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HIGH PRICES FOR HORSES.

Temperance, Presbyterianism and Horse-Breeding for Speed.

A 3,200 AORE FARM.

MR. EDITOR,—Having been asked to give some account of my recent visit to " Woodburn," the great Alexander stock farm of Kentucky, I have pleasure in sending you the following: Leaving Louisville in company with a friend, who had kindly come wonders of Kentucky, of which State he much betting is subsequently practised in was for many years an honored citizen, we made our way northeastward toward the famous blue grass country. As we passed Eminence station, in the region which has been made historically immortal by Mrs. Stowe having chosen it as the mythical arena of some of the most interesting scenes in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." 1 was shown the road along which Lizzie sped with her child in her arms as she was escaping toward the Onio River, to cross on the broken ice " chunk 'ker splunk 'kersplash" for liberty. I hadn't the satisfaction of seeing her actual tracks, nor did I see anything of "Sam and Andy," and the rest. We did not tarry to explore any of the interesting scenes in Shelby County as our objective point was " Woodburn," the far-famed stock farm on which " the dams of the two fastest horses that ever lived were bred." Arriving as Spring Station, Woodford County, within the precincts of Woodburn we were met by manager L. Brodhead, a gentleman in the truest sense, and a man of genuine worth, measure him as you will. While the carriage bowled along the beautiful avenue leading toward the heart of Woolburn, I began to question our very kind and agreeable host. "How many acres are there in your estate here, Mr. Brodhead?" " Thirty-two hundred." " Three thousand

two hundred?" "Yes, the original property bought a hundred years ago, by Mr. Robs. Alexander (brother, as I afterwards) learned, of Sir. Wm. Alexander, of Airdrie, Scotland) contained 3,000, the 200 acres through which we are now passing, were added recently." "What stock have you at present?" "About 120 sheep, Southdowns, etc.; 250 head of cattle, Jerseys and shorthorns, and between thoroughbreds and trotting stock about 300 horses." We had not gone far from the railway station when we met a little negro boy riding on what I innovently took to be an ordinary old horse, and leading other three, which led me to suppose that there must be a gipsy camp somewhere in that vicinity. Stopping the carriage and negro boy, "That," said Mr. B., pointing to the animal on which the boy rode, "is Malmaison, sister to 'Primrose,' and dam of 'Manetta,' 'Malice,' 'Manfred,' esc. She is now 26 years old." My friend by my side, observing that I was a little bewildered, remarked, sotto voce, "Le's showing you Malmaison." "Malmaison!" said I, "I wouldn't have thought that animal worth \$50." "I dare say not," said Mr. B., "but we have received from the sale of her colts the sum of \$25,000. On arriving at the heart of Woodburn our carriage drew up at the door of the stately mansion of Mr. A. J. Alexander, the proprietor, brother of the late R. A. Alexander (who established the farm in its present character), and nephew of Sir Wm. Alexander, whose estate at Airdrie he inherits. On being introduced to Mr. Alexander we found him a gentleman of quiet and kindly bearing; his benignant countenance has grown more beautiful under the frosts of age, though his tall and erect form has not yet begun to bend baneath the weight of years. His whole deportment testified to his being the upright, generous, God-fearing Preabyterian elder he is far and near well-known to be. He has a Presbyterian church on his estate for the accommodation of the fifty or sixty families represented by his employees. Look. ing out from the door of his mansion upon the spacious domain of beautifully undulating park land, with its hundreds of acres of woodland, pasturage, its immense open fields artistically shaded by circular coppices of pine and fir, surrounded with a fringe of Osage orange -its streams and winding vales, with horses, sincep and cattle grazing at will and peacefully cropping the rich spring heroage-playing lambs and fricking foals lending fresa life and beauty to the scene the elegant residence of the manager, with the cottages of the employees here and there making all seem home-like-I could imagine myself admiring, not the pioneer stock farm of Kentucky, but a beautiful use it. domain in the south of Scotland or the

heart of England. After dinner we were driven over this 3,200 acre park to visit the stables. Among the thoroughbreds we were shown King Alfonso, Falsetto, Powhattan, Lisbon and other famous horses, whose progeny from 1870 to 1886 won prizes (perhaps I should say "stakes") amounting to the enormous sum of \$2,242,385 (two millions, two hundred and forty-two thousand three hundred and eighty five dollars! Among the scores of trotting stock to which our attention was called, we were shown Harold the sire, and Miss Russell the dam of Maud S, the fattest trotting horse in the world, "record 2.84 which beats the record of Jay Eye See, the next fastest by one second and a quarter. The record of

the latter being 2.10." Among the wonderful things we saw on this novel bucolic excursion were little scrawny looking foals, six or seven days old, valued at \$5,000 each. On myexpressing surprise that such unpromising looking quadrupeds should have such a value placed on them my friend reminded me that " you can't always tell by the look of a frog how far it will jump." But many of the horses we saw were perfect pictures, models of equine beauty, and everything we observed went to show that the business pose it's the discipline I need; but it's of rearing swift-trotting horses (which I rather hard to love the things I do, and believe originated at Woodburn, and that see them go by because duty chains me to only some thirty years ago) has been re- my gallery. duced to a science, and is as far above the ordinary horse-jockey business as the cul- briefly called "generals."

tivating of barley is above the keeping of a beer saloon. And this illustration reminds me that the gentleman who for the past twenty years has been the remarkably successful manager of Woodburn is a levelheaded advocate of temperance. Though in the habit of entertaining visitors and purchasers from all parts of the United States, Canada and other countries, almost daily, "except on Sundays," and though one of the most genial and hospitable of men, he is a genuine " Scott Act " man, and this in proverbially hospitable Kentucky, and within less than twenty miles of Frankfort, where no gentleman's toilet outfit is supposed to be complete without a corkscrew-at least, so tradition hath it ; warrants me in pronouncing it a libel.

but my experience of Frankfort hospitality Some idea of the business done at Woodburn in the way of buying and seiling may be gashered from the fact that the annual sales of thoroughbred horses bring from thirty to fifty thousand dollars, and the annual sales of trotting stock about one hundred thousand (\$100,000). No doubt connection with the speed of some of the animals purchased, though gambling practices are wnolly foreign to the spirit and conduct of the Woodburn men themselves. It is a gratifying fact that the best horses are not bought and owned for racing purposes, but for the personal pleasure and conveni nce of the owners, as in the case of Robert Bonner's ownership of Maud S at a purchase price of \$40,000. So highly does he prize this remarkable animal that it is said he would not part with her at any price and has actually refused an offer of \$100,000. Some may object to any man having so much money invested in so "needless" a luxury, but if all rich men would give with proportionate liberality to objects of public ben-ficence, they might be

allowed a few extra laxuries. I am as much opposed to betting on a horse race as to holding a lottery in connection with a church bazaar or a charity fair, and would be sorry to write a line that would lead any young man to go fooling away his time and money on fast horses, but having noticed that the proprietor of the famous Weedburn Farm is a Presbyterian elder, that the manager is also a Presbyterian, that his excellent lady is the accomplished daughter of a Presbyterian minister, and that the fastest horse in the world is owned and properly used by a Presbyterian, it is in order for me to add that if the whole horse business were conducted on proper Presbyterian principles it would be different. Yours, etc.

R. J. L.

Rural Notes and News. Air the cellar on mild days.

Now for real spring work! Mixed farming is the safest. Use good seed-plant carefully. Is your wood-house well filled Fat vegetables require fat land. Girls, have a fine show of flowers. Farm for both profit and pleasure. Make all tramps work or move on. Remedy for worry-earnest work. Carefully guard against forest fires. Raise plenty of carrots for the horses. " Piow deep while sluggards sleep." Keep the poultry house and yard dry. Confine the fowls on cold, windy days. Make a good seed before planting.

Do not remove the mulch from trees and plants too early. Ground bone is a good fertilizer to put round trees in setting them.

Docking and castrating may be done when the lamb is a week old. Give your fruit trees a good soil. They cannot feed and thrive on nothing. If you want to feed milk to a lamb use

a tin can with a long spout like an oil can. " Management." This one word has more meaning on the farm than is generally suspected. A wash of fresh buttermilk is said to

kill lice on hogs. The milk needs to be well rubbed into the bristies. The scrub animal has a pedigree which instead of an upward tendency.

A well-managed creamery in a community will give the community a prosperity that it has never before known. Plant the garden so that you can have a

regular succession of vegetables. Plant small fruit with the same end in view. Give the ewe clover hay if you have it, bran, and crushed oats, and she will provide the lamb with plenty of milk.

Prepare your ground well before planting, cultivate well, and, barring accident, the harvest will not disappoint you.

Every man should try to furnish himself with all necessary tools and not rely too much on the good nature of his neigh-

Little Curtisies.

Don't cut off your leg to cure your corns. Any man can carry a revolver. Few can

Don't jump too hard when anybody is boosting you.

bbing.

driver.

Twins are like troubles, they never come singly. You can drive tacks without using a pile-

Better play a jews'-harp well than a violin poorly. Hold up your head even if you are sitting

in the mud. There's no need of buying a typewriter to write one letter.

It's easy to break your neck trying to look over your own head. Even a king scratches his own nose when

it itches. Help yourself. A slow shilling is better than a nimble

sixpence to have in your pocket. There is only one way to be born, but his bravery nor insensible to his generosity. there are fifty thousand ways to die.

Miss Alcott wrote, January, 1874 When I had the youth I had no money : now I have the money I have no time, and when I get the time, if I ever do, I shall have no health to enjoy life. I sup-

Girls who do general housework are now

BY THE WAY.

Reflections on Current Subjects of More or Less Interest.

One of the wants of the age is a substitute for the toasting custom at public dinners. When inebriety was, if not a virsue at least one of the customary general results of those gatherings, the toasting habit or custom gave excuse for frequent libations, and the list was usually long enough to excuse speakers from trespassing on the good nature of auditors and evoking the remark attributed to the Governor of North Carolina to his official visitor, but in these days it is as much out of place as would be a mailed warrior in a battery

And toast responses! They are not like wine that improves with age; and what s trial of good nature to sit for hours listening to cant expressions, "hifalutin," "flubdub and guff," mutual admiration and selflaudation that one has heard a hundred times from as many lips of ability mediocrity and incompetency, and in all tones of elequence and drivel! Happy the man at a public basquet who if he has something to say knows how to say it in few words, and if he has nothing to say knows enough to earn the gratitude of the company by his silence !

Then there is the outrage upon good habits to which good natured people are compelled to submit, if they would not be be considered churlish, in the hours kept. Men who would no think of going around to do banking business two hours after closing time, or who would be shocked if a guest invited to dinner kep; the company waiting half an hour, get around to public dinners called for 7 30 or 8 o'clock at about or 9.30. Speaking, then, is begun at an hour when men of well-ordered habits ought to be retiring to bed and is continued until late in the morning. If we had a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Public Diners lights would be extinguished at midnight or earlier.

And what a boon a new form of after dinner entertainment would be that would abolish the chestnutty speeches and open a new field! Why should we be everiastingly boasting to each other about being the most loyal people, the most ably governed, the best legislators, the greatest warriors, and having the grandest country and most important interests of any in the world, things were all agreed upon! Why not les that pass as a matter of course? We don't dispute the multiplication table, but it wouldn't be very edifying as an after dinner speech.

Isn't our treatment of divorce cases calculated to bring our boasted morality more or less into contempt? To one who does not care to burden his mind or confuse the issue with fine sublimations of theological alchemy or the exigencies of politics, the granting of divorce for recognizedly proper cause is merely a matter of evidence. We practically make it a question of money nd political influence. In a recent case we find that sage senators canvassed their respective friends for votes just as less austere people do in cake contests. This is degrading to the people they do not represent but are privileged to govern. Divorce should be a matter for the Courts of Justice, and they should be open alike All foods for plants must be soluble to be to rich and poor. There is no need for reducing the cause, but when cause exists there should be no refusal because of the poverty of the applicant, nor should money facilitate divorce when cause is absent.

Isn't it astonishing what vitality there is in a well told fiction! How often that little story about the Queen's reply to the Indian Prince's query as to the source of England's greatness has been met by the Queen's denial, yet it does duty daily at the same old stand. Wellington's "Up guards and at them! ' is equally tenacious of life. The Washington ones are hale and hearty and daily increasing in size and numbers. The Lincoln hosts are met with daily. General Grant ones are robust enough and by adverse circumstances has a downward the civil war chronicler's faithful reports of the "late onpleasantness" go on increasing in number and vividness as the actors leave the scene. I heard a Grant one the other night; same old one about Lee handing Grant his sword and Grant handing it back, with the words "Let us have peace.",

Now this is very pretty-very characteristic, but not historical. The surrender at Appamattox was not a very theatrical affair. It took place just 25 years ago on the 9th of last month. Gen. Grant had been press. ing Lee hard and felt that the army of Northern Virginia was near its last ditch. He opened up correspondence with Lee by courier on the 7th, looking to a surrender, and on the 11th agreed to meet Lee to consider the terms of surrender. That meeting took place in the house of Wilbur McLean, and the documents there written and some of the witnesses of the interview are available to day. At General Lee's request, General Grant put the proposed "terms" in writing, and one paragraph of the "terms' regarding the turn It takes a good liar to catch other people ing over of captured material reads 'This will not embrace the side arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage." Lee was touched by the generosity exhibited and said : "This will have a very happy effect upon my army." The current story of Lee's surrender under the apple tree (where he was lying when of water in your railways had converted Grant's letter making the appointment them into canals. reached him), the theatrical sword episode and many other equally "neat" stories, lack the element of fact. Grant was a man as well as a soldier. Probably no two more self-respecting and generous opponents ever met than Grant and Lee, and the former's threat to resign if Andrew Johnson attempted to violate the terms made at Appomattox, strengthened his hold on the affections of the chivalric people of the South who were not blind to

Tonsorial Item.

Judge (who is bald-headed)—If half what the witnesses testify against you is true, your conscience must be as black as your hair.

Prisoner—If a man's conscience is regulated by his hair, then your Honor hasn't got any conscience at all.

' Hammock' dresses to lounge in are

THA TABLE GOSSIP

SUNDAY OCCUPATION. When smiling spring returns to deck
The earth with verdure gay,
And golden dandelions fleek The sward with their array.

On Sundays when the days are fair And pious people flock
To church, the father wheels his pair
Of twins around the block.

-Winter beards are coming off. -Soft summer drinks are on tap. YOUNG MARRIED FOLKS. Though not happy, precisely,

'll venture to say

They agree very nicely, When she has her way. -It pays to advertise when trade is dull. -Vinegar makes fish scales come off

-Cloth over gaiters are grateful to ten-

-A sten hole for flowers in the lapel of the coat is proper.

-" You give me a pane," said the window frame to the glazier.

-The man who thinks he is bright is eldom inclined to keep it dark. -Abuse is one of the few things a man

can get without earning or deserving it. -There is a faint, far-away rumor that efforts will be made to revive the all-around

crinoline. -Mrs. Brown-Did you pick up that tack I dropped on the floor? Brown-Yes; but I didn't mean to.

-Aa English syndicate, with Lord Brassey and Lord Richard Grosvenor at its head, is about to turn Brussels into a seaport by building a canal and three im-

-Canon Farrar will dedicate his new nook, "Truth to Live By." to George W Childs, of the Pniladelphia Ledger. It is not every editor who can get a book on Truth dedicated to him.

-The last time Stanley lectured at Birmingham he received 15 guineas for his fee. This time the Birmingham lecture manager offers 300 guiness, and is afraid he can't get him at that.

-Andrew Carnegie will sail for Scotland on May 21st, according to his present plans. Mrs. Carnegie will be domiciled at Cluny Castle, while Mr. Carnegie attends to business affairs in London.

-Since coming to London I have vainly sought to learn the origin of the word said to be the harshest reproach one Englishman can bestow upon another.—Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

THE BIRTH OF THE DIMPLE. I spoke of the rose leaf within her chin, And she said, with a little nod, As she touched a dimple as sweet as love, Oh, that was a kiss from God.

Confidence Begot of Success.

The confidence possessed by the manufactures of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy in their ability to cure the worst cases of nasal catarrh, no matter of how long standing, is attested in a most substantial manner by their standing reward of \$500, offered for deodorizing, antiseptic and healing.

He Skipped.

in reponse to a ring. "I'm a taxidermist, madam, and

called to-"Weil, we pay our taxes when they're due and no sooner, so you can skip!" and girl fresh from school.

An Additional Duty.

"Are you the exchange editor?" asked the poetess. "Yes, madam.

"Well, will you kindly cash this check ?" It was at this point that the managing editor was carried out in a dead faint.

Defining His Position.

" Now, boys," said the enthusiast, " let's give three cheers for the speaker and then go have a drink." "Excuse me," said the prohibitionist.

'I cheer but I do not inebriate." A Plea of Guilty.

Mr. Lunnon (in New York) -Ah, you've not been long on this side, I fahncy, Mr.

Howell Gibbon (blashing)—Sowwy to say I-aw-that is, I was bawn here !

Giving the Lie-Away. "Bronson says you owe him \$5." "He's a liar. I was going to pay him

day, but I won't now." Thin strips of horseradish laid over a barrel of pickles prevents them from get.

ting mouldy or stale. The striking St. Paul stonecutters got some contracts for work, but the quarry.

men would not sell them stone nor anyone outside the masters' union. "Mr. Gould, how is your canal stock

to-day?" "I have no canal stock, sir." I beg pardon; my mistake. For the moment I imagined that the large amount

"Why will you tell such falsehoods, Lucy?" asked a mother of her daughter. "'Cause, mamma, if I told vou the truth you'd spank me."

BREAD MADE FROM WOOD.

The Bemarkable Possibility for Whiel Selence in Striving.

Science has already enabled man extract fiery beverages and many other things of more or less value from wood, and it is now proposed to go a step further and produce bread from wood, says the

Milling Record. In an address recently delivered in Heidelberg, Germany, by no less eminent an author than Victor Meyer, it is announced "that we may reasonably hope that chemistry will teach us to make the fibre of wood the source of human food.'

What an enormous stock of food, then, would be found, if this becomes possible, in the wood of our forcets or even in grass and straw. The fibre of wood consists essentially of cellulin. Can this be made into starch? Starch has essentially the same percentage composition, but it differs very much in its properties, and the nature of its molecule is probably much more com-

Cellulin is of little or no dietetic value, and it is not altered, like starch, in boiling water. It really gives glucose when treated with strong sulphuric acid, as is easily shown when cotton-wool, which is practically pure cellulin, is merely immersed in it. Starch gives the same product when boiled with weak acid.

The author further quotes the researches of Hellriegel, which go to show beyond dispute that certain plants transform atmospheric nitrogen into albumen, and that his process can be improved by suitable treatment. The production, therefore, of cornstarch from cellulin, together with the enforced increase of albumen in plants, would, he adds, in reality signify the solution of the bread question.

O listen! On the breezes glad voices come to-day, From many a wife and mother, and this is what

they say:
The 'Favorite Prescription' works cures where Best friend of suffering women, O blessed boom

all hail! If every women who suffers from disease peculiar to her sex, knew of its wonderful curative properties, what a mighty chorus of rejoicing would be heard throughout the length and breadth of the land, singing the praises of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be 'cad." To stigmatize a man as a cad is refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

A Dead Heat.

She kissed him as he gave her the en-

gagement ring. George, darling, I have always longed for one of this pattern, and you are the first who loved me sufficiently to study my tastes in the matter." "And yet," replied he, leveling things

up, "it is no rarity, as in my engagements I have never used anything else.'

Slipping Past the Palate

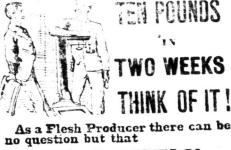
many years past, for an incurable case of Without nauseating those who take them, this loathsome and dangerous disease. The thelittle, sugar-coated Granules, known all Remedy is sold by druggists, at only 50 over the land as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purcents. It is mild, soothing, cleansing, gative Pellets, produce an effect upon the bowels, very different from that of a disagreeable, violent purgative. No griping or drenching follows, as in the case of a drastic "What do you want?" asked the lady of cholagogue. The relief to the intestines the house sharply, as she opened the door resembles the action of Nature in her happiest moods, the impulse given to the dormant liver is of the most salutary kind, and is speedily manifested by the disappearance of all bilious symptoms. Sick headache, wind on the stomach, pain the door was banged like the forehead of a through the right side and shoulder-blade, and yellowness of the ekinand eye balls are speedily remedied by the Pellets. One a dose.

A Dreadful Visitation.

A couple of doctors in conversation. A.-Well, colleague, how are you getting on in your practice

B.—Very badly, there's a regular health epidemic raging in our part of the country

D. C. N. L. 20, 90.



SCOTT'S Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites

Of Lime and Soda is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it. It cures

CONSUMPTION,

SCROFULA. BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DISEASES. AS PALATIBLE AS MILK. Genuine made by Scott & Bowne. Belleville. Salmon Wrapper: at all Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00.

THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES CIVEN AWAY YEARLY. When I say Cure I do not mean have them return again. I MEAN ARADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Fits,

Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bettie of my Infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address —H. G. GOT. Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Addres M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

CONSUMPTION SURELY

TO THE EDITOR:-Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be giad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaids. St., TORONTO, ONTABLO.