

### BEAUTIFUL FOREVER.

Somewhere there is a radiant land  
All beautiful forever,  
A world of balmy breezes fanned,  
With skies unclouded ever.  
Upon that stormless shining shore  
Falls music as in days of yore,  
Forever and forever.

There Time can never dim the light  
Of eyes which sparkle ever,  
For golden hair, grown silver bright,  
Is beautiful as ever;  
While on the brow Care can not trace  
A line that Love would not efface—  
Forever and forever.

Here, close at hand, before our eyes,  
Unvalued by Love's endeavor,  
That lead immortal round us lies,  
All beautiful forever.

Seek not some distant dreamland shore,  
But here Love murmurs o'er and o'er,  
Dwell ever and forever,  
Beautiful forever.

—David E. Atkin, in Once a Week.

## MIRIAM.

### The Romance of Heatherleigh Hall.

By MANDA L. CROCKER.

Copyright, 1928.

#### CHAPTER XXV.—CONTINUED.

I fancy Miriam Percival Fairfax is one of these, and so I work away with needle and gray and black zephyr as if I made my living by my endeavors in this line, and glance up about every tenth stitch over my glasses to note any change in the occupant of the deep, easy chair.

I hear another rustle of the letter, and look up to find her doubling it over her finger and looking at me with such a relieved, sweet expression that I again let the words slip from my tongue that rise: "Love is transforming you, Miriam, from a sad-faced, revengeful Percival to a bright, beautiful woman."

"Hush!" she said, with a smile. "Would you not like to read Allan's letter? There is nothing in it that you need not know, and since you have been so faithful and thoughtful and true, why, it is your due—only your due."

She offers me the missive. I take my chair and go over and sit down beside her, and she lays the open letter in my lap. I adjust my glasses better, lay aside my crocheting and read as Allan Percival has written:

"Miriam, my love, the unexpected meeting with a friend of yours in the park at Heatherleigh gives me an opportunity of sending you a letter. The great burden of my life is, dear one, whether you love me, as I desire with my whole soul, or not. I remember of giving you my address when I visited you at the 'Best,' but you have not written to me as yet. The love born in the dark days of throbbing the valley of death is not to be put aside easily, and I must beg of you, dearest, to say if you have changed your mind, or if you have by our long separation found that you love me even a little."

"It was poor when we parted, but I am now in independent circumstances, having fallen heir to landed property in and near Trouville from my mother's family. I tell you this, not because I merely wish to speak of my affluence, but it may be that you think I am thinking of your wealth, though I can hardly see why you could imagine a Percival dissembling.

"If you have found that you can love me, oh! Miriam, darling, bid me come to you. If not, keep the lockets I gave you at the 'Best' as the gift of only a relative. I remain yours,

"ALLAN PERCIVAL."

"I must answer it," she said, when I had finished. "Allan will be so disappointed if I do not. He is noble and true, as you said," she goes on to say, "and I find, after such a long separation, that I can never be happy without him."

Then that is the problem she has been trying to solve all these months of separation—whether she could forget her anguish for the dead enough to be happy with the living. She doesn't say this, but I divine it to be the case, nevertheless. Well, she has solved it, sitting here in the winter's sunshine, and the rose will bloom where the rue hath grown, for love can never forget his own.

"I never have shown you his gift mentioned in the letter," she says with a smile; "though, of course, you caught sight of it during my illness. Yes, the face inside," she adds, with a faint flush.

Drawing the locket from her bosom, she uncouples the chain which I had restored to her neck while she was asleep in the first stage of convalescence, and touches the secret spring as I had done in those days of



DRAWING THE LOCKET FROM HER BOSOM.

uncertainty, and again Allan Percival's face beams up to mine.

"He is very handsome there," I say, "but I believe he is handsomer over in England."

She smiles at the compliment, and I continue. "A finer looking gentleman than Allan Percival was when I saw him last would be hard to find; well-dressed, courtly and kind."

She smiles again and slips the locket back in its resting-place with a sigh of content. "I must write to him immediately," she says, caressing the letter, and looking up for an affirmative, as I suppose.

"Yes, certainly," and I bring her writing materials, and once more step out of her æsthetic sanctum of thought. I am confident that Allan Percival will receive the answer which he desires and I am content.

A letter has come to me from over the sea; a letter with a big black seal, and I read with swimming eyes and sinking heart that Peggy is dead.

"Poor Peggy, who wished so much to see 'the face of her young mistress' one more, has left the shores of time without even that being granted. And he has gone back to Ireland to end his days, which can not be many, to his relations, and Heatherleigh is desolate now of even a living sound.

Miriam reads the letter dictated by old Ancil before he left the Hall with a strange, far-away expression creeping into her face.

"Well, we all have to die," she says, handing me the black-bordered missive, and her face takes on such a deathly pallor that I am alarmed. She seems turning to stone,

and there is the same old haunting look in her eyes of a year ago.

"Miriam!" I exclaim in alarm, having an impression, somehow, that I must call her back from somewhere whither she was drifting.

"Don't be alarmed," she says, drawing a deep, painful breath and looking at me as if I were a dozen miles away instead of so many feet. "It is only sudden, so sudden for me," and she turns away to hide her stony face. There is something about her words and manner which tells me plainly that it is not the news of Peggy's death alone which affects Miriam so strangely. There is such an abandon of wordless despair in every action and look that I feel my very heart stand still in terror.

"What is it, Miriam?" I ask, going to her and taking her in my arms. She releases herself gently and sits down in the nearest chair with that terrible look still on her face.

"It is nothing," she says, finally, after a silence which seems to me ages, "nothing, only a dream I had last night and that letter to-day, that is all."

"A dream!" and I drew up another chair and sat down beside her. I must talk her out of this. It would never do to allow the coincidence of a bad dream and that letter to kill her.

"Yes," she answered, in a dazed way, "dream." Then she paused and I said: "Well?"

"Oh! you wish to hear it?" she questions, as one waking up.

"Certainly I wish if you care to tell it; but dreams are nothing. They never come true."

"I had a dream once which came true," she says, looking at me with the horror of a certainty of doom in her eyes. "A dream of death just before my marriage with Arthur, and it came true."

She shuddered and was silent. I could not gainsay that, but I would realize this vision if she would let me, I thought.

"And I dreamed last night that Peggy came into my room and that I was ill. Bending over me until her cap ruffles touched my face, she said: 'Miriam, at last I have found you! but only to bid you a long good-bye; such as all those you love must say before their time, just such a good-bye as that, Miriam,' and then she went out, shutting the door quietly, just as Peggy would."

Miriam's eyes dilated with a horrible dread, and she continued: "I only wish I were not impressed with the truth of it. But the letter coming to-day seems to tell me that Peggy, in spirit, warned me of sorrow in store for me soon."

"Well," I say, "I can not assert that there is nothing in dreams, but I don't believe that Peggy had any reference to Allan Percival whatever. She, even in your dream, doubtless had reference to only the past, with which she was acquainted. She never knew of your love for Allan, and could not have meant him."

Miriam hears me, but she does not bellow. I do, for she sits with cold fingers locked tightly together and gazes into the future, anticipating the death of one whom she has learned to love better than life itself.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

Allan Percival sat in his hired apartments at No. 22 Rue de St. Helene, Trouville. Trouville across the river, not the grand sweep of bright beach dipping gently down into the bay this side.

He had written to her solicitors concerning the Heatherleigh estate, and desires them to dispose of it, with the exception of a few things in the Hall, for which she will send her cousin, Allan Percival, shortly," reading from a newly-arrived letter.

"Well, let me see. What is it she wants unearched from that cursed ruin, any way?" and he draws forth a slip of paper from the letter. "Oh, yes; her mother's jewels, to be found where she concealed them before her flight from Heatherleigh, behind the third row of volumes on the library shelves. 'Behind the third row at the left-hand end I will find a secret panel; slide to the right hand and bring all I find in the little recess,'" reading from the slip. "Then there is more in that secret cupboard than Lady Percival's jewels, judging from this," he said, meditatively.

"Well, whatever it is, I will get."

"What a life she has led, to be sure, dear girl! But after this earth shall blossom out a paradise for my darling," he added, with emotion.

Then he fell into a reverie, and slipping the letter into his desk he sat gazing out of the window, oblivious of every thing around him, regardless of every thing which all his own speculations. If the chain of thought traced by his busy brain had been resolved into words, they would have read something like the following:

"I don't wonder Miriam doesn't want to set foot in Heatherleigh Hall again! What a lot of misery has been entailed on the unfortunate ones of the Percival house. God! if I only had lived to thrust a sword up to the hilt in the heart of that depraved ancestor before he could have uttered that malediction that has cursed the lives of my nearest and dearest!

"Poor, dear love! and she bids me come to her. Happy man that I am! Strange wasn't it, that she should come to me first and nurse me through that terrible illness! And I loved her passionately before she had been there two hours; but she thought it an infatuation or hallucination of the sick-room. And, too, her heart was sore over her husband's death, and she was in no mood to listen to me.

"Well, I was a fool to imagine she might, but I had always led such a lonely life, even before my parents died—the curse was on the house, and I existed in it, though I was and after that, I was lonelier than ever before. I was poor, too, then; and there is no knowing what she may have thought of my impudent love-making. No, I did not consider, for the very reason that I was madly in love with my beautiful cousin. I never thought of any thing else. But it was the love of my life, as no one knew better than myself, and now, after years of separation, I am called; and I am going to her, my love, my life, and we will be very happy. But I must go to Heatherleigh first. Armed with my letter of introduction I will see her solicitors, and then go to the Hall for her."

"I am glad I am here to go; she must be spared the pain, the sadness of this visit, and I will bring the jewels and whatever else she has hidden behind the panel. Miriam was crafty; cunning, wasn't she, to think of all this in the midst of so much else. To be sure, what a silly little love I have!"

And he started up with a smile on his handsome face; to find it nearly dark.

Below the crowd surged past, and somewhere tinkles the pretty air of "Lucia." This rollicking watering-place, Trouville, seems to-day noisier than ever to the steady blood of the Percival as he gazes down on the Parisian-stamped throng.

Well, his estates had been disposed of also, and he was going over the sea, away from it all. And beyond the ocean surges they, he and Miriam, would begin life anew.

He had a little business yet with his bankers in London, and this errand of Miriam's, and then, all then, away.

Locking his desk he sauntered downstairs, humming softly to himself an old English song, while his thoughts were try-

ing to locate a pretty cottage somewhere near Bay View; or was the cottage itself all the Bay View there was? He would shortly know, for Miriam was there, and he should sail in a fortnight if nothing happens.

The solicitors having Miriam's financial affairs in charge were waiting to see him, and Allan Percival had no trouble in assuring them that he was no fraud.

Barring the letters of introduction, it would not have been a hard task to have convinced the gray-haired attorney that he was a Percival, at least, for that portly old gentleman looked him over critically and then said: "Why, my fine fellow, you are the picture of your father, Allan Percival! I knew him when he and I were young, and a fine gentleman he was, too. But he married your mother against the will of his august father, and that ended the money business with him, in form of inheritance, at least. But I judge your finances



"I KNEW HIM WELL; SO HE IS DEAD!"

are in ship-shape," he added, shrewdly, glancing at Allan again.

"Your cousin is a sort of curious-minded body," began the solicitor in another strain; "for it was some months before she allowed us to find her. She has a world of animosity somewhere in her soul toward those old ancestral halls for some reason."

"Most likely," answered Allan, rather evasively.

"Well, if she has I suppose it is really no business of ours," rejoined the barrister; "but it's a fine old place, or was some years ago—before your aunt, Lady Percival's death; and it looks mighty strange to me why your cousin should choose a home on the other side of the water and risk herself of Heatherleigh. But then every thing you do not understand is strange until you find out its mystery, and then every thing is easily understood."

After this most logical speech the old man dipped his pen in his ink and wrote something on a slip of paper. Handing it to Allan he said, jocosely: "There's your passport, friend of ours." Then gravely: "It seems to me that I am with your father, my boy; you are so much like what he used to be when I knew him. So he is dead! Well! we all must die."

Then some one claimed his attention, and he must go. After having bidden the old attorney a friendly good-bye, Allan drifted out and mingled with the steady-going throng of the world's metropolis, for London isn't England no more than it is any thing else, that is, in make-up. From every nation on earth almost they gather, gather, gather and affiliate, and no one feels abroad, either.

Allan Percival felt as much "abroad," perhaps, as any one in Rotten Row, for he seemed present only in the flesh as he threaded the motley crowd.

"Business will be all settled up to-morrow," he said, as he lighted a cigarette in the seclusion of his lodging-house, "and then for my jewel's jewels. But let me see," he said, fumbling in his pockets. "Where is that slip the garrulous old fellow gave me, and what is it, anyway? I haven't thought of it since he gave it to me until this blessed moment."

"By the way," continued Allan, searching for the paper, "he thought I was the counterpart of my unfortunate father. He had no right to be, only in features, for he was undeniably handsome. Poor father!" and he sighed audibly.

"There it is now," he ejaculated, drawing forth the long-sought-for slip from the diary in which he had placed it for safe-keeping and had so soon forgotten. "Oh! I must present this to the jolly old Bancroft, and 'obtain the keys and a guide.' As if I needed a guide! to explore Heatherleigh! That isn't it, however. I need a fellow to keep an eye on me while I explore. I understand it. Ah! yes. Then the smiling old squire has the keeping of the Hall, eh! I remember of having heard that he was, or would have been, a staunch friend of my uncle, Sir Rupert's, if that curious old curmudgeon would have stooped to recognize his betters."

A baleful glow crept into the fine eyes, and the cigarette was tossed into the open grate spitefully.

"I am afraid I am not so much the child of my mother as I have always imagined," he resumed, as if in apology to his better self, "for I feel as Miriam must have felt when she talked to me of the Hall when I was ill. How well I remember the flash of her beautiful eyes as she rebuked to me how Sir Rupert wavered her off from his presence. Away to the cold world he sent her in her sorrow! No wonder she even wishes to smother every tie binding her to the roof that sheltered him!"

He walked back and forth the length of the little apartment, savagely, restlessly. It seemed that the spirit of the Percivals had given Allan a fresh baptism of the ranking hate, which could carry its victims into the desperate on short notice.

"I don't know," he ground through his set teeth, and he shivered; "I don't know but that the evil brooding in the accursed halls of our ancestors reaches out for its victims even here, for it seems to me that the nearer I get to Heatherleigh the more unlike myself I become."

He paused before the diminutive mirror over against the window and surveyed himself for some minutes in silence. Then he went back to the mantel and, resting his elbow on the corner of it, tried to control his hatred of the dead. The pitiful tales of cruel, angry treatment told him by his father as enacted toward himself by Leon Percival, his father, rushed hotly across his mind; and the cruelty of Sir Rupert to his beloved dared him to forget them, or to remember them kindly.

The angry flush he had noticed so plainly in the mirror surged up to his noble brow and his soul burned for revenge. But they were dead—all of the maledictive ones—and were, perhaps, getting their dues, while he, Allan Percival, was standing there giving vent to the spirit which had dragged them down. Ah! this would never do, his soul whispered, warningly. No; this giving way to the vanity of useless wrath would never bear to be dallied with. By a powerful effort he choked down the rising anathemas and betook himself to assorting some papers he had brought with him from Trouville.

Seated at the table, arranging the con-

tents of a heavy leather-bound portfolio, he bent eagerly to his task in order to overcome the tumult within. A sigh of relief escaped him. "I am glad," he said, with a tremor in his voice, "that my mother was a mild, sweet-souled woman, and that I partake of her nature grossly, else how should I ever come through it all with unstained hands."

"But, after all," he continued, while his face paled with sorrowful emotion, "after all I am not to forget that I am a Percival! and that if I should be able to change my name a thousand times, the blood would tell!"

He looked for a moment as if he would be glad to slip from his identity, even though he might evolve a mere slave.

"If when Leon Percival in his wrath disinherited my father he had only taken from him the arrogance, the senseless, passionate spirit, and the unforgetting, relentless soul of the house, what a blessing his disinheritance would have been! But it was only the property and the honor of being named as one of them that he missed, that is all."

"Oh! I am glad," he exclaimed, triumphantly, "that I haven't a farthing, no, not a farthing of the Percival wealth!"

He looked up as he finished his exultant sentence and caught sight of his face in the self-take mirror. Then he laughed softly to himself. "Fohaw!" said he, and the evil feeling had ebbed out its last tidal wave, and he was left in possession of his sweet mother's nature to which he so often referred with fondest pride.

Three days after we leave Allan Percival at his lodgings in London we find him standing in the library, the dimly-lighted, ghostly-looking library of Heatherleigh.

He was alone; the good-natured, portly squire was poking about the gallery on the second floor, imagining he could read the soul by the countenance; and so was very busy reveling and romancing among the portraits. He had no idea that the handsome, well-dressed cockney, as he chose to mentally dub the fellow down-stairs, was a scion of the ancestral line he was viewing.

"No," Squire Bancroft was saying to himself, "that's a young strip of old barrister the solicitors 'ave sent down 'ere to inspect the books hand take his list of them, 'ill reckon, so 'is won't bother 'im. 'I'll just enjoy myself 'up 'ere, hand kill two birds with one stone by looking the pictures 'over while 'is taking 'is inventory."

So the easy-natured squire turned the portraits. He was and that to get sufficient light, and adjusted the heavy curtains on "By Jove!" Allan ejaculated, stepping back and brushing the dust from his face and eyes. "It is worth a ransom to be smothered in this way."

Then he listened to reassure himself that Bancroft was not coming now at the supreme moment to be inquisitive and vex him with words and looks of distrustful questioning, perhaps.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### PUSSY AS A WITNESS.

How a Law-Suit Was Decided by a Thoughtful Woman's Cat.

A valuable Newfoundland dog, named Major, having strayed from his owner's house, was claimed in all good faith by another gentleman who recognized the dog as his own lost Newfoundland. Argument and persuasion failing, suit was brought to recover Major, and the case was regularly brought into court and came to trial about Christmas time, before a judge and a jury.

Witnesses testified that it was Major and that it was not Major—the animal meanwhile, going freely to either of his claimants, seeming quite indifferent as to which might finally secure him. A week was taken up with conflicting testimony, and neither judge nor jury were the wiser, or better prepared to render a decision.

At this point a woman living in the same house with Major's owner declared that her cat could settle the question, since the cat and Major were on terms of great friendship, eating and playing together, and sleeping on the same rug, while the cat was the sworn foe of all other canines, and had wasted many a fine fight.

Here was a solution by which all parties to the controversy were willing to abide, and a formal writ was accordingly issued in the name of the people of the State, commanding "all and singular, the owner or owners of a certain Maltese cat to produce the living body of the said animal before Hon. So-and-so, a justice duly and legally commissioned by the people of the Commonwealth aforesaid," at a given time and duly specified in the writ, and "thereof fall not at their own proper peril."

At the time appointed the momentous cat was duly produced before the honorable court. The record does not state whether puss was duly sworn to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," nor whether his owner was required to act as proxy for him in this respect.

However this may have been, he proceeded to vindicate his mistress' assertions, first with regard to his fighting qualities, and on the introduction of some strange animals of the canine species, brought by direction of the dignified court, he dilated his tail to most majestic proportions, arched his back in monumental style, and gave battle to the satisfaction of the spectators if not to that of his adversaries, clearing the room in fine style and in an exceedingly brief space of time. Next, Major was brought in, whereupon Pussy's warlike mood and demeanor were speedily changed to demonstrations of acquaintance and good-fellowship, the animals recognizing each other to the satisfaction of all concerned, and immediately terminating by this conclusive evidence a suit which, except for the shrewd thought of a woman, might have dragged on interminably and led to rancor and strife.—Thomas W. Chittenden, in St. Nicholas.

### Patronize the Printer.

A sensible merchant says: "It is well worth any shoe merchant's while to use writing paper in sending orders or writing business letters instead of postal cards. And now that writing paper is so cheap, and we have once instead of half-ounce postage, I would advise that they use post size instead of note, and good paper instead of poor. I would recommend every merchant to have his name and place of business distinctly printed at the top of each sheet. It would prove a very great convenience to wholesale houses in filling orders and the like if the writer of a letter would leave a margin of an inch on the left-hand side of the paper."

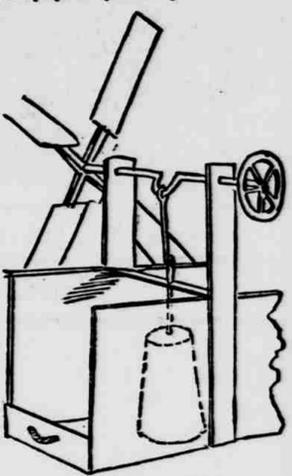
The walls on the farm should be cleaned out every fall. Despite all precautions, but few wells are free from toads. It is not safe to walk until the water becomes affected before cleaning, but do it before the late rains come on, so as to render the work easier.

### AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

#### WIND POWER.

No More Hand Churning—A Hard Task Made Easy.

There is no more need of turning the crank or lifting the dasher of the churn, says a contributor to Farm and Home, for the little arrangement which I illustrate does away with this manual labor. The cut explains itself. A balance wheel must be arranged at one end of an axle and a four or six-winged wheel to catch the wind at the other. In the center the rod must be bent in the shape of the letter U. As the axle revolves this plays the pitman up and down,



WIND-POWER DEVICE.

being attached to the dasher of the churn or the handle of the crank it will do the work effectively.

The churn stands safely in the box, which must be of adequate size. A hole must be bored through the upright, just above the rim of the balance wheel, and a heavy pin kept handy to insert through the wheel into the hole which it fits to hold the sails from turning when it is necessary to look at the butter. Handles are provided at the bottom of the box for turning it into the wind. When not in use the wings may be taken off and housed until needed again. The remainder of the crude machine can be left out of doors. Any boy can make one and so help out the work of women who have to churn by hand.

#### FAST WALKERS.

A Quality the Farm Horse Should Possess.

In purchasing or hiring a plow horse stake off a mile of road. Mount the horse and see how many minutes it will take him to walk a mile. A horse that will walk three miles an hour is worth at least three times as much as a horse that walks but two miles. The three-mile horse not only does as much work in two days as the two-mile horse does in three, but he enables the man behind the plow to do fifty per cent. more work in a day than he can do behind the two-mile horse. And the man and horse consume with the slow team fifty per cent. more rations in doing the same work than the fast walker does. In twelve months the man would do no more carting and plowing with the slow horse than he would do in eight months with the fast walker.

Suppose a farmer to hire a man and a two-mile horse to do an amount of plowing and carting that it takes three months to perform, and pays \$3 a month for the man, who boards himself; \$24 a month, three months, \$72. If he hires the same man at \$18 a month and pays \$3 for horse feed and \$4 for a fast walker, he can do in two months what the slow team would do in three. Two months, fast team and feed and plowman, at \$25 a month, \$50. Direct loss by slow horse, \$22. Besides, the work done by the slow horse is not so well or seasonably done—the seed may be put in the ground too late, the grass may get ahead of the plow, and the indirect loss by the slow team may be serious, besides the \$22 loss, as stated above.—N. O. Picayune.

#### THE HOT BED.

Directions for Constructing—Should Be Well Located.

Please give directions for a hot bed. I propose to get information upon this matter in time this year, writes a correspondent to the Western Rural. It is a good plan to seek information early. Locate the hot bed where it will be free from the wind. Give it protection on the north, if possible. A board fence is a good protection. Build the frame of boards, the rear a foot lower than the front in order to give the proper start. Construct it so that the sash will not need to be too large for convenient handling. When the manure is put into the frame have it hot and moist. You can construct the hot bed wholly above ground or partly under ground.

If it is all above ground, however, and the bed is made very early, you must bank up with manure on the outside to the top of the frame. Pack the manure evenly in the bed. This may be done by placing boards on top and slipping from one to another and moving them about as may be necessary. If you want an early bed put in a foot and a half of manure and six inches of soil.

Guard against cold by placing in a sheltered place, as we have already directed, by banking up with manure, and cover the beds at night with mats or straw. Guard against heat by opening the beds a little when the sun is warm. A cold frame, we may say in this connection, is the same as a hot bed except the manure. You construct the frame and cover with sash as you do a hot bed, but the sun furnishes the warmth.

The ivy-leaved geranium likes plenty of sun, but it is one of those plants that appear well adapted to the many wants of many people, and thrives in hanging baskets and in pots under verandas, in vases fully exposed in the open air, in pots in windows or in window boxes, or in the greenhouse. Give it good soil and a fair supply of water in the growing season and plenty of sun, and it thus has the best conditions it demands.—Vick's Magazine.

### SELECTING BREEDING SWINE.

An Interesting Paper Read Before the American Polkad Chines Record Company by President H. M. Sisson.

The first indispensable requisite of a good breeder is the possession of a good constitution and inherited good health. You know Bob Ingersoll said that if he had arranged things in this world he would have made good health catching instead of disease. We want good health "catching" in our hogs instead of "hog cholera." In order to accomplish this we must select our breeders that are active, hardy, vigorous and capable of reasonable endurance. If we expect to obtain these desirable qualities we must select those that have proper frame as a foundation. The bone must be of good quality, shape and size; hard, fine-grained and strong. Coarse, soft, spongy bone will not answer. Nor can you accept bone too small or fine.

The framework of the breeding stock we select should be of such size and form that all the vital organs can have ample and harmonious development. Length, breadth and depth should be considered. We can not too strongly recommend the necessity of good, rough, solid feet, short pasterns and good, straight legs of only medium length. It is hardly necessary to look at the feet as many times as Sheep advises. In ordinary cases five or six times will be enough, as we will need a little time to examine other parts of their organization. It is equally necessary that the covering of the frame be of good material. Strong tendons, well-developed muscles and firm flesh are required.

Such animals as I have described are the result of long and intelligent selection through many generations, that have had all the advantages of proper food, exercise and general good treatment. It seems to me absolutely necessary that the two kinds of food—carbonaceous (or fat forming) and nitrogenous (or flesh or bone forming)—should have been used in proper proportions in order that the desired result may have been produced. Consequently in making a wise selection of animals for breeding purposes only such should be chosen as are descended from a long line of ancestors that have had the advantages of a substantial compliance with the above conditions.

We should not only select pigs of proper form, but they should show sufficient indications that they are growing and will attain the proper size. I am not in favor of overgrown, coarse hogs, and do not believe they are as profitable or sell as well in the market as those of medium bone. I am aware there is a great demand for large and coarse pigs for breeding purposes. This is largely due, probably, to the fact that corn (which is not a bone producer) forms so large a portion of their diet to the exclusion of food that is bone producing; consequently the bone is always decreasing in size, hence the demand for pigs of large bone to correct the evil. The remedy for this is the substitution of sufficient nitrogenous food, as rye, oats, bran, shorts, middlings, oil-meal, grass and clover, not forgetting also an ample supply of wood ashes, which is one of the best bone builders and worm destroyers, and may perhaps have a favorable and ameliorating influence on "swirls."—Breeder's Gazette.

#### Take Care of the Tools.

Whether on large or more limited farms it is of great importance that all implements and machinery be kept in good working order, and this is especially necessary where two or more men work in conjunction. A broken machine stops the whole work. The best and most durable tools should, therefore, be selected and purchased, and as soon as their season of use passes, they are to be cleaned, polished, oiled, or otherwise fitted for storing away, that they may be ready without delay for future use when the time again comes round. For example, after spring work is completed, the plows, harrows and other pulverizing tools should be put in the best condition, and after haying and harvest the rakes, forks, mowers and reapers should receive the same attention.

If the suggestions which we have made in the preceding remarks are efficiently carried out, if the machines and arrangements are made to fit the size of the farm and the amount of farm force employed, and if the tools, buildings and fences are never allowed to become broken or defective, there is nothing to prevent the whole year's routine of farm operations being carried on with very little interruption, with satisfaction to the owner or occupant, and without the annoyance and vexation attending the use of broken tools, delayed work and confused operations.