THE HORSE'S SHOES.

HOW OFTEN THEY NEED REPLENISHING AND WHAT THEY COST.

Resetting Old Shoes Costs About Half as Much as New Ones—The Use of Rubber Pads—Carriage Horses' Shoes Cost More Than Those of Work Horses.

A work horse's shoes cost a good deal more than its driver's shoes do. Truck horses, delivery wagon horses and the great number of horses used for various working purposes, including many horses driven to hacks and other public carriages, are ordinarily shod once a month at a cost of $2.50, so that the work horse's shoes are likely to cost $30 a year anyway, and there may be some additional expense for sharpening and resetting.

Sharpening costs $1.50. Whether this is necessary or not depends, of course, primarily upon the weather. It may depend much upon the time of day the horse is driven. There may be seasons in which sharpening is not necessary. Not all drivers get the shoes of their horses sharpened even when the going is slippery. Such going may come about suddenly and unexpectedly, and it may be of brief duration, and then there are drivers who under ordinary circumstances take the risk of the greater cost of a broken shaft or an injured animal to save the cost of sharpening. Of work horses in general probably something more than half have their shoes sharpened when the going is slippery. There are some, however, whose shoes are almost all kept sharpened at such times, these being the horses that work at night and in the early morning before the sun has softened the ice or melted it away. These include horses driven to milk wagons, bakers' horses, and so on, how often the shoes are sharpened depending on the going.

Usually when a horse is shod he is shod all around. Sometimes there is occasion to put on a single shoe, as when a horse throws a shoe. The cost of a single new shoe is one-fourth the cost of a set—in the case of a work horse 63 cents. The charge for resetting the old shoe would be 35 cents. Resetting in general, from one shoe up, costs about one-half, or a little more than half, as much as fitting a horse with new shoes. In putting on a single shoe an old shoe would commonly be used, to make it match those remaining on. If it is not too much worn, the shoe the horse has cast would be put back if the driver picked it up. It is suitable and it fits. If it has not been picked up, then a slipper is put on from the pile in the shop, slipper being the shop name of the worn shoe taken off and thrown aside when a horse is reshod.

Horses have peculiarities in wearing their shoes, just as men do. Some wear them off more at the toe, some more at the heel, and some wear them more on one side than on the other. Horses' shoes wear off more quickly on granite pavements than they do on asphalt, and the greatly increased use of asphalt pavement has led to a correspondingly increased use of rubber pads in horses' shoes to give the horses a better foothold. Rubber pads, as well as the shoes, are fitted to the horse's foot and nailed on with the shoe. Shoes with rubber pads of this kind for work horses, cost, put on, $4 or $5 a set. They are likely to wear longer than shoes without pads, but they are commonly replaced or reset at the end of a month. The necessity for reshoeing the horse at intervals of about a month is due in a considerable degree to the natural growth of the horse's hoofs, which require trimming or other attention about once in so often. In the case of iron shoes, at the end of a month, when they are taken off, they are likely to be too much worn to go another month, and new shoes are put on. In the case of rubber pad shoes, if they are not too much worn, they are reset, and this may be done in perhaps 40 or 50 per cent of the cases. Sometimes the old shoes may be put back with new pads, sometimes the old pads with new shoes. It depends a good deal on the manner in which the horse wears them. So that while the first cost of rubber pad shoes is considerably greater than that of plain shoes the net cost is not so much greater.

The price charged for shoeing a private coach or carriage horse is $1 more than for shoeing a work horse, or $3.50, and rubber pad shoes, such as those described, for carriage horses cost $5 or $6 a set. Such horses are reshod ordinarily, like most horses, once a month, and as a rule their shoes are also reset in the middle of the month. And the shoes of private carriage horses are more commonly kept sharpened in slippery weather than are those of work horses. Women are more likely to be disturbed by the slipping of a horse than a man would be, and the carriage horses are usually more valuable than work horses, and less risk of injury is taken.

In some cases it might be that the charge for shoeing a horse, either a carriage horse or a work horse, would be according to the time required rather than by the job, as, for example, in the case of a lame horse, in shoeing which more than the usual time would be needed. Shoes are made and fitted to meet any requirement, and the cost might be, according to the amount of work and time expended, from $1 to $5 for a single shoe.—New York Sun.

The Critics.

Flick—Call him a musician! Why, he doesn't know the difference between a nocturne and a symphony.

Flack—You don't mean it?

And they hurry to get away from one another. Each is terribly afraid that the other will ask, "By the way, what is the difference?"—Boston Transcript.

Korean paper is superior to that of either China or Japan, in both of which countries it is in demand for umbrella covers, roofing and as a substitute for window glass.

INSANE MURDERERS.

The Question of Responsibility and Punishment For the Crime.

It may well be that a man who could not be called insane, but merely, say, an ordinary member of the criminal classes, with strong passions and feeble intellect, would in the presence of an opportunity long expected and hoped for, the consequences of which his thoughts had frequently rehearsed, be really for the moment incapable of restraining his hand. We should hang him, nevertheless, without the slightest scruple, and we should waste no compassion upon the absence of self control. It is, in fact, impossible to frame a definition of irresponsibility based upon absence of self control without including all sorts of crimes which at present are punished by the law. For years back there has been a sort of feud between the lawyers and the alienists on the subject, so that even the textbooks speak of legal insanity and medical insanity as distinct.

To take extreme cases, jurists have contended that no degree of insanity should exempt from punishment for crime unless it has reached such a point that the person is utterly unconscious of the difference between right and wrong at the time of committing the offense, while medical men have very generally held to the opinion that this is not a proper criterion, that many of the insane are fully conscious of the difference between right and wrong and that to enforce such a test means the hanging of many a lunatic. There can be no doubt that of late years the medical view has met with a wider acceptance than it used to do and that even lawyers have shown an increasing readiness to admit the doctrine of irresponsibility. But it is a very anxious question, especially in view of recent dogmas as to degeneracy, how far this doctrine is to be allowed to go.

The condition of affairs is much more serious than some people think, and it is highly necessary that those who administer the criminal law should be on their guard against any insidious establishment of immunity for the violation of its most sacred principles. In any case of murder the presumption in favor of hanging should be so strong as to leave very slender prospect of escape for any man who prior to the commission of his crime had been thought fit to be at large. If this condition cannot be secured, it will become a matter of grave necessity to take prompt steps for the incarceration of many people of evil passions who are now at liberty and to render the utterance of threats a matter to be dealt with by the alienist as well as by the magistrate.—London Hospital.

SOCIETY IN SIBERIA.

Hostess and Guests Frequently Retire to the Kitchen to Cook and Eat.

"At one of the grand balls I attended at Krasnoyarsk," writes Thomas G. Allen, Jr., of "Fashionable Siberia," in The Ladies' Home Journal, "I was impressed by the profusion of flowers used in the decoration of the ballroom, and which had been imported from Europe at enormous expense, and also by the importance given to the matter of refreshments. Although there appeared to be about four girls to one man, the male portion of the company spent the greater part of the evening at the buffet, or zokooski table, eating and drinking. The conversation of the women, I found, was most conventional, and one could invariably anticipate the same remarks upon an introduction to a lady. Knowledge of French, which I was surprised to find few could speak, is considered the most graceful feminine accomplishment.

"The kitchen, however, has for the lady of the land a peculiar fascination. Very often while dressed in silks and satins and conversing with her guests a hostess will proceed to fry a 'blin,' or pancake and eat it with the greatest gusto. The other ladies are at liberty to follow the hostess' example if they choose."

French and English Crusoes.

French men of letters have not enough of the audacious spirit of the English, says Henry D. Sedgwick in The Atlantic. They troop to Paris, where they have been accustomed to sit on their classical benches since Paris became the center of France. The romance of Villon is the romance of a Parisian thief. The romance of Ronsard is the romance of the Parisian salon. Montaigne lives on his seigniory while England is topsy turvy with excitement of new knowledge and new feeling. Corneille has the nobleness of a jeune fille. You can measure them all by their ability to plant a colony. Wreck them on a desert island, Villon will pick blackberries, Ronsard will skip stones, Montaigne whittle, Corneille look like a gentleman, and the empire of France will not increase by a hand's breadth. Take a handful of Elizabethan poets, and Sidney would chop, Shakespeare would cook, Jonson dig, Bacon snare, Marlowe catch a wild ass, and in 24 hours they would have a log fort, a score of savage slaves, a windmill, a pinnace, and the cross of St. George flying on the tallest tree.

Caloric.

The emotional litterateur had just written a piece of which he was very proud. The editor looked it over and then said:

"Do you candidly think such opinions ought to go into cold type?"

"I don't know much about the practical work of printing," was the reply, "but I don't believe it makes any difference. Even if the type is cold, I guess that article will take the chill off it."—Washington Star.

Doing His Level Best.

"Do you think, Grimly, that you do what you should to brighten your home?"

"I've put in gas, electric lights and lamps. If there's anything else to make it brighter, I'm ready to invest."—Detroit Free Press.

TWO TOILERS.

Two men toiled side by side from sun to sun,
And both were poor;
Both sat with children when the day was done
About their door.

One saw the beautiful in crimson cloud
And shining moon;
The other, with his head in sadness bowed,
Made night of noon.

One loved each tree and flower and singing bird
On mount or plain;
No music in the soul of one was stirred
By leaf or rain.

One saw the good in every fellow man,
And hoped the best;
The other marveled at his master's plan,
And doubt confessed.

One, having heaven above and heaven below;
Was satisfied;
The other, discontented, lived in woe,
And hopeless died.

—Boston Transcript.

A VANITY BOOK.

Personal Record Keeping Whose Interest Excuses Its Vanity.

In the beginning one's parents must be the authors, or if the parents will not then some devoted aunt may win for herself the warmest thanks in years to come. When Heart's Delight came to earth some 15 years ago, a substantial volume was bought to be her book. Into this went first the genealogy of the family on father's and mother's sides as far as there was knowledge of it. Photographs of great-great-grandparents, grandparents and parents were inserted. The wedding dress of the paternal grandmother was shown by a small piece, and the maternal side was rich with bits of the wedding dresses of mother, grandmother and great-grandmother. Photographs of father and mother at the time of their marriage and when Heart's Delight was born were also added. To these were added one of the house and the room which the little maid made blessed by her coming. The announcement card went in and letters written for her welcome. Mamma wrote a description of the wonder, and papa took her photograph.

All this was for the beginning, but as months went on there was more to chronicle. Baby's ways, the coming of her first tooth, her first word and when it was spoken, when she began to creep and then to walk—all these were recorded. Into the book went, too, such treasures as the first sock, the first little shoe, a piece of her first colored dress. Everything of whatever kind that marked a beginning found a permanent place in the Vanity Book, and the story of the child's life may be read therein.

As the child developed the character of the items naturally changed. When she went to school, her early efforts supplied more material, sometimes in the shape of school work and sometimes as stories of childish temptations or griefs and joys. Heart's Delight's first letter is entered in the book.

There are so many tokens here that are treasures, more valuable as they grow older. The first invitation to a party, the first theater programme, and with this are other programmes of those things which have impressed the child. Her first party dress, of course, was shown in the book. Throughout the book are photographs of Heart's Delight herself as she grew toward girlhood and of the girls and boys who were her friends.

Long ago the bookmaking fell into the hands of the girl herself, and she adds to it all that points to the story she is making. Everything of pleasure, of special benefit in her life, is to be recalled from this book, and even now she prizes it above all her possessions. What will it be to her when she is 50? What will it be worth to her son or daughter when some one writes "Finis" to it for her? What would you not give for such a book left you by your mother or father? It would be worth more than money.

There is a great deal of pleasure to be found in making such a book for oneself, though if one begins it after childhood he loses much that went into the little one's book. It will become filled, however, with the important things of life, each making these for himself. A vanity book is one of the best things in the world to show how one's ideas of values change and how life's horizon expands. It records a life with some of those which preceded it and gave it its bent and those which accompanied and developed it. Though it may be vanity, it is yet a vanity with a lesson.—New York Sun.

The Apple Dumpling.

Apple dumpling day was a red letter one in my boy's calendar. When I had such a dainty bit in my bag, it seldom staid there many minutes. Although I had dispatched a hearty breakfast before starting, out would come the dumpling. "Just to have a look at it and to see if it is as big as mother generally makes them," I would say to myself. Then I would turn it about and admire its size. From handling the dainty to tasting it was a sure process. "I'll have one little bite, only a nibble," I would say.

When I had got my tooth into that dumpling, Adam with his apple wasn't in it. It was a case of once bitten soon gone. Then I would hurry on to make up for my dawdling with only the hunk of barley bread in my wallet, the joys of the dumpling behind me, and before me the day's drudgery, with perhaps a thrashing thrown in.—"Life of Joseph Arch."

Chilly.

"Poor papa!" said Ethel. "He has a dreadful cold."

"Must have caught it while sitting by himself," said Chollie, who knew how frigid the old gentleman could be when he tried.—London Tit-Bits.

The siege of Troy was mostly a myth. According to Homer's own figures, if there ever was such a man as Homer, Helen must have been at least 60 years of age when she first met Paris, and even in the heroic period of the world women of that age were a trifle passe.

BRITISH SMUGGLERS.

Caves Along the Coast Wherein Their Contraband Goods Were Stored.

A very curious feature of the coasts of England, where rocky or wild, is the trenched and banked up paths from the caves along the coast. These are noticeable in Devon and Cornwall and along the Bristol channel. That terrible sea front consists of precipitous walls of rock, with only here and there a dip, wherea brawling stream has sawed its course down to the sea, and here there is, perhaps, a sandy shore of diminutive proportions, and the rocks around are pierced in all directions with caverns. The smugglers formerly ran their goods into these caves, when the weather permitted, or the preventive men were not on the lookout. They stowed away their goods in the caves and gave notice to the farmers and gentry of the neighborhood, all of whom were provided with numerous donkeys, which were henceforth sent down to the caches, and the kegs and bales were removed under cover of the night or of storm. As an excuse for keeping droves of donkeys it was pretended that the sea sand and the kelp served as admirable dressing for the land, and no doubt so they did. The trains of asses sometimes came up laden with sacks of sand, but not infrequently with kegs of brandy.

Now a wary preventive man might watch too narrowly the proceedings of these trains of asses. Accordingly squires, yeomen and farmers alike set to work to cut deep ways in the face of the downs, along the slopes of the hills, and bank them up so that the whole caravans of laden beasts might travel up and down absolutely unseen from the sea and greatly screened from the land side. Undoubtedly the sunken ways and high banks are a great protection against the weather. So they were represented to be, and no doubt greatly were the good folks commended for their consideration for the beasts and their drivers in thus at great cost shutting them off from the violence of the gale. Nevertheless it can hardly be doubted that concealment from the eyes of the coast guard was sought by this means quite as much, if not more, than the sheltering the beasts of burden from the weather.—South African Review.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS.

Are They a Detriment to the General Commanding an Army?

Everything in a campaign depends upon the general in command, upon his coolness, resourcefulness and rapidity of glance. He may be a man who dislikes correspondents, a dislike they are certain to return, and he feels therefore as if he were perpetually watched in the gravest crises by personal enemies, a feeling which would have been fatal to Marlborough or Eugene of Savoy, the two commanders most remarkable for immovable sang froid. Everybody is not born with the advertising spirit, and there are insects which under a burning glass feel torture instead of that enjoyment of warmth which the operator maintains they ought to feel. Imagine the condition of a general like Frederick the Great, whose main business during three years of his campaigning life was to repair defeat, with 50 "correspondents" in his camp reporting every disaster, every preparation and every execution of the incompetent or the unruly!

It would be maddening to such a general to know that the distribution of blame or fame did not depend upon himself, but would be taken out of his hands by writers not under his command, who would declare that an attack like that on Speicheren, which almost cost an army corps, was "superb" because it succeeded, or that the perhaps best general in the army was habitually a little late in issuing his commands. We do most seriously believe that there are officers of the highest merit in the British army from whom the country will never obtain the best service they are capable of performing because of the multitude of reporters in the camps. That is a thought which those who are responsible for armies are bound to ponder, and, knowing as they do its truth, we do not wonder that they doubt whether to interest the readers of newspapers is an advantage sufficient to outweigh so many risks.—London Spectator.

The Law Business.

"Haven't see you lately," said the first lawyer.

"No," replied the second lawyer. "We've moved."

"Where are you now?"

"Over in the Utopia building. Our firm's got a suit of seven offices."

"Seven offices? What can you possibly do with so many?"

"Well, they don't cost much. The office building business is overdone in this city. We've got a lot of desks, and we'll fill them up with clerks from the colleges. They don't cost anything at all."

"That's so," said the first lawyer, "and they ain't worth anything."

"True again," replied the second lawyer, "but they'll make a show and impress clients."

The law and the office building businesses seem to have fallen upon strange times, this being a true report of an actual conversation.—Buffalo Express.

Chicago on St. Louis.

"It's hard to die so young," said the turkey, "but I'm thankful for one thing anyway."

"What's that?" asked the oyster.

"I'm not to be served in St. Louis," replied the turkey, "so I'll not be eaten with a knife."—Chicago News.

Stained Glass Portraits.

Stained glass portraits are a favorite fad with women who can afford them. The queen of Italy has a beautiful stained glass portrait of herself, and it is said that Alma-Tadema is now making use of the same medium in a picture of the young Duchess of Marlborough.