

[From the New York Sun.]

## JOSEPHUS ALLEN;

OR,

## THE COOPER'S COW TRADE.

Josephus Allen was a cooper. He had a little shop in the outskirts of the village, where he shaved and thumped away, early and late. A more honest man never lived—or, at least, he was as man need to be. He owned a respectable dwelling and a few acres of land, and he kept a pig, and some hens, and a cow; this brute property being under the especial care of Mrs. Allen. It was generally acknowledged that nobody's pig was so sleek and fat as was Mrs. Allen's, nobody's eggs were so large and so sure to be fresh, and nobody's butter was so fresh and yellow. "This is Mrs. Josephus Allen's butter," "Mrs. Allen brought these eggs in." Let the shopkeeper thus announce, and the things were bought in immediately. And Josephus himself occupied a place equally firm in the confidence of his fellows. His word was as good as a bond, and his work in demand. One spring Josephus met with a sad misfortune. His cow broke the floor of the barn and broke her leg—broke it so badly that mending was out of the question. What should he do for another cow?

You must go and buy one, said his wife.

But cows must be high this season. Never mind, a cow we must have. You ought to get a good one for fifteen dollars—a good milch cow.

Ah—but the fifteen dollars, Mrs. Allen. I can let you have ten of it—ten dollars that I have laid up from the sale of butter and eggs.

Thus furnished with the "sinews of trade," Josephus started forth in search of a cow, and after tramping a whole day without finding what he sought, he finally brought up at Mr. John Potman's. He had seen many just such cows as he wanted, but they were not to be bought. He had thus far avoided Mr. Potman because he had no very good opinion of that individual's honesty. In fact, he knew that John Potman cheated when he could. But he concluded to take a look at Potman's stock, trusting that he knew enough about cows to take care of himself. John Potman was a farmer, and did considerable business in buying and selling cattle, and he also loaned money to needy men at exorbitant rates of interest. He took no mortgages for security. When he loaned money, he wanted a right-out bill of sale of some good property, and thus did much stock, in horses, oxen and cows, fall into his hands. It was in the morning when Josephus called upon Mr. Potman, and when he had made known his wants, he was informed that he had just come in the nick of time. I've got just exactly the animal you want, said the stock trader, a fine, large cow, healthy and strong; kind and gentle; an easy milker; with a calf three weeks old. I took her only a few days ago for a debt; come and look at her.

Josephus followed Mr. Potman to the barn, where the cow was pointed out. She appeared to be all that had been represented. She had a large, good frame; was of a light red color; and was in respectable flesh. The udder was ample, and when Josephus tried the teats he found that they yielded the milk freely. How much milk does she give? asked Josephus.

I haven't had a chance to find out exactly, replied Potman. I've only had her a few days, and the calf has run with her all the time; but the man that I got her of told me she would give, on an average, twelve quarts at a milking, in the height of feed. If I hadn't already more stock than I can feed, I would not sell her at any price. Just look at that calf.—Isn't it a beauty?

Josephus was inclined to the opinion this was the cow he wanted. She cannot be very old, he said, looking at the rings on her horns, where the growth of each year is marked.

The man said she was eight years old, replied Potman, and I should not call her much younger, I guess she is eight.

Josephus walked around the cow several times, and finally asked her price.

I ought to have twenty dollars, Mr. Allen. She's worth it,—every cent.

Josephus shook his head. He could not pay so much for a cow. Then followed a long discussion upon the value of such an animal; and finally Potman grew generous. He let the cow go for fifteen dollars, though with seemingly painful reluctance. Josephus paid the money, and drove the cow home. He did not want the calf, so that very night he sold it to a neighbor, who wanted it to mate one that he already owned. On the following morning the cow was milked and turned into the pasture.

The quantity of milk given on the morning was remarkably small; but then it was not to be wondered at.—The cow probably missed her calf, and had eaten nothing. At night, however, after cropping the tender grass all day, she would be sure to give a good account of herself. During that afternoon Amos Bean dropped in at the cooper's shop. Amos was a neighbor, and a very warm friend. He was a farmer in a small way, sometimes working at housebuilding. He soon learned that Josephus had purchased a cow of John Potman.

I don't understand said Amos. Potman is buying good cows. I heard him say, only two days ago, that we wanted four good milkers for his dairy. What did you pay him?

Fifteen dollars.

Cheap enough at this season, for a good cow. However it may be all right. In the evening the cow came home from the pasture with about as lank an udder as she carried away in the morning, and not over a quart of milk could be obtained from her. Mrs. Allen was horror-stricken, while Josephus stood aghast. What could it mean? The pasture was one of the best in the country, and the grass was green and tender. Just then Amos Bean came along again. He had feared something wrong from the first. He instituted a thorough examination, and pretty soon an exclamation of astonishment signified that he had found the "mice." "Look here!" said he, pulling open the cow's mouth.

Josephus looked and found that the animal was almost toothless! The front teeth were all gone! "But," he gasped, "it can't be her age. Her horns don't show it."

"Don't they!" echoed Amos. "Look a little closer. The upper rings have been scraped down, and the surface colored! The cat is out. The cow has been a good milker; but she's got bravely over it now. She must be along towards twenty years old; and I guess that for some years she has been fed on swill."

Josephus was beside himself with pain and mortification. "By the jumpin' Jonathan!" he swore, "I'll go back to John Potman directly, I'll make him take the cow and return my money and I'll tell him just what I think of him."

"Don't do any such thing," said Amos. Potman would only laugh at you. It was what he would call a fair trade; and if you got cheated he would say it was your own fault. I know him well. If there's any way in which we can come up with the old rascal, I'll study it out. Just keep quiet until to-morrow, and let me think the matter over. Don't say a word to anybody."

Josephus promised that he would obey the instructions of his friend, and Amos then went away. The poor cooper did not sleep a wink all that night. The loss of his money was something to one in his situation; but that was as nothing compared with the outrage which he felt had been put upon him. His wife, too, worried a great deal; for she supposed that her husband would be well laughed at for allowing himself to be so cheated.

On the following morning Amos Bean came and announced that he had thought of a plan by which Mr. Potman could be corrected. I owe the old skinflint a punishment, said he, and if you will trust your cow in my hands, I think I'll pay him off for both you and myself. In the meantime you can take one of my cows, and use her until we can make arrangements for getting another one.

Josephus did not stop to ask many questions. He allowed Amos to take the antiquated animal away, and in return he brought back a good cow belonging to his friend. Amos Bean put the old cow into a close stall where she could not be seen by the passers-by, and one of his first manipulative operations was to saw off the tips of her horns, and darken what was left with a mixture of potash, after which he rubbed them down with a little French polish. A bottle of dye-stuff, made of logwood and iron, carefully applied, changed the cow's color from a light red to a beautiful briar. One afternoon Bean saw John Potman in the store, and he went in and purchased a piece of tobacco. After passing the time of day with the skinflint, he started to go out, and then turned as though he had forgotten something.

Ah—look here, Stanley, he said, addressing the storekeeper, if Seth Folsom comes in here, I wish you'd tell him he can see that cow this evening. I've got one that will suit him exactly. And with this Amos left the store. He had gone but a few steps, however, when he heard his name pronounced.

Mr. Bean. Ah—stop a moment. You spoke of a cow. It was John Potman.

Amos had expected this, for he knew that the old rascal still wanted two or three good milkers.

Yes sir, said Bean.

What have you got.

A cow that has been left with me by a friend who wants money.

What is she?

Come and see for yourself.

Where is she?

She will be in my yard at sundown this evening.

I'll come and look at her.

That evening, when Amos drove his cattle up from the pasture, he turned the old cow out with them. A handsome brindle, in the fading daylight, was never seen; her horns were dark and glossy; and her bag was so full that the milk ran out from the teats in streams. In a little while Mr. Potman came. He looked at the cow, and was favorably impressed. He looked at the distended udder and nodded satisfaction.

How old is she? he asked.

I think she is eight this spring, replied Amos.

What is the price?

Twenty-five dollars.

That's too much.

Very well—I didn't ask you to buy.

"But—I should like just such a cow, if I could get her at a fair price. Let's have a look at her mouth."

"There it is," said Amos, and he felt perfectly safe in saying so; for he had handled the cow's mouth until she would have it handled no more. In short she was afraid of pain. Potman made several attempts to look into the mouth, but was forced to give it up as a bad job.

"I guess you'll find it all right," said Amos as he drew up the stool and prepared to milk the aged animal.

Mr. Potman stood by and saw the cow milked. He saw a large wooden pail filled to the brim, and then a small tin pail filled besides. It was the largest quantity of milk he had ever seen from one cow at one milking. "Does she usually give as much as that?"

"I don't think I ever milked less from her at an evening's milking," replied Amos, as he arose and kicked the stool back.

"But twenty-five dollars is rather high, Mr. Bean."

"Well—what of it? You ain't got to pay for her. I can't think Seth Folsom will grumble at the price. If he does, he isn't the man I take him for." Amos had turned to go into the house when Potman called him back.

"Is twenty-five dollars the least you'll take for that cow?"

Yes sir!

And I can have her for that?

I said so.

Then she is mine.

And John Potman gave Bean twenty-five dollars, and drove home the cow. After tea Amos went to the village and gave Josephus the money he had obtained for the cow.

But, said the cooper, opening his eyes with wonder, I can't take all this.

It's all yours, returned Amos. It's just what Potman paid me for the cow. I told him I was selling it for a friend.

By nine o'clock the story had leaked out in Stanley's store; and before the villagers had separated for the night it had been pretty generally circulated. It was as good as a holiday for the people knew Potman's deceitful, niggardly character, and it was refreshing to put on the tight boot. The following day was a rainy one, and at night, when Mr. Potman's cows came in from pasture he fancied that his new purchase had changed color most marvellously. She was drabbed all over, as though soured in a vat of old coffee, and the dark liquid was dripping from her hair. Her bag was as lank as a dishcloth, with hardly milk enough in it to pay for the milking. With an oath, and a vigorous assault, Potman managed to see just enough into the cow's mouth to satisfy him that the front teeth were all gone! He examined the horns and found that they had been fixed! "—! It's THE OLD COW!" I dare not write the opening remarks of John Potman on that occasion. They were awfully, terribly, frightfully profane.

A few days afterwards Potman met Amos Bean in the street. Bean, said he, trying to smile as he spoke, "you are a coon!—you did that well! But tell me one thing; I know how you changed her color; but I don't know how you managed to get that enormous bag of milk into her that night; will you tell me?"

Certainly, replied Amos. "It was all very simple. She'd been fed on barley pudding and oatmeal gruel, and hadn't been milked for five days."

On his way home John Potman rubbed his ear as though something had bitten it.

## ABSTRACT

Of Meteorological Observations for the month of June, 1866, at G. S. L. City, Utah, by W. W. Phelps.

The highest and lowest ranges of the Thermometer, during the month, in the open air, were

Max. 88° Min. 46°

Mean 67°

The amount of rain and snow water was 5.330 which is five and one third inches of water over the whole surface; giving the agricultural interest a fair prospect of plenty.

## MONTHLY JOURNAL.

- 1 Mostly clear.
- 2 A.m. clear; p.m. cloudy; rained.
- 3 A.m. rain; p.m. cloudy; rained at night.
- 4 A.m. mostly cloudy; p.m. rained.
- 5 Partially clear.
- 6 Rainy; thunder shower; hail storm.
- 7 Rainy day; plenty of snow on the mountains.
- 8 Partially clear and cool.
- 9 Cloudy; rained some.
- 10 do do rained at night.
- 11 Partially clear; rained at night.
- 12 A.m. rainy, p.m. partially clear.
- 13 Clear.
- 14 do
- 15 do
- 16 do
- 17 A.m. clear; p.m. cloudy; sprinkled.
- 18 do do do
- 19 Clear.
- 20 do
- 21 Partially clear.
- 22 Cloudy; rained.
- 23 Partially clear.
- 24 Clear.
- 25 do
- 26 do
- 27 do
- 28 A.m. cloudy; p.m. clear.
- 29 Clear.
- 30 do

## SEXTON'S REPORT.

G. S. L. City Sexton's Report for the month ending June 30, 1866.

Males	8
Females	2
	11
Adults	6
Children	5
	11

DIED OF THE FOLLOWING CAUSES AS REPORTED.

Inflammation bowels	1
Inflammation lungs	1
Inflammation stomach	1
Inflammation brain	1
Inflammatory rheumatism	1
Diphtheria	1
Dysentery	1
Died at birth	1
Old age	1
Apoplexy	1
Killed by accident	1
	11

Brought from country places for interment

Resident citizens	10
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Total interments

	11
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JOSEPH E. TAYLOR, SEXTON.

A JEWISH DIVORCE.—The New Haven Journal and Courier has the following:

"Yesterday a divorce, according to the practice in the Hebrew Church, took place at the residence of the Rev. J. Gabriel. At the present term of the Supreme Court a divorce was obtained by Louis Rothschild from Esther Rothschild. One of the parties desired that a divorce should also be granted after the manner of the Hebrew custom. Yesterday it was accomplished. As it is interesting to know what the ceremony consisted of, we give it. It was as follows: The wife, dressed in black, with a black veil over her face, appeared with her husband before a council of ten men, members of the synagogue. There were also present three rabbins, one of whom acted as the petitioner, and wrote out on parchment a petition in Hebrew, asking for a divorce, and also wrote out the decree of divorce; the second acted as the respondent or defendant, and the third as a kind of judge; the council of ten acting as jury. The man and wife having appeared, they stood side by side before the council. The rabbins and council then took an oath, all shaking hands—the oath being to the effect that they would always consider the divorce legal and binding. The wife then removed her veil, and the rabbi who acted as petitioner read the petition in German, and stated the case to the council, who having heard it, decreed the divorce. The decree, folded up, was handed to the husband, and the wife raising her open hands, the husband dropped the paper into them. The rabbi who acted as judge then took it and cut the ends like a fringe. He then handed it to the president of the synagogue, telling him to place it among the records of the society, to be preserved as evidence of the divorce. This having been done, the ceremony was finished, and the parties departed, no longer man and wife."

THE California Borax Company, at Clear Lake, are taking out this useful substance at the rate of fifteen tons a day. Chinese labor is mostly used.—[Reese River Reville.]