

## THE DAIRY.

## Improve your stock now.

Weed out the poor cows (robbers) and replace them with good ones (money makers).

When breaking heifers to milk take pains with them, so that you don't have to break them over every time you milk.

Thorough stripping, is the best motto to a milker can paste in his hat, and it won't injure the cows if followed literally.

Build your milking sheds with sleeping floors, and never let your cows stand hock deep in filth unless you prefer filthy milk.

Brain is one of the cheapest foods used in the rations of cows, but it is most beneficial when fed in connection with ground grain and cut feed.

A simple remedy for sore teats is said to be: "Wash the parts well with warm water and castile soap, dry, and apply equal parts linseed oil and lime water."

Buy extra good cows, but if you think the price too high, invest \$100, either alone or in partnership with your neighbor, in the best bull you can find for the money, and breed him to your best milk and butter producer.

Try the experiment of washing the cream. It sounds funny, but the doctors say it is a good thing for making the butter come easy and in fine form. It is done by pouring water into the cream and allowing it to stand for several hours.

The usual rule is to save the milk at the end of the fifth to the seventh day after calving. No fixed date can be given. There should be no sign of fever or inflammation about the udder, and the peculiar milk of birth known as colostrum should have entirely passed away.

Because anything is traditional is no criterion that it is right. If a heifer cries at her first milking don't swear at her and thump her with the milking stool just because you saw somebody else do it, but try and have more sense than a foolish cow, and perhaps she may learn something yet.

Mixing milk is injurious to the yield of butter. This is well known to milkmen and butter makers. If milk which has been set for some time and upon which the cream has partly risen, is stirred, the cream never rises again fully, and there is a considerable loss of butter from it. Why this should be so is not easily explained, but it is so well known that milk dairymen stir the milk occasionally to prevent the cream from rising.—*Denver Range Journal.*

## MAVERICKS.

Regular, feeding makes regular growth.

It pays to know. Didn't think has killed more stock than he's worth.

A kicking cow and a balky horse are the logical sequence of an ignorant breaker.

The range doesn't demand fertilizing so badly that it will pay to do it with the carcasses of your cattle.

A sunshiny stable is generally a healthy one, but darkness and dampness make discouraged stock.

A sod shed with a pole roof will be more acceptable to a thin cow in a blizzard than an open ten-acre lot with grass knee high.

A kicking mau makes a kicking cow, irresolute mind makes a balky horse, and the worst enemy stock have are men that cannot rule themselves.

Be careful of mares with foal. They are carrying your future horses, and all the thoughtfulness you expend upon them now will be repaid with interest at foaling time.

Recipe for spoiling any kind of stock: Mix the stock with 150 pounds of self-sufficient ignorance in a stout corral and let the mixture settle itself.

If you are figuring on taking out irrigation ditches, you can do it cheaper now than next spring, when hands are liable to be scarce and higher priced.

Ice water may be more plentiful at this season of the year than warm water, but it is hardly as good if you want your stock to thrive.

If you don't take interest enough in your hired man to pay him interesting wages, don't be excited to learn that he takes but little interest in the welfare of your cattle.

Turb your weak, thin cattle into the corn patch after you're through with it, and don't be afraid of feeding them occasionally when the snow covers the grass in the pastures.

If you are running a horse ranch it will pay to put up a round adobe corral, well capped to prevent washing, to break your horses in. Square corrals and projecting timbers have maimed many a fine animal.

Exercise the stallions and mares, break the broncos that need breaking this winter, give the round-up ponies a chance to get in good condition for their spring work, and try to get all things in driving order for next season, and you will appreciate the difference between work that drives and cares that drags.—*Honda, in Denver Range Journal.*

There are some fifty million cattle in the United States and no two exactly alike in temperament, disposition, etc. Think of that, son, (especially the et-ceteras) when you are tempted to think you've learned all there is to know about cows.

Four plain wires and a pole on top will turn all stock without injuring them. The barb fence with three wires has ruined more stock and lost more money to stockmen in Colorado than all the three-wire barbed traps ever cost.

## ELECTRIC WIRE DANGERS.

IT IS SAFER NOT TO TOUCH A BROKEN WIRE THAT DANGLES IN THE STREET.

"Very few people know how to handle electric wires," remarked a well-known electrician to a N. Y. World reporter, "and it is unfortunate that such is the case in view of the frequency with which broken ends of such wires are encountered dangling in the street. How would I advise people to handle them? Well, I would advise them not to handle them at all. A very innocent-looking piece of telephone or district-call wire, even, may conceal instant death. The broken telephone or messenger-call wire may at some point come in contact with an electric light wire, over which a fierce dynamo current is being sent, and that current is liable to be diverted and rush to the earth through the smaller wire and the body of any one who happens to touch the latter."

"The electric light wires strung overhead are covered with cotton or some other non-conducting substance, and as long as this insulating covering remains intact the wires can be safely handled, but the friction caused by another wire resting on the covering soon wears it off and makes a good electrical contact between the two wires, rendering the ordinarily innocent wire as deadly as its electric light neighbor. A person standing on the stone pavements is a good electrical conductor, and a double contact is not necessary. The people who know a little about electricity run more risk than those who do not. The former usually know that to send telegraph messages a complete circuit is necessary and that no shock occurs unless you form a connecting link between the two ends of a circuit. Hence they conclude that electric light wires are harmless unless you are in contact with both ends of the circuit, which is erroneous, as death has resulted in many instances from merely touching an electric light wire, or another wire which is in contact with an electric light wire."

A night or two ago the writer saw two men pulling at the end of a broken telephone wire on Broadway, and as it lay across an electric light wire he cautioned them to desist; they sneered at this suggestion; but finally one of them put on a glove and resumed pulling and jerking. Within three minutes thereafter he lay stunned on the sidewalk. He had worn the coating off and but for his glove would probably have been killed.

## A NEW LOCHINVAR.

AN ARDENT LOVER BREAKS DOWN THE DOOR AND WINS A BLUSHING BRIDE.

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may," and lilies likewise, was a bit of advice that W. C. Moran, until lately a conductor on the Valencia-street branch of the Market-street railway, determined to take unto himself—the lily particularly. Moran is a handsome young fellow, good hearted and liked by every one, and his character was above reproach. And how he came to want to take a lily to himself came about in this wise.

Sergeant McKenna, clerk of the police commissioners, has two beautiful daughters, the eldest of whom, Miss Lillian, was in the habit of passing much of her time in the large garden in front of the Sergeant's fine residence at 623 Valencia Street. Moran's car passes there frequently during the day, and he was much "struck" with the charming features and form of Miss Lillian. In time she began to notice the handsome conductor, and at length words were exchanged. The acquaintance ripened into love and love led to an engagement of marriage, Moran being a frequent caller at the house. Needless to say when this reached the ears of the sergeant there was trouble in the household. He said he would not think of allowing his daughter to marry such a man as Moran. She must cease to think of that young man at once.

Miss Lillian seems to have had a mind of her own, and, when apparently acquiescing in the stern behest of Papa Sergeant, she continued to meet her Willy. Sergeant McKenna determined that this should cease, and it was thought that it was through his influence with the railroad company that Moran was discharged recently. If it was expected that this would do more than roughen the course of true love, a great error was made, for its course was interrupted not a bit. Indeed, far from causing their love to cease, it seems to have led the lovers to more desperate measures, and finally an elopement was decided upon.

All day Thursday Moran, with two of his friends—Moreen, and an Oaklander named Woods—were engaged in laying the train which, when started, was to blow Sergeant McKenna's plans up to

the skies. At length everything was in readiness. Miss Lillian was informed of the plot, and all awaited the coming of the morrow. Yesterday morning Sergeant McKenna went to the Old City Hall, with never a suspicion of anything wrong, and then the conspirators set to work.

A carriage was hired and Woods was selected to drive. Then Moreen took his share of the work, securing the consent of a number of Miss Lillian's friends of her own sex to take a hand in the plot. They made a call upon Mrs. McKenna a little before 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and as they went up the steps Moran accompanied them. Mrs. McKenna, however, was too quick for him. She locked the door in his face. Then, having placed Miss Lillian securely in her room, she paid attention to her callers, who succeeded in keeping her in the parlor.

During the course of the conversation Moran had proceeded to the back door, and secured an entrance into the house in that way. Finding his way into the room in which his sweetheart was imprisoned, and seeing no way in which to release her save by breaking in the door, he succeeded in taking the door off its hinges, and then the happy lovers rushed down the stairs and through the garden into the street. The back was waiting around the corner of Seventeenth Street and into it the pair hurried, and Woods, who was on the coachman's box, instantly started away.

The noise made in taking the door off its hinges up stairs, however, had made Mrs. McKenna aware of the fact that something was out of the way. She knew that to those in love "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," and she rushed to the back door, which she remembered to have left unlocked, a recollection that came too late, for the bird had flown. Her suspicions were realized, and no sooner did she see this than she rushed after the fleeing ones in hot pursuit.

"Stop! stop! My daughter! my daughter!" she cried, but the valiant Woods was driving and two lovers were inside the carriage, and Woods was deaf.

The marriage license had been secured, and yesterday afternoon the twain were married and are believed to be now in Oakland. Sergeant McKenna, it is said, is relentless, and it was rumored last night that he had been to consult Chief Crowley to see if something could not be done to Moran. As Miss Lillian is over 18 years of age, it is understood that concluding that Moran could not be arrested on a charge of perjury or abduction, the sergeant proposed that he should be arrested for taking the door off its hinges. It is thought, however, that he was dissuaded from this course and all will yet turn out well.—*San Francisco Chronicle, Dec. 31.*

## FREE AT LAST.

A RICH GIRL WHO MARRIED A CONSUMPTIVE TO GAIN SOCIAL FREEDOM.

The death at the little town of Mayfield, near the Stanford University, of a young and consumptive printer named Frank McKee completes a curious story of a rich young girl's folly. Seven years ago Abram Brown, of Oakland, died, leaving property to his only daughter, Frankie, valued at \$50,000. She attained her majority a little over a year ago, and then assumed control of the property, which brought in an income of about \$5,000. She took a trip to Highland Springs, and there a lively widow persuaded her that she ought to become a widow herself to enjoy the social freedom that an unmarried woman can never hope to gain. Full of the project she returned to Oakland and formed the acquaintance of Capt. and Mrs. K. M. Apgar. To them she confided her longing to become a widow, and thought if she could marry some man who was on his death-bed it would be about the right thing. Apgar agreed that if she was determined to marry, and for the purpose stated, it would be advisable to have the thing settled with as little publicity as possible. He accordingly introduced this peculiar young woman to Dr. Dupuy. Dr. Dupuy declared he knew of just the man to suit Miss Brown's wish in the person of a poor printer named Frank McKee, who had a beautiful case of consumption, and who could not possibly live more than a month.

Miss Brown thought that she had found just the man she wanted and agreed to look at the subject. On the following day she and Apgar went to the office of Dr. Dupuy where the medical man exhibited his consumptive. Miss Brown looked him over with a critical eye, thumped his chest vigorously, and made him cough several times for the purpose of ascertaining if the investment was a safe one. She finally concluded that she would take the chances of his living. McKee consented to marry the girl for a money consideration, and the pair were wedded by Justice Wood. They did not depart together. It had been agreed that the husband should die by himself. The wife gave him \$100 before the ceremony took place, and agreed to give Dr. Dupuy \$100 with which to defray the expenses of a comfortable death-bed for her husband.

McKee failed to keep his promise, however, and strangely insisted on living. In fact, he grew alarmingly healthy. He met his wife a few months after and got some money from her. Dupuy received a liberal commission,

it is charged that Apgar got a fee. Finally Mrs. McKee refused to be bled any more and departed for the East. The story leaked out and created a great sensation in Oakland. McKee followed her to Indiana, but she refused to see him. She then departed this fall for Europe, and is said to be in Carlsbad. Another curious feature of the affair is that Apgar died on the same day as McKee.—*San Francisco dispatch to Chicago Herald.*

## THE TOPOLOBAMPO COLONY.

THE COUNTRY PICTURED AS A PARADISE AND THE SKITSLERS "HOPEFUL."

[From the San Francisco Chronicle.]

The United States man-of-war *Iroquois*, Richard P. Leary commander, arrived in port yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock and anchored off the Pacific Street wharf. She left this port six years ago, and since that time has been constantly engaged in looking after the interests of the United States in the Pacific Ocean, cruising from place to place as occasion demanded, until, on the 1st of November last, she arrived at Callao, Peru, where she received orders from the Secretary of the Navy, and on November 5th she left Callao on her journey to the north. She touched at Paita, Peru, for coal, and sailed for Acapulco, thence to Mazatlan, from there to Topolobampo, and finally reached San Francisco, after a short stop at San Diego.

The views of Captain Leary as to the status and prospects of the Topolobampo colony were asked by a San Francisco *Chronicle* reporter who boarded the vessel, it being understood that the orders of the *Iroquois* had been to investigate the condition of that scheme.

"I can only express my individual views and impressions," replied Captain Leary, "and I can see no impropriety in giving them to you. My orders were to visit the colony and learn whether the reports of the hardships resulting from a lack of provisions or from other causes were well founded or not. The statements which had emanated from dissatisfied colonists and which have been given wide circulation through San Francisco papers, had determined the department to institute an inquiry based upon the personal observation of its own officers upon the foundation for these reports, and my orders were to investigate the actual condition of the colony, to relieve, if it was necessary, any actual destitution, and to bring away such of the colonists as might be suffering and desired to return to the United States. The result of my observations I forwarded the department from San Diego, but it would hardly be proper for me to anticipate the report by a publication before it had been received at Washington."

Captain Leary, however, was kind enough to answer fully the interrogatories of the reporter, and said:

"The *Iroquois* reached Topolobampo on December 1st. She anchored about eleven miles off shore and we visited the colony in our steam launch. It was found that most of the colonists were at Gonzalez, or Bay City, situated on the bay a short distance from the sea. There are about 150 in all, including men, women and children; of course, mostly of the latter. We were received cordially by them and every possible facility was given us to form a correct impression of their actual condition. They were mostly living in tents, there being but one or two permanent buildings in the 'city.' In this vicinity there are two or three farms, upon which a number of the colonists were cultivating crops, and the results showed very sensibly the remarkable salubrity of the climate and the exuberant richness of the soil. The settlements had extended in other directions than upon the bay inland, but that the efforts in that direction had as yet amounted to much. Upon the low banks of the river the need of irrigation was not manifest, but on the higher lands, away from the stream, it was seen to be an absolute necessity. Upon the land cultivated watermelons and sweet potatoes were growing luxuriously, but little else seems to be cultivated. We examined Gonzalez City, El Suffragio and Medono, and in all places we were satisfied of the richness of the soil and its capabilities for supporting a large population. The country is a paradise. Without irrigation it will produce two to three crops a year, while with irrigation there is not a month in which crops cannot be planted and gathered. The climate is magnificent—never reaching extremes of temperature. The harbor of Topolobampo bay is one of the finest, there is at low tide never less than sixteen feet of water on the bar, and its capacity is very great."

"The condition of those remaining was far from being distressing, though supplies had grown short during a recent period. There were none who were suffering or appeared to be in want. I made the offer as I was directed to remove any of those who were desirous of leaving, but not a single one accepted the invitation, and all expressed themselves as satisfied to remain where they were. The colony was straitened for want of means, but it was stated, and the utmost faith expressed, that Captain Owen, the founder, was on his way with means and men which would place the colony on its feet again. At Guaymas a large amount of stores was detained awaiting the adjudication by the govern-

ment of a question of import duties, but Captain Owen was on his way to that point to adjust these differences. Those persons who had left on account of disappointed hopes, were those who could well be spared by the colony. It is useless to expect that an ideal society could exist in which every person could be satisfied. The Mexicans in the vicinity seemed well disposed and had been of material assistance to the colonists."

"The designs of the colony are very ambitious. One is the construction of a railroad, which is to extend no one knows where, and another is the irrigation of large tracts of land by the digging of ditches. A third is the building up of a great city upon the bay and the founding of a great socialistic state where the conditions of social equality in an impossible state will exist. Those who are left have full faith in these projects, and hang to their belief with all the tenacity of cranks. The conditions to which they aspire, however, would be impossible to angels in heaven."

## What We Owe to the Mexican.

It is considered the proper thing among those that know comparatively nothing of this class to derogate anything and everything Mexican. It is just about time that this class of critics investigated some of the claims which Mexico has upon the United States, and at least allow themselves the satisfaction of being just. To Mexico we owe the faithful Mustang, that has an unequal record for general utility and has performed individual feats of endurance and capability that are unequalled by more pampered relations. From the same despised source came the long horned cow, that, ignorant of care and innocent of feed, save such as she got of both by her own unaided exertions, has been the prop and mainstay of thousands of our early settlers and the fountain head of the entire range cattle interests of the west. The despised greaser has given to us a stock saddle so nearly perfect, that the only improvements we have been able to suggest are more fancied than real; a lasso that we never have improved upon, and a system of handling range stock, that is so simple every one understands why it is so, so complex that no man ever learned all the range can teach, so perfect that we have adopted it without any material change. To them we owe the best system of irrigation that we use in this country, the burro, the coarse-wooled coarse-fibered Mexican sheep, that has a constitution like a blizzard, and the shingle-shaped hog, that eats cacti and can outrun the antelope. All this stock, which we contemptuously label scrub, will be the salvation of the western stock raiser yet, for by judicious admixture with the imported stock we will obtain a grade, hardy, healthy and unparalleled for endurance, whether it be cold, hunger or fatigue.

When you are tempted to score the Mexican for what he is, stop a moment and think what he and his ancestors have been to you and yours, and remember that the one explored and conquered, the other endured and held for you, the whole S'western corner of these United States.—*Denver Range Journal.*

## A Skipper with a Charmed Life.

There is a sailor on Lake Michigan who seems to bear a charmed life. When the fury of the gale is at its highest and the waves are swaying in a way that threatens to engulf every craft upon them, he is in his element. He sails alone in a little sloop not 80 feet long, trading potatoes and apples between Sturgeon Bay and Manitowoc. He was out in the terrible storm that foundered the propeller Vernon, and came into port in the midst of it. He had been out in a hundred storms before, and he lived through them in his little shell when staunch schooners went to pieces, but he declared that he had never been out in such a gale. People who witnessed his coming into the straight cut at Manitowoc say that the sloop was tossed about like a chip. It would disappear entirely and then bob up again, until dropped from view between the next two waves. The old man—he is 70 years of age—was mighty glad to get into port.

"I wouldn't have given half a dollar for my chances of living twenty-four hours," he said to the throng of curious people who crowded around him when he reached the dock, just above "the iron bridge." When that storm broke I took a swig from my whiskey bottle, grabbed the rudder, held on as hard as I could, and trusted in Providence. I expected to be washed overboard every minute, I can tell you."

Nobody knows who the old man is. Apparently, he has neither kith nor kin. He lives solitary and alone. He bothers his head about nobody, and nobody about him. When an inquisitive person asks his name he replies that it is the same as that of his boat, and when a person looks for it he finds the boat goes without a name. Though three score years and ten, the old man looks a giant in health, as he is in stature. His ruddy face and red nose contrast oddly with his gray beard and hair.—*From the Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Sell two poor cows that are running in debt, and invest the proceeds in one good one that will earn a profit.