

Poetry.

THE FORTUNE TELLER.

As the first twilight  
 of the gypsy camp,  
 surrounded by shadows,  
 By the crackling of  
 blue-eyed and slender,  
 And Hazy haggard and tall,  
 The past had been spoken—the future  
 Those ominous lips should foretell.

HOUSEHOLD.

COCOANUT JUMBLES.

One cup of butter, 1/2 cups of sugar,  
 one egg, one teaspoon soda, one cup of  
 milk, one heaping cup of cocoanut, a  
 little nutmeg, flour to roll, cut in square  
 pieces and fold over the edges, or cut  
 in long narrow strips.

INDIAN PUDDING.

Scald one quart of milk, thicken with  
 one cup of meal, two eggs, one spoonful  
 of flour, one cup of molasses, salt  
 and ginger to taste. When cool add  
 one pint of cold milk; do not stir it.  
 Bake slowly for two or three hours.

POT PIE.

Cut veal, beef or chicken into pieces,  
 and put into boiling water enough to  
 cover, with two slices of bacon; cover  
 closely, and boil an hour, and season  
 to taste; make a batter of two well-  
 beaten egg, two cups of milk, teaspoonful  
 of baking powder and flour, drop  
 in separate spoonfuls while boiling, and  
 cook five minutes; serve immediately.

PLAIN CAKE.

Take two cups of flour, 1 1/2 of sugar,  
 half a cup of butter, one of cream, two  
 eggs, one teaspoonful of baking powder,  
 mixed with the flour. Put all these  
 ingredients into a deep dish and beat  
 until light. It is not necessary to beat  
 them separately, as in some other  
 cakes. Bake in a deep form and in a  
 moderately hot oven for about half an  
 hour.

MACAROONS.

Take half a pound of almonds,  
 blanched and skinned, with three or  
 four bitter ones among them. Pound  
 them fine in a mortar, with the whites  
 of three eggs. Add 10 ounces of sugar  
 and stir for a quarter of an hour. Put in  
 little round or oblong heaps on a sheet  
 of white paper, dusted over with flour.  
 Sprinkle sugar over the macaroons and  
 bake in a slow oven.

SWEET POTATO TARTS.

Five eggs, one teacupful of sugar,  
 one teacupful of butter, a little nut-  
 meg or cinnamon. One pound of pota-  
 toes, boiled and mashed, with a  
 pinch of salt, and milk to make it  
 moist. Beat the butter and sugar first,  
 and then add the potato a little at a  
 time. Beat up the eggs and stir them  
 in. Then add the flavor. Line the  
 pie pans with a crust; fill and bake  
 the same as pumpkin pie. This quanti-  
 ty will make three or four tarts.

PEPPERMINT DROPS.

One cupful of sugar crushed fine and  
 just moistened with boiling water, then  
 boil five minutes; take from fire and  
 add cream of tartar size of a pea; mix  
 well and add one-half teaspoonful of  
 essence of peppermint; beat briskly  
 until mixture whitens, then drop  
 quickly upon white paper; have cream  
 of tartar and essence of peppermint  
 measured while the sugar is boiling.  
 If it sugars before it is all dropped,  
 add a little water and boil a minute  
 or two.

THE SECRET OF FASCINATING.

Doubtless thousands of young people  
 and not a small number of old ones,  
 wish every day of their lives that they  
 could learn the secret of fascinating  
 others by means of their graceful, ex-  
 quisite manners. The secret is an open  
 one. It is so easy to learn that it lies  
 all neglected by the wayside, while  
 they who would give their dearest  
 treasure to find it pass unknowing.  
 It is only this: Fill your heart with  
 good will to everybody, and then prac-  
 tice at all times the best manners you  
 know, particularly at home. If you  
 begin at home, this charming manner  
 will, so to speak, get settled on you  
 and never leave you. Be just as polite  
 to your sister as you would to your  
 best girl. Strive to gain the good will  
 of mother, father and brothers and  
 sisters and children exactly as you  
 strive to gain good will abroad.  
 There is no place for practicing man-  
 ners like the home circle; no place,  
 permit me to say, where it will be so  
 appreciated. It will be a cultivation  
 of heart, mind and body, this endeavor  
 to feel nothing but affection for the  
 people at home and treat them as  
 though they were worthy as much a con-  
 sideration at your hands as if they  
 were the President and his family. So  
 they are worthy. Then from the home  
 will float out around you those sweet  
 magnetic influences which will draw  
 the hearts of mankind toward you.

TWO PLUCKY WOMEN.

Up a long hill the horses were slowly  
 toiling. "Speaking of road agents,"  
 said the old stage driver, "I've had my  
 fair shear of holdups an' don't hanker  
 arter any more. How many? Wall,  
 I couldn't jist give ye exact figgers,  
 but ten wouldn't be fur out of the  
 way."

"And were you wounded in any of  
 the holdups?" I asked.

"Three different times, sir. Some  
 folk; used to purtend to believe that  
 drivers and road agents stood in to-  
 gether and whacked up, but they war  
 idiots fur talkin' such bosh. The best  
 proof of the fact that it wasn't so lay  
 in the killin' of three different drivers  
 on this very line inside of six months.  
 Durin' that same time we got away  
 with two robbers. People who are  
 whackin' up, as they call it, don't  
 slambang bullets and buckshot into  
 each other at clus range, do they?"

"Well, hardly. You've had women  
 aboard when you've been stopped, I  
 presume."

"Sartin, and then thar was fun. I  
 was laughin' to myself only yesterday  
 about the case we used to call 'The  
 Old Maid's Roundup.' It was a funny  
 thing. I'll pint out the place, a dozen  
 miles ahead, as we come to it. I had  
 three men and a woman as passengers,  
 and all were inside. I hadn't seen the  
 woman and couldn't tell what she  
 looked like, but it turned out that she  
 was a single critter, about forty years  
 old. She had red hair and a sharp  
 nose, and she could talk a wheel off  
 a coach in five minutes. Mebbe she'd  
 bin disappointed in love, as they call it.  
 I've heard that that sort of turns a  
 woman's feelin' into pepper and vine-  
 gar. She got into a fuss with the men  
 about their smokin' almost as soon as  
 we started, and every few minutes I  
 heard her pipin' away and makin' a  
 kick about somethin' or other. It jist  
 made me fat to know she wasn't har-  
 nessed up to me.

"We'd jist climbed the hill and it  
 was three o'clock in the afternoon  
 when the robber they used to call  
 'Harry Blossom' steps out from behind  
 a rock and levels his gun on a line with  
 my face. I stops jist then and thar.  
 Harry nods to me not to make a fool  
 of myself while he was busy and steps  
 along to the door and orders the pas-  
 sengers to git down and view the scen-  
 ery. He was a gentleman, Harry was,  
 and mighty gallant to the ladies. The  
 old maid had travelled enuff to know  
 what a hold up was, and at fust she  
 refused to git down. She sot right thar  
 on the back seat and wolloped that chap  
 with her tongue till he didn't know  
 whether he was afoot or on horseback.  
 Jeminy! but you orter hev heard her  
 call him villian, rascal, wretch, coward,  
 Injun and a hundred other names! I  
 was consarned over the robbery, of  
 course, but I had to laugh or burst."  
 "And she wouldn't get down?" I  
 asked.

"She did arter a bit. He wasn't  
 goin' to rob her, fer he wasn't that  
 kind of a greaser, but he figgered that  
 the men had passed her their wallets,  
 as was often the case. The three fel-  
 lers was like lambs, but I didn't blame  
 'em any. A man who plays fool when  
 thar's a shot gun and a road agent  
 lookin' at him never gits any sym-  
 pathy. She finally got down, and I  
 could see she was bilin' over with mad-  
 ness. Harry got 'em in a row and  
 was callin' fur their wealth when the  
 old maid yelled out like a cat pinched  
 in a door and grabbed him. He had a  
 pistol in his hand at the time, but she  
 didn't seem to keer. She got him  
 around the waist and tripped him up,  
 and it was all done so quick nobody  
 could get the hang of it. She was jist  
 fightin' mad and wanted to scratch  
 and pull ha'r, but when he went down  
 we all saw the chance and lit on to  
 him. He fired twice, but didn't hurt  
 anybody, and by that time we had him  
 safe. He's over in the penitentiary  
 yit, and it's all owin' to that old  
 maid."

"It was funny. We loaded him in-  
 side, bound hand and foot, and she  
 tongue walloped him fur thirteen long  
 miles. Harry was a tuff one, but he  
 arterward told me he'd rather got five  
 years extra than to hev bin obliged to  
 hear her go on. She had a Bible with  
 her, and she put in the last two miles  
 readin' a chapter of it to him!  
 "The rewards offered on him piled  
 up about \$1,000, and she got the money  
 and \$200 on top of it as a present from  
 the company. Lands! but didn't Harry  
 feel broke up and ashamed! He had  
 stood off the sheriff half a dozen times,  
 and to be captured by a woman—and  
 an old maid at that—jest broke his  
 speerits down 'till he was as humble as  
 a rabbit."

"Jest about a year arter Harry Bos-  
 som's capture," continued the driver,  
 "as I asked him for further incidents,  
 "I went out of Austin with only one  
 passenger and she was a schoolma'am.  
 She was a teacher over in Eureka and  
 wasn't over twenty years old. I can  
 remember she was short and small  
 and had black eyes. Thar' wasn't

much money passin between the two  
 towns and that line had never bin in-  
 terfered with.

"Howsoever, thar' is allus a fust  
 time, and it cum to me about five  
 miles out of Eureka. The hosses war'  
 joggin' along as contented as you please,  
 and I was holdin' the lines and thinkin'  
 of that gal I've been harnesses to since,  
 when I gits a sudden lift. A cuss who  
 didn't know beans about the bizness  
 had taken it into his noddle to turn  
 road agent, and this was his fust hold  
 up. Instead of steppin' out like a  
 gentleman and givin' me a chance to  
 hold up in decent fashion, he puts a  
 bullet into this right shoulder afore he  
 shows, hisself, and then begins to  
 whoop and dance up and down the  
 road. The hosses was fur runnin'  
 away, but I finally got 'em pulled  
 down and waited for the idiot to cum  
 up. He was white about the gills and  
 a good deal more skeert than I was till  
 I told him I had only one passenger and  
 that a gal. Then he begins to brace  
 up and let on he's a terror from way  
 back. No respectable robber would hev  
 thought of plunderin' a woman, but  
 that cuss was low down and probably  
 hard up. He walked up to the door,  
 a gun in each hand, and ordered her to  
 step down."

"And you couldn't interfere?" I  
 asked.

"I wasn't heeled with a shooter, and  
 bein' as he had put a ball into me and  
 I was bleedin' like a stuck pig, and  
 hevin' trouble with the hosses, I didn't  
 want any more bizness on hand jest  
 then. I know'd he'd skeer the gal half  
 to death and wouldn't git over five dol-  
 lars in cash, but I couldn't help it. He  
 had his hand on the door to open it  
 when she fired a pistol in his face.  
 She had one, it turned out, and she  
 had the pluck to pull the trigger, but  
 it were a great surprise to me when I  
 heard the report and the yell which  
 folloed. The bullet hit the feller in  
 the side of the nose, about half way up,  
 and the pistol was held so clos that his  
 eyes was blowed full of powder. He  
 dropped his gun and staggered back  
 with his hands to his face, and that  
 little gal leaned out of the winder and  
 says to me as sweet as pie:

"Driver, will you have the kind-  
 ness to drive on?"

"I had that very kindness, you bet  
 yer life, fur I didn't know how bad the  
 feller was hurt and I didn't want any  
 more of his lead. I run the hosses into  
 Eureka and the gal hopped outer the  
 coach and kissed her as chipper as you  
 please. I reckoned to find her all up-  
 sot with hysterics, but she wasn't that  
 sort. She says to me, 'ays she—  
 "Driver, I guess you and the Sheriff  
 kin gobble that chap if you'll hurry  
 back, fur I know the powder blinded  
 him."

"Six of us drove back thar in the  
 coach. The feller's two guns was lyn'  
 in the road whar he dropped 'em and  
 we found him in the brush a few rods  
 off. He wasn't built fur no road agent.  
 He was whimperin' like a boy, and as  
 soon as he heard us he began beggin'  
 that we wouldnt hurt him. He's in  
 State prison, too, and I saw him only  
 a week ago. He didn't quite lose his  
 sight, but he can't only jest tell the  
 difference between a king and a jack  
 in broad daylight.

"And what became of the girl?"

"The gal? Oh, she got married in  
 about a year, of course. Jest went  
 and threw herself away on a feller as  
 didn't know plums. I was never more  
 disappointed in my life than I was  
 when I heard of it. Why, if I'd seen  
 him among a drove of jack rabbits I  
 wouldn't have wasted a load on him!"

"Ranchman, was he?"

"Ranchman! No! He was what  
 they calls a professor, and the gal's  
 mother like to hev cried herself to  
 death over it!"—*New York Herald.*

ON THE LAWYERS.

The Quitman (Ga.) *Free Press* has  
 heard two good jokes on lawyers. One  
 is on Judge Jim Guerry, of Dawson.  
 A short time ago an old negro was up  
 before the Judge, charged with some  
 trivial offence.

"Haven't you a lawyer, old man?"  
 inquired the Judge.

"No, sah."

"Can't you get one?"

"No, sah."

"Don't you want me to appoint one  
 to defend you?"

"No, sah; I jes' tho't I'd leab de case  
 to ignance ob de cot."

The other is on the legal fraternity  
 in general. An old farmer was on his  
 deathbed. He requested that two law-  
 yers from a neighboring town be sent  
 for. When they came he motioned  
 them to take seats, one on each side of  
 the bed. He looked from one to the  
 other for a few moments, and then  
 with his last breath exclaimed: "I  
 die content, like my Saviour, between  
 two thieves!"

Renew your subscription at once.  
 See your neighbors, get a new sub-  
 scriber or two and send in with your  
 own. You can't do a better thing.

CALEB CUSHING'S CURIOSITY.

Industry and Retentive Memory at the  
 Great Jurist.

Caleb Cushing's decisions while a  
 Justice of the Supreme Court of Massa-  
 chusetts were admirations of the Bar,  
 but lawyers wondered at his familiarity  
 with the reports, knowing that he had  
 long been out of actual practice. A  
 writer in the *Green Bag* explains this  
 familiarity by the statement that Mr.  
 Cushing, on being appointed to the  
 Bench, prepared himself by reading in  
 nineteen days the fifty seven volumes  
 of Massachusetts reports. His habit,  
 we are told, was to read every book,  
 pamphlet or periodical that seemed  
 likely to gratify his intense thirst for  
 knowledge.

When Webster's Unabridged Dic-  
 tionary appeared he read it through,  
 word by word, and corrected some  
 mistakes. He sought information from  
 every source.

"He would go into the street and  
 ask information from the shabbiest  
 negro if in that way he could learn  
 what he wished to know," said one  
 who was associated with him in Wash-  
 ington.

He once asked an acquaintance in  
 whose company he happened to be,  
 what name was given to the part left  
 after a check had been torn from a  
 check book. The gentleman could not  
 inform him. A few days after he re-  
 ceived a letter from Mr. Cushing with  
 the single word "stub." Trivial as the  
 question seemed he could not rest until  
 it was answered.

"It was not easy to start a topic of  
 which he was ignorant," says the writer  
 already quoted. "I took tea with him  
 at the house of his niece not long be-  
 fore he died and during the conversa-  
 tion he turned to a niece and said:  
 'Margaret, I see the ladies are to wear  
 so and so the coming season,' giving in  
 detail the new fashions."

Mr. Cushing excelled as a linguist  
 and was said to be able to converse  
 with all the Foreign Ministers at Wash-  
 ington in their own tongue. It is also  
 stated that as our Commissioner to  
 China he negotiated the first treaty  
 without the aid of an interpreter.

Industry, a retentive memory and a  
 methodical habit made him a linguist  
 and what Bacon calls "a full man." He  
 was as methodical in arranging his  
 time as in classifying his papers. In  
 his office every paper was in its place  
 and during the day every hour had its  
 duty or work.

A Washington real estate man, wish-  
 ing to show Mr. Cushing a piece of  
 property, was told to call at 5 o'clock  
 in the morning. The man was not ac-  
 customed to such early hours, but was  
 advised by one who knew Mr. Cushing  
 to be prompt. As he drove to the  
 door at the appointed time Mr. Cushing  
 was on the steps.

He talked all day, studied far into  
 the night and never seemed to know  
 fatigue. "I never," says a writer in  
 the *Green Bag*, "went by his house at  
 Newburyport, when he was at home,  
 no matter how late, that I did not see  
 a light in his room, and it was known  
 to be his habit to work till after mid-  
 night and throw himself on a lounge  
 for a few hours' rest, and at daylight  
 resume his labors."

ALLEGED FUN.

She—I suppose you would have been  
 happier if you had not married me?  
 He—Yes, darling, but I wouldn't have  
 known it.

"Mamma," said Jacky, whose little  
 sister was pulling his hair, "I wish  
 you'd make May stop. She's behaving  
 in a very ungentlemanly way."

Cholly—Bah, Jove, I've a dreadful  
 pain in my head. Can you suggest a  
 remedy?  
 Sinnikers—Yes, have it filled.

Jack—Many a happy marriage has  
 been spoiled by money.

Tom—Yes; it spoiled mine. She re-  
 fused me because I didn't have en-  
 ough.  
 "Pa, who was the old woman who  
 lived in a shoe?"

"She was originally a New York  
 girl who married a Chicago shoemaker,  
 and was left a widow without a home."

They were talking of the intelligence  
 of animals.

"I've seen a hog count," he said.  
 "So have I," she said. "I've seen  
 him count two seats in the car and  
 take them both himself."

Foreign visitor—Is that college a  
 really fine educational institution?  
 American (proudly)—Is it? I should  
 say it was. They've got the most  
 idiotic college yell to be heard in the  
 whole country, sir—yes, sir.

Raredon—How does it happen that  
 you haven't a gray hair in your head,  
 while your mustache is full of them?  
 Welden—My friend, there isn't a  
 form of liquid dissipation on earth that  
 that mustache hasn't dipped into.

Little Dick—Tell us about the giants,  
 Mr. D. Talk.

Guest—I don't know much about  
 giants, my boy.

Little Dick—That's queer. Papa

said he heard you tellin' Sis some tall  
 stories.

Aunt Flintskin—I feel quite pro-  
 voked to think that you and your  
 mother were in town the other day and  
 went to a restaurant instead of com-  
 ing to our house to dinner. Why  
 didn't you come?

Little nephew—We was hungry!  
 "One feature about this bureau that  
 I can recommend," said the salesman,  
 "is that it has been carefully oiled all  
 over the back. Gum won't stick to it  
 anywhere."

"My daughters," said the customer,  
 "are all married. Show me one that  
 you can't drive a nail into. I want it  
 for my boy."

NOBODY COULD FOOL HIM

The amateur farmer looked wise.  
 He had tramped or driven over a  
 large portion of the farm, had passed  
 judgment on the richness of the soil,  
 and had talked of the purchase of some  
 improved machinery. Altogether he  
 was very favorably impressed, and  
 announced that he had about made up  
 his mind to buy the land. Then he  
 noticed a little pool of bubbling water.

"What's that?" he asked quickly.  
 "A spring," replied the old farmer  
 "one of the purest, coldest springs in  
 this country."

"A cold spring!" exclaimed the  
 amateur farmer.

"Yes, sir, and as clear as crystal."  
 "Look here!" said the amateur  
 farmer sternly, "do I look like a man  
 who can be imposed upon?"

Why, no—  
 "Would you pick me out for a man  
 who doesn't know his business?"  
 "Of course not. I—"

"Then do you expect to unload this  
 farm on to me handicapped by that  
 thing?"

"Why, what's the matter with it?"  
 "Matter with it! Don't you suppose  
 I read the papers? They kill crops?"  
 "Springs kill crops?"

"Cold springs do. You can't fool  
 me, old man, if I do look like a city-  
 bred man. A cold spring is worse than  
 a backward spring according to the  
*Young Farmer's Weekly*, and you  
 wouldn't dare try to sell me a farm  
 with a backward spring on it."

The old man leaned against a rail  
 fence and didn't know whether to laugh  
 or swear as he watched the amateur  
 stalk haughtily down the lane.—  
*Detroit Free Press.*

THINGS HOPED FOR.

A bright school teacher had a boy  
 come into her class from the next lower  
 grade, who had the worst reputation  
 of any boy in school. His behavior  
 was so tricky and disobedient that he  
 had always been put into a seat di-  
 rectly in front of the teach desk where  
 he could conveniently be watched.

His reputation had preceded him,  
 but the new teacher had her own ideas  
 how recalcitrant boys should be treated.  
 On the very first day she said:

"Now, Thomas, they tell me you are  
 a bad boy and need to be watched. I  
 don't believe it. I like your looks, and  
 I am going to trust you. Your seat  
 will be at the back of the room, end  
 seat on the fourth row from the wall."

That was all she said. Thomas went  
 to his seat dumbfounded. He had  
 never in his life been put upon his  
 honor before, and the new experience  
 overcome him. From the very first  
 he proved one of the best and most in-  
 dustrious pupils in the school; and not  
 long ago the teacher gave him a good  
 conduct prize of a jack-knife.

The other day she was going down  
 one of the streets not far from the  
 school, when suddenly she noticed  
 Thomas among a small crowd of street  
 gamins. He saw her, too, and im-  
 mediately took off his hat, and called  
 out, his face beaming with a glad  
 grin:

"Hello, Miss E.—; nice day."

The other boys laughed at him.

"Well" said he, "she's the best  
 friend I ever had, and I'm going to  
 take my hat off every time I see her."

WOULDN'T STAND HUMBURG.

"While I was in Brazil," said a New  
 Yorker the other day, "a Yankee cir-  
 cus manager brought his great moral  
 show down and proceeded to do the  
 country. According to his advertise-  
 ments his collection of animals was  
 more complete than that which Noah  
 took in out of the wet, and his perform-  
 ers more wonderful than Barnum was  
 ever able to engage. I attended his  
 show and found it a very brazen fake.  
 The audience departed grumbling, and  
 in an hour the show king was before  
 the Poo Bah of the place charged with  
 fraud. The latter had one of the circus  
 bills spread out on a table and had  
 checked every discrepancy in the per-  
 formance. 'Now,' said he, 'why did  
 you not give the show you advertised?'  
 The showman thought it was a great  
 joke, and that he would probably be  
 subjected to a light fine and let off with  
 a reprimand, but he was mistaken.  
 For every shortcoming in the show,  
 for every instance where it failed to

tally with the advertisement, he was  
 fined \$100 and given a month in jail.  
 His fines aggregated \$1,000 and his im-  
 prisonment a year. He is serving out  
 his time now. As he was led away he  
 remarked that the people down there  
 had no conception of poetic license.  
 And they haven't. It is no place for  
 the genius humbug."

THE OLD COW.

Mr. A. W. Hathaway, at the Farm-  
 ers' Institute, held at New Florence,  
 Mo., had this to say in regard to the  
 old cow:

"Of all domestic animals which con-  
 tribute to man's necessities, the 'old  
 cow' easily takes the lead. From in-  
 fancy to old age, in sickness and in  
 health, the 'old cow' contributes to a  
 large degree the nourishment of the  
 human family. We commence with  
 milk and follow with butter, beef,  
 cheese and probably end with beef tea.  
 Her skin manufactured into leather  
 contributes to our comfort in boot-  
 and shoes, and to our wants in the  
 various articles for which leather is  
 used, and if necessity compelled, the  
 ox could do a large share of the labor  
 that is performed by the horse. I will  
 not be tedious by giving statistics of  
 the amount of beef produced, the  
 amount of butter and cheese manufac-  
 tured, or the amount of capital in-  
 vested, but only call your attention to  
 it that you may compare it with the  
 rest of our domestic animals, and see  
 if the old cow is not worthy of more  
 attention than is usually given her.  
 Yes, her meek, quiet and gentle ways  
 ought to win our affections. To be  
 practical, let us consider what care  
 should be given her. A barbed wire  
 fence is not sufficient protection from  
 the cold winter weather, but she should  
 be comfortably housed and have plenty  
 of good food. And let me give you  
 some of my experience in feeding the  
 old cow. Last year I cut my corn  
 while the fodder was green and let it  
 cure in the shock, then run it through  
 a feed cutter, and fed with it a ration  
 composed of one part of ground screen-  
 ings, one part of cotton seed meal, one  
 part of crushed ears of corn. They  
 gave a good quantity of milk and ate  
 the corn fodder up pretty clean, leav-  
 ing only the larger pieces of the butts.  
 This year I am feeding corn fodder the  
 same as last year, and corn in the ear.  
 They do not give nearly as much milk,  
 and do not eat the cut fodder nearly  
 as well, and this is my reason: The  
 cotton seed meal and ground screen-  
 ings made better balanced ration. The  
 ratio of albuminoids to barbohydrates  
 for milk cows or fattening animals  
 should be one of albuminoids to five of  
 carbohydrates. Corn fodder contains  
 1.34, corn 1.10, making the ration con-  
 tain a ratio of about 1.20; cotton seed  
 meal 1.18, and wheat screenings, which  
 is composed largely of chaff, has never  
 been analyzed, but probably has about  
 the same ratio as wheat bran, which is  
 1 to 5, which would make last year's  
 ration somewhere near right. I wish  
 some one would tell me before these  
 meetings close, what we can raise that  
 will be rich enough in albuminoid to  
 feed with corn fodder.

It would seem unnecessary for me  
 to say that an animal so valuable and  
 of such good disposition as the old cow,  
 ought to be treated with kindness but  
 I know many treat them very ill. If  
 she is frightened and starts they send  
 a club after her, or if she has a sore tail  
 and kicks they whack her on the ribs  
 with the three-legged stool. (I don't  
 use a three-legged stool; I use a box,  
 which is unhandy to chastise her with.)  
 I will tell you how I manage to break