

**She Was Emancipated.**

**AND SOILED SPOONER WILL NEVER GO THERE ANY MORE.**

"Gosh dang de new woman!" spurted Soiled Spooner, tenderly caressing a recently acquired knob on his brain box. "What's de matter, pod'er?" sympathetically inquired Seldum Fedd, who had been working a residence some distance away.

"Look at dis bump of benevolence I just got," growled the injured knight of the high road, indicating the before-mentioned knob, which presented a striking likeness to a goose egg with auburn hair on it. "I went up to dat house an hit de back door, same as common, an a skimpy lookin' little woman opened it. I asked if de gent of de house wain, an she said he wasn't, an she didn't expect him back very soon. Den, I tink in dat I'd struck a reg'lar pud, I stuck out my chin an told her to set out de pie an cake an biled ham an a cupper coffee, an he mighty swift about it, too, or I'd tear de whole side of de house out."

"What did she do den—holer?" "Do I look like she holled?" Naw! She jest reached out and sogged me a jolt on top of de head wid a piece of bicycle tire about t'ree feet long an stuffed wid sand. It knocked de string like a stroke of lightning, an if de down on my end of dat fong de siggle weapon hadn't come off at de same time, I guess de blow would have drove my spine clear up t'rough de top of my gosh darned head an left it stickin out like a handle to carry me to de graveyard by. Den de lady grabbed for somethin else to sock me wid ag'in, an I gathered up my remains an lit out of dere as de crow flies. As I was bustin t'rough de shrubbery, gittin to de gate by de shortest trail, I tumbled over a little, sneakin, skeered lookin man hidin in de bushes.

"Dud-dud-did you see my wife?" he gobbled, shakin all over like a case of do dog ague.

"I had de pleasure of seein some lady dat acted mighty like she was somebody's wife, says I, scabblin up. 'An say, friend, if you are de gent dat owns dat lovely critter, an you are t'inkin about goin back to dat house anyways soon, my advice to you is to take a broadax an a gaitin gun to caress her wid—an den den go. I'm only a weary wayfarer, an outcast, an all dat, but, my poor feller, you have my profoundest sympathy!'"

"Den I t'ought I heard de lady approachin, an I came away. I tell you, Seldum, if dis new woman fad spreads much more, we might jest as well quit de road an die workin. Woman in a proper sphere is a ting of beauty, an all dat, but when she gets emancipated, exouso me."—Tom P. Morgan in Truth.

**How He Conquered.**

**HE KNEW THE ONLY VULNERABLE SPOT IN THE MODERN WOMAN.**

In was the woman who spoke first. "It is as well," she said, "that we understand each other."

The man shrugged his shoulders with an awkward attempt at indifference. It was plain that a crisis was at hand. "Go on," he said.

The woman at his side remained thoughtful for some time, her mind at work collecting all the evidence in the past that was against him. At length she broke the silence, now becoming painful.

"Not long after we were married," she said, "it became apparent to me that you, in common with the majority of men, assumed that you had united yourself to an inferior being. You loved me, but it was the love of the strong for the weak. I was the creature whose sole happiness rested upon your favor, who was dependent alike upon your patronage and the whims and fancies that might sway you. At that time I was blind to my natural rights and accepted your love in the same spirit in which it was given. It happens, however, that a new light has come to me."

The man visibly shuddered. "Yes," she continued, "I am no longer a pliable weed in your hands, compelled to take with cringing the paltry allowance you bestow, accepting weekly your criticisms on the conduct of the household, going where you bid me and obeying all your dictates. I am now a being fully equal to yourself, an individual power side by side with you, with resources of my own, acknowledging no master, taking what is my bounden right without question and doing my own part in my own way."

Her husband, true man as he was, listened to the end. Then proudly, triumphantly, with all the power which comes to those who are sure of themselves, he said haughtily:

"Very well, madam, after this you will clean your own wheel."

Fifteen minutes later a tearful, sobbing woman was clinging to a hard, impenetrable man, as with a voice of conviction she exclaimed:

"Darling, forgive me. I knew not what I said."

**The Saving Dairyman.**

One saving dairyman, not a stingy one, will make more money than two extravagant ones.

First, a dairyman should be saving of his cows, as a cow well cared for will be a useful and profitable animal for several years longer than one ill fed, ill housed and ill treated.

Even in summer cows should not be left exposed to violent rainstorms, but should be sheltered where there is less danger of their being struck by lightning, as when huddled together under trees, or being chilled by a prolonged drenching. The latter, especially, is damaging to the milk yield, for it may be noticed that cows always shrink in milk after a storm. Wise economy calls for measures that will obviate this, namely, a dry, warm shelter.

Be saving also of your feed. For instance, in giving milch stock corn fodder, when they trample it under their feet and waste as much as they eat, it is the dairyman who is wasteful, not the animals. The most economical way of feeding corn fodder is to spread it before the cattle when in stanchions, and only give them what they will eat up clean. To be saving of the feed in the pastures, don't put more stock into the field than it will support. On a farm not long ago they were talking about the cow pasture, horse pasture, sheep pasture and calf lot. The owner was on the right track, as it implied that he kept his stock separated. Milch cows never do so well when compelled to pasture in common with other cattle.

Then, again, do not waste the milk. Even a drop of milk, which may represent the growth of one grass root, cannot afford to be wasted. In the first place secure all the milk from the cow's udder by patient stripping. The richest comes last, and you cannot afford to lose even a drop. It is not a stingy course to see that the milk pails, pans, cans, etc., are well cleaned; and that your hired hands are so kind to the cows that the animals do not frequently kick over the milk pails and spill the fluid. Perhaps the most efficient way to save milk is to preserve its quality so well that none is wasted by scouring or tainting. Be saving of the butter you make. In figuring on a good yield of butter from the cream, do not make the mistake of mixing some of the casein of milk in with the butter fat. This is done by skimming lapped milk, under the supposition that it is economy, when it really is the grossest extravagance, for you can never make first-class butter that way.

**What Makes the Profitable Cow?**

We are often asked, how much milk must a cow give, or, how much should a cow test, in order to be profitable? says Hoard's Dairyman. We reply to these questions by saying that neither quantity nor quality is a sufficient basis for answering. The recent tests of cows at the New England Fair, Portland, Me., affords a conspicuous illustration of this fact, as also of the other fact, that one-day tests may be greatly misleading. At that fair one cow, Addie Ackley, an A. J. C. Jersey, gave 40.3 pounds of milk; another cow, Eunice, a "Maine State" Jersey, gave 28.7 pounds of milk. Which is the better cow? The probabilities are that the former made much the best show in the ring, and would "score" several points more than her competitor, because of her carrying a much larger udder. This would be especially the case with the average observer, or any but a truly experienced expert, and more especially with anyone who should attempt to form a judgment by the "scale of points" recommended by the Jersey Cattle Club, for judging Jerseys, where 13 points are given to a "fore udder, full in form, but not fleshy; 11 points to a "hind udder, full in form, and well up behind;" 10 points to "teats rather large, wide apart and squarely placed;" and 5 points to "milk veins prominent." Here are 39 points, out of a possible 100, given to the milk vessel and its appendages, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that the cow giving 40 lbs. of milk in 24 hours would score much higher than the cow giving 30 lbs. or less, and hence be pronounced the better cow. When, however, the milk of these cows was tested, it appeared that the greater quantity had only 4 per cent. fat in it, while the lesser quantity carried 6.1 per cent. Too many men would hastily conclude that the higher testing cow was decidedly the better of the two, and in fact she did yield a trifle more fat, but scarcely more than enough to compensate for what she lost in the value of her skim milk. In truth, so far as the one-day experiment could show, these two cows were so nearly equal in the money value of their product, that there was no room left for choice. A decision based upon either quality or quantity of the milk would have been decidedly misleading. Only when both are considered can a reliable conclusion be reached.

The first import of cattle to America was made in 1493 by Columbus, who brought over a bull and several cows.

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