

Mildred & Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)
Just then the door opened and Mildred entered. She came in swiftly, and advanced so rapidly toward the chimney-piece that, until she was within a foot of him, she was not aware of his presence there, and acknowledged her surprise by a sudden start and exclamation of alarm.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "I did not mean to frighten you."
Even as he spoke a wild determination to know the worst from her own lips without loss of time seized upon him.

"I came for a book," explained Mildred, hurriedly. "Ah, here it is! In confusion I hardly remembered where I had left it."

"Can you spare me a few minutes?" asked Denzil, without giving himself liberty to think further.

"Certainly," answered Mildred, in a tone of marked surprise. "But do you not think that another time would be more convenient? You see—glancing at the clock—how late it is? The ball will commence in less than half an hour, and we shall not be ready."

"I will not detain you long," he said—two or three minutes at the furthest. Indeed, a few words will comprise all that I have to say. You must have seen—desperately—you must know for yourself—"

"Stay," cried Mildred, faintly—"do not go on! You have said enough—believe me—"

"It is too late now to stop me," interrupted Denzil, passionately. "I must go on and tell you the one thought that occupies me day and night. Reject me—despise me, if you will, only hear me."

To this, although he waited as if in expectation, she made no answer. Perhaps, had she then once more forbidden him, he might forever have held his peace. But she kept complete silence.

They formed a curious picture, standing there in the old-fashioned dresses they had not had time to remove; Denzil in white satin breeches and rich ruffles and carefully powdered hair, Miss Trevanion as "La Valliere," with her trailing embroidered satin robe, her fair hair also thinly powdered, and her soft white arms half bared.

Encouraged by her speechlessness, Denzil spoke again—

"I love you," he said, simply. "I am only telling you what you have known all along—am I not? And yet, even to myself, when put into language, it seems quite different—the words sound so poor and cold. Is it altogether hopeless, Mildred? Is there any chance for me?"

She had moved a few steps backward as he began speaking, and now stood supporting herself by one hand resting on the table. She had lowered her eyes and fixed them on the ground, and appeared calm enough though she made no response to his last appeal.

"Give me my answer," he said.

"You should not have gone on," she observed at length, her tone low but angry. "I forbade you to do so. It was unfair to compel me to listen when you knew I wished neither to hear nor to understand."

"Give me my answer," he said again.

"What answer can I give?" she asked, with a slight impatient movement of the hand near him. "Better would it be to ask for none. I warned you before. Be satisfied now, and leave me."

"Give me my answer," he said for the third time, sternly. "I will take it from your own lips now."

"Then, as you will have it," she cried, losing all moderation, "take from my own lips 'No.'"

There was a long pause. Denzil's face was as white as death. Miss Trevanion's scarcely less so; while the hand that lay upon the table appeared bloodless from the intensity with which she leaned upon it.

"Do you say that because my father earned his money by trade?" asked Denzil, slowly.

"It cannot matter now," she answered, coldly.

"Yes, it does," he went on, excitedly; "and I believe, from my heart, that that is the reason. I believe that, loving you as I do, I could in time have made you return my love had not your wretched pride stepped in to prevent it. Or can it be true what I have heard said—that you would at any risk, willingly sell yourself to gain a title? If I could bring myself to think that of you—if that were possible—Tell me, Mildred—is it the truth?"

"I do not understand you," said Mildred, haughtily. "I will listen to no more of your questioning, sir. Let me pass."

"It is true, then!" he exclaimed, passionately, seizing her hand to detain her. "You do not deny it! And you will sacrifice yourself to obtain possession of a mere position? I imagined you incapable of such a thing; but see how mistaken we all are in the idols we set up! I am thankful I was disillusioned in time. I am glad—yes, glad—you have refused me, as a woman who could so barter away her heart is not worthy to be the wife of any honest man."

Mildred was trembling with anger. "That will do," she said. "You need not say another word. If you were to think forever, you could never say anything worse than that."

Indignantly she drew away her fingers from his clasp as she spoke, and with the action a small turquoise bracelet fell to the ground. Involuntarily Denzil stooped to pick it up, and, as she held out her hand to repossess herself and fastened it there once more. Then, a reckless feeling coming over him, and the small white hand he loved with such hopeless fondness being so well within his reach, he bent his head, and pressed a tender, despairing, lingering kiss upon it, after which he almost flung it from him and walked away.

What a sad, final farewell it seemed to him! As for Mildred, she made no further sign, but left the room as noiselessly as she had entered it.

In the hall she encountered Mabel, radiant and white-robed, who said: "What—not yet dressed, Mildred?"

And Mildred answered, "I shall be down presently," quite calmly, and then went on to her room.

But, when the door was closed, and securely fastened, an awful sense of desolation fell upon her. For the first time in her life she felt what it was to be alone. What had she done? What was it she had thrown away forever, and ever? She sunk upon her knees by her bed, and, burying her head in the cushions, cried as if her heart would break.

When Mildred came downstairs, the ball was at its height. Denzil was there, as calm as ever, and apparently in excellent spirits, at the end of the room, conversing with her mother and old Blount. He was laughing, but his mirth was not overstrained, neither was his manner in any wise different from what is usually was; and, indeed, only one intimately acquainted with him would have noticed a certain bright gleam and glitter in his eyes which betokened feverishness. He did not look toward the door, or in any way falter in his conversation with her, however.

"Ah, there is Mildred at last!" she said. "What a time the child has taken to dress; and how white she looks! I hope she has not been over-exercising herself."

"Tableaux are about the most fatiguing things I know," said Denzil, quietly, looking, not where Mildred stood, while somebody was inscribing his name upon her card, but straight into Lady Caroline's eyes.

"So they are," returned her ladyship to Denzil, in all good faith; "and Mildred is not too strong. Now that I see Mildred," she went on a little later, "I began to wonder where Mabel came. I have not noticed her amongst the dancers since first she came in."

Here she elevated her glasses to take an anxious maternal survey of the room. Mabel was nowhere in sight.

"Where can she have gone to?" exclaimed her mother; and just at that moment her glance fell on the curtains that draped the window at the lower end of the apartment. They were slightly parted, and through the opening could be seen the balcony beyond, and on the balcony a glimpse of a white dress.

"That must be Mabel," decided her ladyship impatiently. "How extremely foolish of her thus to expose herself in a thin light dress to the winter air! Who is with her?"

"My nephew, I fancy," said old Blount.

"Mabel is behaving most imprudently," observed Lady Caroline with as much austerity in her tone as she was capable of. "She will have half the county talking of her presently; and very instant with her spectacles on, veering in their direction. Mr. Young, will you go and tell Mabel that I want to speak to her directly."

"My dear Lady Caroline," returned Denzil, "it goes to my heart to refuse you anything, even the smallest trifle; but just consider what you have asked me to do. Were I to interfere as you wish me, I should call down so many secret bad wishes and indignant looks upon my head that I have no doubt in the world the consequences would be fatal."

He laughed pleasantly as he spoke; but old Blount, who had been listening, did not laugh at all, keeping prematurely grave.

"My dear madam," he said, "why interfere at all? The lad is a good lad and a handsome lad, and will come in for all I have when I am gone. Let them alone."

So Mabel and Roy were left alone to follow their own devices, and consequently enjoyed their evening to the utmost.

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Miss Sylverton, having danced seven times consecutively with Charles Trevanion, was feeling perfectly contented and at peace with herself and all the rest of the world; while Mildred, pale and beautiful, with a disturbed heart and restless mind, danced and laughed half the night with Lord Lyndon only to return to her room, when the ball had terminated, dissatisfied, weary and unsettled.

CHAPTER IX.
A week later, and the Youngs, having bidden their adieus, had gone on their way homeward to the North—all except Denzil, who had consented, at the urgent request of Charles and Eddie Trevanion, to remain four days

longer, in consideration of a hunt declared to be coming off within that period at some particularly affected "meot."

It had come off, and it was now indeed Denzil's last night at King's Abbott for some time to come. He had been shooting steadily all the morning, with the vigorous intention of warding off all cares and vexations that might arise to harass and disturb his mind; but as the night drew on, and the hour of departure approached more closely, his self-imposed sternness gave way, and he began painfully to understand how bitterly he should miss the sight of the cold, exquisite face of Mildred Trevanion during the two months that must elapse before he could avail himself of the pressing invitation he had received from Sir George and Lady Caroline, to come and stay with them again as soon as ever Christmas should be over their heads.

"So you are really about to leave us to-morrow?" said Frances Sylverton. "I can scarcely bring myself to believe it. You have made yourself so completely one of us that I do not know how we are to get on until we see you again."

"Is that from your heart?" asked Denzil, lightly, but with an under-stratum of extreme earnestness. "When I am far away I shall like to believe it was." Then, changing his tone to one somewhat lower, he added, "For myself I cannot bear to think of this time to-morrow evening; all will be so changed, so different."

"And so you have actually made up your mind to go by the early train, Mr. Young?" called out Miss Deverill from an opposite sofa.

"Yes," answered Denzil; "I must start early, whether I like it or not, as I have particular business to transact in London to-morrow, and have let it run to the very last day."

"Well, the best of such decisions is," went on Miss Deverill, "one gets over one's last speeches and adieus the night before, and so can commence the journey in the morning free and unfettered."

"I should call that the worst of it, not the best," said Miss Sylverton, softly. "I could not bear to leave a house with no one ready to bid me 'good-by,' or to wish me a pleasant journey."

"There are two sides to every question," answered Denzil, somewhat sadly. "Talking Miss Deverill's view of the matter, you see you escape bidding final adieus, that might perhaps in many cases wring the heart."

"But still, as final farewells must be said one time or the other, I think I should prefer them at the very last moment," said Frances. "Confess now, that you would always like some one to give you your breakfast, and say a kindly word to you before starting."

"Well, yes, I confess I should like it," responded Denzil, "but, when one chooses to get up at such an unseasonable hour as half-past six, one must suffer the attendant penalties."

"I will give you your breakfast to-morrow morning, Mr. Young, if you wish it," broke in Mildred's voice, calm and sweet.

Denzil started—an expression of intense doubting astonishment passed over his face. He raised his eyes, and gazed steadfastly at her.

Mildred herself appeared perfectly unmoved, her features being as composed as though no such unexpected words had fallen from her lips. Her fingers steadily unpicked the stitch that had somehow gone wrong in her work, and did not even tremble in the act.

Denzil tried hard to find some suitable words in which to clothe his appreciation of her unwonted graciousness, and to beg that, for his sake, she would not put herself to such an inconvenience—but in vain; his brain seemed in confusion, and he could only mutter "Thank you" in a hurried, unnatural manner, quite foreign to his usual courteous self.

(To be continued.)

EATING AND BODILY HEALTH.

Two French Medical Investigators Believe We Eat to Die.

Doubt as to whether we eat to live or eat to die has been dispelled by certain French medical investigators, who have proved to their own satisfaction that we eat to die. One of these scientists recently read a paper before the Academy of Medicine, in which he advanced the theory that appendicitis is often the result of intestinal poisoning caused by influenza. Another investigator in discussing the same subject declared that the disease is caused by worms or other parasites that are swallowed with raw fruits and vegetables and in impure water. Two other French investigators have discovered by test that rabbits which have been compelled to fast for a week are proof against the attacks of bacilli injected into their systems, while rabbits that have received their regular rations quickly succumb to disease. This is probably explained by the theory that the digestive agents of the body when not employed in the assimilation of nourishment from food will be fighting trim for the task of "doing up" any microbes that may enter their bowels. Prophylactic action in line with this theory would destroy the business of the butchers, grocers and bakers during times of epidemic, but it would also destroy the fasters in the course of time, and thus prove the converse of the dictum that we eat to die. There is no doubt as to the ill-effects of over-eating; and opinion is general that humanity is inclined to eat too much. The investigations of the French scientists have neither removed doubt as to the real cause of appendicitis nor made it clear that humanity can escape the omnipresent microbe by habitual fasting.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

ANTI-AMERICAN ALLIANCE

England, Germany and Italy Are Ready

FOR A COMMERCIAL FIGHT.

London Spectator Comments on the Italian Admiral's Threat at Toulon Fetes—Russia and France May Hold Afloat—Nations in an Ugly Mood.

London, April 22.—The Spectator today discussed "the possibility of necessity of European nations uniting against America, Africa and Asia, as the future of civilization will require them to do so."

England, Germany, Austro-Hungary, Italy, Spain and Holland are ready for an anti-American alliance tomorrow. It is not likely, however, that France and Russia will be willing to take a hand. So far those countries have not been hurt.

The annoyance of the nations with America, which is very deep, is based upon three reasons, the first being the dread, or rather the conviction, that competition with America is nearly impossible, her wealth and energy being too great. Both are employed, the continent thinks, to monopolize trade and so to control in the end all the wealth of the world.

"The Americans," the Spectator concludes, "may rely upon it that the nations will lose nothing by want of planning, and that when the alliance against America, of which Admiral Canevaro talks, is transmuted into facts it will be full grown and full armed."

Honors to Officers.

London, April 22.—Honors are scattered broadcast to the British officers who have taken part in the Boer campaign. The list of honors and promotions among the higher ranks fill fourteen pages of the Official Gazette.

Gen. Kitchener heads the list of new lieutenant-generals, his commission dating back to Dec. 23, 1899, when he sailed for South Africa. The other lieutenant-generals are Kelly-Kenny, Hunter and Lyttleton. The honors come first in the list.

Pierpont Morgan is in Paris.

Paris, April 22.—J. Pierpont Morgan arrived in Paris last night accompanied by his son and grandchildren.

CAPT. THOMAS SAMPSON DEAD

Noted Detective and Life-Saver Expires at Mount Vernon, N. Y.

New York, April 22.—"Honest Tom" Sampson, detective, army veteran and life saver, died last night at Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Capt. Sampson had sixteen medals for meritorious service, a number of them for saving life, one being awarded to him by congress. He aided in the arrest of Mrs. Suratt, Miss Fitzpatrick, Edward Payne and Dr. Samuel Cox, who were charged with being implicated in the plot to assassinate President Lincoln.

Capt. Sampson was born in England in 1827 and came to this country at an early age. He joined the police force of New York in 1851. At the time of the famous \$64,000 forgery on the Union Trust company Capt. Sampson was detailed to run down the culprits and he succeeded in arresting Chadwick, Brown and Feltner for complicity in the affair. The Wells-Fargo Express company and the National Park bank also gave Capt. Sampson a magnificent gold medal of recognition of his services in bringing Louis M. Van Eaton to justice.

Envoys' Wife Sues for Divorce.

Newport, R. I., April 22.—Mrs. Harold Bowen, nee Augusta Floyd Vingt, formerly of New York, in the courts here has filed a petition for divorce from Herbert W. Bowen, minister to Persia. The petition alleges desertion, which is a statutory cause for divorce in this state, and prays for the custody of their child, a boy about five years old. The case will come up in May. Mr. Bowen was formerly attached to the United States consulate at Barcelona, Spain, and has been in the diplomatic service for a number of years. Mrs. Bowen is the sister of Harry K. and George Vingt, the former the well known player of polo.

Caving Sand Kills Four Boys.

Guthrie, O. T., April 22.—While playing in a sand bank near Durant, I. T., yesterday five boys were buried by a cave-in. Four of them are dead, as follows:

- BAIN, JOHN, aged 13.
- ETHERIDGE, CLAUDE, aged 15.
- RHODES, JAMES, aged 13.
- RHODES, PRESLEY, aged 4.

Claude Bain, aged 15 years, worked his way out unharmed. The other four dug in the wrong direction.

Chair for Dr. Ashley.

Albion, Mich., April 22.—Dr. John P. Ashley, who recently resigned the presidency of Albion College on account of ill health, has been elected to the chair of philosophy in Nashville University in Tennessee.

Woman Takes Arsenic.

Nevada, Mo., April 22.—Mrs. John D. Clayton, aged 42 years, committed suicide here last night by swallowing arsenic. No cause is known except ill health and despondency.

Man Gone; Wife Destitute.

New York, April 22.—The police have been asked to find E. B. Wilson, of Rock Valley, Ia., who has disappeared and is supposed to be in New York. His wife is destitute.

ORDERED TO WITHDRAW.

Kwang Hsu Issues Edict to Prevent Conflict.

London, April 22.—The Shanghai correspondent of the Morning Post says that in view of the resolution of the Germans and French to drive the Chinese troops from Chihli into Shansi province Li Hung Chang memorialized the Emperor, with the result that his majesty yesterday issued an edict ordering General Liu to withdraw his troops over the border. The Emperor simultaneously telegraphed to Li Hung Chang, instructing him to inform Count von Waldersee of the edict and to request him not to send foreign troops into Shansi. "Nevertheless it is believed that the Germans and perhaps the French will occupy Talyuen-Fu, the capital of Shansi. The correspondent adds that railway communication is practically complete, and that Russia is thus enabled to throw troops into Manchuria without using the sea."

A dispatch to the Standard from Shanghai says that trouble is reported in the province of Chekiang in connection with the suspension of the literary examinations. Threats have been made to burn the official yamens and to expel the mandarins. The movement will probably spread. The students deny that they are responsible for the trouble.

Ordered to Attack Liu.

Cologne, April 22.—A dispatch to the Gazette from Pekin says that three companies of the East Asiatic, with Major Muhlenfeld and the entire garrison at Paoing-Fu, with the exception of 400 men, marched out Wednesday under Generals von Lessel and Ketteler to the Hual-Lu passes, orders having been issued to attack General Liu.

KENTUCKY OUTLAWS GIVE UP.

Two of Ku-Klux Band Surrender, the Others Will Be Run Down.

Lexington, Ky., April 22.—Joe Johnson and John Potter of the Creed Potter and John Reynolds band of outlaws, for the capture of which a posse is being organized at Whitesburg by Tom Hollifield and others, surrendered today. They say the other members of the Ku-Klux will not give up, and that they were reinforced today by John Henry Mullins and a number of followers. Mullins killed David L. and John H. Craft two years ago. The expedition will start today.

Oil Men Threaten Lynching.

Hartford City, Ind., April 22.—It is reported that oil men in the Keystone field are forming a mob to attack the Adams County jail and lynch Barney McKinnick, who is charged with assaulting the young daughter of Louis Powell, employed in that field. McKinnick was removed to Decatur for safe keeping. He denies that he is guilty.

Starts a New Steel Plant.

Detroit, Mich., April 22.—Final arrangements were made at the "ussell house for the building of a steel and iron plant at Sault Ste. Marie (Canadian side) which will employ 10,000 men and be capitalized at \$50,000,000. The plant will be operated in connection with the great power canal being constructed at the Canadian Soo by P. H. Clergue and his associates of the Soo Power Corporation. The financing of the project is in the hands of Alfred R. Harvey of Liverpool, a well-known English promoter, who has enlisted American, English and Canadian capital.

Texas Editor Dead.

Asheville, N. C., April 22.—Col. A. H. Belo of the firm of A. H. Belo & Co., proprietors of the Dallas (Tex.) News and the Galveston (Tex.) News died here after a three months' illness. Burial will take place at Salem, N. C. Col. Belo's home in childhood. Col. Belo was a distinguished officer in the confederate army. He was badly wounded during the war, and has never fully recovered. He was formerly vice-president of the Associated Press.

City Accounts Are Short.

Cleveland, O., April 22.—As a result of the investigation ordered by Mayor Johnson into the books and records of the city clerk's office a second shortage of about \$1,500 was found in the accounts of ex-license Clerk Rowbottom. This does not include the \$1,556 which Rowbottom took in 1890 and returned two years later. The mayor has ordered the probing kept up.

Big Clean-Up at Dawson.

Seattle, Wash., April 22.—James H. Ardern of one of the mining companies of Dawson came to this city today on his way to London, England. He said that the clean-up this year in the Dawson camp from a conservative estimate would amount to \$30,000,000, making it the biggest output in the history of the Klondike.

Union Men Lose Pines.

Chattanooga, Tenn., April 20.—Organizers for the United Mine Workers of America have organized a union at Rockwood. Several of the employees of the Roane Iron Works have been discharged since the union was organized. The company is opposed to the men organizing.

Outcry Against New War Taxes.

London, April 22.—The greatest outcry against the new war taxes is coming from the coal centers. At a meeting held at Newcastle a resolution was adopted recommending that the tax should not apply to existing contracts.

High Bid for Seat on 'Change.

New York, April 20.—The sum of \$62,500 was bid for a seat on the Stock Exchange. This is \$1,500 greater than the previous high record for a seat on the Exchange.

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

Feeding the Dairy Cow.

(Condensed from Farmers' Review Stenographic Report of Wisconsin Round-up Institute.)

H. E. Cook, of New York, talked on the dairy cow. He said in part: We know well enough that milk for young and fresh grass for mature animals give results far above other kinds of feed. We know that the succulent qualities of grass are well balanced, but the condition in which they are fed, as to succulence, is of great importance. The success of any feed is locked up in this one word—"digestibility." Regularity of feeding is of great importance. I let a regular feeder take the place of an irregular feeder, and with 40 cows he increased the milk flow enough to pay for his services. I do not think it makes much difference whether cattle are fed twice or three times a day.

There is a tendency among some farmers to feed well when the prices for milk are good, and to discontinue such good feeding when prices drop. They seem to imagine that when prices again rise they can readily bring back the milk flow by resuming the high feeding dropped some months before. But this cannot be done, as the flow once lessened cannot be renewed till the cow comes in fresh again. I have known men that had cows come in fresh in the spring leave them with nothing but pasture in midsummer because they said milk was cheap. Then in the fall, when the price for milk was again satisfactory, they went to feeding again hoping to bring back the flow that had been lost. After low feeding, high feeding produces only indigestion. The pastures begin to fail about July first. This midsummer drought can be counted on. I have made quite a reputation as a prophet prophesying drought in midsummer.

We must adopt at least a semi-feeding system. We have in New York much land that will grow alfalfa, but in most of our state oats and cow peas are the great soiling crops. We put the peas in to a depth of four inches, and sow enough oats to hold up the peas. These oats and peas give a good crop for forage during the dry weather, and what are left make good hay. They have the advantage of corn in that they are ready to be fed several weeks before the first corn is ready. The feeding of concentrates depends largely on the amount of succulent feed the animals are receiving. Some men attempt to keep up the flow of milk by feeding large quantities of concentrates without feeding much succulent feed, but this method always proves very expensive, and entails a loss. The flow can be kept up that way, but not at a profit.

As to the feeding of cows before parturition: Too much starchy matter is often fed; but during this time there should be no departure from a balanced ration. I do not fear farget or milk fever on this kind of food. Garget is the result of catching cold.

Q.—In keeping up the summer flow of milk would you only feed soiling crops in addition to the pasture, or would you also feed some grain?

A.—We feed grain all the year round. There is a part of the time that we do not know that we get it back; but we keep it up all the same. I find that cows that are fed a little succulent forming feed during June have more strength than they otherwise would have.

Q.—Do you sow oats and peas in the spring and feed from them all summer?

A.—No, sir; you know better than that.

Q.—When do your cows come in?

A.—About April. The continuous feeding throughout the year develops the cow into a more permanent milker. I would like to have a cow go dry six weeks. But the cows that drop their calves in the fall are the ones that will not dry up. They would naturally fall off in their milk in about six months, but at that time the spring pastures are in good condition, and the supply of milk keeps up. Then, too,