

THREW LIFE AWAY.



FIRST met the deacon under rather odd circumstances. A persistent touch of rheumatism under my left shoulder, which defied liniments and plasters, sent me to the Hot Springs, seven miles north of Boomopolis, Southern California. To reach the hot springs the traveler crosses five miles of desert country, where the cactus flourishes like the green bay tree, and the coyote shrills at night his peculiar lay. Then he climbs "the grade," a rise of a thousand feet in two miles. This part of the way is over a mountain road which skirts precipices and winds in and out among canyons in a way that makes timid people dizzy.

One bright, beautiful winter afternoon Deacon Hardwicke started for the hotel. That morning he had procured at Boomopolis a livery team and a driver, and had been taken to different points about the valley, looking at lands which were offered for sale. Having completed his inspection, he was driven to the foot of the grade, and there he dismissed the team.

He had in his hands a little black leather wallet containing deeds, and, as he walked along in his slow and dignified fashion, his eyes bent on the ground, he looked like a gentleman of leisure, perhaps a wealthy Eastern tourist out for an airing.

At the foot of the grade is a little ranch house, and just beyond the road makes a turn almost at right angles and skirts the edge of a canyon, where the traveler is hidden from view in either direction.

In this angle of the way a man was waiting for the afternoon stage, which was about due. It carried the mail for the hotel and sometimes considerable express matter, to say nothing of the passengers.

But the deacon happened to come first, and as he turned the corner, plodding slowly along, he heard a smooth, clear, firm, but not impatient voice say:

"Wait a moment, sir. And kindly hand over that gripsack and your money."

Glancing up, the deacon beheld a big revolver pointed at his head.

Deacon Hardwicke was surprised and grieved. He was not a coward. He had lived in many a lawless community, had seen men lynched, had himself been a target for bullets more than once. If he had been armed, he would have fought—as he afterward assured me.

But the appalling fact flashed over him that he had no "gun," and that the gentlemanly stranger "had the drop" on him.

"Come," said the highwayman in a more threatening tone. "I mean business. Drop your wallet. Give me your money, or I'll let daylight through you."

The deacon halted and shook his fist at the man. What he said is not material to this recital. Then he turned and ran down the grade.

The highwayman fired twice, and the deacon afterward stated that the balls whistled by in close proximity to his head. The shots flustered him. He



"I know you, pard," he said. "You're the man I stood up this afternoon. You've held over me this time. I'm gone."

The deacon's eyes softened. He dropped his revolver, put his long arm under the other's head and tried to turn him into a more comfortable position.

"I am sorry for you," he said, slowly and simply.

"Oh—it's all right," gasped the wounded man, evidently speaking with great difficulty. "I came into the game on a bluff, but you've called me sure."

"Is there anything that I can do for you?" asked the deacon.

"Bend down here," said the man. The deacon lowered his head, and the other whispered something to him.

"I'll do it," said the deacon. The next day in the afternoon the deacon and I sat on the veranda of the hotel at Hot Springs enjoying a sun bath and admiring the diversified landscape before us.

"Now, there was that young fellow yesterday," said he. "Had he told me who he was I would have lent him \$100 to go East, and there he might have amounted to something. He simply threw his life away."

"What did that young fellow say to you?" I asked.

"Told me his name. You would know the family if I should mention it. Wanted me to see that he was decently buried, and to write to his father and mother."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Amicably Settled.
A quaker driving a single horse chaise up a narrow lane happened to meet a young man who was also in a single horse chaise. There was not room enough for them to pass each other unless one of them would back his carriage, which both refused.

"I'll not make way for you," said the young fellow, with an oath.

"I think I am older than thou art," said the quaker, "and therefore have a right to expect thee to make way for me."

DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

THE COWARDLY ATTACKS UPON MINISTER BAYARD.

He Addressed Himself to the Masses, Not the Classes—The Victory in Boston—The Party of Quay, Platt & Co. Now on Trial.

It is suggested that Mr. Bayard was not truly scholarly in his discussion of the topic assigned him. We are assured he ought to have ignored present conditions of infringement on individual liberty and harked back to the times of Greece and Rome. He should have ignored McKinley and walked with Aristotle, who does not exert an appreciable influence on legislation of to-day. This he failed to do because he has not the necessary literary knowledge and skill. The newspaper quoted elucidates this theory thus: "Had Mr. Bayard possessed the skill he might assuredly have lifted his theme into academic regions. He might have soared into the empyrean of philosophy with Plato, parried dialectics with Aristotle and questioned and answered himself after the manner of Socrates."

It is really difficult to believe that had Minister Bayard treated the subject assigned to him before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution in the fashion suggested by this weak-minded contemporary he would have escaped censure or furthered truth. The subject was "Individual Freedom: the Germ of National Progress and Permanence." Discussing it Mr. Bayard denounced protectionism and all its accompanying corruption of the ballot. He condemned the whole plan of taxing the many for the benefit of the few. He repudiated the whole theory of protection as a sort of socialism, with all the altruistic qualities of true socialism omitted.

Instead of soaring into the empyrean Mr. Bayard remained on earth with the people who demand individual freedom and with the nation that chiefly suffers by its infringement. Doubtless he was not without knowledge of Plato's utterances, for there have been even newspaper owners without Mr. Bayard's grasp of classic lore. Indeed, it may be doubted whether he, being an editor, would print so cumbersome a phrase as introduced the editorial attacking him.

"The house of representatives would have done better to have adopted the measure," etc., is newspaper English of a very doubtful sort.

Mr. Bayard, it is true, had only a commercial education. Perhaps he cannot "lift a theme into academic regions" as an editorial writer can, or even "soar in the empyrean of philosophy with Plato," parry dialectics with Aristotle nor maintain a dialogue with himself after the fashion of Socrates. Such flights of intellectual achievement are reserved for polished litterateurs who, unlike Mr. Bayard, never mingled in the ordinary tasks of commerce. It takes a life-long journalist properly to characterize the vulgar lack of cultivation of a life-long statesman. Thus the editor of the Times-Herald from his pinnacle of erudition now denounces Bayard as he long denounced the uneducated Tanner.

Perhaps Mr. Bayard knew quite as much of Plato as other folk. Perhaps Socrates is as familiar to him as are sandwiches to some persons. Perhaps even Aristotle has for him an existence as concrete as animal crackers to persons in other walks of life. But, like a true democrat, he wants to address himself to the masses, not the classes. Speaking to an academic gathering, he sought through the press to address millions not in academic halls. For them could be no Plato, Socrates, or Aristotle. Plain common sense, with nineteenth century illustrations, was wanted, and it was proffered by the minister to the court of St. James.

The age is utilitarian, material, common sense. To pit the platitudes of Plato, Socrates or Aristotle against a fair argument based on conditions of to-day is to play a losing game. When we are to discuss the right of one man to tax 1,000 others for his profit we would better avoid the empyrean and stick to earth.—Chicago Chronicle.

Boston a Democratic City.
At the election in Boston last Tuesday for mayor and members of the municipal legislature the democrats carried everything. Josiah Quincy, the democratic candidate for mayor, was elected by a majority of 4,376 over the republican candidate. Both branches of the city legislature are democratic by decisive majorities. The democratic majority in Boston at the municipal election is a gain of 2,000 over the democratic majority at the state election in November. It is not as large as the majority in the great democratic campaigns of from four to six years ago. But it is a great gain over recent votes. One year ago the republican candidate for mayor, Edwin Upton Curtis, was elected by a larger majority. So Mayor-elect Quincy not only receives a great gain over the democratic majority at the state election, but he also succeeds a republican mayor. He goes into office with the city administration democratic in all its departments.—Ex.

Record of a Great Party.
New York Herald: The republican party is not only a do-nothing party. It is a boss-ridden party. It is a plutocratic party. It has a record of unsound financial legislation. It is a money-wasting, revenue-destroying, deficit-producing party. It has been repudiated and punished by the people. It is on trial again, and it does not bring forth fruit meet for repentance. It will be repudiated again. It has not a walkover next year by any means.

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Refrigeration and Inactivity.

Philadelphia Record: It has been discovered that with hardy plants it is easier and cheaper to procure blossoms out of season by the process of retardation than by the contrary process of hothouse forcing. The agency of refrigeration is employed to stay the course of growth as desired. Speaker Reed appears disposed to apply this horticultural idea to politics. He proposes to freeze the treasury into a condition of bloom instead of feeding it by needed legislation. The responsibility devolved by the people upon the republican congress will try all the resources of its leadership.

Unavoidable Duty of Republicans.

Louisville Courier-Journal: The republicans may as well recognize the fact that the responsibility is on them. They have created a deficit, with the aid of the Supreme court, by refusing to tax the surplus wealth of the country and by the high scale of expenditures which they fastened on the country in the day of their power. Bills for raising revenue must originate in the house, and they control that by two-thirds. It is for them to find a practicable way of increasing the revenue for the future.

A Beggar Doomed to Disappointment.

Indianapolis News: That perpetual beggar, the National Association of Wool Growers, with a paid lobbyist at its head, is in the field with a demand for a restoration of the duty on wool. It is not probable that anything will come of this effort, for the reason that the wool manufacturers, having had a taste of the blessings of free wool, will fight any attempt to limit their supply by the reimposition of the wool tax. There is reason to believe that Speaker Reed understands the feeling of the manufacturers.

Duty Times Ahead of Peffer.

Kansas City Star: what with pushing forward his crusade in favor of reforming congressional funerals, fathering a bill to limit the presidential term to six years without re-election, another urging the repeal of all laws authorizing the issuance of bonds, and keeping the kinks out of his beard, Senator Peffer has about all the work laid out that he will be able to attend to during the present session.

The Cameron Out.

Boston Journal: Senator Don Cameron's withdrawal from the senate will leave that body, for the first time within the memory of most men, without a representative of this noted Scotch-Pennsylvanian family. Senator Cameron has anticipated the inevitable result of his financial vagaries. It is possible that he will seek recompense in the presidential nomination of the proposed silver party.

Tariffs and Bounties.

Columbus Press: Is there any more reason why one farmer should be "protected" on his wool than another on his wheat? If so, what is the reason? Is there any more reason why the planters of Louisiana who raise sugar cane should have a bounty on their sugar than a farmer in Ohio who raises corn and grinds it into meal should also receive a bounty?

Policies of Reed and McKinley.

Philadelphia Record: There is not so much difference between the wool-tax policy of McKinley and the do-nothing policy of Reed as there might be. To pass measures which the president would be sure to veto is equivalent in the result to non-action. But whilst the gamblers play for the presidential stakes the country will suffer.

Mr. Reed's Predicament.

Peoria Herald: Mr. Reed is in a box. He evidently does not want to do anything with the tariff question, but if he turns a deaf ear to the Ohio wool growers he will help McKinley. If he does not and allows the wool growers to get in their thin end of the wedge the whole thing will be opened up at once.

A Comprehensive Phrase.

Albany Journal: President Cleveland did not fail to give us one of the catch phrases for which he is famous in his message. This time it is "enervating paternalism"—a whole volume of description of the republican tariff policy in two words.

Between Wool and Beer.

Fort Wayne Sentinel: Speaker Reed's policy of doing nothing to disturb the confidence of the next republican national convention is good as far as it goes, but as between a wool tax and a beer tax, where would he prefer to have the disturbance located?

Cut Down Expenditures.

Philadelphia Record: Senators and representatives may differ as to the best means of providing additional revenue, but there ought to be no difference as to the necessity in the meanwhile of cutting down federal expenses.

Governor McKinley's Delicate Task.

Cincinnati Enquirer: Governor McKinley will soon deliver a message to the Ohio legislature. He should allow his judgmental friends to examine it before it goes to the printer. There are perilous times.

Out of Proportion.

Peoria Herald: While Speaker Reed is satisfied that to the victors belong the spoils, he is really embarrassed, because there are so many victors in proportion to the spoils.

The more the rival factions get together the more they drift apart.—Harisburg Patriot.

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

WE HEAR THE REMARKS so often that they have become common, "There is no money in farming. There is no money in dairying." The men who give vent to these declarations usually speak from personal experience; they find no money there. As a matter of fact, however, not all dairymen make these complaints, else we might be inclined to believe that the majority were right. A New York farmer and dairyman told me that the net receipts from his place of 150 acres did not average over \$250 per year. Very true, and I know of plenty more whose net yearly receipts do not average nearly that sum. There are others who have less to show than their hired help, after the latter have been paid their monthly wages. Dairying as a business is not wholly to blame for this, neither are the dairymen themselves. The class who made money must necessarily be on a better track than those who didn't, but yet the entries are free and open to all alike. No thoughtful man who milks cows can disregard these facts. If you attend the institutes this coming winter they will there be presented to you in much more forcible shape than I can do it, and I trust with fruitful results. If one does not possess enough roots for all winter feeding, I think they can be fed to better advantage after New Year's than before. Cows have not yet lost the effect of green pasturage as they will by February, and then succulent roots (not withered by storing in hot cellars) will prove decidedly beneficial. From personal experience with root feeding to cows covering several winters I am impressed with their value. The best results are obtained where they are fed conservatively and as an adjunct to dry fodder. I have never had any trouble with turnip flavor in milk, complained of by some, and have only seen it where such roots were fed in large quantities. It quickly becomes apparent then. It is a grave mistake to feed these or any other roots with dirt clinging to them. While trimming off the small, fine roots at the bottom of the turnip or beet will take most of the dirt, they need washing before feeding. Like apples, roots keep best at a low temperature, which is best met by storage in a properly constructed cave cellar.—George E. Newell, in Am. Cultivator.

Cost of Keeping a Dairy.

The following is an extract of an article from the Agricultural Student of the Ohio State University:
The following is a summary of the receipts and expenditures of the University dairy for the year ending Dec. 31, 1894:

Pounds of milk produced.....	160,534
Receipts for milk.....	\$3,842.75
Cost of food.....	983.76
Cost of labor.....	1,595.44
Total expenditures.....	2,579.20
Net gain.....	1,333.55

There was an average of about twenty-six cows actually in milk in the dairy during the year. As cows are bought and sold, not the same twenty-six cows were in the herd throughout the year. There are generally, also, three or four dry cows in the herd.

From the summary it will be seen that for the number of cows actually in milk, 6,175 pounds of milk were given per cow. The cost of food per cow was \$37.33, and the cost for labor was \$61.36, making a total expense per cow in milk nearly \$100. The labor, however, included a considerable amount of experimental work and also the labor of taking care of dry cows, heifers, calves and bulls. It also includes the cost of retailing the milk. The cost for feed only relates to the cows in milk.

Assuming 8.6 pounds per gallon of milk, the cost of food per gallon of milk is 5.2 cents, the cost of labor per gallon of milk, 8.5 cents, while the average price received for milk on this basis was 20.5 cents. It will be seen that the average cost of a gallon of milk retailed to customers was 13.7 cents. The real cost, however, is somewhat greater than this, because more than 8.6 pounds are required for a gallon of milk when peddled to the consumers.

It is worthy of notice that the work was all done by students, for which, it will be seen, they received \$1,595.44. The gross income from each cow actually in milk was \$147.80, the expense \$99.19, leaving a net income per cow of \$48.61, or for herd of twenty-six cows a net gain of \$1,333.55.

Thomas F. Hunt.

Market Poultry.

Market poultry experts, says the Poultry Monthly, generally agree that the most profitable way of conducting the business is to combine egg farming with broiler raising. In this way a regular income can be maintained the entire year. But just how the combination should be conducted all do not agree.

Some say make egg farming the prime object, and only hatch broilers when there is no sale for eggs. We cannot exactly understand the logic, as there is constantly, every day in the year, a call for this article and the supply does not equal the demand. It must be that the writer has reference to the retail trade.

In some sections of the country eggs take a decided drop as soon as spring opens, while in other sections prices remain good until summer. Where con-

tracts are made at a certain figure for the entire year, of course, it becomes another matter.

To our liking, we should say, sell eggs as long as prices are good and turn them into broilers when prices decline. We should sell them so long as the retail figure did not get below twenty cents a dozen and begin incubation when that price was reached. We believe that it will pay better to turn eggs into carcasses than to sell at less than twenty cents a dozen.

Some writers claim that to produce an egg costs one cent. This would make their cost twelve cents a dozen and anything over that would be clear profit. They will sell eggs as long as they can get eighteen cents or over that. At eighteen cents they have fifty per cent profit and they are content with that.

Supposing that a dozen eggs cost twelve cents and out of that dozen only four chicks were raised up to a marketable weight, and the total cost, including price of eggs, would be \$1 for those four broilers, and they brought \$1 a pair, the usual price in New York market, there would be even \$1 profit. Of course, in some sections of the country broilers would net bring \$1 a pair, but then generally in such localities feed is cheaper, which would equalize it, and besides, we have given a very low percentage of hatching and rearing.

There is money in the broiler business, but it is a branch that must be entered carefully, managed intelligently and perfectly understood, if success is the result. No amateur should start this branch on a large scale. He should begin at the very bottom of the ladder and climb up. There is so much to know. First, how to run the incubator so that it will require less responsibility and do best work; second, how to brood the chicks so that they will not become chilled and die from bowel trouble; third, how to feed so that they will attain the desired weight without being subject to leg weakness and other troubles. All these matters must be carefully studied and watched. There is a big responsibility and the work requires "eternal vigilance."

Egg farming is the easiest branch to follow. Start with that and leave the broiler department to be an adjunct.

Various Foods.

Cheapness in grain is generally at the expense of quality. Wholesome food is as essential to the good health of the flock as it is to human beings. Never have food of any kind around after the flock have been fed. Keep the flock with good appetites. It is safer to see the hens come for their food quickly and partake of it with a relish than to see them indifferent about it. One is a sign of good health, the other indicates the indifferent specimen is out of condition. Green food of some nature is necessary for egg production in winter. Cabbages, turnips and other vegetables can be secured for the purpose. If the flock can have access to a field of growing rye or crimson clover in winter they will find the proper requirements. When fattening fowls for market corn can be used in various forms. Made into mush and fed when cold is a good form. Mixing corn meal with scalding water and boiled corn and the whole grain are all used for the purpose of speedily fattening fowls. Boiled wheat is also good to feed with the corn. Celery tops are the best green food to give fowls when fattening them.—Baltimore Sun.

Aim in Hen Feeding.

The aim in feeding laying hens, to induce continued egg production, should be to furnish as great a variety of food as possible, and when the season will not permit the hens to secure plenty of insect food, green-cut raw bone should be given, as it is properly recognized as the missing link in egg production in winter. Char a cob of corn in the oven occasionally, and let the flock have it. Crushed oyster shells or sharp gravel should always be accessible to the hens. Water is a great essential. All the foods named can be given to growing chickens, and in addition cracked corn. Chicks will require more liberal feeding and oftener than fowls, as they are making flesh, muscle, bone and feathers at the same time, thus requiring a good supply of varied and nourishing diet. Wheat screenings may supply bulk, but a very little nourishment. The man who depends on such feed for a flock won't have a flock very long to feed. Damaged grain of any kind should never be fed to the poultry.—Ex.

Filled Cheese in the South—A New York commission man says: "The whole South is fed on filled cheese now, excepting those people who know what pure cheese is. The Southern population always ate more cheese and less meat than we do, and we used to sell great quantities of cheese in the South. Where I used to sell large orders regularly I now sell a few boxes at long intervals. Instead of pure cheese Southern store keepers are now selling filled cheese, except to those customers who insist upon having the pure article. I sell to one man just enough cheese to supply his fine trade. The rest of his stock is filled cheese from the Cook county people. To another I sell a box now and then for his own use only. He buys the filled cheese wholly for his stock, but he won't eat it, and he gets the cheese for his table here in New York, where he used to get all of his stock. The grocers down there know what they are buying, but their customers in the greater number do not know what they are getting."—Ex.

Science or Not?—It is true that in many cases farmers make the most of their money on hogs, but more often it is that they do not get the most possible good out of their business. They have a slack way of feeding out corn to them which spoils the profit. Feeding for bone, size, muscle, substance and quality is a science. After the "blood" is procured so much depends upon feed and care.—Ex.