

WHEN A HORSE IS SOUND.

POINTERS FOR MANY BUYERS OF GOOD AND BAD HORSES.

Gleason Gives Some Good Advice Regarding the Purchase of a Horse and Explains When He is Sound and When He is Not Sound.

In meeting with so many unsound horses in my journeys about the United States, I am awakened to the fact that I might enlighten many of my readers by my original methods of detecting all of the unsound points about the horse. In doing this I do not intend to make use of any scientific terms that belong to the veterinary college, but instead of which it will be my aim to use plain, matter-of-fact language, and that which would generally occur in any and every community where people reside. I admire and endeavor to improve that noble animal so highly esteemed by man. In doing this, it is certainly not my object to induce the reader to entertain the idea that I belong to the veterinary school. If, perchance, the reader should entertain the idea, let me disabuse his mind with regard to it. The veterinary college is an institution of a very high order, and one worthy of the patronage of the rising generation, and should receive the encouragement of the whole world.

How to examine the horse:—In the first place use your own judgment and do not listen to what your neighbors say. If you are in a locality where you can get a good veterinary to examine him, I would advise you to do so, unless you consider yourself fully qualified; if such is the case with the reader, I can only say go ahead.

Have the horse led out of the stable, as all horses should be examined in the open air. The first of all look to his age. For ascertaining the correct age of the horse you will find it laid down elsewhere in this book. Open the horse's mouth, look at his grinders and see that they are in a proper condition. Next examine his eyes, then his ears, running your fingers carefully in them to see that there is no unnatural growth of warts or bunches such as wens, etc., which could not otherwise be discerned, as there by many horses have been rendered deaf from such causes. Take your right hand, place it on the top of his head and feel for the effects of Polleil, or any sores of any nature that may be there. Then run your hand back to his withers and examine for any marks of the surgeon's knife or fistula, also while examining the mouth, look carefully for any marks or scars that might be the result of the knife. Now run your hand on the horse's back to the region of his kidneys to ascertain if there is any weakness there. Now stand directly in front of the animal, and see if he has a full chest, and that his shoulders are both alike. Now look at his fore feet and see if they are both the same size.

Now pick up his feet and see that the frog is of a yielding and tender character. See that he does not have "Thrush," which you can detect from the offensive odor arising therefrom. Now look on the inside of his front leg and see whether he has splints or any unnatural enlargements of any character or nature. Now examine the hind legs for bone spavin or any enlargement of the hock joint, such as blood spavins, bog spavins, thorough pin, curb, etc., etc. Examine the leaders and tendons. Now have the horse trotted at a slow and also a quick pace; then take a side view of the same action. Then have him backed quickly and led up quickly, keeping your eyes on his hind legs, looking for spring halt. Now have him turned around short, looking for any weakness about his front legs, which he will exhibit by dragging one of his limbs. Also examine his throat and nostrils, looking for any disease that might be located there.

The ears of a horse should be small; broad between his eyes, with a large and full hazel eye, perfectly level and straight from the forehead down to the nostril, with a large, full nostril and thin. Size of the animal varies according to what you want to use him for. The bones of the horse's leg should be flat and with very little flesh upon them, showing the cords and leaders perfectly. The foot should be of a flat nature. I have found those to be a more lasting kind. The foot that contracts easiest is of a high wall and closed heel.

The reader may be assisted in reviewing the following list of common terms used in expressing the unsound points about the horse:

- Contraction of the foot.....Unsound
- Thrush in the foot.....Unsound until cured
- Toe crack.....Unsound
- Quarter crack.....Unsound
- Corn.....Unsound
- Flat foot, when sole has dropped.....Unsound
- Pomace sole, or any nonformation of the laminae.....Unsound
- Callousness upon the knee, caused by a horse falling down, or otherwise, is an evidence of unsoundness.
- If the knee is swollen, but no wen or protuberance of a callous nature, sound.
- As to the eye, any disease, even from the slightest cold or inflammation, until it be completely cured or has resulted in total blindness, stamp the animal as unsound.
- In short, a horse with either not actually perfect is unsound.
- Ringbone.....Unsound
- Canker in the foot.....Unsound
- Windgalls I consider not in the full sense of the term unsound, but rather as a blemish brought on by overwork or strain.
- Curb.....Unsound
- Spavins of all natures and kinds.....Unsound
- Capped hocks.....Unsound
- Rheumatism.....Unsound
- Thorough pin.....Unsound
- Blood spavin.....Unsound
- String halt.....Unsound
- Low hip or any protuberance of the hip.....Unsound
- Gease heels, until cured.....Unsound
- Cracked heels.....Unsound
- Enlargement of the hind leg, or what is technically termed "Elephantine".....Unsound
- Weak back.....Unsound
- Knuckling of the pastern joint, or sprung knees.....Unsound

Stumbling, which is caused by the weakness of the tendons.....Unsound

All enlargements of the sinews or tendons.....Unsound

Heaves, or broken wind.....Unsound

Cough, until cured.....Unsound

Crib biting.....Unsound

Wind sucking.....Unsound

Heaving, a nervous affection not necessarily injurious but more of a habit.

Surfeit or mange.....Unsound until cured

Glanders.....Unsound

Strangles.....Unsound

Colds and distempers, until cured.....Unsound

Enlarged joints.....Unsound

Soft enlargements on any part of the limbs.....Unsound

Sore shoulders or galled backs.....Unsound until cured

Horses where the shoulder has shrunk or perished; it is caused by inflammation of the tendons, originating in the foot, and they are unsound.

Stiff hocks.....Unsound

Wounds of every nature, until cured.....Unsound

Scars of all kinds, if properly healed, not leaving a bone fracture, are sound.

Horses who have cut their quarters when speeding, or when lying down in the stall have caused the shoe boil, are unsound until cured.

Roman backed horses are the most durable animals we have.

Saddle backed, hollow backed and low backed horses may be considered sound, but are nevertheless an eyesore to the owner.

Wall-eyed or moon-eyed horses, if not sightless, I consider sound.

All humors arising from impurities of the blood or otherwise, I consider an evidence of unsoundness until cured.

Pigeon toed horses, or horses toeing in, unsound, being an unnatural development, liable to cork themselves or interfere.

GOING OVER THE LINE OF TRAPS.

An Old Woodsman Recounts the Events of a Winter Day in the Great Maine Woods.

"There are times in the life of a Maine woods trapper," said Capt. Barker, who is an old-time Maine woods trapper himself, "when he'd rather catch sight of his old log camp in the wilderness than run up against a gold mine, for the camp at such times can do for him what all the gold mines on the face of the earth couldn't do—save his life. If you had ever tried trapping in the Maine woods in the depths of winter you would know what I mean. For the sake of an illustration, just imagine yourself trapping there, say along in the month of December. There is a foot of snow on the ground. It doesn't require much imagination to see a foot of snow on the ground in the Maine woods in December. You might multiply it by three and get nearer the truth. You have two camps, and it they are fifteen miles apart it will be nothing unusual. Leading from one of these camps to the other you have two lines of traps, one to the right, over the hardwood mountains, where there is good ground for the sable and fisher-cat and the other to the left, up a brook and around a small pond, where the otter and beaver and mink work in their various ways, and then up another brook valley to the camp.

"Early in the morning you take your axe and rifle, your bag of bait and lunch, and follow the mountain line of traps, while your partner takes the valley line, or vice versa, as the case may be, but the result will be the same. The expectation and calculation is that you are to meet each other at the camp before dark. You go up into the mountains. It begins to snow about 10 o'clock. Your partner has no difficulty in following the valley line, for the creek shows the way, and he will get to camp before dark, cut the wood for the night, get it in, build a fire, and prepare for getting supper, expecting to hear you stamping in before long. But things go different with you on the mountain line. There is more snow up there than in the valley. The travelling is hard. The traps need a good deal of setting over and fixing, for the wild cats have been busy along the line, robbing you of a sable here and a fisher there, which otherwise would have been your well-earned trophy. Then a fisher, fast in a trap, has dragged it away into the woods, and it takes you a good while to find it. A light wind drives the fast-falling damp snow against the trunks of the trees, and it sticks there, so that in a couple of hours or so you can't see the blaze marks on them until you have brushed off the snow.

"By and by you find a blazed tree, and then look ahead and try to make up your mind which tree the next blaze is on. You pick out a tree that you think is the one and brush off the snow. No blaze there. Then you go on to another tree, perhaps off to the right, and brush again. No blaze there. Some distance ahead, off to the left, you see a tree. That must be a blazed tree surely, you think. You scrape the snow off of that tree. No blaze there. And then you go on hunting here and there for the next blazed tree, until at last you find it, only to have to repeat the proceeding, perhaps, before you locate the next one after that one on your course. All this takes much time and annihilates but little distance, and almost before you are aware of it darkness begins to fall around you. You have lost the line altogether, now. You don't know whether it is to the right or to the left of you, but you do know that you are still a long way from camp. You have a compass, but as you don't know your course it is of no use to you.

"By this time you have begun to think that there is a good chance for your having to lie out on the mountain that night. You slip your hands into your pocket to make sure that your match box is all safe, and feel a little faint when you fail to find it. The likeliest explanation for its absence is that it slid out of your pocket while you were sleeping in your bunk last night. Never before have you realized the importance of always being sure that you have everything that can possibly be necessary on a tramp when you leave camp. "Your situation now can't be described as a pleasant one. The damp snow through the day, together with the perspiration due to your hard working, has wet your clothing through and through. By and by it stops snowing. The wind has shifted around into the northwest and is blowing a gale. The snow comes piling down from the trees upon you, and it hurts, for it is frozen. The fast-scudding clouds look white and

fleece, and you occasionally see a cold-looking star up through them. The mercury is liable to tumble down to 25 or 30 degrees below zero before morning. It is madness to think of lying out. You must get to camp or die.

"You are struggling on through the snow and night, fully conscious of the peril of your situation, when suddenly you hear the distant report of a rifle. No one who has never been there knows how sweet the report of a rifle can sound to his ears when plunging aimlessly about in the darkness, lost in wintry woods, and what a change it can make in his feelings on the instant. If you ever want to hear music that is sweeter than the swell of the grandest organ, let the report of a rifle come to your ears under circumstances such as those. At first you find yourself rushing in the direction from which the sound came. Then you stop suddenly. The awful thought comes over you that it was not a rifle shot you heard; that you only imagined it to be one; that your nerves are forsaking you; that you are losing your senses under the strain. Then there is what seems an age of torture, but it is really only a moment. Then you hear the report again. This time you no longer doubt your ears or your senses. It is your partner, uneasy at your tardiness, and fearing its cause, signalling in hope that you will hear. You answer with a shot, and stride on for camp, knowing that you are saved.

"By and by you come out in sight of the camp. Bright sparks are shooting up in showers out of the smoke hole. It is but a rough, rude log hut, but no illuminated palace of kings could awaken such joy within your breast as that same hut, with its blazing fire. The finest dinner that was ever spread could never taste as good as the meal of flapjacks, venison, and black coffee that your partner has ready for you when you knock the snow off you and go in. And no downy couch ever brought such rest to mortal man as that bed of spruce boughs on the cabin floor will bring to you."

THE FRENCH SPY SYSTEM.

The Government Cling to the Old System of Paid Informers.

After all that has been said about the villainess of the police system under the Empire, which rendered it almost impossible for anyone to be safe from espionage, even in private life, it might well be supposed that the Republic had done away with this machinery for discovering and weaving plots, so much more suited to the age of Louis the XI. than to the nineteenth century. It remains, however, very much what it was thirty years ago. These things do not change in France. Governments go, and the forms of government, and these are succeeded by others, but the good old abuses—they must be thought good by some people—cling to the ship with barnacle-like tenacity. French official organization is about the most steadfast thing in the world, although all French people to whom you may speak on the subject agree that it is very bad. It is almost as difficult now as it was under the Empire to be certain that a man whom you may meet, either in society or out of it, does not belong to the secret police. All over the country there are mouchards—a term expressing something stronger than spies. I have been inconvenienced by them myself in the provinces. On one occasion I made a rather long stay in a little place where there were two hotels in fierce rivalry. One day a brigadier of gendarmes came over from a neighboring town on purpose to make enquiries respecting me. He did not trouble me, but he questioned various people as to how I passed my time, about how much I spent a day, what sort of meals I had, and whether I appeared to have more money than I knew what to do with. The fact was I was suspected of being a spy in the pay of a foreign government.

As I consider a bold front to be the best whenever there is anything of this kind in the air, I got myself driven over to the gendarmerie, which was about eight miles off, and there had it out with the brave brigadier. I soon discovered that an informer had been at work, and that the informer was no other than the keeper of the rival hotel, who for years had been receiving pay as a member of the secret police. Situated where he was, he must have been absolutely useless in that capacity, but at one time he had doubtless done a service to somebody. It is especially in Paris, however, that the secret police is supposed to be indispensable. Every government wishes to be kept well informed as to all that goes on in the enemy's camp. Such information can only be obtained from those who are willing to play the part of a traitor, or whose position enables them to observe what is going forward without exciting suspicion. They are technically termed "indicators," and may belong to either sex. When the Boulanger movement was convulsing France, the government had a great advantage over its opponents by the handling of the secret fund and the secret police. Boulanger's footsteps were dogged everywhere, and somehow M. Constans learned all that he wished to know concerning the plans and doings of the conspirators.

An important point in this system is to make the "indicator" feel sure that whatever happens he will not be betrayed. The Minister of the Interior or of Justice never asks the names of those by means of whose espionage certain political information has been gathered. The money given for dark services is paid from hand to hand in cafes or other non-official places by commissionaires and the name of no auxiliary outside of the ranks of the regular police ever appears in a book. It is impossible for the government to do without this abominable system, so opposed to the ideal of a democratic state.

Gold Will Be a Drug.

Recent experimental borings in the Witwatersand gold fields in South Africa reveal the existence of enough gold in that region alone to supply all the yellow money wants of the world for many centuries to come. The borings were carried down to the depth of 2,500 feet, and show the existence of eight blanket beds of gold bearing ore averaging six feet in thickness each. The basin for which this holds good has a circumference of 400 miles and an area of 12,580 square miles. At fifteen feet to a ton, this is computed to contain ten and a half millions of tons of ore. At the very low value of \$7.50 per ton, the yield of gold would be \$79,000,000,000,000 (seventy-nine trillion dollars), or \$50,000 for every man, woman and child now living on the face of the earth when it is all extracted.

An Escape From The Zenana.

From Mrs. Frater, one of the devoted ladies who is laboring among the women secluded in the zenanas of India, comes the following account of an escape: About a fortnight since a young unmarried woman from a Kuhl Brahmin family left her zenana. She is an only daughter, a bright, intelligent, handsome girl of nineteen years of age. We have visited her for three years, but a year ago she felt the power of God's love in her heart, and from that time ceased to worship idols, thus frequently incurring her father's anger. Two or three weeks ago she asked us if she might come out of her zenana and confess Christ, as she believed in Him. Many difficulties were in the way, but she was determined; so the night after the Holi festival she quietly forsook her old home and its religion for a new and untried world. Two hours afterwards we met her and took her to a place of safety. The following night she was brought down to Fyzabad at her own wish. On Tuesday, her father, who is a bigoted Hindu, came down and laid a complaint before the magistrate that we had abducted the girl for the sake of her jewels. He said, "The girl is only thirteen years of age," upon hearing which the girl spoke up and said, "Father, I am nineteen, you told me so last week." The magistrate asked for her birth certificate; the father said, "It is lost." The girl looking straight at him, said, "No, father, you know it is in the box at home." Finally the magistrate, having satisfied himself as to her age, gave us permission to take the girl away.

An Estimate of Cleveland.

"What is it that is so impressive and overwhelming about your friend, Governor Cleveland?" said a distinguished politician to the late Daniel Manning, at a time when Mr. Manning was with great skill directing the politics that had Cleveland's first presidential nomination in view.

"I do not know what it is, but I know that it is there," was Mr. Manning's reply. "My political intuitions are infallible," said Governor Tilden, after a single interview with Mr. Cleveland; "and I am of opinion that this man is of somewhat coarse mental fibre and disposition, but of great force and subornly honest in his convictions."

"His name should be Petros," Mr. Blaine once said of Mr. Cleveland, "for when he has once formed opinions he stands upon them with the firmness of a granite foundation."—McClure's for Nov.

During medieval times a woman who had nothing when she was married escaped responsibility for her debts. Women were then often married in a single garment to relieve themselves of indebtedness. A young and noble German lady of the sixteenth century, to make assurance doubly sure, had the marriage ceremony performed while she was standing in a closet, entirely divested of clothing. She put out her hand through the crack of the door and was thus married.

The man who is above his business may one day find his business above him.

He who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who can give it.

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