

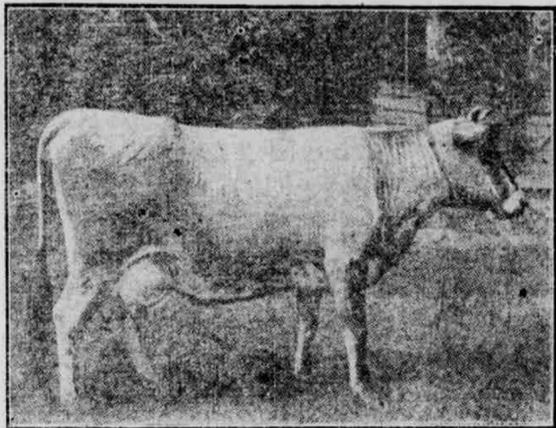
## PRIZE WINNER FOR "BEST DAIRY COW"

Good Qualities That Go Far Toward Making the Most Profitable Milk Producer—Importance of Shape.—By J. Grant Morse.

I think that the managers of the New York state fair are "up against" a rather hard proposition if they wish to give premiums to the best grade cows. In the first place, if rules for entering in this class are not of the strictest kind the premiums are very apt to go to pure bred cattle masquerading as grades, writes J. Grant Morse in Rural New Yorker. It is a great deal easier to show a pure-bred as a grade than it is to show a grade as a pure-bred, and if there is anything in breeding the grades would stand a poor chance by the side of pure-breds especially fitted by a professional showman. At first one would say that it will be very easy to pick out the best cows by simply milking them and weighing and testing the milk, but in my opinion this would not be a fair way at all, for the best dairy cows are of a very high nervous temperament and for this

you see that this cow would have made a very poor showing in a public milk test. I think that the only practical way to judge these cows is by looking at them and the man who does the judging should be one of wide experience with dairy cattle. He should not only understand cows as milkers, but he ought to be acquainted with the different kinds of pure-breds from which they are graded.

These cows should be judged by a score of points, but not the score card of any one breed. For instance, the Jersey score card calls for a cow with "dished face, wide between the eyes and narrow between the horns," while these characteristics are lacking in some other breeds. The shape of a cow's head doesn't have anything to do with her milking capacity in some people's opinion, but I think that the head is the most characteristic part



Prize Winner for "Best Dairy Cow."

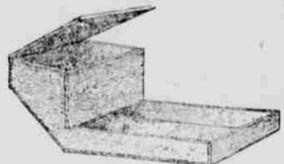
reason the best cow in the lot might make the poorest showing under such conditions as she would meet with on the state fair grounds. A few years ago I sold a registered Jersey cow to a merchant in a neighboring village, under these conditions: I delivered the cow and told his man how to feed her and at the end of a week I was to come back and either take the cow away or get my pay for her, as the buyer should decide as to her value. Well, at the end of the week I went back and the man paid me for the cow. But after he paid me for the cow he told me that if I had come back in the middle of the week he should have told me to take the cow away. The first day she gave a good flow of rich milk, but the next she began to go off, both in quantity and quality, and she gave only a very small mess of very poor milk. Then she began to get back to a normal condition, so that by the end of the week she had won her way back into the good graces of the family. So

by which we may determine the possession of the high nervous temperament necessary in the best dairy cow. If I were going out after good dairy cows I should have in mind one with a long, deep barrel with well-sprung ribs. The shoulders would be thin, but she would be deep and wide through the chest. Her hips should be long and very wide, but her thighs should be thin and devoid of much flesh. She should have a good, shapely neck and a nice, intelligent head, devoid of much flesh. If she were fresh I should expect a good, big udder with large teats placed far apart, and her milk veins should be large and elastic and should extend well up toward her front legs and terminate in large "milk wells." With this conformation I should want to find the cow with a bright, healthy-looking eye and a general alert appearance, then if her coat looked thrifty and her skin had a soft, nice feeling, I should think I had found a good "milking machine," in excellent working order.

## SELF-FEED BOX FOR THE HORSE

Sketch Showing Arrangement That Will Prevent Animal from Eating too Rapidly.

Some horses have a habit of eating their feed too fast if it is placed loosely in a box. This can be easily remedied by making a self-feeder on the feed box, says Popular Mechanics. The accompanying sketch shows how



Feed Box for Fast Eating Horse.

a feeder can be made similar to a poultry feed hopper. The box can be made of one-inch boards large enough to hold one feed. The horse can get the grain only in small quantities, so he cannot eat more rapidly than he should. The bottom must be made with enough slant to insure all of the feed coming out in the trough.

## GROWING GOOD BEEF CATTLE

Feed Grown on the Farm Properly Prepared and Fed Makes the Most Profit to the Breeder.

It taken love for the business, industry and skill to grow beef cattle profitably. As the Drovers' Journal says, the feed grown on the farm properly prepared and fed makes the best profit in beef growing. Cattle must not be forced by overfeeding of grain at the commencement of the fattening process. Corn and oats, ground together with bran and linseed meal make an excellent grain ration for cattle at the beginning of the feeding process. After cattle are well started more corn can be fed, as corn is the

principal grain depended upon to finish cattle for market.

For roughage nothing excels alfalfa and some feeders believe that alfalfa alone will fatten cattle as fast as corn and timothy hay. Clover is admirable for roughage. Cattle should be marketed when they are in prime condition and not finished for show animals. Extreme finish is expensive and often reduces the profits of feeding operations and should not be attempted in commercial fattening for the general market.

## GROWING COW PEAS FOR MORE PROTEIN

That Recommendation Is Made to Improve the Food in the Silo—Mix Them with Corn.

For the purpose of getting more protein food in the silo with corn, Board's Dairyman recommends growing cow peas in the corn, and says the Whippoorwill peas are considered about the best to plant with the corn. It is not as leafy as some of the other varieties, but on account of its climbing habit, clings to the corn better than the others and makes it easy for the corn binder to reap the crop. Some plant about one gallon of corn and two gallons of peas per acre, or sow the peas after the corn is about six inches high; while others in planting corn, drop a grain of corn every 12 to 14 inches and two or three peas every eight to ten inches. Silage made from cow peas and corn mixed together is better than from cow peas alone. Another system of getting more protein into the silage is to grow the cow peas and corn separately and mix them as they are being put into the silo.

### LIVE STOCK NOTES.

It is not always wise to feed the same amount of grain to both horses in one team. One may need more than the other to keep it in good health and working condition. It may be stated as general rule that when a sheep gets sick and you don't know how to doctor it, it is a good plan to allow nature to take its course. Proper care, light feeding and protection against exposure will work wonders.

## Recent Styles



- 1.—Model for a gown of white chiffon cloth. It has an eccentric but attractive arrangement of heavy flet lace touched with gold and silver bullion around the shoulders and on the skirt. The hat is a Gainsborough of white lace trimmed with aigrettes of raspberry pink. The scarf is in the same color.
- 2.—Gown of pale lavender batiste with long narrow skirt. Oblong panel back and front made of net with vermicelli design of heavy loss over its surface. This is outlined with twisted soutache between two straight bands of black velvet ribbon. Under arm pieces are of net with trimming of black velvet ribbon. Shallow yoke and high stock of white net. Hat of black with Henry VIII. crown of lavender velvet. Hat pins of amethysts set in filigree silver.
- 3.—Hat of black chip trimmed with two large plumes and stiff pleated bow of jade green.
- 4.—Frock of dull pink linen with embroidered lingerie collar and cuffs. It is trimmed with linen covered buttons and the sash is of black satin. Hat of rough straw trimmed with large wired bow of black satin.
- 5.—Child's frock of white batiste with bertha of lace and rosette of pale blue satin ribbon. Lingerie hat of eyelet embroidery with scarf and bow of pale blue satin.

## IN SOFT QUALITY OF LINEN FOR AN ALL-BLACK COSTUME

Model That Would Make Up Well in Any Light Color, Preferably Pale Green.

Linens are made in such delightfully soft qualities this summer, that they adapt themselves well to fine tucks such as are made at the top of this skirt. The number of colors suited to a summer dress are many, but

Always Well to Have One for Genuine Service, and Here is a Splendid Model.

There is quite a return to the once popular fashion of having a black frock for genuine service. Every woman even with an elaborate wardrobe knows there are some hours when everything seems to be in need of cleaning or mending. For just such occasions she has a smart one-piece frock of black hanging in the closet. It is made of fine silk voile, for there has been found no better fabric for this purpose. It fits the figure, has an added belt of patent leather run through sides of watered silk, and is fastened down the back with hooks and eyes. The skirt clears the gown by two inches and has a hem of black watered silk. The sleeves are elbow or three-quarter length. Each woman is in a go-as-you-please race concerning sleeves, and knows she is in the fashion as long as she keeps them small.



The top of this frock is laid in small folds from shoulder to belt, has a round yoke of black chiffon cloth covered with silk soutache braiding in Egyptian design and a shallow upper yoke of that heavy Venetian lace that wears so well.

This lace is repeated in a narrow pear-shaped armhole that runs halfway to the waist, and the black sleeves have a wide band of it around the middle.

With a black, purple of grass-green hat and smartly frocked, any woman is smartly frocked.

### In Pastel Colors.

Plain materials are much easier of construction than are those of striped, barred and flowered material. Perhaps it is this that has made the delicate pastel-colored batiste a favorite with the home dressmaker.

The fact remains that many of the more expensive sheer linen models in these delicate tones are copied by the amateur in the less expensive batiste.

A favored method of finishing the batiste frock is the basting together of its various parts and the holding of them in place by a very close and even feather-stitching.

### Frills of Footing.

Plaited frills of white tulle footing are much in evidence on pretty blouses of colored foulard. They are intended, it is true, to be worn with the separate skirt, but the colors should match, thus making the dress at least harmonious, if not a true example of the one-piece frock.

The footing frill usually is edged with a little strip of straight or bias silk like the blouse, and its covered buttons and small bow tie are of plain foulard to match the general color scheme.

### Hazardous.

With the report that Burbank or another of the wizard species has forced reluctant nature to yield a cobless corn, some will be promised to ask how much further this upsetting of the order of creation can proceed with impunity?

So long as positive law creates no social distinctions, we have the greater need to safeguard all adventitious aids to salutary subordination; and it is certain that corn without a cob to eat it from ceases, by that, to be the

means wherewith gentility has not seldom vindicated itself, and breeding gained a significant, albeit subtle, attestation. Can we afford it?—Puck.

### Unwritten Law.

There must be an unwritten law to justify one who lets go and kills the man who asks, "Is't not enough for you?"

### His Experience.

"I understand you used to be a firm advocate of the rural life."  
"Yes, I used to be a merry village in a chorus."

## WHEN THE RIVER WAS HIGH

BY EMILY S. WINDSOR

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There was a deepening green on the mountain slopes, and the song of a robin came to John Lester standing at the entrance of his tent.

"Yes, spring is come," he mused, "and what an everlasting bore everything is."

A group of men lounged on a huge fallen tree at some few yards from his tent. There was a movement among them as the sound of a horse's hoofs was heard on the road near by. Then as the horseman appeared crossing the clearing they sauntered towards him.

"Any letters, Sam?" Morris dismounted, and took a package from his coat pockets. "Two for you, Brown, three for you, Cooper, one for Davis, No—Dick, none for you." He turned towards Lester.

"None for you, sir." Lester nodded carelessly. He was not disappointed. He had long ago ceased to expect any letters.

"How's the river?" he asked, briefly.

"Still rising. They say it will go to 70 feet."

"Then we'll just stay here till it goes down."

"It's a good deal of a nuisance, though, sir, to lose the time, with such a bit of work before us. There's no trains going out. And the hotel's full of swells on their way to Frisco. They'll likely find time heavy on their hands waiting for the water to go down."

Lester's gaze came back from the mountains. "Have my horse ready, will you, Sam?"

Twenty minutes later Lester rode away from camp, his stalwart figure erect and easy in the saddle.

The men read their letters and resumed their position on the tree. Their glance followed Lester's de-

and two women. He was not enough interested to look at them as they turned into the other road, but the fleeting glance he had of them told him they were people from a world unknown to him the last few years. He did not see that the man in the carriage had turned and was looking earnestly back at him.

A woman's light laugh floated back; there was the accent of violet in the air. Lester's thoughts went back to days which it was his constant endeavor to forget. She had had such a laugh, and she had always about her a faint odor of violets. He gave his shoulders an impatient shake, and quickened his horse's movement. He would not let the memory of those past days take possession of his mind.

When within a half mile of the village he reached a road leading directly to the river. The thought came to him that there would be some interest in seeing the river at nearer range. He turned his horse in that direction. He rode slowly, taking in the breadth of landscape before him. Suddenly a child's cry awoke the stillness. Lester looked around. At the side of the road sat a child, a girl of four or five years. She was holding one foot in both her small hands.

"Hello!" exclaimed Lester, jumping from his horse. "What is the matter, little one?"

The little child looked up at him. "My foot, it hurts." There was a fresh burst of tears. "And I'm lost. I want to go back."

Lester bent over her. She was a beautiful little creature. She had a profusion of brown wavy hair and great gray eyes shaded by thick dark lashes.

She cried softly as Lester examined her foot. She had evidently turned her ankle violently in walking over the rough stones of the road.

"Where do you live?" asked Lester. "Don't cry, I'll take you home." "Don't live here, we're at the hotel." She stopped crying, and looked at Lester with the confidence which the glance of his eyes and his smile always won for him.

"At the hotel? Well, my horse will take us there very soon." He lifted her in his arms, and placing her on his saddle, sprang up behind her. "She belongs, no doubt, to those people that Morris said are staying over on account of the flood," he thought.

The little girl leaned against him comfortably. Lester chatted gayly to her, and soon she was laughing merrily. Her name was Dolly, she told him, and she had run away because she wanted to see the river.

By the time they reached the village and were riding up to the hotel, she seemed to have forgotten the pain in her foot. The street seemed deserted and there was no one visible about the hotel except a young woman standing on the veranda which ran around the building. Dolly called out as she saw her: "Here I am! Here I am!"

The young woman screamed and ran down to the road.

"Oh, Dolly, Dolly, you naughty child!"

Then as Lester drew rein, she saw his face. "You, John!" Lester had turned white to the lips. "Is this your child?" he asked, his voice sharp.

He had dismounted and held the child in his arms. "My child!" she returned, impatiently. "No, John, I am not married. No—" as Lester made a movement toward her. "Matters are unchanged—but I am going to tell you what I would not before, because I did not want to appear as trying to influence you to accept your stepmother. She—is my sister. She was married to your father while I was at France in school. I did not know for some time after I met you that you were her stepson. When it was known to me—I decided not to marry you. But now—well, Dolly is your step-sister. She was left with me this morning while your father and my sister went for a drive with another member of our party. Suddenly she was missed—oh, I was so frightened—your father adores her, and if anything had happened to her—and, oh, John, to think that you found her!"

Lester had stood rigid and white during this explanation, his eyes on the sweet face of the speaker.

Now he folded the little girl closely in his arms and rested his cheek against hers.

"I have been a fool," he said, tersely. "I'll tell my father and your sister so. Is she as sweet as you, Alice?"

"Much nicer than I. Oh, John, your father will be so happy to have you back."

"And you, Alice? Will you have me now?"

"Yes, John." Lester laughed happily. "I must carry Dolly in. Her foot must be attended to. She has hurt it."

Dolly seemed to thoroughly understand all that had been said. She put her arms around Lester's neck.

"I am glad that you are my brother," she said.

We are always wishing we were this or that person instead of ourselves, and if such a thing as metempsychosis were possible we'd be mighty glad to get back to our own trials.



He Lifted Her in His Arms.