

Bound by a Spell

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

I begged her to let me know what it was, as I was anxious for any suggestion that might help me.

"Well, there's no harm in telling you, at all events. You saw that Mr. Montgomery. Well, you see, although he's much broken down, he's a wonderful clever man, with heaps of learning, knows everything, and was once, they say, a rich gentleman. Well, now, I was thinking that if you could make up your mind to tell him a certain portion of your history, he would be the very man to advise you and help you."

No, I did not like the thought of taking Mr. Montgomery into my confidence. I could not tell why, but I was not agreeably impressed with him. Another of my strange instincts.

"Well, perhaps you're right, Master Silas, for he's a strange man. I can't make him out at all. He's the quietest man that ever breathed. When sober, but he drinks hard, and then he mutters to himself, and tells stories about himself that makes your flesh creep. That young man, Fitzwalton, is regularly frightened at him when he's got one of them fits on him. He's come down here after they've gone to bed shaking with fright, saying that he could not stop in the room with him."

No, I was determined I would put no confidence in Mr. Montgomery. Martha now pressed upon me the necessity of making some change in my attire.

She took me to a second-hand clothes shop, where, for a few dollars and my old coat to boot, I procured one "like what civilized people wore," as Martha phrased it. I bought a hat and necktie at the same place. Then she took me to a barber's.

When I looked in the glass I found myself completely metamorphosed. I could scarcely recognize my own face and figure. The kind-hearted girl was in raptures.

"There! I don't believe old Porter himself would know you!" she cried.

While my money lasted I insisted upon paying so much for my board. Day by day my money dwindled down, until I had not a penny left. Martha tried to cheer me with the assurance that something would "come up" soon, and that when things came to the worst they were sure to mend, and such like bits of homely wisdom; but I was almost hopeless.

At one time I thought of writing to Mr. Jonathan Rodwell, to ask him if he could assist me in any way; he had told me to do so if all else failed; but, then, he had made an express stipulation that I was to tell him everything. How little did I know myself! And even of that little there was much that I dared not reveal. Besides which, the nearness of his neighborhood to Bury St. Edmund's would make any confidence dangerous, for what was more probable than that he would apply to the Rev. Mr. Porter for a refutation of my statements, and thus give that contemptible man a clue to my recapture?

Day after day I walked through the streets, seeking employment. I applied for a clerkship, for the situation of light porter, for that of messenger, or even errand boy; but no person would engage me without reference, even to the humblest capacity. At times, I almost fainted with heat and lack of food. I felt such a poor, wretched wretch among all that busy life, that eager crowd, every one seemed to have a purpose, work, except myself; I seemed only fit to creep into a corner and die—a mere useless incubus upon the world. I have snored upon the bridges, as many poor wretches have done before me, and will continue to do while this story-hearted city exists, and looked down upon the turbid stream that flows beneath, while a voice whispered in my heart, "There you may find peace! Why do you hesitate? You have neither father, mother, nor friend to weep for you. Death will give rest to you, and do no wrong to any living being."

Thus did the tempter tempt me, and only by prayer could I subdue the temptation. At length I avoided the neighborhood of the river, which began to exert such an irresistible fascination over me—a fascination that I felt must overpower me at last, if I did not fly from it. I now took to wandering about the parks. It was there that an incident occurred to me that changed the whole current of my thoughts and actions.

CHAPTER XII.

It was about 6 o'clock on a fine bright evening, at the latter end of September; I had been walking the streets since 10 that morning, making a last effort to obtain employment. I might as well have asked those I applied to for their purses. Where had I been last? To whom could I refer for a character? I had never worked before—I knew no one who could give me a character. Their manner changed; they looked upon me as a suspicious individual, and I could perceive that watchful eyes followed me until I was clear of the premises. I had made up my mind that I would return to Martha's no more. I could no longer endure being a burden upon a stranger.

I dragged my weary limbs along a road, meeting happy looking couples and well-dressed people at every step, but no one like myself. It seemed as though all the misery had been swept off the face of the earth, and I alone had been forgotten. I passed a first bridge, and a second; just beyond a portion of the boarding that separates a park from the banks of a canal was broken away. Upon that spot I threw myself down and gazed upon the dark, sluggish waters.

I began to picture in my mind the finding of my body the next morning; how it would be dragged out of the water by hooks; how they would search it for papers, or other means of identification. The tears were streaming down my face, and, unconsciously, I was sobbing aloud. Suddenly I was startled by a light touch upon my shoulder, and a soft, woman's voice sounding in my ears. "What is the matter—are you ill?" she said.

I turned round and half rose from my prostrate position. The sun had set, and gray shadows were veiling the daylight;

the thick, heavy trees darkening it yet more where I lay. My eyes were blurred with tears, and I could not see distinctly; but I was sensible that a woman dressed in black was kneeling behind me. She started back, half fearfully, as I moved; but something in my face seemed to reassure her, for the next moment she again advanced. I brushed away my tears, rose to my feet and looked at her.

She seemed about twenty; her figure very slight; a sweet, pale, melancholy face; and light, golden hair, that fell in natural ringlets down upon her shoulders. While I looked, a thrill ran through me. Was I dreaming?—had my troubles affected my brain? No, it was she! My eager looks again frightened her.

"I heard you sobbing, and I thought you were ill," she said, timidly. "Is there anything I can do for you? If not, pray pardon my intrusion."

She drew further away from me as she spoke. No; I could doubt no more. That soft, musical voice, that had haunted me in my sleep—whose tones had never ceased reverberating in my soul, from the hour in which I had first heard them—was still the same, although the face and form had grown older.

"Do you not remember me?" I cried, in a trembling, eager voice.

She thought I was mad, and a look of fear crept over her, but no sign of recognition.

"Do you not remember Bury St. Edmund's—the night I met you under the old gateway—five years next month?" At the mention of Bury St. Edmund's I could see her face quiver. She paused for a moment after I had finished speaking; then she came close to me and looked steadfastly into my face.

"Yes; it is the same," she said, in a low voice. "How strange that we should meet again! I have often thought of you."

"I have never ceased thinking of you!" I answered. And I could not help my tone being a passionate one.

She did not appear to remark my manner, but seemed half lost in reverie. We were now walking away from that dismal spot; the keepers were clearing the park.

"Do you know," she said, speaking suddenly, "that I thought you were going to throw yourself into the canal, and that was why I spoke to you? Your eyes were fixed with such a strange look upon the water, and you were moaning so sadly."

I shuddered. Already, the thought of my meditated crime terrified me. The despair was lifted off my heart in the last few moments, and life seemed worth proffering, after all.

She seemed to read my guilt in my tell-tale looks.

"But for you, I should now be lying at the bottom of that canal!" I answered, in a low tone, and my tears fell fast. They relieved my sudden revulsion of feeling.

"And I have saved you from such a wicked deed! It makes me so happy to think so!" she murmured. But why did you wish to drown yourself? she asked. "Because my life was so wretched, so unendurable—because I have no friends, no employment, no hope!" I answered, mournfully.

"I have no friends," she answered, in a sad voice; "but I have never wished to destroy myself; it would be so wicked."

"Oh, I will never think of it again!" I said, eagerly.

"But if you have no friends and no employment, you must want money. I can spare it; indeed I can. I give away a good deal. It will please me so much if you take it."

This was said in such a simple pleading tone, so unconscious of offense, that it could not have mortified the most sensitive delicacy. But I could not accept. "Please not to ask me; I cannot take it," I said.

We walked on until we came to a street of small, pretty houses.

"I live there," she said, pointing to one which appeared to have been recently built. "I am late to-night; Mrs. Wilson will wonder where I am."

"Is she your sister?" I asked, hazarding a guess.

"Oh, no—my landlady. As I told you, I have no friends."

"How very remarkable the coincidence has been!" I said, after an awkward pause. "Do you remember when first we met?"

"You must not talk of that, please," she interrupted, hastily, with a shudder; "nor set me thinking of that time, or I shall see them all night in my sleep. But I must wish you good night."

"And shall I not see you again?" I said, mournfully.

"You shall come and see me, if you like," she said, innocently; but added, next moment, in a doubtful tone, "I do not know what Mrs. Wilson will say about it. Perhaps it is wrong. She knows all these things so much better than I do."

My countenance fell, and she observed it, for she went on in a compassionate tone: "But it is so hard to have no friend—no one to speak to, and no employment! I am so much better off than you! I have a good, kind friend to talk to, and to be good to me. In Mrs. Wilson; and then I have plenty of work. You shall come and see me, and I'll coax her to be good to you."

It was now quite dark. I could have lingered there all night listening to her voice, gazing upon her face. But she held out her hand. I pressed it, and we parted.

But I could not quit the street. I lingered about a long time, until lights began to appear in the bedrooms of the houses. I arrived at Rackstraw's building a little before eleven. Martha was quite uneasy, for I had never before been later than 10 o'clock. I told her that I had lost my way.

"Why, you don't mean to say you've been wandering about ever since? How queer could you have got to? How flushed you look! Whatever have you been doing? I never saw you look like it before."

I tried to eat, but the food was dry

and tasteless in my mouth. I was over-excited. I was conscious, however, that Mr. Montgomery had again scanned me with the same scrutinizing gaze that had made me so uncomfortable the first morning I met him. I had scarcely seen him or Josiah since. I was usually out before they were up in the morning, and in bed before they returned from the theater at night. They were unusually early that evening, and I was unusually late.

"You can write a round, plain hand, can't you, Mr. Carston?" at length said Mr. Montgomery. "Then you're just the man I want. I can give you some copying to do. The pay is small, but a little, perhaps, may be better than nothing, until you get something more profitable to do."

I need not say how eagerly I jumped at the unexpected offer. The nature of the work was to copy some parts from a manuscript drama.

I went to bed that night with a light heart. I should rise the next morning to earn my first money. She was the good angel of my destiny; she had saved my life, and hope had at last dawned upon me. I fell asleep thinking of her, and her image followed me throughout the night. Eagerly did I await the rising of Mr. Montgomery next morning.

"He takes a great interest in you," said Martha. "He's always asking me if you've got anything to do yet, or any prospect, and he drops in other questions now and then. Mr. Fitzwalton seems to have told him all he knows."

It was 11 o'clock before I sat down to my work. I soon understood what I had to do, and set about it with a hearty good will.

"There! didn't I tell you, Master Silas, that when things come to the worst they're sure to mend?" cried Martha.

"You did," I said, pressing her hand. "I was a heathen to doubt it."

She little knew how fatal that doubt had like to have become. When Josiah and Mr. Montgomery returned at night my task was completed.

(To be continued.)

COULD NOT SMOKE THEM OUT.

An American naval officer who was a student at the Naval Academy with Commodore Matsumura of the Japanese navy, recently wounded on the bridge of his ship, describes an experience during their student days, when the young Japanese got the best of a hazing party. The New York Sun prints the story:

A pluckier fellow than Matsumura, a more level-headed chap I never met. He was graduated in 1873. Part of the time his friend, Sartoro Ise, was in the academy with him.

At the academy "Mats," as he was called, was very popular, and he was a midshipman when hazing was at its worst. The Japs had never heard the word haze, and had no conception of its meaning.

One night, hearing a good deal of noise in their room, I went over, and when I opened the door all I could see was a dense smoke out of which came several arms. I was jerked into the room and the door closed. The Japs were being treated to a smoker. The windows were all closed, and even the keyhole and crack under the door were stuffed.

On the narrow mantelpiece stood the future Japanese hero, Matsumura, looking like one of his old-fashioned idols, but as smiling as a basket of chips. He was ordered by the hazers to sing a song in Greek. Of the language he knew but two words, Alpha and Omega, and these he worked on so cleverly and with such good nature that he was lifted down.

Both the Japs took the medicine with a pluck that was their salvation. In half an hour the air in the room was unbearable, and even the hazers began to weaken. Two of them found it convenient to get out. Then Mats spoke up.

"We sorry you third-class men have engagement," he said. "We like you stay and smoke another pipe."

Not a word was spoken. Most of the third-class men were at that stage when they did not dare to open their mouths.

I don't know how long we could have stood it. I confess that I did not feel altogether happy myself when Mats said:

"Any third-class gentleman like another pipe? There are plenty."

The mere suggestion drove one of the hazers out. Then one of them cried out that the officer of the day was coming, and they all tossed their pipes into the chimney-place and ran.

It was a subterfuge to enable them to get out. Mats had smoked them out. "Third-class men not smoke much," he said, with a laugh, as they disappeared.

What clashed his popularity was that when the officer of the day did come along Mats' room was still full of smoke, and Matsumura took all the blame for the violation of the rule against smoking, and did not give the hazers away.

They Stand Pat.

"Anyway," said the Philadelphia man, "our ball players are no cowards."

"Oh, they're not, eh?" sneered the rude New Yorker.

"No, sir," replied the Quaker. "You can't make 'em run."

Her Mission.

Mrs. Homer—I suppose your daughter is attending cooking school so she will be able to do her own cooking after her marriage?

Mrs. Uppson—Oh, my, no! She is going to write a cook book.

Pittsburg, where General Alexander Hays was born, proposes to erect a monument to her hero on the spot where he fell in the Wilderness.

The amount invested in the Siberian Railway is \$401,700,000.

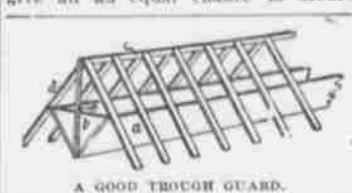
FARMS AND FARMERS



An Effective Trough Guard.

One of the greatest troubles with the hog is that he is so irrepressibly hoggy. When you feed him, he apparently feels it his inherent duty to crowd every other hog as far and forcefully away from the feed as possible. When fed grain on the open floor, he takes it upon himself to cover as much as he can, to keep nosing and pushing his fellows, often to his own loss of food, since more or less is wasted by his rude "table manners." When fed in the trough, the biggest hog will invariably work his way through or over the jam, and get his carcass into the trough, where he complacently stands lengthwise, and if not satisfied with that, lays himself down, gulping in his own and the smaller ones' share until too full even to grunt, when he will stretch out for a snooze if the trough is big enough.

To avoid the waste of feed, and to give all an equal chance to secure



A GOOD TROUGH GUARD.

their share, I have a number of schemes and devices, but I consider the one shown in the illustration to be as good as, if not better than, any. Then, too, it is so simple that any farmer with a hammer and saw, and such loose pieces as may be found in almost any scrap pile, can build a substantial affair that will suit.

The first requisite is a good-sized, well-constructed trough, built preferably in V-shape, as shown by "A." The width of the side boards will depend upon the size of the hogs to be fed. A small trough, with six-inch side boards, may be used for the wee pigs, and twelve or sixteen-inch stuff for the large shotes and breeding sows. The size of pieces "C" and "D" should depend upon the weight of the animals and the strain likely to come on the frame. For hogs of ordinary weight a piece two by four inches should be used for the ridge-pole, "C," and pieces one by three or two by two inches for the guard bars, "D." These should be securely nailed to the side of the trough, and if a permanent trough in the hog house, spiked to the floor to prevent breaking off. The upright, "E," firmly spiked to "D," should be amply stout to secure endwise rigidity.

For delivering slop to the trough, a spout or small trough should be arranged to enter at the end of the feed trough. With this arrangement, when the distance between the bars has been properly adjusted to the size of the animal, only one can get to the trough between each space, and all sidewise crowding is effectually prevented.—Exchange.

Inserted into the holes in the board and the combination used as a scraper. The artist has added another to the combination, a rake, which is made by driving wire spikes into the top edge of the board and fling off the heads. This can be done or not as one wishes, but combined fork and scraper is certainly a most useful tool.—Indianapolis News.

Barley as Feed for Horses.

Except on the Pacific coast barley is not extensively used as a feed in the United States, doubtless owing to the fact that it is in such demand for brewing purposes that it is high in price. Wherever it is grown, however, it is frequently possible to secure at a low cost grain which is off color owing to rain or fog during harvest and which for this or some other reason is unfit for brewing, but valuable as feed.

The barley grown on the Pacific coast is extensively used in the feeding of horses. Its use for this purpose is old in other countries. The Arabs fed their horses unground barley, and it is used successfully by the Berbers of north Africa. In Europe its value is generally recognized. Barley may be fed whole to horses having good teeth and not required to do severe work. Since ground barley, like wheat, forms a pasty mass when mixed with saliva, it is regarded as more satisfactory to crush than to grind it if for any reason it is considered undesirable to feed the grain whole.

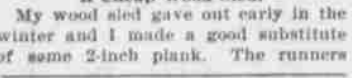
A Cheap Wood Sled.

My wood sled gave out early in the winter and I made a good substitute of some 2-inch plank. The runners

are 8 feet long and 2½ inches square. They are held with four braces of the same material, 4 feet long and fastened with spikes and bolts. Slakes are set in the front and rear cross pieces and a draw chain hitched to the front cross piece. The runners go flat side down and the ends are rounded to prevent catching on the ice. The sled can be used with the body or box of a wagon. It is a good sled for heavy work and short hauls. For long hauls, the runners should be shod.—I. A. Fiske, in Farm and Home.

A Corn School.

The corn school of Indiana is an interesting development in the line of farm education. It is organized in Hamilton County and comprises seventy-five boys all under sixteen years of age. Each boy received four hun-



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Ayer's

Feed your hair; nourish it; give it something to live on. Then it will stop falling, and will grow long and heavy. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only

Hair Vigor

hair food you can buy. For 60 years it has been doing just what we claim it will do. It will not disappoint you.

My hair used to be very short. But after using Ayer's Hair Vigor a short time it began to grow, and now it is business length long. This is a splendid result to me after being almost without hair for years.

Mrs. J. H. Fiske, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Short Hair

His Dyspepsia Better.

Butts—I got a wire from Sniggs today saying his dyspepsia was much better.

Cutts—You don't mean to say he telegraphed the news. What did he say?

Butts—He said there was a strong rally in the wheat pit.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Mother will find Mrs. Winslow's soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Parental Diplomacy.

"Here is a book that our daughter should read," said Mr. Wineman. "It contains some excellent advice for a girl of her age."

"Very well, dear," replied his better half. "I'll lay it on the table and forbid her to look at it."

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder, before putting on new shoes. It cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all drug stores and shoe stores. Don't accept any substitutes. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Townsend, Le Roy, N. Y.

Other Side of It.

She (at the depot)—It must be awfully trying on those poor foreigners who come to this country and find themselves strangers in a strange land.

He—Oh, they are used to it, having been born and raised in foreign lands, you know.

She—Why, of course, I never thought of that.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.

Relieving Blood, Stooling or Promoting Free Your Druggist will refund money if FERRY'S OINTMENT fails to cure you in 4 to 10 days. 50c.

Quaint Scotch Custom.

Natives of the northeast coast of Scotland observe a curious custom at funerals. After the burial service the coffin is carried outside the house and placed upon the two chairs on which it had rested within doors. As soon as the pallbearers lift up their burden and begin their journey to the graveyard these chairs are at once thrown sharply on their backs. In this position they are kept until the interment has taken place, when they are taken indoors again. Any attempt to place the chairs on their legs or to take them in before the proper time is at once frustrated by the relatives of the dead.

Ferry's Seeds

Are known by what they have grown. For half a century they have been the standard—have never failed to produce bigger, better crops than any others. Sold by all dealers. 1898 Seed Catalogue free to all applicants. D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

Notes About Farm Work.

There are 644,000 farmers in Texas, the largest number of all the States in the Union. Georgia comes next with 522,000.

The animal heat must be provided by feeding the stock liberally; but the greater the exposure, the greater the loss of animal heat.

In the new farm mechanics department of the Iowa college, 125 young men are learning how to build, manage and take care of farm machinery.

Tennessee farmers want the State to appropriate \$5,000 to develop the live stock investigations now in progress, and to extend experiments in breeding and feeding.

Some Western men claim to have obtained good results from feeding the common desert cactus to cattle. They say when chopped up and boiled, or soaked in water, the sharp and dangerous points become soft. The department of agriculture is investigating the matter.

About the Horse.

Draft horses are in demand far exceeding the supply.

Onion juice is recommended as a cure for warts on horses.

When horses are to be fattened something depends upon the breed. A changed bill of fare will help to hasten the matter.

A horse has no reasoning power. The answers of the brightest of them are dictated by some sign from the master or trainer.

It is wonderful what fancy prices rich men are willing to pay for horses that please their fancy. The highest prices are paid for race stock, with the hope that it will be won back either by the horse itself or by its offspring.—Texas Farmer.

Live Stock in the Far North.