

ALONG THE WAY TO MEETIN'.

I wondered if the world so wide had heard my heart a-beatin'.

With Sally walkin' at my side along the way to meetin'?

It seemed to me my every step—just keepin' time accordin'.

An' sayin', "There's no rest fer you 'cept 't'her side of Jordan!"

I'd tried an' tried to say "the word," with patient endeavor—

The word that might, or mightn't, make her heart my own forever;

But somehow, when it reached my lips, it seemed too much to utter,

With my poor heart a-keepin' up that everlasting flutter!

'Twas shore my tribulation day—close by my side to view her—

To pull the wild flowers by the way, an' then not give 'em to her!

But, sudden, came this word from her—"twixt like benediction!"

"I'm thinkin', John, this meetin' day you're under deep conviction!"

An' then, I up an' told her all my heart, so sore afflicted;

I loved her more than all the world—that's how I stood convicted!

An' then, as close she came to me, with sweeter looks an' fonder,

I read my shinin' titles clear to earth—an' over yonder!

—Atlanta Constitution.

FARMER DALE'S MISTAKE

I WAS on a wheeling tour and stopped for supper and all night at a forlorn-looking farmhouse. I was surprised to see no woman about, all the work being done by the owner of the place, Ezra Dale. After supper I lighted a pipe and sat on the porch smoking. Dale came and sat beside me.

"You have finished your evening chores early," I said. "When my wife is without a servant, she never gets the dishes washed before 9 o'clock."

"Waal, ye see, I don't do it that a-way. I wash dishes once a week. Then I put 'em all on the top of the wagon, drive 'em into the creek, take a mop, an' when I get through they shine like pewter."

"Don't you think a wife would be handy? She would do your mending."

"Don't need no wife. I got needles an' thread an' buttons. There's my kit. And he handed me a case containing the articles mentioned and no more."

"Where's your thimble?" I asked.

"Don't need no thimble. I tried one on an' couldn't use it. It's handier to git the head of the needle ag'in the wall and drive it through that a-way."

"Did you never have a love affair?"

"Yes, once. It was when I was a young feller—very young an' very green. I used to look on a gal as a heathen would look on a sacred image. There was a little one livin' across the creek, Farmer Owens' daughter Daisy. Purty? Ye bet, an' gentle as a kitten. She took a shine to me. I was a fair-lookin' young feller then, straight an' slim an' light on my feet. One evenin' I was a-passin' Farmer Owens', an' Daisy come runnin' out with her finger a-bleedin' an' asked me ter tie it up fer her. I had ter git her tie up under mine somehow, an' hold on ter her hand an' wrap the linen strip an' wind the string an' a lot of things all at the same time. While I was a-doin' of it her hair got ag'in my cheek, an'—waal, I lost my head an', turnin', put an arm around her an' kissed her."

"Do ye know, stranger, I've since made up my mind she don't like a pupose. I b'lieve she cut her finger onentionally. I tell ye, women folks is tricky."

"I think that was a very nice feminine way of catching your attention," I remarked.

"Go on."

"That's jist what I did do. I went on from day ter day, week ter week, till it seemed ter me if anything happened between me an' that gal I'd collapse. Somethin' did happen. Farmer Owens tuk a farm han' fur the hayin', an' what did Daisy do but take him out in her buggy that her father bought fur her at Christmas an' drive right by that house a-purposin' ter show him off ter me. I tell ye, stranger, she had the wickedest eye in her ye ever see."

"Another feminine trait," I observed.

"Miss Daisy was evidently a woman."

"She was a woman, stranger, an' the worst kind of a one. Dale went on lugubriously. "She broke me all up. I jist rented this farm an' went away. I didn't come back fur ten years. Then I made up my mind that women folks wasn't wuth worryin' about, an' I tuk my farm ag'in an' began ter work it. The first time I went by Farmer Owens' Daisy come out—she had grown ter be a fine-lookin' young woman of 26—an' what do ye suppose she did?"

"I can't imagine."

"Asked me if I wouldn't tie up a cut finger. She had the same wicked look in her eye she had when she drove that lopsided farm han' by my house ten years afore. Women is the persistent critters I ever see. I jist squared off an' said: 'Ye don't git me that a-way ag'in. Ye done it once, an' that's enough. But, do ye know, stranger, she was so slick about it that in five minutes I had my arm about her an' she was a-restin' her head on my shoulder. She was a-cryin', too—cryn' crocodile tears, no doubt."

"Waal, we was engaged, but it didn't las' long. The question come up as ter whether we'd be married by a justice or a parson. I don't like parsons myself, an' I wanted a justice. Daisy wanted a parson, an' she was so blame set about it that I reckoned if she was as obstinate about a small matter like that she'd be wantin' ter run the farm, so I called the thing off, an' I've been livin' alone her ever since."

"Mr. Dale," I said, "you have mistaken natural feminine traits for general cussedness."

"That's what they is, I tell ye, stranger. Ye don't understand."

"You have declined to give up that which to a woman is a great deal, while to you it is nothing. Miss Owens was right to insist on being married by a parson, and you were ungovernable to refuse her. Now, let me give you a bit of advice. Miss Owens ter run the farm, so I called the thing off, an' I've been livin' alone her ever since."

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THE GREAT LAKES FISHERIES ARE OF VAST IMPORTANCE

THE conditions which surround the laws that govern, and the markets which deal with fishing on inland bodies of water, are constantly the subject of many changes. Many legislatures grapple with fish and game problems during each winter, and in the spring both pleasure-seekers and those who follow fishing as an industry must acquaint themselves with the new legislation if they are to avoid the clutches of the law. The Great Lakes furnish the world with the greatest amount of fresh-water fish.

Last season there was no patrol boat on that most important fishing ground,

to be guided by an estimation of the miles they were from shore, based on the number of miles per hour which their fish tugs made.

Among the legislative measures effecting the fishing interests of Lake Erie during the last session of the Ohio Legislature, was the Guerin bill. According to this bill the tonnage tax on fish was reduced from 75 cents to 50 cents. The same bill contained many provisions looking toward a more stringent protection of Lake Erie fish, and it seems to have met with general approbation from the leading fishermen. The Fish Culture Commission having endorsed it.



A LIFT OF TROUT AND WHITEFISH WEIGHING A TON.

Lake Erie. In fact it is not very long since there was considerable opposition to the plan to build and operate one on account of the expense in connection therewith. The spring found the new patrol boat built by the State of Ohio ready for service, and the Canadian fishermen who have been trespassing on the United States side of the line had to look out. Fishermen believe that they have at last received justice in this matter. It will be remembered that, while in the past the Canadian government constantly operated the tug Petrel in Lake Erie capturing the fishermen from across the water and confiscating their property when found slightly over in Canadian waters, the Canadian fishermen could not be thus watched. It will also be recalled that American fishermen could not accurately determine when they were over the middle line, they having



MICHIGAN STATE FISH HATCHERY.

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were an obstinate brute. Say that if she will overlook your past errors you will spend your life in doing penance."

"Why, stranger, if I was ter do that I'd never have my own way about anything afterward."

"It is the only way to have your own way about everything with a woman. Toss it all into her hands, and she'll toss it right back to you. More than that, she'll expect you to lend, and if you don't lend she'll not respect you."

"Ye don't mean it! Say, stranger, what sort of a makeup do ye call that anyway?"

The next summer I rode past Farmer Dale's place. It was the trimmest-looking farm in the country. After supper the farmer told me how much better contented he was while Mrs. Dale was washing the dishes.—Indianapolis Sun.

AN ODD ANT BEAR.



German naturalists are now studying with much interest an animal which was recently placed in the Zoological Garden at Berlin. It is an ant bear, but not an ordinary one, being a specimen of an exceedingly rare variety. Its habits are those of the common ant bear, but in color and formation is different from it in many respects: It is said that there is no other specimen of this variety in Europe, and it is not thought likely that any other specimen will be found very soon, for the one at Berlin was only trapped by chance, and although several men have searched closely through the district where it was caught, they have not as yet discovered the slightest trace of any other specimen.

VALUE OF SLEEP.

Ability to Rest One of Napoleon's Sources of Power.

One great secret of Napoleon's power was his ability to sleep. If he had but an hour for sleep he slept an hour, even though the fate of an army or of an empire hung in the balance while he slept. Gen. Grant was another great example of this ability to lay aside work at quitting time. Even in the Wilderness campaign, when the responsibility of the movements of the nation's armies, stretched out in battle line a thousand miles long, lay on

In general more is probably known of lower lake fisheries than those about Lake Huron, Lake Superior, St. Marys River and the immediate vicinity of the American and Canadian Soos. The upper lake regions comprise a new country, and will be more to the future than they have been to the past. As a fishing ground, St. Marys River annually yields some handsome lifts. Whitefish and trout, when caught by net, have been known to yield a ton at a haul. Michigan is taking a decided interest in her fisheries. The Michigan hatchery is one of the finest in the country, and is situated so near the great canals as to be an object of considerable interest to tourists in that place. This hatchery, it is said, places in Michigan waters, annually 30,000,000 white fish, 1,500,000 lake trout, and 1,000,000 brook trout.

Of the five Great Lakes, Lake Erie furnishes the world with more fresh water fish than any other body of water. The Lake Erie fisheries employ in the neighborhood of 4,000 men. Fishing companies often operate fifteen to twenty tugs. These tugs or boats each set many nets with a capacity of 400 to 500 pounds each. The nets are set from five to 25 or 30 miles out in the lake. The value of each net is \$5. At the wharfs fish are removed from the tug decks to the packing houses in boxes. Here they are prepared for shipment to distant points, they often going even to the ocean ports.

his shoulders; when his good-night commands involved all-night marching and fighting of his army of the Potomac, and his waking orders might mean victory or defeat, the killing or the saving of thousands of men—under it all he lay down and dropped to sound sleep as quickly as you or I when we read ourselves sleepy over an old story book. Grant had what a great writer has called a "frictionless mind." He saved for the wear of work what others throw away on the tear of worry.

Here is a sample of the other extreme. Said a Minneapolis lawyer to me to-day: "When I began the practice of law I always lost two nights before I had a case in court, tossing about and combating every thinkable standpoint of my opponent. And I lost as much sleep afterward upbraiding myself for not having thought of certain points at certain past occasions in the progress of the case." Of what value were these night thoughts to this young attorney? About as much value as night sweats to a consumptive! I venture to say that all the business planning a man does in life while lying on his back at night isn't worth an hour's good thinking on his feet on one June morning. As compared with the sleep it displaces, such night thinking isn't worth forty winks after dinner. Burning the candle at both ends sometimes makes a fine bonfire. But it always makes a bad grease spot of a good candle.—Commercial West.

A Palatial Log Cabin.

On Warren Island, off the coast of Maine, is being erected what is properly described as "a palatial log cabin." It is composed of spruce logs, and cost the tidy little sum of \$75,000. The entire island on which this summer palace is erected was purchased by the late William H. Folwell, of Philadelphia. Mr. Folwell died before the completion of the house. The work is now superintended by his son, William H. Folwell, Jr. Some idea of the size of the "cabin" may be gained from consideration of the fact that there are twenty-two sleeping rooms on the second floor.

Good Country for Sauerkraut.

In Cuba cabbages frequently weigh as much as twenty pounds. All vegetables do well. Radishes may be eaten from fourteen to eighteen days after sowing, lettuce in five weeks after sowing, while corn produces three crops per year. Sweet potatoes are perpetual. The natives dig up the tubers, cut them off and plant the old vines, which produce a new crop in three months. All sorts of fruits, horticultural and greenhouse plants and bulbous stock are also grown.

Valuable to Him.

Towne—Scribner picked up for a few pennies at a second-hand book store an old book of platitudes which has since proved to be very valuable. Browne—A rare edition, eh? Towne—Oh, no, but he's been making the platitudes over into quatrains for the magazines.—Philadelphia Press.

NEBRASKA RELIGIOUS FANATICS.

The "Figglites" an Addition to the Various "Holiness" Societies.

Nebraska has added another to the various "holiness" societies with which the land is already overrun. The "Figglites," as they call themselves, from the name of their leader, Louis Figg, are a lot of religious enthusiasts who have banded themselves together and live in a swamp near Gretna, not so very far from Omaha. People in their neighborhood have tarred and feathered the leaders, and have threatened worse things, and have banded them into court time and again with little result.

The Figglites say the Holy Ghost watches over them and tells them what to do and assert that the whole world is not able to turn them from what they regard as their plain duty. They consider themselves to be the chosen of the Lord, and condemn all other persons and sects to everlasting damnation. In spite of the fact that the law is continually after them, the society is growing and may soon be compelled to seek larger quarters. They do absolutely nothing unless directed by the "voice," and consider themselves as being the very acme of perfection.

The Figglites lived at Gretna some years ago, and had money and a good home. What started them on this fanatical religious turn is not exactly known, but it is a fact that suddenly both Figg and his wife showed signs of the "spirit" and their house became the rendezvous of many impressionable women who developed into enthusiasts as great as the Figglites themselves. There were people in Gretna, however, who did not think much of their doings, and booted them out. A couple of years ago there was considerable whitecapping and after a dose of tar and feathers Figg gathered up his female adherents and fled to a swamp, where he built a rough shack, in which the crowd still lives. Strange to say, there are still found women enough to keep the colony in a state of healthy growth. They leave good homes to go with Figg to his miserable shanty, which contains but four rooms, two below and two upstairs, where they sing and shout and conduct their fanatical ceremonies with less regard for the proprieties than is called for in a strict interpretation of the rules of law and order. These four rooms are crowded always, no men being among the enthusiasts except Figg and his two grown sons.

The first principle of the Figg religion is regeneration by the Holy Ghost. When that is accomplished, the whole life of the devotee hangs on the "voice." The "voice," which is supposed to come from the Holy Spirit, directs every move of their daily lives, and whatever the "voice" directs them to do, is done without question.

The Figglites believe that all creeds and forms of worship are wrong, as well as any set way of meeting. They have a way of working themselves into a high state of excitement, when the "voice" will command one of their number to go and stir up a meeting being held in some church near by. There is usually something doing of very warm character when the fanatic shows up and begins to denounce the congregation.

COUNTRESS IN MISFORTUNE.

Financial Reverses of Lady Dudley, a Noted English Beauty.

Reckless extravagance, which an income of \$500,000 a year could not satisfy, has led to the financial ruin of Georgiana, Countess of Dudley, who for a score of years has been considered one of England's most beautiful women. Lady Dudley has sold her magnificent home in London, which cost nearly \$200,000 to decorate, to J. Pierpont Morgan, and only a short time since was compelled to dispose



GEORGIANA, COUNTESS OF DUDLEY.

of her famous jewels, they bringing \$450,000 at auction. Her husband, the late Earl of Dudley, who was insane, had a passion for beautiful jewelry, and at one time he had one of the finest collections of precious stones in the world. He was immensely wealthy, his income being about \$2,000,000 a year. His son, the present earl, fell heir to this vast estate, but squandered much of it in extravagant living. Lady Dudley had been a leader in London's exclusive society for many years, and there were many brilliant social functions at her home. When her son married, her income of \$500,000 was cut down to a tenth of that sum, not nearly enough to maintain her in the way she was accustomed to live. At one time it was said that she was engaged to marry Dr. Jameson, and there is no doubt that the late Cecil Rhodes once was a suitor for her hand.

NEW LOGGING METHODS.

Steam and Electric Machines Used to Haul Logs in Maine Forests.

A few years ago, when some one suggested an electric railway from Moosehead lake up the valley of the Allegheny river, in the very heart of the northern Maine woods, the project was ridiculed on every hand as impossible of execution in such a rough country, even if there would be any business

for the road when it should have been constructed. Now, however, a trolley system is in successful operation in the Dead river region in the roughest part of Somerset County and is engaged in hauling heavy loads of spruce logs—a greater burden than any ordinary electric line has to carry, writes a Bangor correspondent of the New York Tribune.

The electric log-hauler is the invention of A. O. Lombard, of Waterville, who is a mechanical genius and has made a fortune from various inventions in the last ten years. Some years ago Mr. Lombard conceived the idea of building a steam log-hauler and made a careful investigation of the subject before he began work upon the machine that he had in mind. He found that more than fifty years ago a Maine man had built a steam log-hauler, but that it had failed to work on account of some manifest faults in its construction. This first steam log-hauler had a boiler and engine mounted upon a set of driving wheels five feet in diameter, with spikes in the rims of the wheels to prevent them from slipping, but when the machine was hitched to a load of logs the bearing of weight was on so small a portion of the rims that the wheels whirled around like those of a locomotive on a wet rail, while the spikes would dig so deeply into the snow that the machine would become stalled in hollows of its own making and be unable to move its own weight, not to speak of a load of logs.

To obviate this difficulty Mr. Lombard provided his machine with a sort of self-laying rail—a set of endless lags, carried on ball bearings—which, while preventing the wheels from digging into the snow, affords them a friction hold, giving traction power sufficient to draw loads of logs aggregating 60,000 feet. The forward end of the hauler is carried by a sled, to which is attached a pole. A pair of horses is hitched to this pole and driven ahead to guide the machine, but the horses do no hauling.

STUDY OF SHRUBS AND TREES.

Learn Natural Science at Arnold Arboretum in a Breezy Bower.

Unique among the various reservations which go to make up Boston's wonderful system of parks and parkways, and beautiful, in its way, beyond all others, the Arnold arboretum is just now coming into the full bloom of its surpassing loveliness.

At no other place in this country—probably nowhere else in the world—is there such a collection of living trees and shrubbery, carefully disposed for both study and enjoyment. Twenty-five years ago knowledge of the characteristics, geographical distribution and economic and horticultural value of the trees of North America was vague and hardly within the reach even of those anxious to acquire such knowledge, but, as a result of the work done at the Arnold arboretum, it may be fairly said that to-day the trees of no other country have been so carefully studied and are so well known.

The arboretum is a department of Harvard University, and was originally established with a view to providing an opportunity for the scientific study of tree life, yet so carefully have the work been planned, and so artistically have these carefully wrought out plans been executed, that the scientific value of the collection is almost lost sight of in its picturesque beauty.

The tract of 225 acres which are included in this reservation was purchased by Harvard University with funds bequeathed to that institution by James Arnold, of New Bedford, says the Boston Herald. At that time it was a place of rough, uncultivated land, overrun with a wild growth of native shrubbery, and with little timber growth, except scattering hardwood and a remarkable growth of hemlocks, which latter still remains the crowning glory of the collection.

THAT WORD "LOAFER."

Question as to the Derivation Becoming Acute in London.

The question as to the derivation of that word "loafer," which Mr. Rhodes will be likely to elevate from the slang dictionary, is already getting acute, says the London Chronicle. Despite "Notes and Queries," and the derivation, through Hans Breitmann, from "that loafer (lover) of yours always hanging around here," the word is Spanish, and, like glee and others, came from Mexico, through Texas to the States. It is the Anglicized or Americanized form of gallofero, "an idle, lazy vagabond," passing, as any student of Bartlett knows, through glofero, and glofer, to loafer, and ending up with the pretense of having something English or American about it, as "loafer," a man who has no casual connection with the loaf he does not earn. Of the loafer, Josh Billings has given in his "Almanax" a description which would have gone to Cecil Rhodes' heart, as of the type of man who was not to inherit Dalham, or any other property that was his, if he could help it: "The loafer is a thing who is willing to be despised for the privilege of abusing others. He occupies all grades in society, from the judge on the bench clear down to the ragged creature who leans against lamp posts and fights flies in August. He has no pride that is worthy and no delicacy that anybody could hurt. During his boyhood he kills cats and robs hens' nests. During middle life he begs all the tobacco he uses and drinks all the cheap whisky he can get at somebody else's expense, and does die at last."

The loafer in America would seem to be more pronounced than his British brother. If we take Henry W. Shaw—Josh Billings—as authority.

Needed No Defense.

Congressman Williams of Mississippi has a new negro story.

"Are you the defendant?" asked a man in the courtroom, speaking to an old negro.

"No, boss," was the reply. "I ain't doing nothing to be called names like that. I've got a lawyer here who does the defending."

"Then who are you?"

"I'm the gentleman what stole the chickens."—Omaha Bee.

In nine cases out of ten, when you feel tough, it's your liver.

THE PACIFIC CABLE

As a result of the decision of Congress to leave the building of the new trans-Pacific cable to private enterprise, the work will be immediately begun by the Commercial Pacific Cable Company, a new concern formed on the basis of the Commercial Cable Company, which will consummate a duplicate all-the-world-around cable.

It is specifically stated that while the United States government does not incur any expense or responsibility, it will have at its discretion command of all facilities. This is particularly important, because the government has already gone to the expense of laying more than 700 miles of cable in the Philippine Islands. These cables were laid as a necessary strategic measure during the recent trouble there and are intended to be a connecting link in the general system covering our possessions.

Length of the Cable.

The new cable will run from San Francisco, a distance of 2,413 miles, to Honolulu, thence to the Midway Islands and Guam, another 2,203 miles, and then to Manila, another 1,380 miles, enabling the company to connect with a cable to Hong Kong and all points on the Asiatic continent.

From Hong Kong the connections of the Commercial Pacific cable will run north up the Chinese coast, finally passing through Siberia to St. Petersburg, and thus completing the route through Northern Asia and Europe. From the same junction they will extend down through Siam and the Straits Settlements, connecting with the Australian and New Zealand cables, and passing west through India to Aden, along the Red Sea and Mediterranean to Gibraltar and Lisbon, thence to the Azores, where the Commercial Cable Company's system has another headquarters, extending to New York. Both the San Francisco and eastern ends of these cables will be connected with the land telegraph system of the Postal Telegraph Company for all points in

the United States. A uniform rate of \$1 a word will be charged for messages from San Francisco to Manila and China.

The first section of the cable from San Francisco to Honolulu is being manufactured by the India Rubber Gutta, Percha, Telegraph Works Company, Ltd., London, England. The length is about 2,413 miles.

Laying the Cable.

The cableship Silvertown, owned by the manufacturers, will convey this section of the cable from London to the Pacific coast via Cape Horn, where she will proceed with the laying operations. It is expected to complete the entire cable from San Francisco to Manila by January, 1905.

The laying of the new cable will involve searching ocean depths to possibly as far as three miles. While the government work was being carried on in the Philippines the greatest depth reached was one and an eighth miles. The estimate is that a depth of at least three miles will be reached in covering the Pacific ocean.

The operation of laying so many thousands of miles of cable will necessarily involve a great deal of skill, but the difficulties which those who laid the Atlantic cables encountered have passed away, those having charge of the present work being able to carry out all details. The delicate and particular work, however, will be the landing of the cable at its objective point at Manila. The shore end conveyed by the Silvertown to this point will be lifted gently from the ship toward the land, where it will be placed in a deep trench, through which it will be conveyed to its final land communications, thence connecting with the cable to Hong Kong.

The death of John W. Mackay called attention to cable-laying projects in the Pacific. It is stated that the plans contemplated by his company will be pushed forward with all possible dispatch. The project has been delayed by the failure of the government to furnish the company with soundings taken in the Pacific. It is expected that these soundings will soon be furnished and that the work will then be pushed to completion. Possession of the Philippines has made the necessity of a Pacific cable very apparent.

GOATS WARD OFF DISEASE.

They Should Be Kept Wherever Horses Are.

"Goats are good things to keep around the stables where the horses are housed," said an old dealer in horses, "and the man who wants his horse to remain healthy will make a mistake if he does not keep a few goats around. I do not propose to go into an analysis of the reasons, but I am in a position to state the fact, and I do it after many years of experience. I have been handling horses for more than a quarter of a century and I have had occasion to observe very closely those things which tend to benefit the horse. Occasionally I have been without goats and nearly every time I have been called upon to doctor one or more of my horses for some complaint peculiar to this kind of animal. When I had goats around the stables to rub up against the stalls and wallow around generally sickness among my horses was a rare thing."

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