

The Scourge of Damascus

A Story of the East...
By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

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CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

And thus was the work accomplished; and with a result not to be wondered at. The Arabs had been brave enough over their rich prizes, but they had lacked the sinew and force of the attacking party. In fact, upon foot, hand to hand, and front to front, either Julian or his lieutenant might have been a match for half of them.

"Those two rascals are not worth pursuing," said our hero, as he noticed that Hobaddan was looking after the fleeing Arabs. "Let them go. We have gained all we sought."

After this Julian turned towards the females. Ulin saw him coming, and, with no thought save that of tenderest gratitude, she moved forward to meet him.

"Heaven bless you, kind sir!" she said, as she extended to him her hand.

"Sweet lady," returned the chieftain, fervently, "talk not of blessings to me. Let me be the one to call down blessings. I know to whom I owe my life and my liberty. Hobaddan has told me all. Oh, let me bear ever with me the blessed privilege of remembering thee in my prayers to God!"

Tears gathered in the eyes of the maiden, and her lips trembled; and when she spoke her voice betrayed the deep emotion that stirred her soul.

"Indeed, fair sir," she said, with her hand still resting in his, "you should not deny to me the privilege which you claim for yourself. If you can feel pleasure in cherishing a holy gratitude, I can feel the same. When I remember the dreadful fate to which the Arabs had doomed me, I cannot forget the blessings which are due to the kind power that delivered me."

"As you please, lady," replied Julian, letting go her hand. "The thought that thou art blessing me will be a blessing indeed. And here is our fair Albia," he continued, turning to the bondmaid—and a close observer might have seen that he thus turned in order to subdue emotions that were rising to trouble him. "I do not forget that some blessing belongs to you."

"I have served my mistress," said Albia, modestly. And then, perceiving that a change of subject would be a relief to both parties, she added, "We owe you so much, sir, that you will be forced to accept my grateful blessings with those of my lady. And now, if I may dare to interrupt you, will you tell us how you chanced to discover us?"

"It was very simple, lady," replied Julian, directing his answer to the princess; "and though seemingly an accident, still I cannot help thinking that some kind spirit must have superintended the work. When we left Damascus we took a course slightly different from this; but on the way we met a poor traveler who informed us that he had been robbed. He did not tell us that the robbers were Arabs, and I fancied that they might be some of my own people. Fearing this, I determined to follow them. Their course was a crooked one, and when I finally reached the grove of date-palms, I had made up my mind to search no more. We were asleep in the grove, and Osmir awoke just as a party of horsemen were leaving the spring. He ran out and discovered that the strangers were Arabs, and that they had two females with them."

The chieftain directed the slaves to drag the bodies of the dead Arabs together, and take from them the gold and jewels which had been taken from the princess, and then to cover them up in the sand; after which he requested Hobaddan to examine his wound. It seemed to be but a slight puncture, just below the collar bone, upon the left side, and as it was bleeding but slightly, Julian concluded not to have it probed. A simple compress stanching the blood, and it was thought that there could be no danger.

When the slaves had done their work, the chieftain approached our heroine, and asked her whither she wished to go.

"I will see you safe to your journey's end," he said, "even though it be to the gates of Damascus."

"I go not that way, sir," she replied. "I wish to find the cave of an old hermit named Ben Hadad."

Julian started as he heard this; but he quickly recovered himself.

"Do you know that old man?" he asked.

"No, sir—I never saw him; but he was a friend to my mother and I think he will be a friend to me."

"Ah—do you go out from Damascus to find a friend?"

"I pray you, sir, ask me no questions. If you know where Ben Hadad lives, and it would not trouble you too much, I freely accept your escort."

"Noble lady, I not only know his place of abode, but my own course lies directly that way. If we start at once and meet with no further obstacle, we may reach it by the rising of another sun."

"The sooner we start the better," said Ulin; "and I can ride a long time without resting."

"We will ride as fast and as far as our horses are willing," added Julian, as he turned to prepare for the move.

In a few minutes they were mounted, Ulin and Albia once more taking

the horses that had brought them from Damascus; and when all was ready, the chieftain and his lieutenant led off, leaving Shubal to ride with the females, while Osmir and Selim brought up the rear.

A few hours past noon they stopped in a pleasant grove, where pure fresh water bubbled forth from a basin of white sand, and here they made a dinner of bread and fruit while the horses rested. Julian spoke with the princess and asked her how she bore the fatigue of the journey; but his manner was free from any shade of familiarity. She in turn asked concerning his wound, and expressed the hope that it might not prove serious. When he had gone, Albia remarked:

"The more I see of that man, the more do I love and honor him. He is no common man, my lady."

"I shall always remember him with gratitude," returned Ulin, gazing down at her.

"And I," added the bondmaid, earnestly, "should like to remain with him, and serve him always."

"You are generous, Albia."

"Because I am but a poor slave, and can only pay such debts with grateful service."

"No, no, Albia—a slave no more. When we left my father's house you stepped forth free. You are my companion—not my slave."

The girl caught the hand of her mistress, and bathed it with tears.

"Free!" she murmured. "Aye—free to serve you now and evermore! Still, dear lady, there is a holy satisfaction in feeling that the servile badge is stricken off. Your poor slave loved you truly, and you may be assured that she will love you none the less now that she is a slave no more."

Shortly after this, and while yet Albia was drying her eyes, Julian called up the horses, and made ready for another start.

Late in the evening they reached the bank of the Pharpar, and once more stopped to rest. The cave of the hermit was only a few leagues distant, and could be easily reached by midnight. For himself the chieftain did not care. He wished the princess to act her own pleasure.

The cave of Ben Hadad was in a deep valley, where the river wound between two long, high hills; and thick woods shut it out from the heat of the noon-day sun and from the gaze of the stranger. A good path led to it from the plain, though a person needed acquaintance with the way in order safely to follow it. Julian was surely used to the path, for he threaded its various windings without any hesitation, and at length drew up before a bold face of rock, beneath an overhanging shelf on which was the entrance to Ben Hadad's cave. It was too dark now to see all this plainly, but those who had been there before knew very well where they were. A loud call from Hobaddan soon brought a lighted torch from the cave, borne by a black slave.

"What ho, Ortok; where is your master?" demanded the lieutenant.

"Ho, ho—it is Hobaddan."

"Yes, you grinning rascal, it is I; and it is also Julian; and, furthermore, others are with us. Where is Ben Hadad?"

"He is in his bed, sir, sound asleep."

"And where is my—where is Ezabel?"

"She is also asleep, sir."

"Then call them at once. But hold—lead us into the cave first."

The negro came out with his torch, and while Hobaddan stopped a few moments with the slaves to look after the horses, Julian led Ulin and Albia into the cave. It was a broad, high chamber in the solid rock, and the light of the torch revealed the fact that there must be other chambers beyond.

In a little while a tall, broad-shouldered old man, with hair and beard as white as the breast of a swan, came forth from a distant passage, and almost at the same time an aged woman came from another direction. Julian quickly approached them, and spoke a few words in private and then said, aloud:

"These ladies, good father and mother, seek your aid and protection. Ask them no questions tonight, for they are worn and weary, and need repose. On the morrow they will tell you their story." He then approached the princess.

The old woman, when she saw Albia's face, recognized her at once; and as she gazed upon the beautiful features of the princess, the latter said, to the princess, she said:

"Good mother," replied Ulin, "I shall tell you the whole truth and then you will know just how much protection we need."

And thereupon she went on, and related all that had transpired to the present. She told how she had consented to be the wife of the king—she told of the death of her mother—and then she told how, in her bereavement, she began to dread and fear the man she had promised to marry.

The woman took Ulin's hand, and pressed it warmly between her own.

"Dear child," she said, with much emotion, for she had been deeply moved during the recital—"you could not have told your story to one who could have better understood it. I not only sympathize with you, but I will

protect you, if need be, with all the power I possess; and I assure you that our good Ben Hadad will join me with all his heart. You did right in fleeing from the wicked king. I know him well, lady; and I believe you have not only saved yourself from an unhappy fate, but you have saved Horam from committing more crime. Thus much we understand; and now, my dear Ulin, if I may venture upon the inquiry, what do you propose to do in the future?"

"My thoughts in that direction have been vague and troublesome," replied the princess. She spoke frankly, for Ezabel had won her entire confidence. "I have reflected upon the subject, and my mind has found but one resting place. I must remain away from Damascus until the king is dead. I can think nothing more. Where I abide I care not, so long as I am safe from harm."

The princess fell upon the woman's neck and blessed her; and after a little time she became calm, and wiped the grateful tears from her face. Her next question was of Julian. Had he yet left the cave?"

"No," replied Ezabel; "nor will he leave it at present! He is wounded in the breast, and—"

"Wounded!" repeated Ulin, catching suddenly at the word, and turning pale. "Is it dangerous?"

"No, not dangerous, lady; but he must have rest and nursing. It is more serious than he at first thought; but if he is careful, there will be no danger."

"Oh," cried the maiden, in a tone of relief, "I am glad it is not dangerous. If he had suffered on my account, the joy of my escape from Horam would have been sadly darkened."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Ezabel bowed her head, and pressed her hands upon her brow. There was certainly some deep and sudden emotion moving within her, for her frame trembled, and incoherent whisperings fell from her lips.

"Julian will not suffer," she said, when she at length raised her head. "Ben Hadad has examined his wound, and it can be easily healed."

"You have known Julian for some time," pursued Ulin, musingly.

"Yes, I have known him from childhood, and my son has been his constant companion."

"Your son?"

"Ah—perhaps you did not know that Hobaddan was my son."

"I did not."

"Well—such is the fact. Hobaddan is my only child. He was a strong youth, with the stature of manhood while yet Julian was an infant; and from those early years the two have been always together. In the beginning Hobaddan was the guide and protector; but in later years, since Julian has reached the age and strength of maturity, my son has been content to call him master."

Julian is much feared in Damascus," said Ulin.

"The king fears him," returned Ezabel, quickly; "and he has occasion for fear; but no poor man fears him. However, I will not take it upon myself to excuse Julian's faults. He may have sinned; he may have pursued his revenge too far. Let those who have suffered what he has suffered condemn him if they can."

"He has suffered much, good mother?"

"More than I can tell, my child."

"He is of Damascus born?"

"Yes."

"And—perhaps—of honored family?"

"The blood which runs in his veins is as pure and noble as ever supported a human life. The king himself can not boast a nobler origin; aye," continued Ezabel, with startling earnestness, "and even now, with the wholostry of his life up to this present hour, stamped upon his brow, he is nobler, and better, and purer, than the lords of Damascus. He is a man, and his heart is true; and I love him for the generous, devoted love there is in his soul."

(To be continued.)

INDIVIDUALITY OF A CHILD.

Children Derive Many Traits from Their Faraway Ancestry.

No two children, even in the same household, are alike. Twins, born in the same hour, and externally bearing lineaments which possess such close resemblance that strangers do not know the little ones apart, are often very dissimilar in disposition and mental traits. Who can tell what peculiarities, derived from some faraway ancestor—a little child has inherited? This wee maiden, unlike either parent, may be repeating in her temperament, her looks, and her ways a great-grandmother long since vanished from the earth. Each mother for each child needs to make a special study, and she need not be surprised to find herself so often baffled and at her wits' end to solve certain problems, and to manage in certain unlooked-for contingencies. If she will take the trouble to keep a record of her children, setting down in a journal day by day the interesting incidents, the small happenings, and the conclusions at which she arrives, she may be able by-and-by to assist other puzzled mothers. Of one thing the mother may be very sure, and that is that time is well spent which is devoted to the intelligent understanding of what is really for her child's good.

The little one whose life is ruled according to fixed hours, who is cared for wisely and nourished on the best food, who has plenty of sleep, plenty of fresh air, the right kind of clothing is kept free from excitements and disturbances, and enshroued in an atmosphere of tender love, will thrive and grow, and show in every movement the happiness of his environment.

REASON VS. REVISION.

THE INSINCERITY AND UNWISDOM OF THE ANTI-TARIFF CRY.

History of Legislation Against Trusts Shows that the Democrats When in Power Talked One Way and Voted the Other.

National and convincing letters from congressmen continue to come in in response to the American Economist's inquiry about tariff revision. Mr. Barham of California discusses the question in particular as related to trusts. He exposes the insincere character of the democratic anti-trust war cry by pitting practice against profession, and to the puzzled and patriotic citizen anxious to do away with monopoly Mr. Barham points the way to proceed:

Congressman Barham. Editor American Economist: California is practically unanimous for the present protective policy as contained in the Dingley tariff. Some one over-anxious to promote or advance his personal political ambition may suggest a modification or recasting of the Dingley tariff. Such excess of ambition will probably rebound so as to pester him in the future and remove him from the political horizon altogether. A republican of ordinary intelligence could not, in my judgment, conscientiously advocate a revision of the present tariff.

"It may be thought popular to go to any extent in agitating the question of 'trusts,' and that the people can be misled into the belief that 'trusts' can be destroyed by removing the tariff from the output of 'trusts.' Anyone who so believes is misleading himself. Every one who has given attention to this question knows perfectly well that 'trusts' do not come from, or grow out of, the protective tariff system. The people are quite well informed upon this subject, and he who thinks differently will find himself, where he ought to be, in the dust of the procession of progress and prosperity. The revision of the tariff means loss of confidence—loss of confidence means closing down of industries and preventing the up-building of new ones, lower wages, want, poverty. The wage-earner and capitalist know this full well. There is no danger of revision. Labor will not tamely submit to be returned to the condition in which it was so recently, neither will capital be compelled to go out of business by rank demagoguery.

"It is an assured fact, also, that too much reciprocity will not meet favorable consideration. The numberless reciprocal treaties proposed by Mr. Kassar are clear proof of his entire want of proper information on industrial conditions. Some of his misconceived ideas would have worked great injury had the senate ratified his proposed treaties. While the doctrine of reciprocity is the true one, yet it must not be misapplied.

"If the word 'trust' is used in the sense of monopoly, then every 'trust' now in existence can, by proper procedure in the courts, be destroyed. No monopoly, except for a limited time under patent rights secured by the constitution, can exist under our laws. The common law established the invalidity of monopolies over four hundred years ago in England, and that rule has come down to us and exists in every state in the Union; and the Sherman law of 1890 covers the question in so far as the power of congress goes. No monopoly, with the exception above mentioned, can or has a legal existence in the United States or in any state in the Union. The courts have so held whenever and wherever the question has arisen. To destroy a monopoly the machinery of the courts need only to be put in motion. This every lawyer within the corporate limits of the Union knows. Further, every law upon the statute books of the United States against combines, trusts and monopolies has been put there by a republican congress and signed by a republican president.

"Although the Sherman law was passed in 1890 by a republican congress and signed by a republican president, the democratic party, in its platform of 1892, promised to destroy 'trusts' if put into power. Unfortunately for the country, that party was put into full power. They had the house, senate and president. What was done? Eleven bills against 'trusts' were introduced into the house and senate, and six of these went to the committee on ways and means. Mr. Bryan was in the house and was a member of that committee. What became of all these bills? Nothing. They were never reported out of the committee. Why not? Why were 'trusts' not crushed? They had full power to pass any constitutional law. If the Sherman law was not complete, why not correct it? Why not make it complete? Was one of these bills (introduced for publication only) ever reported out of a committee and voted on? No. The records of the Fifty-third congress show all these facts. What demagoguery! Congress exhausted its power over the subject in the Sherman act. President Cleveland knew this and said so in his annual message (1887) to congress.

"The democrats always talk against 'trusts' and always vote for them. The last vote was on the proposition of the republicans to amend the Constitution, so as to give congress more power over 'trusts.' Democrats in the house delivered prepared speeches against 'trusts,' while the records of the Fifty-sixth congress show that they voted for 'trusts' and against the amendment.

"Republicans ought to let the demog-

crats have a monopoly of demagoguery. I want to suggest to my republican friends not to enter that field. The combine is too strong and you will certainly be crushed. The other side are too well equipped; you must not enter, you will be destroyed. Save yourself by keeping out.

Prosperity in the United States today is without an original, and is unparalleled in the whole history of the country. Who would disturb present conditions must be a bold adventurer, indeed. Because some combination takes advantage of the conditions is no reason for the agitation of a question which will seriously menace the prosperity of the country, paralyze industries and bring in its path ruin, disaster, misery, want, poverty.

No, do not attempt revision. Let reciprocity be carried on when and where it will benefit the people and do no injury to any of us.—J. A. Barham."

FARMER'S PROTECTION.

He Is Beat Off with a Nearby Market for His Produce.

It is the stock argument of the free-traders that protection is of all things inimical to the interests of the farmer. They grudgingly concede that the manufacturing industries thrive under protection, but they point to the trusts as the legitimate result of the protective policy, unwilling or unable to see that the relation of protection to the trusts is simply this: Protection allows American industries to exist. The trusts, so far as they are hostile to the general good, are abuses of this condition, not its legitimate or intended effect. The remedy for any evil caused by the trusts is not free trade, but regulation. Under free trade there possibly would not be any trusts. There wouldn't be much business of any kind.

Amputation of everybody's legs is not the most sensible remedy for the habit of kicking people. Legs can be regulated without being taken off and especially without depriving the innocent of something to stand on.

The free traders have always contended that the farmers didn't need anything to stand on, and lots of farmers honestly believe they would be better off without protection. What do they think of Germany's agrarian tariff, designed to protect the German farmer by the imposition of heavy duties? If protection helps the German farmer, why not the American? Of course, the protection afforded is different in kind, but the same in effect. This country doesn't import farm products and Germany does. The American farmer is not in need of protection, except in isolated cases from neighboring countries, from competition in his own products. But when the workingman has no wages he has no flour and meat and vegetables, and that's what the farmer has to sell and he doesn't want to depend too much upon the foreign market for his sales.

The peculiar speciousness of the free trade argument lies in its appeal to class cupidity. The prosperity of each class depends upon that of all. Wheat at \$2 and corn at 75 cents on the other side of the globe may appear an ideal condition from the farmer's view. But it is much better to have \$1 wheat and 50-cent corn with money in the pocket of the American consumer to buy it.—Kansas City Journal.

During the last few years we have heard a great deal about the "fishy flavor" in butter imported into England from Australia. We have come to look upon the trouble as something belonging only to the other side of the world. The investigators in Australia have been unable to locate the cause of the trouble, while the jokers have suggested that the dairymen stop feeding fish to their cows. But now we hear of the trouble in this country. The Geneva station recently had a case of the kind to investigate. This peculiar smell, as though the milk had set in a close room with a barrel of not-too-fresh fish, was brought to the attention of the bacteriologist at Geneva by a dealer who had already located it as coming from the milk of a certain dairy. Bottles were supplied by the bacteriologist, which had been steamed to insure the death of all germ life and then sealed. These sealed bottles were taken by the dairymen to his farm; at milking time each was opened long enough to receive a little milk from each quarter of the udder of a single cow; and then resealed. All were brought to the station; and, upon examination, the odor was found only in the milk of one cow. The owner rejected her milk and heard no further complaint from the dealer of bad smells. This was the practical point; and it was thus easily and simply gained. Investigations were begun to find the cause but no light was obtained. The cows had all been fed and treated alike.

In feeding sheep I find that it is necessary to start right, the same as in any other business. The first thing a feeder should know is, has he proper protection for sheep, such as sheds or barns for bad weather. Sheep cannot stand cold rains or sleet.—J. H. Starr

An eastern poulterer marks with a punch each early laying pullet, in the web of her foot, as soon as she begins laying, and only such are saved for the laying flock. Backward pullets are considered culls and marketed.

The real use of all knowledge is this: That we should dedicate the reason which was given us by God to the use and advantages of man.—Lord Bacon.

At times even the wide-awake drummer is caught napping on a sleeper. The man with the lawn mower often wishes that it were less.

Worse Than Idle Gossip. The talk about European nations uniting in a tariff war on the United States is funny enough in view of their own relations on the tariff question. The Russian government has semi-officially informed Germany that the proposed new German tariff, if carried into effect, will result in Russian reprisals. The Austrian government, through its prime minister, has made a similar statement. Harmony on the tariff question has not existed in Europe in the memory of man. The talk about a union against the United States is worse than idle gossip.—Albion (Pa.) Register.

Ex-Congressman Aldrich, of Alabama. Editor American Economist: I am not a member of the Fifty-seventh congress, not having been a candidate for re-election.

In reply to your question, I am of the opinion that carefully considered reciprocity treaties would tend to the enlargement of the American markets for manufactured goods and be more beneficial to the country than any general revision of the tariff would be.

It seems to me that it would be better for the republican party not to reopen the tariff question, as it is and must continue for a long period the chief corner stone on which American prosperity has been built and will be maintained. Very truly, W. F. Aldrich.

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Winter Feed. It is too early to decide what will be the cheapest combination of feeds for winter. The shortage will be in roughness. There is enough straw in Kansas to supply roughness for every animal in the state, and with many stockmen straw will be the feed to use. Farmers usually feed from 20 to 30 pounds of hay or fodder a head per day to stock cattle. Very much less may be fed if a proper grain ration is used. In 1888 a milk man in Manhattan wintered his entire herd of dairy cows without a pound of roughness, and he sold milk all winter. The cows were fed all the grain they wanted and in the spring were strong, but they looked gaunt and rough. It always pays to feed a little roughness. The writer has brought cattle through the winter in good condition on three to five pounds of hay per head a day, feeding grain. Bran or wheat will take the place of nearly all the roughness and can be mixed with cottonseed, gluten, germ oil or linseed meals, oats, corn or Kafir-corn, which ever is cheapest and make a good ration at a reasonable cost. Wheat is worth about as much pound for pound as corn, and middlings are worth more as a hog feed. Fattening hogs fed all the alfalfa or clover hay they will eat will fatten on much less grain than without hay. Sorghum hay is good for hogs. A few winters ago some farmers in northwestern Kansas carried their stock hogs through the winter on alfalfa hay alone. Stock hogs fed twice daily all the alfalfa clover or sorghum hay they will eat will require much less than the usual amount of grain. Hogs should be fed sufficient rough feed so that they will need to eat the leaves only.—H. M. Cottrell, Kansas Experiment Station.

Testimony for Brome Grass. In a report on Australian Brome grass (Bromus Inermis), as grown on the Station farm, Prof. Ladd of the North Dakota Station, says:

"Brome grass, as grown on the College farm, contains twice as much nitrogenous matter—protein—as is found in the average Timothy hay for the whole United States. Brome hay contains 6 per cent more protein than is found in the native prairie grass hay as shown by our analysis above. In fact the results above indicate brome hay to contain nearly as much protein as the average for red clover hay. Judging from the chemical analysis this hay has a feed value superior to any other hay produced in the state, while the experiments show it to be a surer hay or pasture crop than timothy, especially for dry seasons or in regions of low rainfall."

Cow Logic. Scrub stock would soon disappear if there were no scrub dairymen. It is better to pull four teats than eight for the same amount of milk.

The worst obstacle to success in dairy processes is dirt; the next worst is dirt, and the third is dirt; Contentment is not always better than wealth. It is better to make money with good cows than to be contented with poor ones.

Use the best bull attainable if his progeny is to be raised. Who would expect a good crop of corn if he used half-filled nubbins for seed?—Holstein-Friesian Register.

During the last few years we have heard a great deal about the "fishy flavor" in butter imported into England from Australia. We have come to look upon the trouble as something belonging only to the other side of the world. The investigators in Australia have been unable to locate the cause of the trouble, while the jokers have suggested that the dairymen stop feeding fish to their cows. But now we hear of the trouble in this country. The Geneva station recently had a case of the kind to investigate. This peculiar smell, as though the milk had set in a close room with a barrel of not-too-fresh fish, was brought to the attention of the bacteriologist at Geneva by a dealer who had already located it as coming from the milk of a certain dairy. Bottles were supplied by the bacteriologist, which had been steamed to insure the death of all germ life and then sealed. These sealed bottles were taken by the dairymen to his farm; at milking time each was opened long enough to receive a little milk from each quarter of the udder of a single cow; and then resealed. All were brought to the station; and, upon examination, the odor was found only in the milk of one cow. The owner rejected her milk and heard no further complaint from the dealer of bad smells. This was the practical point; and it was thus easily and simply gained. Investigations were begun to find the cause but no light was obtained. The cows had all been fed and treated alike.

In feeding sheep I find that it is necessary to start right, the same as in any other business. The first thing a feeder should know is, has he proper protection for sheep, such as sheds or barns for bad weather. Sheep cannot stand cold rains or sleet.—J. H. Starr

An eastern poulterer marks with a punch each early laying pullet, in the web of her foot, as soon as she begins laying, and only such are saved for the laying flock. Backward pullets are considered culls and marketed.

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