



UNION Estab. July, 1897. GAZETTE Estab. Dec. 1862. Consolidated Feb., 1899.



Worth the Win

CHAPTER VIII. July reigns, vice June, dethroned, but still the roses hold full sway.

Seaton Dysart has come and gone many a time to and from Greycourt, and by degrees a little of the constraint that had characterized his early visits has worn away.

But between him and Vera that first dark veil of distrust still hangs heavily—distrust that, on Vera's side, has taken a blacker hue and merged itself into dislike.

Seaton Dysart's arrivals being only looked for by the girls at about seven o'clock in the evening—just an hour or so before dinner—gave them plenty of time to prepare for his coming.

For one instance, that day which he was expected, Mrs. Grunch brought a formal message to Vera from her uncle to that effect.

Never yet had their cousin come without the announcement being made; and so thoroughly understood was it that she would not put after a rather longer absence than usual, an absence extending over all last week and part of this, he turns up at half-past two in the afternoon, his coming causing a distinct embarrassment in several quarters.

"What can have brought him at this hour? London must be reduced to ashes," hazards Griselda, her tone now as genial as usual.

"For one instance, that day which he was expected, Mrs. Grunch brought a formal message to Vera from her uncle to that effect.

Never yet had their cousin come without the announcement being made; and so thoroughly understood was it that she would not put after a rather longer absence than usual, an absence extending over all last week and part of this, he turns up at half-past two in the afternoon, his coming causing a distinct embarrassment in several quarters.

"It is good of you to call it happy," says he, casting a really grateful look at her as she shakes hands surprisedly with Vera.

"In time for luncheon, too," says Vera, "with a rather surprised glance at the table, 'you don't seem in a very hospitable mood. Nothing to spare, eh?'"

"We didn't know you were coming, you see," says Griselda, mildly, "and I can't lynch you see, or rather you don't see, before you, is it dinner?"

"What?" says Seaton, flushing a dark red. He has got up from his seat and is regarding her almost sternly.

"Is it true?" asked Seaton, turning to Vera. It is a rather rude question, but there is so much shame and anxiety in his tone that Griselda forgives him.

"Why should it not be true?" says Vera, coldly. "As a rule, you dine early."

"She means that we always dine early except when we know you are coming," supplements Griselda, even more mildly than before.

"And this—" with a hurried glance at the watchy meal, "do you mean to tell me that—that this is your dinner every day?"

"Literally," says Griselda, cheerfully. "This is the chop that I brought not. It is not that you could desire, of course, but if sometimes it might be altered for—"

"Griselda!" interrupts Vera, rising to her feet. "Why should I not speak?" asks Griselda, in a meekly injured tone.

"My father's house is in part mine, and I will suffer no guest to endure discomfort in it."

"There is no discomfort now. There will be if you try to alter matters in our favor."

"You mean that you will accept nothing at my hands; is that it?" exclaims her passion that will not be repressed in his time; the coldness seems broken up, there is fire in his eyes and a distinct anger.

"You have had that 'time' you spoke of, has it fulfilled its mission—has it taught you to detect me? No," detaining her deliberately as she seeks to leave the room. "Don't go; you should give me a real reason for your studied discourtesy, for I won't believe that I am naturally obnoxious to you. There must be something else."

"If you must know," says she, looking back defiantly at him, her blood a little hot, "you are too like your father for me to pretend friendship with you."

"Oh, Vera, I think you shouldn't say that," cries Griselda, now honestly frightened at the storm she has raised, but neither of the others hear her. Vera, with one little slender white hand grasping the back of a chair near her, is looking fixedly at Seaton, whose face has changed. An expression of keen pain crosses it.

yet it seems to me as if you were bent on compelling my likes and dislikes."

"You are right," says he, going closer to her, his face very pale, "I would compel you to—more than like me."

"Compel!" She has drawn back from him, and her eyes, now uplifted, look down before into his.

"If I could," supplements he, gently. He turns and leaves the room.

CHAPTER IX. While the two girls were discussing in a frightened way, the result of Griselda's imprudence, Seaton was having a tussle, sharp and severe, with his father.

"They are all alone in the world," he says. "Yes, yes," acknowledges the old man with a frown.

"Except for me," hastily; "I am not my own man, but I took them. Do you question my kindness to them? What more am I to do for them? Would you have me kneel at their feet and do them homage? Have I not examined you to how desirous I am of making one of them my daughter? Ha! I have you there, I think! Is not that affection? Am I not willing to receive her? You should best know."

"Yes," says the young man, stonily, his eyes averted. "Why, look you; I would give her even you! You! My son! My one possession that has any good in it!"

"You must put that idea out of your head once for all. I could not combat a dislike to my own child."

"What beggar!" his face working. "What d'ye mean, sir? I tell you it shall be! Shall!"

"Talking like that will not mend matters. It certainly will not alter the fact that I am your father, and an objectionable to her. I can see that it is almost as much as she can do to be civil to me—to sit at the same table with me. I entreat you not to set your heart upon this thing, for it can never be."

"I tell you again that shall!" shrieks the old man, violently. "What! is the cherished dream of a lifetime to be set aside to suit the whim of a girl, a penniless creature, who shall be your wife, I swear it, though I have to crush the consent out of her!"

He falls back clumsily into his chair, a huddled heap. Seaton in an agony of remorse and fear hangs over him, comparing him to swallows that die on the table near his father's den, and now, at last, seeing the coast clear, goes quickly forward.

"Uncle Gregory, I wish to say something to you," she is beginning, hurriedly, but he is so pale and his bearing, which suddenly she is interrupted.

"Ha! For the first time, let me say, I am glad to see you," says the old man, grimly. "Hitherto I have been remiss, I fear, in such minor matters of attention to you. I too, have something to say to you."

He fixes his piercing eyes on her and says, sharply: "You have met my son several times?"

"Yes," says Vera. "You like him?" with a watchful glance.

"I can hardly say so much," coldly. "He is neither more nor less than a complete stranger to me."

"As yet. Time will cure that; and I speak thus early to you, because it is my cousin, let me put me up your mind beforehand to like him."

"Why?" she asks. "Because in him you see your future husband."

There is a dead pause. The old man sits with bright and blinking eyes fixed upon the girl, who has risen to her feet and is staring back at him as if hardly daring to understand. From red to white, from white to red she grows; her breath falls free, passionate indignation burns her within her breast.

"Absurd!" she says, contemptuously. "Call it so if you will, with an offended flash from his dark eyes, 'but regard it as a fact for all that. You will marry your cousin, let me assure you."

"That I certainly shall not," decisively. "That you certainly shall. Did you not know that your marriage with my son was the last wish, the last command of your father?"

He is lying well, so well that at first the girl forgets to doubt him. "My father?" she says, with much amazement. "He never so much as mentioned my cousin's name to me."

"This is a bold stroke. Vera hesitates—then, 'No,' says she, steadily. 'Even if my father did express such a wish, I should not for a moment accede to it. I shall not marry to please any one, dead or living, except myself.'

"So you now think. We shall see," returns he, in an icy tone. "May I ask you if your son is aware of this arrangement?"

"My son is willing," says Mr. Dysart, slowly. At this moment the door is thrown open and Seaton himself enters.

"You know," she cries. Her tone is low, but each word rings clear as a bell. "You know! Oh, coward!" she breathes very low, her slender hands clinched.

Roused from his lethargy and stung by her contempt, he would now have made his defense, but with a scornful gesture she waves him aside and leaves the room.

"Great heaven! how did you dare so to insult her?" cries the young man, in terrible agitation, addressing his father. He casts a burning glance at him. Dysart covers before it.

"Out of evil comes good," he says, sullenly, "and I did it for the best. He stretches out his hand to his son. 'See, then,' he cries, entreatingly, 'I did it for you—for you!'"

"For me! You ruin the one hope I had, which meant silence—and you say it was for my good!"

"I thought to compel her to frighten her into a consent, and will yet," cries he, eagerly. "Nay, Seaton, do not look upon me. I have not betrayed you without meaning, and all for the fulfilling of your desire—and mine."

"You misunderstand me," says Seaton, curbing his passion with difficulty. "I would not have her as a gift on such terms. Is it a slave I want, think you? No, not another word! I cannot stand it tonight. Forgive me, father, if I seem abrupt, but—"

He seems heartbroken as he turns aside and disappears through the doorway. Long after he has gone the old man sits motionless, his head bowed upon his breast.

"Curse her!" he says at last: "the same blood all through, and always to my undoing! Cursed be her lot indeed! she comes between him and me! But that shall never be."

Presently he passes through a door on his right hand, gropes his way along the unlighted passage. Unlocking and entering an apartment where the strange old cabinet stands—he fastens the door securely behind him, and goes quickly up to it.

Kneeling down beside it he unlocks the secret door, and taking out the withered parchment opens and reads it with a feverish haste. It seems as though he hopes thus to slake the raging thirst for revenge that is tormenting him.

Long he kneels thus, coming each word with curious care, gazing over the contents of that mysterious document. So lost is he in his perusal of it that he fails to hear the approach of Mrs. Grunch until she lays her hand upon his shoulder.

"What don't you know it by heart yet?" asks she, derisively. (To be continued.)

WHERE TO LOSE TREASURE.

Best and Safest Place Seems to be in a Paris Cab.

If a man must lose his purse—some where, perhaps the best place is in a Paris cab. Major Arthur Griffiths, writing in Cassell's Magazine, tells some wonderful stories of money recovered after being thus left.

That the cabmen of Paris are honest enough—possibly in spite of themselves, for they are a rough lot—and are carefully looked after by the police. As a result, some curious instances of self-denial on the part of these poorly paid servants of the public have been recorded.

One night a rich Russian, who had gone away from his club a large while, left the whole amount, ten thousand francs, in a cab. He was so certain that he had lost it irreparably that he returned to St. Petersburg without even inquiring whether it had been given up.

Some time later he was again in Paris, and a friend urged him at least to satisfy himself as to whether the missing money had been taken to the lost property office. He went and asked, although the limit of time for claiming lost property had almost expired.

"The thousand francs lost!" said the official. "Yes, it is here; and after the proper identification the packet was restored to him."

"What a fool that cabman must have been!" was the Russian's only remark. The comment spoke ill for public morality in Russia.

On another occasion a jeweler in the Palais Royal left a diamond necklace worth eighty thousand francs in a cab. The police, when he reported his loss, gave him little hope of recovering the treasure. Not only were diamonds worth sixteen thousand dollars a great temptation to the cabman, but worse still, the loser did not know the number of the cabman, having picked him up in the street instead of taking him from the rank; and more unfortunate yet, he had quarreled with the driver, for which reason he had abruptly left the cab.

The case seemed hopeless, yet the cabman brought back the diamonds of his own accord. The quaintest part of the story is to come. When told at the prefecture to ask the jeweler for the substantial reward to which he was clearly entitled, he replied:

"No, no; it was too rude. I hope I may never see him or speak to him again."

All cabmen are not so honest as this, yet a great deal of treasure finds its way to the prefecture, whither everything found in streets and highways, in omnibuses, theaters, cabs and railway stations, is forwarded. In one case an emigrant, who had made his fortune in Canada, and carried it in his pocket in the shape of fifty notes of ten thousand francs each, dropped his purse as he climbed on to the outside of an omnibus.

The conductor picked it up and returned it with its one hundred thousand dollars intact. To be sure, he was rewarded with two thousand five hundred dollars, but the temptation he overcame was great.

The First Thing. Munson—What do you think we ought to do with the Philippines? Brisbane—I'm thinking that it might be a good idea for us to capture them.



Children's Corner

How to Make a Cross-Bow. Take a pine board that is 2 feet 3 inches long by 6 inches broad and 3/4 of an inch thick, and cut out a stock like an inch thick.

Fig. 1. The end A must be 1 1/2 inches broad; from A to B must be 11 inches, and the notch C must be 1/2 of an inch deep. Now, take a gouge, or, failing that, your knife, and cut a groove along the top of the stock about 3/4 of an inch deep, which is for the arrow to lie in, and be sure you have it perfectly straight.

Next, take a barrel-stave and split off a piece 1 1/4 inches broad, and whittle it down till it tapers from 1 1/4 inches in the middle to 1/2 an inch at each end as in Fig. 2. Also you might sandpaper it or scrape it with glass till it is thinner at the ends than in the middle.

Now lay the stock on its side and make a mark 3/4 of an inch from the top at the end A, and from that mark measure off 3/4 of an inch lengthwise on the stock. Then at the bottom of the end A, measure off 3/4 of an inch along the stock. Draw a line from the second mark to the last one and cut this piece out as at C, Fig. 1.

Then take your stock and put a 3/4 inch screw in the notch C, as at E, Fig. 1, and let it stand out about 3/4 of an inch. Turn the stick over and put another screw in, about 1 inch from the notch C, so the screws will pass each other in the wood. Now take two pieces of wire about 8 inches long and twist one end of each around the screws. Then put the barrel-stave in the notch C, so that the middle of the bow will come in the center of the notch. Then take one of the wires and pass it around the bow from underneath, and back around the bow again, and pull it as tight as you can.

Then twist it around the screw, which is long enough to reach the notch B, and project the end of the wire. Do the same with the other wire and the bow will be in place. The notch C is cut on a slant so that the ends of the bow will be high enough to keep the bow string from pressing too hard on the top of the stock. Bore a hole through D, Fig. 1, with a small gimlet. Cut the head of a nail that will fit the hole very tightly and drive it through so that it sticks out at each side 1/2 of an inch.

Then take a piece of string double it up till it makes a long U, with the sides of this U, 3/4 of an inch apart inside measurement, and bend both ends at right angles 2 inches from the bottom of the U, as in Fig. 3, and leave the ends 1 inch long from the bend. Put this piece of wire on the stock with the loop underneath and the ends, which must be over the nail D, pointing towards the butt of the stock. If this has been properly made the ends will be on a level with the bottom of the notch B, and when the loop is pulled as if it was a trigger, will lift a match out of the notch.

To make the arrows, take a pine stick 11 inches long and whittle it down to the size of a lead pencil. Cut a notch in one end and tie a piece of feather on, a little back from the notch. Drive a small nail in the other end till it projects 3/4 of an inch, cut its head off and sharpen it with a file.

Then tie one end of a piece of strong cord to one of the notches in the bow, put that end of the cord against the wall and press on the other till the bow bends somewhat, and tie the other end of the cord to the other end of the bow. Then draw the cord along the top of the stock till it snaps into the notch B. Place an arrow in the groove with its notch almost touching the cord. Take aim and pull the loop off the trigger, and the arrow will be sent to its mark.

Fig. 4 shows the cross-bow complete. —Montreal Herald.

Birds that Walk. Does it not seem strange that, although we cannot fly like the birds, no matter how much we try, some birds can walk like human beings?

Watch your pigeons or a quail, ruck, blackbird or snipe walk or run proudly and quickly along the ground. Don't you suppose they think us very stupid not to be able to do both? And how sorry they must be for their cousins, the woodpecker, thrushes, sparrows and warblers, who can only hop!

Of all the awkward walkers among birds the graceful swallow is the funniest. Perhaps he realizes it himself, for he very seldom uses his feet at all.

The Hill of the Cellar Door. I know a hill not far away Where children always love to play; For little folk is straight and smooth, and low; For little folks 'tis better so. The coasting there is very nice.

Without the cold of snow and ice; You slide in summer, fall or spring, But need not bother sleds to bring.

It is the safest hill I've found; Sometimes you tumble to the ground, But 'tis not far you have to fall And would not hurt a child at all.

It's so very near your home, and so Your mother'll always let you go, For then she knows you're right near by, And she can hear you if you cry.

So up you scramble, down you slide, And, oh, you have a jolly ride! You always want to play some more Upon the hill of Cellar Door. —Annie Willis McCulloch.

To Marry a Tittle. "Mamma," said 5-year-old Bessie, "I'm going to be a duchess when I grow up."

"How are you going to acquire the title, my dear?" asked her mother. "Just like other ladies do," replied Bessie. "I'm going to marry a Dutchman."

Repairing His Trees. Small Willie one day asked his mother who made the trees and was told that God made them. A few days later an old colored man came to trim the trees and the little fellow seeing him at work ran to his mother and exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, God's out in the yard repairing his trees!"

What Spunk Is. Papa—Tommy, if you had a little more spunk you would stand better in your class. Now do you know what spunk is? Tommy—Yes, sir. It's the past participle of spunk.

Why Margie Was Glad. Margie (aged 4)—Mamma, what made our washerwoman black? Mamma—She was born so, Margie. The Lord made her black. Margie—Well, I'm awful glad the Lord wasn't around when I got born.

Definition of Fridge. "Can you tell me what fridge is?" asked the Sunday school teacher of a small pupil. "Yes'm," was the reply. "It's walking with a cane when you ain't lame."

TRICKS UPON TRAVELERS. English Tourists in Ireland the Victims of Cunning Natives. The poor Saxon 'tourist'—what he may suffer in the Emerald Isle! There is a story on record of three Irishmen rushing away from the race meeting at Puncnestown to catch a train back to Dublin. At the moment a train from a long distance pulled up at the station, and the three men scrambled in. As the carriage was seated one other passenger. As soon as they had regained their breath one said:

"Pat, have you got 't' tickets?" "What tickets? I've got me loife; I thought I'd have lost that gettin' in 't' train. Have you got 'em, Moike?" "O! Begorrah, I haven't."

"O! We're all done for, thin," said the third. "They'll charge us right from the other side of Oireland."

The old gentleman looked over his newspaper and said: "You are quite safe, gentlemen; wait till we get to the next station."

"They all three looked at each other. 'Bedad, he's a dretcher—we're done for now entirely!'"

But as soon as the train pulled up the little gentleman jumped out and came back with three first-class tickets. Handing them to the astonished strangers, he said: "Whist, I'll tell ye how I did it. I went along the thrain—'Tickets, please; tickets, please,' I called, and these belong to three Saxon tourists in another carriage." —Harry Furness in the Strand.

Did Not Keep a Horse. The young woman who entered the grocery store the other day had but recently entered upon the sea of matrimony and, like all sensible brides, had begun housekeeping at once. But she did not know a little bit about either housekeeping or shopping, and she was giving her first order. It was a crush and could interpret them easily.

"I want two pounds of pulverized sugar and condensed milk."

"Anything more, ma'am?" "A bag of fresh salt. Be sure it is fresh."

"Yes'm. Anything else?" "Two tins of condensed milk."

"Yes'm." He set down pulverized sugar and condensed milk. "Anything more, ma'am?" "A bag of fresh salt. Be sure it is fresh."

"Yes'm. What next?" "A pound of desecrated codfish."

He wrote glibly, "desecrated cod." "Nothing more, ma'am? We have some nice horseradish just in."

"No," she said. "It would be of no use to us; we don't keep a horse."

Then the grocer sat down and fanned himself with a patent washboard, although the temperature was nearly freezing.

A King's Back Answer. Leopold, King of the Belgians, was recently holding a conversation, after a public reception, with one of his familiar known to be on easy terms with the extreme sections of socialists.

"What impression," asked the king, laughing, "do I make on the socialists?" "One of the leaders observed to me," was the reply, "that if you had not been king of the Belgians you might have been president of the Belgian republic."

"Thanks, very much," said the king with a laugh, "but tell me, you who are a medical doctor, how would you like to be made a 'veterinary surgeon.'" —London Answers.

There's no fool like an old fool who marries a young fool.



Farms and Farmers

Roof Windows in the Barn. There are thousands of barns scattered throughout the country, the roof space in which is but little, if at all, utilized, largely for the reason that the roof space is inaccessible. A barn was recently seen in which this difficulty was solved by the insertion of a roof window similar to that shown in the cut.

This gives a chance to unload hay into the loft from the outside, either by hand or by a hay fork, and whereas the loft before was dark and poorly ventilated, it is now light and airy.

The style of window that is shown is much better than the pitched roof dormer window that is sometimes put upon roofs. The style shown admits of having a large square window in front—especially useful if a hay fork is to be used.

The advantage of thus changing a barn is that the loft can be floored over and the hay and straw stored in the second story, utilizing the space clear



THE IMPROVED BARN.

to the ridge pole. This leaves the first floor clear for a silo and quarters for the stock, giving more room for the latter, and affording a warmer barn, since many buildings are kept cold and moist wholly because of the big, empty space in the top—heated air always rising because lighter than cold air. With a window in each end of the barn above, and the new window in front, the loft will be as light as the first floor.

Care of Roots. Not only those who expect to sell their surplus of potatoes and other roots, but those who intend to use the tubers for seed purposes, should be careful to guard against the cold weather. When it gets so cold that frost can be seen upon the inside of the cellar walls, it is too cold in the cellar for nearly all roots, but especially for potatoes and such others as may be intended for seed purposes. The Cooper system of cold storage places the proper temperature of potatoes in storage at 34 degrees, or two above the freezing point, while carrots may be kept at 32 degrees, or just at freezing. We have seen onions kept well at a much lower temperature than that, but an essential requirement was that they should thaw out gradually, and without any exposure to sunlight or artificial heat. How onions so kept would have proved if they had been set to grow seed we do not know, as we never tested them. But it is said that the potato which has been in cold storage, and even not lower than 34 degrees, has been so chilled that it is unfit for use as a seed. Its vitality has been reduced, and while we have had sprouts come from potatoes that were partially frozen, the yield was not such as to lead us to advise any one to freeze their seed potatoes. We are also told that a long term of chilling at a temperature near the freezing point, is worse for them than an actual quick freeze. —American Cultivator.

Saving the Forests. At an Iowa farmers' institute one of the most ardent speakers in favor of the preservation of the forests was a farmer who the writer found later in the year hard at work in his wood lot cutting down trees for fire wood. It was not a fraud by any means, but he failed to see the slightest inconsistency in his action, and yet it seems plain that the only way to preserve the forests is for every farmer to take good care of his own little forest if he has one; if he has not, then he should make haste and start the trees. It is all very well to talk about the preservation of the few remaining great forests of little value compared the five, ten and twenty acre wood lots if such a one could be found on every farm in the country. If you have a wood lot, friend, take care of it; keep stock and fire out of it; scatter a few seeds of forest trees over the ground every few years and do everything possible to preserve your small forest. If there is no wood lot on your farm, set out the trees or sow the seeds next spring on that twenty-acre worn-out pasture. Don't continue to rob nature; give her a chance and she will return to you a hundred fold.

Cooking Food for Stock. There is but little doubt, but that with potatoes or other starchy foods there is a gain in cooking them over feeding them raw, and among the starch foods we also include corn and wheat, and that gain has been estimated at from ten to twenty per cent. If not over ten per cent, it will scarcely pay to take the trouble of cooking unless it can be done without using extra fuel, or there are a large number to cook for. A gain of twenty per cent in feeding value would come nearer leaving a profit to pay for the labor, but the most depend greatly upon the amount of grain and the kinds, mixed with the potatoes. Fod beet, turnips

and pumpkins, we do not think it pays to cook them, as they are too watery when boiled.—Exchange.

Straw and Corn Fodder. It is not many years ago that farmers in the Western States were burning their straw stacks to get them out of the way. There was apparently no market for it excepting at points where the cost of transportation was likely to exceed the price for which they could sell it. Now at nearly every market in the States the price of good straw is as high as that of No. 1 hay, and in some places it is higher. There were some who would not burn it, but put it in the yards for the farm animals to pick what they wished to of it, and to trample the rest into manure. For many years it was found that the farms which had increased in fertility and productiveness, and the practice of burning straw was nearly discontinued, even before the common use of the balling press made it profitable to ship it to Eastern markets. A change almost as great has taken place in the opinion of the value of corn fodder. It is but a very few years since the corn growers of the Western States cut no corn fodder, but after picking off ears, break down the fodder or what they would of it, and then it was a task in the spring to break down the rest so that it could be plowed under. Now it is nearly all being put through the shredder, and made so fine that any stock eats it, and it is thought as valuable as the average Western hay.—New England Homestead.

Pushing Young Pigs. The best food for pushing pigs is milk mixed with shorts placed in a trough close to the pen, where the mother cannot get at it. The little pigs quickly learn it is for them, and as soon as they eat it up entirely add a little cornmeal with it, and when three months old I put as much oats ground fine as I have shorts and cornmeal. Then soak shelled corn and feed it for slops. Make the slops thick just so it pours readily; put a little salt in it; it aids digestion and is relished more by the pigs. As a substitute for milk I use oil meal, old process, and soak slop for twelve hours. I can get more growth from this mode of feeding than anything I have tried yet. Pigs, when being pushed heavily, should have lots of exercise.—Exchange.

Building Up the Dairy Herd. In breeding, only healthy or vigorous females should be used, and they should be in the prime of life—not too young nor too old.

It is equally important that the male should be perfectly healthy and sound, and free from all constitutional and hereditary diseases or imperfections. As a general rule the A GOOD MILKER, dairyman must rely upon the common stock of the country on the one hand and the thoroughbred bull on the other for the base of his operations. It is useless to talk about the excellence of the present wants of dairymen. The animals would be altogether too expensive even if it were possible to find them. Again, it may be doubted whether any advantage would be gained in the mere production of milk over crossing of common stock with thoroughbreds. The grade animal as a milker may prove equal to or even better than the thoroughbred. The only course for the most of dairymen is to start with a good herd of native, having good dairy types, use a thoroughbred bull and breed up to the qualities desired.—Kansas Farmer.

&lt;