LIVE STOCK

Baby Beef.

The other day I was asked by a neighbor why it was, if baby beef was so much in demand by the packers and consumers, more of it was not produced by farmers. I may as well answer through the Farmers' Review. The chief reason is that most farmers have not the kind of cows that can produce calves able to grow into baby beef. You can't make baby beef out of any kind of an animal. It takes a calf of fairly good breeding—a high grade—to grow up into a good sized animal before the flesh has become beefy.

To get baby beef making conditions we must have high grade cows of the Durham, Hereford, Angus or Galloway breeds. If the grade is way up, say seven-eighths pure, then we can hope for a calf that will grow rapidly under good conditions of feed. At the present time I am not afraid that the market for baby beef will be overstocked, for I know that American farmers will not greatly change their ways in this generation. We have been importing improved breeds for half a life-time now, and yet most of our farmers are breeding with nothing in sight in the way of a standard.

All right, we who have the high grades will continue for some time longer putting on the market baby beef and making money out of it. Not only is there a demand for it here, but there is a great demand for it in foreign countries, and that demand is growing.—Albert Hicks, Cook Co., Ill. in Farmers' Review.

Horse Notes.

For the mare in foal an increased quantity of good food is required.

Some farmers object to working a mare in foal, but if they are not worked too much the mares and subsequent colts, will do better than if the mares are left idle in the pasture.

Mares in foal should be worked regularly and should not be made to do work that will require hard pulling, nor should they be kept unusually long hours at work.

Idleness is not a help to the horse at any time.

The farmer that puts his mare with foal into a box stall, leaves her without exercise, and feeds her heavily, is giving her conditions deterimental to both her and her unborn foal.

When the horse's feed is abundant exercise should also be abundant.

Oats continue to be the best grain that can be given a horse in normal condition.

By intelligent feeding all horses may be kept in a state where little doctoring will be needed.

As the horse never needs to lay on fat (except to please the eye) a food rich in protein wil be found more profitable than a ration even slightly overbalanced on the side of the car bohydrates.

Henry McCall.

Harper Co., Kans.

Cow's Milk for Foals.

Among the feeds that are particularly useful in the feeding of foals is cow's milk. There are many times when colts cannot readily take solid food, and at such times milk from any source is useful. Of course cow's milk comes naturally to hand, on account of its abundance. Both whole and skimmed milk have been extensively used for this purpose by individual farmers and at the experiment stations. Whole milk is fed with less disturbance to the bowels than skim milk, at least at first. When skim milk is fed it is best to give only a small amount at first, till the animal has become used to it.

The fat in the whole milk helps the digestion of the milk, and if whole milk is being fed a change should not be made to the skimmed milk without reducing the quantity for a time. It is probable that ten pounds of skim milk is equal to one pound of grain. Skimmilk is rich in the elements that make bone and muscle, but the feed ing should not be overdone. Certainly not all the colt wants should be fed Over feeding will prove disastrous.—John Evans, Delaware Co., Pa., in Farmers' Review.

Average Stock Prices.

There was a time when the man that received an average price for the cattle, horse, or sheep he sent to market made money on it, but that time is not now. Then land was cheap, labor was cheap, and grain was cheap. Now all of these are high, and the average price of an animal does not often equal the cost of the labor and feed that have gone into him. This condition has grown upon us till we find ourselves facing the necessity of working out of it by producing animals that will sell for more than they do at present or discovering some combination of feeds and care that will lessen the cost of production. It is well to work along both lines.

Choice Cattle.

One of the most common expressions to be met with in the market reports is "choice cattle are in demand at top and nearly top prices. That is the kind of cattle that it pays best to raise. It does not take any more time daily to feed an animal that will make one of the choice kind than it does to feed one that will rate far down in the list. Moreover, it will not require so many days of care, for it sometimes happens that the choice animal is one that has made his growth in a year's less time than the poorer animal. The choice animal is probably always a pure bred animal or a high grade.

Calves in Groups.

It is highly desirable to have calves come in groups where a large number of cattle are being kept and the calves are to be raised for beeves. It is only in this way that uniformity in size, weight and finish can be obtained for the car loads of cattle that are to be sent to market. If there are but few cattle it is better to have only two groups of calves, one in the spring and one in the fall. It will be easier to care for them if they are in groups of about the same size than if they come at all months in the year.

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I gathered a treasure of gold;
It crumbled to dust in my hand,
And pale as the ashes of joy,
It slid through my fingers like sand.

I gathered white flocks in my fold,
But sorely they sickened and pined,
And perished like famishing hopes,
Lean, pitiable, barren, and blind.

With nothing to have or to hold,
I turned from the doors of despair
To wander the ways of the world,
Free lord of the earth and the air!

—London Daily News.

A Piece of Driftwood

BY J. C. PLUMMER

(Copyright, 1905, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Our bark had crept up the bay before a half hearted wind that died away at twilight and we dropped anchor off an inlet. There was a small village at its mouth and when the darkness grew, lights gleamed from the houses. The bark of a dog came over the water, a wondrous homelike sound to men who, for three months, had heard nothing but the voices of the sea; its wind talk when the gale flattened the waves and roared in its rage; the shriek of the spendthrift as it flew over the decks and the eternal monotonous moan of the wind in the rigging when these two voices were silent.

"I've a bloomin' fine bull terrier at home," said a grim visaged sailor, looking toward the village. The dog's bark had carried his thoughts back to his home on the Humber where, the bull terrier and some other things that were dear to him, lived.

The night thickened with a mist and the lights looked blurred. The water lapped the ship's side mournfully.

"Ship, ahoy!" came out of the darkness.

"Ay, ay," called the mate from the poop, peering over the rail.

"Is there a doctor, or anybody who knows somethin' about doctorin' aboard?" asked the voice.

"Only the skipper," replied the mate, "and," looking around to be sure that officer was not on deck, "Gawd help any one he doctors."

There was a choke in the voice as it answered:

"My leetle gal 's done swallowed a bullet and she's suffecatin' to death. Our doctor 's gone to the city and there's ne'er one in forty mile."

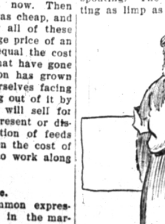
The mate called down through the skylight and Captain Moody came on deck.

"Hi'm afraid Hi can't do much for you me lad," said he, "Hi'm no doctor, but you're welcome to what's in the medicine chist." When anything went wrong the skipper could blaspheme in a way that would make your hair stand, but he had a blooming good heart.

"Scraggy," exclaimed the mate.

"Ay, ay," replied the skipper, "Scraggy's a doctor, let 'im go."

Two of our crew had deserted at Buenos Ayres and we had shipped two of the best men obtainable in the emergency in their place. One of them was a fair nough sailor, but the other, Scraggy, was the worst specimen of a good-for-nothing beach comber an officer ever ordered to swab decks. He was so drunk when he was pitched aboard that he did not sober up until we were out of the La Plate and then we had a mind to wish he had died in his drunken fit. He obeyed an order in a shuffling way that would have made a saint, with a halo like a cartwheel around his head, swear like a Gravesend boatman. He was impertinent, too, and the mate had knocked him down two or three times, but it did no good. For all that, this dirty, worthless man before the mast had been, somewhere back in his miss'ent life, a doctor. It came out this way. One of the best men in the crew lost his footing and fell from the rail, jabbing a knife he held in his hand into his arm. The blood spouted up and to save ourselves we couldn't stop it spouting. The poor fellow was getting as limp as a t'gallant sail when



Scraggy.

the wind drops and there was nothing for us but to watch him bleed to death. Scraggy came up out of the fo'castle just then and in a minute was beside the man. He whipped off his neck an old dirty handkerchief and rigging a knot around the man's arm just above the cut, he twisted this knot tight, using a marline spike for a lever, until the bleeding stopped. Then he ordered—mind, I say he ordered—the skipper to bring up his medicine chest, and fished in the cut with something like a pair of tweezers until he gets the vein tied up taut and, wraps the arm all shipshape.

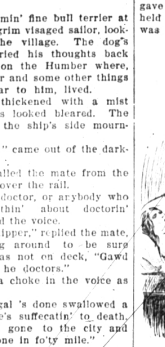
"Go ashore with this pore man, Scraggy," said the skipper, "and help his leetle gal. Hi think you know more about doctorin' nor I do, don't you?"

"Yes," said Scraggy, "I do and so does the wirdlass."

That was a blooming nice way to talk to a skipper, but he was blamed saucy, was Scraggy.

We got in the boat and the man pulled fiercely for the inlet. "She had the bullet in her mouth unbeknownst to us all," said he, "and she done swallowed it. We did all we could. We helt her up by her feet, but it wouldn't come out."

The cabin bore every mark of shiftlessness and poverty. A kerosene lamp gave a dim light from the table, but the fire blazing on the hearth gave as much. A little scrawny girl, held in the arms of a slattern woman, was trying her best to get enough



"Shut up!" snapped Scraggy.

breath out of her gasps to live. Her face was strained and the veins stood out with her efforts.

"How is she?" I asked the man anxiously, as we entered.

"Wuss," replied the woman, and burst into tears.

Scraggy went right at his job. He took the girl out of the woman's lap and placing her on the bed in a sitting posture motioned me to one side of her. Following his directions I placed one hand beside his on her back and with the other grasped her arm. Then we began bending her down until her face almost touched her knees. The motion began slowly, but ended with a sharp jerk. Up and down we bent the thin little body, and Scraggy's face grew anxious.

"There are no instruments to be had," he muttered, "this is the only chance in God's world."

Up and down we swayed the little girl until it minded me of a spell at the pumps and then of a sudden Scraggy gave a yell.

The bullet had rolled out of the girl's mouth and had fallen on the floor. She drew a long breath and began to cry.

"Mister," said the man, looking into Scraggy's face, "you've saved my darter's life, and the Lawd knows I haven't nawthin' to give you fur doin' of it."

"Shut up," snapped Scraggy, "we belong to the same order, we two, the order of the good-for-nothings. If you were worth a curse you wouldn't be living in this shanty, and if I was I wouldn't be in a ship's forecastle. Good-bye, brother."

The happy father accompanied us down to the beach.

"I'd pawn my soul for a drink," remarked Scraggy, looking wistfully at the houses, but I never let go my grip on his arm until he was on board ship.

He left us at Baltimore and the next day I saw three policemen dragging him, fighting drunk, to the watch house. I've never seen him since, but some day the tide'll bring that piece of driftwood into a port where I'm lying, I hope.

Northampton's Mayor Not Bald.

Some time ago a boy came to Mayor Theobald Connor of Northampton, Mass., with a note. When the boy saw Mr. Connor he put the message back into his pocket, saying "It's another Mr. Connor the note is for."

"Let me see the name on the envelope," said Mr. Connor, curiously. "That is my name. The note is for me."

"But I was told," replied the boy, "to give it to the bald Mr. Connor."

"Oh, you got turned around a little; that's all," said the mayor reaching for the note, which was addressed "Mr. Theobald Connor." But it took considerable argument to convince the boy he was the right man.

Praise for King Edward.

"King Edward the Shrewd" or "the Wise" is, according to a Paris correspondent, the title a near posterity will give to England's ruler. "Since his accession to the throne," says this journalist, "he has not made in international affairs a single mistake, which is more than can be said of his nephew and nephew-in-law of Germany and Russia."

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MUFFS WORN FOR AGES.

Evolution of Dress Article Through Centuries Shows Its Origin.

In many of the portraits of the sixteenth century one often sees a strip of rich soft fur wound around the wrist of a noble dame. This was used to cover the neck or fulfill the function of a muff, and to it was often attached a small animal's head or a skull, cunningly wrought in metal and adorned with precious stones.

As was the case with so many articles of dress, the muff was first the exclusive property of the nobility, and was carried by the commonest women of Venice, as well as by the women of the highest rank.

The first Venetian muffs were small, made of a single piece of velvet, brocade or silk, lined with fur, the opening enriched with gold or silver buttons set with precious stones. By 1662 the muff seems to have been recognized as the necessary adjunct of the wardrobe of a woman of fashion.

Checks Drug Store Liquor Sales.

Madison, Wis., dispatch: The assembly has passed the Dahl liquor bill, a measure aimed at unscrupulous druggists. The bill requires an affidavit from each liquor purchaser at drug stores.

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