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CATTLE WORTH A FORTUNE.

How a Really Scientific Connecticut Stock Farm is Managed.

Jerseys Worth \$5,000 Apiece, and Which Give Yearly Ten Times Their Weight in Milk.

Westport (Conn.) Correspondence of the New York Star.

I have rarely spent a week more delightfully than this. Captain Budd, formerly of the navy, planned it all; beginning with my view to his own elegant residence where taste and comfort are combined in such harmonious blending that the guest feels that these are only surpassed by the charming grace of his hostess and the frank hospitality of the host, my day was spent among the cows and calves of the royal Jersey Commaissie blood. First it is necessary to detail the surroundings.

Some years ago there dwelt in New Jersey a thriving Frenchman, who was father to three daughters, each of whom inherited nearly half a million in cash. Mr. Macready, of New York, was fortunate enough to transplant one of them to Fairfield county, Connecticut, where he secured the splendid farm upon which Washington's headquarters were located in the days of the revolution. Improving the land with great good sense and surrounding his family with all the luxuries and comforts, the husband turned his active mind into the absorbing vocation of improving fine Jersey cattle and spending his days in a pursuit which equally pleased his wife, who took charge of the splendid creamery, which gives butter good enough for a queen to eat. Soon afterwards the second marriage occurred, and luckily an adjoining estate was for sale, which Mr. Macready purchased, and proved, and likewise started in the raising of fine cattle. Then the third sister married Mr. Burnham, and another adjoining estate was for sale, so that the three families reside together and form a society of their own. Mr. Burnham's herd is superior to any in the state. Yet it is worth a visit from anybody who sees the animals, owned by the other two. I did not have time to visit Mr. Morris.

Mr. Macready received us cordially and went through his grounds and stables, explaining all his methods and treatment of his cattle, as well as the manner of making the butter. This Jersey milk is very rich, and usually four quarts will produce a pound of butter. His best cow was second to the premium cow, and gave milk to produce about twenty pounds of butter a week. He introduced us to the bovine queens and princesses, which were lovely indeed. The question was asked, "What was the market value of the eight cows and six calves which we saw in the stalls?" and he replied \$27,000 would not buy them. He advised us to go over and look at Mr. Burnham's superior herd. Driving up a well-made road, like the approach to an English manor, we ascended the hill and came to the lovely view upon the sound. In every direction the view is unobstructed for fifteen or twenty miles, and the sea, Long Island and the coast lay as a panorama beneath us, while our woody heights miles away closed in the horizon.

Mr. Burnham is young, energetic and sound in judgment. Discovering the superior quality of the cows imported by himself, he was sagacious enough to trace back and ascertain where he could lay his hands upon the ancestry and nearest of kin. In doing this he purchased old Commaissie herself, and made a corner in the stock, as he owns three-fourths of all the living cattle of noted strains which this celebrated cow and her produce combine in their blood. The old cow has the stall of honor, and is about twelve years old. Mr. Burnham has lately sold a young cow for \$4,800, and he pointed out another which he considered more valuable. The latter weighs 1,000 pounds. In 372 days she has given in milk ten times her own weight—10,000 pounds—and more than 1,000 pounds of butter.

As we entered the stable three bright-eyed, graceful creatures welcomed us, and sought to make more intimate our acquaintances by licking our hands. They were cousins, all alike, about six months old, and could readily have been mistaken for deer by any hunter who saw them moving through distant foliage. These young heifers were not for sale, though \$1,000 each had been offered. The value of the animals then in their stalls was about \$60,000.

The peculiarity about these animals is their extraordinary gentleness. They all seemed desirous of being caressed, and invited everybody to pet them. The bulls were not exceptions, and any stranger could feed with impunity their silken coats, and the soft, glove-like texture of their clean skins. Mr. Burnham has two superior animals which give life to the milk that he permits their services to other herds than his own. What they are worth can scarcely be estimated; but they will give him a cash return of \$10,000 a year, besides the numerous calves which he will sell from his own herd. Gold Coast is magnificent, but King O'Leary is superb.

"One cow was in the stocks, her horns tightly strapped to the stall, and her eye glanced up, thankfully and yet repugnantly, when I smoothed her ruffled brow. She had been naughty and had to endure punishment for an hour. She had upset her pail of milk.

Mr. Burnham is wisely enough a fair trader. The signs of the milk veins which give life to the splendid udders at a proper time. The scutcheon he considers secondary. Both of these are remarkable features in the herd owned by him. The milk veins of old Commaissie are extraordinary, and fully an inch in diameter where they emerge from the udder along the belly. These cows do not have immense udders when in foal. The skin, however, is flexible and soft as velvet, showing by stretching between the hands what it will ultimately be, some of them being sixteen or eighteen inches long.

With an eye like a gazelle, lovingly turned upon any one who shows them attention or caresses them, it would not be difficult for the believer in metempsychosis to recognize the same gentle and loving woman of a past age had found redemption for her soul in each of these beautiful creatures.

These three families upon these three estates are doing immense service to the stock-raising interests of the United States. It is a fit reward for their discernment and sagacity that their great investments are sure to return rich harvests. What wiser or more practical form—so different usually from the squandering by some heirs or the sordid hoarding by others—could have been adopted to give active employment to bright minds, and positive happiness and health to three families, with at the same time actual benefit conferred upon the entire agricultural class of the union? The idea is fast penetrating the farmer's mind that cultivation and care of his cattle will produce far greater results than many times the number of the inferior animals. The great state of Texas, which is yet to become the producer of the milk, teams with hundreds of thousands of animals, which sell for \$22 per cow. Two hundred of them would not buy one of these superb Jerseys. The men of sagacity down upon these ranches are fast learning what to do.

For weight of beef they are selecting young bulls of Devon or some other stock; for milk, the large Friesian or the more elegant Jersey. And these young bulls, crossed upon the native cattle, and the grades being refined every two years, it will only take about ten years to produce a herd with no slight tinge of the old breed that no outward inspection could discover the grievance from the full blood.

This is the future for Texas, that her inferior cattle will soon pass away, and the great dairies of the future will come from these graded cows, worth \$150, instead of the present \$22; and the beef cattle will be fattened and sold for \$30 instead of the \$28, which is now the average price for fat, graded steers. Besides, the quality and tenderness of the meat will be vastly increased.

And what is said of cattle is also to the future raising of horses. Already Judge Noonan has commenced this at his ranch near San Antonio, and his stallions combine the finest strains of Glencoe, Lexington, Lexington, and other noted horses. And these he is crossing every year upon finer grades of mares, so that the produce will soon be nearly thoroughbred. He has now 500 such colts, and they are the very animals which are needed in New York City and the east for the light vehicles drawn by fast and spirited and beautiful animals of medium size.

EARLY PROVEN.—It is easily proven that malarial fevers, constipation, torpidity of the liver and kidneys, general debility, nervousness and neuralgic ailments yield readily to this great disease conqueror, Hop Bitters. It repairs the ravages of disease by cleansing the blood and giving new life and vigor to the aged and infirm always.

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

BY IMPERATRICE.

"What new beauty have we here, Carl?" I asked, taking a small colored picture from among the mass of papers, pamphlets, wrapping paper, etc., that covered the table and floor of the library and which would have told plainly enough to all acquaintances that Carl was at home after his long absence. He looked at me with a smile, and then he pointed to the picture of a woman, without the corroborating testimony of cigar smoke, or the lounging figure in the old rocking chair.

For this other of mine never spent over six months of the year in the beautiful country home of his childhood, giving the other six to whatever place or people promised him the greatest amount of short notice. The last three months had been spent in Paris, so I conjectured the little gem of art I held in my hand was a French beauty; the pure outlines and exquisite complexion looking most life-like as they smiled up at me from the tinted card. But no, my mind, the great beauty of contour and feature, there was a frightened, almost hunted look in the dark eyes that told of tragedy, or at least anticipated it.

"Who is she, Carl? The eyes affect me strangely, with their wild, frightened look. There is a reign of terror in them equal to the one her ancestors passed through on the guillotine in their velvet depths."

"Let me see; ah, my little sister, may you never know so hard a fate as this poor girl encountered and succumbed to. No, she is not French—a Russian—just married to a Frenchman." And Carl took the picture, raised his hand and placed it to his small about her, "I will tell you about her, Louis, if you have an hour, and I will tell you I told you."

"It was when Tom Barnes was with me last June, and when we left Versailles for Paris, that I first saw Madame Litterre—though I think the name an assumed one. We had to run to prevent being left, I remember, and Barnes, out of humor, he that he permitted his services to other herds than his own. What they are worth can scarcely be estimated; but they will give him a cash return of \$10,000 a year, besides the numerous calves which he will sell from his own herd. Gold Coast is magnificent, but King O'Leary is superb."

"As soon as I was comfortably settled I, as usual, began scrutinizing my traveling companions, and to try to imagine who and what they were. There were four besides ourselves in the carriage. One a quiet, middle-aged Englishman who was soon ascertained in his corner. The two who sat next myself had evidently had a hard day, though he paid her none of his attention and politeness usually accorded in public, even if dispensed with privately. He was a pale, quiet man of twenty-five, perhaps, richly but quietly dressed, and seemingly taking no notice of any one around him. The wife, too, was quiet, and much as she looks there in that little picture. Her dress though simple was perfect, and evidently the production of some first rate artist. Her whole style proclaimed her at once to belong to the higher order of society."

"She seemed to be suffering, and frequently put her hand to her forehead; and I observed upon the delicately-formed, unglowed hand a costly diamond. It was a beauty; and I enjoyed looking at the flashing gems as she caressed a small English dog that often looked up at her with affectionate recognition.

The other passenger I could not make out. He was elderly, commonly dressed, and with gray

piercing eyes were frequently placed on the silent young married couple, and then he seemed as utterly oblivious of them as they of him. What was his nationality? Was he with them or a stranger like myself? I could not tell. And the more I looked the more uncertain I became. I thought, too, there seemed an effort at disguise. He kept his face averted all the time, and his watchfulness of the quiet young husband that he at times eyed so very persistently.

"We sped along over the beautiful road, each absorbed in his own reflections, broken only by an occasional low sigh from the lady, and soon arrived at our destination. The train stopped, and as none of my companions showed any disposition to move first, I awoke Barnes from the depths of his romance and we left the carriage."

"Dinner over, we went to the theatre, and afterward, by the persuasion of a friend, to a private gambling-house. I was greatly surprised on entering to see my elderly traveling companion seated at the table, his eyes and manner keen as ever, and deep in a game of rouge et noir. It was early yet, and very few people were present; but every sound was hushed, and the game went on in dead silence, broken only by the voices of the dealers calling the result of the game, and the rattling of the gold as it was raked from one to another. The old man seemed in luck for the time being, and won every game. I thought a gleam of satisfaction shone over his face as the door opened and our traveling acquaintance from Versailles—the quiet, reserved husband—entered and sat down to play."

"I did not play that night, and my whole attention was given to those two. The young man lost from the first deal. He leaned over roulette as swept from the table by his watchful old opponent; but still he played on. The large sums he lost, and his pale, excited face, deeply interested me, and I stayed on and watched him until late at night, when he left the room, his last Napoleon gone."

"After supper at a coffee house I went back to my room at the hotel, but for some cause could not sleep. The heat was oppressive and my room small; besides, the game I had been watching had excited me strangely, and I only fell into a troubled sleep near morning."

"I was awakened about daylight by voices in the adjoining room—those of a man and woman, evidently. The man's voice was low and pleading, and the woman seemed to be crying. I could hear enough to know that she was refusing him some request, for his tones became loud and threatening, and at last I heard him say: "If you refuse me, you seal my ruin and your own. I have no more gold, and I must have the diamonds to reimburse myself."

"I sat up, and the woman's voice was the only answer he received, and he continued: "Something tells me I shall win tonight, and I must have the ring."

"Never, Charles! I cannot give it up. It is all I have left. It was my mother's, and I will not let it leave me."

"The man's voice was so choked with passion that his words were inarticulate, but with a burst of wild anger he left, slamming the door after him. The woman's sobs became louder, her crying ceased, and I fell into another nap, not waking until near ten."

"I saw neither of my gambling acquaintances that day, and the night found me again in Monsieur Carlo's hands. The old man was again on hand—not satisfied, I thought, with his winnings of the night before—and again I saw a gleam of satisfaction cross his face as his victim of the previous evening came in and got ready to play."

"Make your game—the game is made up!" cried the dealer, and was about to deal the cards when the young man who had just entered called out in a loud voice: "Fifty Napoleons upon the red!" Seeing he placed no money upon the table the croupier paused a moment, then said: "You must stake the money." The gambler started and turned paler than ever, a long, shuddering sigh broke from him as he felt first in one pocket, then in another, and finally grasped his hat and fled from the room. The playing went on for a while longer, and then one by one they went out, leaving only the attendant, the old keen-eyed gambler and myself seated. Something—an undelimited feeling of interest in the unhappy young man who had left the house in such despair a short time before—held me there. I must see if he returned.

"Suddenly the door opened and he came in, as if fleeing for his life. I shall never forget that sight. Louis. His face was ghastly, his dress disordered, and he trembled as though with ague. As he rushed up to the table, in the strong glare of the lights I saw great drops of perspiration standing on his brow. He thrust his hand in his pocket and tossed a ring down before his opponent."

"There! it is worth ten thousand francs. Now cover my stakes," he cried.

"I instantly recognized the beautiful diamond as the one his wife had worn in the carriage, and the conversation I had heard that morning came back to my memory, and I knew my fellow traveler—the man and woman I had heard disputing in the early morning hours. But he had succeeded in overcoming her determination, for he had the ring, and my heart ached for the poor wife as I wondered how he had obtained it.

"Red! I bet on the red," again shouted the young man; and in a moment the croupier called "Black, wins!" and the ring was no longer his."

"With a wild cry the wretched loser fled from the house; and completely unmanned by what I had seen, I returned to my hotel, hoping the young man would soon follow me."

"I found them all—travelers, proprietor and servants, wild with excitement over the murder of the beautiful Russian lady. An hour before her maid had gone to her room and found her deluged in blood from a wound in her head, and dead. The husband had been in and left some few moments before. I went up to her apartment and to the bed where she lay. Her exquisite face was fairer than in life; for it had not the unhappy look I had so often seen. As I turned to leave the room I saw this picture

man's traveling case, and appropriated it. Probably the husband had tossed it there in his search for some valuables to risk at the gaming table. "The miserable man took his life before he was apprehended for his crime; and the old gambler who, first in one disguise, then in another had followed the easily duped victim from city to city and won many thousands from him, left Paris before the husband and wife were carried to their last resting place in the beautiful burying ground where his forefathers slept."

"Louis, this is why I refused to play, even with Howard, last evening. I have never touched cards since, and I never can again."

A General Stompede. Never was such a rush made for any Drug Store as is now at C. F. Goodman's, for a Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. All persons afflicted with Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Severe Coughs, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs can get a Trial Bottle of this great remedy free, by calling at above named Drug Store.

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