ABOUT DAIRY PRODUCTS.

EXAMINING INTO THE PROFITS OF DAIRY COWS.

Under the Auspices of Uncle Jeremiah Rusk the United States Agricultural Department Has Been Going Behind the Returns of Our Milk Cows.

Farmers' Bulletin No. 3 of the United States agricultural department contains some experiments in cow keeping which every farmer, dairyman and creameryman ought to study. The point is this: In times past, when the conditions of life crowed us harder and harder in America, we must change our methods to meet them. It applies particularly to the keeper of cows in this way: Is most really each individual cow, and say whether she pays her way or not. If not, get rid of her quickly and procure others that do. Only thus can the man who depends on dairy products for his living keep his head above water.

For instance, a good cow gives from 5,000 to 6,000 pounds of milk a year. In Iowa, the honor dairy state of the Union, the average cow gives but 3,000 pounds annually. A good butter cow ought to yield 400 to 450 pounds a year. The average yield of the Vermont cow is only 150 pounds, of the New York state cow still less than that. This has gone on year after year, and yet the dairymen are blaming everybody else than themselves for their "bad luck," as they call it. While the price of cow feed has been gradually going up for years, the average dairyman has gone on keeping his old fashioned scrub cows, haphazard, blindly playfully. If they give a large quantity, well and good; if not, it is all the same—Providence has seen fit to afflict the dairyman with a run of bad luck. Bad luck in this case is simply serious stupidity, pure and simple.

Examine your cows individual by individual, weigh and test the milk of each, see how much the feed of each costs, and weed out the unprofitable ones. It is the only way.

The government bulletin republishes from the Massachusetts station the report of an extensive experiment in feeding dairy cows to ascertain the value of each individual. Our readers ought to weigh carefully every word of it. We reprint the following:

These experiments have been made with twelve cows and have continued one year each. Grade breeds, Ayrshires, Devons, Jerseys and Dutch, each native cows were used. They were secured for the experiments a few days after calving and (although thoroughly grade) will below five or six quarts, when they were sold to the butcher. The length of the feeding period, i. e., duration of the experiment with each cow, varied from 36 to 59 days. Hay, fodder, corn, corn chaff, green corn, sorghum and cotton seed were used as the principal food. The daily ration for each consisted of slightly over twenty pounds of dry fodder, or its equivalent of green fodder, and from from six to nine and three-quarter pounds of grain. Cotton seed meal was fed to all cows except one, including breed, age, number of calves, length of feeding period, amount and kind of fodder, yield of milk, chemical composition of feed, milk and manure, cost of cow and feed, and value of milk and manure.

The following is a summary of the whole record of the cows. The milk was valued at the price paid for it at the neighboring creameries. The value of the manure was calculated to amount that of the total amount of food it had eaten, would be sold with the milk and the remaining 40 per cent. used as manure. The most profitable cow was bought for $30, fed 36 days, and then sold for $35, making her action cost $30, the feed was $43.65, so that the total cost of her was $73.65; the milk brought $108.37 at the creamery, the manure was estimated to be worth $16.65, making the total value received for feed consumed $125.02. Subtracting the total cost, only of $73.65 from this, there remains $51.37 as net return for feed consumed. Subtracting the original value of the cow, the remainder, "return in excess of estimated value of cow and," is $21.37. In the average for the twelve cows the net return was $16.65, and the loss in excess of the estimated value of the cows only $13.35. With the least profitable cow each cost only $30 and her feed consumed the value of the milk and manure to $3.37, in other words, the cost of her feed consumed was $3.37 less than nothing. Subtracting the value of the manure, the total loss was $16.35, that is to say, allowing for the value of the manure the result with the twelve cows varied from a gain of $21 to a loss of $16. Of the value of the manure to left out of account, from a gain of $16.35 to a loss of $21.35.

It is noticeable that the profit or loss did not depend upon either the breed or the length of the feeding period. The most profitable cow, and the least profitable but one, were both of the same breed. Of the two most profitable cows, one was fed for 36 days and the other for only 39 days.

Two things, then, are brought out very clearly by these experiments. One is that it rich breakfast on the value of the manure, yet far to decide the profit in feeding dairy cattle. Another is that cows which would seriously jeopardize good one may differ widely in profitable.

Notes.

Canada will this year establish government dairy schools in every province of the dominion. Not only that, but a sum has been appropriated to meet the expenses of trial shipments of butter from the schools. The butter will be tried butter too. Canada will move everything in her power to head off the Danish butter in the matter of dairy exports to Europe. There is no objection to this sort of rivalry—none at all. Let both do their best in the quality of butter and cheese products, and may the best man win. We see this side of the line hope, however, that we shall win.

Mrs. Lucy E. Fuller, of East Haddam, Conn., wants to know, you know, why there should be less compelling farmers to sell pure milk when other people are allowed to adulterate their goods with impunity. Why compel farmers to be honest and let others off? asks Mrs. Fuller.

Remember, if you want to start into paying winter dairying this fall, to have a number of cows come in fresh in the late fall and early winter months. Fresh cows in November, December, January and all the way along into February are gold coin in the pockets of the dairyman and creameryman. It is in February that butter usually reaches its highest price and is the hardest to get. Make your plans a year beforehand in the dairy and creamery business.

It is the nitrogenous substances in skimmed milk which are so excellent for the food of pigs.

A large creamery cannot be run successfully unless it has behind it the regular milk supply of from one to two cows.

An experienced woman of fashion advises plain girls to find out their pretty points and make the most of them. If a girl has a graceful waist she should dress tight that will show. But we hope the women of fashion does not mean that if a girl has pretty teeth or a dimple when she smiles she must wear a grin all the time. In such case life becomes hardly worth living to those who must behold (because the wooden girls.

CAPTAIN KNOX HAD CARD.

His Desperate and Unequal Fight with a Bad Band of Apaches.

We were sitting one night at a freighter's camp fire, around which were gathered half a score or more of the freighters, who, with their outfits, were in camp for the night. Stories of old times when the Indians were bad, and of the bravery of the white pioneers, had gone around the circle until it came to old man Wilson's turn, who said:

Talk about cool in a mint! I tell you it takes most in a case to try and stand off single handed forty or fifty Apaches when he knows just how the scrap will end, and that the end will be his own death; but that was just the kind of scrap that was in Felix Knox when he was killed by the Apaches. You see, Knox was an all around gambler, such as the borderland from the east seem so much and know so little about, but he had a heart in him bigger than any tenderfoot's head.

Well, it was in the spring of 1882. Knox, with his wife and baby and a Mexican driver, were coming from Silver City to Clifton. They got to York's ranch, which is on the Gila river, about thirty miles from Clifton, all right, but were told there that signs of Apaches had been seen, and that they had better go in camp there for a few days, but Knox—who had fought the Apaches dozens of times and didn't know what fear was—said he wanted to make Clifton that day.

They drove on, and were about two miles from York's ranch when Knox saw an Indian come from behind a low, round topped hill, and feeling assured there were more of them, and that it was a fight to the death, he filed his pocket with cartridges, kissed his little sleeping girl baby and his wife for the last time, and, with a "goodby" to them, he jumped from the wagon and quickly turned the team, and told the Mexican driver to whip them back to the ranch, and that he would stand the Apaches off.

As the wagon turned and was furiously driven away the Apaches, who now came in sight, fired a volley, but killed no one. Then Knox faced his foes and pumped the lead from his Winchester into them. The Indians gradually circled around Knox and the old mans. The Mexican driver looked back from the ranch, where both of the boxes left dead from wounds received from the Indians' first volley.

A party, after a little delay, was made up and returned to the place where the fight took place, and there they found Knox's body, and the Indians, contrary to their usual custom, had not mutilated it in the dead, but had taken a clean pocket handkerchief from Knox's pocket and carefully spread it over his face, and had placed it there by putting a small stone on each corner of it to hold it in its place and keep the sun from the dead man's face. That was their tribute to the dead in Knox. Seventy empty shells were found that had been emptied from Knox's Winchester, and some of the ruling Indians afterward said their party numbered forty two, and that Knox had killed seven of them.—Arizona Republican.

The Size of Hats.

Hold a dealer in gents' furnishing goods: "Men's heads, or at least their hats, are growing smaller. I have noticed it year by year in my business, and where a 7 1-2 or 7 3-4 hat formerly was not a mistake, today the average hat is a 7, and it is rarely we have a call for a 7 1-4. However, there is a reason for this. Besides the custom of wearing the hat perched on the corner of the ear, it must also be admitted that almost all of the men wear their hair closely cropped nowadays, and this makes a great difference. I don't believe people's heads are growing smaller.

"In olden times the men generally wore long, bushy hair, and drew their hats down so that they always left a mark on the locks. Another thing worthy of notice is that hats of English make always run in larger size than American hats. A 6 3-4 hat of English make equals a 6 7-8 hat of American make. You can generally tell an English hat by the cut-of-arse in the crown."—Bay City Tribune.

Distasteful Vanity.

Auerbach, the German novelist, had a great appreciation of his own powers and work, and many stories are told of the obtrusive way in which he displayed his vanity. A German writer says of him:

Every year Auerbach visits three or four fashionable watering places, at each of which the following episode occurs at least thirty times: The novelist indulges in small talk with the little children of the natives, and invariably ends the conversation thus: "Excuse, dear, who has been talking with these? Berthold Auerbach! Tell that at home!"

The Cotton Oil Fiend.

A lady wine was being shown through the gardens a short time ago, while passing the cotton oil plant, through some queer impulse plucked one of its leaves. She looked up and caught Superintendent Smith's eyes upon her. In her embarrassment at being detected she put the leaf in her mouth and began chewing it.

"Do you know what you are eating, madame?" said Mr. Smith.

"No, indeed; what is it?" answered the lady.

"The cotton oil plant," was the brusque reply of the superintendent. The lady gave pale as she began to imagine the terrible result of her thoughtless act. Dr. Smith enjoyed her trepidation for a moment, and then kindly informed her that the leaf of the plant was harmless, and that it was from the seed that the well known powerful medicine is distilled.

Near by the cotton oil plant is a very useful tree—the bamboo. It is the chocolate tree. It grows to a height of twenty feet, and in addition to being useful is highly ornamental. The fruit from which the chocolate is made is much like the cantle bean. The flowers of this tree are very sweet.

Traditions of the Pima Indians.

The Pima Indians have a tradition that extends back they know not how far into "the long ago" of an Indian of giant stature who gave them trouble. They say that the giant warrior came from the north. He took up his abode near Pyramid lake and made war on the Pimas, killing many of their men. The giant was finally slain by a Pima David, who crept up behind him and drove a poisoned arrow into his body between the shoulder blades. Two or three of the giant's steaks and his grave are shown to this day. The tracks are near the Truckee river, between Wadsworth and Pyramid lake. They are in soft sandstone, and are still kept clear of sand and soil.

Every Indian that passes that spot stops and scraps out any dirt that may have lodged in the big tracks. The giant's grave is not far from where the tracks are seen. The grave is always kept clear of vegetation; any grass or weeds soon growing upon it are pulled up by the roots. In this way the spot has always been kept marked. The Indians also have a tradition of large animals that roamed the country. They say those animals had horns with which they were able to uproot trees. To rid themselves of these great beasts the whole Piute tribe turned out, surrounded the herd, and drove them into Pyramid lake, where all were drowned. Even now, when the lake is seen rolling about far out from shore, the Indians point to the waves and say they are the backs of the monster beasts.—Virginia City (Nev.) Chronicle.

Companions.

When a good and respectable man has been frivolous, it is no doubt a comfort to him to find that some worthy friend has been frivolous also. An English clergyman writes:

I was at Innsbruck with a friend, and as we sauntered about one afternoon, not quite knowing what to do with ourselves, we came upon a carousel, or merry go round. We walked on, and then I said:

"Let us go back and see the Kaiserstatue," a public collection of paintings.

"No," said my companion. "I don't feel inclined for the Kaiserstatue. I'll go down by the river."

So we parted. Now, I had not gone far along my way to the Kaiserstatue before I said to myself:

"I don't want to see pictures either, but as my friend is away—upon my word—I am unknown here! I'll—yes, I will—I'll go and have a round on the whirligig."

As I entered my stage, and on reaching the merry go-round, what should I behold but my friend seated on a piebald horse, with a short sword in his hand, aiming at the targets he passed in his revolution. He was a bold hand-some man, with a long gray beard, and his face and hand became like a bold rock when he saw me. It was not long, however, before I offered him the consolations of companionship.

The Greek and Indian Rider Compared.

When riding recently and not sitting the Greek sat on his horse in a natural position, back a little bent with his thighs, but let his legs from the knee down hang free. His attitude, as shown in the Panathenaic procession on the frieze of the Parthenon, was singularly graceful in style, and that it was the common one is to be seen from Xenophon's rules for keeping the seat. He managed the reins with light and easy hands. The Indian, on the contrary, was as singularly awkward and ungainly. He sat on his switch, leaned forward, with the thigh not far from perpendicular, and the leg thrust back at almost a right angle.

This he could do with the pinto pony, whose barrel was far from as well rounded as that of the Thessalian chunk, and he got a goodly part of his grip from his calf and heel. The constant between the states of Alexander or one of the Parthenon riders and any of Catlin's pictures is striking. But though the old time Indian was the most probably the superior—as a mere rider, of the Greek, it is the latter whom we must select as model if we wish to preserve any semblance of beauty in equestrianism.—Colonel T. A. Dodge in Harper's.

Better at Home.

A good woman was relating one day with intense interest to her daughter's amount of a long stay in Italy. The different customs of life were touched upon, and when the narrator passed Aunt Hetty drew a long breath and said, "Well, I'm thankful I've been called to end my days in New Hampshire!"

"So you don't think you'd like Italy, mother?"

"No, not a mite."

"Not the pictures and churches and wonderful climate?"—

"I might put up with them," interrupted her mother, "but I guess I should get pretty well beat out sometimes, wishin' for a good rib dinghunt!"—Youth's Companion.

Good for All Day.

Criminal—Oh, for heaven's sake, Jim, do something to keep the sheriff off my track for a little while! Shoot him, if necessary. I—

Friend—I'd do better than that. I'll engage him in a game of chess.—Munsey's Weekly.

A Cat's Devotion.

A strange story to which a cat is a pathetic character has come to light at Paris. A little boy of that village owned a cat that was a great pet in the family. But the cat would have nothing to do with any one except the boy. The latter died, and for two weeks the cat would come as usual every morning to the door and going in the room would sit very mournfully and walk over the child's bed leaning for his last friend. Finally the cat disappeared, only returning occasionally. At last one of the child's relatives saw the cat in the graveyard, where it remains, only returning for food. It keeps guard at the boy's grave, and runs off at any sight approaching.—Atlanta Constitution.

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Prof. Windsor's Staff of Surgeons Straighten the Cross Eye of W. H. Hemming.

W. H. HEMMING.

(As he appeared before the operation.)

A very delicate piece of surgical work, which was done Friday night, May 29, 1891, was performed at the Hotel Templeton on the 6th floor, by the surgical staff of Windsor, U. S. Hospital, consisting of Dr. Windsor, U. S. Hospital, who is connected to the Los Angeles Western Railroad as surgeon, Dr. Hemming, of Los Angeles, and the operation consisted in straightening a cross eye. Mr. Hemming had been cross-eyed from his childhood, and had suffered from it, and with the disadvantage THIS WINDSOR succeeded successfully straightened the eye in five minutes.

MR. HEMMING.

(After the operation.)

THEY WILL REMAIN!

Something of unusual interest, Prof. Windsor, of Los Angeles, and his staff of surgeons, of which Dr. Hemming, of Los Angeles, is a member, performed a delicate operation on the eye of a young man, who had been cross-eyed from his childhood, and had suffered from it, and with the disadvantage of which it was supposed he would remain. The operation was performed in the presence of a number of prominent citizens, and was a success. The patient is at the Templeton, and will remain there for a few days. Dr. Windsor, U. S. Hospital, Dr. Hemming, of Los Angeles, and Dr. Hyde, of Los Angeles, will remain in the city for some time, being engaged in other professional engagements.

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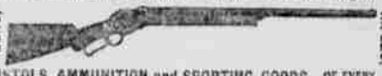
GUNS.  RIFLES.

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