A HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE.

I had not been very long in the position of confidential clerk to Messrs. Friar Brothers & Bowman—we are now Messrs. Friar, Bowman & Knox (I am Knox)—when one of those unexpected and most perplexing crises occurred in the financial world which try even cautious and steady going firms, such as ours was and is, most severely, and bring even well balanced houses down with a sudden and awful crash.

I may say now, without fear of being thought boastful, that I was somewhat a favorite of Friar Brothers; the fact that William, the senior partner, used to ask me down to Henley from Saturday to Monday, and allowed me to take his pretty daughter out on the river, speaks for itself.

At the time of which I speak not a day passed without some failure or threatened stoppage, and I knew that Friar Brothers & Bowman were uneasy about the Liverpool branch of their house. They were, therefore, not wholly unprepared when one afternoon news came that if left without immediate help its doors must close. The help needed was not more than Friar Brothers could give with perfect ease; but the question was how could the sum of £30,000 in hard cash be conveyed from London to Liverpool within the next four and twenty hours? The money was all right—double that amount, if necessary, could be supplied; but by whom was it to be carried? There lay the difficulty.

Friar Brothers—Bowman was rarely in the counting house—held a consultation with their manager, and the result was that I was sent for. Would I go to Liverpool and take charge of the money? There could be but one answer. Even if I had bunked the job, which, was not the case, I could not refuse to help my employers out of their difficulty. Accordingly, I said I was quite ready to start at any moment, and it was quickly decided that I should travel by the night mail.

By one of those fortunate coincidences which sometimes occur, a large sum had been drawn out that very morning to meet bills that would fall due next day; so that nothing remained for us to do but to dispose of the gold in bags; the notes I was to place in a locked leather case suspended round my neck by a steel chain long enough to allow the case to hang at my back, hidden under my coat. As soon as the money was put away Mr. William Friar gave me a revolver, which he generally kept in his own desk. This handy weapon I placed in the pocket of my own coat when I was ready to start; and for greater security, and prompted also by an impulse I could neither account for nor resist, I placed a much smaller revolver of my own in the breast pocket of my ordinary coat.

"I hope you will have no occasion to defend yourself," my kind employer said; and then he added that he thought it would be as well to lessen the risk as much as possible by getting a detective from Scotland Yard to travel with me.

More to please him than myself, for I was not nervous, I agreed to the proposition, and drove at once to the yard to secure my man. It was soon done. I was to be accompanied in my journey by a detective in plain clothes, called Buckland—a slight, wiry looking man of about five-and-thirty. He had full dark brown whiskers and beard, and gave me the impression of being disguised. Our train left at 10 p. m., and we arranged to meet at Euston five or six minutes before the hour in order that we might not attract attention.

I dined at a chop house in the city, and went back to the counting house for the money and my great coat. The case containing the notes I disposed of around my neck by the chain; and the bags of gold were placed in a small valise. When I lifted it it fairly dragged me down, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I was able to walk along as if not burdened by a weighty object.

Reached Euston at 9:45; tipped the guard to give me and my companion a compartment to ourselves—it wanted but three minutes to the hour, and Buckland had not arrived. The guard began to bang the doors; then the train screamed and the train had actually begun to move, when I saw him on the platform. With a dexterous swing of the door and an agile spring he was in the compartment and threw himself panting on the seat, saying that it was a close shave this time. Then, as soon as he recovered his breath a little, he asked if I had the gold right.

I nodded and glanced up at the netting. He followed the direction of my eyes and said, "Oh! up there, is it? Well, it's safe enough there and then looking at his watch, he added, "We have a clear run to Liverpool, I am sure, for I am sure I kept my man dodging all that moment. It was an expedient occurred to me, and it proved to be as good as I expected it as a positive inspiration, and laughed an easy, jaunty little laugh.

"Yes, and bless you," he said, "you don't suppose they was real, do you? I hardly ever wears hair when I'm on duty."

"Indeed!" I answered dubiously. The fellow was not attracted by my companion's look as he now appeared, shaven and shorn, for a most villainous and sinister looking mouth was too fully exposed. For one moment the idea flashed across me that he was not Buckland, but a cutthroat who had somehow got wind of my business, and meant to rob, and, perhaps, murder me during the night journey.

But then the secret was known to no one except the partners, the manager, Buckland, and myself.

The train moved slowly, and I lurched my head and looked back at the brilliantly lighted station. As I did so we began slowly to move on again, and I saw a man rushing wildly from the booking office and along the platform after us, gesticulating wildly, and apparently shouting to have the train stopped for him. But the speed was increasing every moment, and I soon lost sight of him, but not until I had time to notice the strong resemblance he bore to Buckland as I had seen him in Scotland Yard. I was in a sudden great fear, my companion that I had got the gold so badly I could not move. "Catch my foot and bend it up, like a good fellow!" I said. "The pain is awful!"

He hastened to my aid at once, and as he stooped I seized him by the throat, thrust my fingers into his neckcloth, and pressed him down with both my knees against the floor. Then the blood burst from his nose, and he struggled madly to throw me off.

In the tussle our positions shifted somewhat; and, with a frantic effort, he threw out one arm, seized my little revolver, and fired wildly. The bullet wounded my shoulder, and when I felt the sharp sting of the shot I pressed my fingers more fiercely than before upon his windpipe, and pushed him once more down against the door. I could not attempt to disarm him; I knew not where on his person the other revolver might be concealed, and I felt that if he fired again I was probably a dead man!

Some awful moments passed. My strength was beginning to fail, and my grasp was becoming fainter. Then came a second deadly crack! I was wounded in the hand; and immediately my nerves, shattered fingers relaxed their hold, and I was at the ruffian's mercy. As I let him go I reeled back in a half sitting posture on the seat; while he, with a blood stained and most ghastly face, glared at me with the expression of a fiend. I knew that if he recovered strength enough to fire again he would kill me; and, weak and wounded as I was, I resolved to make one more desperate bid for life. We were out of the tunnel now, and the speed had slackened a little. If I could but let down the window the glass, open the door, and by stepping past or over Buckland get out on the footboard and make my way along it to another carriage, I might yet be saved.

I was dizzy and sick with pain; but nerved with the determination of despair and the mad longing I felt to outwit the cunning of the thief, I managed to get hold of the strap of the window and let it down. Again the sudden rush of cold night air revived me; but, alas! I could see that it also revived my companion, for, as I put out my arm and turned the handle of the door, he was trying hard to steady his arm and fire at me again. I might, perhaps, have knocked the pistol from his hand; but I might have failed to do so, and I knew that it would have been foolhardy in the extreme for me to attempt to close quarters with him in order to step out on the footboard. Besides, the door was stiff, and resisted the feeble push I gave it. So I left it and determined to try the window at the other side of the carriage if I could drag myself over, although I felt sure that the door on that side was locked.

But, even had it stood wide open I could not reach it. The exertion I had already made had exhausted me, and I once more fell down on the seat and within easier reach of the dying assassin for dying he surely was—as I meant that I should die with him. I saw the shining weapon within a foot of my head; but he had not the strength to fire, and I had not the strength to twist it from his hand. The third time he raised it, and I felt that this time he would not fail. With a supreme effort I pulled myself together, and jerked up his arm as he at last pulled the trigger. The bullet hit the ceiling of the carriage, and at the same moment my wound be murderer fell back with a heavy thud against the door. It flew open, and I had one glimpse of his stupefied, terrified face as he fell out head foremost on the track.

When the train reached Liverpool I was found half fainting upon the floor of the carriage, and the body of Buckland—or Foreman, as his name turned out to be—was found dead on the line with the bags of gold upon his person; so the credit of the branch house was saved. Foreman was a detective also; but he meant, if the robbery was successful, to abscond to America. He and Buckland were close friends, and the latter, it appeared, wanted to get off the job and spend the night in another fashion, and, not having the slightest suspicion of his comrade, he sent him to travel with me to help to guard the £30,000.

But, through some mysterious channel, a warning was conveyed to Buckland of Foreman's intended treachery, and too late he had seen how culpable he had been to trust him in such a serious matter. He reached Euston in time to see the train steaming out of the station, and felling convinced that my life would probably be sacrificed, he telegraphed to the authorities at Liverpool to have Foreman arrested on the arrival of the 10 o'clock express if I was not safe and the money intact.

But nothing could undo the damning fact that he had passed on his duty to another man without permission, and Buckland was dismissed; but, at the earnest request of myself and wife (—for as soon as I recovered from my wounds I became not only partner in the firm but son-in-law of Mr. Friar—a post was found for him in the counting house; and I must say for him that, from the hour he entered the service of Friar Brothers, Bowman & Knox, he did everything in his power to atone for the unlucky evening that he failed to catch the Liverpool express.—Detroit Free Press.

LARGEST PEARL IN THE WORLD.

It Is a Beauty and Is Now Awaiting a Buyer at Bapst's, in Paris.

I was today at Bapst's, whilom jeweler to the crown, to see what things there were to tempt millionaires to buy. When one says "Bapst's" one does not mean Bapst's shop.

There is no shop, but a house in a modern quarter affecting the style of the Hotel Cluny. Access is obtained by a hall surrounded with paintings and drawings, natural size, of jeweled ornaments made since 1734 for the crown.

In that year a Bapst who had married the daughter of Strass, the inventor of paste, succeeded the latter to the post of jeweler to the crown—a function that was no sinecure, as the design books which I was allowed to look through show.

"The crown was always changing the forms of its jewelry," said to me M. Germain Bapst, whose history, in folio, of the crown jewels has been just "crowned by the Academy," and is a standard library work—as full of interesting matter as the same number of pounds of bricks. "Sometimes the function was all brilliants, sometimes it was a mixture of rubies and diamonds, and there were also pearls. Then came a second deadly crack! I was wounded in the hand; and immediately my nerves, shattered fingers relaxed their hold, and I was at the ruffian's mercy. As I let him go I reeled back in a half sitting posture on the seat; while he, with a blood stained and most ghastly face, glared at me with the expression of a fiend. I knew that if he recovered strength enough to fire again he would kill me; and, weak and wounded as I was, I resolved to make one more desperate bid for life. We were out of the tunnel now, and the speed had slackened a little. If I could but let down the window the glass, open the door, and by stepping past or over Buckland get out on the footboard and make my way along it to another carriage, I might yet be saved.

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Absent Minded.

Charles J. E. Tatem, erstwhile a billiardist and at present the head and front of a popular cafe, is probably one of the most absent minded men in Chicago. Sometimes he forgets that it is Chicago and dates his letters at Regina. Not long ago he accompanied a friend to the theatre. They started for the Olympic to see a particular friend of Tatem, who will be recognized readily known as a single turn." Having been informed by this man himself that he did not appear until 9:15 p. m., Charlie's friend suggested that they drop in at the Grand for a few moments. This they did, and, after admiring Herr Postsart's art for half an hour, the two left. It was raining hard outside, and Charlie's friend raised his umbrella. About half way down the block he turned back to look for Parker. There he was, with umbrella up, but without a hat. "Where's your hat, Charlie?" asked the friend. Parker allowed his disengaged hand to feel of his bare head, and then he replied shoepishly: "I'm blasted if I haven't left it in the rack under the seat." When he went back after it there was a new doorkeeper on watch, and he supposed Parker's sad tale was a new gag to get in and see the show. He refused to let him pass, and finally made him locate his seat, after which he sent an usher in to get the missing hat. When Charlie recovered it he told his friend that he thought he would get one of the old fashioned strings and tie it to the buttonhole in his lapel.—Chicago Herald.

A Mammoth of an Egg.

The American Museum of Natural History in Central Park, New York, has been offered an egg valued at $300. It is a little over a foot in length, holding capacity being two gallons, and, in round numbers, it equals 150 hens' eggs; its lineal measurement is twice that of the ostrich egg, and its cubic bulk eight times greater. The egg comes from Madagascar, and was laid by a huge bird now extinct. The remains of several of the winged monsters have been unearthed.—Boston Traveler.

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Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

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BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 5, 188.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins, and I have found it a true cure. I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.

Yours truly, A. H. GUEST, Manager Troy Laundry Station.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

SANT, WINTON COURTT, OHIO, Dec. 15, 188.

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Yours truly, ANTHONY TURPE, Horse Doctor.

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THE ANDOVER NEWS.

VOL. III. ANDOVER, ALLEGANY COUNTY, N. Y., FEB. 27, 1890. NO. 27.

L. C. VAN FLEET, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Loan and Real Estate Agent, ANDOVER, N. Y.

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TIME TABLE.

Adopted Nov. 17, 1889. Eastern Standard Time.

Eastward from ANDOVER, N. Y.

7:23 a. m. Daily. No. 8—Vestibuled limited for New York. Does not stop at Andover.
11:18 a. m. Daily. No 10 -New York day express. Stopping at all stations to Hornellsville. Connects except Sunday for Philadelphia.
7:32 p. m. Daily. No. 14—Hornellsville accommodation. Connects for Philadelphia daily.
7:45 p. m. Daily. No. 12—Night express for New York and Boston. Does not stop at Andover
12:57 p. m. No. 96 Except Sunday—Way freight and accomodation for Hornellsville.

Westward from ANDOVER, N. Y.

1:57 a. m. Daily. No. 5—Vestibule limited for Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St Louis. Does not stop at Andover.
9:47 a. m. Daily. No. 3—Pacific Express—for Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St. Louis.
1:41 p. m. Daily. No. 29—Accomodation for Dunkirk and Buffalo via Dayton.
3:22 p. m. Daily. No. 1—Accomodation for Hornellsville.
7:05 p. m. No. 95. Except Sunday—Way freight and accomodation for Salamanca.

Further information from C. H. RICHARDSON, Agent at Andover, or
GEO. E. ALLEN, Gen. Northern Passenger Agt.
L. D. ZARAGA, Gen. Passenger Agent.
W. J. MURPHY, Gen. Superintendent.

B. E. & C. R. R.

T. C. PLATT, Receiver.

WEST BOUND.

Leave Wellsville	8.00 a. m.	2.15 pm
" Allentown	8.38 a. m.	2.53 pm
" Bolivar	9.05 a. m.	3.20 pm
" Cerro	9.33 a. m.	3.48 pm
" Eldred	10.05 a. m.	4.20 pm
Arrive Bradford	11.35 a. m.	5.50 pm

EAST BOUND.

Leave Bradford	8.15a m.	2.10 p m
" Eldred	10.15 a. m.	4.25 p m
" Cerro	10.52 a m.	5.02 p m
" Bolivar	11.15 a m	5.25 p m
" Allentown	11.43 a m.	5.53 p m
Arrive Wellsville	12.30 a m.	6.30 p m

W. A. ATWOOD, Supt.
WELLSVILLE, N. Y.
F. M. BAKER Ag't Receiver.

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A LUXURIOUS SHAVE,

How a Tonsorial Artist Plies the Razor and Its Accompaniments.

You are ensconced in a chair of luxurious comfort, which allows you to recline at any angle and in any position. The professional man, who is your slave for the time being—just as the president is the servant of the people—goes over your mobile countenance with a soft, moist sponge. This removes the carbon, gravel, railroad iron and unconsumed food of twenty-four hours' sojourn in a railroad car from your features. He next treats you to a thin layer of hot lather, and apologetically sponges it off, as if it were put on by mistake, but it isn't; it is a part of the programme. Next he puts on a heavier coat of lather, which he presses down into the roots of the stubble with soft, magnetic fingers. This lather, too, is removed and the third course placed on. Then each individual hair, which once did stand on end like quills upon a fretful porcupine, becomes soft and pliable.

The artist now carefully removes from its case a great bloated razor, with a double concave, so thin that it sings as he strops it. He brings it out with an air which makes you think that razor never touched any face below the rank of governor. You feel honored. Then he shaves you. He doesn't ask you if you want it close. Or does the razor hurt. He knows his business. He knows you want the hair off and nothing else, and he knows the razor doesn't hurt.

The pleasant utilization which accompanies the progress of the instrument reminds one of the sensation which old King George swore to as a luxury fit for monarchs, and since that was before the days of flesh brushes stately courtiers used to contend for the privilege of employing their otherwise idle fingers in scratching the royal back.

If a barber should shave you, does the artist swab your face twice with a sponge, slap your cheeks with bay rum, fill your mouth with powder, scratch your head with a comb and yell "next" to his assistant? No; he isn't half through. First, he sponges off the skin. Then he takes a soft towel, folded thick, wrings it in hot water and places it across the lower part of your face. Another covers the upper part, with only a breathing place for your nose. This treatment is kept up for ten minutes. You are almost lulled to slumber. The reality your face is given a Turkish bath. The hot towels are followed by a cold sponging to produce a reaction, and then a towel, wet from ice water, is laid over the face. After this comes a dry towel. This is laid over the face also and the hands passed over it, drying the skin without roughing it.

If a barber should clamp a towel around his hand and draw it across a customer's newly shaven and sensitive face he would be discharged. Now observe what a gentleman. You can see how earnest the barber is by noticing how he squints along the parting he makes, like a farmer testing his first furrow when he plows a field. You are combed, and it has cost you twenty-five cents; but if it were the last quarter you had in the world you would go out of that parlor feeling worth $100,000.—Washington Post.

A Jolly Friar.

While prior of Tallaght, Burke enjoyed the intimate friendship of Cardinal Cullen. "Come up here, Father Tom, and tell some of your funny stories," was the usual invitation after dinner. He would give imitations of some Italian priests who had become popular as preachers in Dublin. His first move was to cast the folds of his robe with demonstrative vigor over the left shoulder, and then in broken English proceed to lecture the faithful. With upraised finger he warned them to avoid "otiosity," to become "tinkers" (thinkers) and to remember that "without vice (faith) you cannot be shaved" (saved), concluding each section of his homily, which seemed to be teaching how to avoid the doors of sin, with the words, "You be da-a-a-mned," uttered in low earnest tones. Some of their mistakes were ludicrous. One Italian spoke of Lazarus as reposing in Abraham's womb, and another constantly referred to the whale in Jonah's belly.

For many years no banquet took place at the archiepiscopal residence which Burke was not asked to enliven, his pictures of Italian low life being greatly relished by the cardinal. The quack dentist from Tuscany who with falsetto voice and bray of trumpet drove down the Piazza di San Agnese at Rome, the man playing the mandolin, the improvisatore, and finally the Roman barber were standing dishes.—Temple Bar.

Farms may be had cheap in Rome.

Carry. If the owners cannot pay the taxes they are forfeited sold up by the state, and recently a farm assessed at $200 annually was brought to the hammer and purchased for two dollars—not quite one half penny.

WOMAN'S COLUMN.

Mrs. Ormiston Chant was lately invited by Spurgeon to preach from his pulpit.

Columbia College is 136 years old, but it is not old enough or wise enough to admit women.

The Queen Regent of Spain can converse in Spanish, French, German and English. She is fond of music and literature.

Mrs. Logan is writing her reminiscences, which will embody those of General Logan, and will be published in her Home Magazine.

Rosa Bonheur is sixty-seven. She says she still has work enough in her mind to fill two lifetimes. She sold her latest picture for more than $10,000.

Already one hundred and nine provinces, states and kingdoms have given to woman, to some extent, a voice in the government under which she lives. Of these countries, twenty-five are our own states and territories. Among the others are England, Ireland, Scotland, Russia, Sweden, Australia, &c.

Mrs. Margaret Lucas, sister of the late John Bright, is dead. She was one of the earliest advocates of giving the elective franchise to women, and perhaps the best woman orator in England. Meetings are being held by reform clubs all over the United Kingdom at which resolutions of respect to her memory are adopted.

The thoughtful kindness of President and Mrs. Harrison in the recent bereavement of Secretary Tracy, touches a tender chord throughout the nation. Every arrangement for the mitigation of the suffering of the Secretary and for the care of the dead, who were buried from the White House, was personally superintended by them.

W. H. Mabie, of the Christian at Work, expresses a general want when he says: "We need dirtier churches, shabbier churches, made so by the attendance of the masses,"—the kind which are not too sacred to admit the unwashed multitude to a series of gospel temperance meetings, for instance. The itinerant ministry of the W. C. T. U. find many of the literally too sacred for any use sort of edifices, miscalled "The House of God."

When Edison had given two weeks of his valuable time to going up and down the New York Elevated Railroad, trying to discover what caused its noise and a cure for it, he gave up the task. Then a little woman took it. She rode on the cars three days, was denied a place on the rear platform, laughed at for her curiosity, and politely snubbed by conductors and passengers. But she discovered what caused the noise, and invented a remedy which was patented, and she was paid the sum of $10,000 and a royalty forever. Her name is Mrs. Mary Walton, and she lives in New York City.

The bill, pending in the New York Legislature, providing that there shall be at least one educated woman physician in each State institution for the insane where insane women are confined, is meeting with much encouragement. As the New York Post truly says, the question is "not whether women are entitled to employment in the State hospitals, but whether women patients are entitled to treatment at the hands of their own sex, under the supervision which the law establishes for the care of the institution." The bill is introduced by Senator Langdale, and it is earnestly advocated by the Albany Times, the Syracuse Herald and other able journals of the State, without regard to party. This year, also, another effort is being made to pass a bill providing for women factory inspectors. Last year such a bill passed both houses, but was vetoed by Governor Hill.

Col. Higginson observed, some time ago, that the women who still cling in theory to the doctrine of feminine subjection in its extreme form, belong chiefly to two classes—school girls without experience, and matrons of the most determined character, who rule their husbands with a rod of iron. The corner of jokes for the newspapers has reached the same conclusion, if we may judge from a paragraph that is going the rounds:

"I don't believe in this woman's rights business," said Mrs. Henpeck, as she sat on the piazza fanning herself, while Mr. Henpeck washed and wiped the dishes. "I believe in men keeping in their proper sphere, and the women in theirs, and I haint no desire to go and essex myself marching off to the polls like a man. Everything is the proper speer for woman. Hurry up and get those dishes done, Henpeck, and then sit down and sew the missing buttons on your coat before it is time for you to put the baby to bed."

A Solitary Executioner.

In the case of a murderer who has just been sentenced to death by electricity in the State prison in Clinton county, Judge Frothingham Fish, of the Supreme Court in the Fourth Judicial district, has called attention to some remarkable features of the electrical execution law, which have thus far escaped comment.

Under the statute, the death warrant must command the Agent and Warden of the State prison to whom it is directed "to do execution of the sentence." Furthermore, the law expressly declares that it is the duty of the Agent and Warden to be present at the execution, "and to invite the presence, by at least three days' previous notice, of a Justice of the Supreme Court, the District Attorney and Sheriff of the county wherein the conviction was had, together with two physicians and twelve reputable citizens of full age, to be selected by the said Agent and Warden." The Agent and Warden is also required, at the request of the criminal, to permit clergymen of any religious denomination, not exceeding two in number, to be present at the execution: and furthermore, he "may also appoint seven assistants or deputy sheriffs who may attend the execution." He is also prohibited from allowing anybody else to be present.

Judge Fish points out that the language of the statute is purely permissive, except in relation to the attendance of the Agent and Warden himself. He must be there, but he is not empowered to enforce the attendance of any one else except the prisoner; for does the law in terms make it the duty of any one else to attend the execution.

From these facts it would seem to follow that if none of the persons invited by the Agent and Warden should see fit to accept his invitation, and if the seven assistants or deputy sheriffs who "may attend," should omit to do so, the Agent and Warden might be obliged to inflict the punishment of death himself, solitary and alone. It may be said that such a contingency is improbable; but it is evident that the law ought to be amended so as to render it impossible. The duty of attendance at the execution should be imposed by statute upon the sheriff of the county in which the conviction took place, and also upon the physician of the prison.

A change to this effect should be made in the existing law at the time when the provisions prohibiting newspaper accounts of electrical executions are repealed, and that cannot be too soon.—*New York Sun.*

Making the Farm Pay.

At a recent institute in New Hampshire a farmer who makes money on a 26-acre farm told how he did it by the help of a dairy. He gave figures to show that the hired man can lay away more dollars than the average farmer can. He once abandoned one half of his own farm, and it was the best agricultural move he ever made. The next best was when he cultivated the other half better. He soon doubled the product of the cultivated half. The man who puts all his capital into a farm is as foolish as the man who puts all his capital into buildings and machinery, leaving himself none with which to run the establishment. He broke two heifers to the yoke; and when they came in milk the product showed that plowing, harrowing and hauling out manure was no more exhaustive work with plenty of good feed than roaming over seven acres of pasture getting penny-weight doses of food. It is hard work to get the idea out of the heads of dairymen that pasturage is essential to buttermaking, and this fact floods the market with butter in summer and leaves an unsatisfied demand in winter when prices are thus made high. He argued in favor of soiling, as a remedy. By this method experience teaches him that a cow may be kept on two acres. Dairymen should raise their cows instead of buying them, as the best cows are not for sale, as a rule. Cows do better in the stable than when exposed to heat and flies in the summer. The cow should be run as a manufacturing machine, for all she is worth.

Selling hay reduces the fertility of the soil. Never spread manure so thin that the cost of spreading is more than the value of the manure. The soil should always be covered with a growing crop, to prevent the leaching of the nitrates below the roots of plants. All changes in feeding should be made gradually. Two tillage crops can be grown annually on the same land, by a proper system of rotation. There is no time in the history of the corn plant when it is so valuable as when the stock eat it all up with a relish. He always grew 10 to 12 acres of corn on his 26-acre farm. Growing first a rye crop in the spring and then a barley crop for fall feed, the summer feeding is lengthened and the winter shortened. Successful dairy farming does not require any pasture at all. When pastures fail stock should be kept out of them until they recover. Cows should have all the feed that they can use up economically. If you turn under a crop, turn under a full one that will pay. But on a dairy farm it is more profitable to feed the crop and use the manure as a fertilizer.

To Our Subscribers.

The special announcement which appeared in our columns some time since, announcing a special arrangement with Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., of Enosburg Falls, Vt., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," whereby our subscribers were enabled to obtain a copy of that valuable work free by sending their address to B. J. Kendall Co. (and enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing expense) is renewed for a limited period. We trust all will avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining this valuable work. To every lover of the horse it is indispensable, as it treats in a simple manner all the diseases which afflict this noble animal. Its phenomenal sale throughout the United States and Canada, make it standard authority. Mention this paper when sending for "Treatise."