A Brand New Christmas

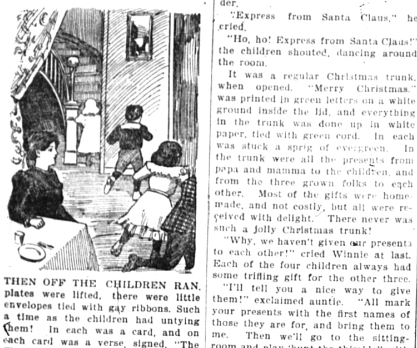
(For the Children.)

The Barnes children couldn't have any Christmas this year. They live in the country, and there were trees enough, to be sure. But there was nothing to put on one to make it look "sparkly," as a tree ought to look, and there was not a penny to spend for tree trimmings.

The Barnes children, however, had a jollier time than they had ever had with a tree. Joe said so, and George said so, too; and Grace and Winnie agreed with them. This is how it was done. A delightful young auntie lives with them. They call her the Lady with a Bright Idea. She always has a new bright idea just in the nick of time, but this year it did seem as if the idea was brighter than ever. It fairly shone.

"We'll give the presents in a funny way," she said to the children. "Yes, we'll give them in two or three funny ways. You'll see!"

There was a very mysterious feeling in the air Christmas morning. Everybody loked at everybody else, and then they all smiled. Something good was going to happen. When the breakfast



THEN OFF THE CHILDREN RAN.

plates were lifted, there were little envelopes tied with gay ribbons. Such a time as the children had untying them! In each was a card, and on each card was a verse, signed, "The Christmas Postman."

Joe shouted as he read his aloud:

"When you get this, dear Joe,
You must straight away go
And look under your bed,
But pray don't bump your head."

Joe jumped up, but auntie called, "Here, you must wait until the rest have read their notes, and all start at once."

The verses were all short. George read his next:

"Look behind your closet door,
For a great big package on the floor."

Grace read:

"In the northeast chamber, out of sight,
Under the coverlet, snowy white,
You'll find a gift if you search just right."

Last came Winnie's:

"A present lies on the garret stair;
I think that Santa Claus dropped it there."

Then off the children ran to search for their presents. Such a stamping and scuffling and shouting as the grown people heard! Pretty soon they came rushing in, one after the other. Then such an untying of strings and tearing off of wrapping papers as there was!

"Auntie! Auntie!" they shouted. "These are your presents! You are the Christmas postman!"

Auntie's gifts were not to be mistaken. She made them nearly always.

Joe's was an envelope album for scraps. Joe liked to cut all sorts of things out of newspapers and magazines. The scrap-album was made of twenty-six big brown envelopes, tied together by cords. In a pasteboard cover. They could be taken out when filled and new ones put in.

George's "great big package" was a wooden box made into a nice little store. It had shelves and counters, and a set of scales besides.

Grace's gift was a fancy work bag, with pockets holding embroidery silks. It had some crochet needles and a pair of embroidery hoops, and some pretty doilies ready to begin work on.

Winnie's gift was an afghan, pillow and strap for her doll carriage. The afghan was made out of pink and white worsted knitted in stripes. The pillow was of pink silk, over which was a cover of Swiss with a lace ruffle. The strap was a piece of white ribbon with little pink flowers painted on it.

As the children were exclaiming over these gifts, they were startled by a loud noise at the door that led into the dining room from the hall. Bang! Bang! The boys ran to open the door. There stood their father.—He had slipped away while they were upstairs, and they had not missed him. He had a trunk, covered with cotton and trimmed with evergreen, on his shoulder.

"Express from Santa Claus," he cried.

"Ho, ho! Express from Santa Claus!" the children shouted, dancing around the room.

It was a regular Christmas trunk, when opened. "Merry Christmas," was printed in green letters on a white ground inside the lid, and everything in the trunk was done up in white paper, tied with green cord. In each was stuck a sprig of evergreen. In the trunk were all the presents from papa and mamma to the children, and from the three grown folks to each other. Most of the gifts were home-made, and not costly, but all were received with delight. There never was such a jolly Christmas trunk!

"Why, we haven't given our presents to each other!" cried Winnie at last. Each of the four children always had some trifling gift for the other three.

"I'll tell you a nice way to give them!" exclaimed auntie. "All mark your presents with the first names of those they are for, and bring them to me. Then we'll go to the sitting-room and play 'hunt the thimble' with each bundle. The one whose name is on it must go out while we hide it." And off they trooped to collect their bundles and to spend a merry morning hunting for them.—Annie Willis McCullough in Youth's Companion.

A CHRISTMAS VISITOR.

Papa, Archie and May went to the woods to get a Christmas tree, and

FLEW TO THE TIP TOP BRANCH.

found just what they wanted—a little pine, bushy and straight.

"There is something I must cut off," said Archie. He pointed to a little bunch on one of the twigs, and pulled out his knife.

"No, no!" cried May, holding his hand. "Let it stay. It is a poor little caterpillar's house."

May was right. One Indian summer day a caterpillar, dressed in brown velvet, was taking a walk in the woods. At last he came to the little pine tree and thought to himself, "What a nice place to spend the winter!"

So he made himself a little house. He made it very tight and close, of fine, soft thread, and fastened up the door. He did not leave himself even a window to look out. If there had been one, how it would have surprised him to see that he and his house and his little pine tree were riding in a sleigh with pap and May and Archie!

He would have been still more surprised if he had seen the tree standing in the parlor, covered with toys and trinkets and little candles.

"It must be spring at last," he thought, for it was very warm in the parlor.

So he poked a hole in the wall of his house and out he came. But what do you think? He was not a caterpillar at all!

"Oh, see the lovely butterfly!" cried May.

He flew to the tip-top bough; and the children said there was nothing else on the tree so pretty as the butterfly.

"He must have come down the chimney with Santa Claus!" said May. And she never guessed that he came out of the caterpillar's house.

Goldilocks and I were walking back of Moss valley and happened to step together, upon the Enchanted Flying Phantom Field. In a moment we were flying through the air, and in less time than you can count six plainly we were once more in Fairyland, under Tamalpais mountain.

And then what do you think we saw?

Santa Claus picking plum puddings from trees! Real plum puddings from real trees!

This was in the plum pudding orchard which the fairies planted, long ago, for Santa Claus. He was whistling and chuckling and laughing, "Ho! ho! ho!" and sometimes slyly winking one eye as he viewed the many growing heaps of puddings as he laid them under the trees, and thought what jolly there would be Christmas day when they were eaten—and what tummyaches afterwards!

Goldilocks thought the plum pudding orchard wonderful. It was watered by sparkling rills and was surrounded by hedges upon which candies and nuts and oranges were growing. These hedges were made all of Christmas trees, the burning little candles on which furnish Santa Claus light at night to work by. He will have only the candles to work by because they seem to bring him nearer to his mil-

PICKING PLUM PUDDINGS.

lions of dear children, and—a secret—Santa Claus is in as much of a hurry for Christmas eve as you are.

The plum pudding orchard had hundreds and thousands of trees in it. The way the trees came to bear plum puddings was this: They were grafted. The bread-fruit trees furnished grafts for plum pudding dough, and grafts from raisin grape vines, citron trees and current bushes supplied other "fixings." The birds brought oak and holly leaves and Christmas berries for decorations. The sun browned the puddings just right and the leaves on the plum pudding trees turned snowy white just in time to furnish plum pudding bags—one for every pudding and not one to spare. The stems grew into pudding bag strings. The trees bent low with their weight of puddings. The air smelled as sweet as a thousand Christmas dinners all in one!

When Santa Claus had pulled all the puddings from the trees new ones sprouted—for birthdays and next Thanksgiving.

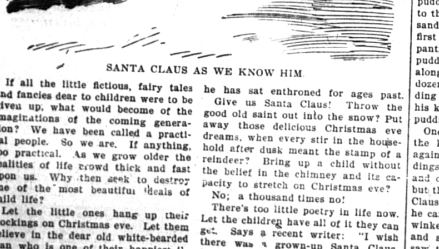
Jingle, jingle, tinkle, tinkle! Santa Claus' reindeer stamped their little feet until all the bells on their harnesses jingled and tinkled again, while waiting for Santa Claus and the thousand fairies who helped him to load the puddings into his sleigh to carry them to the Boy Proof Pantry of Ten Thousand Shelves. Some fairies, when the first sleigh load was on its way to the pantry, gathered the small piles of puddings into one great heap. Then along came the bad boy fairy, tied two dozen puddings together by the pudding bag strings and fastened them to his kite, which drew the long string of puddings away up into the sky.

One fairy, leaning backward to watch the kite, lost his balance and fell against the small mountain of puddings. They began to roll and roll and chased each other and chased us, but they were not hurt one bit. Santa Claus laughed louder than ever when he came back and saw the fun and he winked one eye at the bad boy fairy and shook one finger at him, as he saw the boy stick in his thumb and pull out a plum.

When Goldilocks and I stopped running we were outside of Fairyland, but we could still hear the puddings rolling softly about and Santa Claus laughing— while still upward flew the kite, skyward, with its plum pudding tail.

Honesty is often goaded to ruin.—Phaedrus.

KEEP OLD SANTA CLAUS.



SANTA CLAUS AS WE KNOW HIM.

If all the little fictious, fairy tales and fancies dear to children were to be given up, what would become of the imaginations of the coming generation? We have been called a practical people. So we are. If anything, too practical. As we grow older the realities of life crowd thick and fast upon us. Why then seek to destroy one of the most beautiful ideals of child life?

Let the little ones hang up their stockings on Christmas eve. Let them believe in the dear old white-bearded man who is one of their happiest illusions, and, above all, let them be real children while they may, not mature men and women, tired of the ideal side of life before they leave the nursery for the schoolroom.

Yes, we believe that the best and truest mother can with perfect justice to both her children and herself conscientiously decide to keep Santa Claus in the especial niche in which he has sat enthroned for ages past.

Give us Santa Claus! Throw the good old saint out into the snow? Put away those delicious Christmas eve dreams, when every stir in the household after dusk meant the stamp of a reindeer? Bring up a child without the belief in the chimney and its capacity to stretch on Christmas eve?

No; a thousand times no!

There's too little poetry in life now. Let the childreq have all of it they can get. Says a recent writer: "I wish there was a grown-up Santa Claus. I'd love to believe in him, and I would not thank anyone who told me he wasn't true. I'd listen to his sleigh bells with something very much like rapture, I'm afraid. It wouldn't be for the presents, either. That isn't why the children love Santa Claus. They love him because he means that somewhere there's a great-hearted creature, who is thinking of them and planning all the year through to delight them."

A TAILOR-MADE MAN.

Eustace Kehogan was a man whose ankles turned under the weight of his own responsibility. He went downtown of one side of the street in the morning and came home at ev' on the other. He did this to do the right thing by the street and also to keep the earth balanced.

On this cold and cheerful Christmas day that we introduce him to our readers he is attired in one of our nobbiest pearl-gray tweeds, the overcoat being in our fashionable surtout style, the trousers full and not creased too sharply. His hands are gloved in our special drive in $1.98 walking gloves, backstitched in black. He carries a malacca walking stick. The necktie is to match the suit and the pin to match the necktie. He also wears one of our $7 silk hats and he looks neither to the right nor the left nor to either side of him. For is it not obvious that he is to meet Aurelia Montravers?

He paces restlessly up and down, and his short pants—of respiration, for his trousers are a perfect fit—show but too plainly his excessive agitation.

"She should have been here long ere this," he mutters. "I could have sworn, too, that she would have been here, for until now she always ran on schedule time." And he taps the ground impatiently with his neat and glossy patent leathers. We have these in congress, button or lace. With the low cuts we are offering a novel idea in gentleman's hose—black silks with miniature Ansonia clocks. They are bound to go.

At last the one for whom he waits appears in sight. It is Aurelia Montravers, the one he loves most deeply. She is tastefully attired in one of our street toilets—a skirt of striped twilled surah, with a basque of tan and brown plaid-faced cloth. The basque has the favorite coat-skirts which characterized the Louis XVI. period, over which large pocket laps are laid.

She greets him with a gesture of disdain and declines his proffered hand.

"I had half a mind not to come," she says, "so I am here."

"And why do you treat me thus?" he asks. For he is proud of his tailor and knows there are no cantharides on his costume.

"Today, Eustace Kehogan," she answers, "today you saw me standing in an elevated railroad car. You sat there, with others of your kind reading, and you let me stand as if I were a tired shop girl. You let me stand, the woman you profess to love nor proffered me a seat. Does this do honor to your boasted Norman blood?"

"And is love so selfish that it demands a sacrifice such as this?" he asks. "You know, Aurelia Montravers, that I am pictured in all the fashion plates as 'a typical New Yorker.' To get up and give a lady my seat! None but Jerseymen do that. As a typical New Yorker I could not do that. I could not establish a precedent."

She knows his argument is just. She falters and forgives. He sees he is forgiven and would embrace her were it not that he fears it would spoil the set of his surtout.

This is one of the things a well-dressed man should be most careful of. The cloth may be of the best. The cut and fit may be as classic as a sculptor's vision and yet one careless moment, one instant of forgetfulness may ruin all. Get our handbook, "How to Fold a Coat; or, the Art of Care for Clothes."

She looks at him, her eyes brimming with tears. "Eustace," she says softly, "is my hat on straight?"

* * * * * * *

It is Christmas night. They are seated in our property conservatory. They are wearing our property evening dress. She holds her property feather fan, he holds his property opera hat. But 'tis not to pose for our artists' society skit for our next week's issue. They are there on their own hook, like the hat in the hall.

"And, Eustace," she is saying, "I will have my complexion changed to suit your suit." But Eustace Kehogan starts back in horror at her words.

"Never, never!" he cries. "That has happened to me when I have been engaged before. The day preceding my wedding my fiancee changed her complexion, and my frock coat and lavender trousers that matched her former style of beauty fell back a dead loss on my tailor's hands. A week later"—he was sobbing bitterly now—"I saw them exposed for sale in front of Moses Levy's Misfit Clothing Parlor!"

"I know the whole sad story, Eustace," she murmurs. "I was that girl." She notes his astonishment and resumes. "Yet you will do as any swell dresser would—give me another chance to redeem myself?"

And she thinks of how she will look in her handsome bridal toilet of pearl-colored brocade, in low knot design, and plain satin, with embroidered chiffon to match, the Medici collar of gold brocade lined with satin and wired at the top and turned back from the throat. And she does not notice the thick coating of silence which he breaks at last.

"To think that we, us, you and I, me and you, should meet again, and like this!" he mutters. "To think that this should happen, and in society. Society, where nothing ever happens except things. Society, that gives out column dress descriptions to the reporters of green journals who bungle up the terms when writing them out and no one knows the difference! It is too much to believe!"

"Believe a little at a time, Eustace," she whispers softly.

* * * * * * *

Three hours later Eustace Kehogan swayed down the street singing, "He Kissed Her 'Neath the Mistletoe."

He sang it in this wise: "He missed her 'neath the kissletoe."

But who could tell if it was love or liquor or the consciousness that he was arrayed in garments of exceptional cut and finish, made of strictly high grade English bird's-eye worsted, our own importation?

And this was the meeting between Eustace Kehogan, the man of fashion, and Aurelia Montravers, the rich heiress, that gave society something else to talk of save the Dog Show.

Clothes make the man.

The want of them the fellow.

Try our gloves of stylish tan,
Backstitched in black and yellow.
—The Haberdasher.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

"Gift-making is one of the most gracious features of Christmas, and one that I pray may survive all other outgrown customs," writes Florence Hull Winterburn, in the Woman's Home Companion. "When love and sympathy are close counselors there is little fear that we shall make the mistake of leaving out of our little one's stocking the particular thing he has set his heart upon getting. And if his choice is beyond us to gratify, let us come as near to it as we can, and not convert this season into a sort of convenience for ourselves, thrusting upon his reluctant acceptance such prosaic articles as shoes, hats and other essentials of the toilet. Far prettier is the German custom of bestowing gaudy trifles that have no use in themselves but are part of the glitter and fashion of the holiday. When it is possible nothing is so good to have as the traditional Christmas tree. In after years memory hangs upon it fondly, and we bless in our hearts the kind hands that took so much trouble to give us pleasure.

"Then the stocking hung up on Christmas eve has a romance all its own. The breakfast table dressed with holly-berries and gifts piled under snowy napkins is a graceful custom, and is far nicer than the blunt handing out of our gifts. Some trouble should be taken to create the welcome element of surprise. We all like it, but it is one of the greatest delights in a child's experience. He finds out before we would choose to have him that what is looked forward to most eagerly seldom turns out well. It is sad philosophy, yet true, that it is dangerous to set one's heart on anything in this world. But the love that hides its intention until the hour of fulfillment, and then lets out its secret in an outburst of generosity, is the best substitute that has ever offered for the special Providence—Santa Claus and all other gracious myths.

"An example of generosity is seldom lost upon children if it is true, not artificial. They are very willing to live up to their little knowledge, if we allow them the chance, and part of our duty to the day is to encourage in our young people the same kindness we cultivate in ourselves. It is so much easier to learn in youth to be genial, sympathetic and generous than it is after embittering experiences have hardened our hearts."

The Christmas Dinner Table.

Place the table for the Christmas dinner in the center of the room under the chandelier if there is one, and then see that it is perfectly level and the leaves well fitted, writes Mrs. S. T. Rorer in the Ladies' Home Journal. From the chandelier hang a large spray of mistletoe, or holly tied with scarlet ribbon. If there be a mantelpiece in the room, bank it with holly and ferns. Arrange a pretty corner, blending all the greens used in decorating. Cover the table first with a heavy cotton flannel cloth, and place over it the spotless linen tablecloth. Place in the center of the table a mat of Christmas ferns, in the center of which stand a high fruit dish filled with polished red apples, grapes and such other fruits as may be obtained. Cove; the base of the dish with sprays of holly; on each side of this place cut-glass or china dishes filled with bonbons, olives and salted almonds. The water bottles and a dish or two of celery may occupy the other places.

Christmas.

An old song preserved in the Harleian manuscripts, in the British museum, asserts that it is peculiarly lucky when Christmas falls on a Sunday. "That wynter shall be good," it says; "the somer shall be faire and drye," and the year that follows Christmas will be a "good tyme all thyngs to don."

If there is any virtue in the old superstition, 1899 should be a cheerful twelvemonth. For our own nation, indeed, it promises well. And it would seem singularly fitting that a happy year should begin with the year's happiest day.

"Luck" alone will not ensure prosperity or contentment. But the Companion, while wishing its readers a merry Christmas, assures them of a "good tyme" to follow, if through all the months they cherish the Christmas spirit—the disposition to make the most of one's blessings and the best of one's troubles, and to be thoughtful, hopeful, generous and kind.

Distinct Christmas Influences.

The savor and flavor of "Tiny Tim's" turkey would have been far less subtly delicious had it been set upon the table by a nobleman, nor fancy of the churchman, that there are influences at work at Christianmastide which make ordinary things extraordinary, and common things precious, and little things great. That leaven which has changed the face of the world, and moved the heart of man, and made peace where there was no peace, is in every Christmas present, thought and happy gathering.

The First Celebration of Christmas.

Christmas was first celebrated in the year 98, but it was 400 years later before it was officially adopted as a Christian festival; nor was it until about the fifth century that the day of celebration became permanently fixed on the 25th of December. Up to that time it had been irregularly observed at various times of the year—in December, in April and in May, but most frequently in January.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Hint.

The bes, of Christmas joy,
Dear little girl and boy,
That comes on that merrymaking day,
Is the happiness of giving
To another child's that living
Where Santa Claus has never found his way.

"Rag time!" said Mrs. Fewclothes grimly; "nothing new about that. It's been 'rag time' with me ever since I married. Why, I haven't had a new dress in fifteen years!"

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

Agricultural Notes.

The value of animal manure to our farms is seldom realized. We speak of commercial fertilizers as a necessity to some of our lands and we speak truly. But the correct use of our barnyard manure means the adding every year of many millions of dollars to the value of our farms. For this reason there is a close connection between the number of live stock in the country and the fertility of our farms. In the last few years our sheep, hogs, cattle and horses have decreased by many millions. This means that it is possible for us to put many millions less tons of manure on our land than formerly. Consider the manurial product from a single animal, and then consider it from all the animals in the country. It is safe to say that during the late depression our farm lands have deteriorated enormously, due to the lessened supply of manure from farm animals. If the higher prices now obtained succeed in stimulating breeding they will confer an indirect but great blessing on our agricultural communities by increasing the fertility possibilities of the soil.

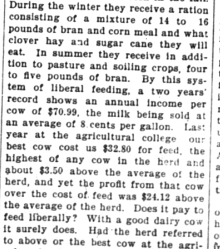
* * *

There are few if any poor farms that cannot be made good farms provided they were ever good farms. A worn-out farm is not a necessary result of cultivating a farm for generations. In other parts of the world some of the most fertile farms at the present day are those that have been cultivated for hundreds and thousands of years. The Almighty, when he made the earth for the abode of man, did not so construct the soil that its fertility might be exhausted in a generation or two. Where there are poor, run-down farms we may be assured that there has been mismanagement in cultivation. Not only is it possible to grow all the crops we now grow without running down the farm, but it is possible to take a run-down farm and bring it back to a state of fertility greater than that known in any previous period of its existence. Nor is a miraculous amount of knowledge needed to do this. It only requires a student by the owner of the best methods of handling a farm as they are now taught in our agricultural colleges, in the agricultural press and by many of our best farmers.

The Velvet Bean.

A bulletin of the Alabama experiment station says: The velvet bean (Mucuna utilis) is a plant which, in general appearance of leaves and stems, is nearly similar to the running varieties of cow peas. The vines attain great lengths, a growth of twenty feet being usually made and much greater lengths being sometimes attained. The beans are larger than cowpeas and usually three or four are found in each pod. The pods are short and stout, nearly black in color and covered with a coat of velvety hairs. The velvet bean belongs to the same family as the cowpea. It is a legume or leguminous plant, and like the cowpea, the velvet bean is a renovating plant, having the power to enrich the land on which it grows.

In any comparison of velvet beans with cowpeas as a renovating crop, there is one point in which velvet beans are conspicuously superior. When frost comes the vines and leaves settle down together in such a way that the force of falling rain is broken and the network of vines is so complete that the leaves, the most valuable portion, cannot be blown or washed away. With cowpeas the case is somewhat different, the bare stems standing erect and affording no means of retaining the leaves in place. On the other hand better implements are required to turn under vines of the



velvet beans than to plow under cowpea vines. It is not advisable to attempt to grow this bean in the north.

Does It Pay to Feed Liberally.

From Farmers' Review: At a Farmers' Institute, Tonganoxie, Kan., a dairyman gave in his report on producing milk for the Kansas City market from common cows, picked up through the country. So far as possible these cows were fresh in the fall. During the winter they receive a ration consisting of a mixture of 14 to 15 pounds of bran and corn meal and what clover hay and sugar cane they will eat. In summer they receive in addition to pasture and soiling crops, four to five pounds of bran. By this system of liberal feeding, a fair dairy record shows an annual income per cow of $70.99, the milk being sold at an average of 8 cents per gallon. Last year at the agricultural college our best cow cost us $52.80 for feed, the highest of any cow in the herd and about $3.50 above the average of the herd, and yet the profit from that cow over the cost of feed was $24.12 above the average of the herd. Does it pay to feed liberally? With a good dairy cow it surely does. Had the herd referred to above or the best cow at the agricultural college been stinted in feed it would have been an extravagant piece of economy that would have resulted in a diseased pocket book. The dairy cow is a hard working animal and should be fed accordingly.

D. H. OTIS.

Protection for Trees in Winter.

Mr. A. D. Barnes tells in the Wisconsin Horticulturist about his method of protecting fruit trees against winter injury. He says: "I want to tell the readers of the Horticulturist of a protector which I am using with great success, namely, window screen wire. Cut the wire netting in different lengths and different widths, to suit small or large, short or tall trees. Roll the pieces around a broom-stick before going to the orchard. Use close-meshed, jointed, wire netting. Set the bottom end one inch into the earth. This protector needs no tying at all; will expand as the tree grows. It is all right for protecting against sun scald, mice, rabbits and a multitude of other things and makes no defense or protection for bugs, worms and larvae. This protector is all right and not patented, so let's not quarrel over the origin of it, but take it at once. It is a daisy. I put it on five hundred trees one year ago. These trees were nearly all planted in the orchard in the spring of 1891, consequently were of quite good size. The wire ready cut at hardware store here cost just eleven dollars and it took me about a day and a half to form them and put them on. Every one is in its place now, one year since placing, and I am sure they have saved a good many trees from the ravages of mice, as the ground was thickly covered with a second crop of clover and we lost about twenty-five trees the previous winter.

The Ash Tree Beetle.

We herewith illustrate one of the largest of the beetle family which preys upon our forest trees. This one is called the Dynastes tityus. It feeds

—Dynastes tityus.—After Riley.

upon the leaves of the ash tree principally, but it is also found on some of the other forest trees. When present in numbers, these beetles, on account of their size and voraciousness, soon strip a tree of the best part of its leaves. The one we illustrate is not enlarged, but shows the natural size. Some of them are even larger than the illustration. Fortunately, the grub from which this beetle comes is not destructive to vegetation, but feeds, so far as is known, on rotten wood. When the beetles attack our shade and ornamental trees, the only way to check them is to jar them from the trees and kill them, or spray the trees with Paris green and London purple. As the beetles are very large, the jarring method of disposing of them may be preferable to the spraying of the trees.

Halter-Breaking for Colts.

It is an excellent practice to break a colt to halter at weaning time, for the younger the colt is taught to lead, the more easily is the operation accomplished. Youngsters halter-broken at weaning time are more than half harness-broken when of age for service. It is quite an undertaking to round up a 3 or 4 year old colt and break it to halter, which feat is necessary before the process of harness racing commences. At that age they are so strong and frequently make such a protracted and stubborn fight that the animal is spoiled. It not infrequently happens that the horse rears and breaks its neck in the operation. All danger may be avoided, and the labor necessary to educate the colt to lead will be minimized by halter-breaking at weaning time. A colt will soon yield to the tension of the halter if pulled at an angle, and it quickly learns that to follow the breaker relieves it from pain. The resistance is brief and the subjugation complete.—Ex.

In fattening old steers it should be borne in mind that the days of growth are past in that the steer has fully matured his bony frame, hence does not require as great a supply of nitrogenous food as would a young, growing beast or dairy cow. So long as he is getting the food of maintenance he will neither progress nor retrograde, but to fatten him it is necessary to provide him with an abundance of carbonaceous food, of which corn is the greatest and cheapest example, and to aid the fattening process should have comparatively little exercise in a comfortable barn rather than out of doors in the cold where food is wasted in raising the temperature of ice water and warming up the body against winter's blizzards. It is throwing good feed away to pile such nitrogenous foods as oats, wheat, rye, etc., into old steers when corn, oil cake, hay and fodder will do all that is required. Save the nitrogenous foods for the growing and milking beasts and feed the corn to the older fattening animals.

Butter and Other Pure-Food Laws in France.—They have contracted a pure-food enthusiasm in France, and now the senate is considering a law that provides for imprisonment for from three to twelve months and a fine of from $20 to $1,000, or both, for deceiving the purchaser either respecting the nature and qualities of the goods or the amount sold. If false weights are used the punishment can be doubled and the offending scale smashed up. Another year's punishment can be added if the goods sold should be hurtful to man or beast.—Merchants' Sentinel.

Bonedust for Young Stock.—Trials of feeding bonedust to young stock have been made in France. Four ounces daily fed to a calf gave an increase of thirty pounds in twenty-four days beyond the previous twenty-four days' increase on the same ration. Thus five and one half pounds ground bone, costing 3½d, made a live-weight increase of thirty pounds. The bonedust is said to promote assimilation of the food, tending to the formation of flesh.—Ex.

Poultry feed is easier secured than feed of larger farm stock. Almost everything that is at all edible can be made into food for poultry.