Diamond Cut Diamond

OR, THE ROUT OF THE ENEMY.

CHAPTER V.

A wide expanse of flooded meadow land, frozen completely over, a boundary of stunted willows in a long melancholy line to the rising ground to the north, studded over with clumps of bare and blackened trees, surmounted by a long, cheerless-looking grey house—to the east fog, and flatness, and willows—and over all the grey gloomy curtain of an afternoon winter sky.

A melancholy scene indeed, save for two moving specks of vivid life, which transfigured the whole picture into brightness and vitality—two girls skimming over the face of the frozen water, the swish swish of their skates keeping time to the rhythmical movements of their figures. Never a word do they speak, only as they balance themselves easily on their flying feet, they approach and part, and whirl in wide circles round each other with a certain method in their evolutions, that each seems to know and act upon.

Never can a woman's graceful form have a more becoming background than that of snow and ice—every curve, every undulating movement of these charming figures is thrown out into sharp relief against the surface of ice upon which they move. They are both of them perfect mistresses of the art of skating. As they advance and retreat by turns, as they skim fleetly together over the frozen surface, or describe wonderful patterns at almost inconceivable angles, no ungraceful or awkward movement disturbs the absolute security of their well-poised attitudes—each girl keeps her hands well tucked into her muff, and seems as much at home upon the slippery surface as though she were walking across her drawing-room in the grey house beyond on the slope of the hill.

So absolutely speechless are they, and so perfectly still are their bodies, save for the swift flying feet and the slight undulating movement of their dark red skirts, that there is at last, seen in the swift darkening twilight, something almost akin to the uncanny in the sight of them—a something that causes a stealthy watcher, who has been standing motionless for some time under one of the willows along the ditch to the south, to exclaim aloud, more however to himself than for the benefit of the actors in the scene he is watching:

"Great Heavens! are you never going to stop!" The voice sped through the keen frosty air with preternatural distinctness. The skaters slackened their speed, drawing nearer to each other as they did so—each reached out a hand to her sister, and the rough grating of their arrested skates croaked out harshly and inharmoniously together.

"Did anybody speak, Angel?"

"I—I think so, Dulcie—what did it sound like?"

"it sounded like a—man," replied Dulcie solemnly, with the noun quite in capital letters. "Pray Heaven it's not a tramp!"

It was remarkable that neither of them was in the very least degree out of breath.

"I think it must be Captain Lessiter," said Angel, with a flush upon her fair, peach-like face.

A tall young man now came walking across the ice towards them, from the shelter of the willows. He was dressed in a rough shooting coat and leathern gaiters. It was difficult at first, in the fading light, to distinguish his face; but as he came nearer, they recognized him.

"Stand and deliver!" cried Dulcie. "Are you a burglar, or a tramp?—or, a pleasant compound of both?"

"Which did you take me for?"

"Neither, Captain Lessiter; I knew you at once," said Angel, softly.

"By Jove! how splendidly -you girls do skate! I never saw anything like it—it quite frightened me, at least. I began to think you were not alive—only automatically wound up. I never saw Englishwomen skate like that—"

"We are not English—we are Canadians," cried Dulcie, with her little nose in the air. "It would be a disgrace to us, if we couldn't skate properly, after spending five winters in Canada with our mother's people."

"Ah, that accounts for it then. So your mother was a aCnadian—but Mr. Halliday, surely he is an Englishman?"

"Papa? Oh, he's John Bull to his finger-tips," answered Dulcie, with a little scornful, careless shrug of her shoulders—"but we, Angel and I we like better to belong to our mother's people."

By this time they had reached the side of the ice nearest to the house—the girls skimming along slowly, with swaying backwards and forwards movements; the tall young man walking, with long strides, between them. They took off their skates, nimbly and swiftly, declining masculine assistance.

"Will you give me a cup of tea?" said Horace Lessiter very humbly, standing, like a plaintiff at the bar, before them both. He looked at Angel—but there was a furtive movement of his whole, broad-shouldered person towards Dulcie.

"Of course—come up to the house to tea," murmured Angel, with downcast eyes—but Dulcie lifted hers boldly—and somewhat defiantly—up to his.

"Tea? You Englishmen take five-o'clock tea like women. What a miserable, soft-nurtured set you all are!"

"You refuse me hospitality, then?" he said bitterly, turning upon her—"the hospitality of a cup of tea——"

Dulice laughed. "Oh, if you care to come," she began.

"I do care,"—he answered eagerly—"Miss Halliday turning to Angel, "you know that I care!"

They were walking up to the house—Angel's perfect profile was turned aside—a flush of happiness—the happiness which the presence of the man whom she loves gives to a woman, was upon her face—she had no courage to lift her eyes to his—poor, short-sighted Angel. Dulcie walked on her other side—she was not nearly so lovely as her sister—she had a pert retrousse nose, and a wide laughing mouth—but Dulice was a woman, with all a woman's keen, quick instincts. She was of the earth, earthly—made to battle and to fight in the thick of life's combat—whilst Angel was but a dream-child, fostered upon tender fancies, and cradled in a poetic atmosphere of beautiful imaginations.

"You had much better wish us good-bye and go home, said Dulcie aside to Lessiter as they reached the front door—Angel had gone on. "You can't like tea—not really." she added with a comical persistence.

"I don't in the least," he answered, "I like you and your sister."

The drawingroom at Harliford Grange was ruddy with the firelight, it look-thoroughly homelike and cosy in contrast to the greyness and coldness without. It was untidy and littered over with feminine trumperies, for there was no careful mother to put things straight when the girls had gone out; their fancy work and painting materials lay scattered about the room, the open piano was strewn with music, the table covered with novels and magazines; there was a general sense of irresponsibility about it, an aspect of womanhood in her first youth, unrestricted by maternal or maiden-aunt-like supervision, yet it was homelike for all that—there was a charm in the very disorder, for it told of the daily lives, full of interests and occupations, which the two sisters led.

Angel had but rung the bell for tea in passing, flung her hat and skates down upon a sofa, and sat down at once to the open piano. When Dulcie and Lessiter came in after their short passage at arms in the hall, her voice, a pure high soprano, was ringing through the room in the opening notes of one of Tosti's songs—Dulcie, on her knees upon the hearthrug poking the fire, joined in with a second; music was a part of their life, the piano a friend that filled up all the unoccupied intervals of existence. The song never got further than the first verse, for Angel got up and joined the two at the fireside.

"Do you know that?" she asked of Lessiter.

"You sang it to me the last time I was here," he answered.

"Ah, yes," she murmured softly. So he remembered, then! She gazed with dreamy eyes into the fire.

"My dear Angel, do take your jacket off, you will get so hot," suggested Dulcie the practical—she was for ever cutting in upon these moods of Angel's Oh, why would she not see, why would she not understand? she said to herself with a sort of anger at the blindness of the sister she adored. For Angel was Dulcie's idol—her beauty and her talent, her sweet temper and her poetic temperament, all helped to make her a sort of divinity to her younger sister, a divinity over which it seemed to her it was her province to watch and to guard, lest trouble or vexation should in any fashion come near her. And now, despite her tender care, this dreadful thing had happened that Angel had fallen in love with Horance Lessiter. Horace, whom every child might have seen to be infatuated with herself. It is possible that, but for Angel, Dulcie might have responded to the adoration expended upon her, for Lessiter was an idle, good-looking young fellow, for ever at the house, and the girls' lives were strangely solitary and lonely; moreover Lessiter, although not endowed with any very noble qualities, had agreeable manners and was likeable and companionable, and love, as everyone has been told, begets love. as a factor of possible misery to Angel, she almost hated him; every misdirected and misunderstood sentence that he uttered, every misappropriated look and word which Angel in her blindness took to herself, pierced the heart of her sister with impotent wretchedness. She did not dare to tell her the truth—she might indeed have said to her, "Horace Lessiter does not love you," but should Angel question, "Why then is he always here?" it was not in her nature to wound the gentle heart by the reply, "He comes here for me."

This was the serio-comedy that was just now playing itself out at Harliford Grange. Soon, new actors are to be introduced and new scenes placed upon the stage, but at this moment there are but these three. The tall, fair-haired young man, indolent, impecunious, without any settled home or occupation, having sold out of his profession from sheer idleness, existing vaguely upon his position of heirpresumptive to a childless brother but a few years older than himself, and living for the present upon what allowance that brother chose to give him, and the two Halliday girls, with their bright complexions and graceful figures— Angel positively beautiful, and Dulice dangerously piquante and attractive—such is the trio gathered about the little teatable.

"People don't understand the joys of skating in this benighted country," Dulcie was saying, with her mouth full of buttered toast. "When we get a good frost nobody seems to make the most of it. Doesn't your sister-in-law skate?"

"Lady Lessiter? Oh! after a fashion—she wrote to town for some skates yesterday, I believe."

"There it is! Why hadn't she got her skates all ready?"

"Oh, Dulice!" exclaimed Angel, "don't you wish we could have a night procession with lamps, as we used to have in Canada? It was so lovely, Captain Lessiter; we all used to go out after dinner in couples in a long procession, hand in hand, each couple carried a lantern. You can't think how lovely it looked — all the moving lights, and the dark figures, and the strange, mysterious echoes. Oh, Dulcie! don't you think we might get it up here?"

"My dear child, where is the procession to come from? You and I, with Captain Lessiter to carry the carriage lamps behind us? That wouldn't make a very striking exhibition as regarded in the light of a midnight illumination—now would it?"

"Wouldn't Sir George and Lady Lessiter join?"

"Yes, I darecay they might," admitted Horace, to whom the idea of a midnight skating tete-a-tete, hand in hand with either sister, presented, by no means an untempting prospect, "and then we could send for some of the neighbours perhaps; that is, if Venetia fancies the idea, and takes trouble about it—she would give us all supper at the Hall afterwards, too, I daresay."

Angel clapped her hands with delight.

"Oh, do ask her! It ought to be tomorrow, because the ice is in such perfect order——"

"And one never knows what a day may bring forth in this detestable climate," interpolated Dulcie.

There was a sudden sound of carriage wheels outside.

"Here comes papa. How early he is back to-night! He must have caught the four-thirty train."

There was a slight confusion of noises in the hall outside, then the drawing-room door opened, and Mr. Halliday, still muffled up, stood in the doorway, and his eyes rested, not altogether delightedly, upon the familiarity of the little trio at the teatable.

A chorus of voices greeted him:

"Oh papa, how nice and early you are!"

"We have got such a delightful plan to tell you about!"

"Captain Lessiter is going to ask Lady Lessiter——"

"It will be such fun! Just what we used to do in Canada."

"If only we can manage it for tomorrow! Sit down, and we will tell you all about it."

All this time the two girls were dutifully attending to their father, pulling off his coat and muffler, and taking his gloves and parcels out of his hands.

"Softly, softly, my dears. What is it all about? Don't you see that I am not alone?"

And then they looked behind him towards the door, and saw, standing upon the threshold of the room, a slight young man with brown eyes, who seemed to be taking everything in with a good deal of amusement.

"My dear children," said Joseph Halliday, somewhat formally, turning to the young man in the doorway, "allow me to present to you the nephew of my excellent partner — Mr. Geoffrey Dane—my eldest daughter, Angel—my second daughter, Dulcie. Mr. Dane has come down to stay over Sunday with us; give orders, my dear, for a room to be got ready for him."

The girls shook hands mechanically with the new comer, they were smitten with a sudden dumbness. Angel poured him out a cup of tea and handed it him in silence, and then she rang the bell in obedience to her father's directions concerning the room. Mr. Halliday spoke in the background to Horace Lessiter. Geoffrey stood with his back to the fire sipping his tea, and looking with critically appreciative eyes at the fair beauty of his young hostesses. Then Dulcie suddenly found her voice again and spoke to him.

"Have you got skates with you, Mr. Dane?"

"Yes, Miss Halliday, I have."

"Oh, then you'll do for the procession," said Dulcie, with decision. But whether the procession was of a religious or secular character, where it was to be formed, whither it was to wend its way, and of what nature were to be its component parts, were all mysteries to which Geoffrey was unable, as yet, to form any conclusion.

CHAPTER IV.

Venetia Lessiter took to the idea not only with delight, but it may almost be said, with passion. She was a woman of sudden freaks and fancies, she pursued things and people hotheaded for a short season, then she turned aside and rushed wildly and breathlessly after something else. Anything that was to be done in a hurry commended itself to her volatile fancy. A few days ago she had taken it into her head to send for a friend whom she had not seen since the days of her girlhood, and who for some years had been living in great retirement; nothing had satisfied her till, by dint of telegrams and letters, she had induced this friend to consent to come and spend a few days with her. When she had gained her point, she had telegraphed to town for some friends of her husband's, "to make the house lively," although she had expressly promised to her friend that her visit should be strictly quiet, and a strong detachment from London was expected down for Sunday. When her brother-in-law propounded the plan of the lamplight procession to her, as suggested by Angel and Dulice Halliday, she was enchanted, and flung herself into the scheme with rapture. Grooms with notes were sent flying on horseback in all directions that very evening, to beat up recruits throughout the neighbourhood. The cook was bidden to prepare for an unlimited number of dinner guests, and strange orders were issued to the housekeeper and the butler concerning mulled wines and hot punch that were to be in requisition towards the small of the following night. Horace, too, was despatched up to town by the first train on the Saturday morning with directions to bring back as many bull's-eye lanterns as he could lay hands upon. Letters, too, were sent flying between the Hall and the Grange, so that by five o'clock arrangement was completed.

Meanwhile, Geoffrey Dane was spending a quiet and pleasant day at Harliford Grange. Mr. Hllaiday had gone up to business as usual for the Saturday half-day, but Geoffrey had his uncle's directions to take a whole holiday, and he had remained with the girls. He was interested and pleased with them both; Dulcie's liveliness and smart talk diverted and amused him, but Angel's superior beauty and accomplishments attracted him perhaps the most. She exercised a vague fascination upon him, reminding him in some undefined manmer of another woman whose image floated constantly before his imagination. During the morning hour he played the accompaniments to Angel's songs, for he was a bit of a musician in an unpretending way, and then they fell to talking of books and poetry as they sat over the fire, whilst Dulcie ran in and out of the room, joining in now and then with her laughing criticisms or her practical common sense.

To be Continued.

STRANGE GRAVE MARKS.

In Zululand the graves of the dead are decorated with the bodies of the attending doctors.

THE HOME OF LORD MINTO.

SOMETHING ABOUT HIS EXCELLENCY'S PATERNAL ABODE.

His Relics of the Past—These Souvenirs Along with a Large Number of Curious Make an Interesting Collection—His Excellency as a Host.

Minto Castle, the home of Lord Minto six miles distant from the quaint old town of Hawick, is situated in the more mountainous portions of Roxburgshire. Nature has endowed the district with much beauty in hill and dale, and history has invested it with romantic charm associated with deeds of arms in Border wars. Additional interest is evoked by the fact that the home of Lord Minto is not only in closest touch with the land of Scott, but the great novelist himself visited Minto Castle. In "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" he alludes to the well-known Crags, which, washed by the Teviot at their base, are prominent objects throughout the countryside. You cannot fail to notice this natural pinnacle, capped by a tower recently restored and now guarded by a gun taken by "Elliott the Brave" from the French admiral Thurot in the action off the Isle of Man in 1760, as you proceed along the road from the little station of Hassenden on the Hawick and Edinburgh line. On arriving, after a drive of a mile and a half at the ornamental West Lodge, you at once enter the deep woods of fine old timber bordering the drive; while in the open park you may notice some shaggy Highland cattle. Presently you cross a deep glen, through which flows the stream that supplies the lake lying at the base of the steep slope on which

MINTO CASTLE STANDS.

The house which is of stone, is of somewhat unusual architectural construction. Originally it consisted of two wings placed at right angles, with a porch at the junction giving admittance to a circular hall. Afterwards, when it was altered, and added to in the beginning of the present century, the new work consisted chiefly of a duplication of the old, not only giving far greater depth to the house but providing two halls, one leading into the other, while a new handsome semi-circular Corinthian porch was a further addition. Trophies of arms and the old colours of the Border Militia, raised to resist the threatened invasion of Napolean decorate the first hall, which is panelled with oak, as is Lord Minto's study, removed from the old law courts at Westminster. The second hall is domed and floored with oak. From above, the light shines down on the bust of Pius IX., presented to your host's grandfather when on a special

DIPLOMATIC MISSION TO ROME.

while a marble dog, an antique, which was a gift from Caroline, Queen of Naples, sister of Marie-Antoinette, with some bureaux, are suitably placed. On leaving the inner hall you enter the south ante-room opening to the drawing-room on the right, and to the left to the splendid library, unsurpassed in all Scotland for its wealth of choice and rare editions, while it is the favorite resort of every one at Minto.

To reach Lord Minto's study, you have to pass through a long corridor, which is hung with all kinds of weapons, shields, snowshoes and deer-heads; and similar trophies decorate his pleasant oak-panelled sanctum, which looks over the lawn and the surrounding woods. His study strikes you as particularly interesting from the number of engravings, miniatures, and medallions to be seen of the distinguished members of the Elliott family. For instance, there are portraits of the first and second baronets, both Sir Gilbert Elliots, who were each successively Lord Minto as Lords of Session in Scotland. Near these there hangs an engraving

OF THE FOURTH BARONET,

who, on the British evacuation of Corsica, was created Baron Minto, and who, on his return from filling the appointment of Governor-General of Bengal, was created Earl of Minto. He was a great friend of Nelson, and on leaving Corsica was a passenger on Nelson's ship, the Minerve, when she fell in with the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent. After the battle Sir Gilbert accompanied the despatches home on board the Lively, bringing with him one of the swords surrendered by the brave commander of the San Josef to Nelson. This sword is one of the most prized of the historical treasures at Minto Castle, while a pastel of Nelson from life, executed by Schmidt in 1800, finds a fitting resting-place over a bureau. By Royal license the first Earl of Minto assumed the surnames of his mother, Murray-Kynynmound, the heiress of Melgund and Lochgelly, properties in Forfarshire and Fifeshire, and it is interesting to hear from your host that a branch of these Kynynmounds settled in France about the thirteenth century, where they are now known as the Comtes de Quinemont.

As you might expect to find in the home of a soldier, there are many reminders of the profession of arms at Minto Castle. Besides several battle pieces illustrating the conquest of India—one of which portrays the battle of Mahidpore, in 1817, where Lord Minto's grandfather, General Sir Thomas Hislop, was in command—there are many memorials to remind your host of engagements and campaigns in which he has taken part. These Egyptian spearheads and rifles, for instance, are souvenirs of the time when he gave his services as a volunteer in the Egyptian campaign of 1882, serving as a captain in the Mounted Infantry, and getting wounded at Magfar, just before Lord Wolseley fought the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. Those Turkish trophies, too, will probably recall his attachment to the Turkish forces during the Russo-Turkish war, an appointment which he obtained from Sir Henry Layard, at the instance of Colonel Home, of the Intelligence Department of the War Office. He was present at the bombardment of Nicopolis, and was with the Turks at the passage of the Danube by the Russians under Skobeloff, and then crossing of the Balkans a day after Gourko's force, he joined Reouf Pacha at Slivno. Then he was with Lord Roberts throughout the Kurrum Valley campaign, and stayed at the front till the signing of the Treaty of Gundamuk, when he went to Simla; and Lord Minto may add that he was very nearly joining the mission of Sir Louis Cavagnari, who, with his retinue, was

MASSACRED AT CABUL.

A very handsome "poshteen," or Afghan sheepskin jacket, beautifully embroidered, which formerly belonged to Lord Roberts, may remind you that he was his secretary on his proceeding to the Cape after the disaster of Majuba Hill. But, as Lord Minto could tell you, his experience in South Africa was very limited, being confined to twenty-four hours on shore, in consequence of an armistice being arranged with the Boers. Although Lord Minto has not seen active service since he was Chief of the Staff, under General Middleton, in the expedition for the suppression of the Riel insurrection, yet since 1888 he has had the command of the "Scottish Border" Volunteer Infantry Brigade, brigadier-general, and still retains the same interest in military subjects as when he was a lieutenant in the Scots Guards; while he occasionally contributes articles on them to the Edinburgh Review, the Nineteenth Century and the United Service Magazine.

After luncheon in the dining-room—where you may notice many family portraits, among them a full length pastel of Lord Minto in the Khakee tunic and buffalo-hide patrol jacket he wore in the North-West campaign — Lady Minto, who is the most charming hostess, takes you to the drawing-room, which is a harmony in green and gold, generally suggestive of the Louis-Seize period. At once you are attracted

TO A LIFE-SIZE PORTRAIT;

—which occupies one side of the room—of Lady Minto, who is wearing a soft white muslin gown, on the shoulders of which there rests a rose-colored mantle edged with fur. Though you cannot perhaps examine every one of the numerous miniatures and curios by which you seem quite surrounded in this daintily furnished room, you should not omit to notice a miniature of Marie Antoinette, given to the first Earl of Minto by Mirabeau, and another of Napoleon, painted by Isabey. Then among the medallions you will find one of Queen Caroline of Naples, presented by her to Mr. Hugh Elliot when Minister at Naples; while the portrait of General Sir Charles Grey, private secretary to the Queen and the Prince Consort, is doubly interesting as being the likeness of Lady Minto's father.

Presently your host suggests a walk round the grounds and a look in at the stables, giving you, however, before leaving the house, a peep into the Indian room, another repository of Afghan and Eastern curios well displayed against a vermilion background. There is nothing surprising in the conversation turning to the subjects of hunting and racing, for Lord Minto has been devoted to the "pig-skin" from very early days, when he, then Lord Melgund, was an undergraduate at Cambridge, and rode in a silk jacket over hurdles as "Mr. Rolly," a pseudonym borrowed from Eton, where he was a very respectable oar, and, after being second in the sculling, distinguished himself as a member of the Kingston Rowing Club. In athletics, also, he was well to the front, winning the Third Trinity mile at Cambridge, Lord Minto rode in many races on the flat and across country, and in 1874 brought Captain Machell's Defence in fourth for the Grand National at Liverpool and won the Grand National Steeplechase of France at Auteuil on Miss Hungerford; and in many other events over hurdles he rode winners trained by Mr. Richardson. It is related of Lord Minto that at the Lincoln Spring meeting of 1875 he passed the post first on five different mounts. He was also well known as a bold rider with the Duke of Grafton's, Lord Yarborough's, and the Bicester Hounds.

EQUAL TO OCCASIONS.

Two Incidents Which Show What Kind of a Man Lord Whitworth was.

Lord Whitworth, who held various posts of honor in English diplomatic circles, was a kindly, gracious gentleman, as well as a wit and a man of the world. In his viceroyalty of Ireland, he proved to be so destitute of bigotry and bitterness that he was sometimes accused of lacking energy; but the island government probably seemed a small thing to him who had been the voice of England at St. Petersburg and Paris.

He had, indeed, almost measured swords with Napoleon, at the Tuileries, when that despot railed at England for not having evacuated Egypt and Malta, accused her of having violated treaties, and ended by flourishing a cane dangerously near the face of the English ambassador.

Lord Whitworth put his hand on the hilt of his sword.

"What would you have done, if the emperor had struck you?" he was afterward asked.

"I would have felled him to the ground," was the quiet answer.

Perhaps the best story told of him is one showing how his quick wit disposed of a rival. When he was at the Russian court, Fox sent there, as a sort of ambassador of his own, a man named Adair, the son of a surgeon.

One day the empress, speaking in French, said to Lord Whitworth:

"Is he a very important man, this Monsieur Adair?"

"Not so very, madame," replied Lord Whitworth, "although his father was a grand saigneur"—a remark which readers of French will recognize as a very good pun, for the word as used by Lord Whitworth means "blood-letter," while by its sound it also meant a great lord.

A girl doesn't trouble herself much about the superiority of the pen or the sword; it's the uniform that catches her eye.

Agricultural

GOOD TEETH PREVENT LAMENESS.

Some years ago a test was made by an express company, who had 600 horses in constant use, twenty-five of which were indiscriminately selected for proper dental treatment, and separately weighed. Their oats and maize were reduced two quarts per day each. After the first month a great improvement in their general condition was apparent, continuing during the second and third months, when they were again weighed, and it was found that an average increase of forty-eight pounds per head was the result. The test lasted during the hot months of July August and September when flatulent colic was very apparent in the stable, yet not one single case had occurred among these twenty-five horses! Since this trial and whenever a carload of newly purchased young horses arrives, it is considered a waste to feed them until their teeth are examined and put in proper shape.

As a preventive for lameness, to commence operations on the teeth would appear to some very ludicrous, yet common sense and practice would convince them that this would be the proper means of preventing interference, one of the chief causes of lameness in young horses.

Young horses fully developed show signs of fatigue and weakness after a journey, and interfere. Some grab the quarter of the fore foot with the toe of the hind foot, or overreach.

In such cases the ordinary practitioner would treat locally, possibly advise different shoes, order tonic balls or condition powders, and a few days' rest, the latter would benefit mostly and give temporary relief.

Now supposing there were irregularities of the teeth, as is usual with all young horses, the first treatment should be to put them in perfect order, so as to promote mastication and good digestion, to enable proper assimilation of the nutritive qualities of the food, and there ensure increased strength and condition, thus removing the original cause of the weakness.

It may seem equally absurd to some of our readers to assert that operating on the teeth will prevent pulling and other vices, but that it is not so is proved by the following incident: A pony that we treated had changed owners for no other cause than that none of them had been able to drive him with ease, although various bits and contrivances had been tried. The primary cause must first be discovered, which in this instance was a decayed tooth, the removal of which affected an instantaneous cure. The pony is now driven in a plain straight bit without a curb chain by the present owner, an elderly gentleman who appreciates the animal's quietness and docility so much that no amount of money could part them.

MAKING THE MILK.

The man who owns the cow is the one who makes the milk. He can make little or much of it, he can make it clean or dirty, cheap or expensive, in fact, he can vary the milk to suit himself. The cow is only a complicated apparatus, in which he burns his various fodders, and out of which he obtains his finished product in the shape of milk. Like all other machines, the cow is subject to the laws of thermodynamics. She must use a certain amount of her fodder to keep the vital machinery in motion. This includes the keeping of the animal heat at the right point, the circulation of the blood the digestion of food, the elaboration of milk and all the other vital actions which go to make up the life of the animal.

Experiments have shown that it requires sixteen pounds of dry organic matter to keep this machinery in motion, that is to keep the animal alive and in health. From the rest of the food given above that weight, the dairyman may expect greater or less returns in the form of milk. Here comes the first point. Now, how much fodder does it take to keep that cow? Sixteen pounds or twenty pounds? There is a wide margin here—all the difference between profit and loss. Ask the cow and see what she says. If she is using twice as much fodder as she ought to, to keep her machine in motion, then she is not a profitable animal. If she cannot use the excess of feed given her over the maintenance ration, to produce a profitable amount of butter fat, she is not worth keeping and should be disposed of as soon as possible.

No dairyman can afford, under present conditions, or even under any conditions, to keep animals that eat food that they cannot return a greater value for in the milk pail. If he does keep such animals, his progress down the financial hill is neither slow nor comfortable. His life is one long struggle against conditions that he might change if he only would. There are many roads that lead to loss of profit on the farm, but the broadest, smoothest road with the steepest downward pitch is the one traveled by the unprofitable cow.

THE BEST FOOD FOR EGGS.

The best food for making hens lay is lean meat. When the supply of eggs fails stop all other foods and feed lean meat or liver, any cheap meat will answer, and it will be found superior to anything that can be used. Green bone that contains a large proportion of lean meat is even better, provided the fat portions are removed from the bone. It will be found cheaper than grain because it will make eggs. One reason why hens sometimes fail to lay when they have plenty of grain is that they require a change, and meat contains the material for supplying the albumen of the eggs, and is therefore a substance that the hens must have or they cannot perform service. If the hens are fat give one ounce of lean meat each day, allowing no other food, for a week or two.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO