

THE DAIRY

THE GRANGER'S COW.

The Beef and Milk Cow Wanted by the General Farmer.

This animal is the one from which butter is obtained, and which, when her usefulness at the pail is at an end, will furnish 1,500 pounds of live weight of beef for the butcher. She might be further defined as the cow that will, in addition to her pail performance, produce calves that will, when 2½ years old and well fattened, weigh from 1,000 to 1,200 pounds and will sell as prime beef on the market.

Our dairy friends reply: "What is the use of feeding this large frame for five or six years for the purpose of having a few hundred extra pounds of second rate beef at the end, when the same amount of butter can be obtained from a cow weighing 500 pounds less and less costly to feed?" We answer that if this were a fair statement of the case there would be none. We freely admit that on thin lands, where beef is no object, the granger's cow has no place. There is no use in sustaining, with the food of support, that extra 500 pounds for a term of five years for the mere satisfaction of having a larger beef carcass at the end of a useful career at the pail.

Neither do we advocate the use of the granger's cow where cattle are kept exclusively for beef purposes. She would be of no more use on the ranch than she would be on the dairy soils. Neither would she be of any use on rich land where cows are kept exclusively for beef purposes. Her extra supply of milk would be a source of constant annoyance and extra care. There are, however, large sections of country where cattle must be kept both for beef and milk, where the cow must pay her way if she pays at all from her milk, and where the calf must furnish a profit. In these places the granger's cow is in the place of the west where the farmer, while not a special purpose dairyman, must nevertheless be a dairyman to a certain extent. He is a dairyman, but he is also a hay grower, a hog grower and a beef grower, perhaps a wool grower, and being all must have a cow that fits the place; a cow that will pay for dairy purposes and that will furnish the calves that will be profitable beef producers as well.

The granger's cow is as distinctively a special purpose cow as is the Jersey or the Holstein for the dairy sections, the ranch cow for the ranch or the special purpose beef cow for the producer of baby beef. How can this cow be produced? How is she produced? There are here and there in all parts of the far west cows, plenty of them, that fill the description given above; cows that, with no special effort to develop milking qualities, will furnish enough milk to take two calves along for five months at the rate of two pounds each per day. All that is needed to develop a cow specially adapted to the wants of the farmer from such material as this is proper mating, milking and feed. Never was there raw material for a distinct type of cow more abundant, cheaper or more convenient than just now.—Field and Farm.

Best Way to Keep Butter Fresh.

The shorter and better way is to have the cows come fresh now and then and make butter the year round, and so have it fresh and to be classed with the delicacies, for such butter is, rather than a food in the sense that it sustains life, like bread and meat; otherwise the only thing to do is to pack it down and eat an article that has a slowly vanishing flavor, that before gone is simply so much fat to spread upon the bread and leaves no pleasant taste to create longings for more.—Cor. Ohio Farmer.

Dairy and Creamery.

Sweet cream butter is undoubtedly gaining in popularity. Only sweet cream butter is hereafter to be made from the milk of the famous Guernsey herd of Vice President Morton, at Ellerslie, Rhinebeck, N. Y. This growing popularity of sweet cream butter means a prettier fight than ever between the butter extractor and the cream separator. Whichever is best, may it win! One will probably be found best in some conditions, the other in others.

The famous cow Signal's Lily Flagg has broken the record for a year's butter production. Heretofore the largest amount of butter produced by one cow in a year was 1,028 pounds 15½ ounces. This remarkable record Signal's Lily Flagg has advanced to 1,047 pounds 6½ ounces.

At a sale of Ayrshires in Montreal recently a herd of forty, including bulls, cows, heifers and calves, averaged \$141 apiece.

The Pure Food association, of New York city, will have at its exhibition this fall a working dairy display. Butter, cheese and cream will receive premiums according to merit. The butter will be made from both sweet and sour cream, so that the public will have opportunity to judge which it likes best. The butter and cheese makers of the country can exhibit their goods, and those who obtain certificates will thus have a stamp of excellence placed upon their products which will be worth many thousands of dollars to them. Persons desiring to exhibit either cream, butter or cheese, or all three, both the products of farm dairies and factories, can learn all they desire to know by addressing Professor James Cheesman, Food Manufacturers' association, Pierce building, corner Franklin and Hudson streets, New York city. Cheesman is a good name for him.

A chemical test has been devised for determining when cream is just at the right sourness to be churned and leave the least butter fat in the milk. Forty-two degrees of acidity is the approved standard.

Tending to Politics.

I found the druggist reading a newspaper and apparently considerably excited. A county ticket had been nominated the day before, and it turned out that he did not favor some of the candidates, although of his party. Notwithstanding I was a stranger, he began talking local politics to me and was going it strong when a colored man came in.

"Now, then, what do you want?" demanded the druggist.

"Quinine, sah—ten cents' worth."

The druggist went back of the counter to put it up, still talking politics, and the longer he talked the madder he got. I did not pay strict attention to what he was doing, but after the negro had gone it struck me that a mistake had been made.

"Did that man ask for quinine?" I asked.

"I believe he did, and what on earth could have possessed that convention to nominate such a man as Sam Raines for sheriff? I"—

"Are you sure you gave him quinine?"

"Why, I presume I did. I'll see that ticket in Texas before I'll support it."

"My friend," I persisted, "I believe you gave that man morphine. Isn't that the label on the bottle?"

"Didn't he ask for morphine?"

"No."

"Well, he's got some, confound him! Here—where'd he go?"

He ran to the door and called, "Sam! Sam!" and presently the colored man returned.

"Sam, what did you ask for?"

"Quinine, sah."

"Well, I guess I gave you morphine. Hand it over and I'll exchange it. The idea of putting up Sam Raines when there was such good timber. I'll bolt the whole ticket from top to bottom!"

He made the exchange in such a cool, matter of fact way that after the customer had departed I said:

"That was a narrow escape for some one, eh?"

"Yes; might have killed a nigger. And I'll let that crowd know they can't stuff no such nominations down me! It's an outrage, and one which must be rebuked at the polls as it deserves!"—New York Herald.

One Man's Fad.

There used to be in London—and may still be, who knows?—an eccentric old gentleman whose delight was the sight of a pretty foot. If he saw one, no matter whether the owner were old or young, handsome or ugly, poor or rich, clad in purple or in rags, he would follow it so long as it continued to trip, tread or drag itself along! And if perchance its chausseure were down in sole, and its owner were longingly to linger in front of a shoe and boot store, then this eccentric old gentleman would come forward and humbly ask permission to present it with a covering worthy of its beauty.

Sometimes the offer was rejected, sometimes it was accepted. The boots—or shoes—were then duly tried on, bought and paid for. And our eccentric old friend thought himself amply rewarded by being allowed to be present at the trying on. He desired no other acknowledgment of his charity—for charity it frequently was—but with a final bow to the newly shod foot he retired and was not seen again until another little foot tempted him to repeat the scene.—Exchange.

What He Thought.

As Mrs. L.'s nearest neighbor was a hardworking man with a family to support by his daily labor, the children were brought up to earn an honest penny and to have a frugal mind. Many choice bits found their way from Mrs. L.'s table to the plates of the children in the next house. One day she called Carl in and gave him a large dish heaped with broken cake and other things that such a child would delight in and which he carried carefully and thankfully home.

Returning a day or two later with the empty dish, he came in and stood so long warming himself by the kitchen fire that at length Mrs. L. inquired, "Did you want anything, Carl?" To which the little financier replied, "Well, I thought as much as could be you'd give me a penny for bringing home the dish!"—New York Tribune.

Where the Camel Is Found.

The camel is found in Arabia, Persia, Asia Minor, Afghanistan, Beluchistan, Mongolia, western China and northern India, as well as in Syria, Turkey, north Africa and parts of Spain. The camel is known by the same root word in nearly all these lands; not a page scarcely of an Arabic lexicon but it has reference to the camel, the language itself, according to Hammer Purgstall, knows him by 3,744 names. The only reason why Scripture is comparatively silent is because the topography of the Holy Land is such that in most parts the use of the camels is an impossibility.—Rev. S. M. Zwemer in Christian Intelligencer.

The Correct Thing.

Husband—I wish you would take this coat of mine and split it up the back.

Wife—What do you want me to do that for?

Husband—I want to wear it in the office.—Clothier and Furnisher.

A MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

If Women Were Left Handed They Could Alight Better from Street Cars.

She half rose from her seat, glanced toward the rear of the open car, and raising her parasol signaled to the conductor on the rear platform that she desired to have the car stopped at the next corner. As it slowed she stood up and stepped to the side, shifting her parasol from the right hand to the left and grasping the arm of the seat with the disengaged right.

"Wait till the car stops, please," the conductor shouted.

She glanced up with a slight expression of fright, and the conductor ran along the footboard at the side to assist her, but she did not wait for him. She stepped down while the car was in motion, and when the car stopped with a slight jerk she had her left foot on the pavement. She had kept hold of the arm and was about to release it and put down the other foot, while facing to the rear, when the jerk threw her off her balance. The conductor grasped her arm and prevented her from falling. She smiled her thanks and stepped away. The conductor blew his whistle and started to return to the platform.

"There's another," he remarked to a serene and observant individual at the end of the next seat. "A woman never gets off a car while facing the right way; at least I've never seen one. If she'll wait till the car stops it's all right; if not it's all wrong."

"Tisn't her fault," the individual remarked.

"Huh!"

"No. It's the fault of the car, or the company, I mean."

"Huh!"

"Of course. I'm not saying a word about grasping corporations or anything of the like, but I say it's the fault of the company."

"I'd like to know how," the conductor said suggestively. "We do everything we can to help 'em."

"That may be so, but the company ought to change the direction of its lines or start a movement for the development of ambidexterity," the philosopher remarked.

"What?"

"Ambidexterity—ability to use both hands," the philosopher explained. "The trouble is that most people can use the right hand only in grasping anything, with confidence in the effort—women particularly. In this country the cars pass to the right, and as it is safer to alight from the side nearest the sidewalk it is very natural for a woman to grasp the arm of the seat, or the side of the rear platform of a closed car, before stepping down. Now if the cars ran the other way, to the left, women would get off from the other side and use their right hands. If a woman gets off now at the side near the track she uses her right hand and is not pitched backward. You watch the next time. If women were left handed the present system would be all right, but they are not."

"I never thought of that," the conductor said. "It has always been a mystery to me."

"Do you think they'll change?" the philosopher asked.

"Who?"

"The company."

"No, nor the women either."—New York Sun.

Remarkable Swimming feat.

On one occasion a man named Fisher swam from Dover to Sandgate in two hours and a half, a distance of ten miles. He started with a favorable tide, and although it took him over a mile to sea he swam to the shore and landed without assistance. Previously he had attempted, with Professor Dalton, to swim from Dover to Ramsgate, and had then succeeded in doing twelve miles.

Subsequently he made another attempt to swim between these places, and started at 8:30 in the morning. At 4 o'clock he had reached Pegwell bay, but as the tide had dropped and he was making little progress he decided to give up. Although he had been in the water for seven hours and a half he was able to get into the boat unaided.

The Professor Dalton referred to also swam from Deal to Ramsgate, a distance of nine miles, in less than four hours. The sea was somewhat choppy, but notwithstanding this he appeared little worse for his long immersion, and left the "briny" unassisted.—London Tit Bits.

An Essential Quality.

A committee went to a distant city to hear a minister, and when they returned, in conversing with the person who had recommended the aforesaid minister to their notice, one of them said: "He preached a splendid sermon and we were very much pleased with him. If he only had your physique we should certainly give him a call." Ministers will do well to take a hint, and with all their getting in the way of understanding, eloquence, tact and piety, let them get a good "physic."—Christian Advocate.

Had Noticed It.

Mr. Richfello—Isn't Miss De Mure pretty when she blushes?

Miss Beauti—Yes. I noticed it the other day. It was the first time I ever saw her face color.

"Indeed. What was she blushing over?"

"Over a plate of hot soup."—New York Weekly.

The Handiwork of St. Luke.

The famous Ara Coeli Bambino, sacredly guarded in a church at Rome, the building itself bearing the same name, is simply a wooden figure less than a foot in length. This notwithstanding it is the most valuable and (to some) the most sacred piece of woodcarving in existence. Tradition says that St. Luke carved the figure from a section of one of the trees that formerly grew on the Mount of Olives; another account says that the wood was taken from the Garden of Gethsemane, carved by St. Paul and painted by Luke.

Be this as it may, it is a relic of undoubted antiquity, and is known to have been in the Eternal City 1,500 years at least, and the last thousand years in the Ara Coeli. The word bambino simply means "baby," therefore it is called the Ara Coeli Bambino (baby). This miraculous "bambino" is kept in a "manger" literally crusted over with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds and other precious stones.

In early ages of its existence, on account of its sacred associations, the "bambino" was held to possess miraculous healing powers, and was often taken to visit high church people who were too ill to pay the baby and its jeweled manger a pilgrimage. In the Tenth century an attempt was made to steal this sacred wooden baby, and since that time it has never been left alone for a single hour! Great indeed is superstition.—St. Louis Republic.

Keeping an Account.

It is quite lamentable to see the slipshod way in which most women keep their accounts. The writer does not know whether the following story be old or new, but it certainly "points a moral," if it does not adorn a tale:

A young husband finding that his pretty but extravagant wife was considerably exceeding their income brought her home one evening a neat little account book, nicely bound and looking very attractive. This he presented to her together with a hundred dollars. "Now, my dear," he said, "I want you to put down what I give you on this side, and on the other write down the way it goes, and in a fortnight I will give you another supply."

A couple of weeks later he asked for the book. "Oh, I have kept the account all right," said his wife, producing the little leather volume. "See, here it is," and one page was inscribed, "Received from Algy, \$100," and on the one opposite the comprehensive little summary "Spent it all."—New York Tribune.

Largest Fires on Record.

Chicago sometimes brags that it has had the biggest fire in history, but it seems that Moscow, in 1714, had a bigger one, in which 30,800 buildings were destroyed, valued at \$150,000,000. The loss in the Chicago fire of October, 1871, was \$125,000,000; the buildings destroyed, 17,450. The buildings destroyed by the great fire of London, 1666, were 13,200, valued at \$55,000,000. The great fire of Boston, 1872, destroyed \$50,000,000, burned over sixty-five acres and consumed or ruined 776 buildings. In 1870 Constantinople had a conflagration of \$24,000,000 and 800 buildings. In 1851 San Francisco lost 2,500 buildings, valued at \$17,000,000. In 1832 Hamburg had a fire which consumed 1,747 of the finest buildings in the city. It is hardly to be expected that any fire hereafter will burn more than those at Moscow and Chicago.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The English Barbary.

A most lovely introduced wild flower of New England is the English barbary. In the early spring it has a wealth of golden blossoms, succeeded in the fall by bright crimson berries, adding largely to the beauty of the wild flower scenery. It has been a great traveler in its time. It started in Arabia, whence it carried and still retains its Arabian name—barberry—though no one knows what the name means. It became naturalized in England, but fell into disfavor with agriculturists from a belief, not unfounded, that it gave the rust to wheat. New England welcomes it for its beauty, finding no particular unfriendly habit in its new relations here.—Thomas Meehan in Philadelphia Ledger.

A Solicitous Day.

We are reminded of the treatment accorded to a gentleman bathed by a black retriever at a fashionable watering place. The dog was out for a walk on the sands with its master, when it observed a gentleman floating in the water, and no doubt thinking it a case of drowning rushed in, and seizing the bather by the hair dragged him to the shore despite his protests. It appears that the dog had previously rescued two little boys from the river Ouse, near York, and probably saw in the bather another case requiring its assistance.—London Tit Bits.

Every Man Should Fix Things Early.

Every man expects in his own case to have ample time to get his worldly affairs in good shape before he dies, but no man ever has. Men hope to leave enough to keep their wives, but they leave it in such shape that the women lose half the threads in trying to get affairs untangled.—Atchison Globe.

LARGELY ARTIFICIAL.

The Original Portion of Him, However, Preserves Its Cheerfulness.

The clerks of the Grand say that the most cheerful man that ever staid there was M. Dowling, of Minneapolis, and he had \$600 worth of wooden legs and wooden arms. He wore them all himself. Without them he would not, to all appearances, have made much of a showing.

Set up on his high cork legs, however, and with his arms pieced out with the same material, he would burst into the hotel like a ray of light on a dark, cloudy day. He was the victim of one of the playful blizzards of Minnesota. When it was over and he was gathered up from the snow it was difficult to tell what pieces would withstand the alurements of the gravedigger.

Some of him survived, however, and then he set about to see what he could do. Both legs were off close to the body. His left forearm was gone, and all he had remaining was the smallest stump of the thumb on the right hand. He practiced for awhile walking with the heavy leathern boots which everybody has seen legless men wear. Finally he raised enough money to buy cork extremities.

Mr. Dowling likes a joke, and when stopped on the street here and imported for alms by men with one leg or arm, or both legs or arms gone, would immediately take them to restaurants and load them up with a big dinner, all the time listening to their tale of misfortune with the greatest interest.

When it was all over his face would lighten, and much to their astonishment he would begin shucking his legs and arms, exposing the hypocritical material of which they were made. At the same time he would tell how glad he would be if he was only as well supplied with legs and arms as they were. He would next tell them to brace up, take heart and begin to learn something useful to support themselves.

Mr. Dowling cannot use a cane because he cannot hold one. Therefore without aid he is forced to make his way. He has learned to do it so well that he can outrun any able-bodied man, however skillful he may be, who will hop while he runs. He has learned to grasp a pen or pencil with the small stump of a thumb, and he writes a beautiful hand very rapidly.—San Francisco Examiner.

It Used Him Up.

The man of the house took to the sofa in the sitting room with a newspaper directly after breakfast, while his wife went on with the housecleaning.

She was dismantling the front room, and while he pursued the sporting column she carried past him in turn seven chairs, three tables, a desk, four footstools, all of the pictures, a piano stool, a book case and the rest of the furniture.

Then she lugged in a pair of steps and a big pail of water and began to clean.

"Maria, do you want any assistance?" said the man just then, rising and folding his newspaper.

"Not just yet, dear," said Maria.

"Well, then, I think I'll leave you," said he and he started for the office.

On the way down he told three men that if there was anything that wore him to the skin and bone it was that confounded housecleaning. Said he, "We are in the midst of it now and I tell you I'm about used up."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

What Overwork Does.

There is a general agreement as to the fact that for a large number of our people overwork is the bane of existence. It not only exhausts their vitality, prematurely cutting short their lives, but it seriously interferes with their success, renders their services less valuable and spoils the happiness of their lives. It does not even end here. It affects other also in proportion to their nearness, for the family and friends of an overworked man always suffer. Jaded and worn he cannot fulfill his duties to them, nor afford them the comfort and happiness which he owes them, and which they have a right to expect. He is, in truth, but half a man while he lives and is probably preparing to live out but half his days.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Hedgehog.

The hedgehog runs the roads in England freely. He is a quaint little fellow, far hedgehog, having far more intelligence than people give him credit for. It is curious, as you stand perfectly still in the middle of the road, to see him come running along, then stopping to sniff and whine and examine the high, strange object that hardly breathes lest he startle the little creature. Then with a gentle grunt he will pass you by. A very low yet decided grunt he gives, and he whines as well.—Blackwood's Magazine.

The Streets of Amsterdam.

Amsterdam, in Holland, a city of ten miles in circumference, is mostly built on piles driven into the sandy soil, and the flowing of the tide and the debris of the Amstel river has made ninety islands, and the city waterways are traversed by over 300 bridges, so that Amsterdam has earned the designation of the Venice of the North.—Boston Globe.

A SNAKE RIDES A BICYCLE.

A Big Rattler Takes Possession of a Wheel, but Tangles Himself to Death.

It has been some four or five years since one day I was riding my bicycle over a road in northeastern Kentucky which crossed a strip of woodland probably two miles wide. The road was so nearly obstructed by an almost impenetrable growth of underbrush that there was barely room for a carriage.

I was riding very slowly, enjoying the silence and beautiful scenery, which was rendered the more enjoyable by the sun as it cast its last golden rays over the dense foliage, and the thought never struck me that my heart would palpitate any faster by encountering a much dreaded foe.

I was descending a gentle slope about 300 yards long, and on account of the descent I was coasting at a lively rate when I glanced ahead, and there, only a few paces from me, lay a huge rattlesnake stretched across the road directly in my course.

I was greatly frightened and put down the brake as hard as I could, but was so near that I could not stop before coming into contact with him. He seemed not to care for me, and still lay stretched at full length with much more ease than I was enjoying. I was afraid if I tried to run around him that he would spring upon me, and not being able to stop my wheel in time I determined to run directly over him.

When the front wheel struck him both his head and tail gave a quick slap against my feet, but I pressed the pedals with all my might, and when, as I thought, I was over him I looked back over my shoulder, but could not see him anywhere, and not until I heard his body slapping about and heard him buzzing could I locate him.

I found that in some difficult way he had succeeded in getting between the rows of direct spokes, and by crawling as the wheel rolled he managed to keep his position.

I was not particularly pleased to have a close combat with such a reptile, neither was I willing to have my wheel ridden by such a rattling concern, but I conquered my jealousy and determined to give it possession.

Jumping off I let my wheel fall, and stepping back a few feet found that the snake had sunk his fangs into the rubber tire, and after he had made repeated attempts to free himself I concluded that he was conquered.

I got a stick which I found near by and mangled his head. He was so badly tangled between the spokes that I had considerable trouble in pulling him out. His exact measure was 3 feet and 11 inches, and he was the largest I ever encountered. I never took another ride over that road, for it makes me quiver every time I think of it.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Gulls and Farmers.

Many years ago Gilbert White described the barn owl beating the fields like a setter dog, ever and again dropping into the grass or corn when a rat, mouse, vole or shrew was caught sight of, though, as this species, unless disturbed, will seldom leave its retreat until after sunset, its usefulness is not generally observed. The snowy owl (Nyctea scandiaca) in America may be observed sitting for hours on the summit of a tree, swooping down every now and again on a mouse, the base of the stump being after a few days of this sport littered with the little pellets and bones of its quarry.

Waterton was also indignant at the farmers blaming the barn owl for destroying the eggs of pigeons, the rats, to which it is an enemy, being the real offenders.

Hawks are, however, not blameless as regards pigeons and birds even more sacred. But some of the species of occipites, the kestrel among others, feed more upon mice than upon birds.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Danger Cries of Animals.

The approach of danger is expressed by a universally intelligible cry. The bluebird has a peculiar sound, "iss," so indicative of fear and terror that when heard the wood is silent in an instant. It is said that she often utters it from pure love of mischief.

"Every bird," says Bechstein, "has received from nature the power of uttering a song or certain sound by which it can communicate its desires to other birds. The chaffinch's call varies with its feelings: when on the wing it is 'Eyak! Eyak!' Its expression of joy is 'Fink! Fink!' If angry it makes the same call more quickly, and 'Trief! Trief!' is a sign of tenderness or melancholy. The raven calls out 'Graab! Graab!' slowly or rapidly, as its emotions change."—Troy Times.

He Knew a Thing or Two.

Anaxagoras, the Athenian philosopher, who flourished in the Fifth century before Christ, taught his scholars that wind was air set in motion by rarefaction; that the moon owed her lightgiving properties to the sun; that the rainbow was the resulting phenomena of reflection; that comets were wandering stars, and that the fixed stars were at an immeasurable distance beyond the sun, besides giving them many other ideas thought to belong to modern times.—St. Louis Republic.