

FARM NOTES.

—Gluten meal, as a rule, produces soft butter.  
 —Overfeeding is ruinous when a horse is doing light work.  
 —Keep the feet of the colts even or un-soundness may result.  
 —The shoes should be light as the weight of the animal demands.  
 —Asparagus is greatly benefited by the application of lime in New England.  
 —Care should be taken to keep the horses properly shod during the winter.  
 —Do not allow the toes to grow too long. Ringbones are often caused by long toes.  
 —It should never be lost sight of, that the shorter the calks, the better for the horse.  
 —About four and a half pounds of oats and hay to the 220 pounds of weight is a good rule.  
 —Keep the colts stalls well littered. One slip on a wet floor may ruin a valuable colt.  
 —Berkshires will cut more lean meat than any other breed of hogs, says an Illinois breeder.  
 —Did you know that horses like old-fashioned New Orleans molasses? It is good for them, too.  
 —Willows, some poplars and white maples, can stand severe pruning with impunity, if necessary.  
 —Skim-milk is an excellent food for the weanling, if he is not thriving as he should. Put a little molasses in the milk.  
 —Stop and think about the matter of feeding. If your horse is large, he needs more to eat than he would if he were smaller.  
 —Heavy shoes are needless burden. They increase the strain on every muscle and tendon, and wear no longer than light ones.  
 —If the air in the stable is loaded with offensive effluvia, and the cows have inhaled it indefinitely, their blood becomes poisoned with it. Disease is sure to follow.  
 —High calks afford no firm hold, and as they always wear unevenly, they put the foot out of balance and strain every part of it, often causing lameness and incurable foot diseases.  
 —Never, on any account, allow a cow to calve while fastened in the stanchions. If given reasonable liberty, she will seldom have trouble, and it is cruel and short-sighted to deprive her of this freedom in a critical time.  
 —Hasty and careless milking is often responsible for udder troubles with fresh cows at this season. The dairyman who values his herd will see to it that cows are milked dry and that the stables also are dry and daily cleaned.  
 —If you see that your horses are rubbing their tails at the roots, you may suspect that they are troubled with worms. A bit of salt mixed with an equal quantity of hard wood ashes, a teaspoonful at a time, fed now and then in the grain, is good for this.  
 —The roots of currants and gooseberries of bearing age should not be disturbed by cultivation until after fruiting season. Apply a mulch of coarse manure or straw, thick enough to prevent the growth of the weeds, in and about the hills and the rows.  
 —Straw will give some horses impacted bowels. Care should be taken to avoid such a trouble by noting the effect of feeding straw. In a case of impaction of the bowels, give a pint of linseed-oil, followed after twenty-four hours by another dose somewhat lighter.  
 —An important poultry industry is being developed in Chester county, this State, so it is reported, where farmers are raising guineas in large quantities. It is said that the young guineas are used in hotels and restaurants as a substitute for partridge and other game birds.  
 —Humus-making crops are such grasses as timothy, clover, blue grass, brome grass and alfalfa. It has been found by experiment on the University Farm that grassland plowed and put into crops is under better conditions of moisture and freer from weeds than land that has grown grain continuously.  
 —Examine the work horses and their harness often as the heavy work goes on. Clean grease and dirt from the harness and horses every morning, and use either is apt to cause galls and sores. A pail of water and a sponge or large rag used is the stable frequently and on the horses and collars will obviate many troubles.  
 —The State School of Agriculture, of New York, recommends the mixture of fertilizers by the farmers from the raw materials, and the following formula is recommended: Nitrate of soda, 400 pounds; acid rock, 1100 pounds; potash, 500 pounds. This mixture will cost about \$14 a ton and makes a better fertilizer than those sold at \$20 a ton.  
 —The South Carolina Experiment Station cures scours in calves by putting a half ounce of commercial formalin in 15½ ounces of distilled water and using two teaspoonfuls in each quart of milk. This dose is given both morning and evening. Professor Shaw, of the Michigan Agricultural College, used a mixture of equal parts of camphor, tincture of rhubarb and opiate and hot water, giving a teaspoonful at a dose.  
 —On account of the increasing scarcity of fur-bearing animals considerable interest is being manifested in the muskrat. Both the fur and the meat are staple articles in some of the markets of the East and Middle West during the winter months. The furs are used largely by fur dressers and dyers and are made to closely imitate the more costly furs, thus creating a continuous demand for the pets. Owners of marsh lands have already made the trapping of muskrats profitable, converting otherwise useless lands into income-producing investments. Many lease the trapping privilege to those who make a business of trapping. Farmers' Bulletin No. 396, "The Muskrat," gives a description of its general habits, methods of trapping and the value of its fur and flesh. It will be sent free by the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Delia Priddy's Tea Party.

Delia Priddy flew briskly around her little kitchen. Delia was giving a tea party that night.  
 In the other half of the house two women sat talking in a sunny bow window. Everything here was neat and orderly, but the rooms lacked the air of festivity that was imparted by the preparations for the party.  
 "If I was to give a tea party to the sewing society wouldn't you think I was mean if I didn't invite my next door neighbor?" demanded Ann Bart impatiently.  
 "I don't know," returned Mrs. White evasively. "I guess I'll put this edging in plain. What do you think, Ann?"  
 Mrs. Bart stabbed her knitting needles into the folds of the shawl and leaned back in her rocking chair. "I'd put it in plain if I was you, Sonny. You needn't try to get out of answering me, for I want to know what's the reason Delia Priddy didn't ask me to her party? Haven't I always been nice to her? I've asked her time and again to every kind of doings me and James ever had. Not that she'd ever come a step, but I invited her, and now James is dead and buried and I've come to live in the other half of the house I should think she'd have manners enough to ask me. I've been a member of the sewing society ever since I married and came to Stillwater—that's twenty years ago. It's a public slight, that's what it is!"  
 Mrs. White quivered uneasily. "You never knew Delia before you was married and came to Stillwater?" she ventured hesitatingly.  
 Ann Bart shook her head.  
 "I'll have to be going along home, I guess," said the other woman, rising slowly and picking the threads from her dress. "There's supper to get for Henry and the children and"—she paused awkwardly and shifted her glance from her companion's face to the flowering plants in the window—"your night blooming cereus has got—oh, two, three—it's got seven buds on it! They look like they'll open tonight." She turned surprised eyes upon her hostess.  
 Mrs. Bart's lips took on a bitter curve as she replied: "Yes, it'll be a-bloom tonight. I guess I'll have to admire it all by myself. Every member of the society I asked to come in and see it said she had an engagement—just as if I didn't know 'twas Delia Priddy's party they were going to!"  
 As the afternoon wore on her bitterness increased, and she was trembling with anger and disappointment that she could no longer conceal from herself. She wished some calamity might befall Delia's tea party. Indeed, she was quite willing to become the author of any catastrophe that would put an end to the merry-making.  
 At 5 o'clock she saw Delia, arrayed in a black silk skirt and white shirt waist, tripping down the street with a pitcher in one hand. Delia would be back in ten minutes.  
 Like a little fury the widow flew across the hall and opened Delia's door. The table was set for supper—gold banded china, pale pink ham, pickles and preserves, three kinds of cake, balls of pot cheese, a golden salad—even the bubbling of the teakettle in the kitchen bespoke the pot of fragrant tea that was to come. Ten places were laid, and Ann Bart swiftly located the members of the sewing society, and there were nine and one over—that would be Delia's cousin from the Junction. She was always invited to Delia's parties.  
 Ann Bart hesitated for an instant only. Then she darted back into her own room and fetched a large flat basket from her kitchen closet. Into the basket she set the plates of ham and cake and cheese, the dishes of preserves and the bowl of salad. Guiltily she returned to her own rooms and sought the stairs leading to the large, open raftered attic that was shared alike by the two inmates of the house.  
 On the north half of the room Delia Priddy kept her belongings, and in the south half Ann's things were stored away. Ann was particular to place the captured viands in Delia's half of the attic. When Delia found them she might conjecture what she pleased. Mrs. Bart was too angry to analyze her own motives at that moment.  
 A large chest was set back under the rafters. Ann crept forward and threw back the lid. The chest was half filled with boxes and bundles and formed a safe hiding place for the plates of food. These were set carefully on top of the packages in the trunk, and Ann held one small box in her hand while she arranged the chest. The sound of footsteps on the path below brought her to her feet with a sudden sense of guilt. She dropped the lid with a bang and threw the basket into a distant corner among her own things.  
 Once below in her own rooms she found herself clutching a small paste-board box. She had forgotten to replace it in the chest. She heard Delia on the back porch talking to the cat, and she hastily thrust the box in her workbasket and threw her knitting over the whole.  
 Delia's light step came into the hall and paused at Ann's kitchen door. Mrs. Bart's heart almost stopped beating for an instant, then it went on in heavy, angry throbs.  
 Let Delia Priddy accuse her of stealing the supper. She would laugh in her face!  
 There was the sound of a low knock at the kitchen door, and Ann strode swiftly across the floor and threw the door wide open. There stood Delia with her milk pail in one hand and the black cat curling about her skirts.  
 "Good evening," hesitated Delia, with one look at Ann's face.  
 "Good evening," snapped Mrs. Bart,

with questioning brows.  
 "May I come in for a few minutes?" asked Delia. "I want to say something to you, Mrs. Bart."  
 "Come in," said Ann ungraciously, leading the way into the dining room and pulling forward a stiff rocker. "Sit down."  
 But Delia stood, tall and slender and very pale, her pitcher held in the curve of her long arm. The black cat still arched its back against her silken skirt.  
 Ann watched her and waited, fiercely expectant of the accusation. She imagined that Delia had seen her devastated supper table through the window, or she may have observed Ann in the very act of despoiling the table.  
 "I want you to come to my supper party," blurted forth Delia at last. "I know I've never been very friendly to you, Mrs. Bart, but I mean to do better, and I've put off asking you every day because I thought maybe you'd resent it. Now, it's the very last moment, I just made up my mind to rush in and have it out! I've got a place all laid for you, and I expect we'll all have a real good time together. Will you come?"  
 Delia's blue eyes were lifted for an instant to the crayon portrait of James Bart on the wall over the mantelpiece; then her glance fell on the strangely working features of Ann Bart.  
 "I can't come," said Ann in a choking voice.  
 "Why?" asked Delia gently.  
 "You'll know why—when you go into your rooms," retorted Ann bitterly.  
 "I am sorry. I hope you'll change your mind," said Delia, turning to the door.  
 When the door had closed Ann reached down and took the box out of her workbasket and thrust it in a small cupboard in the chimneypiece. It slipped forward and before Ann could catch it fell to the floor, distributing its contents over the hearth rug.  
 With a little cry of dismay Ann bent down to pick up the scattered letters and photographs. As she placed the last one in the box her arm stiffened, and she held the picture before her eyes with a strange set smile on her face.  
 It was a picture of her husband, James Bart, taken in his handsome young manhood. The bold dark eyes looked confidently into her own and seemed to challenge her to criticize the few words written in his crumpled writing across the bottom of the card:  
 "To Delia, from James. April 2, 1888." That was a year before he had married Ann.  
 Ann rose stiffly to her feet and closed the box with a snap; then she walked deliberately to Delia Priddy's door and knocked loudly.  
 "Come in," said Delia's voice.  
 Miss Priddy was sitting near the devastated supper table, her eyes red from crying. The tall clock in the corner was slowly ticking away the minutes toward 6, when the expected guests would arrive.  
 Instead of feeling triumphant at the downfall of her enemy's hopes, Ann Bart felt very small and mean. But she could be as magnanimous.  
 "I was mad at you, Delia Priddy," she said in a low, even tone, "because you've always snubbed me and because you didn't ask me to your party, so I came in and carted all your food up into the attic, and it's there now, just as good as ever. I'll go up in a minute and bring it down. I want to ask you a question, and you needn't be offended. You used to know my husband before I was married, didn't you?"  
 Delia's head lifted proudly, and she broke the bitter silence of years. "I was engaged to him once, but he jilted

me to marry you. I never felt that I wanted to have much to do with either of you when you came to Stillwater."  
 "I didn't know it, Delia, but you needn't have felt resentful. You ought to be glad you never married James. He was hateful. He was a hard man to live with. I had a hard life." Two crimson spots glowed in Ann's cheeks as she bent over Delia Priddy and kissed her softly. "I'm going up to get that food now. I hope you'll forgive me," she added.  
 "Of course I do. I'm sorry I acted mean, but I couldn't see much of him, and it makes me feel better to know he wasn't perfect," half laughed Delia as she returned Ann's caress. "You'll go and get ready for supper now, won't you? And we'll all like to see the night blooming cereus too."  
 "Very well. I'll come in as soon as I've been up in the attic," returned Ann, hastening away.  
 A little later, as she tied the white lawn bow at her throat and touched her soft tress of hair, she looked over at the crayon portrait of her husband on the wall.  
 "You were a good, kind husband, James, and I ain't really got a word of complaint to make about you, if only somebody had to make it up to Delia for the way you treated her. She won't be anything but glad now because you married me instead of her."  
 Delia appeared in the doorway fresh and smiling. "Some of the folks are coming in the gate now, Mrs. Bart. S'pose you come and help me receive 'em."  
 —This is the month when cows go to pasture through a large part of the country. Give them a good start. Keep them in good heart till they have really made the change from hay to grass. It will pay.

Both Stung.  
 Some time ago an eminent London physician requested an equally eminent surgeon to accompany him to see a distinguished but slippery patient. The patient was exceedingly polite to both the medical gentlemen, shaking hands with them and bowing them out of the room in the most affable manner. Soon after this professional visit the same physician called again on the surgeon, requesting him to accompany him to see another patient. On their way thither the surgeon observed, "I hope this patient will behave more liberally than the last did."  
 "Why?" said the M. D. "Did he not give you a fee?"  
 "Not a shilling," was the reply.  
 "Indeed!" said the eminent physician, with a toss of the head. "Why, he borrowed 2 guineas from me to give to you!"—Tit-Bits.

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