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PRACTICAL FARMING

The Brood Mare on the Farm.

When the active working season on the farm will have a little let-up, the farmer can have a moment to spare to ascertain of what value his brood mares have been.

He will remember, in the first place that they have each given birth this season and have raised to weaning age a nice promising colt that bids fair to develop into a good saleable horse later on.

These youngsters are increasing in value and as they are yearlings now will help to make their living next season as two year olds. The brood mares have also done much farm and road work.

Probably I make a mistake in crediting each mare with a colt every year; so it is safer to say that counting for accidents a mare should average two colts every three years.

It would be rather a hard matter to say just what product she will give her owner each year of her working and breeding life. So much depends on her quality and especially upon her capacity as a sure breeder and likewise as a good mother.

Mares, like cows, differ greatly in their flow of milk and many times a medium-sized animal with heavy milk-flow capacity will raise a bigger and better colt than a much larger animal whose milk flow is insufficient.

The practical horse breeder and the farmer of experience is well aware of these facts and one will often be surprised to see farmers keep breeding mares that to the uninitiated appear to be indifferent specimens.

Say that a farmer has bought a mare in January for $150. She is five years old and he breeds her in March. The stud fee is $25, but the money is not due unless the mare proves to be in foal.

The colt has cost $25 at birth and at weaning time, four months later, he should be worth, if a good individual and a good grade, say $40.

By next spring he should be worth $75 and at two years old should bring $100 to $125. Now he can be put to work.

From then until he is four years old he should earn his feed—say $75 a year—and give a profit of $25 per year, although $50 would be nearer the mark.

At four years of age he should be worth $200, judging from the way well-bred, well-broken and well-kept horses are now selling.

We will say that a breeder is lucky enough to have raised a pair of four-years-olds, sound, good lookers, hearty, with snap and style, weighing from 1,200 to 1,400 pounds each, for the pair $400 can easily be had in any of the big markets.

These are not fanciful figures, but are based upon actual experience of every-day farmers of breeding, raising and selling colts.

Every farmer should, if possible, keep one or more good brood mares; not broken winded, worn out, city hacks, but sound, well-shaped, well-bred animals that possess individual merit, and whose progeny will sell readily when the dealer comes along.

Any breeder of experience knows well that almost as much depends on the brood-mare as on the stallion in the raising of any breed of good horses.

Many colts take their conformation from their mother, especially from their shoulders back. For instance, if a mare has wide, ragged hips, her colts are most liable to inherit this tendency. Many colts also inherit their dispositions from their dams.

Brood-mares should be sound, of quiet disposition, strongly built, and they should be well cared for.

It is a severe loss to the farmer who pays $25 stud fee, loses two or three months' work of his mare, and then loses a colt at birth or afterward, and all from neglect of some sort.

The mare can be worked up to a week or two before the colt is dropped. In fact, she is better off for the regular exercise, but she should be handled by a careful man, who will not excite her, and she should have a roomy box stall for her sleeping quarters.

Although many may disagree with me, I am firmly convinced from nearly 30 years' experience on breeding farms, that it is a risky business purchasing aged mares, who have spent the best years of their life doing work in the cities, and trying to make brood mares of them.

Even if they are only eight or ten years old, it is an expensive experiment. The reason is obvious.

In the first place when a mare has arrived at that age, and has never had a colt, her chances of getting in foal are lessened each year.

Furthermore, it is safe to say that a reasonable proportion of these mares have slunked their colts, and for this reason they have been sent from the farms and sold in the cities, where they can do excellent work.

In choosing brood-mares, always buy young ones, say from three to five years old, then you should be able to count on all of them getting in foal or certainly nearly every one, when, if you pick up a lot of second hand mares, of uncertain age, your percentage of colts will be extremely uncertain.

One good, sound young mare, bought from some reliable farmer or breeder, is worth more for breeding purposes than half a dozen so-called bargains picked up in the city.—C.M.S.

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PRESIDENT SUSPENDER

NONE-SO-EASY

What It Was.

Willis—The last time I was here you were puzzled over a peculiar mark which you found on the wall. Did you solve it?

Gillis—Yes. It is evidently the place where the rain coming in from the roof meets the water leaking up from the cellar.

Indemnity for One Crime.

An indemnity of $60,000 has been paid by the German Government, through its ambassador in Madrid, for the seven Spaniards shot at Liege in August, 1914, says the Paris Figaro's correspondent at Hendaye, on the Spanish frontier.

The Green Seal

By CHARLES EDMONDS WALK

Author of "The Silver Blade," "The Paternoster Ruby," "The Time Lock," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

The remainder of that ride was glorified, and it ended all too soon. Mentally I anathemized Struber and the engagement that was dragging me to him so sorely against my will. But there was no help for it now.

We paused long enough at a Spring Street jeweller's for me to see one of the witnesses I had in mind, and it being only a few steps to the Citrus Exchange Bank, I dismissed the taxi.

Struber was waiting for me in front of the bank. He observed Miss Fox's presence with some surprise, and tossed a remnant of frowsy cigar into the gutter. I vouchsafed no explanation, merely remarking, "One of my witnesses;" which, I could see, caused Miss Fox to wonder in turn, for neither had I confided to her anything concerning our errand.

"We might as well go inside and see Mr. Hall," I added, naming the bank's president. "I am expecting someone else along presently; we'll have to wait a while."

"H'm—Mr. Hall," Struber mused, wrinkling his twisted nose. He glanced again at Miss Fox, then winked solemnly at me. "When it comes to picking witnesses," he commented, "you're sure some picker."

Mr. Hall stared inquiringly at the detective, whom he seemed to know; but nevertheless he greeted us affably and conducted us inside the railing surrounding his private desk.

Before I could offer a word to account for our intrusion, the gentleman for whom I was waiting arrived. He was a Mr. Johannes Aartsen, diamond buyer for the jewellers where I had called on the way, an authority on all sorts of precious stones, and regarded as one of the foremost diamond experts in the United States. He was a short, stout, elderly Hollander, with a scrub of grizzled mustache and wearing glasses whose lenses minified his eyes to half their true size. After introductions were made I addressed the banker.

"Now then, Mr. Hall, I want first to get a package from my safe-deposit box, then if it is convenient I would like for all of us to retire to the directors' room. I shall not detain you long; but the reason for summoning this gathering involves a matter of considerable consequence, one that I would like to keep as private as possible. I desire each of you to bear witness to a statement I shall make, and to something I have to show you."

There were no objections to my proposal; in fact, all were pretty curious by this time; and while Mr. Hall led the others toward the rear, I made haste to secure the diamond and rejoin them in the directors' room.

When I laid the crumpled ball of yellow tissue-paper upon the polished table top, of those present Mr. Aartsen alone, I fancied, guessed the nature of its contents. As Mr. Hall closed and made fast the door, and we seated ourselves in five of the directors' chairs, I caught a gleam of comprehension behind the Dutchman's thick-lensed glasses. He said nothing, however.

"A week ago to-day, the seventeenth," I began, "a small parcel came to me through the mail, delivered at my office on the first afternoon delivery, by the postman on his regular round. I was not expecting any such parcel. There was nothing either inside or outside of it to afford me the least hint or clue pointing to the sender's identity, or why such an object should have been entrusted to me. There was nothing, in short, to account for it; there is nothing within my knowledge at this moment upon which I can build a theory as to why it should have been sent at all; and though I have been hoping that the past week would produce some enlightenment, right now I am as much in the dark respecting the sender's identity, or his motive, as I was at the moment of receiving the parcel. I can not declare with assurance that the sensational burglary of my office, with its attendant fatality, is to be ascribed to my possession of what this small pocket contains; at best I can only surmise."

By this time all eyes were focussed upon the ball of paper. Miss Fox's eyes were shining and I could glimpse her white, even teeth between her slightly parted lips. She caught my regard, and smiled.

Only Struber and Aartsen remained unmoved. Mr. Hall made no pretence of concealing his impatience, and he now asked:

"Is it something of great value?"

"Mr. Aartsen shall determine that," I replied; "after which I trust you shall approve the wisdom of my course in thus trespassing upon the time of you gentlemen.

"A responsibility has been thrust upon me, the nature of which makes me feel that I am warranted in asking someone to share it. I shall be in a better position to meet whatever complications may arise in the future, should there be any question of ownership; and if a proposal that I shall presently make meets with your approval the trust can be more effectively safeguarded against possible fraudulent claims."

Then I repeated, for I wanted to emphasize the fact:

"Once more let me assure you, one and all, that I haven't the faintest idea who sent me this, or why it should have been sent to me at all.

"I may add, however, that perhaps Mr. Struber has some such idea. There are reasons for suspecting that the matter is in line with certain investigations he is pursuing, but which I am not at liberty to go into."

I took up the package, and slipping off the criss-crossed rubber band began to unfold the numerous layers of thin paper. The operation was followed with varying degrees of suspense; but when the enormous diamond was at last disclosed in all its brilliant splendor a slow intaking of breath was distinctly audible among the little group, and next instant it was as if each spectator were hypnotized.

Aartsen broke the enchantment. He growled an unintelligible Dutch oath and snatched up the gem from the table.

For a moment his hands trembled with excitement; but he quickly controlled himself. Then turning it slowly over and over, and subjecting each separate facet to a long, intent scrutiny, he examined the diamond leisurely. As it revolved in his fingers it gleamed and glittered and shot rainbow flashes, like a fragment of concentrated sunlight breaking up into its primary colors, the colors blending and changing, running together and separating again and forming every conceivable hue, all with a swiftness that dazzled and confused.

Struber offered the first comment.

"Phoney?" he asked in a matter-of-fact tone.

Aartsen glared at him and snorted his disgust, not deigning a reply. But Struber was in nowise abashed. He added:

"Must be the real thing, then."

Nobody heeded the detective now, however. Aartsen was once more staring at the diamond, weighing it in his hand, cupping the other hand around it and rocking it to and fro while he inspected it from every possible angle.

"By Jove!" he said at last, scowling at me. "And you mean to say this game to you through the mail?"

I had already produced the brown paper wrapping, to which still adhered the stamps and the portion of my business card that had served as the address. Struber was examining this as closely as Aartsen had the diamond.

"Yes," I told him. "And I neglected to state that it was not even registered. The cancelling mark, you can see for yourselves, is too smeared to give us any information. Were it not for the fact that the border trimmed from my card—the label on the wrapping—had been found in the city, it would be impossible to determine where the parcel was mailed."

"Incredible!" exclaimed Mr. Hall, whose every business instinct patently was outraged. "You say there has been no letter of advice?"

"No sir," I assured him; "nothing whatever."

Once more I addressed myself to the expert: "There seems to be no question of the gem's genuineness, Mr. Aartsen; perhaps you can give us an estimate of its probable value. I don't ask you to be exact; simply a rough appraisal will suffice, enough to impress upon us the importance of this matter."

Before I had finished the Dutchman was uttering queer guttural noises and waving a hand in angry protest.

"Value!" he growled, puffing through his wiry mustache. "Tell me, how can anybody value a peautiful diamond like this in dollars and cents! It is foolishness—nonsense. If I say one hundred thousand dollars—a hundred and fifty thousand—maybe the first gustomer offer you two hundred thousand—maybe more, before somebody else ged it. It is of little gonsequence. Not many men can buy a diamond like this."

His next words fairly lifted us out of our chairs. Even Struber jerked up his head in amazement and bent upon the speaker a look that was breathless in its intentness.

"What is of gonsequence—I know this diamond. Eighteen—twenty years ago—I have the regord somewhere—it was cut under my supervision in Amsterdam."

We stared at him, dumfounded. Presently I found voice to cry:

"Man, how can you be so positive?"

Aartsen shrugged his shoulders.

"It is my pisiness to know—to be positif. I could identify all the world's famous diamonds, if you pring them to me one at a time; I know them all, just like you know your law books."

He contemplated the brilliant fondly as he pursued:

"But this diamond, it is different. Its history is hidden from the world. It has no name. Nopody knows where it game from. From the day is last touched the felt-wheel until now nopody—I mean people like myself who keep track of such things—nopody knows where it has been. It disappeared. It is a mystery."

Whether or not Aartsen was otherwise mistaken about the gem, he certainly spoke only the truth when he characterized it a mystery. But there was no valid reason for doubting his assertion, however it might strain one's incredulity to accept the statement that he was able to identify the stone as one he himself had cut a score or so of years previously.

Looking back upon the scene later, it occurred to me that Aartsen had far more cause to be overwhelmed with astonishment than had any of the rest of us. That he should have this particular diamond of all others shown him so unexpectedly, amid surroundings and conditions so impossible to anticipate in imagination, constituted such an experience as seldom comes to any man in a lifetime. Yet he bore himself with more restraint than I did.

"Can you tell us," I asked at length, "the circumstances under which it was entrusted to you for cutting."

"Something, yes," he confessed. "One doesn't forget a thing like that. Maybe one lapidary in a thousand will get to cut a diamond like this diamond; hundreds work all their lives and see such diamonds only in collections; they are not blentiful, like fleas on a dog, Mr. Ferris.

"Besides, something has been in the bapers of late that set me to going back into the past—back to when I was a very young man in Amsterdam, envied by my confreres because I was accounted the most skilled workman in the employ of Jakob and Everard Opzoomer; which is the same as saying my workmanship was approved by the foremost lapidaries in the world.

"By and by I remembered. Everard Opzoomer himself game to my room late one wild, stormy night, and woke me up. 'Ged up and dress and gome with me,' he said. Nothing like that had efer happened before. I asked no guestions; I obeyed.

"We walked silent through the roaring wind and the dark, sloppy streets until we game to his house. He led the way to a room at the rear, a room I had nefer before seen; and though it was past midnight, there sat his brother Jakob and two foreign-looking young men—English, I thought, though I knew little enough English then. One stared at me fiercely and said nothing; the other, a big, good-natured fellow, laughed much and joked with Jakob who knew some English.

"These two young men brought this diamond, uncut. I remember how my jaw dropped when the fierce-eyed, silent young fellow shook it out of a funny-looking little ivory box onto a velvet pad; for I had nefer seen such a diamond.

"I was given instructions to weigh and measure and cut the stone so as to get the most perfect finished gem possible. It took many weeks, that job. And one or the other of the two young fellows was always present, watching, until it was returned to them.

"It was so. Turn and turn about, they kept guard over their wonderful diamond. And when I was through the big, jolly fellow gave me five gold ten-florin pieces for myself. They paid Jakob Opzoomer, took their precious diamond from him, and went away to wherefer it was they game from—nopody efer heard where it was.

"That is all I efer knew—egcept the name of the fierce-eyed fellow, who wasn't fierce by nature. It was that name in the newsbapers that set me to remembering, till by and by it all game back.

"Whatefer begame of them or their diamond I nefer heard, either. I often wondered. I know I nefer before or since did more careful work—"

Struber sharply interrupted. The instant it became apparent that it was a name recently seen in the newspapers that had refreshed Aartsen's memory, the detective had become alert, watching for a chance to break in. Now he could contain himself no longer.

"What was the fella's name?" he demanded impetuously.

It was clear that the Dutchman did not approve of Struber, but he recognized his authority to ask questions, albeit with a show of spleen.

"The same as that scoundrel's you bolice couldn't catch," he said, thumping the table—Willets!"

(To be continued.)

Her Achievement.

"Now you've achieved something!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "These are exactly like the cakes mother used to make. How did you do it?"

"I'll give you the recipe," replied the wife coldly. "I used margarine instead of butter, eggs a week old, I put alum in the flour, and added plenty of water to the milk."

An Eye to Business.

The Insolvent—Tell me, is it a crime to be poor?

The Lawyer—Not in this state, sir. The charge for my opinion on the subject is five dollars. Pay my clerk and go out quietly.

Opposites.

Madge—"So you consider it an ideal match?"

Marjorie—"Yes; he has money and she knows how to spend it."

In favorable circumstances Zeppelins have flown a distance of 1,000 miles.

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"SALADA" B106

This flavour is unique and never found in cheap, ordinary teas. Let us mail you a sample. Black, Mixed or Green.

JOFFRE'S PEOPLE AGGRIEVED.

Native Village Thinks Commander Has Deserted Them.

Rivesaltes, France, the town that gave birth to the Commander-in-Chief of the French armies, is pouting. The blinds of Joffre's house have been closed more than a year and the patient woodpecker has had to pierce them in so many places they look as if a a machine-gun had been operating there. The villagers no longer point the place out to visitors. All because Joffre has not taken the time to go home to receive the address of felicitations of his neighbors and the present bought for him by popular subscriptions. The General-in-Chief is for the moment blacklisted and will have to exercise some of his finest strategy after the war to lift the penalty of his neglect.

The ill-humor of Rivesaltes is aggravated by a total lack of "sous" and a big deficit in wine. The absence of small change is attributed to the German raid on all forms of copper, and this, too, falls on Joffre, who ought to have been able to prevent it. For the shortage of the vintage of 1915 there is the more logical reason of mildew.

There is less song and laughter in all the towns of the south, for the Midi has found something in the war that it is bound to take seriously. All Perpignan salutes gravely when the Belgian band, recruited from the refugees of Flanders, marches by playing the "Brabanconne," but the boisterous cheers of other days are absent. Every day the Place de la Loge is crowded in front of the bulletin board of the Sporting Club, where is posted the latest news from the champion football players of France, with friends anxious to see what name has been added to the already long list of those who had fallen on the field of battle.

Toulouse is quite as grave as Perpignan, though more busy making powder, cartridges and bombs.

Toulouse is interesting also for the mystery that surrounds one of the old brick mansions where Bachelier carved coats of arms in 1535. With fixed bayonets, night and day, the Territorials defend the entrance to this house. The rumor was current in the early fall last year that the Bank of France had transferred its gold reserves there. When the bank returned to Paris, however, the Territorials continued their guard. Their mission is still a mystery to the public in general, but the initiated assert confidentially that Leonard de Vinci's "Monna Lisa," removed from the Louvre when danger threatened Paris, is in safekeeping there in an inviolable steel case.

Cats for Food in Hungary.

The Paris Figaro quotes the Budapest correspondent of the Frankfurter Zeitung as follows: "The official extent of land devoted to the cultivaorgan of the central Hungarian slaughter houses, states that in the Biharkenszteser district, where all the Italian residents of Hungary are interned, a great number of cats are killed and dressed daily. The demand has been such that the price of cats rose to a prohibitive figure, hence the local authorities stepped in and fixed the maximum price at three crowns the kilo." (About 25 cents a pound).

The Safety-First Critic.

"Brown is a very careful critic, isn't he?"

"In what way?"

"He always manages to take the sting out of his unfavorable comment."

"For instance?"

"His bride made him a shortcake the other day, and when she asked him how he liked it he replied: 'It isn't as good as your mother used to make.'"

AN IDEAL TONIC

When your head is dull and heavy, your tongue furred, and you feel done-up and good for nothing, without knowing what is really the matter with you, probably all that is needed to restore you to health and vigour is a few doses of a reliable digestive tonic and stomachic remedy such as Mother Seigel's Syrup. Take it after each meal for a few days and note how beneficial is its action upon the stomach, liver and bowels—how it restores tone and healthy activity to these important organs, and by so doing enables you to gain new stores of vigour, vitality and health.

FOR THE STOMACH AND LIVER

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The new 1.00 size contains *three times as much* as the trial size sold at 50c per bottle.

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