

# OREGON SCOUT.

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UNION, OREGON.

## OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—There exists still a form of contract, made in the time of Edward I. of England, in which a man engaged to sell and deliver his wife to another man.

—It is said when the Ponghkeepsie bridge is finished there will be no more shad fishing above it, as, for some unexplained reason, these fish will not pass under a bridge.

—A system of standard time, similar to that now prevailing for railway purposes in this country, will probably be adopted by the Norwegian Parliament. The time for the whole of Norway will be one hour in advance of that of the Greenwich observatory in England.

—An Eastern scientist wants to know why it is that along the railroads and the highways the snow always drifts from the high places and into the depressions, while in lumber-yards it drifts out of the depressions and accumulates on top of lumber piles.—*Chicago Times.*

—President Frank James Morrison, of the Crescent Club of Baltimore, has been presented with a ring that cost \$3,600. The central stone is an emerald that weighs 6½ carats, and is said to be one of the largest and most perfect in this country. It is set between two diamonds that weigh 5 1-16 carats.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes, Gladstone, Tennyson and Lord Houghton were all born in the year 1809. Commenting on this, Holmes writes: "Persons of the same year watch each other, especially as the sands of life begin to run low, as we can imagine so many damaged hour-glasses, to keep an eye on each other."—*Boston Herald.*

—Leander Smith, an aged citizen of Milan, Ind., died not long ago, and the administrator of his estate, in taking an inventory and appraising the effects, discovered a large amount of hidden treasure, \$1,500 of old gold coin being found in a jar of rancid lard, while other large sums were found secreted in other places.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A merchant in Los Angeles, Cal., saw a newsboy peering down into the grating in the sidewalk in front of his store one afternoon recently, and learning that the little chap had dropped a quarter into the place, and was studying upon the best means of recovering his wealth, sent one of his clerks down into the cellar, recovered the coin, and coolly put it into his till.—*Chicago Herald.*

—A citizen of New Orleans recently found a rat's nest in which were eight sleek little rats. Nest and all were placed in a pail of water, which was carried fifty feet from the original locality of the nest. Pretty soon the mother rat came back, saw that her home had been broken up, and in an instant had discovered the pail, into which she plunged to rescue her already drowned little ones.

—Never build a chimney on brackets, says an exchange, for the chimney resting on brackets, when struck by lightning is entirely demolished, and not only the chimney, but the entire house with its inmates, can not escape the angry element. Not so, however, when the chimney is built from the ground. Then the electric fluid passes into the earth, doing but little damage to any thing but the chimney.

—The results of a day at Monte Carlo to the proprietors of the Casino and to the Principality of Monaco are testified in the boxes, weighted with gold, carried away before the very eyes of the 1-ers. It is said that each table wins from £1,500 to £2,000 a day, which shows a gross gain from the eight tables of from £12,000 to £16,000. These sums must be multiplied by 365 to show the probable yearly income.—*Court Journal.*

—The horses in the mountain camps of California are in winter provided with snow-shoes. The Nevada City Transcript thus describes these shoes: "To make one of the shoes you first take a piece of rubber belting about twelve inches in diameter. Fasten to one side of it a steel plate so perforated that the calks of the horse's usual shoe will fit in it. Then by a clamp fasten one of these with the rubber side down securely to each foot of the animal.

—J. W. Holton, of New Haven, Conn., who is staying in Buffalo just now, exhibited to a number of hotel guests a card upon which had been written, in 1883, by his cousin, Mary S. Holton, of Ellington, Conn., in a circular space no larger than the butt end of an ordinary lead pencil, the old and new version of the Lord's Prayer, with her full name and the town and State in which she lives. It was conceded to be a remarkable performance, but when Mr. Holton stated that the work was executed in fifteen minutes, with the naked eye, his listeners looked with open-mouthed wonder.—*Boston Globe.*

—If Mr. Henry Lake's information be indeed correct the year 1887 will be known as that of the rediscovery of the lost violin varnish and the mystery of "Cremonas" will be cleared up. Ole Bull would have been most delighted by this discovery. He gave 1,500 acres of land on which Pittsburgh now stands for a Stainer Cremona, and for many years the chief interest of his life lay in working with the well known maker, Colton, of New York, to reproduce the old varnish. Now somebody has found it by accident, and the secret goes back to Chinese ingenuity and the Jesuit fathers who brought it to the West.

## SHAYS' REBELLION.

The Mad Revolution Inaugurated in Massachusetts a Century Ago.

Daniel Shays had held a captain's commission in the revolutionary war, and does not seem to have had much heart in the rebellion to which he has given his name. When the war of the revolution closed, Massachusetts was in a wretched financial condition from her efforts in the cause of independence. Her state debt was large, and the pay of her soldiers was heavily in arrears. Besides, she had undertaken payment of \$5,000,000 of the debt of the Confederation. Commerce and industry were prostrate. Money, except depreciated papers, had disappeared from circulation, and prices of the necessities of living were exorbitant. While the people were impoverished, the courts and the lawyers were kept busy in endeavoring to enforce the payment of the debts.

In this condition of affairs popular discontent arose. As there was no surplus in the Massachusetts treasury for pensions it was proposed that the defenders of the country should be paid out of the property that had been saved in the war. The courts and the lawyers were especial objects of resentment, and it was proposed in many county conventions to abolish lawyers and deprive them of the right to hold office. The advice was largely followed. In many places courts were not permitted to open their sessions, the judges were driven from the bench, and the service of writs was obstructed. It was proposed to issue irredeemable fiat money as legal tender for private debts, and to repudiate the State debt altogether.

In the midst of the popular ferment the Legislature met and the House passed some of the most extravagant measures of the malcontents, but they were rejected by the Senate. This resistance only increased the popular fury, and an insurrectionary army of about two thousand men gathered in Springfield, under command of General Shays. Governor Bowdoin, who was aroused by this formidable movement, at once called out the militia, under General Lincoln, and suspended the writ of habeas corpus. In Springfield the attempt to hold a session of court was prevented by the insurgents. General Shepard, who commanded a militia force in Springfield, took possession of the arsenal. On the 27th of January, 1878, the army of the insurgents marched upon the arsenal in contemptuous defiance of the warning of its commander. When the insurgents advanced to the forbidden point, General Shepard ordered his troops to fire. Four men fell from the discharge of his own arms, and three were killed. Upon this warm reception the rest fled in the utmost confusion and never halted till they were ten miles from Springfield.

This practically put an end to the rebellion of Shays, although some of the insurgents lingered in the field for several months. Though the insurrection was thus easily crushed, it was not without an important influence upon the political history of the country. It caused not only the people of Massachusetts, but of the other colonies to realize the loose character of the confederation, to become more and more convinced of the political necessity "to form a more perfect union," in the words of the preamble of the Federal constitution, "to establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the general defense and secure the blessings of liberty." For the unwitting share of Shays' rebellion in contributing to this beneficent consummation, due recognition should be given.—*Des Moines (Ia.) Leader.*

## A MARVELOUS CLOCK.

Description of the Intricate Mechanical Wonder Being Made at Villigen.

A marvelous clock, which is intended to surpass the mechanical wonders of Strasburg and Bern, is being made at Villigen in the Black Forest, one of the headquarters of this branch of industry. It is in the Gothic style, and indicates the seconds, minutes, hours, days, months, years and leap years, beginning with the first seconds of the first year and ending with the last seconds of 99,999 A. D. It also indicates the correct time for each meridian, the phases of the moon, and strikes the minutes, quarters and hours. Marvellous figures move round the clock, time, Christianity, human life, striking the minutes and hours; grief, death, a patron saint, a cherub and the twelve apostles, Christ, the four ages of man, the four seasons, the seven heathen gods who give the names to the days of the week, the signs of the zodiac and so forth. During the day a trumpet sounds his bugle, then comes the night watchman announcing the hours with his horn, and he is relieved at dawn by a crowing cock. In spring and summer the cuckoo's note is heard. The angels who attend Christ in his last hours are also moving on, and there are also a sexton and an old man who kneels in prayer. The clockwork further sets in motion various paintings—seven pictures of the creation of the world—and the fourteen stations which represent the life and sufferings of Christ. It is intended to show this wonderful piece of mechanism at the first international exhibition.—*Correspondence Boston Globe.*

## Caution and Good Sense.

Photographer (to Philadelphia customer)—Will you be taken standing up or sitting down?  
Philadelphia Customer—How about the cost?  
Photographer—The cost is the same.  
Philadelphia Customer—Then I'll sit down, of course.—*N. Y. Sun.*

## A LIBERAL MEMBER.

His Speech in the Legislature on the Second Day of the Session.

Member from Persimmon County.—"Mr. Speaker: I arise, sir, to a question of privilege. I reckon, I don't know much about the inside workin' of a Legislature, and if I am makin' a mistake in this step I hope you will excuse me. I left home in a hurry and didn't have time to change my clothes, and in fact I didn't have no clothes to change. It makes a proud man feel sorter bad to be in a town without bein' sorter dressed up, and I move you, sir, that I be allowed the six dollars for yesterday's service, that I may sorter rig myself up. Down the street a piece I saw a suit of clothes marked five dollars and a half. If I get my six dollars I can pay for the suit of clothes, and, when I ain't got nothin' particular to do, git on a pleasant jamboree with the extra fifty cents. The people of this here town have accused the country members of bein' close, and the reason I want to get on the jamboree is to show them that there ain't nothin' close about me. We all admire economy, but we can not respect a man that is stingy. Jest before leavin' home my wife said to me—'an them that know her will 'low that Sue is a monstrous sensible woman, of she ain't none too good-lookin''—said to me: 'Jim, when you git down thar, don't be small. Slesh round 'em show the folks down thar that the people of this here community ain't all slonches. Pay fur your share of every thing, even if it costs twenty-five cents. Don't let your colleague, Bucksnort Fagelson, fly higher than you do.' I shall carry out that advice, sir, and don't you fail to ketch occasional glimpses of that fact. I would like to stay right here, if it ain't stretchin' the question of privilege a beetle too fur, that I've got a mighty fine two-year-old heifer for sale. She is the favorite daughter of a cow whose liberality is celebrated all over the neighborhood and whose breath has not yet begun to smell of the peanyrille hill-side. This maiden has a gentle disposition, and has not yet learned to injure her ribs by the lashing of a tail that's got a two-pound yaller clay-sling-shot on the end of it. She has an active but modest and unassuming appetite, and while she may not be with as much as the yaller calf that Aaron sot up in the wilderness, yet she is worth four dollars of any man's money."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

## POPULAR PHRASES.

The Origin of Sayings That Have Passed Into Every-Day Use.

"Bag and baggage" is doubtless an old proverbial expression in regard to the movement of an army. Touchstone says in "As You Like It": "Come, shepherd, let us make an honorable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage." The way in which the phrase is used shows that it is a well known one, and the joke turns on that fact. "Dead as a door-nail" is an old proverbial comparison which Shakespeare repeated. "Hit or miss" is part of a proverbial phrase, "Hit or miss for a cow's heel." "Love is blind" is simply the obvious deduction from the old fable and must be one of the oldest expressions in the language. "Love is blind, but sees afar" is an old Italian proverb. "Selling for a song" sounds like a proverbial phrase; but where the clown in "All's Well That Ends Well" speaks of a man that "sold a goodly manor for a song," the thing looks like a new coinage. "Fast and loose" is not of Shakespearian origin. The phrase comes from an old juggler's trick employed by sharpers at country fairs. "To play at fast and loose" was to play this game, in which, after both ends of a string seemed securely fastened, the juggler suddenly slipped it away. "Westward ho" is probably not a Shakespearian coinage. It was a common phrase in his day and was the title of a drama by Thomas Dekker and John Webster, Shakespear's contemporaries; and "Eastward ho" was the name of the drama by Ben Jonson, Marston and Chapman, which cost the authors a state prosecution. "Familiarity breeds contempt" is an old proverb; the Latin form of it is: "Nimidia familiaritas contempnum parit." "Misery makes strange bed-fellows" is simply a version of the proverb: "Misery acquaints men with strange bed-fellows." "Birds of a feather flock together" is an old proverb.—*Rochester Express.*

## Anecdotes Told of An Artist.

A Vienna paper relates the following two anecdotes of the artist Amelting. One day he met a girl of rare beauty and boldly spoke to her. She turned away without answering, whereupon he remarked: "I am the painter Amelting, and would like to paint your portrait on account of your beauty." She gently declined the honor, whereupon he remarked: "I must paint you even though I should have to marry you first." Four weeks later the beauty, whose mother was Spanish, was his wife, and four months later a divorce followed. "The saddest thing about her was," he remarked, "that she did not take the slightest interest in my art work. I believe she has never looked at any of the pictures on my walls." Amelting was not fond of teaching his art, but one day a lady appeared with a girl and asked if he would not instruct her. He said no, but added that if she would sit in a corner and watch him working, she might do so. For a number of days she came with the girl and Amelting did not pay the slightest attention to them, till one day he discovered by chance that the elderly lady was the Princess Christine of Saxony, mother of King Carlo Alberto.—*N. Y. Sun.*

## A MATERNAL DUET.

Two Fashionable Mothers Throw Some New Light on Nursery Management.

Louise—Oh, Helen, how your baby grows! He is quite catching up to Rupert.  
Helen—Yes; you know he's quite four months old now. I wish he would sweeten any way? Rupert has two teeth, you know.  
Helen—Oh, has he? I am crazy for Baby to show one. I thought I felt one yesterday, but nurse says I didn't.  
Louise—Oh, of course not. Rupert was six months old before he cut his first tooth.  
Helen—Was he? I'm sure Baby will do better than that; his gums feel really hard.  
Louise—Oh, Rupert's were hard, too, for fully two months before the tooth appeared.  
Helen—Were they? How disappointing!  
Louise—Oh, yes; it was such an event the day we discovered the little white pearl sticking through! I had been out, and—  
Helen—Oh, I do so hope I shall find Baby's tooth first—  
Louise—And when I came in, the dear little fellow looked up and cooed so sweetly.  
Helen—Baby is beginning to know me, too.  
Louise—That I couldn't wait to lay aside my wraps, but snatched him up, and began, as usual, to—  
Helen—Baby just loves to bury his nose in my seal-skin sacque. I put it on sometimes in the house just to let him enjoy it.  
Louise—To feel in his mouth for the tooth—  
Helen—My nurse has me rub my thumb over the gums every day—  
Louise—And fancy my delight to encounter a hard substance—  
Helen—Baby seems very restless when I am giving him his bath. I think it is his teeth.  
Louise—Very likely. Rupert never cries when I bathe him. I give him a good meal, and—  
Helen—Oh, Louise—why Baby is never bathed until half an hour after he is fed.  
Louise (impressively)—My dear, you must stop that at once! My book, "Advice to Young Mothers," says a child should never be bathed while hungry.  
Helen—Oh, but you know Doctor Mollycuddle, in his "Nursery Talks," expressly prohibits bathing a child on a full stomach—  
Louise—Experience is the best teacher, and Rupert is nine months old, and is always fed before his bath.  
Helen—Oh, I could never think of such a thing. Baby might have a convulsion!  
Louise—I should be much more afraid of Rupert's going into a convulsion from over-fatigue and restlessness if he were bathed when hungry—  
Helen—Oh, I don't think so. Baby is as good as a little kitten, always.  
Louise—So is Rupert. Oh!—I have got to change my nurse!  
Helen—What a pity! Mine is an excellent one.  
Louise—Well, Margaret is good about a good many things; but so careless, I can not put up with her.  
Helen—Elizabeth needs watching, of course; she forgot to put back the crib sheets half an hour before Baby was put to bed last night—  
Louise—Why, I found the temperature of the nursery seventy-one degrees on Monday. I never allow it above or below seventy degrees.  
Helen—Don't you? Doctor Mollycuddle favors sixty-eight degrees.  
Louise—My book recommends seventy degrees. Margaret is careless about other things, too; she—  
Helen—Elizabeth, on the whole, suits me very well.  
Louise—Margaret didn't take the temperature of Rupert's bath yesterday. I was so afraid it was too warm or too cold, and—  
Helen—Oh, yes, indeed, I am so particular about that!  
Louise—But I must go. Rupert's next feeding time is twelve o'clock, and it is half-past eleven now—  
Helen—Oh, but Baby has not waked up.  
Louise—I never vary a minute.  
Helen—I wanted you to see how much darker Baby's eyes are—  
Louise—You must bring him over, in the afternoon. Rupert only goes out in the morning; this weather, and you must see him.  
Helen—Oh, Baby could not be in the air over one o'clock!  
Louise—Oh, true, I forgot. Well, come and see me soon. I think Rupert's hair is going to curl beautifully.  
Helen—Baby has very little hair yet—but Dr. Mollycuddle says, in his book, it will be all the thicker by and by—  
Louise—Good-bye, dear! I saw Kate Dillingham the other day.  
Helen—Did you? She sent Baby a lovely pap-spoon.  
Louise—How nice! She gave Rupert a set of dress buttons.  
Helen—Poor girl—I pity her!  
Louise—Oh, so do I—such a dreary life—no baby!  
Helen—Of course, her husband worships her—  
Louise—And she is popular with every body.  
Helen—But that doesn't make up—  
Louise—Oh, no, indeed! Good-bye! I'm so afraid I shall be late for Rupert.

## GOLD AND SILVER.

Marked Growth in 1886 in the Production of the Precious Metals.

Statistics compiled by the Well-Fargo Express Company show that in the great mining region west of the Mississippi the production of precious metals enjoyed a period of marked growth in 1886. The yield of silver, not counting the receipts from Mexico, was \$52,136,851, or \$4,908,812 more than in 1885, the best preceding year. The gain over 1885 was \$7,629,252, or about 17 per cent. These figures, it should be borne in mind, are in values measured by the gold standard, and the increase in the weight of bullion was proportionately much greater, the price of silver having been unprecedentedly low last year. As compared with the average annual production of the last fifteen years, 1886 shows a gain of about \$16,000,000, or 45 per cent., speaking roughly.

Last year showed a handsome gain also in the production of gold over the three just preceding, but in the long run the yield of this metal in the United States is gradually decreasing. It gradually rose in the region west of the Mississippi from \$33,759,000 in 1870 to \$44,880,000 in 1877, and then fell steadily to \$25,183,567 in 1884. In 1885 it rose to \$26,393,756, and last year there was a further advance to \$29,561,424, the increase over the previous year having been \$3,167,668, or about 12 per cent. In gold, as well as in silver, the prospects of the present year are encouraging, and, even without the possible discovery of new mining districts, there may be another handsome gain. It is certain that the resources of the United States in this metal have not yet been very thoroughly tested or approached exhaustion, and altogether the mining interests of the Far West are evidently holding their own with the other great productive interests of the country.—*Cleveland Leader.*

## MEXICAN HOTELS.

The Astonishing Indifference Displayed by the Hotel Men of Old Mexico.

"The Mexican hotel proprietor does not rush forth to greet you; does not stir from his accustomed repose and ease behind his office counter, and shows not the least anxiety as to whether you stop with him or not. I asked the proprietor what he charged per day. He said four dollars, and that without board.

"Why don't you run a restaurant in connection?" I inquired. "Oh, it would be a bother," replied the landlord. "Why don't you give meals either with board, American style, and make the profits yourself?" "It would be too much bother," he replied, shrugging his shoulders. Actually the proprietor is so afraid of being bothered he don't care a straw whether any one stops with him or not. I asked for a wash list to give out some linen to be washed and was informed that they never furnished lists for washing nor had any thing to do with laundrying clothes, because it was a bother. Some of the servants had kin people, though, who might wash for me, I was informed. A tourist, I was told, came on ahead and said to the proprietor of a hotel that he had eighty in his party who would arrive next day and wanted to know if any reduction would be made from the regular charge of four dollars per day, on account of the large number. The proprietor with a languid sigh informed the astonished tourist that he would charge each of his party \$4.50 because he would have so much bother. The eating is not so good and the variety of dishes is limited. The food is too highly spiced to be especially palatable to Americans. Fruits and luxuries are scarcer than in the United States and therefore higher priced.—*Gen. Porter, in Detroit Tribune.*

## How to Make Yourself Unhappy.

In the first place, if you want to make yourself miserable, be selfish. Think all the time of yourself and your things. Don't care about any thing else. Have no feelings for any one but yourself. Never think of enjoying the satisfaction of seeing others happy, but rather, if you see a smiling face, be jealous lest another should enjoy what you have not. Envy every one who is better off in any respect than yourself; think unkindly toward them and speak lightly of them. Be constantly afraid lest some one should encroach upon your rights; be watchful against it, and if any one comes near your things snap at him like a mad dog. Contend earnestly for every thing that is your own though it may not be worth a pin, for your rights are just as much concerned as if it were a pound of gold. Never yield a point. Be very sensitive, and take every thing that is said to you in playfulness in the most serious manner. Be jealous of your friends lest they should not think enough of you; and if at any time they should seem to neglect you, put the worst construction upon their conduct you can.—*Christian Weekly.*

## Pretty Nursery Rugs.

An English way of making nursery rugs is to cut out animals, figures, etc., in colored flannel and sew them on gay foundations; making floor pictures for the babies and small children to crawl upon. Some of the rugs have domestic scenes of feeding chickens, or women with milking pails, with a border of cows, horses and pigs. The figures of red or black flannel are buttonholed to the foundation and can be separated in washing. Some of the figures are made of swan's down, and can be shaken, or loosely combed out, after being washed. The foundation of these rugs are canvas and fringed on the ends.—*Detroit Tribune.*

## A FORTUNATE BRAKEMAN.

It was reported last week that Mr. Frank Corcoran, in the employ of the Ill. Central R. R., at the stone depot in this city, had drawn a prize of \$10,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery, and many being incredulous about it, an *Argus* reporter interviewed him on the subject with the result of finding the report strictly correct. He drew it on two-tenths of ticket No. 75,866, which took the second capital prize of \$50,000 in the drawing of May 10th. Mr. Corcoran takes his good fortune as a matter of course, not being unduly elated thereby. Although a man of modest pretensions, he was well off financially before getting the prize, and, as he remarks, "a little money does not bother him." He expects to continue right along in his present position as long as the road wants him. He is, and has been for many years, brakeman on the steam trucks at the stone depot. He is a quiet man and very attentive to his duties, never being absent except when ill. He is a bachelor, about 48 years of age. Is of Irish parentage and came to Cairo from Pennsylvania in 1852. He has no relatives living here, but has two brothers and two sisters in Scranton, Pa., all in easy circumstances. By exercising prudence in expenditures and investments he has accumulated a larger property than his prize in the lottery amounts to before meeting with that piece of good luck. Such a prize would completely turn the head of many a man, but it does not disturb Mr. Corcoran's ordinary course of life in the slightest.—*Cairo, (Ills.) Argus, May 23.*

## THE CURING OF HAY.

A Task Which Calls for Considerable Thoughtfulness and Work.

The time of cutting determined, the next step is the curing. In time of fair weather, this is not difficult. Grass, or any of the clovers, cut as soon as the dew is off, will soon wilt, and be ready for raking into windrows, and if need be, rolling into cocks. It is now found that it is not necessary to get hay as dry as was once thought to be, and perhaps was, with the open barns then used. With tight barns, hay may be put in quite green, if thoroughly wilted, and take no considerable damage in the mow. Even the modern hay-tender is beginning to be thought a superfluous article, as very little stirring ordinarily is now found necessary. Too much exposure to the sun is injurious. It is better to cure hay more in the window or in the cock, and not allow it to be so burnt and dried by the sun and hot air, as to cause the leaves to crumble, as I have seen them do in my younger days. There is not only waste from this source, but a good deal of the goodness in some form appears to be dissipated. A certain amount of moisture is advantageous, and makes the hay more digestible. It has long been well known that herbs dried in the shade are much preferable to those dried in the sun. Drying in shade is equally advantageous to hay. This end is in a measure secured by early putting the hay into windrows or cocks, which may be thrown open and exposed to the air, as occasion may require. Great care should be taken not to expose the partly cured hay to the bleaching effects of dew, or the washing of rain, which rapidly deteriorates the quality. Hence, in fair weather, the windrow should be turned over at night, so as to expose the greener portion to the dew, and in threatening weather the hay should be put into cocks, and caps be provided to cover them in case of rain. This is a little expense and trouble, but not to such an extent that the saving in the quality of the hay is not a sufficient recompense. So much depends on quality that nothing should be omitted which will tend to preserve it. A mow of hay lacking in quality is a fraud on both the stock and their owner, for it is not only less reliable, but contains less nutriment in a given bulk or weight, besides being less digestible; and the effects of using such hay are sure to cause a slower growth and development, if not to check them altogether, and cause deterioration—all of which lessens future cash receipts. Inferior hay requires more grain feed, as however freely fed, the stock can hardly be expected to consume enough more in quantity to make up for the loss in quality. If an additional amount should be consumed, it would produce too great mechanical distension of the stomachs and intestines, and overtax the digestive organs. Hence, too much attention can not be paid to the quality and condition of fodder, and in all cases of inferiority of these there should be a proportionately heavy grain feeding.—*Prairie Farmer.*

## Keep the Mangers Clean.

The more highbred and spirited the horse the more dainty he will be about his feed, and the greater care must be taken to keep feed-boxes and mangers free from filth. Almost any scrub-would, however, refuse to eat out of mangers as they often are left, with portions of the unconsumed hay or grain to be run over and soiled by fowls while the horse is away at work. This is a too common condition of many farmers' stables at this season, when increasing warmth dulls the appetite and makes solid food doubly offensive by its decay. Many a hard-worked horse gets off his feed, as it is said, and grows poor from this cause alone. More care should be taken to feed only what will be eaten clean, whether of hay, meal or grain. If any remains when the horse is taken out in the morning to work it should be removed from the feed-box and given to some other animal that will eat it outside the stable.—*Chicago Herald.*