is never safe to turn cattle upon wet clover.

Though the precautions suggested above be taken, hoven may possibly appear; and it is probable that it will show itself in the herd if these precautions are not taken. the disease is noticed in its first stages, give doses from two to four drachms of chloride of lime. Another remedy is to give a teaspoonfel of pulverized charcoal every fifteen minutes, in a half pint of milk or water, sweetened with a little melasses. The dernier resort is to puncture the abdemen. The puncture is made about three inches I clow the spinal column, midway between the hips and the last rib, in the left flank. Gat a competent veterinarian to perform this operation, if possible. He will use a trocar. A sharp pointed knife may be used, inserting a pipestem or a quill in the incision to allow the gas to escape.

Celic is most likely to attack horses in the spring, as then are most apt to exist the conditions which produce it—change from dry to green food, unusual fatigue, weak condition of digestive organs, getting wet, ets. The remedies suggest themselvescare in feeding, watering and working, and the administration of what medicines are necessary to put the digestive organs in goed cendition. The best remedy I know ef—one which I have never known to fail is turpentine rubbed against the upper jaw and inner side of the upper lip of the horse. Fill the palm of your right hand with the turpentine. Rub some on the breast also. Apply every twenty minutes until relief is given.

The mule is an animal of many virtues. He is much understed. He is the victim of a blind, unreasoning, colossal prejudice. The populace hold him in contempt, many fear him, and he has none to trust or love him. Yet he is patient, docile and tractable when decently treated. Cursed and clubbed, he is not so vicious as a horse would be, but as he is more often so treated, he has acquired a reputation less creditble. He will do more work than a horse, eat less, suffer less from heat, and from sickness. He is stubborn semetimes, but always ready for work. Will kick, but not oftener than a horse under the same treatment. The mule suffers, not from a fault, but from a misfortune—lack of beauty. Hence, he is not petted and borne with, but abused till he is soured, and becomes mean. The man who knows how a mule should be handled—as kindly as other animals—has a high opinion of him, and he justifies this opinion.

It will be set down as rank agricultural heresy to oppose the ringing of hoge. The majority of hogs now wear rings in their snouts; their owners are responsible for this, hence, must approve of it, and the manufacturers of rings are sure it is a great thing. Hogs should not be allowed to turn the turf of a pasture field upside down. But I have raised hoge largely for years, have never used a ring, and yet my pastures are not inverted. Perhaps I have a breed of non-rooting hogs. I have raised Poland-Chinas, Berkshires and Duroe-Jerseys. I they are non-rooters, it is because the way feed them makes them so. I give them s variety of food-pumpkins, apples, roots etc., along with their corn, and salt and charcoal regularly. As this pays in the greater thrift of the animals, I think it is better than rings. The Lord intended the hog to use his srout in moderation. Ringirg is pernicious. It antagonizes health.

Honor To the Bare Hand.

As an ounce of rugged fact outweighs a much larger bulk of inflated theory, let us cite—apropos of the agricultural education discussion—an illustrative case of contraries coming within our own observation. The boys of one rural villager were taught to be useful from the time they could perform the simplest helpful service ; were charged with humble duties not beyond their capacity, or to their physical detriment, or encroaching upon their time for study and play. Their responsibilities were gradually increased with their age until as young men the habit of industry had come to be to them a kind of second nature, and they entered at once the fair road to independence and good citizenship by slow and steady gains.

Another man's sons, every way more highly endowed, had easy times; learned early to shirk and loaf; came at last to lounging at the corner store. This tendency to indelence relaxed their mental and moral fibre, and though much more time and expense was involved in their schooling they grew up and "graduated" with desire for genteel situations, where work was not so much an object as high salary; and they have proved ineffective and a source of anxlety to parents and friends. This is a sam. ple fact from a whole impressive structure standing across the dalliance path of the "patent leather despisers" of the "barehand education,' who drop dainty buckets into empty wells and grow old drawing nothing up.

The more culture we can have of the doing power, even at cost of ignorance of language long deceased and often ederiferous, the better for the prosperity of this country, where Labor is coming every day nearer to its own. There is among us, as earnest students of affairs recognize and lament, constant immolation of Honor in the reckless haste for sudden wealth. What is needed to stay the rush of mammon worship, otherwise sure to bring national disas er, is not more lawyers or more men in the "kid-glove professions," but those schooled to a knowledge of the dignity of honest manual labor directed by minds enlarged by practical ed-

ucation. The schools which are to hasten this reform are not the fashionable "universities,"

nor these which spe their methods; where the necessities are marificed to the graces. Through these rich men's sons are passed with group house pressure, largely for show, and contact with them and their athletic and their esthetic ways, enervates the rative virtue of country youth which needs rather to be festered from strength to strength.

El Mahdi's War Doubles Prices-

"The recent troubles in Africa," said a dealer in wild animals, "have made all African animals expensive; but so many Indian animals have been shipped to all parts of the world that they can be bought very cheap. You can now get a fine Bengal tiger, that would have cost you from \$2,000 to \$3 000 not long sgo, for \$1,600 er \$1,800 "

"What sort of animals command the highest prices ?" questioned the reporter. "Well, you know that there is a great deal of fraud in the show business as well as in other professions and other lines of trade. Oa general principles a showman will pay the highest rates for any animal he can advertise for any especial peculiarity or quality. The most glaring instance I can remember is the price paid for Jumbo. We had here a couple of Malay elephants that came from a mountaincus country, and which by a provision of nature were covered with hair four or five inches long to keep out the cold. There was nothing very extraordinary about that, perhaps; but those animals were widely advertised as 'wooly,' and we had no difficulty in disposing of them for \$10,000 each, though they were as poor, small specimens as I ever saw. One was only thirty-two inches high." "Which animals sell the best?"

"The most expensive probably are the hipporotami. There are none to be had in the market at the present time. If we had one we could readily get \$7,000 to \$8,000 for it. A rhinoceros will command from \$3,000 to \$5,000, and is hard to get. Elephants are now a glut on the market, and are consequently selling cheap. Those we used to get \$6,000 for we now sell for \$2,000."

"How do the felines sell?"

"Well, here's a lion, in good condition, we have marked at \$1,000. Lions are caught when about five or six months old by our agents in Africa, and kept for about a year when they are fally grown. It is almost impossible to catch them when they are old. Tigers bring the same prices, a first-class one running up nearly \$2,000. have a magnificent pair of black leopards over there," pointing to a cage in which two huge creatures were growling. "They are the crossest brutes I've ever seen, though we've had them some time. They're worth \$500 each. Here's a nice little pair of spotted leopards," putting his hand through and caressing one of them, "that are worth \$500 for the two, because they are partioularly good for a circur, being quite tame and consequently available for exhibition by a beast tamer or for a parade." "Do any other animals bring good prices?"

"Oh, yes. A chimpanzee brings \$500. If we had a dozen giraffes to-day we could sell them for \$2,000 apiece. A good baboon is worth \$250. Little monkeys sell from \$15 upward. There are few African antelopes now in the market, but they always bring good prices.

A Hazardous Occupation.

Some time ago the statement was published, upon apparently good authority, that in the course of five years' service about 70 per cent. ef train hands upon our railways are injured. This statement has never been denied.

The average life of a freight brakeman is about ten years. If the number of accidents be taken into consideration, and the expense entailed upon the companies for damages paid in the case of such accidents be estimated, it will be seen what a burden is carried by the roads on account of the defective appliances now used on freight trains.

Most of the accidents and nearly all the loss of life caused by them is because the freight engineer has no control over his train. The methods of stopping them are antiquated and imperfect.

Under these circumstances does is not seem strangs that on all railways the most modern appliances for stopping freight trains and locomotives are not used? There are diver brakes for freight locemotives and automatic brakes for freight cars which de all that is claimed for

This being the case, why are not these new appliances generally adopted ?

Shocking Bad Taste.

"My dear, don't you intend to invite Mr. and Mrs. Green to your party?" asked Mr. Biller. " Certainly not."

"Wry not, my dear? They are good friends of ours."

"What if they are? I am going to invite Mr. and Mrs. Brown." "Well, can't you invite the Greens, as

"Why, John Biller, you shock me with your taste! Brown and Green in my parlors together! Why, next you'll be asking me to wear blue and yellow! I declare, you men have no idea whatever of harmony i"

The American Bison.

Twenty years ago the chief feature of the plains beyond the Missouri was the countless herds of buffalo everywhere to be seen. Now all have disappeared. Theodore Roosevelt says there are not 1 000 buffalos in America. It is said one may travel 1,000 miles on the plains and never be out of sight of a dead buffalo nor within sight of a live one. But a newspaper has the curious statement that a new species of buffalo is developing in the weedy precipitous regions of the mountain ranges; it shuns the open plains, lives in small herds, is endowed with great activity. and is a clear case of the "survival of the

How It Grows.

"Oh, Fanny, you'd never believe it !" "Yes I would, and I'm dying to hear," "You know Milly Billiggin? I heard from Calla Rouger that she was engaged." " Is snat all? I thought you were go-

ing to tell me that she had eloped." Well, dear, you can make it an elopement when you tell the story."

PAUL BENTS VICTORY.

Illustrating that "Truth to Stranger than Fiction."

One morning a new sign hung on the door of an office in the most unfrequented part of t e city of T-, It was small and unpretentious, and bere but three words in gilt letters : " Paul Bent, Lawyer." People read it carelessly and passed on ; some wondered who this young man could be, for they judged he must be young, but ne one recegnized the name for some days.

Blanche May was passing along the street one morning when the new aign met her eyes. She read it the second time, while the blood fled from her face. Then she glanced at the window and saw a gentleman gazing at her. He was nicely dressed, the hue of health overspread his countenance, and he looked every inch a man. She only looked an instant, then let her eyes drop and passed on, sad or happy it is needless for me to say.

Paul Bent was talented; business poured in upon him and success crowned all his efforts. His name became celebrated throughout the city, and when it was known that he would speak, the court-room was crowded, for he was a natural orator,

A year soon passed away, and on a pleasant afternoon in May, while Blanche was walking in one of those shaded squares so numercus in our large cities she saw Paul enter at one of the gates. He walked leisurely along with his eyes bent on the ground, and seated himself on a bench. She watched him closely, but he never looked up; he seemed to be deeply meditating, Then she seated herself quietly by his side, and touched his arm. He looked around, and seeing her a happy smile broke over his countenance, and he exclaimed: "Blanche!"

She held out her hand, but he hesitated to take it.

"Paul," she said, "will you not take the hand of an old friend? "I am not worthy, Blanche," he said,

sorrewfully. "Paul, I know all. I have heard about your terrible battles with your temptation, and I honor you. Before I pitied you, now I honor you as a hero. I glory in the suc-

cess which is crowning your effort, and my heart is happy, for in you I see to-day the answer frem God to my prayers. Won't you take my hand now, Paul?" she asked, with a winning smile. He reverently raised her hand to his lips,

then let it drep and turned away; but she caught him by the sleeve, and in an imploring voice said : "Paul, don't leave thus! Do you know

why I prayed for you? It was because I always loved you—and that love is not dead

She blushed as she made the avowal, but she had hardly finished before he caught her to his breast. Then they seated themselves again, and talked till long after the sun had gene down. Paul teld his whole stery, how one night, after menths of hard drinking, he had given up all hope of reforming or of becoming worthy of the love of Blanche, who had been betrothed to him in better days. His friends had all long since deserted him, his money was wasted, and every article he possessed of any value had been pawned. He steadied himself against the side of a saloon-keeper's door from which he had been rudely expelled, and looked around him. Far up and down he could see the dark street stretching like an immense serpent. At last a policeman bade him "move on." He walked slowly away. He was without ambition; his only | spiece. desire was for rum or death. He walked toward the river, reached the bridge, walked far out on it, then stopped and looked down into the water.

He cast his eyes toward the city, but not a living object was to be seen. The streets were tenantless, and the houses frowned on them as darkly as ever. But one window was lighted; all the rest were dark, and the city seemed to have laid down to rest and was silent as the river.

He took off his hat and laid it down, re moved his coat, selzed the top rail, and, placing his foot on the lower one, began to ascend.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by a low sound. He paused in alarm and looked around him. A low, soft note, sweet as the voice of an angel, sounded across the water. He paused as though he had heard a Divine command, and half sitting on the top rail, listened. The first note was followed by others as ravishing, and then a voice that sounded strangely familiar broke forth in tones of sweetest melody. The voice was low and melancholy at

first, and some of the words were indistinct, but as she proceeded—for he could tell it was a woman's voice—it gathered volume and the sentences rolled over the water distinct and grand, He was entranced. A strange trembling seized him, and, without knowing why, he got down off the railing and quietly stoed there, drinking in every word and note of that magnificent verse, so descriptive of his situation.

Old memories crowded fast upon him; he seemed again to hear the voice of his promised wife as she said :

I cannot trust my happiness to one who may fo'low in his path. I love you, Paul. Prove yourself a man, and in three years come to to me ; I will be waiting for you."

A few low notes and the music ceased, and all was still again, but the silence found were shaking his frame and his knees were bent in prayer, for a soul and life had been saved.

He rose after a while, and picking up his old coat and hat parsed over the bridge and through the town out into the country. and soon his name was forgotten by all but a few in that great city. Five years later he returned a new man.

When he had finished his story Blanche asked: "Did you ever find out the name of the singer?"

"Ne," he replied. "I hope to some day, for I wish to thank her." "You need not wait long," she said. "You can de so now. It was I who sang the song."

Father-in-law-Perhaps, sir, you think I'm going to support you for the rest of your natural life. Son-in-law-Well, I don't daughter off your hands.

Mr. J. H. Parnell, brother of the Irish leader, has lately planted 500 acres more in reaches on his Georgia farm, making a total of 1,300 acres in that fruit.

The Dean of Winchester is about to restere the marble-covered sarcophagus of William Rufus to its ancient place before the high altar in the Cathedral.

Mr. A. Cusson, a wholesale merchant of Montreal, has caused the arrest of ten young men for forgery in issuing bogus notes of invitation to a party at his house.

Mr. Albert Millaud, a well-known French journalist and composer, is seen to become the husband of Madame Judic. It is generally known that Madame Judic is a widow,

M. DaLesseps declares confidently that the Panama Canal will be completed within the next three years, Few parsons share his confidence, although his words have the weight of authority.

At a garden party which is to be given at Dublin in May by the Earl and the Countess of Aberdeen the ladies invited will appear in maids' fancy dresses, and the gentlemen in Irish tweed suits. Mrs. Garfield has offered her Cleveland

house for rent, and will hereafter live at Mentor, the former Garfield homestead. where some \$40,000 has been expanded in beautifying the house and grounds. The death is recorded of Captain James

Maurice Shipton, R. N., who served under Nelson, Dancan, Cornwallis, Napier and holds everything in "ah." Sydney Smith. He received the medal for the taking of Fort Trinite at Martinique, Mrs. Potter Palmer is noted as carry-

ing upon her perso more wealth in the shape of jewels than any other lady in Chicago. She wears a collar of diamends, besides aigrette for the hair, superb roseshaped diamond solitaires. Mrs. Paul True, aged 95, of Pittsfield,

N. H., very foolishly omitted the whooping cough from the list of her infantile ailments and is now down with that disease, but expects soon to be about her work again. This is a pretty tough story, but it's true. It is commonly remarked in France that

if the Orleans princes were not so rich they would be the rulers of the nation; that is, if they had spent their money more lavishly they would have won a following strong enough to restore them to the throne. Thrift is unpopular.

Stepniak lives in the northwest part of Lendon, not in a luxurious mansion like that of the socialist, Hyndman, but in a small and severely plain house, sparely furnished. He is a heavily built man of handsome face and polished manners, and always dresses in simple black.

There will be an important sale of pictures at London in June and July. These pictures, numbering more than four hundred most of them fine examples, are now in the collection of the Dake of Marlborough, Teniers is particularly conspicuous in this collection. Perhaps no single canvas in it has greater value than Carlo Dolci's "Mater Dolorosa."

It turns out that Mr. Edgar Fawcett is the author of the anonymous story published in Philadelphia some time ago under the title of "The Buntling Ball," The publishers offered a prize of \$1,000 to anybedy | against a barbed wire fence! guessing the author. So many people suspected fawcett, owing to the turgid style. that the purse has been divided up and the guessers will only realize 121 cents

Beiva Lackwood, of course, has taken a hand in the low-neck discussion, and seeks to create additional bustle by adding the trained skirt to the tabooed articles. She has written a letter to Miss Cleveland, in which she declares that "while the trained skirt is untidy, extravagant and in crowded assemblies peaitively vulgar, it is also undoubtedly in its origin a badge of servil-

With Sir Henry Taylor, who died in England March 28, in his eighty-seventh year, a living epitome of the nineteenth century has passed away. He had seen the reigns of the Third and Fourth Georges and William IV., as well as the whole of Victoria's; also the rise and fall of the first Napoleon, his Bourbon successors, and the Third Empire; Scott, Byron, and Shelley, Lamb, Coleridge, and the Lake Poets, together with Dickens and Thackeray, Irving and Prescott, were of his era; he was a wellgrown lad at the time of our almost fergotten war of 1812, and had witnessed a complete reconstruction of the political map of Eu-

Mary Anderson is computed to be worth \$500,000, which is said to be safely invested in real estate, gas stocks and railway shares, both in England and America. A small portion of it is in American bonds. She expects to clear this year \$150,000. But our Mary is not so rich as her sister professional, Lotta, who, as a rule, lives frugally, and is eminently businesslike. She claims to be, and probably is, the wealthiest woman on the stage. Her dollars are estimated as Great Britain was rated as totalling up totalling up to the stage. totalling up to considerably more than a "Paul, my father fills a drunkard's grave. | clear million. Most of the money is held in the name of her mother, Mrs. Crabtree, who has been her daughter's business manager ever since she appeared on the stage. Lotta has sustained only one serious monetary lose. A man she was engaged to was at the bettom of it. She let him have \$20,000 to specu-Paul Bent greatly changed. Deep sobs late with. He lost the whole of it, and Lotta's heart and hand at the same time. Almost every visitor in Paris who has

ridden out toward the Bois has seen the old man in the little carriage drawn by sheep. pottering along in the avenue du Bois de Boulouge. These sheep are two fine fat South Downs, but the occupant is a cripple named Dr. De Reroy. He has been by turns a soldier, a traveller, a pelitician, a journalist and a man of letters. A nephew of the Abbe Lammenais, he was for a while private secretary of Lamartine, also an intimate friend of the Marquis of Hartferd, at whose place in the Bois ne frequently met Prince Napeleon. During the war he volunteered to carry important despatches out of Paris for the government of the Defense Nationale. He started alone in a balloon, which was caught in a hurricane, carried into Switzerland, and came down in the midst of the Mer de Glace glacier, where his legs were so frost bitten that they had to be amputated. know why you shouldn't. I took your Besides his legs, he lost his fortune by the

SPRING SITE A long "felt" want-A want A courrent item-Jelly. Always what it is cracked plate A man of his word—As one Why do girls wear butter! swell.

Nice thing in hose—a your life No one can resist a woman's A deed of trust—lending a mark Not always satisfied—First Fine weather is never admini

It's a poor man who can't hank emies. A knight of in-dust-try-la. beater.

fare exchange-Giving tickets. An insolent tailor should know by a lawsuit.

A school for scandal—the meda ing school. Historians will measure Panelle by his Home rule.

"Lend me your ears," with into the corn-stalk. A policaman, like a man climber

der, goes the rounds.

The nick of time—the plecs broke the ancient crockery. The dude, judging from his com-

A mud read in the winter is a but rer to the teamsters, The newspaper man who alm credit is a creditable man,

For a baby there should always twixt the cup and the lip. A quack—Dr Jones—according a catimate of Dr Brown—and reduced Life and death follow each other

shine follows summer showers. A murderer is like a shepherd's a is sure to turn up in the end. Remorae green and despair rela very much wern in law suits.

What festival of the church do best, Bertie?" "The picnics, Mr. R. The pen is not only mightler to sword, but it can give the boyout The barber is the greatest of mode elers. He roams continually ire

Tennyson paraphrased to mit li derson: Faultlessly faulty, nicely in splendidly dull. At the breaking up of winz

seems to be pensive. Even the brooks are thawed full. If a fellow steals a kiss from h would it be just the right thing he a male robber?

The miser is universally detect almost everybody envies him a characteristics-his wealth. Anxious Reader-No. You seem

fro

dep

ure

acte

Burns did not write a poem called in cotters' Saturday Night. Is it fair to suppose that when Pul

the thorn in his side he had been in "Did you hear the lecture lat asked Williams of his neighbor h "Ne," replied Bessley, "my who

at heme." " Few sons take after their fatte marks an exchange. True, but i many fathers take after their son Boggs-I see that blind people

cated now by means of raised letter. -That's nothing. Why bank cuit often educated by means of raised "Clear out here !" yelled an em saloon keeper to a dead beat. "Ye

you ain't tolerated in any decent that's why you are always proving You hardly ever hear a womm ing her idea of distance by sym

thing is "within a stone's three. phrase is too indefinite and circuit for accuracy. What! you don't mean to tell

have actually taken the stick to pe Why you haven't been married months!" " I know it; but the waits to beat his wife until the brute, that's all."

Iron Ccean Steamers

The first iron vessel was launched and is still in existence. But not did the work seriously begin. At the Lloyds began to build small inst for short voyages. A certain ames judice had to be overcome, for many doubte as to its strongth and But it made its way, and the first iron steamer made a Transations in 1843, the Great Britain, land large sized ship. It was a ship of burden, and was an iron sorey bining the new methods of proper construction. The voyage was and the ship is still in existent, within a few years at least, ma lia. Her success led to imitate English marine, and in 1850 the was established between Liverpoor York of iron screw steamers. profitable mail contract, and commercial undertaking, but management has been very the United States iron shipted never taken root the way it has Americans began early to build steamers, and do now, but only by lines. They only use iron is they are entirely out off fram or where they are driven to it, possible to use wood for much ing service.

If any skeptic should feel Solomon's reputed wisdom, member the number of women That fact ought to settle it

He, —"I think they both good match." She, —"How so? Why, she's brimstens Parish he's a perfect stick!" and a perfect stick-precisely to a good match."