

**Beauty Is Blood Deep.**  
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver, and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to do this by taking Cascarets, and that sticky bilious complexion by taking Cascarets. Beauty for ten cents. 50 Cascarets, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

**In a New England factory women are employed as piano makers.**

**A New Southern Resort.**  
A new Southern resort of surpassing beauty on the Isle of Palms, about six miles from Charleston, S. C., reached by the Southern Railway to Charleston, and the Consolidated Franchise Company from Charleston, through Sullivan Island.  
The Isle of Palms is an island upon which nature has lavished her most precious gifts. The foliage is of tropical richness, while the warm waters of the Gulf Stream beat upon the shores of the finest Atlantic Coast surf bathing beaches.  
A splendid pavilion of great size has been erected, which will be enclosed by glass in winter, making the most unique sun parlors in the South. The military band from the Art gives attractive concerts daily. A new hotel has also been built, called "The Isle of Palms," which compares most favorably with the best hotels in the world. It has over four hundred rooms, the service is perfect, the cuisine unsurpassed. It is open all the year. Full particulars of Alex. S. Thwait, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway, New York.

The strength of two horses equals that of fifteen men.

**Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.**  
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklets and sample free. Sterilizing Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

The Church of Scotland has forty-nine mission schools in India, with 3000 pupils.

**Absolutely Free.**  
To introduce Findley's Eye Salve I will send by mail absolutely FREE a 25 cent box to any one writing me a postal card giving name and address. It cures sore eyes at once. Address J.P. HAYTER, Decatur, Texas.

There are 635 professional guides in the Tyrolean Mountains.

We have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 29 years.—LIZZIE FRISKIE, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, 1894.

About one German woman in every twenty-seven works in a factory.

**"He Laughs Best Who Laughs Last."**

A hearty laugh indicates a degree of good health obtainable through pure blood, and one person in ten has pure blood, the other nine should purify the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Then they can laugh first, last and all the time, for

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Never Disappoints

The Real Culprit.

A youthful graduate of the Harvard Law School went out West and opened an office in a small frontier town. His first client was a man accused of stealing a horse. The case came to trial before an old judge and a jury composed of bewhiskered ranchers, and though there was no doubt of the guilt of the defendant, he had a regiment of friends who swore he was forty miles away when the horse was stolen. This evidence the prosecution was unable to break down, and the young lawyer planned himself on a certain acquittal. The jury retired, and five minutes later came back into court.

"Have you agreed on a verdict?" asked the judge.

"We have," answered the foreman, as he shifted a gun he carried on his hip. "We find the defendant not guilty, and recommend the defendant's lawyer, owing to his youth and innocence, to the mercy of the court."—New York Tribune.

**MOTHERHOOD** is woman's natural destiny. Many women are denied the happiness of children through some derangement of the generative organs. Actual barrenness is rare. Among the many triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the overcoming of cases of supposed barrenness. This great medicine is so well calculated to regulate every function of the generative organs that its efficiency is vouched for by multitudes of women.

**SORROWS OF STERILITY**

Mrs. ED. WOLFORD, of Lone Tree, Iowa, writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I had one child which lived only six hours. The doctor said it did not have the proper nourishment while I was carrying it. I did not feel at all well during pregnancy. In time I conceived again, and thought I would write to you for advice. Words cannot express the gratitude I feel towards you for the help that your medicine was to me during this time. I felt like a new person; did my work up to the last, and was sick only a short time. My baby weighed ten pounds. He is a fine boy, the joy of our home. He is now six weeks old and weighs sixteen pounds. Your medicine is certainly a boon in pregnancy." Mrs. FLORA COOPER, of Doyle, S. Dak., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—Ever since my last child I suffered with inflammation of the womb, pains in back, left side, abdomen and groins. My head ached all the time. I could not walk across the floor without suffering intense pain. I kept getting worse, until two years ago I wrote to you for advice, and began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had not finished the first bottle before I felt better. I took four bottles, and have been strong and perfectly healthy ever since, and now have two of the nicest little girls."

**"Where Dirt Gathers, Waste Rules."**  
Great Saving Results From the Use of

**SAPOLIO**

**Farm For Sale.**  
One of the very best hill farms in Watts field, Vermont, seven (7) miles from rail, road, one-half (1/2) mile from steam saw-mills, comprising 200 acres, half of which is under the highest state of cultivation. Plenty of good timber and excellent pastures. Sugar orchard of 2000 trees, equipped with twelve hundred tin tubs two years old; the balance wooden tubs newly painted and in first-class condition. Latest improved evaporator; iron arch, large sugaring-off arch, sugar-house containing 60 cords four-foot dry wood; three years' supply stovewood on hand. Barns in first-class condition, one nearly new, 175 ton silo; abundance of small fruit; splendid orchard of grafted trees. The place kept through last winter forty (40) head of cattle, seven horses and other small stock; never-falling water at barns and dwelling. Complete set of tools of the best make. The whole place is well fenced and thoroughly well kept up. Dwelling is first-class; two stories, twelve rooms, recently painted inside and out. The whole would be sold at a great bargain, on account of death in family. For further information apply to F. A. Joslyn, Waitsfield, Vermont.

As switchmen, women are employed by several Western railroads.

**To Cure Constipation Forever.**  
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Governor Sayers, of Texas, is one of the champion golf players of that State.

**How's This?**  
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

Consulting fashion expert is a St. Louis woman's occupation.

**Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.**  
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

The number of Buddhists is computed to be 455,000,000.

Mrs. Wislow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Mrs. John J. Ingalls is famed throughout Kansas for her blackberry jam.

**No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.**  
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All druggists.

In Italy 600,000 people find employment in raising silkworms.

Attention is called to the adv. of the Stock Exchange firm of Messrs. Muir & Powell, appearing in another column of this paper.

**Astor Earning Unpopularity.**  
William Waldorf Astor seems to be grievously oblivious of the characteristic adherence of the English people to ancient customs and privileges, and is, in consequence, in bad repute with the tenantry in the vicinity of his estate at Cliveden. For centuries they have been accustomed to indulge in merry-makings and picnics on the Cliveden ground, but the queen's new subject has barred them from the premises. Mr. Astor could scarcely have adopted more effective means by which to render himself unpopular with his neighbors.—Philadelphia Record.

**Advice That May Prove Useful.**  
A Quaker's advice to a son on his wedding day: "When thee went a-courting I told thee to keep thy eyes wide open. Now that thee is married, I tell thee to keep them half shut."

**HER TRIUMPH.**  
She was not the brightest maiden in her class; Every other always stood above her there. And they wondered how she ever came to pass. Not remembering, perhaps, that she was fair.

Here was not the finest essay that was read; She had borrowed her ideas here and there. But they cheered unto the echo what she said— She had precious little wit, but she was fair.

They described the dainty costume that she wore, Nor mentioned what the others had to wear. She was dull, as has been mentioned heretofore; But what of that, as long as she was fair? Chicago Times-Herald.

**A LOCAL PARAGRAPH.**  
BY EDGAR T. FIELD.

"The time has come for the American people to act. Shall fifty million patriots sit supinely by and let conscienceless rascals tear the stars of glory from the flag they love and trample its proud folds of crimson and white into the mire of national dishonor? Not while the deeds of '76 still shine through the mists of years in unexemplified splendor. Not while" —Joel Spively, editor of the Meloege Monitor, laid down his pen with a sigh.

Outside the dusty little window the green waters of the bay were sparkling in the sunshine. A keen north breeze was driving great huddling masses of white-shouldered clouds over a field of dazzling azure, and only a man who loved the sport with the whole-souled earnestness that filled his entire being could know how the fish must be biting on such a morning! Oh, to be out on that gleaming expanse, armed with rod and line, with only the sun and clouds for company and a thousand pounds or so of game fanned vertebrates playing about within reach of his cunning hook.

But also, it was Friday morning. On Saturday some two hundred impatient subscribers would expect the weekly dish of personal, political and intellectual pabulum which his facile pen had long served up to them on that day, with more or less punctuality, according to the season. His duty clearly held him to his post at such a time, however much his inclinations might have led him elsewhere.

So, with another lingering glance at the scene without, Mr. Snively took up his pen and resumed the stirring appeal which was to awaken fifty million patriots to action and incidentally convince the freemen of Meloege that it was their duty to vote for Joe Gridley for poundmaster.

So engrossed did the editor become in this pleasing task that he did not hear a step upon the creaking stair a little later. If he had he would have known at once that it was a woman and a lady who was approaching, for long and often painful experience had enabled Mr. Snively to determine with unerring accuracy what sort of person was climbing the somewhat perilous ascent to the editorial sanctum almost as soon as his foot touched the first step.

But for once the editor did not hear the soft footfall on the stair, so he was very much surprised and, not a little disconcerted when a fresh, sweet voice, almost at his elbow said "Good morning Mr. Snively," and looking up he beheld his neighbor, Mrs. Tracy, her plump figure tightly buttoned into the trimmest of blue serge yachting suits, her smiling face shaded by a wide-brimmed hat and in her hand a fish pole, jointed, brass-tipped, elegant—the very perfection of dainty usefulness.

Without waiting for a response to her greeting she briefly made known her errand. She was anxious for a day's fishing and had been told of an Elysian spot, where the fish were so plentiful they were actually to be had for the asking. Unluckily, however, her own boat had not come, so she ventured to ask if, in case he was not as kind as to lend her his yawl, it being impossible to hire one in the village.

Mr. Snively was delighted. Mrs. Tracy was a pretty widow of uncertain age but no uncertain charm, who had taken the cottage next to the editor's own some six months before. In the course of a rather desultory acquaintance the genial bachelor, whose ideas of the fair sex were those common to his kind, had discovered that his fair neighbor was a cheery little body of sound political views and excellent tastes (from the first she had been a prompt and paying subscriber to the Monitor), but beyond that his imagination had not soared. Now, however, behold the pretty widow invested with a wholly new interest. She was fond of fishing!

Eagerly Mr. Snively assured his visitor of his pleasure in putting his boat at her disposal and gave her exhaustive directions as to the means of obtaining it. A delightful half-hour of conversation followed. As though it were a magician's wand the dainty fish pole had placed the editor and his guest at once on terms of the most charming intimacy and the former didn't remember ever to have enjoyed a conversation so much in his life, albeit the talk was wholly of reels and rods and spoon-hooks and other instruments of slaughter.

All things, however, are bound to come to an end, especially in an editorial office, so it wasn't long before Mrs. Tracy took her leave, escorted down the stairway by her delighted host.

At the door they were met by a spicy breeze straight from the pine woods across the bay. Mr. Snively sighed.

"Where is this wonderful place you are going to?" he asked.

"Ah, that's a secret," she replied, gayly, "I promised I'd never, never tell."

"Oh, well, then I suppose it's a crime to even guess." And once more the editor sighed as he glanced out at the sparkling waters.

"But you have been so kind," exclaimed the widow, noting the sigh and immediately filled with compunction. "It seems ungracious of me to keep it from you who love so to fish."

And then as she saw him give another wistful glance bayward she burst out impulsively: "Promise me not to be tray me and I'll tell you—it's Patchang lake!" "Patchang!" cried Mr. Snively in surprise. "Why, I never heard of a fish down there in my life."

"That's the charm of it," she rejoined, gleefully, "and the man who told me about it (such a dear, dirty, old fisherman he was) was fearfully afraid some one else would find it out, so don't betray me." And she hurried away with a parting smile that made the dusty office seem duller than ever when he got back to it and reluctantly commenced setting up his editorial, for Mr. Snively constituted the whole working force of the Monitor.

And his task seemed harder than ever after the interruption. Thoughts of his pretty visitor kept intruding themselves into the midst of his most impassioned appeals to the voters of Meloege.

How blue her eyes were and what bewitching little rings of hair had blown up under the big hat.

And then the fishing.

The editor of the Monitor shook his head. Could it be possible any man living could have a soul so lost to honor as to play a joke on a woman who looked like that? It seemed impossible, and yet Mr. Snively was as sure there wasn't a fish within a mile of Patchang as he was that there wasn't a free silver man in Meloege.

Perhaps even then Mrs. Tracy was sitting in that yawl vainly waiting for the bite he felt certain she wouldn't get if she sat there till the United States got an honest government. And he was actually staying at home and deliberately abandoning a friend to such a fate!

As this agonizing thought occurred to Mr. Snively he dropped his type and started for the door. But once there he paused and slowly returned to his form, only to find it more and more impossible to keep his mind on his work.

At last he gave up in despair. Taking a hasty survey of what he'd already accomplished he found his columns tolerably full, with the exception of perhaps a single paragraph on the local page. By hard work the following morning he might hope to set up his pages and would trust to luck for the missing paragraph.

Like all fishermen, Mr. Snively was a firm believer in luck. He was also a man of action when he chose, and within five minutes of this calculation he had locked up the editorial department and was on his way to Patchang lake.

When he reached that shallow sheet of water a little lady in blue serge sat in a boat in the center thereof, with an expression of virtuous indignation on her sunburnt features.

"What luck?" called the editor from the shore.

"Luck!" cried the fair sportswoman dolefully. "There's not enough water in this lake to catch cold in, much less a fish. All I've got for my trouble is a mighty poor opinion of fishermen in general and one dirty one in particular."

"Come over here," said Snively. "I know a pond not a thousand miles away where the fish bite like mosquitoes. If you'll try it I think I can raise your opinion of fishermen before I'm a day older."

"I can't," confessed the widow, blushing with anger and mortification. "I'm stuck in the mud."

One moment the man of letters hesitated on the bank and then, with an inward prayer that he might at least be spared to get out that week's paper, he waded boldly into the expanse of treacherous mud that rolled between him and the beauty in distress.

The next morning the editor walked into the Monitor office clad in his Sunday clothes. With his accustomed methodical neatness he pulled off his coat, hung it behind the door, and carefully drew on his linen sleeves a pair of black alpaca ones. Then he lighted his pipe and took his place at the form.

There, just as he had left it, was the vacant space at the end of the local column still yawning for the missing paragraph.

Mr. Snively regarded it for a few minutes reflectively—then he took up his pen, as a smile gradually spread itself over his face until it reached his eyes. It still lingered there when a little later he finished and paused to glance over his work.

What he read was this:

"The editor of the Monitor, after many years of bachelorhood, has had the good fortune to incur the risks and responsibilities of matrimony. He was married this morning to Mrs. Gertrude Tracy of Elm cottage and asks the congratulations and good wishes of his subscribers in this the happiest hour of his life."—Edgar Temple Field.

**The Number of Naval Officers.**  
The United States navy now has one admiral, 18 rear admirals, 70 captains, 112 commanders, 170 lieutenant commanders, 300 lieutenants, 130 lieutenants, junior grade; 107 ensigns, and 92 cadets at sea. In the Marine corps are one brigadier general, five colonels, five majors, five lieutenant colonels, 10 captains, 41 lieutenants, 45 first lieutenants and eight second lieutenants.

**FOR FARM AND GARDEN.**

**Don't Use Turnips for Ensilage.**  
A small experimental silo was filled with cut turnips and heavily weighted. The material contained 9.50 per cent. dry matter. The experiment was tried in midwinter, with cold turnips and in a cold room. There was no appreciable rise in temperature, and all went well for about two weeks when the mass gave way and fell in. There was too little dry matter, particularly of a fibrous nature, to hold together the mass. The result was as expected and the moral is, Don't.—Vermont Station Bulletin.

**Give Calves Starchy Food Springly.**  
Never put corn, kaffir corn meal or any other grain in the milk for calves. The starch of corn has to be changed to grape sugar before it is digestible. This change only takes place in the presence of an alkali and is done chiefly by the saliva of the mouth. When corn is gulped down with the milk the starch is not acted upon by the acids of the stomach, but remains unchanged until it comes in contact with the alkaline secretions of the intestines. With hogs the stomach is small and the intestines long. This allows starchy matter to be digested in the intestines. The opposite is true with the calf, the stomach being large and the intestines short. Unless the starchy matter is largely digested by the saliva of the mouth, complete digestion will not take place in the intestines and the calf scours.—D. H. Otis in New England Homestead.

**When to Feed Bees.**  
Between the blossoming of the fruit trees and the coming of a good honey supply from any other source there is usually a season when the bees obtain but little honey. They do not store a large amount from fruit blossoms, but it is enough to feed them well and induce them to breed rapidly. If they do not have a surplus when the apples blossom, it will happen at the end of the bloom, they will have a considerable amount of brood and brood comb, and a queen that is in good condition to go right on depositing eggs if she is kept supplied by the other bees with food.

If she is not she stops laying and the stores are used for the brood, often proving insufficient, and resulting in loss of brood by starvation. Certainly it results in the colony ceasing to increase until there is a new source of obtaining honey. It would undoubtedly be profitable to feed at this time, giving a supply of sugar syrup every day until it is found that they are obtaining honey from the fields again.

This should result in a large and strong colony, and possibly in swarming early. It is the old queen which goes out with the swarm, and if she gets well established with combs or foundation which she can quickly fill with brood, she may lead out another swarm from her new hive. Such a swarm would probably be better than a second swarm from the old hive.

Yet it may and often does happen that the colony in the old hive will send out their second swarm in eight or ten days after the first one left. It would be better in most cases to prevent this by cutting out any queen cells left after the swarm has gone, and that may be built there, and to encourage storing of surplus honey instead. The young queen left in the old hive after swarming may be in such haste to go as to result in two small and weak colonies, not as valuable as one strong one, and in a necessity of feeding both, while if kept from swarming, the entire colony may store a good amount of surplus honey, besides their winter supply.

To gain one new colony from the old one is doing well, and often two good ones may be obtained in a good season, but to increase fourfold is likely to result in the loss of one, at least, before winter ends, unless much care is taken and food given.

**Stable Accommodations.**  
It has been unquestionably proven that the barn or stable in which the cows are kept should be built with an eye single to their use alone. The building should be large with an open lot, and thoroughly ventilated. The floors made of dirt, firmly packed down, should be raised about four inches higher than the outside ground. Each stall should be large enough to allow the cow plenty of room beside that of the milker. Shed rooms may be attached for storing the grain and forage, which may be thrown into the feed stalls through openings provided in the walls of the barn leading into the shed rooms. This would be convenient and also allow the feeding to be done quickly and under cover, if the weather was bad. For the best sanitary regulations there should be from 1000 to 1200 feet of cubic space prepared for every cow. Box stalls are better than open ones, as in the latter the cows have less space and it is necessary to tie them. In the open stall a manure gutter should be provided about 20 inches wide and shallow in depth. This should be well cleaned every day, the manure removed to a covered pen outside the building, if it is not convenient to have it at once broadcast on the land. The daily use of a small quantity of land plaster in the gutter and scattered over the stalls will greatly aid in retaining the ammonia, the highest and most valuable percentage of plant food in barn yard manure. At least twice a year whitewash the inside walls of the building, and keep the cobwebs carefully swept down. Close confinement in buildings not well ventilated is as injurious to the cow as it is to a human being. The perfect health of the herd is most important.

**Stable Hints.**  
Let the horse have some exercise every day, otherwise he will be liable to disease.

Never dust a horse in his stable. The dust fouls the crib and makes him loathe his food.

When cool, dry and willing to eat let him have his oats and stand by while he consumes it.

Let the heels be well brushed out every night. Dirt, if allowed to cake in, causes grease and sore heels.

Look often at the animal's feet and legs. Disease or wounds in those parts, if at all neglected, soon become dangerous.

Use the currycomb lightly; when used roughly it is a source of great pain. To fine skinned horses it should never be applied.

When a horse is washed never leave him till he is rubbed quite dry and bandaged all round. He will probably get a chill if neglected.

When a horse comes in from a journey the first thing is to walk him about till cool, if he is brought in hot. This prevents him taking cold.

The next morning, after your horse has come home tired and wearied, let his legs be well rubbed by the hand. Nothing so soon removes soreness. It also detects thorns or splinters, soothes the animal and enables him to feed comfortably.

The next thing is to groom him quite dry, first with a wisp of straw, and then with a brush. This removes dust, dirt and sweat and allows time for the stomach to recover itself and the appetite to return. It also refreshes the animal. If he has been fasting long, give him a small quantity of hay during grooming.

any change in the appearance of the cow, her flow of milk, appetite, etc., should be immediately noted, by adopting a careful daily observation of the herd, and such remedies applied promptly as will correct the trouble. Long years of experience in the dairy business have proven that September and October are the best months for calving. From a month to six weeks is long enough to allow the cow to remain dry. It is best therefore that the dairy cow calve annually. There are a number of matters along this line of the business which cannot be covered in one article. The details of the dairying industry are quite lengthy and somewhat complicated. It is a business which requires much knowledge of details to secure that success which makes any business attractive to the investor.

**The Treatment of Earth Roads.**  
Drainage is of the utmost importance to an earth road. Water is the greatest foe to all roads and especially so of earth roads, for if these are not dry they have no bottom at all. Thorough drainage must be provided for taking away the water which falls upon the surface and also that which would rise to the top from underlying springs. If the subsoil is of a springy nature it will be necessary to run a line of tile down the centre of the roadbed, or if the expense is no objection two on each side of the roadbed. Some will say a tile drain is of no use because the surface will become so hard that the water cannot find its way down to the drain. It is not such water we wish to remove by tiles, but the bottom water which if not removed would work its way up to the surface by means of the capillary attraction and keep the surface soft and springy so that it will cut up easily into ruts by passing wagons. When these ruts are filled by rains the evil is intensified.

In caring for the surface it is important to see that the ditches are of sufficient depth to carry off all the water that will fall during the heaviest rain storm. The culverts must be in working order so that there will be no ponds beside the road soaking into and through the roadbed, allowing it to cut and spring with every passing load. This is a very important point, as it is impossible to maintain a firm roadbed where water stands in ponds in the ditches during wet weather. The surface should be graded smoothly from the bottom of the ditches to the centre of the road, so that in passing a wide load you can drive into the ditch without danger of upsetting. By this means all rain water will be carried off the surface at once into the ditches.

A road of this kind should be carefully watched through the season. All ruts and holes should be filled immediately, as every passing wagon only makes them deeper, and the old adage, "A stitch in time saves nine," is as true in road building as in anything else. Ruts formed by travel if taken before the road gets baked too hard and dry can be filled by running the disk harrow over them and then rolling with a heavy roller, or better still, by means of a cheap and easily constructed road leveler. It is made by taking a single plank 4 or 5 inches thick and 15 or 17 inches wide. A piece of iron or steel 2 or 3 inches wide is bolted onto the bottom of the front side of the plank, while a couple of long iron braces will strengthen the tongue. This machine will cut the surface better if the tongue is put in at a slight angle so as to draw the cutting edge somewhat in the slant of the road grader. The use of this last named machine is to be highly recommended, especially for earth roads, for by its use the surface can be kept at all times oval and smooth with little labor. Unfortunately such machines are expensive, and where only one or two are owned in a township they are likely to be in use or at the farther end of the township when most needed. The use of the roller should not be neglected; a heavy roller should follow the road grader at all times.—American Agriculturist.

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