Colonial Farmer.

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Correspondence.

For the Colonial Farmer.

RURAL TOPICS.

SHORT-HORN CATTLE.

A meeting of the American Short-horn Breeders' Association was lately held a Lexington, Ky. In the opening address Judge Crane spoke on pedigree, reported as follows:—"He asked, are we not blind enough in some cases to follow pedigree without giving individuality the attention it deserves? He did not want to be construed as an enemy to pedigree, as he was a warm advocate of it—no reliability in breeding can be had without it. A good animal with a pedigree tracing to a long line of ancestry of good animals, was a guarantee that to breed from this animal will produce good ones. He argued that a standard of excellence or a statement of the individuality of the animal should be recorded with the pedigree, as to know that all the ancestors of the animal were good ones, added materially to the breeding value of an animal. He warmly denounced the modern idea of obliterating the milking qualities of the Short-horns, a quality that in former years was highly esteemed, and should be preserved. He said that the Short-horns could never strongly commend themselves to the common stock man and farmer without a well-developed milking quality, as the general farmer naturally looked upon a cow that gives little or no milk with distrust and suspicion."

The fact that the prices of Short horns have been greatly reduced of late, excited considerable comment. "The aim seemed to predominate for a few years past," said a member, "to speculate, and to run down this or that pedigree, with many public sales, which have resulted in the decline of prices." Another member spoke of "the humbug of fancy pedigrees that had bursted." Another said: "The high prices of Short-horns have received their quietus, in consequence of their lack of merit; that the day was past when animals with fancy pedigrees, but no real merit, would sell for from $500 to $5,000." He contended, however, that "thousands of farmers and legitimate stock men still believed in and had faith in the Short-horn as the great beef-producing cattle of the world, and also that they believed the time of depression below their real value was only temporary, and that they would soon be more popular than ever, but all hoped that the time of severe discrimination and unreasonable fancy prices was obliterated forever."

HOW TO FEED MILCH COWS.

Probably there is no better way to feed milch cows, from December to May, than that adopted by good farmers everywhere, which is to feed on hay, with some cornstalks daily; and also roots, as beets and carrots, and a few quarts of meal of some kind. If a cow will not produce a good "mess" of milk daily on such feed, she should be fattened and sold to the butcher. A farmer says:—"We use corn fodder almost exclusively in place of hay, and I find an acre of corn fodder, if it is cut up at the ground so as to save all of it, will carry a cow through the winter. I can hire an acre of corn cut up, husked, bound and hauled to the barn or stack, for four dollars." In regard to fattening cows in milk, that one is desirous of selling for beef, the same writer says: "Let any one try feeding a cow one hundred days, three quarts cornmeal, and nine quarts shipstuff, costing nine dollars for this time, and I am much mistaken if he does not find that his cow is worth one and one-half cents per pound more in the market, than when he began feeding her, and this will more than pay for the hay or fodder. In my practice with a few cows for many years past, I have fed nearly double this amount, and milked all winter, and then have fattened in the spring with four or six weeks' feeding." His cost of $9 is based on shipstuff at $13 a ton, bought of millers in September, when they have a large supply on hand. In regard to regular feeding, he adds: "I think there is no domestic animal that suffers so much from irregular feeding as the cow, and the man who feeds sometimes early and sometimes late, and who feeds one day liberally and the next scantily, will neither have cows in good order, nor yielding a profitable amount of milk."

TO RELIEVE CHOKED CATTLE.

"I used to be a Cheshire (England) dairyman, and had a stock of nearly one hundred cattle. Gro[illegible] acres of turnips, choking of the cows was very frequent, and the simple remedy was a stick of hard wood about a foot long and an inch and a half square, put in the mouth as a bridle bit—a string from each end tied to each horn to keep in place. Placing the stick instantly releases the imprisoned foul air from the distended stomach, and prevents more swelling. Whatever root sticks in the throat will in time soften and go down, and no bad effect can follow unless force is used. Until this summer I had never seen a case of bloating from eating grass or clover. In June my next neighbor had a case and asked my assistance. I placed the stick and she was relieved in a few minutes. The same day my cows (through a board being down in my neighbor's fence) got into clover, &c., and before I knew it one died. Numbers were looking on while she was struggling and dying, but knew no remedy. To-day another neighbor had a similar case, and effected a cure by the means described."

SOILING STOCK.

In giving the opinions of skilled farmers occasionally, instead of my own, when such opinions are sound, I better serve the interests of my readers. A farmer who has long practiced soiling stock says: "Preparations must be begun in the fall, as some plant must be ready to cut early in the spring. A piece of winter rye large enough to furnish a month's feed or so, is sown in the fall, which is ready to cut the latter part of April or beginning of May; then follows millet (two or three varieties), clover, sowed corn, etc. As fast as a crop is taken off another should be sown, thus keeping the land under crop all the while. I claim that the soil in crease in fertility every year; in fact, it looks reasonable that a lot of weeds is some profitable plant. Then the manure pile is being constantly increased, and the more crops raised the more fertilizing material is there returned to it. Great care should be taken to save all the liquids."

CORN AND COB MEAL.

Is there any nutriment in dry corn cobs? There is just as much as there is in sawdust and no more; and I advise those farmers who have their corn ground in the ear, to try the experiment of feeding their pigs on half meal and half sawdust, and see how rapidly they will fatten! Shelling corn does not agree with some farmers, as it is work, and they avoid that as much as possible, so they carry the corn to the mill and try to persuade themselves that because the quantity of meal is much larger than they got from the shelled corn, the value must be greater. But this does not necessarily follow. Ten plus nothing is still ten. Nothing may be added five hundred times and the original quantity will not be changed. So, if cobs are for feeding purposes essentially worthless, having them ground with the corn will not add to the value of the meal.

COOKED FOOD FOR FOWLS.

Todd's "Hand Book on Fowls" gives good rules for feeding fowls in winter, as follows: "We think fowls cost less, and return more, if fed warm, cooked food once a day, early in the morning. A mixture of corn, oats and bran, and middlings, ground fine, is good; or the corn may be boiled unground. It is well to add a portion of boiled potatoes, apples or turnips, and vary the mixture occasionally, for a change. The feed should be well cooked, and not made thin. In breeding seasons, fine bran and oats, with vegetables, make a feed sufficiently rich for Asiatics, which are disposed to get so fat as to prevent laying, increase broodiness, and render eggs unfertile. In fact, they should be fed very sparingly, and kept "hungry and lively." I prefer whole grain in variety for midday and evening feeding. In cooking daily, there is quite a saving, as much stuff and scraps can be converted into food that would go to waste. There is nothing but what fowls will eat, if properly 'dished up.'"

For the Colonial Farmer.

Popular Names of Plants.

Many persons ridicule Latin names for plants. They are hard to learn, to be sure, but in this difficulty consists their value. It is so easy to give a plant a common name, that it soon gets a score of them and no one knows what one is talking about. White Cedar, for instance, in New Jersey is Cupressus Theryvidis, but when a Western New Yorker says White Cedar he means the common American Arborvitæ. Up in Alaska they call the Cupressus Nutkamsis—or as some botanists insist, Thujhosis Borealis, Yellow Cypruss or Yellow Cedar, but now comes the *California Agriculturist*, and writes of the Yellow Cypress as the Thuja Gigantæ.

We kno[w] how hard Latin names are, and sympathize [illegible] with the young ladies and gentlemen who have to learn them, but as they grow in knowledge they will find it is not pedantry but necessity which gives the Latin names.

Are plants worth noticing? They suggest purity, love, hope, sweetness, patience. CHRIST takes one for a text of faith, and another of industry. Who ever got a corrupt thought from His garden. "We are astonished when we hear a base woman loving flowers," said a minister one day, and yet it may be. Flowers stimulate industry as well as lighten toil, but to have them requires patient study, patient culture and untiring determination.

From the fine establishment of the wealthy, to the tulip bed of the florist, or the potato patch of the cottager, there is in gardening a perpetual source of recreation, instruction and practical benefit.

Too many who teach us the arts and sciences, forget that the mind does not always grow as the body does. Though we have advanced in years the various branches of knowledge have often been but recently born within us.

J. B.

Fredericton, Nov. 26, 1877.

Miscellaneous.

An experienced Northern farmer recommends, for the securing a large yield of rich milk from a cow, that she should be supplied with water slightly salted, in which bran has been stirred at the rate of one quart to two gallons of water. The amount of the drink necessary is an ordinary water-pail full morning, noon, and night. For those who stable and soil their cows, this will be found a good practice.

Experiments have lately been made in England in dibbling wheat and cultivating it like corn, with the hoe The seed was planted in drills one foot apart, and four inches apart in the rows. The spaces between the drill rows were carefully cultivated until the plants had attained sufficient growth to interfere with the work. The result was eighty-four bushels per acre Another experiment with rows six inches apart and four inches apart in the rows resulted in a yield of sixty-nine bushels per acre. Other cases might be given in which even greater success attended this method of growing wheat. An experiment in this way of cultivating wheat, say on a square rod, very thoroughly manured and carefully cultivated, might be made by any farmer.

Preparing Poultry for Market.

Food in the crop injures the appearance, is liable to sour, and purchasers object to paying for this worse than useless weight; therefore, keep from food twenty-four hours before killing. Opening the veins of the neck or bleeding in the mouth is the best mode of killing. If the head be taken off at first, the skin will recede from the neck-bone, presenting a repulsive feature. M[illegible] here has the head left on, [illegible] and this is best when the process of killing has not injured the appearance of the head. When it is preferred to remove the head, it should be taken off at the throat, the skin peeled back a little and a portion of the neck-bone removed, the skin then drawn over the end and tied and trimmed neatly. The intestines or the crop should not be "drawn."

For scalding poultry, the water should be as near to the boiling point as possible, without actually boiling; the bird, being held by the legs, should be immersed and lifted up and down in the water three times—this makes picking easy. The feathers should then be at once removed, pin-feathers and all, very cleanly, and without breaking the skin. It should next be "plumped," by being dipped about two seconds into water nearly or quite boiling hot, and then at once into cold water about the same length of time. Most of the dressed poultry sold here is wet-picked, and such is generally preferred; but very fat, handsome turkeys, dry-picked, sell well at Thanksgiving and Christmas. Great care should be taken to avoid cutting or bruising the flesh or breaking the bones. It should be entirely cold, but not frozen, before being packed. This is a matter of importance; for, if packed with the animal heat in, it will be almost sure to spoil. If it reaches market sound without freezing, it will sell all the better.

In packing, when practicable, use hand-threshed dry straw; be sure that it is clean; free from dust of any kind; and entirely dry. Place a layer of straw at the bottom, then alternate layers of poultry and straw, taking care to stow snugly, backs upwards, legs under the body, filling vacancies with straw, and filling the package so that the cover will draw down very snugly upon the contents, to prevent shifting or shucking on the way. Boxes are the best packages, and should contain from say 150 to 300 pounds. Larger boxes are inconvenient, and more apt to get injured. The objection to barrels is that the fowls are apt to be much bent and twisted out of shape; they answer better for chickens and ducks than for turkeys and geese. Straw should be between the poultry and sides of package to keep from freezing, though in very cold weather this cannot always be avoided. In packing large lots it is best to put the different kinds in separate packages, and mark the kind on the cover. Our best markets for poultry are Thanksgiving, (generally the last Thursday in November) Christmas and New Years. Turkeys sell well on either of those occasions, but best at Thanksgiving. Geese sell best at Christmas, and chickens at New Years. Care should be taken that lots shipped for these special occasions should arrive in sufficient time before the event to meet the best sale. The poultry that arrives too late always meets a poor market.—*Whitley and Morris' Circular.*

Recently, says the *Standard*, there was published a full account of the experiments made by killing with dynamite. After very careful manipulation it succeeded in two cases; but we are told that the skull was burnt in "and the brain destroyed." In the third instance when it was tried it utterly failed, and the beast had to be killed with a poleaxe after all. All these things point against the use of dynamite as a means of cattle slaughter. As to the killing by carbonic acid, we do not see how it could be done without great expense and considerable trouble. What effect this sudden blood poisoning would have upon the meat we cannot say, for we have never considered the subject of the effects of that gas upon meat, nor had any opportunity of trying it practically. Killing by electricity would be a hundredfold more costly than the poleaxe, for the battery required to kill a bullock on the spot would consume about ten shillings' worth of zinc a day, and, above all, it would be a most terribly dangerous instrument to have in a slaughter house, when the charge of it must of necessity be to a great extent in unskilled hands, and where the danger of accidentally touching the wire would be of constant occurrence. Such an accident could, of course, have but one result; for the shock required to kill a bullock would be sufficient to kill half a dozen men. A poleaxe only costs from five to seven shillings, and we really know of no duration to its existence, though we have been told of many that have been in use for more than twenty years. This weapon is as swift and certain in its death as lightning itself, and for that reason has been used since time immemorial. Why, then, should mistaken humanitarians arise to cruelly experimentalize on animals with dynamite, carbonic acid gas, and electricity?

Beet Sugar.

The Quebec Local Government has shown much enterprise in grappling with an undertaking whose previous history on this continent exhibits a succession of disasters. For several years there has existed in the sister Province a standing offer of a bonus of $25,000 to be given to the man who first starts a beet sugar factory. Recently that bonus has been increased to $70,000, the payment to be spread over a term of ten years, and a movement is now on foot to secure the prize offered. Experience has proved that sugar beets can be grown in Ontario and parts of Quebec in as large quantities per acre as are produced in Europe; and chemical analysis has demonstrated over and over again that Canadian and American-grown beets are at least equal to French and German roots in the quantity of saccharine constituents; but whenever the enterprise has come out of the realms of theory into the domain of hard facts, it has invariably turned out that it did not pay. Certainly, one failure, or a dozen—and unfortunately there have been a good many dozen beet-sugar failures on this continent—does not demonstrate that the processes cannot be so cheapened that eventually beet sugar can be manufactured here for considerably less than the $1.20 per pound which was the outcome of the last grand speculation in this line. Pertinacity and ingenuity may accomplish for us what patriotism induced and "Perfidious Albion" compelled the French to do at the time when this century was in swaddling clothes. If we do not attempt again and again to grow our own sugar, we shall certainly never succeed in doing it. Whether it will pay us to make the necessary sacrifices for the sake of an industry which, if it ever can be made to pay, judging by what has gone before, only begin to be profitable when our grandchildren are becoming grey-haired, is the question.

The reasons for the entire want of success in all the attempts that have been made to set this industry on foot on this continent are these:—First of all, the essential difference in the price of labour on the two continents; next, the expense of setting up the necessary machinery and plant, which is so enormous that private capitalists cannot afford to invest in a business in which, if there ever should be any profits, they will necessarily be moderate. Then the analyses of the roots grown here are extremely untrustworthy when taken as data on which to found calculations. While the chemists tell us that the juice of Canadian and American beets contains ten, twelve, and even fourteen per cent. of sugar, while French roots average at least twenty per cent. poorer, practical experience says that the amount of sugar obtainable here is but about seven per cent.—a difference enough to melt all the profits imagined to belong to the business. In France, which country and Austria do the largest amount of beet-sugar making, the industry is not, even now, a safe one, after three quarters of a century of protection such as no man would venture to propose here. The French factory owners do a great business in feeding cattle with the refuse pulp of the beets. These cattle require a vast amount of labour bestowed upon them, for though theoretically the beet is not an exhausting crop, practically it is one of the most exhausting that can be grown, unless it is consumed on the farm, and all the resulting manure given back, necessitating a heavy bill for hauling. Labour is very cheap in France, while the price of meat is at least three times as high as that our farmers get. It is a matter of extreme doubt, at the present moment, whether the French factories are not entirely sustained by the sale of meat grown thereat.

There is another almost prohibitive difficulty. One factory will not make this a beet-sugar country, any more than one swallow makes a summer, Raw beet sugar would be at present a useless product in Canada. Before it got commercial value enough to warrant its extensive production, it would have to be refined. It would take a dozen or more factories to keep one refinery going, and till that refinery was going there would be such doubt as to the ultimate profit that the institution of a dozen factories with expensive vacuum pans and other paraphernalia, useless for any other purpose than sugar-making, would appear most unpromising to the man of money. It would be a task beyond the powers of the reach of the bonus-giving power of the sections where the factories were started. Again, the refinery, when going, would be certain to want protection "up to the hilt," and it is just as certain that no tax would be more unpopular with our people than a further heavy impost on a prime necessary of life for the sake of an industry from which this generation at least would reap no benefit. And added to these economical and financial difficulties there is a chemical hindrance. The composition of Canadian and American beets differs so widely, often on the same farm, that the juice cannot be satisfactorily "defecated," while there are said to be also present objectionable salts of potash and lime in varying quantities and of different natures, and requiring different treatment in order to get them eliminated or neutralized.

It will be seen that the case against beet root sugar in Canada is a strong one, but, on the other hand, the advantages to be reaped from being our own sugar-makers would be so great as to justify large expenditure in experimenting, provided that the money be judiciously laid out, and not expended in going over previously trodden ground. Apart from its sugar-making qualities, the sugar beet is well worth much more attention than it gets. It is the most valuable of all roots for feeding purposes, being hardy, not given to spoiling milk, nor troubled much by insects. Its growth, or the growth of other roots, on a large scale is just what our agriculture wants. It would necessitate deeper cultivation and better farming, would annihilate our present curse of weeds, and would enable more stock to be kept and the land to be brought up in fertility. If sugar factories should eventually be started farmers would have all the necessary experience in growing beets. As to profits, they might reckon on ten or fifteen tons (theorists say twenty to thirty tons, but let that pass) of roots to the acre, yielding them somewhere between $2 to $8 per ton for the juice expressed, and leaving them with the refuse pulp, which is said to be worth for feeding purposes more than half as much as an equal weight of hay, and of course exceeding hay in weight per acre many times. Hauling to and from the factory would be easy, as the sugar-making would go on in the winter. Here our sugar-makers would have an advantage, in the greater length of our winters enabling them to work for nearly double the time that a French factory can. As spring approaches, beets, being biennials, germinate, and much of the saccharine constituents become chemically changed and useless. We should be able to save something in the manufacture by reason of the greater leisure.

The party of Quebec capitalists who are moving toward securing the bonus offered by their Government have our good wishes for the success of their factory. What they need to do is to examine minutely the causes of the failures in New York, California, Illinois, and elsewhere, and endeavor to avoid the rocks on which their predecessors split. If they attempt to begin *de novo* there will be another $70,000 as good as thrown into the sea.—*Toronto Globe.*

Poetry.

THE STORM.

One day, by a cottage gray,
In leisure I rode along,
The glowing sun and the merry birds
Had brought to my lips a song.

Around the door, in grotesque groups,
There gathered a youthful crowd,
A picture fair, to myself, I said,
And smiled on them as I bowed.

And the good old mother cried,
"Come, rest you within this hut,
The wind will drive and the rain will pour,
For the chickweed flower is shut;

And the clover shrinks its timid leaves,
Beside, and the sun rose clear
And entered a mass of darkened clouds,
So the storm will soon be here."

Dismounting, I bent my head.
And entered her cottage door,
To please the dame, to myself, I said,
For her lore was not my lore.

To me the signs of the flowers
Or the rising sun's caprice,
Spoke not of rain, but her cottage brought
To my heart a shower of peace.

Within its humble walls
A maiden sat and spun;
A maiden fair, with golden hair,
Yet demure and quaint as a nun.

To me she had been dear
In life's young happy day,
But fortune, fickle, had played her false,
And she had hidden away.

So great the pleasure proved,
To meet my love again,
They said the storm had beaten long,
Ere I was aware of the rain.

Select Story.

Seeking a Situation.

"What can a man do in a place like this?" cried Steve Parker. "Look at this New York Herald! Look at that page! 'Situations for Males!' Nobody do but to go and pick and choose your place. I tell you, Harry, if you could once walk down Broadway, the very thoughts of living in Oldborough would sicken you ever after."

Then he lowered his voice, that Mrs. Flaxman, Harry's mother, might not hear him.

The good Quaker lady sat sewing at the other end of the room, pleased to see her boy so eager and interested. She caught now and then a chance word of Steve's harangue—"Marble stores," "brown stone palaces," "liveried servants," and "diamond studs in his shirt-bosom, worth thousands of dollars, sir!"

"Who is it that shows so costly a front, Stephen?" the mild little lady asked. She was always anxious to be a companion to Harry and his friends.

"Mr. Clements, ma'am!" cried Steve. "One of the first young men in New York. He's clerk in a clothing store on Broadway. He boarded with us last summer. He used to say to me, 'Parker, come to town, and we will make a man of you. You're wasted in a country village like Oldenborough!' That's the way he used to talk to me," pulling the light down on his upper lip triumphantly.

"I always thought thee fitted into the grocery shop very well, Stephen," said Mrs. Flaxman, quietly. "Thee might be a little more prompt in waiting on a customer, it is true. But if I were to see diamonds on a tailor's clerk, I would suspect something was wrong with the diamonds—or the clerk."

Steve scowled, and even Harry thought his mother unjust. The glitter of those diamond he remembered well—their red and yellow blaze of splendor. It threw a halo of magnificence over all New York.

Steve and he talked in whispers after that, and went out to the back gate to finish their discussion, which lasted until late at night.

The next morning Harry Flaxman found Steve's complaint the burden of all his own thoughts. "What can a man do in a place like this?" "Pretty business for a man like me!" he thought as he drove the cow to pasture, snapping the whip at her, and after breakfast, went to the doctor's office, and brushed all the bottles with their gilt lables, "Magnes," "Quin. Pills," etc.

Yet this "man" only fourteen, and if you had asked him yesterday who were his best friends, he would have counted old Brindle among them.

A year ago, too, Harry Flaxman had been one of the happiest boys in Oldborough when Dr. Hartley had offered him the place in his office.

"Harry was a good boy," he had said to the widow, "and has enough knowledge of Latin to qualify him for a doctor, as doctors go. I cannot afford to take him as a student for nothing. But let him come and keep the office in order, and stay in it when I am out, and I will board and pay him enough to clothe him and give him the use of my books and such instructions as I can."

The doctor's deeds had been better than his words. Harry's light duties left him plenty of time to study. He recited his English lessons to his mother at night, and had begun seriously at the very foundation of a medical course.

Mrs. Flaxman was a widow, and poor. A great load had been lifted from her mind. She fancied Harry a grown young man—a successful student—a physician—Dr. Harley's partner. It took her but an hour to build a castle in Spain, and she built it every day.

Meanwhile, Steve Parker had been down on a day's visit to New York, and brought back very different ideas, wherewith to dazzle Harry.

Dr. Harley, during the week that followed, observed that that the boy was careless, inattentive and lost in his own thoughts; supposing that some care of his mother's troubled him, he said nothing, but resolved to call at the widow's the next day, and see what was wrong.

The next day was too late. Henry did not come to the office as usual. An hour afterwards, the doctor was sent for to Mrs. Flaxman's.

"Harry," said the old woman who came to the doctor, "has run away, and it has gone nigh to killing his mother. I've seen that Parker boy putting the mischief into the boy for weeks. Harry's not a bad 'un in the grain."

"He left this letter," said Mrs. Flaxman, when the doctor reached the house. "The poor boy did it for the best. But—I would rather he'd died."

The poor little woman was not very strong, and the sudden blow had shaken her terribly, but she would not hear a word of blame of Harry. The letter he had left was to say that he he had gone to make a fortune for him and her; that he had influential friends and the best prospects in New York.

"The influential friends is the young man Clements, who wore paste diamonds," said his mother, "and the 'prospects' are the advertisements in the newspaper."

"He left no address?" asked the doctor.

"No, no. And he had but a dollar in his pocket."

"He'll write for money to come home before this week is over," growled the doctor. "Meanwhile, I must find a steady boy for my office."

He was annoyed at Mrs. Faxman's defense of the scapegrace and could not resist giving this parting cut to him.

But the weeks passed, another and another, and still no word from Harry. Steve Parker, who had gone with him, had written home twice, begging for money, but did not mention Harry's name.

"Young Flaxman," the people said, when they met in the market, "had more pluck than that Parker. He'd starve before he'd give up."

When Steve and Harry landed in New York, it was on a bright morning and no millionaire trod the streets with more secure pride in his future than they did as they strutted up Broadway.

"Stephen Girard had but two shillings to begin his career, and Ben Franklin a sixpence," said Harry, "and we have three dollars, Steve."

"Yes; and they were old fogies. We make business spin to a different fashion nowadays. Look at Jim Fisk. Began as a peddlar. I bet you I've got some tricks in the business that go ahead of any peddler."

Harry did not boast, but he marched rather than walked the streets.

"We'll go up to Clement's and tell him that we have come to town. He'll be delighted," said Steve.

They found the clothing store with difficulty. "Clements?" said the proprietor. "Oh, there had been a runner employed by the firm of that name, but he had been discharged long ago. Did he want a clerk? No, nor shop-boy," laughing. Nobody in New York wanted new hands this winter. The object was to get rid of half the old ones."

"Old idiot!" said Steve, as they walked away. It was growing dark. The boys found a cheap hotel, but by he time they had paid for supper, bed and breakfast, the larger part of their three dollars was gone. The next two days were spent in answering advertisments. They began trying for positions as book-keepers, and came rapidly down to errand boys.

"Only give me a footing." Harry said a thousand times, "and I'll make my way."

The third day his tones were not so bold, though his words were the same. He had breakfasted on dry bread, and slept on the steps of a church.

Their last essay brought them to an intelligence office, kept by a colored man.

"No sitooations for white folks heah," he said. The boys slunk out, but stopped seeing that the man followed them. He had a kindly grave face.

"Look-a-heagh, boys, you's from the country, eh? My adwice to you is to go back dah as soon as you kin. De man or boy who can earn bread and butter in de country is a fool if he leaves it to come to town this winter."

They walked on and sat down in a doorway.

"That's good advice," said Steve, and began to whimper.

"I have ten cents left," said Harry. "I'll not give up," but his lips began to look blue and his jaws lean.

The three weeks had passed. One Monday morning a gaunt, ragged boy stood on one of the ferry-boats, with a half dozen morning papers under his arm. "Here's your *Times*, *'Erald Tribune!*" he called.

Nobody bought.

"Sir," he said, pulling a gentleman by the sleeve, "buy from me. I haven't eaten a mouthful since yesterday noon."

"Bah!" The man pushed him aside.

Harry staggered against the railing, and looked down into the dark rushing river.

A month ago, he would have been busy in the snug little office, or studying at the medical books which had begun to interest him; well fed, well clothed, and with a happy, comfortable home and a fond mother waiting for him.

Now—

At the thought of his mother, the hot tears chased each other down his cheeks.

"Hello, youngster!" said a rough voice beside him.

Harry started and stammered—"Mr.—Mr. Clements?"

"Yes; it's me. Under the weather as you see," slapping his shabby coat and dirty, shirt in which still sparkled the diamond.

"It must be paste, or he would have sold it," thought Harry, sharpened by his month of town life.

"Yes, I'm out of work. Tried betting, turning the cards—all sorts of luck. Going to the country to-morrow to answer this advertisement. Snug little birth, I judge. Your place, by the way."

He pulled out an Oldborough *Weekly Star*. Dr. Harley advertised for an office-boy.

"Yes," said Harry; "it is a snug berth."

He handed Clements back the paper When they reached the pier, he went ashore, and stood stunned and bewildered—sick, too, from hunger. "The prodigal son must have felt as I do when he wished for the husks which the swine did eat," he thought. He went back to his father, and said, "I have sinned."

Some days later, one of his occasional patients hailed the doctor on the street. "Didn't I see that young reprobate Flaxman sneaking into town last night—miserable dirty and ragged—poor, wretch?"

"Harry? Here he is in the buggy with me," drawing back so as to show Harry in his Sunday suit, which he had left behind. "Not many rags here—eh? But Harry has had enough of the city. I shall find him a more useful, and studious boy than ever before."

It is often a good thing for a bright, capable boy to seek a situation in the city. The most successful business men usually come to the city from country homes; but the boys who estimate city opportunities by the flashy dress and assuming airs of speculating adventurers, will be apt to be as much disappointed as was our friend Harry Flaxman.—*Youth's Companion.*