PRACTICAL FARMING.

Kindness to Cows.

To get the best possible results from a dairy, the cow which is to furnish the milk must be well understood. She must not be regarded and treated as a machine for giving milk if you wish her to do her best work. The cow is an animal with many of the instincts of the animal, man, and proper treatment, requires that the laws of her animal life should be obeyed.

To give good milk it is absolutely necessary that she be healthy, in order that she may be able under proper conditions to exercise her functions of secreting healthful milk.

Any healthy cow can be made to do this, but as an animal she has other functions to perform, and other demands upon her vital force. Her digestion, circulation, and muscular system may be so constructed as to direct her surplus power in the direction of muscular activity or muscular and fatty accumulation; in all this she may be perfectly healthy; but she is perfectly selfish; her own gratifications have been her constant aim.

But in the production of milk for which the dairy cow is valued, she enters upon an entirely new service, her work is not for herself but for her offspring; someone other than self, and the function now brought into exercise is stimulated by a desire to support some one dependent upon her, henceforth she has a life devoted to the welfare of others. And in proportion to the demand, is the effort to furnish the supply; this is the law of compensation in all nursing mothers. The young of all domesticated animals are very helpless and need and receive more help than those that are untamed, hence the attachment between the mother and her offspring is stronger and usually continues for a long time, and the milk producing power is much greater, than in the same species which are yet running wild.

The long domestication of the cow and, the large demand made upon her, has in some cases directed almost her entire vitality into the production of milk as if for her progeny. Cows selected especially for the dairy are of this kind, and they must have cultivated along with this unselfish giving of themselves for others, a habit of kindness amounting almost to love for those for whom they live. This would be directly expressed to their own offspring and would be reciprocated were not the kindness of the cow by artificial means directed into the channel of supporting the human milker, instead of her own progeny; hence the best dairy cows, are of a kindly disposition and express their kindness in their constant effort to supply the demand made upon them. This naturally expects and deserves reciprocation on the part of those who are benefited by her unselfish life.

The reciprocal kindness which has been so faithfully earned, cannot be better expressed on the part of the dairyman than by taking proper care of the dumb (?) animal which has been so kind to him, and the man, or the woman who has not felt a return of love for the cow from which she has so often received the life exhausting and life-giving stream from the udder, has yet to learn the true spirit of the true dairyman.

The dairyman who has this proper love for his cows will think nothing too much trouble, that he can do for the comfort of his cows. And happily in this case as in all others, it pays to be kind for cows have brains, and kindly emotions, if properly cultivated.

Herein may be found the apparent hidden cause why one milker can get more milk and more butter from the same cow, than others can, and that the one who gets the most milk and butter is not always the best milker when judged by his skill; but he is nevertheless the best milker for that cow, because she likes him the best; his touch and manner have in them a kindness, which puts her in a humor to give him all her milk and to give it in the best possible condition.

How can the dairyman show substantial kindness to his cow? She must have a stable suited to her nature so that she may have good health with the most possible amount of comfort. She must be kept clean—clean as his best horse—and warm in the winter, but must also have plenty of fresh air and exercise sufficient to keep up a good circulation of her blood.

She must have such food as will afford her the best means of producing the milk which she is to furnish. This will consist of such grains properly prepared, as well as such coarse feed in the form of hay fodder or ensilages, as have been found most useful for this purpose. But in these selections and feeding, the cow's own individuality must not be neglected. A clean bed and pure palatable food are as necessary for the comfort of the cow as they are for the comfort of the milker. The greatest quantity of pure milk will be furnished under these conditions of cleanliness and care and kindness.

But the dairyman has not accomplished his purpose until the milk is in form for the market. If it is to be put into the form of butter or cheese, no neglect can be tolerated after the cow has yielded her milk. It must be kept pure by not allowing it for a moment in an impure vessel or surrounded by impure air. Hence the milking stable must be clean throughout and well ventilated and the milk must be quickly strained and put into very clean vessels. The air, which it absorbs rapidly, while cooling, should be pure and not the foul air of an impure barnyard. With milk, thus procured, the dairy man is prepared to make good cheese or butter if his vessels used are clean, and the milk is kept in a cool place until the cream separates or until it is to be used.

We have not entered into the special plan of feeding nor of the special quantities of each kind of food for the cow, because if the dairyman properly loves his cattle, he will soon learn what is the best food for them, and devise the best means of feeding; besides this information has already been repeatedly given in the Farm News.

Our object now is to help cultivate a proper disposition towards the kine from whom we would receive the largest amount and best quality of milk; and to indicate why the pet cow always gives the most milk other things being equal. If there is any truth in what has been written, many wholesome inferences may be drawn from it.

The Wife's Share.

We have a poor opinion of the man, we care not how poor or how well to do he is, that does not acknowledge that his wife has a share in the income of the farm. The man who acknowledges this in words and does not give by actually passing into the wife's hand, some of the share does her a rank injustice.

We are aware some men excuse themselves by saying that "it is all in the family, any way," or "women are no managers." Both are very slim excuses. What man who has worked hard would like it when the few dollars come in that the toil produced should his wife take them and use them in buying a sewing machine, an extra cloak, and half a dozen plated spoons, which are "all in the family" when the husband had set his mind upon having a "good new jack-knife when those hogs are sold." She has the right to do it, as much so as the man has to buy a feed cutter, an extra rubber coat and a whip when the wife had her heart upon having a pair of kid gloves.

That women are "poor managers" is proven false every day. Many a successful man owes his success to his wife's good management and many more would be successful if they left more of their affairs to the judgment and management of the wife.

It is a burning shame the treatment some women get in the money matters of the co-partnership made at marriage.

We do not believe in marriage for a money consideration, but hold that many a woman be happier had the promise to "love, cherish and keep" been carried a little farther or made more specific so as to have obligated to a literal sharing of the money be it little or much.

An extreme case was brought to our attention a few days ago. A farm was to be sold and after the deed was made out the wife hesitated before signing it. When asked why she replied: "Before signing that paper," and her voice grew steady and firm, "I want to know what my share's to be. I've worked as hard as father all these years on the farm, and I've pinched and managed and earned whatever's to be paid for it, as much as he, and I want a set sum that's all mine and that I can hold in my own hands and have belong to me alone."

The lawyer who made out the paper saw determination in the tone and manner and acknowledged her right and asked how much she considered her share.

"I thought of that, too," she replied. "It's been forty years, a good forty years, for we took the farm in the fall, and this is spring, and it seems to me ——" (her voice broke a little at this critical moment) "it seems to me," she repeated, "as if I'd ought to have $20.

That is a true statement of a recent happening. Think of it, man. A woman so belittled by forty years unrecompensed servitude she called twenty dollars a fair consideration for her services! ! Man! are you degrading your wife to such a position.

Feeding Potatoes.

There is a large crop of potatoes this year and as the price is very low, farmers are asking about their feeding value and how best to feed them. Potatoes are fattening food, they contain about 16.1 carbohydrates or fat formers, and but 1.4 of protein or muscle makers; the balance is largely water. It will be seen from this that they should not be fed alone but should have meal mixed with them, and not corn meal, but oat meal, or wheat shorts, for cows. Wheat bran would be better than the shorts, but no better than the oat meal, and perhaps not so cheap. For hogs it will pay to cook the potatoes, put them in a tight barrel and cover with boiling water. When soft add the meal and stir well. Skim-milk added to this makes it still better. For cattle, chop fine and cover with meal. One peck per day is sufficient for a cow.

THE BURGLAR'S PARACHUTE.

London Cracksmen Adopt Aeronaut's Device for Practical Use.

Burglary on scientific principles has brought James Sanders, a ticket-of-leave man in England, into great trouble. He was not a mere jemmy-and-ladder man, but a student of aerostatics, and found out that the best way of dropping out of a window was to do it a la parachute, for which purpose when he went a-burgling he carried a large umbrella. This he intended to open when he had amassed his booty, drop gently to the ground under its auspices and hurry away with the parachute under his arm like a respectable family man taking home the Sunday dinner.

His first experiment on his newly invented plan took place on Saturday evening in a house in Pimlico. Entry was effected comfortably and the articles to be taken away were carefully arranged in a parcel. Suddenly he fancied he heard a noise. He rushed to the window, parachute in hand, saying, "Now for the scientific departures," but, unfortunately for him, in the hurry of the moment he forgot to open the umbrella before leaping, and consequently lost all the benefit of his scientific skill. He and his booty dropped into the area with a crash like any ordinary burglar, much to the alarm of the occupant of the kitchen, who was sitting quietly smoking a pipe after his week's work.

Sanders was picked up in a considerably damaged condition, reproaching himself for his absence of mind and lamenting his bad luck. A former exploit on unscientific principles brought him seven years' penal service and a ticket of leave. The present may prove quite as lucky. Mr. De Rutzen, the Westminster magistrate, committed him for trial.

You never find your merits are so small
Your vices are so many and so great,
You never find you are no good at all
Until for office you're a candidate.

SOME ODD HAPPENINGS.

QUEER THINGS THAT HAVE OCCURRED IN THE OLD WORLD.

England's Railroad Companies—Population of the German Empire—Live Cattle from South America—The Influenza in England—The Late Gen. Skobeleff, etc., etc.

England has 298 railroad companies. Last year their roads carried 911,413,926 "transient" passengers and 1,184,861 commuters.

In the woods near Babsk, Poland, a twelve-year-old boy assaulted a seven-year-old girl, strangled her, and then hanged her body to a tree.

The canton of Schaffhausen, Switzerland, is overrun by field mice in immense numbers, and the Government has been appealed to for ways and means to exterminate the rodents.

The census of 1895 shows that the German Empire now has a population of 51,758,000, despite emigration, an increase of 2,330,000 in four and a half years.

Prof. Nocard, of Paris, has discovered an anti-tetanic serum. If this remedy proves effective in combating the horrors of lockjaw, as it is claimed to be, Prof. Nocard will have immortalized himself by effacing one of the most terrible afflictions which may befall man.

A week ago seven bandits forced an entrance into a Franciscan convent situated in a lonely spot near Bagnorea, Italy. The silent brethren, rudely waked by the noise, forthwith armed themselves with guns, and after a short battle won a complete victory.

Live cattle are now shipped from the Pampas of the Argentine Republic, via Italy, even to Switzerland, where, however, the poor beasts, reduced to skin and bone by the long sea and railroad voyage, are received with supreme contempt. Tender horse met with greater favor than is accorded to this coarse and tough South American beef.

A dry-goods firm in Basel, Switzerland, advertises that during the annual fair, now being held there, it will give a good dinner or supper free, to every purchaser of 30 francs' worth of goods. The Swiss newspapers seem puzzled by this novel exhibition of enterprise; anyhow they condemn it.

A Swiss religious newspaper reports that the Rev. Dr. Hall, of New York, draws a regular salary of $125,000 (636,000f.) annually; and that it is fashionable to be baptized and married by him at $1,000 per ceremony. The total annual income of Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix is placed by the same authority at $200,000.

The influenza is going down in England—down to horses and dogs and cats. The officials of the various "homes" for domestic animals in London report that the mortality in cases of influenza among dogs amounts to 6 per cent.; among cats, to 24 per cent.; and the percentage is said to be even still larger among horses.

Henceforth the German courts will prosecute perjurers more generally and more severely than heretofore, even when perjury is to be attributed to negligence rather than to criminal intent. A police agent at Wiesbaden was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment for making under oath a positive statement of whose truth he subsequently admitted not to have been quite sure.

A learned German has calculated the amount of gold which David and Solomon fetched from Ophir, that mysterious land of fabulous treasure for the adornment of the temple at Jerusalem. David got 3,000 kikkars and Solomon 540 kikkars; total, 3,540 kikkars, or 160,804 kilogrammes of gold, representing a value of $80,000,000. With equal learnedness the same authority has figured out that "Ophir" signifies "The Land of the South."

The northernmost newspaper is the "Laesestoff," printed by an Eskimo named Moeller at Godthaab (Good Hope) Greenland. In its first issue this messenger of intelligence contained only rude sketches to excite the interest of the untutored natives; then followed letters, syllables, words, sentences—knowledge being thus inculcated in truly scientific, progressive doses. Lately a literary society has provided Moeller with a good press, paper and new type to continue the good work on a larger scale.

In the Government of Smolensk (Russia) there is a large territory comprising quite a number of populous villages which has long borne and still bears the name of "Woman's Kingdom." Every spring the male population emigrates en masse to seek work in the neighboring districts. Then for many months the home government is wholly in the hands of women. The Council and its chief are women, and they attend to public affairs so satisfactorily that female suffragists everywhere may point with pride to this green oasis of woman's sovereignty in the endless desert of man's tyrrany.

Gen. Skobeleff, the famous Russian soldier, was a notorious son. His father happened to be a general also. Skobeleff, sr., took care of his worldly goods, while Skobeleff, jr., had no regard for money—that is, when he had any. So long as the father was the son's superior in rank things went all right for the father, but when the son was promoted over the father's head there came a sad change. Whenever his martial progenitor refused to give him money Skobeleff, jr., threatened to order the poor, old man under arrest, and sometimes did not hesitate to execute his threat, despite the prayers and tears of the unlucky parent. He always had money henceforth.

The new woman has reached Smyrna. There in the Quartier Saint-Dimitre, says the Stamboul, a comely young fellow lately abandoned his poor sweetheart for a richer woman—just as sometimes or oftener happens in countries more "civilized" than Syria. But on the marriage day, just as the ceremony was about to be performed, his first love appeared in the church at the head of a few determined followers, boldly seized the stupified bridegroom, thrust him into a carriage, picked up a priest en passant, and then the twain were speedily made one in another church, while the rich girl was left to her tears in single wretchedness. Glorious, wasn't it? Sad, wasn't it?

WINTER WRINKLES.

"And did he say he remembered me when I was a girl?" "No; he said he remembered you when he was a boy."

There is a difference between a cold and the grip, but you will not realize it until you receive the doctor's bill.

He—"Are you going to the opera?" She—"No; I have such a cold I can't speak above a whisper."

Nell—"Jack Softleigh doesn't know his own mind." Belle—"I never knew he was as ignorant as all that."

Mab—"And so you're engaged to one of the Mandon twins. How do you distinguish between them?" Fred—"I don't try!"

At the Party.—He—"Do you know, I always feel like a fool in a full-dress suit." She—"What a pity you can't hide your feelings a little."

She—"Did Maude lose her heart when you proposed to her?" He—"No, I think she must have lost her head; she said no."

The same man does the kicking,
As the seasons come and go;
He grew profane at summer,
And does the same towards snow.

"What! you refuse me $20—me, your intimate friend, whom you once called your second ego!" "Ah, my dear boy, I know myself too well—you would never return the money."

"You and your sister are about the same size, and you look exactly alike. Twins, aren't you?" asked the visitor. "'Course not!" exclaimed Tommy, highly indignant. "She's a girl!"

We stumble on the gifts we prize
All other things above,
For ever since the world began,
We've fallen into love.

"The world owes me a living," he said bitterly. "Of course," replied the other sarcastically. "But I don't seem to get it." "Well, you never were much good as a collector."

'Tis sweet to love;
And it's just honey
To love a girl
With lots of money.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "if you had a twenty dollar bill, would you blow it in?" "Nope," said Meandering Mike; "I couldn't blow it in. Havin' twenty 'ud take me breath away."

We can stand the horseless carriage—
Think it's just as fine as silk,
But we kick hard, harder, hardest,
When they mention cowless milk.

Lover—"I know as well as anybody that she has no beauty or money or accomplishments or anything, but I love her and—" Friend—"And in any case she will still be your better half."

Herzog—"Janns says he is going to become a detective." Perksby—"Oh, he's too silght for a detective. He is very thin, you know." Kerzog—"Yes, but he says he will make a good shadow."

"Poor fellow!" she said sympathetically. "What's the matter?" he asked. "The poor man was disappointed in love," she replied. "Of course," he returned. "It never does come up to expectations."

The Doctor—"Queer saying that, about truth lying at the bottom of a well." The Lawyer—"You wouldn't think so if you knew the amount of pumping we lawyers sometimes have to do to get at it."

The Chaperon—"The idea of your allowing Mr. Tuesoon to kiss you! Such proceedings are disgraceful, and going on under my very nose, too!" The daughter—"But I thought they went under mine."

Millionaire—"Well, my dear Baron, you seem to have an important communication to make." Baron—"Councilor F——, I am happy to tell you the glad news that it is my intention to appoint you—my father-in-law."

"What do you consider the most promising portion of Europe at the present day?" asked the young man with a commercial turn of mind. And without a moment's hesitation the young woman answered: "Turkey."

Susie—"And so you are an old maid, auntie—a real old maid?" Aunt Ethel—"Yes, Susie, dear—I'm a real old maid." Susie (wishing to be nice and comforting)—"Well, never mind, poor, dear auntie; I am sure it isn't your fault."

Willie—"Pa, what is the meaning of the expression, 'touch and go?'" Papa—"It's very simple, my son. It means extreme speed, and refers to the professional borrowers, who make a touch and go so fast you seldom see them again."

"What kind of a man is Skinner? Does he do much in the way of entertaining?" "Entertaining! Why, Skinner is a good enough fellow in his way, but he thinks too much of his money to spend it in feeding people. Really, I don't believe Skinner is hospitable enough to entertain a grudge."

"The Woman Above Price."

Her eyes are not "cerulean blue;"
Her "silken tresses" do not "fall
In rippling waves of amber hue;"
She has no "special gift" at all—
This gentle woman, sweet and good,
Who sprang not from a royal race,
Yet wears her crown of womanhood,
With more than queenly grace.

She does not seem to "float on air,
Like thistledown, amid the dance;"
Nor would her modest spirit care
To hold men "spellbound with a glance."
But she is gracious to the poor;
The sick and sorrowful aver
That when she enters at their door
The sunshine follows her.

She has not soared to Learning's heights,
Or sounded Wisdom's depths profound;
She only claims her woman's rights
Where tasks for tender hands abound:
Yet, though she shrinks from themes abstruse,
Nor studies "ethics" overmuch,
The common things in daily use
Grow fairer at her touch.

Enjoying most where most she loves,
She has no great desire to roam,
But by her pure example proves
How love may sanctify the home.
And thus she rules with kindly hand
The realm she understands the best,
While all her happy household band
Arise and call her blest.

Catarrh

Is a constitutional disease and requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Snuffs and inhalants can give only temporary relief, but Hood's Sarsaparilla perfectly and permanently cures.

"My little boy was a great sufferer with catarrh. Medicines he took from physicians did not help him, and he began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. We have given him three bottles of this medicine and it has effected a complete cure." MRS. R. L. TRASTER, Bozobel, N. C. Get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

TOO WEAK TO WALK.

Friends Had Given up Hope of Recovery.

The Trouble Began With a Cough Which Settled on the Lungs—Subject to Fainting Spells, and at Last Forced to Take to Bed—Restored by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills When All Other Medicines Had Failed.

From L'Impartial, Tignish, P. E. I.

Mr. Dominick P. Chiasson, who lives on the Harper Road, about two miles from the town of Tignish, P. E. I., personally took the trouble to bring before the notice of the editor of L'Impartial, the particulars of the cure of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. A. D. Chiasson, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The case is certainly a remarkable one, and we cannot do better than give it in Mr. Chiasson's own words. "My son's wife," said he, "has been sick for some seven years past, but previous to that time was a strong healthy person. Just about seven years ago she took a severe cold, which attacked her lungs, and from that time up to the beginning of the past summer her health has been feeble, and at times we despaired of saving her life. It was not her disposition to give up easily, and on some occasions while engaged in household work she would be seized with a fainting spell, which would leave her so weak that she would be confined to her bed for several days in a semi-unconscious state. More than once we thought she was dying. There was a continual feeling of numbness in her limbs, and almost constant severe pains in her chest which were only eased by a stooping position. Added to this she was troubled with a hacking cough, sometimes so severe at night that she

Can Now Walk to Church.

did not obtain more than a few hours sleep. About the end of 1894 we had given up all hope of her recovery, and the neighbors were of the same opinion. She was reduced to almost a skeleton, and could scarcely take any nourishment. She had grown so weak that she could not walk across the bedroom floor without help. We had often heard and read of the great cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and at this stage, when all else had failed, I urged that they be given a trial, and procured a half dozen boxes. After using them for about three weeks she could walk across her bedroom floor without aid, and from that time on she continued improving in health from day to day. She continued taking the Pink Pills for about four months, with the result that she is now a healthy woman, and it is now no trouble for her to walk to church, a distance of two miles, and the grateful praises of herself and friends will always be given Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy which a dealer, for the sake of the extra profit to himself, may say is "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

After the Game of Shinney.

Mamma—You don't want any bread and butter! Have you lost your appetite?

Bobby—I don't know, mamma, but I wish you should give me a piece of pie, so that I can find out for you.

Still She Loved Him.

Papa—Ethel, I fear your young man is not enterprising.

Ethel—Yes he is, papa; he proposed to me on one of his advertising postal cards.