the song, and as the hour was late, they all made preparations for home.

"Well, Mabel," said Nellie, "what do you think of my farmer now? I do hope, for my sake, you are not altogether disgusted."

"Yes," continued Nellie, "and my friend Mabel sitting at my right hand, partaking of bacon and beans with hearty relish, while she listens attentively to one of the said blue-shirts, while he relates his adventures with a fractious young team. But I must bid you good-night, for I have a deal to do in the next three weeks, and I think if I get a good nap I will feel none the worse to-morrow."

The three weeks sped 'round with their usual swiftness, and the appointed day, being the 10th of May, was all that could be wished for. Never did the sun shine brighter, or birds sing more joyously; never was bride fairer, or groom more proud and happy, than those two for whom the sun seemed purposely to shine; and when the dainty white hand of Nellie Hammond was clasped in the broad brown palm of Herbert Warrington, it seemed to imply the words before they were spoken—"Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

It had been arranged that after the wedding dinner at Mr. Hammond's, the happy couple should proceed at once to their future home, which was about fifteen miles from the town. Herbert had brought his own carriage for that purpose. The ride proved very pleasant; it could not be otherwise to two persons who so thoroughly enjoyed each other's society.

Nellie stood like one entranced; the beauty of the scene, the silence, the sweet perfume of the orchard, the prolonged echo of the church bell, and her own happiness, were too much for her, and the merry blue eyes filled with tears.

"Darling!" he said, clasping her in his arms, "I thought you were disappointed."

"How could I be, when it is far more beautiful than anything you have ever described!"

At last, as they turned toward the house, Herbert said: "Everything in the house is just as my mother left it when she died five years ago. I have made no alterations or improvements, because I wished to please you, and I thought it would be so much pleasanter for us to plan together."

They had not been long in the cozy, old-fashioned parlor when Mrs. Darwin invited them out to tea. Nellie's astonishment knew no bounds when, entering the dining-room, she found a table set with a snowy cloth, glistening with glass and china; there were jellies, fruits, and delicate cakes, and such delicious bread and butter. Nellie thought she would take great pleasure in preparing such a dainty meal with her own hands.

And there, enjoying the beauties of a balmy spring twilight, hand clasping hand, and heart blending with heart, we will leave them.

ing orchards are now laden with fruit, for it is the month of August. The board fence has been replaced by pickets; a neat gravelled path leads up to the gate; on the right of the path are the flower beds, and other out-door games; on the left are beautiful beds of flowers. Two little children of three and five years are sitting on the grass with their aprons full of flowers, making bouquets for mamma; as we reach the verandah we encounter a plump, rosy-checked boy of seven. We peep into the parlor, where everything is neat and new; at the piano sits a delicate girl of nine summers; further on a young woman, with a sweet, matronly woman, busily engaged in preparing the evening meal, while up the path from the meadow comes a happy-looking man whom we have not forgotten.

Robert Thornton had been a frequent visitor at the Warrington during the first summer, openly declaring she was as enchanted with the farm as she was pleased with the farmer. Many were her rambles over the hills, gathering wild flowers and berries; or sitting in the shade of the trees, and pouring slimmings of peas for dinner to the swarms of butterflies that were flying up and down the daisy-leaves to help with the much-despised cream and butter. She was married the following winter to her city clerk, where they managed to live showily, if not comfortably, on his salary: her husband's time being so much occupied, she has little of his society, and often, as she gazes from her window on the busy round and humbling sights for the freedom of Warrington Hill, and the happiness of the inmates of the

"Old Orchard Cot by the Stream."