Afeard o' horses none!

An' he can make 'em lope, er trot,
Er rack, or pace, or run

Sometimes he drives two horses, when
He tomes to town and brings
A wacon full o' taters nen,
An' rostin'-ears an' things.

Two horses is "a team." he says,
En when you drive or hitch.
Theright un's a "near horse," I guess,
Er "off"—I don't know which—
The boy lives on our farm, he told
Mo, too, 'at he can see,
By look n at their teeth how old
A horse is, to a T!

I'd be the gladdest boy allvo
Ef I knowd much as that,
An' could stand up an' drive,
An' ist push back my hat,
Like be comes skallyhootin' through
Our alley with one arm
A wavin', Fare-ye-well' to you.
The boy lives on our farm.
—James Whitcomb Elley.

# BLIND JUSTICE.

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

CHAPTER XIII-CONTINUED. "Awh," she said, scanning me closely, with the clear, reasonable that seems peculiar to the fisher olk, "ee can bide a bit. I seed 'ee war a stranger when 'ee comed over top o' the cliff, m'appen 'ee be th' chap fro' Trevenick as is livin' to Smuggler's Hole?" she added with a sudden change of tone as she set bread and fish on the table.

"Yes. I'm the chap from Trevenyou haven't heard much in my favor.' "Naw," she said coldly, "I ha'nt otherwise blameless life." heard much to you'm credit. Why couldn't ee' let a poor sawl be, 'stead o' doin' constable's work when, as I hear tell, 'ee be rich eno' to do nothin' fo' a livin'? But laws, little perky folks is allus up to mischief!"

She stood with her magnificent arms akimbo, looking as if for two pins she would have taken and shaken me like a rat.

But I was hungry and I was happy, so I ate and drank diligently, answering her not a word.

"Iss," she went on, with a grand disregard of the laws of hospitality. "iss, you'm rich, and Judith's poor, 'ee 've got the best o' un, but if 'iver a sawl went inn'cent to her crool death that sawl be Judith Croft."

She spoke the last word defiantly as if inviting contradiction, and I said to myself. "Judith is richer than she thinks, for she possesses one friend in the world besides Stephen.'

Aloud I said, "You are the first woman I have heard express any doubt of Judith's

The fisherman's wife laughed

angrily. "Does 'em knaw her so well as I knaw her?" she said; "she niver made but wan fren' 'mongst the women, and I war that wan, en' I knawed her inside an' out as well as a page o' thicky bible upo' that

And yet you have never been near her," I said. "I have heard her say that she had not one friend in the world save Stephen Croft."

"Awh," said the woman, sadly, "tis true nuff, if friens is reckoned by frienly actions, but my baw, he be terrible masterful, an' when Judith war took, him ses to me, 'I forbids 'ee t' go anighst her: howsomedever friens 'ee was, her baint fit for a honest woman to stand by An' I could niver make 'un bliev' her warn't t' blame. 'Pison be pison,' ses he. 'an' who wanted 'un out o' th' way so bad as her did?" An' ivery baw i' th' village blinkit at his wife, as if so be her moight ha' got th' same notion in her head toward 'un."

"If she did not kill him," I said, "how then did he die?" "How can I tell 'ee?" she said

scornfully. "God a'mighty's got his own way o' takin' off folks, an' praps God a'mighty war angry wi' Soth for coming' home an' meddlin' in what he'd spoilt enuff aready. I niver could abide meddlers mysel'."

"Why were all the women so hard on her?" I said, pushing back my I said, pushing back my chair from the table: "judging by what I have heard, she never tried to take a lover away from any one of them.

"Do 'ee think her'd any need t' try?"said the woman contemptuously "wheriver she war, thar war the one woman, th' rest o' 'em was pale shadders, an' th' men could as lie' deny th' sun war shinin' as keep their eyes fro' strayin' to she. Laws, I always makes lowance fo' handsome folks-seems as if 'em warnt meant fo' jest wan sawl's happiness, but Judith niver wanted no 'lowance made for she. Her war made fo' luv' but somethin' in her kep' her straight, an' luv' she niver took, an' niver knawed. till Steve comed t' Trevenick. an' years upo' years they passed wan anither by wi' on'y their eyes to speak th' warld o' luv' atween 'em. An' th' gigles was all as mad as mad, 'cos he wouldna look at 'em. an' th' baws was bitter an' wild 'cos Judith preferred he, an' so it was that she'd marry a frien' 'em all but me. an' 'tis little 'nuff good I'se been to she. If yo' see her" (the woman's voice softened, and tears stood in her eyes) "will 'ee tell her that 'Lizabeth have carried a sair heart 'pon her account, but she daurna disobey her man, an' her hant a 'nuff book larnin' to write her a letter.'

"Yes," I said, "I'll tell her, but you will be able to do it yourself before long."

"Naw," she said, "that can niver An' do her find it in her heart to forgive 'ee?" she added bitterly; "but the lamb allus looks up piteouslike to the butcher, an' praps her spirits that broke, her blood be turned to watter."

"Her spirit is not broken yet." I said. "Stephen Croft is the more

downcast of the two." "An' ther'll be th' little 'un." went out for the slip.

"the woman sadly, and now the "I talk madly," he exclaimed,

"what'll 'un do wi'out 'un's mother? Pr'aps my man 'ud let me take 'unfo' a' he'm so set agen her. Awh. but 'tis a crooked warld. Years an' years my arms has ached fo' want o' a child t' fill 'em, an' here's Judith

keep."
"Please God, she shall," I said gravely, "and your man shall give her a warm welcome, and ask her forgiveness for his ill thoughts of her. And perhaps," I added, (for she had already touched me), "you'll furnish." forgive me, too, some day.'

"Naw," she said with spirit, "that I niver will. I baint no scholard, but I spelled out ivery word 'ee telled up agen her, an' from fust to last I thought 'ee a fule, an' a meddlin' fule, as is wuss nor all. But 'ee niver knawed her, an' how she niver did Seth an ill tura, to' a' th' crool | ments. things 'un did to she; th' only desate her iver shawed 'un war when she gied 'un th' stuff to make 'un slape, when he war like a figger on wires wi' th' tremblins. I knawed it, an' I fering is now over, and a few hours niver blamed 'un; her'd a bin mur-dered times an' times but fo' quietin' fool be happy with her in his dreams,

"And yet." I said, "it played her false in the end. If she had not given Seth Treloar a dose of the night he came home, she might have been made a miserable woman. but she would never have been ick." I said, "and to all appearances accused of his murder. It was the one mistake she made in her

> "'Iss," she said, "the only wanan' 'ee 'm found out that, have 'ee? After 'ee'd got 'un into jail, an' wove the rope to hang 'un-awh!" she added in a low tone of disgust, "let yer pity bide t' home, man. 'tis like nothin' so much as a bitter swate apple to my thinkin'."

I shrugged my shoulders, laid some silver on the table, and was turning away when my money came flying past me, hurled by a vigorous hand, and followed by as vigorous a tongue till I got well out of hearing.

But as I climbed the cliff I felt only gladness that Judith had one such faithful friend, and she a

#### CHAPTER XIV.

Twilight was lengthening into dusk when I came in sight of Smuggler's Hole, and the motionless figure of Stephen sitting across the threshold.

Silent he sat but the cliff was alive with moving figures, and half a dozen old gaffers and gammers had crowded their heads against the narrow casement and were peeping in.

At my approach they slunk away, but not far, and I heard broken ejaculations of pity and horror escape them, as if moved by some deplorable spectacle upon which they had just gazed. I did not stop to question Stephen, but passed in, and saw that a frightful change had come over the Styrian during my absence. His face was absolutely livid, and out of that ghastly pallor burned two eyes that expressed a craving and agony such as I pray God I may never see in a human face again.

He had torn open his embroidered vest as if to gain air, and every few minutes he was shaken by a convulsive shudder that he strove to check with the locked arms that he pressed downwards across his body. Beside him stood the cup and platter, absolutely untouched.

I turned away and drew down the blind, shutting out the furtive faces, white against the dusk, who were peering in, and then I bade Stephen close the door also, and come in also, which he did, and having kindled a fire and lights, I questioned him as to what had gone forward in my absence.

"I doant knaw what 'un wants." said Stephen, in the faint, weary voice of one who had not touched food that day, "not meat an' drink to' sure, him's got plenty, an' I broffed 'un whisky but 'un would'nt ha't, but 'tis semmut 'un wants ter'ble bad, an' 'un keeps on clamourin' i' that furrin' lingo t' get 'un."

"Has Dr Cripps been here?" I said. " Iss, an' 'un on'y grinned, and sed you chap 'ud be wuss afore 'un war better, an' 'un war comin' back t' bide th' night wi' 'ee, an' 'spected Judith an' me 'ud hear summut t' 'sprise us afore we was much older.'

"Good," I said, intensely relieved to hear of Dr. Cripps' intention, and then I drew my chair to the fire, and bade Steve take the other, keeping my eyes turned away from that horrible figure in the background. Gradually the warmth and rest

overpowered my limbs and I slept. In my dreams I found myself in an Indian jungle, with the savage roar of some wild beast at a distance drawing each moment nearer to me. and I woke at last to find that the sound was real, and on glancing at the clock saw that I had slept three hours.

I sat up. and looked at the Styrian from whom the last vestige of selfrestraint had fallen, and could no longer control the cries that he had hitherto by sheer physical force succeeded in strangling.

"Him ha' bin clamorin' t' me to wake 'ee," said Stephen, whose features bore more than their usual impress of pain, "leastways, so I guessed 'un to mane. Look 'ee, I'm thinkin' him'll be dead by mornin'!"

"My box, give me my box!" shricked the Styrian, straining at his chords as if he would burst them. Give it to me! You can sleep, devil, while I die here, and you are committing a murder as she did when she kept Seth Treloar for twenty-four hours without—" he stepped abruptly, and a crafty look overspread his livid face.

But he had said enough. I saw that he could have bitten his tongue

not but admire; "keep what you stole. I can do without it. But set me free, put me on the road to the nearest town, and you shall be troubled with

me no more. "I will set you free," I said delib-'ull ha' that gied t' her that her cant erately. "and I will give you back your box of poison, if you will give me in writing a full confession of how you taught Seth Treloar to use it, of the effect produced by a sudden cessation of the doses, and other particulars that you will know how to

The Styrian's eyes searched my face for any sign of relenting, then turned them upon Stephen Croft, who had dropped into a weary sleep, his golden head leaning against the wall, but more really beautiful in the unconsciousness of sleep than even in his waking mo-

The man's eyes darkened as they gazed upon him.

"I can die, but I will not give her up to him. After all, the worst suffor in life he never shall be. My dying will soon be over-theirs is to come.

The malignity of his look and voice froze me, then his head sank on his breast, and his hair, matted with sweat, hid his face from me.

And my heart went cold, for I had never counted on such resolution, and I was loath to have his blood upon my soul.

Looking back after long years on that night, I seem to feel and hear the intense stillness in which I waited for the sound of Dr. Cripps' approaching feet, a sound that never came. Later, I knew that a railway accident a few miles away had kept him hard at work of the most painful description until past dawn, but then I blamed him bitterly for failing me when I most wanted his counsel. For as the hours went by, each moment a hell to the man I watched, as it was an hour of torture to me who beheld him, I expected each moment that death would come to the rescue, and so he and his secret would escape me forever.

How was I to tell where real suffering ended, and simulation began when I had not even his face to guide me?

### [TO BE CONTINUED. ]

A Horrible Religious Duty.

A ceremony exists among the tribes of the interior of Sumatra, which is without doubt the survival of an ancient and cruel custom, that has passed in the course of time into a civil and religious duty. These people. although of rather gentle disposition, piously and ceremoni-ously kill and eat their aged parents in the belief that they are performing a sacred duty. At the appointed day the old man who is destined to be eaten goes up into a tree, at the foot of which are gathered the relatives and friends of the family. They strike upon the tree in cadence and sing a funeral hymn. Then the old man descends, his nearest relatives deliberately kill him and the attendants eat him.

One of the Most Ancient Races.

The Armenians are one of the most ancient races in the world. Their country is mentioned by Xenophon and Ezekiel and in the cuneiform inscriptions of Babylon and Assyria. All the nations that surrounded them have passed away, but they remain, though their country has been harried with fire and sword for centuries. The permanence of the Armenian race has been ascribed to the virtue of their women and the exceptional purity and stability of their family They have been a Christian nation for more than 1,500 years and have undergone perpetual persecution for their faith from the surrounding oriental peoples.

Amber Chips.

The uninformed would often mistake the cheapest amber when made up into commercial forms for the most expensive. Many long and beautifully clear pipe stems are made from amber chips, the waste product of amber carving. These are melted and molded into shapes that are seldom or never seen in the costly carved amber. These molded amber articles are extremley durable, and it is difficult to see why they should not be esteemed by practical persons as valuable carved amber.

# Very Particular.

In 1835 the Austrian press censor refused to sanction the publication of two books, one of which was "Principles of Trigonometry," which, he said, discussed the Trinity, a forbidden subject. The other was a scientific treatise on the destruction of insects, which he imagined made a concealed attack on the church.

They Do Not Get so Tired. It has been found by the British ordnance department that workmen in the works at Woolwich are turning out as much work in a week of forty-eight hours as they used to do in one of fifty-four. The quality of the work is said to be better than ever before.

Better Unsald.

Paterfamilias, to unexpected guest -Why didn't you send word you were coming? Pot luck, you know, my boy! Hope you have managed to make out a dinner.

Unexpected Guest, politely-Bless you, old man! I hope you never have a worse one.—Life.

Free Medical Testimony. Watts-Doctor, what do you think of the water cure for fits.

on the woman sadiy, and now the "I talk madly." he exclaimed. Doctor Bowless-It might tears fell heavily on her breast, making a supreme effort that I could right on ready-made clothes. Doctor Bowless-It might work all

# The Farm.

Cleanliness in Cow Stables.

I am always interested in articles pubpapers concerning cleanliness in stables where cows for milk are kept. Some articles are very suggestive and valuable to a painstaking dairyman, while others border on the ridiculous, as, one suggests as an objection to washing the udders that the cream would separate in the bag, reminding me of an objection to dehorning pubthe wound to keep the cold air from the animal's brain." There are two primary conditions necessary for cleanliness in the milk pail. The first is in reference to the milker. The difference in milkers is almost marvelous. Any dairyman will be annoyed by the foulness of milk drawn by some employes, while he, under same conditions, will have a clean pail of milk. If a cow has comfortable, fit quarters for lying down after a few brashes by the hand over the flank, bag and abdomen before the pail is introduced there can be no dirt that will contam inate the milk. The fine epithelial dust that falls from the udder may largely be kept out of the pail by an occasional brush of the hand. The loathsome practice of wetting the hands in the milk will not be tolerated by any cleanly person. Second, as to structure of stable. I should have made a serious mistake in the arrangement of my floor but for accidentally seeing some published measurements. Perhaps this will guide some inexperienced person in building. No man can have clean milking without a properly constructed stable. With such, milking is enjoyable as a pastime. Without it, it is a repulsive, dirty, loathsome service. I well remember in my boyhood days sitting down by a cow with tail, hindquarters, sides and bag dripping with semi-fluid filth, feeling with disgust my way to the teats and trying to get clean milk, dodging in the meantime a swipe of the tail across my face. Even recently, speaking to a farmer of the profits of dairying, the answer was,

Ponitry House Floors The question as to whether earth or plank is preferable for poultry house floor is quite often asked, writes I. F. Tillinghast, in American Farmer. Having given the subject of poultry house construction a great deal of lishedin the Farmers' Review and other study preparatory to the erection of some extensive breeding houses, I will give the results of my investigations. The roof being the most expensive part of any ordinary poultry building, it should be planned to cover as much space as possible. I have found a most economical plan is to just set a chestnut post for each corner of the build-ing. If on a side hill, form a basement lished during the past month in a by excavating straight into the hill so widely circulated agricultural paper: as to form a level earth floor. Front "Just think of it! Nothing applied to toward the sun or southern exposure, as to form a level earth floor. Front and let the two front posts be ten feet high after being set firmly in the ground. The two back posts should be about two feet shorter. Then about three feet above the ground floor place a plank floor on 2x4 scantling, firmly nailed to the posts. This forms a basement which is to be thickly strewn with chaff, short straw or buckwheat hulls, and to be used for a scratching pen and runway for the fowls in storm weather. It should be tightly inclosed on all sides except front, in which should be a glass door that can be left open or closed, according to the weather. Here the fowls will be protected from wind and storm, yet can get sunlight and such things never stop to figure out fresh air, as well as plenty of exercise by being allowed to scratch the litter over for grain, which is daily scattered in it. But they should not be allowed to roost here. This apartment is connected with the roosting-room above his calf, he takes it for granted that by an inclined plank, on which slats he is \$2 ahead. The fact is, it repreare nailed, thus forming a stairway leading through a hole in the floor. By this arrangement you really double the capacity of your building under a given roof, for you have the whole size of your building for a scratching pen, and the same for a roosting room. And that the you have solved the floor question by giving them both, the natural earth being best adapted to their needs weighs 500 pounds more than the in the scratching department, and a other. The Germans have proved by tight plank floor under their roosts. experiments that it takes 2 per cent You are saved the expense of an un-

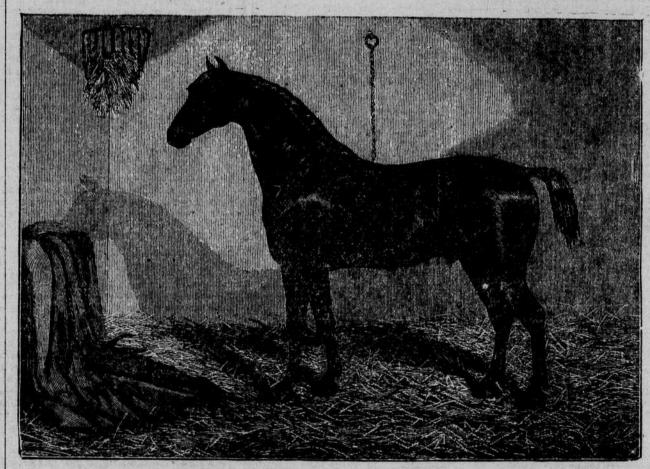
That General Purpose Cow. In the face of all the scientific demonstrations of the last twenty years, we still find some people advocating the so-called "general purpose cow." Even some newspapers, supposed to be edu-cators of the farmer, publish articles like the following:

like the following:

"A good many farmers are coming to be be be been said to the contrary. By a general purpose farm cow, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary. By a general purpose cow is meant, of course, one which is good for butter and milk, and which is sufficiently well bred to impress all her good characteristics on her progeny. She may be of any one of the several breeds, but it is a great mistake to suppose that she may be of no breed at all, for then she would not possess this last and most desirable quality. This ideal farm cow should have a large frame, so that her male calves will be valuable beeves. She should be well pedigreed, so that the heiter calves would have a promise to become as good milkers and butter makers as herself. She should be handled for dairy purposes from the time she drops her first calf, so as to promote a tendency toward a long period of milking. There are many farms on which such a cow will prove of greater value than one handled especially for milk or butter."—Nebraska Farmer.

Now the only fault I have to find Now the only fault I have to find

with the above is contained in one sentence, "This ideal farm cow should have a large frame so that her male calves will be valuable beeves." I challenge any man that knows how to figure to show where the profit lies in the calf of the "general purpose cow." The trouble is, the people that write where the profit and loss comes in; they just give their impressions. Because one man with a general purpose cow gets \$2 more for a calf than his neighbor with a dairy cow can get for sents money out of pocket. The difference in the value of the two calves represents the difference of the cost of keeping those two cows for one year. Let us stop to figure little. We will suppose specific dairy weighs 1,000 pounds, and the general purpose cow 1,500. The larger cow in weight of food of animals to keep derpinning and skunks and rats them alive, before they can gain any will have no chance to hide under the weght or produce milk. That extra 500 pounds of animal will require 19



SIR GEORGE, THE GREAT PONY STALLION-FIRST PRIZE R. A. S. E.

"Yes, and live in cow dung." The dimensions of my floor are as follows: from stanchions back to edge of gutter, 4 feet 6 inches. This standing place rests on a 2x4, resting on the bottom plank of gutter; thus the cow stands six inches above bottom of gutter, which is 14 inches wide. On the outside of this bottom plank is spiked another 2x4, and the walk laid on that, making it four inches above gutter and two inches lower than the standing place for cows. This walk is three feet wide, and is always comparatively clean. The gutter has a very slight descent toward the door. For the ordinary sized cow this standing platform is ample. She can rest comfortably and her quarters will get very little soiled. I have four cows too large for this and for them I take a 2x6 and spike it to pieces of 2x4 just long enough to go into the gutter crosswise. This adds six inches to standing room and can be run over when cleaning the gutter. I have horses standing on same line as cows, and after cleaning the gutter gatherings from horse stable are put in bottom and remain till next day. This takes up the liquid and goes with rest to the field, and the liquids are not dripping from tails of cows when when milker comes. And by the way, all my manure, even in this North Dakota, from twenty head of cattle and ten horses, has gone directly to the fields daily without any waste. With such a constructed stable and such management one can have a clean job milking.—L. L. Ellis in Farmer's Review.

HOT IN AUSTRALIA. - The weather in Australia during the antipodean summer has been unusually hot and op-pressive. In Adelaide during January the thermometer several times registered over 100 degrees in the shade, and one day it climbed to 107 in the shade and 163 in the sun. In Mel-bourne the 100 notch has been reached more than once, and the scorching kets with the same facility that wheat north winds have made the atmosphere exceedingly oppressive. The carload of any one grain named it will foregoing figures are from weather observatory readings, and probably do not represent by several degrees the temperature of the city streets.—Melbourne Letter.

Great Britain is in many parts well indicated by the figures which have been published by the agricultural department showing the acreage of the various crops and the number of head of stock in the past and preceding years. In 1873 the total acreage under all kinds of crop, bare, fallow and grass amounted to 31,102,620. Last year this had increased to 32,643,-709, or an increase of more than 1,500, 000 acres, and yet the acreage devoted to wheat has decreased during the same period to an alarming extent. In the former year it was 3,490,000, last year it was 1,897,000. In the same period of twenty years the grain and pulse acreage, generally known as corn crops, had decreased by 1,800,000 acres, barley having fallen off nearly 360,000 acres, beans 340,000 acres and peas 108,000 acres. Oats. however. showed a distinct increase. There is a slight falling off in the root and green crops. Rotation grasses show an increase, although not of a very serious nature. Bare fallow is considerably less than formerly, while the permanent pasture has increased from 12,315,000 to 16,492,000, and there is little doubt that it will continue to in-CTARRA.

DIVERSIFYING CROPS.—There used t be an objection to growing grains other than wheat that had a good foundation, but no longer exists. I re-fer to the former difficulty of marketing oats, barley or rye. The line "all wheat" elevators would handle nothing but wheat, leaving the farmer no chance to sell other grains except to small local buyers who would pay but little or nothing for it. Now, either through "independent houses," that will handle anything, or by getting cars for direct loading, any kind of grain can be shipped to distant marnot be difficult to get two or more to combine to fill one. There are less barriers to diversification than formmerly.-Ex.

THE condition of agriculture in | pounds of food per day to keep it alive. That is 3,650 pounds per year. That amount of extra food can not be obtained for much less than \$9. Therefore, where is the profit on that bull calf? It is to be hoped that none of our farmers will follow such thoughtless articles as that above quoted. Farmers should figure out the cost of what they produce for market.-Jay, in Farmers' Review.

In combating all fungus diseases it is essential that something of the life history of the disease be known, thus enabling us to determine the proper time to apply remedies for preventing it, says an Arkansas bulletin. From what is known of apple scab it is believed that the trees are affected oarly in the season. The disease is reproduced by means of spores which are carried to the healthy plants by the wind and in other ways. The spores live through the winter in the rubbish, old leaves and fruit and under the rough bark of the trees and are ready to begin the attack as soon as the leaves open in the spring. The condition of the atmosphere here is very favorable for the development of the disease at an early date. The spores germinate, grow and produce new spores, which are blown to healthy leaves and fruit. Thus the development is kept up, if the weather favorable, throughout the growing season. The scab thrives best in cool, damp weather. A continued dry spell checks the development of the disease.

POTATOESWELL CARED FOR -Perhaps there is no crop that pays so well for thoroughness in working it or will show the effect of neglect sooner than potatoes. This is one good reason for making it a specialty. The importance of having good seed can not be overestimated. This point would receive proper attention by the specialist. By growing a large acreage of potatoes the capabilities of the farm and the farmer can give the attention when needed, and have all the tools necessary to the best culture and harvesting of the crop, and will produce at a good profit where the ordinary grower will make little or nothing.—Ex