Diamond Cut Diamond

OR,

THE ROUT OF THE ENEMY.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

Geoffrey Dane possessed one of those highly strung nervous organizations, that are absolutely fatal to happiness and very often to success in this world. He had something of the Poet's temperament, and something also of the Saint. He had a terrible fashion of splitting hairs about his own actions and feelings, about his conscience and his ideals, that frequenty landed him in a very quagmire of morbid and miserable misgivings. There was within him a subtle blending of two natures of a higher self, that was almost too refined for this wicked world's daily use, and of a lower self that was constantly at war with it, dragging him back into the materialism, and the common sense, and the solid reasoning powers which are of most use and benefit to men on their way through every-day life. He never knew which of these two natures would be uppermost with him, or how long each would hold its sway. He was aware that, in some vague way, two women at this present time occupied either end of the mental see-saw of his existence. Mme. de Brefour represented to him the poetry of devotion, the nobility of a life of self-abnegation, the beauty of all that was true and chivalrous. —whilst Angel Halliday, at the other end of the swaying balance, meant success in his career, a comfortable income, a nice house in town, the prospect of wealth for the children that should come after him, and a position of incontestable respectability and influence for himself

Geoffrey sat at home one Sunday afternoon, and thought over all these things. He was in his own room in Adelphi Terrace. His sitting-room, that had once, a century ago, been a lady's reception-room, was large and airy with a handsome carved ceiling, and a high wooden panelling of white-painted wood all the way round it. Geoffrey's furniture was of the simplest and scantiest, and his few cheap chairs and tables stood about in a helpless fashion, each by itself upon a wilderness of dingy, faded carpet. There were, however, warm, red curtains at the high windows, and a delightful, distant view of the river out of them; a view that was especially dear to him. Moreover, a cottage piano stood crossways in one corner, and it was at this piano that Geoffrey was seated, his fingers wandering vaguely over the keys, as it was his custom when he was thinking deeply, striking strange chords, flowing into plaintive melodies in minor keys, or breaking out into little spurts of a more joyous nature, according to the moods and fancies of his changing thoughts.

Sometimes too, his face looked sad and dreamy, and the brown eyes seemed to see things that were far away—sometimes again a little grim smile broke forth upon his lips, generally at his own expense, as he recognized the somewhat ludicrous side of his meditations.

What a fool all his friends would think him, that he could even hesitate between the two alternatives of his existence. Even honest old Miles, who was neither worldly minded nor mercenary, would assuredly set him down as an ass, could he know of the conflicting inclinations, that made war so lustily within him. No doubt, thought Geoffrey, Miles would be uneasy as to the state of his liver, recommend him to boat, or to ride, or to play cricket, in order to restore himself to a more wholesome state of mind, and would counsel him to forget the idle longing for a woman whom he could never marry, and take to himself the pretty wife who would bring him not only her sweet self, but also so large a share of the good things of the world.

Well, Geoffrey knew himself to be a visionary and to be worthy of the contempt of nine sensible men out of ten; but, after all that, he could not alter himself, nor be untrue to his own nature, without that direst of ills befalling him—the loss of his own self-respect. I take it that there is no more terrible situation, that a human being can by sin or folly, be placed in, than that of having let himself down in his own eyes until, in spite of all the inner pleadings and excuses of his too indulgent self, he is forced to own that in his own estimation he has become base and despicable. That is the lowest depth into which a human soul can fall. The world may deride us, enemies may jeer, friends may turn their backs upon us, the voice of public opinion may condemn us, but so long as to our inner selves we still can say, "I have, at least, struggled —I have done my best, according to my light—I have kept that which the world knows nothing of, bright and unsullied,"—so long; we have not degraded ourselves, we retain still our foothold, firm amidst the shifting quicksands of life. And this has nothing to do with repentance, nor with preaching—nor yet with any creed upon the face of the earth. It is common to the savage and the sage, to the Christian and the Hindoo, to the Mahometan and to the unbeliever; the old Greeks understood it, and all the great heathen writers of old. Because it is simply, in each of us, the spark of sacred fire, that if kept alive and flickering can make each and all of us become "as gods," and if extinguished, leaves us defenceless, so that we may be dragged down to the level of the "brutes that perish." It differs in each human soul, widely, enormously. The highest aim of one is far as the poles from that of another. What seems a holy religion to me, may be but rank blasphemy to you. Yet, you know, and I know, in what that divine spark consists, and if we be only true to it, then we have not fallen so low, however sore our plight, but that life still holds out for us its infinite and ever-recuperative possibilities.

I don't suppose that Geoffrey Dane put all this into words in his mind, but he knew it very well, just as we all know it, and when he rose from his piano, and reached out his arms above his head, and said aloud to himself, "I simply can't do it," he knew very well that it was no outer or material obstacle that made him say so, but only that inner flame of self-conviction which absolutely refused to become extinguished.

It was at this moment that a knocking at his door suddenly attracted his attention. Somebody, whilst he had been playing and thinking, had come unheard up the wide carpetless staircase without. And if the Lord Chancellor, or the Prime Minister, or the Archbishop of Canterbury in person, or even all those three dignitaries together, had walked in, he could not have been more profoundly astonished than when he beheld Matthew Dane quietly enter the room.

"Uncle!"

"Yes, my dear boy—it is I, you see. I thought I would come and look you up. You have not been to Cromwell Road for a long time, Geoffrey, and this is the second Sunday you have not been to lunch. Your aunt was afraid you might be ill." All this time Mr Dane was looking about him with observant glances taking in the carved ceiling and the high wooden mantelpiece, and the chairs and tables, and photographs. He noticed everything, down to the handsomely bound and evidently brand-new copy of Congreve's works upon the centre table.

"Dear me, what a large, airy room you have got here, Geoff; and a nice view out of window, too; but I daresay it is a bit draughty in winter; takes a deal of warming, I should say, in that old-fashioned grate. You have a bedroom, I imagine, opening out of it?"

"No, only an attic upstairs. Behind those folding-doors there is a lumber room. I am rather thinking of asking Miles Faulkner to come and take it, and to share the sitting-room with me, it would be a pleasant arrangement for us both, and an economical one.

Mr Dane frowned slightly.

"Miles Faulkner?" he repeated slowly. "Why him? Why not Albert Trichet?"

"Because I like the one and I don't like the other," answered Geoffrey with a laugh. But won't you sit down uncle? It was very kind of you to come and look after me?"

He drew forward the one comfortable arm-chair in the room, and Mr. Dane sat down, depositing his hat and cane upon the floor. Geoffrey half leant half sat, upon the corner of the table, facing the windows. Afterwards, many times, that little scene came back to his memory, just as pictures in our life's history, some of them startling and dramatic, others trifling and tame, like a Dutch interior, or a corner of still life, have a habit of coming back to us, we know not why nor wherefore, just with a flash, as if some hidden hand turned the kaleidoscope of our past, and showed us, hap-hazard, the little vivid touches that stand out in sharpened outlines above the dull and monotonous colouring of all other things that are dead and gone and over.

Geoffrey always saw in that picture a glimpse of the river, silver blue, beyond the trees of the Embankment, with a puff of black smoke from a passing steamer, and the tawny red sail of a Thames barge floating lazily seaward; and in the little pause of speech that ensued, there came the sound of the Sabbath afternoon church bells above the distant murmur of the street traffic below. And his uncle, who leant back in his chair as though he were tired, with his gloved hands upon his knees, and his dark, powerful face, a little graver and sterner than usual—Geoffrey could even recollect down to the dust upon his boots, which showed that he had walked and not driven, so vividly did all the little details of that seemingly small and insignificant scene remain impressed upon his memory.

"I am sorry to hear that you don't like Trichet, Geoffrey," said his uncle, at length, as he began slowly drawing off his dogskin gloves.

"Why, I am sure you don't like him much yourself, uncle!" answered the young man, smiling.

Now, Geoffrey had a charming smile. It was a smile that flashed up suddenly into a face that was habitually somewhat a grave one, lighting it up like a gleam of sunshine. It was the sort of smile that helps a young man on in the world, that makes women love him and men take kindly to him; it had in it that rare and subtle charm which, for lack of a better name, we call "fascination." Sometimes it is in the tone of the voice that this intangible attraction lies, sometimes in some mere trick of manner and glance; but wherever it is met with, it is never acquired, but always born with the lucky possessor; and is as true a fairy gift as any with which a supernatural godmother ever endowed a mortal babe.

Now Matthew Dane was a hard-natured man. He loved money, and he loved himself; and, over and above both, he loved the sense of Power. And, besides these things, he loved little else on earth. His wife believed him to be the coldest and hardest-hearted man in the world; and if a wife is not a correct judge of her husband's character, I should like to know who is! He had not a single soft or vulnerable spot within him. He was pleasant and conciliatory to the persons to whom he found it of use to be so; and harsh and unrelenting to those whom he was unable to bend to his will. But he had no personal predilections towards anybody. Now, for the first time in his life, as he looked up in the young man's face—looking down upon him with that brilliant smile upon it—there came into his inner being a new and utterly extraordinary sensation. A sort of inward warming and tightening around—I had almost written his heart—but, possibly, his organism of sensation would be a more correct term—for, to speak accurately, Matthew Dane had no heart. And, simultaneously, he thought—"Why is this boy not my son?—I could have loved him." For, in truth, Geoffrey would have realized all his ambitions. Well-looking, and well-mannered, a manly young fellow—and yet one whose intellect was awake and keenly receptive, he would have been, as his partner, Mr. Halliday, had said of him—"a son of whom any man might be proud."

And he almost hated his brother, the clergyman, when he reflected that upon him, who had no pressing need of such a boon, this wonderful good gift had been bestowed. And, oddly enough, he felt a kind of rage also against the young man himself, in that he was only his nephew.

"Why are you not my son?"—the words were actually wrung from him aloud in the bitterness of his unavailing regrets, and with such a force and depth as to be almost startling.

"My dear uncle!" cried Geoffrey, with an emotion which his hard, autocratic master had never, hitherto, been able to arouse in him. And, impulsively, he put forth his hand and laid it upon that of the old man. For this seemed to him to be an outburst of genuine affection towards himself, and he was quite touched; so that he was, henceforward, more drawn in sympathy towards him than he had ever deemed it possible to be.

But the momentary weakness was already over, and the Old Adam had re-asserted itself. Matthew pressed his nephew's hand, but even as he did so he recognized the distinct advantage which his little passing outburst had enabled him to gain. "He is a soft-hearted young fool," he said to himself, "and if I have made him a bit fond of me, he will be easier to manage when I put the screw on." For that was, of course, the end and aim of all his actions—that his puppets should fall into their places, and dance out their parts, according to his pleasure. Now, evidently, was an appropriate moment for unfolding something of his intentions.

"My dear boy," he began, in a fatherly and kindly manner—"It has not, alas! pleased Heaven to bless me with a son of my own—your aunt—"

"My aunt, sir, surely regrets it as much as you do," interrupted Geoffrey quickly.

Mr. Dane frowned slightly, but let the observation pass. If he had entered into it, he would, no doubt, have stated what he really believed, that Mrs. Dane was an obstinate, ill-conditioned woman, who had chosen to fly in his face, and to thwart him of malice prepense in his dearest hopes, out of sheer feminine spite and "cussedness." For that was how, without a doubt, he regarded her conduct. However, he did not choose to enter into this branch of the subject—and dismissed it with a wave of the hand.

"However, Goeffrey, the time has come, when I wish to make my views known to you. As things are, we are bound, in this world, to make the best of them. And I am much inclined to take you into partnership at once, with the eventuality, at my death, of making you also my heir."

"My dear uncle!" Geoffrey could hardly believe his ears—the magnitude of the proposal almost took away his breath. There went a whizzing and ringing of blood into his head—such as any great and unexpected stroke of fortune—whether good or evil—is apt to produce in the calmest and most self-controlled.

Old Dane watched the effect of his words with furtive glances. He had calculated upon this agitation, this shortening of the breath, and heightening of colour. "It will turn his head, for the moment," he thought with satisfaction.

"My partner now, and the possibility of becoming my heir hereafter," he repeated slowly and lingeringly, with a sort of unctuous roll as though to let the words sink well into the mind of his nephew. "Does that idea please you, Geoffrey?" he asked quickly, after a short pause, looking up keenly, and somewhat kindly, at the young man.

"Uncle, I have no words in which to express my gratitude for your goodness to me," answered Geoffrey; he looked down as he spoke, and his voice shook a little, and, quick as thought, there flashed through his mind the unspoken words: "Should I be worthy of her—will she take me when I am a partner in Dane & Trichet's great house, instead of an obscure and penniless clerk?"

And then, as one who hears a voice out of a fog, he found that his uncle was speaking again:

"Of course, you must understand that before such an important change can take place in your prospects, Geoffrey, I must receive some pledges upon your side, some sort of security concerning your future conduct — some conditions, in fact, with regard to your actions."

"I trust, sir, that my conduct and actions may always continue to give you satisfaction," said Geoffrey, in the modest tone of the good young man who is conscious of a clean bill, and has nothing to hide, and nothing to be ashamed of.

Mr. Dane waved all that away as a matter of course, with a significant gesture.

"I am sorry to find, for instance," he continued, "that you do not like Albert Trichet, because it is a matter of fact that he will have eventually to be taken into partnership in the business."

Geoffrey looked up in unfeigned astonishment.

"You surprise me, uncle, I thought—"

"No matter what you thought, Geoffrey; personal predilections, as you know, must be set aside in certain cases. Trichet bears the old name, is clever and pushing, and thoroughly up in the business; and for the welfare of the house, he must come into it some day as a partner. To that I require your consent.

Geoffrey gave it gloomily, with downcast eyes. He felt, indeed, that whatever his objections might be, he was scarcely in a position to mention them.

There was a little pause. Geoffrey, feeling instinctively, with a vague sense of presentiment, that more was to come, waited patiently and silently, with a little expectation, and perhaps too, a little apprehension, in his enquiring glance. Matthew Dane seemed to hesitate. If such a thing could be said about so masterful and determined an autocrat, it might almost have been supposed that he was nervous. He did not meet his nephew's eyes, but looked away vacantly out of the window—drummed his fingers upon the arms of his chair, and cleared his throat.

"That is one of my conditions, Geoffrey. There is another."

"Yes?"

"It is even a more important one than the other; it is essential, in fact, to the compact between us."

(To be continued.)

Charity as a cloak often proves a misfit.

INDIA'S FUTURE CAPITAL.

IMPERIAL DELHI, THE RAILWAY CENTRE OF THE EAST.

Why the Government Should be Removed From Calcutta—What a "Bastee" Is—A Horribly Dirty Place Where People Make Sweetmeats—The Winter and Spring of the Punjab.

Plague is now at the winter headquarters of the government of India. Hitherto the disease has been of a mild form, but if it assumes malignancy its ravages will be terrible. Its presence brings the question of a new capital for India once again within the range of practical politics, writes a correspondent.

Calcutta was never intended to be the capital of India. Located eighty miles from the sea on the banks of the River Hooghly, a waterway with the most dangerous navigation in the world, the little Bengal settlement, founded by Job Charnock two hundred years ago, has gradually grown into the largest city of Hindustan, with an immense maratime trade. So long as commerce was the controlling factor of British power in the East there was reason for the headquarters of the chief government being at the spot where the largest mercantile interests lay. But as the John Company's factories were replaced by forts, and the merchant's ledgers gave way to conquering armies, the propriety of the situation was lost.

"In considering where the seat of the supreme government should be placed," wrote Sir George Chesney, "the fact that it is at present nominally at Calcutta need not be taken into account as a determining cause, this being merely an accident arising from the fact that the supreme government has been gradually developed, by force of circumstances, out of what was originally the government of

ONE ISOLATED PROVINCE."

In 1834 the Governor-General of Bengal was created Governor-General of India, and a lieutenant-governor appointed to administer that province. Since this date the affairs of no one province have been specially under the care of the Viceroy. He rules India, and his capital should be at the heart of India.

The climate of Calcutta is bad. There are less than six weeks when the weather can be called cold. Malaria is constantly present. The city suffers terribly from over-crowding. To give an idea of the present state of sanitation of some quarters in Calcutta, a description of a "bastee"—a congeries of bamboo and mud huts where the poorer classes crowd together—may be quoted from a local paper:—

"A bastee in the purlieus of Burra Bazaar is a fearsome thing, and that in Rup Chand Roy's street, the destruction of which the municipality is contemplating, is an aggravated specimen of noisome squalor and unrelieved misery. To get any idea of it one must imagine a rhomboid framed in by large tenement houses which effectually shut out sunshine and air. Houses in this irregular space are dotted about promiscuously, and the present accumulation of filthy debris would appal the dirtiest lazzaroni of the dirtiest part of Naples. They are for the most part built in two stories. There are no windows, and the only entrance is

SO NARROW AND LOW

that an ordinary sized man has to squeeze in on all fours through a hole in the wall. The wattle of which the wall is made exudes glutinous grime, while the thatch of the roof is caked with soot and reeks with vermin. The approaches are strewed with pestilential offal, which, saturated by rain, gives off a sickening odor.

"In this 150 square feet of area there live two hundred people or more, who are for the most part engaged in making sweetmeats, which form an important item in the daily sustenance of the poorer classes. The sight of this horrible place is bad enough during the day, when nearly all the adult population are away bartering their sweets. At night, when they return to prepare confections for the next day's sales, and to sleep, its condition can be better imagined than described."

Such is Calcutta. To a person not hardened to the slums of India's present capital this description will read as if it came from the fervid imagination of a Poe. It is as a matter of fact, a plain, unvarnished tale. These rookeries dotted all over Calcutta have gained for it the reproach that it is a city of palaces in front and a city of pig-sties in the rear.

The government of India recognizes that it cannot, in common humanity, tranfer its army of clerks from the salubrious heights of Simla, to the sickly squalor of a plague-stricken capital. This matter has already engaged its attention, but is settled.

In the winter the Viceroy's Legislative Council—India's Parliament—sits, and representatives, European and native, arrive from all parts of the country. Each native has a considerable retinue, which, on its departure from Calcutta, would become a new

FOCUS OF INFECTION.

If plague increases in Calcutta the supreme government cannot go down there this winter. Simla, when snow falls, is inaccessible, and the Viceroy and his ministers must reside in the cold weather where approach is easy. If Calcutta and Simla be out of the question, is there no alternative? Yes; imperial Delhi, the Clapham Junction of the East, the future capital of India.

The ancient red-walled city, the scene of bloodshed and battle, the seat of many dynasties, where Hindu, Pathan, Mussulman and Mahratta have fought and conquered and reigned and been supplanted, has undergone a marvellous metamorphosis. Bishop Heber described the view from the historia Ridge as "a very awful scene of desolation, ruins after ruins, tombs after tombs, fragments of brickwork, freestone, granite and marble scattered everywhere over a soil naturally rocky and barren without cultivation, except in one or two spots, and without a single tree."

A visitor looking down from the same vantage-ground, to-day sees, he tells us, on one side the sacred Jumna stretching across the plains, on the other streaks of smoke stretching across the sky. The eyes rest upon lofty chimney shafts, towering high

ABOVE THE DWELLINGS

of men and sending up their black vapors to the sky to tell it Delhi is developing. You cannot pass through the city's densely populated bazaars without hearing the ring of hammers and the roar of furnaces, sounds which tell that the iron-founder is busy at work making his columns and pipes and a thousand and one things which formerly came from England.

The old view and the new bring into clear relief the change that has passed over Delhi, a change that British rule is working throughout the empire. Through the walls that kept at bay the small army of heroes for three awful months forty-one years ago seven railways now enter. Glance at a railway map of India, and Delhi will be seen to be at the heart of the spider's web of permanent ways which our engineers have thrown over the country. Bombay to the south-west, Calcutta to the south-east, Karachi to the west, Peshawur to the north, from all points of the compass the iron roads run straight to Delhi.

Whether the Viceroy rests there this winter matters not. Sooner or later the city will assert her old sovereignty. More than one great Mogul endeavored to create a new capital for himself; some even moved by compulsion the whole population; but every attempt was foredoomed to failure. The rose-colored bastions beside the Pumna were possessed of an irrestible fascination. Each time in a few short years Delhi arose from her desolation, the crowned mother-city of the Orient. So it will be again; though factory and workshop have encroached on palace, mosque and fort.

The advantages which Delhi has over Calcutta may be thus summed up: Political situation, greater accessibility to the whole of india, better climate, proximity to Simla. Against these must be set off the fact that there are no public buildings in Delhi. The

COST OF ERECTION

is calculated to be at least £150,000, and India has not the money to spend. This money question may delay the transference, but it will not prevent it, for it is by no means insuperable.

Calcutta boasts that residence within her gates brings the government into close touch with all shades of non-official opinion. But Delhi, with her growing industries, will supply as strong a current of European opinion. And her native nobility and gentry are an infinitely greater factor in the peace of the empire than the glib citizens of Bengal. Delhi's political situation in the midst of the warlike races of Hindustan is the strongest argument in her favor.

The winter and spring of the Punjab are among the more exquisite atmospheres of the earth's surface. The keen, penetrating cold of December, with its clear, blue sky, is nature's most invigorating tonic; and the warm noons of March, when the rose gardens are aflame with blossom and a melody of fragrance, are more delicious than the kisses of a bride. Men who have to seek the Government of India go now to Calcutta grumbling; they will hasten with delight to Delhi as to a charming health resort.

Delhi is within six hours' railway journey of the Himalayas; so the move to Simla will be accomplished with much greater ease and at much less expense in the future. The old Moguls, when not conducting a campaign, would leave the plains during the torrid heats of summer. Kashmir was their favorite mountain residence. The British Government in India has chosen Simla, and its annual migration is, after all, nothing but an ancient custom of Hindustan.

FIRST IRON SHIPS.

Crude Attempts in Shipbuilding During Last Century.

The story of the use of iron as a material for the construction of ships is full of interest, writes Clark Russell in Pall Mall Magazine. Iron was long ago used experimentally for building boats; several references to these crude attempts will be found in the Annual Register of last century. Grantham quotes from a publication dated July 28th, 1787. The writer says: "A few days ago a boat built of English iron by J. Wilkinson, Esq., of Bradley Forge, came up our canal to this town, loaded with twenty-two tons and fifteen hundredweight of its own metal, etc. It is nearly of equal dimensions with other boats employed upon the canal, being 70 feet long and 6 feet 8 1-2 inches wide; the thickness of the plates with which it is made is about five-sixteenths of an inch, and it is put together with rivets, like copper or fire engine boilers; but the stem and stern-posts are wood, and the gunwale lined with the same; the beams are made of elm planks. Her weight is about eight tons; she will carry, in deep water, upwards of thirty-two tons, and draws eight or nine inches of water when light." It is extraordinary that such hints as these should have fallen dead. Was there no shipbuilder with an eye swift to witness the enormous possibilities latent in these little canal experiments? A small iron boat was launched in August, 1815. She was fitted up in Liverpool as a pleasure-boat. Hundreds viewed her as a curiosity. She was sunk maliciously in the Duke's Dock, as though some Daniel Quilp of a workman, foreseeing iron as an issue if this boat was suffered to go on hinting, had put an end to her. Her owner raised her, and sold her for old iron, but "the loss of this boat," he says, "turned my attention to the practicability of making an iron boat which could not be sunk by any ordinary means."

Agricultural

HARDY FRENCH CANADIAN CATTLE.

Very early in the history of America, some time before 1665, a number of small black or brown cattle were introduced into what are now the Canadian provinces, writes J. A. Conture, of Quebec. They came from France and were strictly dairy animals, resembling the Jerseys in a general way. These cattle were not allowed to cross with other breeds, and for over 200 years were kept very pure and took the name of French Canadian. They became quite numerous, being peculiarly adapted to conditions in Canada. In 25 counties in Quebec practically no other cattle are kept. They are the easiest kept of all breeds of cattle, and also the hardiest. They are free from tuberculosis. Their teats are large, consequently they are easily milked. In color, they are solid black, or black with yellow strip on back and around muzzle, or brown with black points, or solid fawn.

As milkers they are the best cows of any of the breeds in Canada for the average farmer. They will not give the large quantities of milk yielded by the Holsteins or even some Ayrshires in one day, or one week, but they will give a good quantity daily from calf to calf, and the total for the year will be surprising, usually larger than that given by other breeds. The difference in their favor will be still more evident when the cost of keeping is considered.

When the little Canadian cow is properly fed she repays well for the trouble and expense, as proved by the following result obtained from the cow Pruniere 1712, the property of the Hospital du Sacri-Coeur, Quebec. She calved on the 28th of August, 1892, when four years old, and was milked until July 1893, being due to calve again on the 31st of the same month. During these 318 days she gave 11,310 lbs. of milk, or a daily average of 35 lbs. She weighs about 675 lbs. Her daily food consisted of cut hay 10 lbs, cut straw 5 lbs, ensilage 20 lbs, bran 2 lbs, cottonseed and meal 2 lbs. This is mixed and fermented for 24 hours in advance. She was kept all this time in the stable. The cow Azilda de Levis 956 gives 8,000 lbs. of milk a year on pasture alone in summer, and on 15 lbs. of dry hay and 4 lbs. of grain, oats, bran and oil cake, daily in winter.

Let me say that the French Canadian cow that does not give 6,000 lbs. of milk in the year, when she receives reasonable care and food, is not a good cow. On common pasture and dry hay and dry straw, with a handful of bran in winter, she ought to give from 4,500 to 5,000 lbs. of milk in the year. Is this milk of good quality? Of course it is. The average percentage of Babcock test is from 4 to 5 1-2. It is sometimes 6 and 6 1-2 per cent. and frequently as high as 8 per cent. In speaking of average as being 4 to 5 1-2 per cent, it is the result of a large number of tests made in various butter and cheese factories, with no other feed but ordinary pasture in summer and hay and straw in winter.

CRUELTY IS THE DEVIL'S EAR-MARK.

Check reins are cruel and injurious, unless very slack.

Wide tires save much horse power.

But few farm horses need shoes.

Quiet and patient drivers are worth twice as much as any others.

Competent drivers use the whip but rarely. Whips cost more than they save.

Your horse intends to please you but does not always know your wishes.

Dark or damp stables cause low spirits and various diseases.

Horses need a variety of food as much as yourself.

Patient and gentle grooms and drivers are worth larger pay than others.

Overloading is a costly folly and a great cruelty.

Axle grease pays 1,000 per cent. profit.

Good blankets are profitable and save food—if wisely used.

Clipping reverses nature, is cruel and causes disease.

Horses need blankets where a man would need an overcoat.

He who abuses a horse will abuse his wife or children.

Cruelty qualifies for crime—they —are close neighbors.

It is cruel and silly to whip a horse for fright. Soothe him with kind words.

It is wise to put yourself in his place—and think it over.

FEEDING ROOTS.

In England and Holland the feeding of roots is universal; and it would be impossible for dairy and stock farmers to get on without them. One hundred pounds of hay is equivalent to 200 pounds of potatoes. Now an acre of land that will produce 6,000 pounds of hay will produce 18,000 pounds of potatoes; that is, one acre in potatoes will keep as much stock as three acres of hay. With mangolds or turnips, the difference is much greater. The object with the dairy cow is to make her produce as much milk as possible, or to bring her to her highest natural flow.

When a man loses faith in humanity he hits himself a solar-plexis blow.