On the Farm.

BLIND BRIDLES FOR WORK HORSES.

The farmers of forty years ago never thought of working horses on the farm or road without blinds or bridles. I was brought up under the impression that a spirited horse could not be worked without blinds, writes Mr. W. W. Stevens. But I haven't a blind bridle on the farm now and do not think I shall ever own one again.

The argument used by those who favor the use of blinds is that when a horse cannot see his driver or the machine or vehicle behind him, he goes along much steadier and without getting excited, and drives freer and shirks his duty less. The other side is that when he is broken without the blinds, he has more confidence in himself and in his driver and is not so likely to scare at anything he sees behind him, or shy at things he half sees on either side. No horse with open bridle is continually finding ghosts, or shying at bicycles, baby cabs, road scrapers and the like. I know from experience that one can get a horse accustomed to railroad trains, traction engines or threshing machines much quicker by using open bridles, or when he can see plainly instead of having two-thirds of his vision obscured.

It is true that a horse broken with blind bridle will act foolish when a change is made to an open one. The reason is simple; it is like breaking an animal in the first place. When hitched up, instead of hearing the rumbling or rattle of the wagon or machine behind him, he sees it following closely after him. He will probably try to get away from it at first. It takes some time to get him used to his new surroundings, but if he is carefully handled he soon gets down to work and is very much more tractable and level-headed.

I know of but one kind of horse that works better with blinds than without them, and that is the sluggard or regular shirk. With the blinds on, at each cluck of the driver he does not know but he may get a lash of the whip. He surges along and keeps up his end. With the open bridle he soon learns to know when the whip is in the hands of the driver and governs himself accordingly. I like to have harnesses, as well as bridles, as free from unnecessary weight or encumbrance as possible, for it adds to the comfort of the animal. We should give this matter a thought as we go along. I hear a good deal said against the over-check and it is all right as a rule to discard it, but I would for the same reason let the blinds go the same way.

REPAIRING AND OILING HARNESS

At this season do not neglect the harness. Take out all the strings, wires, nails and chains that have been used in cases of emergency, and have all the weak or broken places properly mended. Or if the harness is an old one, fix it yourself with a few rivets. Use the No. 8 copper rivet and burs. They are the strongest and copper does not injure leather as does iron. Have the harness repaired before putting a drop of oil on it. Take apart and put in a tub of warm water. Let it soak until the dirt starts easily. Use soap or soap powder. Wash each piece until clean, then place in such a position so it will drain. A small stiff brush is a good thing with which to start the dirt from the creases. By the time the last piece is washed, the first parts are ready to be blacked. Wipe off all water. Take one strap at a time on a board and with a swab give both sides a going over, after which wipe thoroughly. As soon as each piece is blacked, lay it in a clean place.

A harness should be blacked and oiled before it has time to get very dry, for the water opens the pores of the leather and the oil "dries in" much better. As soon as all the harness is blacked, put on the oil, going over each piece separately. Let the harness lie over night and the next day go over it again and work the straps through the hands, as this makes them more pliable. Good neatsfoot oil is best. If the straps are very stiff, add a little kerosene. Two parts of oil and one of kerosene with a little lamp black make a good oil. But if the harness has been blacked as directed, the lamp black is not needed. Ten cents' worth of blacking will cover two harnesses. Two days is usually enough to get the oil well soaked in, then rub with old papers. If a finished job is desired, go over it with castile soap or Miller's dressing. The patent leather can be brightened up by using turpentine and a soft cloth, then rub dry with a clean one.

SOWING CLOVER ON SNOW.

A Michigan Farmer's Institute lecturer, says he had a successful catch of clover where the seed was sown on snowbanks three feet deep. Seed sown that way settles into the snow and keeps always below the surface as the snow melts. If the snow goes with a heavy rainfall the seed will be washed into channels, but even then not much harm is done. Where a rain follows directly after wheat or oat harvest seed can, he says, be sown on the stubble and harrowed in with spring tooth-harrow with almost certain success. Where clover is sown in spring this writer never pastures after harvest. If necessary to weed killing he clips the clover with a mowing machine early enough to let the clover grow up again five or six inches and still late enough to prevent weed seed ripening. One of his neighbors, he says, goes so far as to say that a man's wife should never be allowed to walk in fall over spring-sown clover.

EVOLUTION OF DAIRYING.

Evolution applied to dairying means development and progress. First there was the evolution of the cow. The primitive cow did not give much milk. Evolution, or development, has been brought about by environment and change of food. The beef cow is one of the earliest types. The dairy tpye is of modern development.

Feeding the cow better food, making her more comfortable, and breeding for milk have resulted in a cow of the dairy type, that can give in one year 10,000 lbs. milk containing 5 per cent. butter fat. There has also been an evolution of the quality of the products of the cow. Especially noticeable has been the evolution of cheese and butter making. Evolution has given us the separators, churns, butter workers, and other implements that have been brought to a state of perfection. Progressive dairying makes calls on man's intelligence and skill and develops the man.

KING'S VOICE CARRIES WELL.

His Early Training in Elocution and His German Accent.

The following paragraphs are from the London Daily Chronicle. It may be of interest to add that Mr. Tarver did not get rid of the Prince's German accent, which is still pronounced. Even the Duke of York's accent is not quite free from the same taint:

"Everybody hearing the King's speeches during the past weeks has remarked anew that his voice carries remarkably well. The House of Lords is easily within the common range; but the King's voice is one of the few voices that can make themselves heard at speaking pitch in every nook and cranny of the Albert Hall. This penetratingness is not due merely to a sounding quality of voice—it is the result also of a great deal of training and labor. As a pupil in elocution the Prince was caught young. There is absolutely nothing clerical about his intonation. All the same, his first master in the art of voice production was a clergyman, Mr. Tarver.

"Many stories were current in those days—stories which had the rare and un-Stalky quality of being creditable to both pupil and master. One morning, when his reverence said; 'Go on reading,' his Royal Highness, with a frankness that has continued to be his characteristic, replied: 'I shan't.' Mr. Tarver, bowing gravely, left the room. Next day the Prince said; 'Mr. Tarver, I was very rude to you yesterday,permit me to apologize.' On another occasion the Queen came with inquiries about the pupil's progress. 'Well, I regret to say that I can't get rid of the Prince's German accent; and when he is older, and has to speak in public, the people will not be pleased with it.' The Queen ruled that henceforth the future King should show his progress in pure English by a daily reading before her. The country now benefits in the result."

ONE DOCTOR'S OPINION.

Cause of so Much Sickness in the Farmer's Family.

A physician who had resided in a small town for nearly a quarter of a century, and had accumulated a competence, was in a reminiscent frame one day, and said to a friend:

"It may seem strange to you, but three-fourths of my practice is among the farmers living within a radius of ten miles around this town. I have travelled every road and lane in this neighbourhood hundreds of times,and know every foot of them. Farmers ought to be the healthiest people alive but there is somebody sick in their families nearly all the time. They habitually eat too much, their systems become clogged and instead of starving themselves well they send for the doctor."

"Why don't you tell them so?" asked his friend.

"I used to do so but it offended them and they dismissed me and sent for other doctors. So in many cases I have given them mild medicines, and told them they must eat little or nothing for two or three days, in order to give the medicines a chance to take effect. Town people overeat, too, mind you, but for reasons easily explained, they don't eat as much or as hearty food as the farmer and his family do. By the way, Chester," he said, turning to his office assistant, who had just come in, "didn't Uncle Hank Roughrider, just south of town, kill his hogs two or three days ago?"

"Yes, sir," replied Chester.

"I'll have a call to attend a case of malaria or something of the sort in that family, from eating too much sausage and pigs' feet, inside of twenty-four hours," predicted the physician.

And even as he spoke Uncle Hank Roughrider drove up to the office, tied his horses to the hitching-post, and hurriedly came in.

JUST LORD ROBERTS' WAY

A BOER WAR EPISODE THAT HELPS TO EXPLAIN HIS POPULARITY.

The Private Soldier, Wasted by Fever in a Hospital Who Longed for a Sight of the Field Marshal—How Roberts Found Time to Visit Him and Speak a Cheering Word.

Private Miller, No. 3203, lay in the end cot. The big school room had been turned into a hospital and the blackboards stretched around the walls like a band of premature mourning.

Once he had been a very big man but now his hairy arms that lay listlessly outside the cover were almost the same size from wrist to shoulder and every bone in his skull showed plainly through the skin. His hair had been clipped and so had his beard but a thick stubble hid his big gaunt jaws.

The doctor said that he was probably going to recover but he did not look it. Enteric fever had made such a wreck of him that death seemed to be written in his deep sunken eyes and sound in the weak, hollow tones of his voice.

He was used to hospital life, having been down to Wynberg twice in the first six months of the war, with Mauser holes in him. Then he got the fever at Natal Spruit, and this was framework of the strongest man in the regiment!

It was very quiet in the bare little room. Occasionally a man muttered, but as a rule, they all lay there with all that was left to look at—the mere their eyelids closed, or else looking blandly up at the ceiling, in a slow breathing, half-waking sleep.

An armey nursing sister came into the room quietly. Some of the men followed her with their eyes. She went to the little table near the window and put a little bunch of flowers in a glass. She wasn't very pretty; she was tall and angular, and had prominent front teeth that were continually showing, but her very presence seemed to brighten the room. The little cap, with its long white streamers, appeared to soften the strongly marked face.

After she had arranged the flowers she turned to the end cot and straightened the pillow with a knowing pull here and a soft pat there. She was very proud of him, was Sister Potter, for twice they had put the little screen around his bed, behind which men are expected to die more privately, as it were, and make their exit as gracefully as they can alone and uninterrupted.

But Sister Potter had determined to pull him through, if possible. Not that she was not determined to pull every one through who came into her hands, but this man especially, for the orderlies said that the end cot would soon be vacant. And there were plenty enough waiting out in the tents of No. 5 field hospital to fill it a score of times.

The volunteer surgeon who had charge of the ward declared that Sister Potter had saved Private Miller by sheer force of will. Every one knew she had a will of her own, and her word was law. But whatever it was, the screen had been withdrawn and the cloud of death had passed by the end cot to settle suddenly and unexpectedly on a light case near the doorway.

The sister had not said anything to her patient as she arranged his pillow. She had simply smiled at him, more with her eyes than her lips, which were open continually. She felt his brow with her long, cold fingers.

Number 3,203 looked up at her. He did not smile in return, but started to say something, and after one or two efforts came out with it weakly;

"Is ta little mon comin' ta see me?" he asked.

The nurse did not reply at first. It was the same thing he had said over and over again in his delirium: When was the little man coming? why wouldn't they let him in? He was just outside there asking for Private Miller. Over and over again, in all sorts of ways it had been repeated; as a question, a complaint, or a request. Now here he was, without a degree of fever, and yet with the same words on his lips.

"Oh, he's coming soon, but I suppose he is very busy now," said the nurse quietly, and as she spoke it was evident wherein lay her power and charm. It was her voice, so low and sweet and comforting. Many a poor fellow had listened to it, and never known why he felt better. Many had found the secret, and questioned her for the mere sake of the sound of her reply. Private Miller only nodded his head slowly two or three times as if he agreed and was consoled.

In the evening, as is customary with the fever, his temperature rose, and when the nurse came to give him his little bowl of arrowroot, he was a little flighty and would not touch it.

"He waud na coom," he muttered, "He's hard pressed wi' ta big fight that's comin' on. I want ta dee—he waud na coom."

"No, he couldn't come to-day," said Sister Potter, "but perhaps to-morrow."

Then she went out and told the volunteer surgeon; and that night he dined with a member of the headquarters staff.

The convalescents, in their light blue hospital suits with the broad, white trimmings, stood up and saluted. A little knot of red-caped nurses in the corridor were in a flutter of whispering. The orderlies standing at the entrance of the wards froze into an attitude of attention. Sister Potter bent over Private Miller's pillow.

"He'll be in in a few minutes," she said.

"Who?"

"The little man. You know you wanted to see him."

"God guide us, I'm not fit to be seen! Caud na I got a shave first, eh? A'am sair unkept."

He put his weak fingers to his rough hairy chin. "I'm, disreputable. But you're na meanin' it," he added, weakly. "He waud na take the trouble to see the like o' me."

In reply the nurse gave a little soothing caress to his wasted, bony hand.

Down the corridor came four or five khaki-clad figures. At the head walked the volunteer surgeon and beside him, with a strong, quick step, walked a short, well-knit figure, clad in an immaculately neat uniform, held in by a broad belt and cross straps. Above it rose a kindly, strong face, with a gentle, almost merry expression in the eye. A firm mouth with strong downward lines, yet sympathetic as a woman's, a brow furrowed by care and work and a voice that, like the nurse's, made one's heart warm to him, completed the man.

It was the "little mon," "Bobs, the beloved!"

The occupant of the end bed caught sight of him just as he entered. He struggled to rise, but Sister Potter's hand restrained him. He saluted none the less, with a swift movement at first, and then a drop to the counterpane, as if the effort had been too much for him. His face flushed and his breath heaved. For an instant the sister looked at him nervously. The other men in the room, who were all convalescents, rose to a sitting posture.

The Field Marshal took them all in with a sweeping, kindly recognition, and walked to the end cot quickly. He sat down on the edge and took the big, red, hairy, paw in his.

"Well, Miller," he said, "I've come to see you. They tell me you're doing famously, and soon will be out there sitting in the sun."

The man could not reply. His eyes shifted from the Field Marshal's face to the hand that was holding his own. Two or three times his lips moved, but he could not speak. But the little man was talking again.

"And now I'm going to tell you what we're going to do with you," he went on. "As soon as you're strong enough, we're going to send you to England, to home and then when you come back you're going to get your stripes, for your Captain has spoken very well of you. You were wounded at Belmont, I understand, and at Koodesberg, weren't you?"

But Private 3,203 could not even move his head in reply. He just looked and looked; so the Field Marshal gave him a slight farewell hand grasp, then a friendly nod, and with a word that included all the others and an answer to their salute, he took his staff and his presence from the room.

As for Private Miller, he looked up at the sister, smiled a wan smile and fainted dead away. But when he came to himself, the first words he said were these:

"D'ye ken the little mon; he took my hand, A'am to get well soon! He took ma hand."

And with that he lay there, looking at the almost useless member, as if it were a valuable curiosity.

AGGRAVATING THE OFFENSE.

The absurdity of many of the common forms of speech comes upon us at times something like a shock.

A man who was making his way into a crowded omnibus with considerably more haste than was necessary trod roughly upon the toes of a woman passenger.

She uttered an exclamation of pain, and he stopped long enough to say:

I beg a thousand pardons, ma'am.

The origginal offense was bad enough, she replied, without asking me to issue a thousand pardons for it. I will grant you just one pardon, sir.

There was a general titter as he sat sat down, and he did not step on anybody's toes when he went out.

WILL HAVE HER WAY.

Mrs. One—How do you manage to keep your cook so long?

Mrs. Tother—Easy enough. I discharge her every morning, and she refuses to leave.

NOT A BARGAIN.

Mr. Perkins, I rather dislike to take your last daughter away from you."

Oh, that's all right; she is the last one, but I don't intend to let her go one cent cheaper than the others. What salary do you get?

FIRST SPRING CAMPAIGN.

Mrs. Modus—Well, George, you promised me a new bonnet.

George—I? Promised you a new bonnet? Great Scot! When?

Mrs. Modus—Before you married me you swore that never should disgrace rest upon my head through you; and what do you call this shabby thing that's on my head now?

SOME RICH MEN'S TOMBS.

THE MOST EXPENSIVE TOMBS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Fortunes Spent in Preparing Last Resting Places of Men With Lots of Means—Beautiful Sepulchres.

Since the far off time when the rich East Indian prince sacrificed hundreds of human lives and almost impoverished an empire to build the Taj Mahal, at Agra, the world's costliest and most artistic tomb, as the last resting place for the ashes of his beloved princess and consort, the wealthy and the potentates of earth have shown almost as much concern about the style and quality of the graves they are to occupy after death as they have in erecting palatial and luxurious homes for their enjoyment during life.

In England perhaps less money is spent on costly tombs than in many other countries—notably the United States, France and Italy; but for all that there may be seen some very beautiful and costly sepulchres without searching beyond the Metropolitan cemeteries, says the London Daily Mail.

In a chat with Mr. Wood, of the Art Memorial Company, West Norwood—possibly the largest firm of designers, sculptors and modellers in the United Kingdom — the writer learnt that West Norwood Cemetery probably contains the most expensive tombs of any in Great Britain.

This is doubtless largely owing to the fact that it contains the Anglo-Greek burying ground, the Greeks as a whole being particularly lavish in their erection of costly mausoleums.

The Ralli family, nearly thirty years ago, erected a temple in the Doric style at a cost of about £20,000.

The late Mr. Knowles was the architect, and he so contrived matters that the centre of the building might be used as a mortuary chapel by the entire Greek community. the wing buildings only being reserved as catacombs for members of the Ralli family.

The interior of the building is richly decorated, and the figures which adorn the pediment represent the Resurrection.

VARIOUS BIBLICAL SUBJECTS

are shown in the metopes of the frieze.

Another very costly tomb in West Norwood Cemetery is that of the Vagliano family. This was erected in 1898, by the present head of the family, to the memory of his father and mother, and prospectively for himself.

It was designed by Mr. Wood after the Temple of the Winds, at Athens, and it cost over £2,000. Built of white Carrara marble, it contains a stained-glass window of the Resurrection and the vault is capable of accommodating a dozen coffins.

The tomb of John Ralli, also at West Norwood, which cost in the neighborhood of £12,000, was designed by Edward M. Barry, son of the famous architect, from whose drawings the Houses of Parliament were built.

It is a Doric building with a marble dome, and the pediments are beautifully sculptured. Inside there are two marble angels standing over the altar, and the entire interior is gorgeously decorated, with coloured marbles.

In 1882 John Balli, a prominent member of the Greek community, erected a magnificent tomb at West Norwood, to the memory of his father, Xenophon Elias Balli. It cost £1,750 and Mr. Wood modelled it on a purely Greek Ionic design, after the pattern of the Nike Apteros, Wingless Victory, on the corner of the Athenian Acropolis.

The building contains a stained-glass window and two copies of the "Fra Angelico," from Florence; It also shelters the heart of one of the family who died and was buried abroad.

The Zarifi tomb was erected by Mr. Wood about five years ago at a cost of £1,000. It is one of the finest vaults ever built in England, and is led down to by two flights of marble steps.

Another very beautiful tomb is that built for his family and himself by Mr. Sechiari. It consists of a Greek canopy of white marble covering an ornamental cross, which, in turn, lies on a marble basement.

A comparatively small but very effective gravestone is that erected for himself, by Mr. Rodocanichi. It was finished early this year and is of Florentine design.

It must not be forgotten that to all the approximate figures of cost given above a very considerable sum may be added for "ground purchase," which is invariably heavy.

HARD-HANDED.

A London paper announces that the Bishop of Liverpool has requested girls who are candidates for confirmation not to wear hairpins, as they prick his hands in the act of laying them on.

When Doctor Creighton, the late Bishop of London, was asked some ago how he solved a similar problem, he replied:

I confirm all the boys personally, and transfer those young porcupines to my suffragan, who is an old varsity oarsman, with the cast-iron hands of a blacksmith.