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Night refugees in Paris shelter the arts. The nine establishments in 1893 were used by 137 actors, forty-three singers, seventy-one musicians, twelve pianists, twenty architects, 398 artists (painters), fourteen authors and eight-hundred journalists.

Twenty years ago Dr. E. H. Dewey, of Mendville, Penn., wrote a book proving that the way to be healthy was to go without breakfast. The cult has lived since then, and, according to the New London (Conn.) Day, there are more than one hundred persons in that town who eat no breakfast.

The proportion of women suicides to that of men is small; whether because their moral courage is less, their moral courage more or their voices lighter, it would be interesting to know. It may, however, be safely assumed that the last named is not the reason, observes the New Orleans Picayune.

The importance of forestry is urged by Professor W. T. Thistleton Dyer on account of the probability that the supply of timber may be exhausted before that of coal. It further appears in view of our complete dependence upon the products of the vegetable kingdom for the necessities of our existence.

The proposition of some romantic writers to put their romances to the test by actually living through the experiences described should be discouraged, maintains the Chicago Record. Anyone trying to live the experiences of a romance of the modern sensational school would come into contact with the police before he had lived past the first chapter.

One of the tendencies of the age in the way of railroad improvement, noted by the New York Telegram, is the increased length of rails. The Pennsylvania has laid a few miles of sixty-foot rails, and the Lehigh Valley has been trying forty-five-foot rails. Now the Columbus, Hooking Valley and Toledo will lay a few miles of the sixty-foot rails as an experiment. The utility of the long rail is that it requires fewer joints, and, in consequence, affords smooth riding.

The growth of scholarships in the leading universities of this country is one of the best signs of educational progress, declares the San Francisco Chronicle. A scholarship can only be obtained by a good student who has mastered his specialty, but at Cornell University the system is now tried of offering eighteen scholarships, each worth \$200 for two years, to freshmen who pass certain special examinations in addition to the usual test for matriculation. If many of our colleges spent less money on buildings and more on scholarships the work done would be greatly improved in quantity and quality.

"Dime Novel" Beadle, the man who became famous as the publisher of "dime novels" long before cheap literature was so plentiful as it is now, died at residence in Cooperstown, N. Y., recently, announces the New Orleans Picayune. Seeing the immense profit to be made on cheap and sensational literature, in 1853 Mr. Beadle established a printing office for that purpose in New York, and thus became the forerunner of the many concerns which now flood the country with flashy stories—stories that fill the small boy's heart with delight and his soul with crime. Parents and police who have been called on to discipline little boys whose heads have been turned by the wild adventures of "Blue Mick, the Bowery Tough," and stories of that ilk, hardly regard Mr. Beadle as a public benefactor, but, on the other hand, one must remember with abiding gratitude that he inaugurated the movement that put the best thoughts—the greatest books—within the reach of the poorest.

"FROM SHADOW--SUN."

I learn as the years roll onward
And leave the past behind,
That much I have counted sorrow
But proves that our God is kind
That many a flower I longed for
Had hidden thorns of pain:
And many a rugged by-path
Led to fields of ripened grain.

The clouds but cover the sunshine,
They cannot banish the sun;
And the earth shines out the brighter
When the weary rain is done.
We must stand in the deepest shadow
To see the clearest light;
And often from wrong's own darkness
Comes the very strength of right.

The sweetest rest is at even,
After a wearisome day,
When the heavy burden of labor
Has been borne from our hearts away.
And those who have never known sorrow
Cannot know the infinite peace
That falls on the troubled spirit,
When it sees, at last, repose.

We must live through the dreary winter
If we would value the spring;
And the woe is must be sold and silent
Before the robins sing.
The flowers must lie buried in darkness
Before they can be in bloom;
And the sweetest and warmest sunshine
Comes after the storm and gloom.

So the heart from the hardest trial
Gains the purest joy of all,
And from lips that have tasted sadness
The sweetest songs will fall.
For as peace comes after suffering,
And love is reward for pain,
So, after earth is heaven—
And out of our loss the gain.

—Agnes L. Pratt.

A POSTAL COURTSHIP.

BY LITCHFIELD MOSELEY.

THE prettiest little creature I ever saw," said Mr. Willoughby Vane, as he turned from the window for the fiftieth time that morning. "Jane," he added, addressing the housemaid, who was clearing away the breakfast things, "have you any idea who the people are who have taken old Mr. Adderly's house, opposite?"

"Well, vos sir, if you please," returned the handmaid. "I met their cook at the grocer's the other day, and she said that her master's name was Black—Captain Choker Black—and that he was staying here on leave of absence with his wife and daughter, sir."

"Oh, indeed; did she happen to mention the young lady's name?" "Yes, sir; she called her Miss Eva."

"Eva! What a charming name!" murmured Mr. Willoughby to himself; and then he added aloud: "That will do, Jane, thank you." Mr. Willoughby Vane was a bachelor, twenty-eight years old, rich, indolent and tolerably good looking. He lived with a widowed mother in a pleasant house in Albany, and, having nothing else to do, had fallen desperately in love with his pretty vis-à-vis, and anxiously sought an opportunity for an introduction. However, having discovered the name of his enchantress, he determined to address her anonymously by letter.

Having decided upon taking 'this step, the next thing to be done was to put it into execution, and, having shut himself in his little study, after many futile attempts, he succeeded in forming an epistle to the lady to his satisfaction, begging her, if she valued his peace of mind, to return an answer to "W. N., Postoffice, Albany." That done, he went out for a walk, and dropped the letter in the nearest box.

Regularly, three times a day, for a week afterward, he called at the post-office to see whether an answer had arrived for him. As the week advanced Willoughby began to lose his appetite, and grew so restless and irritable that Mrs. Vane, like a fond mother, fancied that her dear boy was ill, and begged him to consult their medical adviser. But her son laughed at her, knowing well that his complaint was beyond the doctor's skill to cure.

He was beginning to despair of ever receiving a reply, when, to his great delight, on the seventh morning, a letter was handed to him by the post-master, written in a dainty female hand, and addressed to "W. V." Al-most unable to conceal his emotion he quitted the postoffice, broke open the seal and drank in the contents.

They evidently were of a pleasant nature, for he read the letter over again, kissed the envelope, put it in his breast pocket, and hurried home to see his innamorata looking out of the window of the opposite house, as usual.

For a moment his first impulse was to salute her respectfully, but immediately afterward he bestowed himself that as he was still incognito the young lady would perhaps feel insulted by the action. Besides, how could she know that he was "W. V.?" So he went indoors, and amused himself for three hours in inditing a reply to her letter, which he posted the same afternoon, and in due course a second answer arrived.

And so matters went on, a constant interchange of letters being kept up for a fortnight, during which time Mr. Willoughby Vane spent his days running to and from the postoffice, writing letters and watching his fair neighbor from the window of the dining-room.

"Confound it!" he would sometimes say to himself. "How very provoking the dear girl is! She never will look this way. I do wish I could catch her eye, if only for a moment.

That a horribly sour looking old crab the mother is! Depend upon it, Willoughby, that poor child is anything but happy at home with those two old fogies. Indeed, her letters hint as much." And having given vent to his feelings, he would put on his hat and walk to the post-office, or shut himself in his room and compose another note to his "Dearest Eva."

At length, three weeks having flown rapidly away in this manner, he received a letter one morning from the young lady, which ran as follows:

"To 'W. V.'—
"Sir—As it is useless to continue a correspondence in this manner, I think it is now time for you to throw off your incognito, and reveal your true name and position to one to whom you are not totally indifferent. Believe me that nothing inspires love like mutual confidence. Prove to me that I have not been imprudent in answering your letters by at once informing me who you are. It is with no feeling of idle curiosity that I ask this, but simply for my mutual satisfaction. Yours, etc.,
"Eva."

To which Willoughby replied by return of post:
"Dearest Eva (if you will permit me to call you such?)—Have you not for weeks past observed a young man, with his hair brushed back, anxiously watching you from the window of the opposite house? And although you have apparently never taken the slightest notice of him, I trust that his features are not altogether repulsive to you. I am that individual.
"Charmed by the graceful manner of thine eye, Day after day I watch and dream, and sigh; Watch the 'drawn of thee, sigh for thee alone."
"Fair star of Albany—may I add mine own? To quote—with some alterations—the noble stanzas of the poet Brown. And now I have a favor to ask you. Whenever you see me at the window take no notice of me at present, lest my mother should observe it. In a few days she will be going out of town, and then we can throw off all restraint. Till then, adieu! Adieu, my adorable one, adieu! My eyes are ever on you. Your own,
"WILLOUGHBY VANE."

To which epistle came the following answer:

"Dear Sir—Your explanation is perfectly satisfactory. I must add, your features are not at all repulsive to me."
"Bless her! What a delightful little soul she is!" ejaculated Willoughby.

And he went out, ordered a new suit of clothes and had his hair cut.
"Willy," said Mrs. Vane to her son the next morning, "I wish you would do something to improve your mind, and not waste your time looking out of the window all day as you have lately done. Come and read the Assembly debates to me, if you have nothing else to do."

The worthy lady was a red hot politician, and for three mortal hours she kept him at this delightful task; and at the expiration of which time he succeeded in escaping to his own room, where he wrote the following note to Eva:

"Dearest Eva—I am overjoyed at the contents of your brief communication. If, as you say, my features are not altogether repulsive to you, may I hope that you will consent to be mine—mine only."
"WILLOUGHBY."

Back came the reply the next morning:
"Dear Willoughby—Your reply has made me very happy. It is very difficult here to meet except father and mother. I long for more consoling companionship. Thine,
"Eva."

In this delightful manner the days flew on—halecyon days, too, for Willoughby, and sweetened by the interchange of this and similar lover-like correspondence. On the following Monday morning Mrs. Vane left town on a visit to some friends in Saratoga, leaving her son to keep house at home. That same afternoon one of Captain Black's servants brought the following note for Willoughby:

"Willoughby—Have you any objection to my telling my dear papa all? Matters have now gone so far that it will be impossible for either of us to retract what we have written. Let us take papa into our confidence. I know his kind and generous nature well, and have no fear that he will oppose our union. Pray send me a line by topper."
"Eva."

The answer was as follows:
"My Own Eva—Do whatever you consider best. My fate is in your hands. If your papa should refuse his consent, I—But I will not think of anything so dreadful. Fear not that I shall ever retract. Life without you would be a desert, with no oasis to brighten it. Yours until death."
"WILLOUGHBY."

That evening, just as Willoughby had finished dinner, he heard a loud double knock at the street door; and on its being opened, a strange voice inquired in a loud tone:
"Is Mr. Willoughby Vane at home?" His heart beat violently as Jane, entering the room, said:
"A gentleman wishes to speak with you in the library, sir."

And she handed him a card, inscribed "Captain Choker Black, 101st Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y."
"I will be with him in a moment," said Willoughby; and he swallowed a couple of glasses of sherry to nerve him for the interview.

"Captain Choker Black, I believe?" he said, as he entered the library.
"Your servant, sir," said the gallant Captain—who, glass in eye, was busily engaged in scrutinizing an engraving of the battle of Gettysburg.
"Your servant, sir." Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Willoughby Vane?" Willoughby bowed.

"Then, sir, of course you know the business that has brought me here."
"Terribly nervous, and scarcely knowing what answer to make, our hero bowed again.
"Come, come, sir; don't be afraid to speak out! My daughter has made me her confidant; so let there be no reserve between us. Eva has told me all!"
Here poor Willoughby blushed up to the roots of his hair.
"You see, I know all about it. You have fallen desperately in love with the poor girl, and, although you have never exchanged three words together, you are already engaged to be married. Mighty expeditions, upon my word! Ha! ha! ha! Pray excuse me for laughing, but the idea is somewhat comical. Ha! ha! ha!"
As the Captain appeared to be in a

very good humor, Willoughby's courage began to rise.
"Don't mention it, sir. You are her father, and have a right to do what you please. But I sincerely trust that you have no objections to offer."

"If None! Believe me, I shall be delighted to see my Eva comfortably settled. But, harkye, sir. Business is business. I am a plain, blunt man; and fifteen years' sojourn with one's regiment on the plains doesn't help to polish one. First of all, what are your prospects?"

And the Captain drew a notebook out of his pocket and proceeded to examine our hero as if he was in a court of justice.
"You are an only son, I believe?"
"I am."
"Good!" And down went the note in the pocketbook.
"Your age?"
"Twenty-eight next birthday."

"Twenty-eight! Good. Is your constitution healthy?"
"I believe so. I have had the measles, whooping cough and mumps."
"Disorders peculiar to infancy. Good." And the Captain scribbled away again.
"Are you engaged in any business or profession?"
"None."

"Then how on earth do you live?"
"On my private income, Captain."
"Then all I can say is you're an uncommonly lucky fellow to be able to subsist on that. I only wish I could. What is your income?"
"About four thousand a year."

"Is it in house property, shares in limited companies or in 'government' bonds? If in public companies, I should be sorry to give two years' purchase for the lot."
"In the new four per cents."
"Good! I think I may say very good. What sort of temper are you?"
"Well, that's rather a difficult question to answer," said Willoughby, smiling for the first time.

"Hang it, sir, not at all!" returned the Captain. "If anyone asked me for my temper, I should say, 'Hasty, sir; confoundedly hasty!' And Choker Black's proud of it, sir; proud of it."
"Say about the average," answered Willoughby, timidly.
"Temper average," said the Captain, jotting it down. "I think these are about all the questions I have to ask you. You know my daughter by sight?"

"I have had the pleasure of seeing her frequently—from the window, sir."
"And you think you could be happy with her?"
"Think, Captain! I am certain of it."

"Very good. Now, harkye, Mr. Willoughby Vane. Marry her, treat her well, and be happy. Neglect her, blight her young affections by harshness or cruelty, and, hang me, sir, if I don't riddle you with bullets! I'm a man of my word, and I'll do what I say, as sure as my name's Choker Black!"

"I have no fear on that score, Captain. Unite her to me, and if a life of devotion—"
"I know all about that," said the Captain. "Keep your fine phrases for the girl's ears. Give me your hand, sir. I've taken a fancy to you."

"You flatter me, Captain!"
"Hang it, sir, no! Choker Black never indulges in flattery. Don't be afraid to grasp my hand, sir; it is yours as long as I find you plain sailing and straightforward. But if ever I suspect you of any artifice or deception, I'll knock you down with it. So now, I hope we perfectly understand each other."

"One word more," said Willoughby.
"Am I to understand that you consent to our union?"
"Certainly. You can be married to-morrow if you please. Sir, the happiness of my dear child is my first consideration. I am not a brute—not one of those unnatural parents people read of in novels. Choker Black may be a fire eater on the field, but at any rate, he knows how to treat his own flesh and blood."

"Captain, you overwhelm me with gratitude."
"Say no more about it. Clap on your hat and come across the street with me, and I'll introduce you to my daughter at once."

Sincerely knowing what he was about, Willoughby did as he was told. They crossed the street together, and the Captain opened his door with a latch key.

"One moment, if you please," said Willoughby, who was titivating his hair and arranging his cravat.
"Are you ready now?" asked the Captain.
"Quite!"

"Mr. Willoughby Vane!" cried the Captain, ushering our hero into the drawing room. Then, waving his hand he added, "allow me to introduce you to my wife and daughter."
Willoughby looked exceedingly foolish as he bowed to the two ladies. On a couch by the fireside sat his enchantress looking more bewitchingly radiant than ever, his vis-à-vis being the tall, thin, angular woman in black that he had frequently noticed from over the way.

"What a contrast," thought Willoughby, "between mother and daughter!"
"Annie, my dear, Mr. Willoughby Vane is nervous, no doubt. You know the adage. Let us leave the young people together, and he'll soon find his tongue then, I'll wager," said the Captain, addressing the younger of the two ladies, who immediately rose from her seat.
"Stay, sir—there is some mistake here," said Willoughby. "This lady is"—and he pointed to the gaunt female.
"My daughter, sir," said the Captain. "My daughter by my first wife."

"And this"—ejaculated our hero, turning to the young lady.
"Is my second wife, sir!"

Mr. Willoughby Vane fled from his home that night. About a month later his almost broken-hearted mother received a letter from him explaining the whole affair and the postmark bore the words, "Montreal, Canada."—Boston Journal.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

The Rothschilds have an \$18,000 clock.
Umbrellas are made of varnished paper.

The canvas-back duck is the subject of a poem of praise by a Maryland man.
No parental care ever falls to the lot of a single member of the insect tribe.

Kentucky courts have decided that gas companies cannot collect rent for their gas meters.
Bananas are so plentiful in Martinique, West Indies, that a big bunch may be bought for a cent.

Commercial travelers are now allowed to take samples into Russia without paying duty on them.
It is stated by the attendants at zoological gardens that no ape will sleep flat on his back, as adult man often does.

The name Munich is derived from the fact that the monks owned the property on which the town now stands.
In 1783 the Dutch lost the vessel Antoinette, an Indian, and with her sank \$3,500,000, besides jewels of great value.

The Church of England boasts among its clergy one Eskimo. The clergyman in question is Rev. Robert Gibbons, and his parish is Parrsboro, Nova Scotia.
Peter Cooper's engine, the Tom Thumb, weighed about a ton; the wheels were two and a half feet in diameter, and the smokestack looked like a big "putty blower."

A comrade of Edwin Libby Post, G. A. R., of Rockmann, Me., has made with his knife 100,000 toothpicks within the last three years and sold them for the benefit of the post.
The first use of gas in a place of public amusement was in the Lyceum Theatre in London in 1803. It was begun as an experiment, and for a time was discontinued because the audience complained of the odor.

A preacher named John Smith died suddenly in the pulpit in the midst of his sermon at Peshaw, England. Exactly forty years before to a day another preacher, also named John Smith, died suddenly in the same pulpit.

A novel alarm letter box has been invented. The principle is to let householders know when letters have been dropped in, their weight releasing a catch which allows a short spring to uncoil and set a vibrating hammer to ring a bell.

The pigmies of Central Africa are supposed to be the remains of an ancient race which once occupied the whole of tropical Africa and Southern Asia. They have lost their original language and history, and only remnants of their numbers remain.

Minnie Chew is a woman highway robber serving a term in the Ohio Penitentiary at Columbus. By wild screaming and wilder talking at night she has made the keepers so angry that they now keep her chained up in her cell, with a halter tied in her mouth to insure silence.

The winter days in Sweden are only six hours long. In the northern part of the peninsula the sun does not rise once for two months. This is made up for, however, by the sunny summer. In the north the sun does not set for weeks and weeks, an endless day. The most glorious sight of all the northland is the midnight sun.

A political agent in England recently sent the following protest to an elector: "To Mr. X. Y. Z.—Take notice that I object to your name being retained on the list of the ownership electors of the county, and I ground my objection on the fact that you are dead." The document was addressed to the dead man and opened by his widow.

White-Handled Razors.
There are many barbers who will not own a white-handled razor because of an old superstition that bad luck goes with it. A razor is to the barber what the locomotive is to the engineer, and there are more things to learn about it than one would suppose. For instance, there are razors that will cut certain qualities of hair better at certain seasons than at others. Climate and weather have a great deal to do with razors. Some will cut better in cold weather and some in hot. These are only a few of the causes that effect razors, and they and many more all tend to make the barber who does much work keep accumulating razors until he has all sorts to pick from.—Kansas City Journal.

Gold Fillings.
People, says a dentist, wonder why gold is used for stopping, and are apt to credit the dentist with employing it for his own ends, on the ground that he can charge more and get correspondingly larger profits than would be the case if he used any baser and less expensive metal; but, he says in explanation, a little reflection would convince the suspicious ones that there is no ground whatever for such ideas, and that the real reason for using gold is that it will wear for a long time, and will successfully resist the action of the acids and fluids of the mouth, hence it is unequalled as a preservative for the teeth.—Scientific American.



FARM AND GARDEN.

KEEPING APPLES IN WINTER.

One method suggested for keeping apples during the winter is to pack them in perfectly dry oats, not permitting one apple to touch the other. If wrapped in paper before packing in the oats the apples will keep all the better. They may be packed in boxes or barrels, and if put up in an attractive manner will bring good prices. Apples have been higher in price than oranges for the past four or five years, and are always salable after cold weather sets in.—New York Observer.

WARMTH IN THE HEN HOUSE.

In the very coldest weather we think it pays to introduce artificial stove heat into the hen house. A small coal stove does not cost much, and a fire in it made once a day will keep the temperature right and the fowls will be as happy as in springtime. It is cold weather quite as much as the difference in feed that makes eggs scarce in winter. Besides, in the coldest weather there is always temptation to feed corn for warmth. The stove in the hen house, carefully guarded against fire, is cheaper as well as better for the fowls than giving them a corn diet so as to keep them warm.—Dorset Cultivator.

GOOD WINTER COVERING FOR ROSES.

Lay down your hybrid perpetual roses, and cover them in some way, writes E. E. Rexford. I find nothing better than leaves, but if you cannot get these use hay, or straw, or evergreen branches. I have often wintered plants finely by simply covering them with soil. This answers very well if there is good drainage about the plants, so that water is not retained in the soil long enough to injure the wood of the branches. But the better way is to lay the branches down in a close mass, all pointing one way, and set boards six or eight inches high, on each side. Fill in between the boards, and over the bushes with leaves, upon which place evergreen branches to prevent their blowing away. Hay and litter will not require anything to hold them in place, but it is a good plan to lay boards over the whole in such a manner as to shed rain.—American Agriculturist.

JUDGING BUTTER.

It seems to me that one method of judging butter would be improved if we would follow the examples of judges of live stock to a certain extent, says Professor H. C. Wallace. When a judge is asked to pass upon a ring of twenty-five or thirty horses, he first goes over them carefully and selects a dozen of the best ones, sending the rest to the stable. Then he goes over these critically and weeds out the poorer half, continually narrowing the competition down until he has but two or three to decide between. If, instead of doing this, he started in with a handful of score-cards and attempted to select the winner in that manner, he would very soon regret the day he consented to act in the capacity of a judge. And yet he would have a very easy task compared to that of a man who attempts intelligently to score thirty tubs of butter in succession. If our butter judges would go over the exhibit in this manner, they would have little difficulty in selecting the best half dozen or dozen tubs.—Farm and Dairy.

ECONOMY OF SHELTER.

The time is at hand when the wise and merciful man will see to it that his live stock are properly sheltered during the winter months. Warmth and comfort are essential to health and thrift. If they are not provided an attempt to supply them will be made by an increased consumption of food. This is a costly substitute and an unsatisfactory one, as it cannot prevent the check which the growth will receive. Like all substitutes, it sometimes fails to accomplish the end designed, and the animal then grows sick and weakly.

If, on the other hand, the animal is toughened and hardened by exposure, what is gained? The extra feed he has consumed is more valuable than the shelter which would have avoided it, his stunted growth will never be made up, and the toughening and hardening of his constitution, on which so much stress is often laid, has resulted in a deterioration in quality. The native steer is hardier in quality, Shorthorn, but which makes the best beef? The scrub cow will bear more exposure than the delicate Jersey, but which yields the richest milk? It is a law of nature that improvement, whether in man or beast, is accompanied with a certain amount of delicacy. If we desire the former we must be willing to give the necessary care to counterbalance the latter.—New York World.

DANGER OF FEEDING WHEAT TO HORSES.

This winter a great many are advocating or considering the advisability of feeding wheat to horses on account of the cheapness of this feed, and a few have raised the alarm against such a practice. While this grain may prove of advantage to hogs and other animals, it is certainly unsuited to horses, except in the very smallest quantities, and then more as medicine than as food. It is much better for an old horse than for a young growing animal, and while it may be fed with impunity to a horse twenty or thirty

years old, it will, in nine cases out of ten, founder a young one.

If some of the old horse breeders and farmers can look back thirty or forty years, they will remember when wheat was fed quite liberally to horses, and the term "grain founder," then became very generally known through hard experience. This is the worst founder known to horses, and after a great number of horses suffered in this way, it was found that grain was the cause of the trouble, and the chief grain was wheat. A young horse that has been liberally fed with wheat when growing, even for only one winter, is pretty sure to be unsound, and many purchasers would refuse to take such a horse at any price.

In feeding wheat to horses this winter it should be remembered that this danger is always present. It may be fed in small quantities along with oats, so that no real harm may follow, but as a rule it is the worst possible food for horses used on the road. It makes them lazy, slothful, fat and overfed. If one wishes to make fat instead of muscle, in the form of good bran, wheat can be fed along with hay or oats very successfully. Old stallions do well on a diet of one part oats and three parts of wheat, for it makes them more vigorous in the stud, but fat and lazy.

There is a time in a horse's life when wheat can be fed with great success, and that is as a medicine to a mare with foal that is apt to have abortion. As soon as the mares begin to get loose, they should be fed some wheat. A pint of clean, sound wheat, mixed with two quarts of clean, sound oats, should be fed night and morning for three days. By that time the trouble will stop. Where a suckling foal has the scours a pint of wheat flour in a pail of water will generally remedy the evil. Sometimes a little wheat mixed with the feed will answer the same purpose. Wheat is constipating and it consequently has its value in the feed economy, but it is hardly the kind of feed we need for our horses as a regular diet.—Germanstown Telegraph.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Milk is eighty-seven per cent water. Cheese is the most concentrated form of milk.
Silage of corn and clover is believed to be the fodder of the future.
Dairy salt is as sensitive as milk or cream to odors, and should be equally guarded from them.
Like corn, wheat is better for slow, hard work, than for speed. Oats and hay are best for fast-goers.
Feed alone will never control the value of milk. The individuality of the cow has much to do with it.
Wheat is more a growth than a fat producer, is good for young animals, but should be coarsely ground before feeding.
Grain alone is too highly concentrated food for horses. They must have some "roughness" with it, such as hay, straw or fodder.
The man who expects the biggest success in dairying must have dairy cows. The all-around cow is not and never will be a shining success.
Cultivation may be stopped late in the season, and a crop can then be sown upon the land. This crop may serve as a cover or protection to the soil, and as a green manure.
Trotting stock, except for extreme speed, is suffering from over-production, but there is and probably always will be a profitable market for handsome, useful, half-bred hackneys.
Never believe the man who says he can remove a spavine of ring-bone and leave no blemish. Even if he calls himself a professor, do not question his title—that is what he is and all he is.
Two parts each of bran and ground wheat and one of chopped oats make the best ration for brood mares. They should be given about three pounds of it, three times a day, with hay or straw.
Feed that will make a pound of beef will make a pound of butter or two pounds of cheese. If butter and cheese bring more than beef there is money in dairying, rather than stock-raising.
Barn manures are generally more economically used when applied to farm crops than when applied to orchards; yet they can be used with good results, particularly when rejuvenating old orchards.
Whole wheat should not be fed to horses, they swallow it without chewing, and it ferments in their stomachs, producing indigestion and colic, or passes through unchanged. It should be either soaked to burst the grains, or coarsely ground, for the same purpose.
In general, the commercial complete fertilizers are less practical for orchards than a fertilizer made for the occasion out of materials evidently needed by the trees; but the complete fertilizers give much better results than the prevailing indifference and neglect.
Any cow that will give less than twelve pounds of solids in every 100 of her milk, three pounds of which should be butter fat, is not profitable, and should be converted into beef. There should be thirteen pounds of solids in every 100 of milk, with four pounds of actual butter fat.