

Jersey Cattle.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRER ON THEIR ECONOMICAL QUALITIES.

The lesson of the nineteenth century has been economy. Men consider now, not so much what has been done, as how it has been accomplished. The scientific engineer calculates exactly the increase of power which an extra pound of coal beneath his boiler will produce, and the most economic amount to accomplish a certain work. The tailor and the shoemaker no longer toil and draw their thread from morning until night; the genius of the age has pointed the way to a production of shoes and coats at an infinite reduction in cost. In all lines of labor and trade the rule holds true, and nowhere are its workings better exemplified than in the field of agriculture and dairying.

In the vast industry represented by the cow, competition has caused new methods to supersede the old. The dairying farmer considers from an economic standpoint and decides by actual test the relative value of different breeds. It is under such circumstances that the cattle of the Island of Jersey have risen into prominence until, received with almost universal favor, the Jersey cow may rightly be called the "Queen of the Dairy."

Originating, as is supposed by eminent authorities, on the coast of the continent neighboring to the island whose name they bear, this breed has ever been cherished and protected by the inhabitants of fertile Jersey. As civilization advanced in the eighteenth century, and ease of communication became more general, the fame of this native breed spread, and the records they were making, even in those early times, astonished the then dairy world. From 1789, when the States of Jersey enacted laws forbidding the importation of foreign cattle from France, to the present day, the history of the Jersey breed of cattle is a story of progress and merit recognized. The spirit of emulation and industry raised among the Jerseymen has been the means of making their island a place of no small importance.

The reasons for the so general adoption of the Jersey as the cow for all purposes are numerous and important. Along most lines the Jersey has no superior. Quality and quantity of butter product, small cost of keeping, the ability to trace her pedigree through many generations, these are some of the points in which the Jersey is invulnerable. From being called the "gentleman's cow," her superiority has gradually asserted itself until, as a dairy cow, such records are registered for her as can be shown by no other known breed.

The idea is prevalent that the Jersey is a cow only to be owned by the wealthy cattle breeder. No greater mistake could be made. Economy points to the Jersey as the cow also for him who uses but a single head for family purposes. True, the original expense may be somewhat greater for a Jersey of good breeding than for a cow of common stock. But can we say that it would be economy in this age for the publisher of any newspaper, however small its circulation, to use a press such as Caxton employed because its cost would be less than that of one of those models of ingenuity in use to-day? The utility of the Jersey and her adaptability to all situations were fitly praised in a recent number of the *Country Gentleman*:—"The Jersey cow that can average a pound of butter 365 days in the year, with good care, is the cow for the millions, and it has been proved that the Jersey will do this five to one over all other breeds and with less feed."

The Jersey has been well denominated a milk-machine. Small usually in size, there is no room for surplus fat while she is making the rich milk for which she is noted. Mr. Wayback may continue to feed a large cow through many years, in order that, finally, she may make more beef; but he who is abreast of the times adopts the economic Jersey. A beef breed the Jersey is not; but every part of the little cow has a use in producing the present profit of her owner. The care and treatment of the Jersey must be based, as with any breed, on the broad foundation of common sense. Different individuals of any breed require different food and management. For docility the Jersey has no equal; for hardness almost no superior. Braving without harm the storms of a Canadian winter, acclimated with the most encouraging success in the warm States of the South, she thus far has defied the complaints of the croakers.

Bred in and in through many generations in that narrow land which is their ancient home, and always with their worth for dairy purposes in view, the Jerseys produce milk richer by far in the elements of butter than that of any other breed. Tests in a different direction have also revealed its worth for cheese-making. Richer in color, finer in quality, pre-eminently superior in the quantity of butter product for a given quantity of milk—such, in addition to commanding a higher price in

the markets, are some of the characteristics of the products of the Jersey cow. To state facts concerning her performances is to argue most cogently in favor of the Jersey. Her position to-day seems one of assured success. As in the past, when her merits became recognized, she was warmly welcomed, so in the future her worth must gain her friends.—*Prize Essay in Kansas Farmer.*

That Check Was Cashed.

THE NEEDED IDENTIFICATION WAS SECURED IN A RATHER UNCOMFORTABLE WAY—BUT IT STOOD.

I had a Chicago check on a bank in one of the territorial small towns, and one day I walked in on the banker and presented it to be cashed.

"Have to be identified," he said, as he handed it back.

"But I know no one here."

"Can't cash it unless you are identified."

"I have a dozen letters here addressed to me."

"No good."

"My name is on the waybill of the stage route."

"That's nothing."

"I have called on the editor of The Bugle and introduced myself."

"But you might have given a false name. Business is business, sir, and you will have to be identified before I can cash that check."

I went away, wondering how long \$3 would last me in that town, and how I could get out of it without the money on that check, when I bumped against a man on the street, who whipped out a gun and fired a bullet through my cap before I could apologize. When I had begged his pardon he put up his weapon and extended his hand and said:

"It's all right if ye didn't mean it. Mebbe ye was so busy ye didn't see me."

"That's about it. I am in trouble."

"Bin robbed or anything?"

"No. I have a check on the bank and can't get the money."

"Fur why?"

"Because no one here knows me."

"Check is all right, eh?"

"Good as gold."

"And Jim Taylor won't cash it because nobody knows ye?"

"No."

"Humph! Come along with me. What did yer say yer name was?"

I told him, and he took my arm and walked me back to the bank. As we entered he said to the man behind the counter:

"Jim, I've cum yere to identify this feller."

"You know him, do you?"

"Ye jest bet I do?"

"You know him to be the person named in the check?"

"Exactly, Jim Taylor!"

"How do you know it? Ten minutes ago he told me he didn't know a soul in this town."

"How do I know it?" repeated the man, as he lifted the cap off my head.

"I know it because thar's my bullet hole, which ar' jest two inches too high for a plumb shot, an' if thar's a critter in this town who wants to dispute a bullet hole made by my gun, one or t'other of us ar' gwine to be planted afore sundown! He's the feller, and I knows it, and ye shell out and quit putting on New York style!"

The banker looked tired and hadn't a word to say as he counted me out \$95, but when we reached the sidewalk the shooter held out for a handshake and cheerfully exclaimed:

"I thought that bullet hole would fetch him to time! If ye want anythin' else in this town ye jest take off yer cap and pin't at it, and the critter who goes back on ye has got to git the drop on me or he'll be chawed up to dog meat in the flop of a steer's tail!"—M. QUAD.

The Kentucky Idea of Economy.

Many years before the war had disturbed the patriarchal relation between master and slave in the South, an elegant Kentucky colonel was surprised to see his favorite, Morocco, stagger across the yard, drunk as a lord, at midday, and two weeks before Christmas.

"What do you mean by being drunk at this hour, you rascal?" roared the colonel.

"Well, I tell you how it is, sah," Morocco answered, taking off his hat.

"You see, Marse John, I got a jimmie-john of whisky in town to keep off de rheumatiz fum de ole woman, and sah,

while I was a-walkin' long de road I slips on de ice and busts de jimmie-john, so dat de liker all run out in de road and made little puddles in de waggon tracks and hoss tracks. Den, sah, I gits down on de ground and laps up all I could, sah. Dat's how cum it so, Marse John."

"You black rascal, how much did you drink?" the colonel asked, with mock severity.

"Well, sah, Marse John, sah, I s'pose I mus' er save' de bes' part ob a quart."

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