'TWAS THE OTHER MAN.

Love at First Sight and Love at Second Sight.

THE RIVER brawled a noisy tune that the bridge had listened to unmoved for some hundreds of years, and then, as if wearied with this profitless exertion, drew itself up with dignity and swept along with deep, rapid and noiseless current.

On a slender spit of turf which jutted out at the tail of the eddies stood a girl intently engaged with a fly-rod; lounging over the gray parapet of the bridge were a couple of men lazily watching her.

One of the men was tall and dark, he answered to the name of Duncan. The other was shorter built and had lighter hair, and him his companion addressed as Billy.

The pair of them were moving leisurely through the country, in company with a house on wheels, a yellow-painted caravan which was then resting just down the turn of the road.

The shorter man removed his pipe and spoke:

"Ah, see that cast? By Jove, it was a neat one. Couldn't have done it better—risen him again, and—no, not this time, my lady. But you'll go on, won't you? He's a fat two-pounder, and you're a keen sportsman, I can see that."

Three other casts were made without result, but at the third the fish rose again, and was snugly hooked in the dropper.

"That fly's a March Brown for a ten pound note," exclaimed Duncan with an access of interest as the trout shot off like a flash diagonally down stream.

"Ah, now she's giving him the butt, and that's checking the pace. He'd break her if he got tangled in the overfall among those stones. Faith, she's playing him like an old hand."

As he spoke the spring of the bending rod stopped the two-pounder's rush, and the fish began doggedly to return to the summons of the slowly turning reel.

The unrelenting tension of the line wore down his strength, and his captor felt blissfully sure of success. In another minute or so he would be gasping and showing silver beneath the bank at her feet.

She reached a hand round for the landing net, which hung from a ring in her creel-strap, and had partly drawn it out, when of a sudden the honeycombed turf beneath began to bend and break down.

She saw the danger and tried to step back, but the movement was not in time. She lost balance, slipped and fell, and the next moment had rolled off sideways with a splash into the shining water.

By the men on the bridge no words were spoken. They left the bridge at either end and raced down the rugged bank on different sides, Duncan crashing through hazel bushes, his companion stumbling madly over tumbled bowlders.

Reaching the bottom of the straggling fall, each left the bank and splashed into the deeper water dressed as he was. Duncan swimming with a side stroke, the other racing against him on the breast. The current was very rapid, but as to where it was taking them neither gave a thought.

Each was wholly intent upon being first to reach the form which was swirling on ahead, now half submerged, now wholly beneath the surface.

Then Billy got knocked out of the race. He fouled an island of weeds that was being swept along by the current and felt their slimy tendrils wrap

"SEE THAT CAST!"

around him and had to stop and fight for his own life.

By the time he had emerged panting and half choked from the conflict he turned to see the girl lying in a draggled heap on the bank and Duncan in the act of scrambling up alongside of her.

An hour afterwards the pair of wanderers reached their caravan again, patted the browsing horse and went inside to change.

Silence was well maintained for awhile, each being occupied with his own proper thoughts. Then Duncan spoke:

"You had a narrowish squeak with those weeds, old man. I saw you out of the tail of my eyes once or twice. You were fighting them under water, weren't you?"

"Yes, they wrapped round me like slimy ropes and pulled me down. I was nearly done for when I got my nose up again."

"Glad you got out of it so well. I'd hove her on to the bank and was just coming off to bear a hand when you bobbed up from below. I couldn't come earlier."

"Of course not, and besides—it didn't much matter."

"Eh, what's that?"

"Only I envy you your luck in pulling her out, Duncan, that's all. Heigho-ho. And now let's change the subject."

The tall man whistled.

"Dry up," said his companion.

"Sits the wind in that quarter? Why, my dear goose, if you think it matters in the smallest degree, we'll say that it was you that hooked her inshore. We'd both got the will, and it was quite a toss up who actually did the finishing touch. If it hadn't been for the unlucky handicap of those weeds you'd have been there first."

"No, I shouldn't. You were ahead."

"Pooh, a yard or so maybe, but we were practically neck and neck. I say, old man, is this a case of that complaint one reads about in books, love at first sight?"

"I—I believe it is."

"No one saw the girl fished out of the water, and when the brother and all that crowd of domestics turned up from the house and saw us pumping up and down her arms and getting the breath into her again nothing was asked as to how the thing was done. They thanked the pair of us collectively and trooped off.

"When we dine there to-night, and they've got their nerves quieted down and ask for details, I shall just pitch the yarn in my own fashion, and picture myself tied up in the weeds and you doing the rescue business."

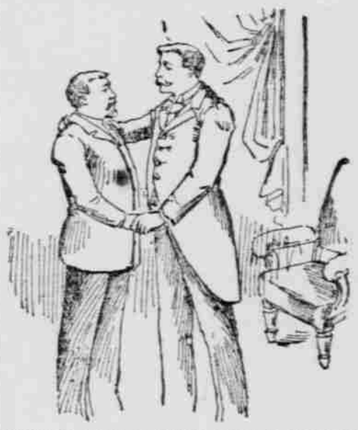
The scene changes from the yellow-painted caravan to luxurious bachelor chambers in town, and time has spun by to the extent of six months.

Duncan is seated in a great eider-stuffed chair; the man they called Billy is stumping restlessly over the soft carpet.

"You'd better tell me what's happened, chapter and verse," suggested he of the arm-chair.

"Oh, nothing except what you've heard."

"But I've heard nothing. I met you and her at dinner on the night after our mutual bath, and I haven't clapped eyes on either of you since. I



DUNCAN LAID A HAND ON HIS COMPANION'S SHOULDER.

—I didn't want to interfere in any way whatever. So I took a steamer and went to New Zealand and back, just for my health, y' know."

"You're rather puzzling, Duncan, but if you insist I can only repeat that there's remarkably little to tell. She was civil to me, and grateful, and all that, and we could have been the best of friends if I had wished it so. But I couldn't stick at friendship, and of late she has seen it."

"Well?"

"She can't give me more than friendship. I asked her, and she said she couldn't. I told her I would wait any amount of time if that would do any good, but she refused to give me the least hope."

"And didn't she vouchsafe anything further, Billy?"

"Yes, she did."

"What was it? Don't tell me, of course, if you'd rather not."

"It's a hardish mouthful, Duncan, old man, but I'll out with it. She told me she was fond of another man, and—"

"And what?"

"And he had shown conclusively he cared nothing for her, and consequently she should never marry."

"What a scoundrel the other man must be!"

"Yes, I said that, but she promptly denied it. It seems he had hardly spoken half a dozen words to her. She said he had once tried to render some great service to her and failed. But the intention was clear enough. By dint of pleading I got the name out of her—"

He paused.

"And it was?" asked a strained voice from the depths of the chair.

"Great heavens, man! can't you see that it was you?"

Duncan leaned forward with his chin in the heel of his fist, and his face turned away towards the fireglow.

"And you don't care a pin for her?"

"No, of course not."

Duncan turned swiftly round.

"You mean that?" he demanded.

"Yes, or else I shouldn't have said it. Why, whatever is the matter with you?"

Duncan came across the room and laid a hand on his companion's shoulder.

"Billy, d'you know what I cleared out of England for? No? Then I'll tell you. You fell in love with that girl at first sight; I did the same when I met her for the second time.

"We've always been good chums, you and I, old chap, and I couldn't bear to run counter to you. So I went away on the out trail. I thought the sea air and the fresh scenes would blow the nonsense out of my head.

"But it didn't. I love her more than ever now."

"Then no one stands in your way, and I congratulate you with all my heart. Go in and win, old man.

"No, don't say anything. I'm going to leave this for a bit. My brother's got an orange ranch in Florida, and I think I'll run over to him for a year or so. I'll go now, if you don't mind. Good night, old chap, and God bless you."—Boston Globe.

COCKRAN ON THE TARIFF.

The New York Statesman Exposes Some Republican Fallacies.

In the debate on the tariff bill in the house on Friday, January 12, W. Burke Cockran, of New York, presented his views on the proposed reform, the leading points of which are here given.

Mr. Cockran said he had consented to speak partly because he did not believe he would retard the passage of the bill by so doing and partly in the hope that some of his remarks might lead to some counter assertions from the republicans. Objection had been made to the bill on the ground that it would not raise enough revenue for the use of the government. The objection presupposes that the reduction of tariff rates means a reduction of tariff receipts. If he believed that this bill would reduce the revenue he would not support it. He believed, on the contrary, that the revenue would be increased by decreasing the tariff, and his belief was based on the experience of all the civilized nations of the world. Referring to that free trade nation, par excellence, Great Britain, he showed that the revenues of that country had been materially increased since the extension of the free list. The dutiable list in England has been steadily decreasing and now contains only about six articles, as it was found that a larger list was not needed for the support of the government, and the income from those six articles was greater than when the list contained hundreds of thousands of articles. The breaking down of the old barriers to the free exercise of the skill and industry of a nation was of equal value to the discovery of a new and better element of nature, the opening of a new continent, the birth of a new nation.

It had been said that the reduction of the tariff would paralyze trade and destroy the industries of the country. He denied it; on the contrary, he asserted that it would increase trade, would increase consumption, enlarge our markets and would not only increase the revenues of the government, but would also increase the opportunities of the people to earn the money they need for existence.

He showed that the burdens of tariff taxation eat deeper into the roots of industry and bear more heavily on the people than appeared on the surface. For every dollar which went into the treasury from the collection of tariff taxes hundreds of dollars were collected by the processes of consumption and trade throughout the country. The tariff granted to a few protected individuals letters of marque to prey on the industry and commerce of their fellows.

"In custom house arithmetic two and two do not always make four, but sometimes only one. This reduction of the tariff laws, which was about to be accomplished, would operate to so increase the revenues of the government that the treasury would soon again be in the condition in which the democratic party left it in 1888, and the chief trouble would become the question of how to dispose of the surplus which would accumulate.

"Now, we have heard a great deal of protection; it is a word we are thoroughly familiar with. But what is protection in the concrete? A gentleman on the other side (Mr. Dalzell) had declared that the time would come when the country would have protection. If we have not got protection now, then what is protection? Have not we got it now? Is not the McKinley bill protection in all its perfection? Then what is the tariff? The republicans seem to think that it is something sacred, something mystic, something wonderful, something which should not be touched, looked at or spoken of except with bated breath. It is like the ark of the covenant of old, which it was a sacrilege to look upon and death to touch. And the mystic tariff went triumphantly through the election of 1889 and the democrats who were bold enough to discuss it were sent into the cold shades of "the opposition." But is the tariff law of 1892 the largest and final jewel in the crown of protection? Are we to assume that now at last we have "protection"? Or is there to be another advance in the life of protection? Is the wall to be built still higher? I do not know whether we have protection now in its fullest sense or whether you gentlemen on the republican side are only started on your tariff career and will ultimately give us a tariff law which will give us a home market where our wants will be supplied by trusts and by the favored monopolist under the tariff.

"Are we to be told that the further we progress in wresting the secrets of nature and obtaining control, for our industrial pursuits, even of the elements themselves; that when we can harness up the lightning to do the work of commerce, and when we can use forces which (in operation to-day) transcend in power the very miracles with which Moses sought to convince Pharaoh of the divine mission with which he was charged; are we now to confess, I say, that our possession of those powers and advantages of this march along the line of civilization makes us helpless as against a lower level of civilization?

"Sir, barbarism has prevailed against civilization, when barbarism used the weapons of brute force; but in economic contests, the higher the level of civilization the more sure the result of the contest. And because we, in this country, are the most civilized people that the world has ever seen, because we have reached the highest level of civilization of which the human mind ever dreamed, we are for that reason and for that reason only charged with the highest purpose of effecting the industrial and economical conquest of the whole world."

Quoting approvingly a sentence from David Hume, Mr. Cockran said:

"Like him, I pray for the commercial success and prosperity of the sons of men wherever they are. I believe that the children of Adam, whom Christ died to save, are all our brethren, and that the mission of the republic is to elevate all of them."

Mr. Cockran went on to argue that as an individual should confine himself to the business that was within his practical capacity, so also a people should confine itself to those industries which it can carry on advantageously. The protectionists seemed to believe that the condition of the laborer was best when he was confined to one job. "But," he said, "the condition of the laborer is best when he has two jobs. And we believe that if the provisions of this bill go into effect the country would begin on a grand march of progress, on a wise era of prosperity and usefulness, such as has never before been witnessed. It would reach a position of eminence which it could never attain until it is realized that its children are entitled to enjoy its fruits at the cheapest rates.

"We have heard it said," Mr. Cockran continued, "that all through Europe there has been a reaction and that a revival of the protection sentiment is in progress. That sentiment is to be explained on the theory that the immense standing armies maintained by the military nations of Europe make it necessary to keep so many men in the armies."

After giving figures as to European armies, Mr. Cockran said:

"Now do you see why a protective system is necessary in those countries? Now do you understand the growth of the protective sentiment in Europe? Now do you realize that it may be necessary to the existence of a country from a military point of view? So, as a war measure it is competent for a government to protect its industries, which is simply a bounty to private individuals for the benefit of the people; but in no case is it admissible to give them a bounty for the benefit of themselves. If this protective tariff wall were to be thrown down in Germany or France, the industries of these countries would grow with giant strides, and there would be a demand for labor which could not be supplied while the governments were maintaining in military idleness countless hundreds of thousands of men in the very flower of their youth. And that is one of the reasons why those military countries keep their protective tariffs."

Mr. Cockran then said his republican colleague from New York (Mr. Payne) had told the members of the committee that the Wilson bill was unpopular with the people throughout the country; that men could walk through any city in New York and see the evidence of its unpopularity at any corner. An untried policy, Mr. Cockran said, was likely to be looked upon somewhat dubiously, but he had found no such evidence of unpopularity. He believed that it was a question which would grow in popularity as its provisions became known and understood, while he knew that the McKinley policy would have but an ephemeral existence and was only a passing policy. Mr. Cockran continued:

"As the chairman of the committee on ways and means, the gentleman from West Virginia (Mr. Wilson) has stood here in the house and launched the tariff bill on its successful voyage; as he stood here and withstood the angry protests of some men in his own state, some of whom added threats to remonstrances, certainly we, who have less to lose, can do the same.

"The Wilson bill is a step in the direction of economic reform and the commercial freedom of the country. Let us pass this bill and I promise you that it will take more than six months of hard times to put soup kitchens in every city. Mr. Wilson told us, in words that will last long after he has disappeared from this scene of his activity, which he has done so much to adorn: he has told us that the prosperity of this country depends not on the tariff, but on its labor; not its mines, but on its men; not on the republican party, but on Almighty God."

OLD JOE KILLED BY A BEAR.

A Noble Fate Compared with the One He Once Escaped.

A horse belonging to Samuel Pettibone, of Elk Run, and known far and wide as Old Joe, was found dead in a field where he was pasturing one morning, and a ragged wound in his throat lead to the belief that he was killed by a bear, says a Roulette (Pa.) correspondent.

It is customary for bear trappers in this part of Pennsylvania to purchase old and worthless horses for the purpose of using them as bait for their traps. When a horse is to be used in this way he is taken to the woods where a bear trap is to be set and there shot. The carcass is placed so that a bear attracted by it can approach it by only one path, and in that path the trap is. The bear in its anxiety to get at the dead horse steps in the trap and is caught.

A year ago Samuel Pettibone, having had the Old Joe horse twenty years, and his age having told on him so that his usefulness was gone, made up his mind to reward that twenty years of faithful service by making bear-trap bait of the old horse. A big she bear had been prowling around Elk Run with two cubs, and Pettibone had reason to believe that she had stolen two of his sheep. So he put a halter on Old Joe, loaded him up with a bear trap, and started with him for a spring hole up the run, where there were signs that the bear family was in the habit of visiting. There he intended to shoot Old Joe and set the trap. They had got to within half a mile of the spot where the superannuated horse was to be sacrificed when Pettibone saw two young cubs cuddled up by the side of a fallen hemlock. He took his revolver and, going close to the sleeping cubs, shot them both. He was stooping down examining his trophies, so easily and quickly gained, when the old bear burst out of the brush, and was on top of Pettibone before he could turn. He managed to scramble part way to his feet, but was forced down again by the bear, which began ripping and tearing at him with her claws.

Pettibone had placed his revolver on the ground while he was looking at the cubs, and he had nothing to defend himself with. His time would have been short if it had not been for Old Joe. The mere scent of a bear is usually enough to terrify a horse, but this old horse had either lost his sense of smell by age, or was too keenly alive to the danger his master was in to think about himself, for, old and stiff as he was, he jumped on the bear with his fore feet and, kicking and biting, forced the infuriated animal off Pettibone and turned her attention toward himself. The bear attacked the brave old horse, and would soon have dispatched him, but Pettibone sprang for his revolver and shot three bullets in the bear's ear so quickly that she died before she had inflicted any serious injury on Old Joe. It is needless to say that Pettibone abandoned all idea of making bear bait of the horse. On the contrary, he took him back home and gave orders that there could never be anything on the place too good for Old Joe as long as he lived. He was a pampered creature ever after. Pettibone declares that he believes the horse was marked for vengeance by some bear that had seen his bold rescue of his master from the she bear that day, and that the vengeful bear had found his opportunity the other night and killed Old Joe.

"But it's a good deal better that the old horse ended that way," says Pettibone, "than to have ended up as bait for a bear trap."—N. Y. Sun.

—Level headed men will take no stock in the ascription of the hard times to fear of the democratic tariff bill. This is an old and decidedly disreputable trick of the high protectionists. The Wilson tariff bill will help every considerable department of American industry as certainly as the McKinley bill prostrated two-thirds of the departments for the benefit of one-third.—Brooklyn Citizen.

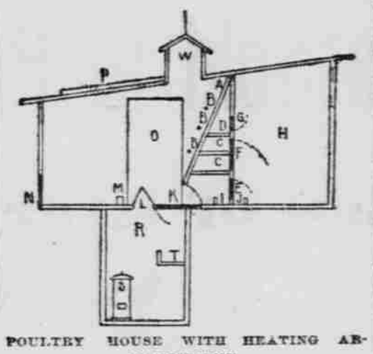
AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

KEEP THE HENS WARM.

Description of Poultry House with Heating Arrangement.

The object of the accompanying illustration is to give a design of a poultry house for a cold climate and to accommodate those who desire a cheap system of heating. The house is shown by the interior end view, in order to explain the arrangements. It is 14 feet wide, 5½ feet high on the south side, 7½ feet on the north side and 36 feet long, divided into six rooms, each room being 6x9 feet on the floor, and ten or twelve fowls to occupy each room. It can be boarded outside with barn boards, having strips nailed on the joints; but the interior should be ceiled, sides and roof. The roof is covered with tarred paper, or some similar roofing material. If preferred, the space between the outer boards and the ceiling boards may be filled with dry sawdust.

In the illustration A is a slanting partition, six inches from the roosts (B B



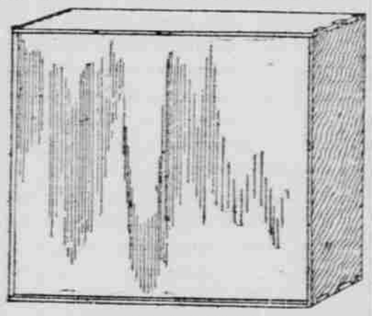
POULTRY HOUSE WITH HEATING ARRANGEMENT.

B), and C C are the nest shelves, with an opening at one end, and a door from the hall also, D being the sitting-shelf, with a door from the hall only. E, F and G are narrow doors, nearly the length of each room. The hall, H, is 5 feet wide, the partition dividing the hall and rooms being made with common lath, as also the doors; but partition A is made of matched boards. J is a water-trough, I a feed-box, and K a hatch, hinged by pivot in the center, for convenience in cleaning the floor; L being an opening in the floor covered with wirecloth, cone-shaped. M is a 2x6 board or studding, placed on the floor to divide the litter from the clean floor. N is a door opening into the yard, O being a door from one room to the other. P is a skylight on the roof, one for each room, and W is a ventilator, one at each end of the house. R is a cellar, which may be larger if preferred, and S is a small oil-stove, no pipe being necessary. T is a dirt-trough the full length of the house. Two feet of the bottom portion of each dividing partition is made of boards and above the boards is lath. The hall may be only 8 feet wide if preferred, and the other arrangements may be altered for convenience, as circumstances demand.—Farm and Fireside.

ATTRACTIVE PACKING.

Many Beekeepers Now Put Their Honey in Glass Sections.

A glass section is one of wood grooved to receive a glass, each side, when it is filled and removed from the bees. Some of the New York producers put honey in this shape upon the market. When the section is glazed, the sides, top and bottom are neatly papered. Only a limited amount of honey can be disposed of in this way. Others put each section in a paper box with a handle. Consumers have to pay for all this fuss and feathers but they are the monied class, who do not care what anything costs, if it is only nice. In local mar-



A GLASS SECTION.

kets, the price is governed by supply and demand. The best market for honey is a home market, and a fair price should be demanded. If an exorbitant one is charged, it will remain upon the producer's hands, and other sweets will be used instead. Choice white comb honey is quoted in most large cities of the union at sixteen cents per pound. At St. Louis, Mo., it is usually a few cents lower than at other cities.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Geese on the Farm.

The Embden, a white goose (both male and female), is, with the Toulouse, the largest of all breeds. The best cross for the market is the Toulouse gander and Embden goose. The Toulouse is parti-colored, and the male and female are alike. In fact the male and female of any pure breed are alike in color. The large breeds do not forage over as much ground as the common kinds, but produce twice as much feathers, in weight, and fatten more readily for market. An adult gander of the Embden or Toulouse breeds should not weigh less than twenty-five pounds and the goose twenty-three pounds, though individuals have been known to reach as much as fifty pounds. The best way to grade up a flock is to procure a gander of the Embden breed, mate him with large common geese and mate the female offspring with a Toulouse. The males should then be pure-bred Embdens, as they are pure white, which is an advantage where the feathers are considered a valuable product.

If the horse becomes restless do not jerk the lines; a strong, steady pull will be more effective and will not injure a tender mouth.

TRAINING THE HORSE.

How to Educate Animals So That They Will Obey the Voice.

There are many things that should be carefully observed in the education of horses that are entirely omitted. Too much dependence is placed in the bits, lines, strength of the harness, the use of the whip and the ability of the driver to control the horse by sheer brute force. Hence there are so many fatal accidents.

The horse is a sensible and sensitive animal, possessed of many attributes, among which fear often predominates. On the road a horse sees or imagines danger, and the ignorant driver, instead of allowing time for the horse to take in the situation and satisfy himself that he is mistaken, plies the whip in the most vigorous manner. The sensible horse always resents such treatment and, scared and angered, dashes off in fright and fury. If the harness is strong, the bits reliable, the driver able to guide and control the horse, all may be well; should something give way the results are serious.

A safe horse must be one with sense enough and so trained that in emergencies it does not become frightened and uncontrollable. It may require some patience and tact to talk a horse out of running away or kicking things to pieces, but this should be possible with a safe horse. A horse must be taught to stand still when it is desirable either for getting in or out of the wagon, or to mount or dismount under the saddle. The horse should understand that it is not to start until the word is given. It is of the highest importance that the horse should be taught to stop for the word whoa, whether on the farm or on the public highway. It might be considered ridiculous for the driver to be calling out gee, haw, whoa, get up, etc., to a team of horses on the boulevard, but it would be a wonderful safeguard to have a horse so trained that he knows what to do when spoken to by his driver in a firm, quiet manner. Horses should be taught to go down a hill in a slow, careful manner, and to stop and hold the wagon whether going up or down a hill. In no case should a horse be allowed to cross a bridge in any gait but a walk. This should be drilled into a horse, so that in case it should be running away it will come to a walk when a bridge is to be crossed.

It is the reckless driving of horses, the depending on the man, and what is called good luck, that causes so many disasters and fatalities. It is time to train drivers of horses as well as the animals. It is not every man who can hold a pair of lines and a whip that is fit to do so.—R. M. Bell, in Farm and Fireside.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

THERE is no profit in foundered pigs.

POOR quality lowers prices more than overproduction.

THERE is always a good demand for strictly first-class stock.

MORE fat can be laid on with ground than with whole grain.

VENTILATION and warmth should go together. Avoid draughts.

THERE are reported to be 998 abandoned farms in Massachusetts.

IF turnips are fed before milking they will affect the flavor of the milk.

LEAVES are excellent as a mulch, as stock bedding and as a stable absorbent.

STATISTICS show that England annually spends $80,000,000 for foreign butter and cheese.

BEFORE setting, air your milk thoroughly, so as to allow animal and other matter to escape.

IT is said that when the cows have been fed on bran the milk rises slowly and is hard to churn.

FIREWOOD is more easily cut when green and makes quicker and better fires when well seasoned.

THOSE trees whose leaves stick to the branches in the spring are to be looked upon as lacking in stamina.

IF the stock are to be kept thrifty they need more variety of food in winter than at any other season.

THE largest creamery in the world is said to be at St. Albans, Vt. The capacity is 22,000 pounds a day.

IN many parts of India oxen still serve as carriers of merchandise, and buffaloes are kept for milk and plowing.

BUTTER from fresh cows is more highly flavored than that from cows long in milk, so the latter requires more care in ripening.

A NEW CHECK-REIN.

Said to Be the Most Comfortable Bit Ever Invented.

Mr. I. Z. Merriam, of Whitewater, Wis., sends to the Rural New Yorker the following description of a check-rein device of his invention: The reins and check line are continuous, and, instead of being fastened rigidly to the bit, they pass over a small pulley at

A NEW THING IN CHECK REINS.

each end of it. The part which runs on the pulley is about a foot long and is made of round leather. A ring at each end of this round part of the rein prevents its passing through the pulley. Accordingly, when the reins are taken in hand and drawn on, the horse's head is lifted till the bit comes to the upper ring, when the pull becomes direct. On hitching the horse he can drop his head till the lower ring strikes the bit, thus giving all the ease of an unchecked rein, and at the same time preventing his head from reaching the ground. While the bit is very effective in handling a horse one of its chief merits is its humane features. It is seemingly the most comfortable bit ever put in a horse's mouth, and doubtless will receive the earnest commendation of every humane society.