

a new law, especially among bankers and business men. This demand showed itself in the last session. A sub-committee of the House judiciary committee was instructed to draft a new bankrupt law. The result of this initial step was naught. As stated, however, an effort and a more vigorous one, will be made at the next session to secure legislation on this subject.

At the Cabinet yesterday, Judge Tyner represented the Postoffice Department. Assistant Secretary Bell the Interior, and Assistant Secretary Hay, the State Department. Nothing outside of routine business was transacted. Mr. Bell stated that the commission had gone to the western Ute agency to continue their work, and that Secretary Schurz would arrive at Fort Keogh in a few days, to inquire into the intentions and condition of Sitting Bull's Indians. KNOX.

A Tragedy of the Circus.

About 8 o'clock yesterday forenoon, says the Detroit Free Press, a man whose form was full of wrinkles and kinks and twists, crawled out of a coal shed on the wharf and began yawning and rubbing his eyes like one who had put in a heavy night. A policeman lounged that way, gave the man a looking over and asked:

"Sleep in there last night?"

"Yaas, kinder," was the reply.

"Looking for work?"

"N-n-o, not exactly."

"You'll be run in if you hang around in this way," remarked the officer.

The man put his hands on the top of a snubbing post, and laid his chin on the top of his hands, and after a long look at Canada, he turned and said:

"I dunno exactly what I'm going to do. I did live out here about eight miles, but I've separated from the old woman. Yes, separated last night."

"What's the trouble?"

"Waal, she was my second, and I was her second, and we never got along any too sweet. We both of us think we know it all, and neither feels like giving in. We came to the circus."

"Ah! you did?"

"And that's where the separation took place—right in front of the sacred hyenas from Japan. You know they advertised an electric light there?"

"Yes."

"Well, we'd never seen one. When we got into the menagerie, there stood the elephant. Then came the camels. Then we came to a darned old bear. Further on were the lions and tigers and monkeys, but no electric light. We walked three times around the old tent, without coming to his cage and I got mad. Says I to one of the chaps over the rope:—"Whar, in thunder is the cage with the electric light in? We want to see him or have our money back!" The feller he grinned all over, and lots of folks laffed right out, and my wife she flew up and said I'd made a fool of myself. "How?" says I. Why the electric light is not an animal at all, says she, "but it has something to do with the clown." We had a big jaw right there. She caved my hat in, and I broke her parasol and then we separated."

"And you won't make up?"

"Make up? Never! She can take the electric light and bake and eat him, but I am a man who never crows? I'm going down to Toledo, I am, and by this time to-morrow, I'll be drunker'n a horse!"

"And you didn't see the electric light after all?"

No! I don't believe they had any! Maybe they thought they could work that 'ere rhinoceros off on the public by another name, but I tumbled in a minit. I'm an old rinos myself, and my wife is another, and when I think of how I stood there and left her call me a fool afore all the people, I'm mad 'nuff to walk clear home, and pizen her half of the yoke of oxen!"

Kicking Cows.

Here is my method with kickers: My cows are in stalls three and a half feet wide. I use a long pole or light round rail. This I drop in a notch in the right front corner of the stall and secure it. With it gently crowd the hind quarters of the cow against the partition on the left side. The pole strikes the flank just at the top of the udder, and then passes on behind her, and is fastened

firmly to the side of the barn back of the cow on the left. She must be tied short or fastened by stanchion. Now, the milker is master, and no injury to the cow. She can't possibly hit him, and can only raise her foot forward. If she is accustomed to gentleness, a soothing word the first time she raises her foot will quiet her, and she will soon forget kicking. If she needs it, one firm word of command may do. If she is wild, take a stick, pretty stiff, and for one kick give one quick blow and one decided word; two blows and two words will spoil all. While she stands quiet whistle or call her name soothingly, and you will find her manners and disposition entirely changed by a little persistence, unless she is very wicked. After awhile, the pole may be omitted, and she will not notice it, if it is done with care. The one great advantage of this method is that the milker feels perfectly at ease, and is self-confident, and this I consider the great requisite in the management of any animal. The pole does not interfere with the milking.—Correspondent N. Y. Tribune.

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