LITTLE GIRL, DON'T CRY.

They have broken your doll, I know; And your tea set blue, And your playhouse, too, Are things of long ago; But childish troubles will soon pass by, There! little girl; don't cry! There! little girl; don't cry! They have broken your slate, I know; And the glad, wild, wild ways Of your schoolgirl days Are things of the long ago; But life and love will soon come by There! little girl; don't cry.

There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry! They have broken your heart, I know; And the rainbow gleams Of your youthful dreams Are things of long ago; But heaven holds all for which you sigh. There! little girl; don't cry!

THE DESERTER.

On five days a week Mortimer Leggett went decorously to school, in a trim blue serge suit and a blue sailor cap, but on Saturdays he shook the soil of civilization from him and went beck to the

He changed his name as well as his clothes, and in full war dress, and a feath-er head-dress made of four defunct feather dusters and a white rooster, answered to nothing but his royal title of "Big Chief Rain-in-the-Face

On this special Saturday the threatening weather and a toothache had conspired against him, so that it was nearly nine o'clock when he joyously circled the back piazza and made for the trackless derness composed of three small tim-

He was still going at a rapid pace when he came around the corner of the long lane where the brook begins; but there he brought up and stood panting.

The man slouching along with a big bundle under his arm stopped also.
"How!" Mortimer Legget saluted, po-

litely.

The man stared. Then he grinned a

"How!" he replied, correctly. "I had a toothache this morning," Mortimer Leggett said, breathlessly. "I'm going exploring." cks," said the man, admiringly,

"so am I." Mortimer Leggett gave a friendly war-

"That's great. Which way you going?" The man hesitated. The ugly lines around his mouth flashed into sight suddenly, and the good nature was gone. 'Oh, I'm just out from the city. I'm

going on a ways to see the country. I'm sick of working like a dog for nothing."
"I am sorry," said Mortimer Leggett.
He did not see the ugly lines. He only saw that the man looked tired. Perhaps, after all, ugliness is often tiredness of body or spirit pushed to the breaking-

"What's your name?" the boy persisted "I'm Big Chief Rain-in-the-Face. It's kind of lonesome playing along. Father don't get home till five, and the baby

said the man again, "Shucks." grudgingly. 'an Indian hut. "I'll show you how to build

"Honest Injun? Where? Down by the

"Have you really got time?" Mortimer nesitated "Time? I should think so. I'm just traveling for pleasure. Come on.'

The May woods were tender and green.
The wanderer's knife was sharp, and his fingers were clever.

and woven and fashioned a hut of branches and leaves, and Mortimer Leggett, in an ecstasy of weariness and de-light, his yellow and white war plumes over one ear, was sitting cross-legged in

The man had thrown off his coat, and his big muscles showed through his rag-ged black shirt. 'You are awful strong," sighed Morti-

Leggett. "I had typhoid last year. I I ain't so strong as you.'

By and by when you get rested up bit, we'll play you are a big chief and I'm a settler, and you can see if you can get "Oh." squealed Mortimer Leggett.

"You sit still and rest first," the man 'That's just like God and fathers, ain't

it?" reflected Mortimer Leggett. What's like-what?' "Why, you looking after me and mak-

ing me rest that's just like God-and "I don't know. Is it?"

"Of course."

"How's that?" curiously. The man had brought out a stubby old pipe and was puffing on it. How the two youngsters at home would enjoy these woods! He moved uneasily as he thought of them. They had never known any thing but dirty brick walls and half-rations and cussing. Well, he had done all he could. He was sick of it. He had been a crazy fool to marry, anyway; but they all did it. On ten dollars a week you can't keep a wife and yourself, to say nothing of children. She had suffer-

ed too. Kitty had. It was time to cut loose. They'd get along somehow without him. There were societies and things, he thought, vaguely. Big Johnson had deserted his family last summer, and they had lived high ever since; people did more for you if you lay down and whined, than they did if you lay that on finheing. you kept on fighting.

Kitty would not suffer, nor the chil-Tommy was the youngest. He might take on some. He had always been a great boy for his father.

'Excuse me," he muttered, laughed.

"You was dreaming out loud, wasn't you?" Mortimer Leggett questioned. "I was going to tell you about the pupples—and God—and fathers."

"Go ahead, then."

"Go anead, then."
"One is brown and he's got a black nose. I got three. Once"—his voice dropped—"I forgot to feed them. I didn't remember till it was night, and I was abed. It was awful dark. Father heard

me crying."
"Shucks, what was you crying for?" 'Cause I knew the puppies

"Well, he went down and fed 'em, didn't

Mortimer Legget stared.
"No, sir. He said I must feed them. You see God takes care of father, and father takes care of me, and I take care of the puppies. Everybody ought to be like God, and take care of what's his, then everbody would be taken care of, and would be happy."

The man puffed silently on his dirty

"But my father, he went down with me to feed them. They cried when saw me, and I cried too. I cried lots. My father said I was res-pon-sible for them, and everybody must take care of what he is res-pon-sible for, just like God."
The man nodded.

"Rested now, sonny?" he said, after a

"Oh yes. Will you play now?"
"Sure thing. You can be the Indian and come on skulking after me. I'll give you a fair chace. If you catch me you can tomahawk me. Mortimer Leggett laughed out shrilly.

Then the chase was on. Mortimer Leggett pursued cautiously and for a little way the white man walk-ed unconscious of his danger. Then a falling stone warned him, and he fled for

his life Being taller, he got scratched some with the brambles and blackberry bushes. Still "Big Chief Rain-in-the-Face" came on relentlessly. At last he had his

victim. The white settler shut his eyes, and Big Chief Rain-in-the-Face took the slyly proffered pocket-knife and boldly scalped After that they both sat down and

"Wasn't that fun?" the boy sighed, breathlessly. "My legs ache. "You're getting too tired. You got to quit and go on home and get your din-

ner. It's clear noon." "Yes, sir. You'll come too?"
"Me? Shucks, no. I got something to

"Oh. please," Mortimer Leggett begged "I want you to see my puppies. I got a duck, too. It's lame." The man went, at last, half because he

was curious, half because the boy was When they reached the house Mortimer Leggett got him as far as the back door,

but there he stuck. "Now you just show me those puppies and that duck, and then I'm on my

At that minute the back door opened. "He won't come in," Mortimer Legget Little Mrs. Leggett looked frightened

and the man understood.
"Of course not, son. You see," he ex plained, I was coming along, and the little chap just coaxed me into an Indian game with him. So I showed him how to make a hut, and then he wanted me to see his puppies and the lameduck, but I'm on my way." Mortimer Leggett's mother's face soft

"He gets lonesome," she said. "There are no other children near. He isn't very strong. That is why I let him run wild on Saturdays." "He ought to run wild all the week.

the man growled. "At first we thought we'd wait another year before we sent him to school, but he's getting to be a pretty big boy—"

The man laughed.
"My oldest boy's only six, but he'd make two of him."

"Yes, in Tarrytown," the man's voice changed subtly, as he remembered.
"I'm just on a trip through—to West-

berg," vaguely.

He could not remember afterward jus why it was that he went in, but he did go in finally, and had dinner with Mortimer Leggett. Nor could he have told how he came to hold the baby, nor why he stay ed on in the afternoon, and showed Mor timer Leggett how to make an arrow and half rebuilt the hut so that it would

not collapse until he came again.

Mortimer Leggett half cried when he went, and he had a pretty hard time get-"The boy's pretty tired," he said to the

little mother as he put him safely within the darkening kitchen, "but it won't hurt him. He'll sleep like a top." "You've given him such a nice time, thank you. I might have known that you had a boy of your own, even though you had not told me," Mrs. Leggett said, and put out her hand.

The man took it carefully. His face

"Perhaps," she hesitated a little, yet her gentle eyes seemed to be reading him through and through—"perhaps if you should get tired of city living, and wanted to come out this way with your family my husband might be glad to see what he could do. He'd like to have a man whom he could depend upon around the place sometimes, and I should like a woman often to help me with the work and the children. We're trying to make the place pay so that my husband can leave the shop. You could talk it over with your wife—you seem fond of the country—and if you wanted to come out this way—"

this wav-"Thank you," the man's voice stuck in his throat. "I—I think Kitty would like it fine. We're both pretty sick of the city. I'll talk it over with her."

A memory swept over him vividly of Kitty fresh and young in a pink dress she used to wear when he first went courting back there in Allegheny. She loved the country, did Kitty. Ah, but she was a pretty colleen then. Something hurt him in his throat, and he pulled awkwardly at the neck of his black shirt.

He went down the small driveway. At the gate he paused and looked back. "Big Chief Rain-in-the-Face" was way him frantically from the front

He swung his cap in answer; then, tucking his bundle under his arm, he turned back toward the city from which he had come out in the gray morning.— By M. Woodruff Newell, in Harper's Ba

There are a great many medscines which will act on the bowels and liver with satisfactory results for the time being. Those who buy and use such medi cines without caring for more than immediate results are very apt to find themselves at last the victims of a medicine which has broken down their strength. In the use of laxatives, the future benefit should be taken into consideration. The excellent laxative qualities of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, are the more appreciated because their effects are curative. They don't make victims of the pill habit. They are essentially the safe and reliable pill for family and household use. FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. How the Women Live. The Festa Days of the Hindu. Vegetation and Birds of this Curious Land.

JHANSI, FEBRUARY 24th, 1912. es, and of course, all went. We sat upon the floor and ate with our fingers; rice, cooked with herbs, over which one poured a dressing made of highly seasoned Methods of the Prosecution In a Great chopped meats, etc. This had to be rolled into a ball and eaten quickly else er place. This, with two kinds of hot cakes, similar to our flannel cakes, one crispy, hot, the other somewhat sad. made up the refreshments.

We entertained ourselves as best we could, trying to keep spotless and yet show full appreciation of the food. We a good deal about every prospective were handed beautiful bunches of roses, juror and perchance has difficulty in grown by the Messman, and sent speedevening. It is strange to think of you as cold when everything here is fairly burning up with the intense heat.

Today I made my first professional call on a Mohammedan woman: we-a nurse and myself-were kept waiting a full half hour before being received. We were then ushered through place after place, and across court yards and alleys until we approached the sick woman's room. She never sees outside the place, which is a little, low, box-like affair, probably six feet high, no windows, mud walls and floors, with solid wooden doors; no chairs and stools to indicate occupancy, but with three native beds, one of which had a solid wooden top, and it was on this that my patient squatted, for none of these women sit as we do hence no chairs are ever seen in native homes. It is hard to grow accustomed to the habits. but I am told, like everything else in India, that too comes in time.

On my way over here I noticed a flock of great, black, hungry looking birds, and was told they were crows. They were almost three feet long with beaks twice as long and thick as my first finger. And noise! the most horrible, deafening, rasping kind, for they seem to be constantly in a wrangle of some sort. Beside them the poor little robin redbreast is a make believe-a wee black bird with the red on his tail and none on

his breast at all. Then comes what they call here the "Seven Sisters;" gray in color and beautifully built, somewhat like our cat birds, but larger and noisy in the extreme as they always travel in flocks of seven, never seen singly. The vultures, both black and white abound in great numbers, but their call is peculiarly weak in comparison to their size, as they are hunter carrying a twenty-four pound about half again as large as our good gun all day long.

There are no sweet song birds here at all. They tell me the climate is too severe. Cranes, large, white and black, long-legged things. Flamingos and peacocks, which, by the way, are wild birds here, are in great numbers all about us. They say the brilliancy of the plumage and the number of birds quite make up for the lack of grass, which is so scarce that one journeys miles without seeing one blade

FEBRUARY 29th. Although the hot days are coming on apace and bringing sand storms with them. we are kept so busy at the hospital that, until the intense heat arrives in its real force, we are quite content. The plague has somewhat subsided, in consequence of which the villagers are ordered back to their homes.

Our dispensary has more patients than is convenient but being mostly babes, left orphans by the plague, we are glad to tuck them away, for later they are sent to good schools to become christianized. It is a curious fact here that, although the natives are so antagonistic to any medical aid, yet they will desert children of the nearest kin and leave them to die along the road, if the parents have "gone on" before.

We go tomorrow to the "30th Punjabs" (the native regiment under English command) to vaccinate sixty-four women, all of whom are in "Perda," on whom no man may look, so you see a woman physician is needed. The regiment has entertained us so pleasantly that we are able to show our appreciation in this way

The natives had another holiday on Monday and the drums were going all the day and night. The entire populace daub their faces and clothes with paint, put on by means of a squirt gun, and the fun-making somewhat resembles our All Fool's day, though the better caste natives will not even appear on the street while the reveling is going on. "John Barleycorn" seems to be high king at all feasts here and between the Mohammed and Hindu there is a feast day each month when all stores and places of business are closed and the town is given over to merry-making, if such it can be termed, for when one watches these poor skeletons, skin-covered, that is all, not enough flesh on his body for padding, it would seem as though they needed all the April fool and feast days in the cal-

endar to keep them agog. I have at last learned why the trees and shrubs are so stunted as to size in and about Jhansi. In some places the soil is only several inches deep, the entire country hereabouts being ledge upon ledge of rock hence the scant vegetation. Cacti, for instance, is the only thing used

for hedges, etc., and it grows in profusion, but palms can't live at all in this climate, being too hot; in fact we have several small ones on our loggia and they have to be protected from the heat. On the other hand rose bushes, heliotrope and garden pinks are giving us much pleasure in our garden, but the labor it The other night we were invited to a takes to keep them alive in this scorch-Tomasha party(Hindustani) by the nurs- ing hot sun would produce garden truck for our entire town at home

[Continued next week.]

Criminal Case. In his book "Courts, Criminals and more ran down one's arms than any oth- the Camorra" Arthur Train, once an assistant district attorney in New York, tells how juries are drawn for a great criminal trial. For a month before a trial, says Mr. Train, every member of the jury panel has been subjected to an unseen inquisitorial process. The district attorney knows restraining a smile when he meets ing on our home way in the early, warm with deliberate equivocation in answer to an important question as to personal history:

"Are you acquainted with the accused or his family?" mildly inquires the assistant prosecutor.

"No, not at all," the talesman may blandly reply. The answer perhaps is literally true and yet the prosecutor may be pardoned for murmuring "Liar!" to himself as he sees that his memorandum concerning the juror's qualifications states that he belongs to the same "lodge" with the prisoner's uncle by marriage

and carries an open account on his

books with the defendant's father. "I think we will excuse Mr. Ananias," politely remarks the prosecutor. Then in an undertone he turns to his chief and mutters: "The old rascal! He would have knifed us into a thousand pieces if we'd given him the chance!" And all this time the disgruntled Mr. Ananias is wondering why, if he didn't "know the defendant or his family," he was not accepted as

Dropping a Pheasant With a Twentyfour Pound Gun.

Foreign sportsmen in China always observe with curious interest the ma-

neuvers of native hunters. An English sportsman tells of an incident he witnessed at the well known Shaba, or lower barrier, of Nadoo creek, in north China. A native shooter had his gingal with him-a most uncanny looking weapon. That there might be no question as to its length, it was placed upright alongside the Briton. It exceeded his height by two feet two inches, making the piece of ordnance over eight feet in length. Englishmen sometimes complain of the weight of their own guns-six and a half to seven and a half pounds. So it is astonishing to behold a Chinese

This particular native was accompanied by a small, odd looking animal, which the foreigner was assured was a dog. Observation of the hunter and dog at work made a deep impression

upon the stranger. A hen pheasant happened to drop into a furrowed field at feeding time. The native took her bearings, crept up as closely as he safely could, put down his gun on a bit of higher ground, and kept it trained on the bird. Meantime the dog lay down across the barrel of the gun, thus serving as a screen for his master. When the proper moment had arrived, the man fired, the bird was killed upon the ground, and the dog remained on the barrel until his master took up the gun to reload .-Youth's Companion.

When Join Rimed With Vine, Some mispronounciations of today once enjoyed the highest standing. We must not think that Shakespeare was sinning when he rimed groin, swine. Indeed, oi, like long i (as in ice), survived regularly through the eighteenth century. When a countrywoman of our time watches the kettle bile or jines the church she has behind her Cowley's join, vine: Gray's shine, join: Pope's join, divine: Dryden's join, design; Addison's find, joined; Coleridge's joined, mind; Wordsworth's joined, dnd, and Byron's aisles, toils. Indeed, so late a writer as Bulwer gives us mind, enjoined, which sounds as dialectical as Gray's toil, smile. It is no wonder that Joel Barlow, the author of our own great typographical epic. "The Columbiad," jined join and divine.- Yale Review.

Absentminded La Fontaine. La Fontaine, whose fables are the

delight of adult Frenchmen and their children's earliest task, was very absentminded. He went to the court of Louis XVI. to present a copy of his fables to the king. And he forgot the book. Fortunately, the king knew La Fontaine, his fables and his foibles and gave him a thousand pistoles (about \$250). Unfortunately, though, La Fontaine left the money in his hired carriage on his way back to Paris.

The Dear Friends "You should not talk about that girl in that fashion." "Why not?"

"The Bible says we should love our "She ain't no enemy; she's a friend of mine."-Houston Post.

Shakespeare on the Road. Hamlet had just been hit by a cold storage egg. whereupon he turned

gravely to his audience. "How truly spoke the good Marcel us!" quoth he. "Something is rotten in the state of Denmark!"-Harper's WHY THE TRAIN WAS LATE

Didn't Have the Nerve to Interfere-He Gulped, So Did Everybody Else.

If the railway guard who held his train half a minute beyond schedule time should be reprimanded at headquarters a hundred nassengers who know why he did it will sign a petition for his pardon. Sentiment was back of it. Somebody wanted to kiss. A lot of people want to do that. Women kiss each other, men kiss their wives. The guards have no patience with sentiment of that kind. They flaunt their contempt by bawling, "Break away there; no time for that!" and refuse to hold the train

half a second for the tenderest salute. But this case was different. It was easy to see how it was. A mother was giving her child away. The little fellow was in good hands. The couple who had adopted him were wholesome, kindly people; the mother was wretchedly poor. No doubt it was best all around to give him away. She and the boy stood the parting like majors up to the last minute, then the baby broke down.

"Mom-mom-mom," he blubbered from the car platform. Before the guard could close the door or give the signal she had reached through the crowd and had

snatched him from the man's arms. "I can't, I can't," she said. And then the kissing began. The enard didn't even try to say "Break away!" He gulped: so did everybody else. Presently the woman handed the boy back, and the train started on amid the deepest silence that had ever hung over that subway station.

First "Lightning Catcher." Nearly everybody believes that Benjamin Franklin was the inventor and constructor of the first lightningrod. In this particular they are mistaken, as the first lightning catcher was invented by a poor monk of Bohemia, who put the first lightning-rod on the palace of the curator of Preditz, Moravia, June 15, 1754. The apparatus was composed of a pole surmounted by an iron rod, supporting twelve curved branches and terminating in as many metallic boxes filled with iron ore. The entire system of wires was united to the earth by a large chain. The enemies of the inventor, jealous of his success, excited the peasants of the locality against him, and under the pretext that his lightning-rod was the cause of the excessive dry weather, had the rod taken down and the inventor imprisoned.

Serbs Are a Peasant People. The inhabitants of the Balkan provnces are not the warlike, ferocious people that popular imagination in this country is apt to picture them. The Servians, for example, are a genuine simple peasant folk, whose nome life might be copied with adder the rule of the great powers of Europe. The Servian practices the art of co-operation, while civilized people are learning its elements. Every little homestead in Servia is a family commune, while in some of the mountain districts exists the zadriga, or communal village, where everything s held in common, and where the oldest man is the guide and commander and final authority as to the mating of the people in his district.

Founded Sect in Japan. A forerunner of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy has been discovered. She was a Japanese woman who, long before Christian Science was heard of, founded in the Island Empire a very similar cult. According to a writer in the London Chronicle, about 4.000,-000 inhabitants of Japan are believers in this system, which they call "Tenrigyo" and the "medical religion." Few in England or America had heard of this religion until, not long ago, four missionaries from Japan settled for a time in London. talked of their faith to some whon they met and, departing, left behind them a little book written in English

but printed in Osaka. Starting a Missouri Train. A drummer and a friend climbed board a ramshackle train in an isolated Missouri town. The train was a feeble, asthmatic piece of mechanism and the humane society should have prosecuted its owners for allowing it

It finally came to a dead stop just on the edge of the town and after a long interval of trying to make it go the engineer stuck his head in the door and bawled:

"Say, you two gents'll have to git out till I git it started!"-Kansas City Star.

Working for the Boss Easy.

A man complains of being worked to death since he went into business for himself. Now all he can think about is getting down early and keeping on the job until everybody else goes, not even taking time out for luncheon. He had it easy when working for the boss, because he had ing for the boss, because he had gested state and indigestion and colic regular hours for starting in and may result. Water in small quantities

were stopping at his station, so he up with a jump and just about tore off the half of the skirt of his cutaway on the half of the half of the skirt of his cutaway on the half of the skirt of his cutaway on the half of the skirt of his cutaway on the half of which the fat man was sitting.

FARM NOTES.

-The Michigan Experiment Station says the farmer can keep his wheat from "running out" by the use of a fanning mill, by the proper care in threshing and by occasional selections of a few heads at harvest time to be planted in a seed plot.

-Colic in one form or another, is one of the commonest diseases of horses, and is responsible for the loss of a large number of them annually.

The total amount of colic can be vast ly reduced, however, by suitable feeding and watering, careful attention to the teeth and working the horses on common-sense princip

-One point worthy of mention in regard to the 1912 apple crop was the un-usually large size of the fruit of certain varieties. Twenty-ounce apples that exceeded the weight which gave the variety its name were not uncommon, and nany Baldwins were so overgrown that it would puzzle an expert to classify them if he did not know that they grew on Baldwin trees. The latter part of the season was highly favorable to the development of late winter fruit.

-Foreign experiments recently reported to the Department of Agriculture show that with the grape root-worm the use of a molasses-arsenate of lead mixture-six pounds of arsenate of lead, two gallons of molasses and 100 gallons of watergives superior results, since the inability to cover all the foliage with the spray is balanced by the habit of the beetles seek ing the sweet, and also the insects are killed, instead of being driven to other vines as appears to be the case with other mixtures. The behavior of the rose chafer toward arsenate of lead alone, or with Bordeaux mixture, is similar to that of the root-worm. The use of molasses with arsenate of lead in Bordeaux mixture gave the same results as when the arsenate of lead and Bordeaux were used

-For perfect mastication the teeth must be in good order. Frequently in young animals mastication is imperfectly performed, due to faulty shedding of the first teeth, while in older animals the edges of the teeth become so long and sharp that mastication becomes almost impossible. Horses so affected will bolt their food without proper crushing, and this of itself frequently causes colic through fermentation in the stomach. Teeth should be examined occasionally, and treated if necessary, as, apart from colic, faulty teeth are respon-

sible for great loss of condition.

If small balls of partly-chewed food are found in the manger, watch the horse eating, when it will probably be found that he gives two or three rapid move-ments of the jaws and drops the food from the mouth. This process is known as "quidding," and indicates that the teeth are badly in need of attention.

While on the subject of proper mastication, horses whose teeth are in good order frequently bolt their food from habit. This should be prevented by mixing chaff or dry bran with the grain and by placing several large stones in the manger to prevent bolters from securing too big a mouthful at a time. Should a horse's stomach become overloaded he cannot relieve it by vomiting, as, owing to the anatomical

ting is impossible. -A consideration of the anatomy and physiology of the horse's stomach will tive derangements which produce colic. The stomach is a bag-like organ with two openings, one from the gullet and the other to the bowel, and, as already stat-ed, it is remarkably small. It has powerful muscular coats for the purpose of kneading and churning the food, and it manufactures a digestive fluid called gastric juice in very large quantities. The capacity of the organ is from 25 to 30 pints, and digestion is more rapid when two-thirds full. It is obvious that the small stomach of a horse necessitates that it must be constantly refilled in or-der to dispose of the large amount of food required by the animal. Food is not meant to stay long in the stomach or first portion of the intestines, and in the three or four days which it takes to go from the mouth to the anus, all but a few hours is spent in the large bowels at the end of the intestinal tract. Food should be digested and passed out quickly, and anything which causes reten-tion of food in the stomach is liable to produce colic. To insure rapidity of tomach digestion it is essential food shall arrive in that organ in a properly prepared state. It must be thoroughly masticated and well mixed with saliva, and the better masticated the

more easily is it digested in the stomach. -Horses require from five to fifteen galons of water a day, the quantity depending upon the temperature and the amount of work performed. The water should be as pure as possible, clear in appearance and free from taste, color or smell. Pure water is just as essential to a horse as it is to a man, and it is a mistake to suppose that a horse can drink badly con-taminated water with impunity. Water obtained from pools or shallow wells, contaminated with surface drainage, or containing decomposing organic matter, frequently causes diarrhoea, and generally predisposes to colic. Water that contains a large amount of sediment should not be given, as the sediment causes a mechanical irritation of mucuous mem-brane of the stomach and intestines known as sand colic. When at rest in the stable water should be given three times a day, and should invariably be given previous to feeding.

This latter point is of considerable practical importance. A horse's stomach is small in proportion to its size, and water does not remain in it, but passes through the stomach and small bowel to the caecum, or water-gut. If water is given after feeding, besides weakening the digestive juices, a considerable portion of the food in the stomach and small intestines will be washed out in an undileaving off, and at luncheon took an hour and a half or two hours out in the fresh air looking around, shopping or calling on friends.

may result. Water in small quantities can be given within an hour or so from the completion of feeding if desired. After a long journey a good plan is to water a mile or so before the journey's end, and take the horse slowly in afterend, and take the horse slowly in afterend. Don't Sleep in Cutaways.

A fat man got aboard the cars and squeezed into an empty seat next to a sleepy man wearing a long-tailed cutaway. Then in a few minutes the drowsy man opened his eyes, looked out of the window and saw the cars should come first, and while the animal is still warm is the best time to give it.