

## FARM.

### SPRING MANURING.

We usually expect to do very little manuring in the spring. There is, generally, too much else to do. Whenever the weather will admit the oats must be sowed, then the corn crop planted, and along with these the garden and truck patch must not be neglected. This on the ordinary farm gives us all that we want to do.

If the soil is not made rich enough during the winter by hauling out and scattering what manure we can procure during the winter, we must, to a large extent, depend upon something else if we expect to fertilize so as to derive any considerable amount of benefit.

The last two years I have been trying commercial manures. Part was applied in the hill when the seed was planted and part after the seed had germinated and made a start to grow. When applied in this way the soil was well stirred around the roots and the prepared fertilizer applied, working as carefully as possible around the roots.

The last year I was satisfied to a considerable extent that the best results were secured by applying the fertilizers in the drills before sowing the seed, making the soil fine in the furrows or drills and then applying the fertilizer and working well into the soil. If the ground has been properly fished this can be done very rapidly.

When the supply of manure is not sufficient to fertilize as thoroughly as should be done, I should certainly advise using a good commercial fertilizer applied in the hill either for corn, cane or potatoes.

Good barnyard manure, if well rotted, can be applied after the crops are planted if it can be secured, and be made of considerable benefit to the growing crops. It is necessary, of course, that it should be made reasonably fine and be spread as evenly as possible over the surface. Cultivating or working with the soil sufficient to keep mellow and destroy the weeds will work the manure into the soil and place it where the feeding roots of the plants can reach it.

This is not the best plan of manuring. When it can be done better results can be secured by hauling out and applying before the crop is planted, harrowing or cultivating so that it will be worked well into the soil. This is the most profitable way of manuring, when it can be done.

Yet, when you are not able to follow this plan, rather than fail to apply the manure when you have a supply, I should certainly advise applying after planting rather than let the manure lie and the crop be raised without it. Apply manure whenever you have it to apply and can find time to do the work. It very rarely happens but that some portion of the farm is in a condition to be benefited by an application.

It pays to make sure and apply all the manure possible. Everything that can be gathered up and worked into manure should be saved. There is hardly a possible danger of applying too much. The worst difficulty on our western farms is securing a sufficient quantity.

### HANDLING COLTS.

The following treatment of the subject of handling colts is just as applicable to the handling of steers, calves and heifers, and indeed all domestic animals. None should fear, but should love their owners and masters.

Is it a good thing to handle colts when they are young? This depends altogether on how they are handled. They may be benefited, or they may be spoiled. We mean spoiled in disposition. On the other hand, the disposition may be improved, and the colt filled with a willingness to do anything it understands you want it to do.

Do nothing to hurt or frighten the colt, or to make it the least afraid of you. Do not leave the impression upon the colt that you have failed and it has had its own way. Strive to gain the confidence of the colt. Make it like you, and look upon you as a friend. This is easy if it is always treated with kindness, but firmness, petted within bounds of reason, played with as if you were its big brother, always able to have your way. The colt is naturally very sociable. It likes company, and when it has always been familiar with your presence and handling, will seek you out, whenever it can get to you, as a companion, as a dog seeks man. It is wonderful what a degree of friendliness and companionship can be inspired in a colt that is properly handled.

On the contrary, if you tease and torment a colt you make it fear and hate you; or, if you do not even treat it unkindly, but now and then make a grab at it and let it escape, or attempt to accomplish something with it and fail by letting it have its own way, you soon inspire it with the idea that it is master, and only has to resist you in order to remain free from your dominion.

### WHEN TO TURN THE SHEEP OUT.

It is comparatively an easy matter to turn out the sheep too early in the spring, says the Chicago Sheep Breeder. While it is, of course, desirable to allow them to have grass as soon as it can be secured in the spring, yet care should be taken not to turn out entirely. We have always found it is a good plan to sow a patch of rye in the fall, on purpose to turn in the breeding ewes in the spring when they especially need something green. While we may be able to keep the sheep in a fairly good condition on dry feed yet to insure the best growth, not only of the animal but also of the wool, green food should be given whenever possible, and especially the breeding ewes. In order to keep them thrifty and healthy, and at the same time furnish a full supply of milk to keep the lambs growing, green food is almost a necessity. But it is better not to turn into the pastures too early. It will answer to let them have the run for two or three hours each day, when the weather is pleasant, but in cold, wet or stormy weather it will be much better to feed under shelter, and this is especially the case with sheep that have been reasonably well sheltered all winter.

It is certainly poor management to keep sheep all winter, taking pains to feed and shelter so as to obtain a good growth in flesh and wool, and then in the spring, just when they need the feed and care the worst, to turn them out and let them look out for themselves.

It is an easy matter to stunt the growth of the wool of the sheep and the lambs, and a stunted growth is never desirable in anything. The longer we farm the more thoroughly satisfied do we become that it pays to keep stock growing steadily all the time, just the same as a crop, and that any failure to do this is a failure to secure as much profit as we could.

## The Russian Peasantry.

The condition of the Russian peasantry, which has been long and steadily deteriorating, has now become so utterly hopeless that only some special extra pressure is required to make their deep discontent break out into rebellion. The "moujik" knows nothing of "constitutions" or political freedom. He sighs for none of these things. He hates the Nihilists, for they are innovators and the declared enemies of the Czar. He has a great patriotic and superstitious regard for the Emperor, as the head of his Church, the fountain of all good gifts, and the representative of an ancient national institution. But when firmly established in his position, one Czar satisfies the Russian peasant quite as well as another. The Emperor Nicholas was quite as good to him as would have been his elder brother Constantine, had the latter not been put out of the way; and the Empress Catherine, a foreigner and a woman, was quite as good as the husband whom she disposed of. If his grievances become too great the peasant will not hesitate to attack the Czar's officers, tax collectors, and others, and he will maintain a comfortable theory that the autocrat is unaware of his sufferings, and that he is the victim of wicked nobles and officials who have combined to persecute him and to deceive the Czar. Before the peasant was emancipated he worked under his master's directions, he paid no taxes, he seldom had any money, and he got but little "vodky." His master guaranteed his subsistence, and he had no particular cares or anxieties. When emancipated he was made a present of some land, but he also became responsible for his own subsistence, and he became subject to a land tax. He remained, however, thoroughly careless, and his only solicitude was to do as little work as possible. Circumstances for a time favored him. Good land was abundant, the price of corn in Europe rose, railways were made to transport his grain, the money rolled pleasantly into his pockets, and the Government kindly abolished the spirit monopolies, and brought "vodky" plentiful and cheap, to his door. Times have, however, changed now; his land, which he never troubled to manure, is exhausted; the price of grain has fallen; America and India are competing with him; his sons, his laborers, are taken away by the conscription, and the land tax alone remains as before. Remissions of the tax are made from time to time, but only where the arrears have become so heavy that their collection is perfectly hopeless. Naturally the peasant is on his last legs and anything but cheerful. He is slow to move but with a little extra pressure, a cry against any of his recognized enemies, the Jews, the "technovniks," or the nobles, will start him on a career of violence which nothing but grapeshot will stop. And this is the great danger which will assail Russia from within under the influence of the stress of a prolonged war.

### Carried His Own Money.

It was in the days of the early railroad, when it was yet new; the days when the journey to New York was less of a little jaunt than it is now; when greenbacks were not popular here. One giddy summer morning, just as the early birds were dropping into their offices to lay for the worm; as the stores, chill from their all-night darkness, began to feel warm; as the bank cashier had spread his alluring gold on the counter, where everybody could see it and nobody could touch it except himself; a man, walking in happy and feverish haste, with wild excitement beaming all over his face, stepped into the financial junkshop of a well-known banker. You couldn't see much, but vague ideas of millions emanated from the big safe.

"I want exchange for this on New York." "All right. What is it?" The man looked fearfully around him and then brought out a packet. "It's \$25,000 in greenbacks." "I guess I can do it. Going East?" "Yes. I'm going to-morrow. I don't want to carry all this with me. Couldn't do it. Sure to get robbed. So give me a draft. How much?" "O, seeing it's you, an old friend, I per cent; \$250."

So the banker made out a draft on New York and took the money. "You're going to-morrow, are you?" "Yes."

"Would you mind taking a little parcel for me and handing it to my brother?" "Certainly; I'll do it with pleasure."

The banker went into the other room and presently came back with the parcel.

"Just put it in your valise and don't lose it, will you?" "I'll take the best care of it."

"Thank you. Good-bye. Pleasant trip." Arrived in New York, the Californian went to the address and delivered the package. Then he presented his draft. The man opened the package and gave him the identical \$25,000 in greenbacks he had in San Francisco. He had carried them all the way himself without knowing it.

The press of the whole United States is scourging without mercy the Congressional ministers of Chicago, who, while in solemn conclave assembled, refused a kind word to the aged wife and grief-stricken family of the dying Beecher. These pious pigmies never weary of thanking the Almighty that they are not as other men, but live in the enjoyment of nineteenth century liberty and light. On the other hand the publicans and sinners have good cause to thank the Almighty that they are not like the Chicago preachers. It was just such intolerance as theirs that sent men and women and children to the stake for their religious opinions. But Riddle and Latimer are remembered and revered with all the army of martyrs, while their persecutors are forgotten. The Chicago preachers should recollect this fact and take it to heart. It is such men as Beecher who broaden religion. As a powerful magnet attracts everything within its field, so they attract all who come under their influence; but on the other hand it is such small souled Pharisees as the cowardly Congregational clergy of Chicago who drive many men and womanly women away from the church. Such men are a disgrace to the cloth, a disgrace to the country and a disgrace to Christianity. To the Congregational clergy of Chicago we respectfully commend a perusal of the thirtieth chapter of St. Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians.

Pat—"Phwat is that ye are at, Biddy?" Biddy—"Sure it's a bottle of hair restorer O'm putting on me ould muff."

## HOUSEHOLD.

**SALTED HERRINGS.**—Soak them for twenty-four hours in fresh water, take off the head, tail and any scales; boil them, and serve them with a well-garnished salad.

**OMELETTE WITH CAKE.**—Put into a pie dish a small handful of stale crumbs of cake with a glass of cream and any flavor you like or nutmeg; when the cake has absorbed all the cream add some well-beaten eggs. Mix the whole well together and fry into an omelette.

**MATAGORDA EGGS.**—Beat to a froth the whites of six eggs which have been seasoned as for an omelette; pour this froth into a buttered baking tin and pour across it five or six spoonfuls of good cream; drop into it, at equal distances, the yolks whole; bake it immediately, but not too briskly. Serve the moment it is done.

**MUSHROOM CRUSTS.**—Cut some mushrooms into a stew pan with a piece of butter, a bunch of parsley, set them on the fire, add a pinch of flour and a little salt, and moisten with hot water; when they are done and the sauce is dried up put in a thickening of the yolks of eggs and cream; serve upon bread fried in butter.

**OMELETTE, WITH ONION.**—Chop finely some onions or shallots and fry them in oil or butter; when done add a little milk, salt and pepper, mix the above with some beaten eggs and fry into an omelette. Herbs or vegetables for omelette should gently fry or simmer in the oil or butter until tender; if put over a brisk fire they will crisp and burn.

**FRITTERS.**—Beat up some eggs and season them as for a plain omelette; throw in some slices of bread about one-third of an inch thick, old bread will answer; let them soak for a quarter of an hour; then fry them in oil or butter as fritters, and when they become of a yellow color serve them very hot; salt and grated cheese sprinkled over improves them.

**OMELETTE SOUFFLE.**—Beat up separately the whites and yolks of six eggs; mix with the latter four ounces of sugar and some lumps of sugar with the oil or zest of a lemon on them; and mix in the whites; melt over a rather brisk fire two ounces of butter in a dish; then put in the eggs; set them in the oven for five minutes; sprinkle over with powdered sugar and serve immediately.

**ALMOND CAKE.**—Take three eggs with their shells, weigh the same weight of flour, of very fresh butter, and white sugar, beat to a paste three ounces of sweet almonds, mix them with the creamed sugar and butter, add the eggs beaten separately, and then the flour, a few drops of essence of bitter almonds improves this. Pour the cake batter into a buttered mold and bake in a gentle oven. It is served either hot or cold, with sugar sprinkled over it.

**OMELETTE WITH PRESERVES.**—Beat up the yolks and whites of six eggs, add to the yolks a little grated lemon peel, then add the whites and beat up the whole well together, adding a little cream, two spoonfuls of apple or orange marmalade or apricot or gooseberry jam, currant jelly or any other preserves; fry, and when done turn it upsidedown upon a dish, sprinkle powdered sugar over it and glaze with a red hot shovel, or in your stove, so the top of the omelette gets the heat only for a minute. Serve hot.

**MATELOTE OF EGGS.**—Pour into a stew-pan a quart of water, the juice of a lemon, add a bunch of mixed herbs, an onion, a clove of garlic, salt, pepper and spice; let them boil five minutes; take out the seasoning with a skimmer; poach in the liquor some eggs one after another; take them out singly and drain them. Dress them in a dish upon some toasted bread. Let the water boil a little, and then add while stirring a piece of fresh butter the size of two eggs rolled in a spoonful of flour; strain this sauce over the eggs and serve.

**FORCED EGGS.**—Boil eight eggs hard; take off the shells and cut them in half; take out the yolks, which put into a large dish with a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, chopped fine herbs, a little salt and grated nutmeg, and a small quantity of bread crumb soaked in milk, and beat up the whole together. With this stuffing fill the hard whites of the eggs, put them in a buttered pie-dish and upon them a layer of stuffing; set them in the oven that is brisk for a quarter of an hour, and serve. Boiled cod and mashed potatoes, seasoned, are also a good stuffing for forced eggs.

**COD FISH DUTCH FASHION.**—Set over the fire in cold water a piece of cod, with slices of lemon without the pips, salt, slices of onion, any sweet herbs you like, and a lump of butter; when it boils, take it out, and keep it warm; boil in the same water twelve or fifteen potatoes; dress the fish on a dish with the potatoes placed all round, and cover the whole with Dutch sauce, made of a quarter of a pound of butter, mixed with half a spoonful of flour, salt, pepper, nutmeg, and the yolks of three eggs; thin it with a little tepid water, and stir it, but do not let it boil, add a spoonful of lemon juice and vinegar, and serve. Salt cod well soaked could be prepared in the same way.

**CHOCOLATE.**—Take a pound of chocolate (I get confectioners' chocolate, which comes in large slabs and is full of oil), put into a saucepan that will hold over a quart, put over it a few spoonfuls of water; if more is needed to dissolve add a little; put it on the fire, add sugar to taste; it is best to have the water warm when put over the chocolate; mash the chocolate in the water until it is like cream, let it come to a boil, then take the saucepan by the handle and whirl it around and around until the grains of chocolate disappear, scrape the grains from the side into the liquid, replace it on the fire; when it rises take off and whirl again, and so on until not a grain is left. Have ready some milk on the stove, pour the boiling milk into the chocolate, shake it well together, pour into a pitcher that has been heated, then again into the saucepan, then into your chocolate pot. Serve with cream or white of eggs beaten up with a few spoonfuls of cream, essence of vanilla and white sugar. Or you can serve the chocolate just as it is made. This quantity of chocolate is enough for six or eight persons. Add milk sufficient to the chocolate to make it a light maroon color. If it is too strong with chocolate, hot milk can be added, but if too milky you will have to make some heavy chocolate and add to your weak chocolate. If properly made by these directions, it will be a creamy liquid of a light maroon color, without any grains.

### THE SHRINKAGE OF FLANNEL.

To keep flannels as much as possible from

shrinking and felting, the following is to be recommended: Dissolve one ounce of potash in a bucket of water, and leave the fabric in it for twelve hours. Next warm the water, with the fabric in it, and wash without rubbing, also draw through repeatedly. Next immerse the flannel in another liquid containing one spoonful of wheat flour to one bucket of water, and wash in a similar manner. Thus treated, the flannel becomes nice and clean, has barely shrunk, and almost not at all felted.

### LIGHT MOODS.

"I see the scoundrel in your face!" exclaimed the magistrate to the prisoner. "I reckon, yer worship," was the response, "that that ere's a personal reflection, ain't it?"

Little Jimmy, when told by his teacher that he was made of dust, stoutly refused to believe it, saying quickly, "Then why don't I turn to mud when nurse puts me in the bath?"

An amusing item in the diary of the late Sir Henry Cole is one that tells how on June 2nd, 1851, the Duchess of Kent, having gone to the great exhibition with her daughter, was separated from her party and politely informed by a policeman that, if she stood on one side, she should "see the Queen pass."

"There is something inexplicable about the mental make-up of a woman," said Fitz-brown to a female acquaintance. "There's that Mrs. Smith, for example. She's utterly unable to handle a horse, and yet she drives her husband about as though he were a baby." "Ah, but you forget," replied the lady—"the horse, you know, is a very intelligent animal!"

A gentleman who had promised to meet his wife in a large establishment, where all sorts of things are sold at low prices, was making his way through the throng of women. Forced to pause for a moment near a counter behind which stood a pretty saleswoman, he blurted out, "Is there anything on earth that can reconcile a man to such a crowd as this?" "Yes sir," was the quick reply—"belonging to the firm."

First Highlander, meeting his lost friend at the cross in Glasgow: "Dougal, whaar was you ta whole nicht this mornin'?" Second Highlander, excitedly: "Hoo, you may weel say tat! I was waak along ta Tronsgate, and a man wis a lemit heid told me whaat was my business, and he'll toot ta coat o' my neck, and I'll knocket him toon ant left him stannin' whaar he was plawin' his swuzzle! Come awaay!"

A cabin-boy on board a ship the captain of which was a very religious man was called up to be whipped for some misdemeanor. Little Jack went crying and trembling to the captain. "Pray, sir, said he, 'will you wait till I say my prayers?'" "Yes," was the stern reply. "Well, then," replied little Jack, looking up and smiling triumphantly, "I'll say them when I get ashore!"

He emigrated from a little country village some years ago, and is now a well-to-do colonist. Lately he wrote to the old folk telling them that he had married a lady with a very fine voice—a "mezzo soprano of quite extraordinary compass." He received an answer from the maternal side of the aunt informing him that his late lamented aunt was afflicted with something of that sort during her life, but had found relief on placing a mustard-plaster on the sole of each foot.

The following is a genuine piece of composition by a boy—"What a pleasant place a theatre is for instance a business man in the business world to drop into and join another world of rapture and delight with rays of perfect sunshine gazing on beautiful woods green fields and imagine your very nostrils are filled with the fragrance of the flowers when in reality it is a cold winters day in janerary the winds whistling around the building making the window panes clatter you do not mind and you are so absorbed with the world within listening to love passion and despair you do not think of anything but the play and for two hours your business calls are gone thus it is at the Makodo. How many people enjoy themselves in seeing a good play.

### A Possibility in Mr. Beecher's Case.

It is probable that had Mr. Beecher understood telegraphy he might have communicated with his family after the stroke which rendered him speechless. The contraction of the fingers of his right hand would seem to indicate the possibility that he was conscious, and had he known how to regulate those contractions in the formation of telegraphic signals he could have thus conveyed his thoughts while otherwise utterly powerless. I knew of a case some years ago in which a telegrapher thus communicated with me when we supposed him unconscious. In holding his hand I felt a faint twitching of the muscles of his fingers and recognized telegraphic signals thus made. He was perfectly conscious of what was passing around him but unable to speak or move a muscle, except the faint contraction of the finger muscles as described. It was a remarkable case and unparalleled so far as I know.

### Why Austria Would Whip Russia.

A Russian staff officer recently had a conversation with a correspondent of the London Standard, and said that in the event of a war between Russia and Austria the latter country would surely whip. The Russian army lacks any organizing genius, and the transport system is scandalously defective. During the Turko-Russian war a battery of artillery took five months in going from St. Petersburg to Plevna. One battery disappeared entirely. Good harness or saddles or horses are sold by the Russian officers, and they are perhaps promoted by the thieves above them. Gourko is, perhaps, the coming General, but the vast host that appear on the war books are "fraudulent, undrilled, or unequipped." The officer said that if a body of honest and intelligent men were to begin to reform the Russian army they would first have to hang about 500 departmental administrators.

**MIGRATION OF BIRDS.**—The British Association's committee to observe the migration of birds has learned that birds on their arrival at the British Isles, as a rule, avoid high cliffs, and prefer to enter river-valleys, whence they spread gradually over the area embraced by the river's tributaries.

## YOUNG FOLKS.

### JOHNNY AND THE DEER-WARDEN.

Johnny Davis is a little ten-year-old boy, who lives on a backwoods farm away in the northern part of Ontario. He has no little brothers or sister to play with, and sometimes he gets very lonesome. That is he was lonesome before he found Tiny.

One night last spring, when Johnny went "across lots," to drive the cattle home from the back clearing, what do you suppose he found with them?

The cunningest little baby deer, not more than four weeks old!

It was not a bit afraid, but ran to Johnny, bleating piteously. Indeed, it followed him all the way home, and papa said he might make a pen and keep it until it grew older, for probably a bear had killed its mother, and it would surely die if they drove it away into the woods.

"But you must turn her loose just as soon as she can take care of herself," said papa, "for there is a fine for keeping or killing deer."

"As though I could kill you! I want to keep you, though!" cried Johnny, laying his face against the fawn's glossy neck, as he watched her eagerly drink the new, warm milk which he had brought.

"If the deer-warden comes, I'll turn you loose, but—but I do hope he won't come; and I don't hardly believe he will, for this is ever so far from anywhere," he added with a satisfied glance at the dark forest which encircled his home.

But a stranger knocked at the door one day, when the family were eating dinner.

"Ah, Mr. Davis, I believe?" the stranger said. "I hear that parties are killing deer up this way. Can you tell me?"

Poor Johnny didn't wait to hear any more. The warden had come. Tiny must be set free! Poor Johnny!

Would she accept her liberty, and bound away into the forest?

"Oh, you darling!" he sobbed, as he threw his arms around her neck and led her out, kissing her velvety nose in a half-shamed way.

"You are all I've got, an'—an' the bears will kill you, I most know they will, or—somebody'll shoot you! Oh dear! dear!" Then, with a sob, he ran towards the house.

He could not see Tiny go.

Patter, patter came the sound of little feet behind him, but he did not hear them.

He rushed through the kitchen to the steps that led to the chamber above. There he stopped suddenly, for Tiny stood in the doorway, bleating eagerly, with her soft eyes looking wonderingly at him, as if asking why he left her so.

"O Tiny, Tiny! What made you come? I let her go, indeed I did, sir," he said, for he didn't know exactly what he could say in his defence.

Then papa told the story, and when he had finished, the warden turned towards the frightened boy, who sat on the rug with both arms around Tiny's neck, and said, with twinkling eyes, "There are exceptions to every rule, my boy. If you saved Tiny's life and she won't accept her freedom, why—I don't see but what you will have to keep her. If you take good care of her I won't fine you."

Johnny's tears turned quickly to smiles, and it was hard to tell which looked the happiest—the warden, Johnny—or Tiny.

### MY DOG JACK.

One of the officers of the post had ten or a dozen large greyhounds. Notwithstanding its size, the greyhound, when alone, is an arrant coward, unless cornered; then it becomes a dangerous antagonist.

Jack was a coward, too, but he knew by instinct that a single greyhound was even a greater coward than himself; and when one of the hounds would stroll along by the house, it was ludicrous to see the little scamp rush out quivering with excitement, and barking as if he would eat Mr. Greyhound. Invariably, the greyhound would turn tail and run; Jack would follow a few steps and then return with a look in his face which plainly said, "Did you ever see such a coward?"

But one day Jack was taking a walk with me on the parade ground down toward the lake, and some distance from the house. All at once the whole pack of hounds, as if urged by one common impulse to get even with him for the indignities he had heaped upon them singly, started in a body for Jack. At first he did not notice them, but when he did, instead of coming to me for protection, he turned and struck out for home in the usual manner, with his tail between his legs and with the usual accompaniment of howls. How he did run! He was running this time for his life, and he knew it. He looked like a tiny yellow speck as he scampered toward the house. The pack of hounds keeping well together, gained on him at every jump. Twice I thought they had him, and half turned away my head; but, no! he doubled on them and fairly flew in another direction. The hounds could not turn as quickly as he could, and fell over one another in their attempts to do so. As Jack reached the terrace in front of the quarters he flew into the house through the open door, safe! The door was closed by my wife—who had been watching the desperate race—just as the hounds met in a body over a boy's straw hat that was lying upon the grass before the door. In about two seconds there was nothing left of that hat; it was torn into ribbons before they found out it wasn't Jack, after all! But from that time, Jack was not on speaking terms with any of those hounds.

### A Desperate Fight With a Deer.

Nevada City (Cal.) Transcript: The other day as Sam Lusk and another man were driving the Nevada City & Downieville Stage Company's train of pack-horses over the trail between Camptonville and Downieville a big buck came dashing toward them. The snow was so high on both sides of the track that it could not turn aside and thus pass, and it dared not go back because some men were coming just behind it from the opposite direction. Lusk's companion grabbed it by a horn as it came toward him full tilt. The horn broke off and the animal struck him a terrific blow with one of its hoofs, cutting the flesh on his right hand to the bone. He grabbed it by the remaining horn before it could back off for another charge. Then ensued a desperate struggle, which Lusk ended by coming to his friend's rescue and with a jackknife cutting the deer's throat.